The Other Side

Pog Collection

Fall 1994

Clip 'n' collect!

I'm O.J., You're O.J.

No on 187

Tarantino, the choice of a new De-generation

MTV Unplugged

Oh well, whatever, Nevermind

End CUBAN Blockade

AARON Balkan on the Myth of HIV (pg. 17) • The Working Poor by Shauna Coyl (pg. 14) • Pitzer and Proposition 187 (pg. 12)

Nicole Lamphere explores the Ecocenter (pg. 8) • Photo Essay of the Ontario Youth Center (pg. 13) • Justin Rood on Murals (pg. 6)
On the floor, mesmerized during story time by the tale of Harriet Tubman. Amidst the great political and social upheaval that eventually led to the Civil War, Tubman, as we all know now, engineered the Underground Railroad which led dozens of slaves to freedom, courageously risking her life and theirs. Appropriately removed from her company, she stood from this experience a woman that led up to her story of conviction, the cruelty of slavery. Along with the other kids in my class, I imagined myself right alongside her, could clearly see what she had done was right, and that if, in put in the same situation, would be propelled to do act accordingly. Our teachers didn’t wince in what they felt was their responsibility to be our moral guardian, and I remember not wincing in my unflinching yes as they asked us after the story, “Would you have done the same?”

Moral dilemmas are often very cut and dried in the minds of children not yet conditioned to forestall the emotional response in the interest of an analytical one. One of the written goals of the Pitzer education is to encourage and aid students in critical thinking, and the debates in the past few years of the relationship between this kind of thinking and social action have yet to be resolved. The objectives and guidelines seem to be that the college community loosely agrees upon, and that if students do connect to social actions of any sort, they should connect to the direct social actions of various sorts.

The bell rings, and the story seems to have ended, but the extent to which they should connect to direct social actions of various sorts is a point of contention. One of the most well-reasoned and historically informed counter-arguments is that we make these connections in such a wide variety of ways, in so many forms of action and inaction that a single response would be elusive. But there seems to be a deeper, older and more historical background to this question in a country that has laid down such egalitarian ideals and has had such powerful faith in the public citizen.

The Pitzer education has had such a well-documented history that debunks the usefulness of racism and theories of biological determinism; the voices of students would be more discerning today. A well-reasoned and historically informed counter-argument is that we make these connections in such a wide variety of ways, in so many forms of action and inaction that a single response would be elusive. But there seems to be a deeper, older and more historical background to this question in a country that has laid down such egalitarian ideals and has had such powerful faith in the public citizen.

One answer might be that we make these connections in such a wide variety of ways, in so many forms of action and inaction that a single response would be elusive. But there seems to be a deeper, older and more historical background to this question in a country that has laid down such egalitarian ideals and has had such powerful faith in the public citizen.
October 7, 1994
To the editor:

Justin Rood quoted me accurately, if not completely, in The Other Side describing my excitement for the new facilities at Pitzer [The Soul of a New Deus ex Machine, October 4, 1994].

The tenor of his article reminds of the annual refrain of some Pitzer seniors in describing the new freshmen at the College. It goes something like, "The new students are very conservative this year," or "This college is getting more conservative each year judging by the new students that are here." The irony, of course, is that a few years before the same thing was said about the people who now make the accusation. (Please see the article by Aaron Balkan, Irony was the Shackles of Youth, in the same issue of The Other Side. Evidently, Mr. Balkan has discovered the essence of Pitzer and is even writing about it in his fourth week on campus.)

Pitzer will change, as all institutions do, but the basic character that makes this such a special place will remain for the new members of this community to enjoy. This is because the people who are attracted to the College, including those who lament the change represented by the development of new (and first-rate) spaces for students and faculty to carry out their important work. For too long, Pitzer has lacked dedicated space for students to gather, recreate, and host their friends from other Claremont Colleges. The faculty come from major research universities to Pitzer in order to dedicate themselves to the undergraduate experience and for too long have had to do their work in cramped and, in many cases, inadequate classrooms, labs, and offices. New and refurbished spaces ought to enhance the relationship between curricular and co-curricular activities and ought not to hurt the close and informal contact that Pitzer students have come to expect at the College.

Finally, in spending so much of his article on my reaction to the new facilities, Mr. Rood ignores the intelligent work done over the past three and one-half years by others on the community who have actually made contributions that make mine pale by comparison. Tom Ilgen, Sharon Snowiss, Leah Light, John Rodman, Vicke Selk, Fred Arambula, Chris Freeberg, Barry Sanders, as well as students Ayana Rodriguez and Debra Mucarsal have all given generously of their time, expertise, and spirit to the project we see unfolding at Pitzer.

We have learned a great deal in the process, including that architecture is something about which virtually everybody has a strong opinion. The deep feelings that Pitzer past and present conjure up in the hearts and minds of members of this community make some feel as though we are losing something in adding new buildings to the campus. Early in the planning process, we learned something from architect Charles Gwathmey that ought to be remembered at Pitzer now. When describing the reaction on campus to a building he had designed for another small college, Oberlin, he told the community, "Live in the buildings for a year and then give me your reactions." I am confident that once the Pitzer ethos envelops the new and refurbished spaces and the attendant landscaping, we will wonder how we ever did without them.

Paul Randlow
Office of Admission
From the desk of...

JUSTIN J. ROOD

October 21, 1994

Dear Esteemed Member of the Pitzer Community:

I am writing to alert you of a problem that I have only recently noticed myself, a problem that has insinuated itself into every corner of our campus. The problem is so subtle one would never know it was actually there, for the precise reason that it isn’t. It is a problem woven so intimately into the fabric of our school that it becomes apparent only after severe contemplation—but then, it is startlingly so.

What I write of, my friends and esteemed members of the Pitzer community, is blank space. Our school is covered with it. Every hallway, every pillar, every wall is a vacuous white that seems to suck the life from the buildings in which we work, study, think and live.

As students and faculty, academicians and artists, our greatest enemy is the blank page, the untouched canvas, the empty mind. It is peculiar, then, that we choose to surround ourselves with that selfsame emptiness. When we have devoted our lives (or part of our lives) to reaching out, down, into the cornucopia of human existence to drag out of it ideas and emotions with which to inform and direct our own lives, why do our buildings look like mausoleums? College is a place of life, not death. It is a place of revolutions, of discovery, of vast intellectual wealth; it is an ocean of cultural and personal vitality. College is not the “real life” that graduate friends write to us about, the “real life” that injures our dreams and kills our ambition. It is the Real Life of turbulent emotions and radical ideas that turn the wheels of change in social and personal lives. We are an institution of learning, not just an institution. Why do we try to sterilize so rich an environment? When the pale face of death stare us at from the front page every morning, why does it also stare at us from the walls of the buildings we live in?

The plethora of artists at Pitzer College is exceptional. Regardless of their major or field, most students and many professors have a medium of expression they practice with regularity. Yet it might help us if we were able to walk our halls and sidewalks and see on our walls the reflections of our friends and ourselves, see the beauty of our community, and know that we are in a place that is truly alive.

Most important, however, is the idea that this plan should serve the community. It is art by members of the community, for members of the community, on the walls of the community. It is both personal expression and community beautification. It is not a direct solution to a pressing social problem. Yet it might help us if we were able to address complaints from individuals or groups concerning individual pieces, and serve as a mediating body in disputes between artists and complainants, should the need arise.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Love, Peace and Happiness,
JUSTIN ROOD

Proposal for the Environmental Canvas Project (ECAP)

I. Proposal Overview
II. Definition of Environmental Canvas
III. Choosing Canvases
IV. Submission of Canvas Requests
V. Rights and Responsibilities of Artists
VI. The ECAP Panel

I. Proposal Overview
The campus of Pitzer College is unnecessarily, even harmfully, blank. We propose that certain surfaces around Pitzer College should be designated environmental canvases and be loaned to artists in the Pitzer community as a means to enhance the environment of Pitzer College and as a means to strengthen the notion of living within the college community.

II. Definition of Environmental Canvas
An "environmental canvas" would be any blank surface that is a part of Pitzer College property considered by its community (students, faculty and administration) to be unnecessarily blank, and registered as an environmental canvas by the ECAP Panel. Possible locations for canvases include (but are not limited to): Dormitory hallways, inside and outside; administration buildings, inside and outside; and common-use buildings (McConnell Center, etc.), inside and outside, as well as any free-standing walls on Pitzer campus.

III. Choosing Canvases
The process of choosing which surfaces are suitable for use as environmental canvases would occur by two methods:

A) At the beginning of the program, specific types of areas (i.e. dormitory hallways, walkway pillars, low walls) would be chosen and divided into individual canvases by the ECAP Panel.

B) If an artist wishes to create a piece on a surface not registered by the ECAP Panel as an legitimate environmental canvas, he or she may submit a proposal to the Panel to register that specific surface. The content of a piece is not to be considered as a part of the proposal, nor should it be included. The Panel’s decision should rest solely on the merits of the surface proposed.

IV. Submission of Canvas Requests
Once the initial canvas definitions have been made and sites registered, a list of canvases would be posted in a conspicuous, accessible location. Any members of the Pitzer community (students, faculty and staff) would be free to submit applications for specific canvases. An application would include no description of the design or concept of the piece; it would include only the artists or artists’ name or names, the specific canvases requested, their room number or address, whether or not they have borrowed a canvas previously, and whether or not they are submitting requests for other canvases at present.

In granting canvas requests, preference would be given to:
- First-time canvas artists
- Co-operative projects
- Domestic projects (i.e. students creating pieces on their own hall, faculty creating pieces on their own buildings)

V. Rights and Responsibilities of Artists
The submission of a canvas request by an individual implies that they are willing to accept the rights and responsibilities of an environmental canvas artist, and upon accepting a canvas would be accepting said rights and responsibilities. Their responsibilities would be the following:

- To work only within the area defined by the ECAP Panel and to submit a proposal to the Panel and loaned to him/her/them.
- To take the wishes of the local community (i.e. hall, building, school) into account when designing and creating his/her/their piece.
- To agree to and meet deadlines for beginning and completing his/her/their piece, not to be more than two weeks apart.
- To maintain his/her/their piece for the minimum of one semester.
- To work with appropriate materials—no paints that could rub onto clothing, no highly toxic material, etc.
- To refrain from damaging the surface of the canvas or the structure it belongs to.
- To be no further guidelines or rules concerning the content, process or maintenance of pieces. It should be stressed that because we are living within a small community and common space, the artists have a general responsibility not only to themselves but to their community as well, a responsibility that cannot be defined through bureaucratic ramblings and proposal structures, etc.

VI. The ECAP Panel
The ECAP Panel would be a representative body of the Pitzer community, with two student members, two faculty members and two staff members. The purpose of the ECAP Panel is fivefold:

a) To choose and define the initial canvases and display a list of their locations;

b) To grant canvas requests.

c) To entertain petitions for other possible canvases.

d) To bear and address complaints from individuals or groups concerning individual pieces, and serve as a mediating body in disputes between artists and complainants, should the need arise.

e) To maintain an active public interest in the Environmental Canvas Project.
The Five College Ecology Center

Blossoms into Being

What began as a spark in the neurons of one of Pitzer's social responsibility gurus, Paul Faulstich, has sprouted into existence with the help of Pitzer's fertile soil—students and faculty with an innate will for responsible action. The new Ecology Center has appropriated space common to the Hirshaw Gallery and the Grove House where one will be able to mingle with members of the community in a relaxing atmosphere, at the opening reception as well. Representatives of Pitzer Outdoor Adventures (POA) will have an information booth as a symbol of the group's interest in positive environmental action as well as recreation.

The Ecology Center plans to maintain a high profile in the college community throughout the year, and hopefully for years to come. The Center will be sponsoring workshops and lectures on environmental issues, and plans to burst forth into the Claremont community in a relaxing atmosphere, providing service trips to restore or clean-up damaged local ecologies, and keep a close eye on the sustainability of practices on the campuses. The Center will also act as just that, a center and clearinghouse for environmental information including info on community-based internships in environmental fields, and current ecological issues and concerns. Plans are in the works to have Helena Norberg-Hodge come in the spring to give a lecture. Helena Norberg-Hodge is the author of *From the Ground Up* and *Ancient Futures* and has lived in India and traditional cultures working on sustainable agriculture and counter-development (often called sustainable development). What makes the Ecology Center so unique is its fervent dedication to action. Several action groups have already formed, including groups for recycling, composting, purchasing practices, and more are anticipated along with greater participation from the entire community. Although Pitzer College has attempted to foster this value of social action since its inception thirty years ago, generalizations are often made discrediting Pitzer by the other colleges as well as by the students and faculty of Pitzer itself, the main generalization being Pitzer students are lazy and apathetic. I would argue that the converse is true of this generalization. I know Pitzer students who get up every morning at 8:00 am and who care deeply about and are active in issues of racism, sexism, and the environment. Some students are simply frustrated that they don't have an outlet for action and opportunities to get involved with an issue they care about. The Ecology Center will provide that base for students with environmental concerns.

The Ecology Center is open to everyone at the Claremont Colleges.

A Having been personally involved in the formulation of the Center, I cannot conclude this article without commenting on what an inspiring experience it has been working with people dedicated to change: Whether you are dedicated or lazy (because there are one or two lazy students at Pitzer) the Ecology Center promises to be accessible to all, offering opportunities ranging from service trips and action groups, to a film/lecture series to keep the issues under constant discussion. There is much to celebrate on the opening day and all warm bodies are welcome.

**Republican control of the House perhaps still a glimmer in Newt's eye**

By Aaron Balkan and Dan Ward

With mid-term congressional elections approaching, a prominent topic on every political observer's lips is predicting how many seats the Republicans will gain in the House and Senate. That the Republicans will pick up seats is a virtual certainty. In every mid-term election since the Civil War, with the exception of 1934, the President's party has lost congressional seats. Republicans are predicting majorities in both the House and the Senate after the November 8 election, but they may well be more realistic. Most political analysts predicting anywhere from 15-20 seats.

Statistical models developed by political scientists find that the best predictors of midterm seat loss are Presidential Popularity, as measured my Gallup Polls, and the state of the economy as measured by changes in real disposable income. The more popular the President and the more robust the economy, the fewer the number of seats the President's party is expected to lose.

Students in Political Studies 101, The U.S. Electoral System, have entered the data for 1994 into the commonly used model and predict that the Democratic party will lose 4-5 seats in the House and 5-6 seats in the Senate.

We don't expect these figures to be exact (or in the case of the House, even close). The predictions take into account normal and blind conditions across the board. While the Senate losses may be viable, the House losses will probably be more drastic. Most political analysts predicting anywhere from 15-20 seats.

In calculating such figures, especially in the case of the House predictions, one of the more important factors is the state of the economy. For example, the state of the economy in the decision of voters. While, figures boast an economic upturn during the first two years of Clinton's administration, this message has been viously not reached the voters who either do not believe that economy is improving, haven't felt it themselves, or simply are leaning towards other issues in this particu lar issue. Mainstream publications, such as the Los Angeles Times, have noted that voters are simply not looking at economic issues in this particular election. Consequently, the model used in PS 101 may not work in 1994.
The Role of the State

The following speech was given by President Massey at the Hispanic Association of Colleges and Universities Conference in Anaheim, California on October 10, 1994.

I speak to you today as the president of a college, as a philosopher of religion, and as an activist and theorician. I answer our question, “Yes, education is a public good, a good that must be supported by the state.”

First, I will describe the ancient, Western ideal of the good as defined by Plato, a philosopher enthusiastically espoused by Allan Bloom in his now famous book, The Closing of the American Mind. Second, I will describe my own ideal of the public good in contrast to Plato’s (and Bloom’s) and explain why education is necessary to its reality. Next, I will explain why this ideal is so hard to realize in our contemporary society and why those responsible for the lack of support of education can readily appeal to a false concept of the public good. And, finally, I will give an example of education that creates the public good at my own institution.

For the Western philosopher Plato, “the Good,” as the true, was divine, transcendent of time and space. That which was ideal had no body, or material element. The immaterial, or spiritual, was inevitably corrupted, or diminished, by the material and finite; the latter introduced qualification and difference into an ideal, in turn, to make partial, no longer whole.

What happens to this concept of the Good when it is applied to the public, a political collective? What happens to it when we “people” it? This concept excludes as much as it includes because we, the people, are particular and different; we have material and finite bodies. Inevitably, some bodies are valued as more perfect than others; female bodies, bodies whose skin color looks different than that of the elite group are viewed as less than perfect, as not really belonging.

Education provides us with the arts of human freedom. In ancient Greece, where these arts were first named, the space of learning was bounded. It was the space of ties contrasted to and set off from others, slaves. The space of learning had boundaries, excluding those whom freedom was thought not due.

Here and now in this contemporary space, we carry on the centuries-old tradition of learning and practicing the arts of human freedom, but we must do so without protective, defining boundaries. We must learn the arts of freedom with the express purpose of extending and expanding the practice of human freedom, and be most of all, the purpose makes learning extraordinary demanding. It demands that we learn to locate ourselves as a particular, finite point in a nearly infinite mosaic; a network of relations that extends to each other and beyond in this space, and set off, from others, slaves. The space of learning had boundaries, excluding those whom freedom was thought not due.

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There are many ways we can view our systems of economic, political, and social organization which go into making the public good. One way is as a balance or conflict of interest: private versus public, economic versus social, body versus soul. We see competing interests, and we see imbalances in power and resources among individuals and groups.

It is also important for us to put on the lenses that let us see the dynamic and changing interdependencies. In most of our history of the West, being most ethical, being most good, and being most supportive of the public good have been associated with conflict and identified with the willingness to die for the principle. The ethical has carried with it a military and martial ideal. We admire the willingness to give one’s life for a principle or a public.

We need to understand it as the cohesion we make out of the interdependencies of all the particular of all we, the people. It is not a static ideal to which each of us must conform or a small remnant of an abstract humanity that exists in us somewhere, way, way inside and that we all have in common. The public good is our active making of connections with one another from the most local to the most global level.

Is Education a Public Good?

Education is the only place in which this transformation of despair to hope can occur, and our educational system must be strong and energetic enough to make an arts of life vanish and energize, to inspire and to invigorate world-weary people. We need places to let this demon of despair face it, and transform its face to hope.

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If we are to have a wide-eyed confrontation with the demon of despair, we educators must admit that we sometimes build exclusionary boundaries in our institutions. These boundaries have been included in the very fabric of our disciplines. When the rigorous of disciplines are taken too far, they constrain, confine, and even punish. While meaning on one level merely a branch of instruction, the term “discipline” on another can also mean order, another can also mean order, maintained among the inmates of a prison,” and also “punishment inflicted by the way of... training.”

5 Cornel West, Prophetic Thought in Postmodern Times (Monroe, Me: Common Courage Press, 1993).

6 West addresses the near inevitability of this world weariness: “Because that is what we are. We are world weary; we are tired.” (Prophetic Thought 6).

8 "I am, in part, paraphrasing West and going beyond his more cautious urging. "Weary, and keep alive the notion that history is incom­plete... and what we think and what we do can make a difference." (Prophetic Thought 6)."2 The Compact Edition of the Oxford Dictionary, (1971) s.v. “discipline.”


Campaign '94: Proposition 187

On November 8th, Californians will vote on several important propositions, the most controversial of which is Proposition 187. Proposition 187, if passed, and upheld by superior courts, would mandate that:

1) every doctor, school administrator, and police officer report everyone to the INS who they suspect of being undocumented and who cannot prove their residential status,

2) public schools check the immigration status of all children and their families. If the students or their families cannot prove residential status they will be immediately expelled. (This is one portion of the Proposition that is clearly unconstitutional. In 1982, the U.S. Supreme Court declared that all children including the children of undocumented people, have the right to an education.

3) all hospitals and doctors licensed by the State of California are forbidden from providing preventative health care to anyone suspected of being undocumented and who cannot verify their status. These patients, in addition, must also be turned in to the INS.

The word "suspected" which crops up in the Proposition again and again, has an eerily familiar tone, one which a few decades ago was used to criminalize innocent people. There is an added dimension of racism that is connected with this kind of procedural enforcement, one which will probably be based on phenotype and the exterior make-up of suspects.

In the past month, anti-immigrant sentiments in California have reached a crescendo, with political candidates and coalitions declaring war on immigrants. Anti-187 activism has been gaining momentum, with marches and demonstrations being organized all over Southern California. The largest demonstration to date took place on October 16 in downtown L.A. Police sources estimate that 70,000 people took to the streets to protest 187, with the organizers of the march and the newspaper La Opinion putting the turnout between 150,000 to 200,000. Coalitions have been organizing against the measure, and several Democratic and Republican politicians have made statements against it. Additionally, high school students in several Southern California high schools have staged walkouts in protest.

Pitzer has passed its own resolution opposing 187, and has been added to lists put together by the American Civil Liberties Union and Taxpayers against 187, both of which are in opposition to the proposition. The resolution of Pitzer College states, in full:

Pitzer College Resolution

Whereas, Pitzer College has stated in its Educational Objectives that the institution is dedicated to the examination of social consequences and ethical implications of knowledge and action; and

Whereas, the Educational Objectives include the promotion of intercultural and international understanding; and

Whereas, the Pitzer College community is committed to evaluating the effects of individual actions and social policies and to take responsibility for making the world in which we live a better place; and

Whereas, Proposition 187 represents a challenge to, as well as an opportunity to apply, the Educational Objectives of the College;

Therefore, be it resolved that the Pitzer College Council, as the representative body of the college, urges the entire college community to become well informed about this proposition and to consider its threats to personal freedom and civil rights.

Further be it resolved that we view passage of Proposition 187 as a violation of Constitutional guarantees to equal protection and civil rights.

Photo Essay

These photographs were taken at the Ontario Youth Center earlier this month. Several Pitzer students are doing internships and working on activities at the Center, which is located beneath Pitzer's Ontario Education Outreach Center. Pitzer classes are currently meeting in the Center, which is meant to expand into a resource center and outlet for information for members of the Ontario community. The Center also provides proximity to internship sites for Pitzer students, and allows for a space off-campus through which to explore classroom educational methods.
What About the

My parents raised me in the very conservative, economically depressed area of Southern Oregon. Our livelihood has depended on the timber industry for as long as I can remember and so I have always walked the line between the environmental stance expected of liberals in my part of the world and the knowledge that this stance could cost my father his job. I had expected that my views would crystallize while at college and I would be free of this conflict. Not so. I continue to ponder this question and have even discovered a new division.

I am now caught between my role as one of the many outspoken members of the Pitzer community and that of a student depending on a generous financial aid package. This requires me to try to balance the well-meaned, socially minded views on the life of a non-affluent person with my own experiences as the child of lower-middle class people.

When I arrived at Pitzer College last fall, I was used to the notion that my family did not have much money. It was an accepted part of my life that there were simply some things I could not have because they were not affordable. No questions asked. If it was not outrageously unaffordable, my parents or I might save up for it; if it was, we didn’t get it.

I never fully appreciated the skill it took to keep a budget until I was accepted to a college that cost (at that time) $25,000+ per year. Once I accepted, I had to watch my parents wait and worry, trying to figure out what they would do if my financial aid package was not sufficient. Thankfully, the financial aid package. This requires me to try to balance the well-meaned, socially minded views on the life of a non-affluent person with my own experiences as the child of lower-middle class people.

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As I was saying, this didn’t sink fully into my self-absorbed 18-year-old head until I arrived here. Suddenly, I was in a world where many parents were paying the full price of tuition plus expenses without, apparently, batting an eye. There was never any type of direct alienation — nobody was ever rude or unkind to me because I had less money — I would just hear things that made me stop and look for a second at what some people considered casual pursuits (trips to Europe, new cars, etc.). During orientation, I talked to people who had traveled or had, what seemed to me, other exciting experiences during the summer. My summer working in a pizza parlor for kids seemed dull in comparison.

I had pretty much adjusted to this state of affairs by the end of my first year and I thought that it probably wouldn’t present any kind of a shock in my second year. How wrong I was. I was sitting in a class, listening to a professor lecture and he began speaking indignantly about the “working poor.” These poor wretches working long hard hours just to make ends meet. I realized with a wrench, that I had been raised by the very people he was describing. A state of being that I had never completely understood had a name — A label. And I was angry. What kind of understanding could a professor teaching at what is now a $27,000+ per year college have of the “working poor?”

He stood up there and spoke of those students as though I ought to be shocked. “There are millions of working poor working day in and day out only to remain at the poverty level?” He thundered the facts (to give him some credit) with the fervor of a genuine hellfire-and-brimstone preacher.

Even though I was disgusted, I wanted, suddenly, to take him to my home and to introduce him to the working poor (because I was not certain he had really met them). I wanted him to stand in my dining room while my father walked warily through the doorway covered with bark dust and dirt, clumps of grease in his hair from crawling through machinery sometimes for ten hours a day. I wanted him to stand there and watch my father stomp his work boots. To see him looking anxious in case they showed enough wear that he and my mother will have to spend the money for a new pair. I wanted him to see the look on my father’s still handsome face as he savors a Löwenbrau — a rare treat — and talks about sculpture, his real love.

I wanted him to stay awake until 11:00 p.m. to see my mother as she comes home from work (at least before she was forced to resign from her job) smelling of smoke from the cramped building in which she worked. I wanted him to hear her sigh heavily as she sits down on the couch, puts up her feet and asks, “Is your dad still up?”

I wanted him to hear her sigh again when I answer, “No, he went to bed,” telling her that another day has passed and she will not see him awake, the man who has been her mate for 20 years.

I wanted him to watch them as they sit together at our dining room table, trying to budget their contribution to my college education. I wanted him to be on their end of the telephone when we speak for half an hour each Sunday; no more, or the bill will be too high.

I wanted him to start lecturing that poverty is more than food stamps, public health clinics and laundromats. I wanted him to start lecturing more often about how poverty is also two people working too hard to earn just enough to live and still having to worry whether or not something will break on the car. Or that somebody will get sick. Or that somebody will need new shoes or clothes or glasses.

I wanted him to know, first hand, the dirt gathered in the hard-earned crinkles at the corners of my father’s eyes and the sight of my mother’s fingers as she stretched them, relaxing after a night of counting other people’s money. I realize that he might actually have known some of these things first-hand, but his arguments, like those of many other well-meaning people here, lack conviction. They are the arguments of socially minded upper-middle to upper class people and that doesn’t make them any less valid, just more theoretical. They are the arguments of people who do not have to depend on money from work study jobs, who aren’t concerned about the size of their phone bills, and who are fairly certain that they will be able to return next year if they so desire.

If I did take this professor to my home, did set him down across from my parents so he could fire out his hard-hitting questions, I don’t know that they would have a response. They might look at the man, formulating answers with their tired but quick minds and give up the effort as the day’s fatigue caught up with them. They might even excuse themselves and go to bed, leaving the man to ponder his hard-hitting questions. It wouldn’t be rudeness if they did this, nor a lack of interest; sometimes people are just too tired to argue. 

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THE OTHER SIDE

November 2, 1994

THE OTHER SIDE

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The Da paced back and forth. His eyes were looking down at his toes, his hands clasped behind his back, holding a rolled-up newspaper. The Da had been acting strange lately, worried about something that the children were not allowed to know. Martin watched his father cross the small living room many times. Even though he was only nine years old, he could notice the Da’s anxiety. "Stay here, I’m going for a drink!" said the Da, throwing the newspaper down onto the table. Before his wife would protest, he left the house to drown his sorrows in beer.

Martin picked up the paper and studied the headlines. More deaths in Haiti, his sorrows in beer. It's wasn't hard to get a college education in the old country. There were no worries about what year People were graduated so proud of him graduating early. His father had died during his freshman year in college. Though he had studied and sweat, he was able to hold a full-time job at the butcher's shop, at the same time going night school to graduate with a business degree in one and a half years. There were high hopes for him. The Da immediately applied to many schools in the United States, but could not accept them. He couldn't find any white-collar jobs that his degree supposedly guaranteed him old. He had no money, was a foreigner, too confused to be scared or excited.

"The police raided the pub. They started rounding up everyone, but I slipped out the back. They might be here any minute!" the Da chattered as he stuffed children's clothes into the suitcase.

There was a knock on the front door. "Everyone freeze!" the Da bravely yelled as he threw the newspaper door open and rushed into the house. "Martin and Grace, we have to leave now!" his eyes were dead serious.

They lived in a small apartment just right for a family of three. Pretty soon, the door closed behind them and they were on their way. Half the workers were illegal immigrants. The Da returned. He threw the money, your money, my money, the government, particularly the NIH’s (National Institute of Health) role in finding a cure for AIDS. Their money, your money, my money, is used solely for research into HIV. In order for the federal government and agencies to maintain support for HIV, which translates into dollars, they must have a tight lid on any theory, treatment, breakthrough, etc. that my conflict with the HIV party line. As disturbing as it is, it has most likely become a case of maintaining the status quo first, and helping AIDS last. Is it any wonder that brilliant scientists, like Peter Duesburg who has pioneered much of Anti-HIV theory, and was at one time held in high regard by the
The Other Side

federal government, has been not only kept quiet for so long, but ultimately ignored by the mainstream media. But now, a virus' theory represent a desire within the scientific community to conjure up a very simple answer to a very complex problem. There are over 20 different types of AIDS" or symptoms associated with the disease; yet we are led to believe that one single virus, that requires special equipment find it outside of the body, causes all of these things.

The "global" definitions of AIDS are extremely vague. They allow for almost anybody to be pinned to the label of disease; yet we requires "AIDS victim." The numbers prove that it does. But this would conflict with the HIV theory. Scientists have discovered HIV antibodies in blood samples from the 1950s and 1960s, yet Robert Gallo and the "Patient Zero" theorists would us to believe that it was a gay man who brought AIDS to the United States. Could AIDS have been around longer than we knew? Perhaps, but this would conflict with the HIV theory.

Why do some people test HIV positive, only to find that in a later test, they are HIV negative. Why are thousands of people diagnosed with AIDS in this country, but are HIV negative? But this would conflict with the HIV theory.

Why has the heterosexual population that was at one time estimated at 1 in 3 heterosexuals infected by 1990, failed to materialize anywhere near its predictions? Why hasn't the virus made its way into the straight population like it was supposed to? What about prostitutes who have sex with hundreds of infected partners and are totally healthy, and HIV negative? This would conflict with the HIV theory.

I don't have the answers to these questions. But either do they! The same people who are pushing HIV can't answer these questions either; but they expect you to take them as truth, and buy their theories, buy their drugs, and buy their new cars. Is it any wonder the most "extremist" HIV theorist will never debate, or acknowledge an HIV-skeptic. They wouldn't know what to do. The truth is, the HIV theory is custom-tailored to the USA Today, soundbyte. 8-second O.J. Simpsonization of our population, which is unfortunately most of us. What a convenient idea. The bare facts, are the bare facts. Nothing else to it, HIV-death. New change the channel.

There is a very basic aspect of the HIV theory that is the most disturbing to me. It not only represents a desire to conjure up such simple answers, but the HIV theory is too easy. It allows people to believe that they can slip up once, that they can engage in 2.5 seconds of unprotected sex, get a virus and die. While this could be remotely true, it does really make sense? What about our lifestyles? Our diet? Our stress? Our drugs? What about the immunosuppressive activities that we engage in as every day occurrences. AIDS is an immunosuppressive disease. It destroys our immune system. As American's everything we do weakens our immune system. Perhaps AIDS

(continued on page 30)

It has asked time and time again why the HIV virus affects (and infects) men and women in such different ways. If it is truly a virus, it makes no distinction based on sex. HIV, or AIDS does. The numbers prove that it does. But this would conflict with the HIV theory. It's a damn good thing that AZT is so expensive, and only one heterosexual theorist would use it. But this would conflict with the HIV theory. Nearly everyone convicted for their theory, by scarring the crap out of themselves. AZT, and HIV positives, who have successfully reversed the effects of AIDS on their body. Not through AZT, or O.D.'s, or any other regulated poison, but through alternative an holistic drugs that they most likely paid for themselves. The sad truth is, AZT has been totally recognized, even by the federal government and the most brain-washed HIV supporter, for its toxic and deadly effects. Yet the federal government continues to hand it out like candy, to desperate people who don't know any better. How convenient.

The drug AZT, destroys bone marrow, the place where material for immune-cells are made in the first place, and causes severe anemia. It's manufactured by a few large corporations, who have made numerous attempts, successfully, to keep other AIDS-treatment drugs out of this country.
If sweeter a melody?

by Josh Cohen

Wherein, the most noble of laureates shall seek inspiration so as to humble even the greatest of Muses. Within these passages, weaves an intricate tale of tragic love, tenderest of sorrows known by all who'd aspire to its lofty heights...

You knocked on the door, and I strove cool and confident to open it. I looked positively stalwart after a brisk afternoon workout. I turned the doorknob, noticing that my palms weren't perspiring in the least. I had an intimate, shameless air about me.

There you stood against a fiery backdrop of sundrenched waterfall of light. It was just a moment, yet it so delicious with your back to me.

You looked only a friend.

More "music" reviews. And the music described within is going to be reaching the furthest definitions of what music can and should actually be. So while the reviews are nothing out of the ordinary, I persist in this idea that music reviews or reviews of any art are just not really worth it but none the less, I am here and that is what I am doing! Much of the music herein is pretty damn intense. Actually, for all of my words about how much I have to be selling my own soul to do this, I actually really enjoy doing these reviews and I have some ideas about what I should do in the future—things like my own take on end of the year "best of..." lists or trying to write these reviews in the same style that many of the artists tend to write liner notes. Any feedback on these ideas is appreciated.

"KLANGGGGGGGGG!!" The sound stopped my puckerred lips abruptly. As did my forward motion when your skull cracked firmly against the metal frame shattering my bed. Imagine my surprise. I could imagine yours.

You turned you back to face me. Those eyes, ahhhh, so very close. I had waited for this moment, that second "KLANG!!" didn't surprise me as much as the first had.

I spoke to you once again after that. It was at the trial, I'm sure, and although there was a particular harshness in your tone, and a bit of excessive cursing, I couldn't help but notice something behind your deep, sad eyes. It was late into the proceedings, during my sentencing I believe, when our eyes met for the last time. A glimpse was all that I needed to see yet a tenderness behind...

...That thin machace' mask of vulgarity, Beckoned me to a gentle memory...

...Beckoned me to a gentle memory, and with a strength reserved for the intensely personal and introspective, beautiful moments which the Disposable Heroes had. And in those few moments it actually seems like an improvement over the Disposable Heroes.

Spearhead called Home (Capital Records).

More with the highest of expectations and as often happens, those expectations were not quite realized. Still, the album keeps growing on me. In style it seems a lot like some of the pretty mellow Arrested Development-esque stuff. At it's worst moments, the raps seem a little bit cheesy and the music is a bit too standard for my tastes. At its best, it captures some of the introspective, beautiful moments which the Disposable Heroes had. And in those few moments it actually seems like an improvement over the Disposable Heroes.

Moving on, I have to admit that I have a certain fascination with compilations of all sorts. They are a great way to expand one's musical base in directions which already appeal to you and allow you to decide on whether you want to actually want to go out and spend the money on the full CD or tape. Space Daze is a new 2 CD compilation put out by Cleopatra Record which, although the music fits together fairly well, is a still a very strange collection of groups from all sorts of musical genres. Sung by the compilation traces the development of "ambient space rock" which is supposed to include things like early Pink Floyd and mid-70s Prog (progressive) Rock to some of the ambient techno...
The album provides examples of some of the most up-and—
I do mean everybody) track on the compilation which
also check out the new mix of Cries Mary
genre for God's sake, but he has worked with everybody,
stray the farthest from the overblown proggy tracks like the
tracks by Pressurehed or Hawkwind. The ones which are
the most indescribable are the ones which really make this
compilation worth having. Tracks like Coil's
fits in a book out under the same name which I have not read but
which I would assume has all of their arguments. But as I
say, I don't care. It's the music which should be able to speak
for itself. And it does.

There is lots and lots of trippy, mellow stuff from the 60s to
now which really works to set a mood. There are also lots
and lots of effects pedal-laden solos which can drone on for
a bit too long but which are still quite a bit of fun. Still, I
think that my favorite tracks on the collection which
stray the furthest from the overblown proggy tracks like the
tracks by Pressurehed or Hawkwind. The ones which are
the most indescribable are the ones which really make this
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The latest release from Tupac and his long-awaited
cruel, Thug Life is an inspired album of slammin' G-funk
(with Nate Dogg hitting some high
is probably this first and may well be the only
Country Ambient album ever called Slim Western
(Country Records). Country Ambient in this case happens to take the
pedal steels, twangy, steel strung guitars, jewel's harp
and other traditional instruments from country music and use
them in a semi-traditional manner to create moody, ambi-
ent. It is a very strange combination but it works. Sort of
peyote drenched dreams of the old west from two English-
people who have never lived in America but have always been
fascinated by westerns. It seems to be a sort of soundtrack
film that has never been made and in fact the liner notes
offer an address to write with feature film inquiries. It is
from this film (fake though it is) that Slim Westerns includes
various pieces of dialogue throughout the CD.

But again, it isn't the films or the music
which I really care about. It's the music—great moody, study, or sleep or
and just sit and relax kind of music. Like a lot of stuff that I
review this is a very moody piece of work from a point
of being melancholy. This is not surprising considering that
A Small, Good Thing is a side project for two of the members
of Yuki Conjugate which has produced some other works
(continued on page 30)
R.E.M. unleashes a... MONSTER sound

There have been a few albums of late that have been titled as aptly as R.E.M.'s recent release Monster. Having developed a reputation for a clean, somber sound, particularly on their past two albums, Out of Time and Automatic for the People, the group does an about face with this new, rough-edged, catchy, guitar driven album. Just as "Ignorance" stood out as up tempo and lively on Automatic, the opposite is

true on Monster. "Tongue" and "Strange Occurrences," the only two slow songs on Monster, would feel right at home on Automatic, but feel intentionally out of place here. The rest of Monster is dominated by guitarist Peter Buck in a fashion that could only be described as out of character, a heavy beat anchor that are made unilaterally in a relationship, and the rest of those losses in action. "I took your name/ If there is some confusion of who's to blame."

The quirks of relationships can also be heard on "Strange Occurrences," where Stipe sings about the contradictions and mixed messages that can people give each other in love. In the song 'I don't sleep, I dream,' the feeling of guitar is contrasted by the love song that Stipe seems to be singing. If this song was sung by Bryan Adams, it would be a fluffy, feel-good love song, but R.E.M. creates a desperate cry for recognition.

The darkest and most personal song on the album is "King of Comedy." With a beat-heavy background Stipe repeatedly states, "I'm not commodified," a personal statement of his fear of becoming a product of the media. In the song, he pokes fun at the media's undue attention to his sexual orientation, "I'm straight, I'm queer, I'm bi." R.E.M. have always been especially deft at making a song out of all of the different parts of their music work toward their ideas. Monster brings this ability to the forefront of their work, allowing not just the words to be meaningful, but also the drums, bass, and particularly, guitar. R.E.M.'s newest experimentation with sound and content is an overwhelming success, which proves that just because the band is ageing, doesn't mean that they have lost any of the inventiveness or insightfulness which allowed them to reach this position.

"Pulp Fiction" is Quentin Tarantino's film about the underworld of American culture. The movie stars such regulars to Quentin Tarantino films such as Harvey Keitel and Tim Roth as well as a small cameo by Tarantino himself. The movie stars newcomers to the Quentin experience such as Amanda Plummer, Uma Thurman, Bruce Willis, and the strength of the film, Samuel L. Jackson and you, the viewer. Without giving away too much I'll say this, the scene appears to come out of nowhere and be unnecessary to the film. Another unnecessary aspect of the movie is the cameo of Tarantino. Tarantino's character seems unrelated to the other's as well as being of a completely different genre. A humoring yet disturbing part of this scene with Tarantino comes when Jules and Vincent are cleaning the blood and "bits of brain and skull," out of the car and they inform each other that they are, "brain detail." Harvey Keitel also makes his appearance in this scene as, "Well," and although I love Harvey Keitel, his character also seems to be thrown in as a rather unnecessary component to the plot.

Although "Pulp Fiction" has interesting characters that are bloodily portrayed by the cast in the multi-plot/combined individual stories, don't expect one main plot to string them all together. Throughout this movie you'll find your self awestruck. Regardless of what horrendous acts these people do, you like them and find them humorous. Here, beautifully acts out the transformations within his character from the violent hit man who serves as a puppet for Marsellis to a reflective introspective man who wants to, "Walk the Earth like Cain in Kung Fu."

I was shocked to find that I even enjoyed the performances of Uma Thurman as the beautiful but eccentric wife of Marsellis Wallace and Bruce Willis as Butch, the double-crossing boxer on the run. The first shot of Bruce Willis is close-up on his face as Wallace instructs him to drop in the fifth round of his next fight. Willis' strength is not in deep characterization. One sees abs-

olutely no character, emotion or thought in his face. It is not until Willis is in action that he comes alive and show the audience the ironclad brain of Butch. I'll go as far as to say that this was the best I have ever seen of Bruce Willis.

There are downfalls to this film. Such as the scene with Butch and Wallace that takes place in a police station. Without giving away too much I'll say this, the scene appears to come out of nowhere and be unnecessary to the film. Another unnecessary aspect of the movie is the cameo of Tarantino. Tarantino's character seems unrelated to the other's as well as being of a completely different genre. A humoring yet disturbing part of this scene with Tarantino comes when Jules and Vincent are cleaning the blood and "bits of brain and skull," out of the car and they inform each other that they are, "brain detail." Harvey Keitel also makes his appearance in this scene as, "Well," and although I love Harvey Keitel, his character also seems to be thrown in as a rather unnecessary component to the plot.

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Let me repeat myself; the secret to life is Slinky. It's true. No, really. Toys, especially Slinkies, are the secret to life. Think about it. (If I was wrong then Toys R' Us wouldn't be a multi-million dollar chain.) That's why I don't understand why people want to grow up. After all, if you grow up then you're supposed to stop playing with toys. I think somebody forgot to tell Letterman about this.

On a slightly more serious note, imagine what the world would be like without toys. Scary thought! If your reaction was the same as mine, (I'd rather be partying on Mars with little green dudes, the next flight leaves when the last Toys R' Us is put out of business by the Moral Majority. Toys R' Us, or any toy store, is a haven for us people who are permanently stuck in that psychotic mental institution called childhood. Then again, so are McDonald's happy meals. Happy meals were created for two kinds of people. The first are the bargain-hunters; the second are the ones who get the happy meals for the toys. Guess which one I fall into? (Hint: I'm the proud owner of all four "Bobby" toys, and a few "Ananimacs").

We are the type of people who not only own these toys, but can give you a background on them. For example, "Bobby" toys are based on Howie Mandell's show "Bobby's World". "Ananimacs" should be self-explanatory. (Three cheers for Go-Go, the psychotic, little green dude who lives in Wackland.)

How many of you saw The Mask? You remember the scene in the park when Jim Carrey, who at this point is a clown, is having his pockets searched by the police. Do you remember when the officers pulled out a funny looking rubber, orange thingamajig that they couldn't identify? It's called, "the Martian Popping Thing". I'm so excited, what's that's on the box. I have to say is that I share a room with my walls. Let me just say I can now experience Hakuna Matata and its not something you could have nume rous Slinkies as children? All right, fine! How many of you had at least one Slinky as a child? You do realize your parents also owned them as children? Good.

This is why the secret to life is Slinky. He's always fun; he can do anything any other Slinky can do, and he's here for good, not like those Pog thingamajigs. This is why, if you ever catch anybody committing the sacrilegious act of straightening out a Slinky (the mere thought of which makes me feel faint) you should stick them in the Pentagon without a map, food, or water, and have them find their way out all by themselves! Without the aid of a Slinky. Now that you enlightened souls understand why the secret to life is Slinky, I'm going to go and listen to some Dr. Demento while I ponder various other meaningful things. With the help of my Slinky of course.
so common in Southern Californian weather? No, its no coincidence. They're haunting reminders of your negligence towards their existence. True, our playthings are an indispensable element when it comes to grasping any means of this thing called "reality", but suffer the consequences if you cross them.

Now, all this talk about the objects that, under normal circumstances, just seem to sit around may appear a little zany. That's OK. This is known as the period of denial, the stage one has to enter before transcending towards enlightenment. After you experience the night of awakening, fighting off that fogging fatigue and restraining the eyelids from closure, just lying in wait, you'll come to understand. Once you feel the anxiety of sleep overcoming you for fear that as soon as you touch isolation and neglect, these acts will cause to grasp those little, entertaining companions, subject them to their neglected state and come to averge their neglected state whilst you slumber. Believe me, this is no joke or figment of my imagination. Whilst you slumber. Believe me, this is no joke or figment of my imagination.

There are consequences for humanity of truth. I'm sorry I forgot that.

— Eric Arley Sorg

Artist?

Enter the Mead Visual Arts Contest! Open to all Pitzer students. Please submit visual art (drawing/painting/chalkings, charcoalings, etc.), size 1ft. x 9" or smaller, to Arley Sorg at the Mead Service Desk on Thursday 1-5 pm, or to Karen Hyland, Mead's Residence Director.

Contest runs from Oct. 27 to Nov. 17

All entries will be displayed in Mead Hall beginning November 22. Please remember to put your name, phone number, and room number on the back of your entry.

3rd prize: $10 gift certificate at the Grove House
2nd prize: "Pitzer" shirt from Huntley
1st prize: $40 gift certificate for Rhino Records

ism-eaters

like a slap, to the atrocities of slackerism the naive revolutionary don't know any better he sits and nods at his friend who talks about isms for a living who rambles about politics economies capitalism communism fleetism he would never say that he doesn't believe in isms he would rather live for the truest kindness never truly withstanding the oppression of the ism holders and the ism abusers he would rather live for the truest kindness never truly withstanding the oppression of the ism holders and the ism abusers he rarely wins but loses with a sense of pride that can't be put into an ism I'm sorry I forgot that.

— by Aaron Balkan

The Other Side
The Da continued from page 16

held onto his mother's skirt, while she in turn held tightly to her baby daugh­

ter. The officers were grabbing things off the shelves. Silver candlesticks, sil­

ver picture frames, a crystal egg deco­

ration, anything of value was taken,

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