

The Other Side

Within Claremont,
Pitzer's educational philosophy is singular.
In keeping with its 1960s heritage, Pitzer
strives to enhance individual growth while at
the same time building community...
In addition, students are encouraged to
participate in the self-governance of the
college. Working with the faculty and the
staff they have the opportunity to build the
community in which they reside...
page 5 of the catalogue

Here at Pitzer we carry on the centuries-old
tradition of learning and practicing the arts
of human freedom, but we do so without
protective defining boundaries...
- Marilyn Chapin Massey, President
page 16 of the catalogue

A Residential College - Pitzer College
is committed to a belief that residential life
is an important component of the
educational experience.
page 193 of the catalogue

Pitzer is committed to providing a supportive
atmosphere of respect and caring, where
students have opportunities to explore,
learn from success and failure and are
empowered to make choices understanding
the responsibilities that accompany those
choices.
- Jacqueline Petersen, Dean of Students
page 3 of the handbook

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INKINGSIDES

On Monday, October 16th, somewhere in the neighborhood of one million Black men converged on Washington DC for the much heralded "Million Man March." The March (more a rally than a march) was organized by the Minister Louis Farrakhan, the current leader of the Nation of Islam, and Dr. Benjamin Chavis, former head of the NAACP. The March was billed as a day of atonement for Black men in America; a day when the Black male could look inward and deal with his own problems. A day to ignore the externalities, the over-arching problems with the system, and deal with the individual. Much of the message preached was of self-reliance and love for one's community. With the notable exception of the Rev. Jessie Jackson, most of the speakers put aside traditional political rhetoric in an effort to address the issues anew, with very real hopes that the March could serve as a lesson: one million Black males *can* get together peacefully to learn about themselves and their community. Further, those lessons learned can be taken back to their community and serve as the basis for a new grass-roots politicization. The March itself was an unqualified organizational success.

The Million Man March was also successful in sending another message to Washington: Black people can organize and be a political power in this country. It is through this issue that we need to view what I have come to call the numbers game. On the day of the March, march-sponsored head counts put the total number in attendance at over 1,000,000 people. However, the following day, official U.S. Park Service figures indicated that only 400,000 people showed. The controversy continued as Minister Farrakhan threatened to sue the Park Service over the apparent under-counting of those in attendance. Two independent outside contractors, one contracted by ABC news and the other by National Public Radio, were called in to do a recount, and both ended up with median figures of around 875,000. Further, both services also estimated that attendance could have been as high as 1,150,000 and as low as 650,000. 650,000: still more than 50% higher than official Park Service estimates. Why? According to one Park Service representative, head counts for events such as the March are not functions central to the operation of the Park Service, and thus receive less attention than other tasks. I believe it goes much deeper than that. The number was, in fact, low to downplay the significance of the March and the significance of Black power in this country.

Something else troubled me about the publicity surrounding the March. For several days leading up to the March, Louis Farrakhan and his role in the March were the subject of several television news shows. They all questioned the legitimacy of Farrakhan as a leader of the Black community. Many went as far as to call him a "nut case." According to most of these shows, the general idea was that Farrakhan organized the March for his own personal political agenda, not as a genuine effort to uplift the Black community. Minister Farrakhan's very presence as the organizer of the March tainted its purpose. You see, they had it covered from all angles. If you supported Minister Farrakhan, you were supporting a political opportunist and lunatic. If you supported the March, you were supporting, by association, a mad man. The news media framed the issue in such a way that supporting the March was damn near un-American.

The effort to under-cut the Minister's power by constructing him as a crazy politico is painfully apparent. True, much of his message is contradictory. However, how many politicians in Washington eat shoe leather on a daily basis? Are Missrs Dole and Gingrich nuts for publicly supporting the idea of the March as they attempt to litigate a reaction paralleled in its conservative ferocity only by the White Terror of the French revolution (i.e. the Contract On America)? Further, are those in power so stupid as to think that people cannot think for themselves? I'm sure they'd like to think so, and the evidence does exist: they *were* voted into office.

The real point is that people are usually smart enough to separate the message from the messenger. So what if Minister Farrakhan is a political pragmatist. The message was still there. Without Minister Farrakhan the Million Man March would not have been possible. To his credit, while at the March, he attempted to live up to its pledge. He not only held class on the Mall with 1,000,000 students (in which he admonished them to stop hurting one another), he also extended a hand to the Jewish community in a request for reconciliation. Most of the recognized Jewish organizations dismissed the Minister's offer as a publicity stunt. Ironically, they wouldn't even hear him out. If the Minister's request *had* turned out to be for publicity only, Jewish organizations could have used that hypocrisy as another salvo in their public battle against the Minister and the Nation of Islam.

Many have asked if there was even a need for a Million Man March. Many have even called the March racist, sitting the corollary: If 1,000,000 White men were called upon to march on Washington DC it would surely be called racist. There have been many groups, White, right-wing Christian fundamentalists included, who have planned marches on Washington modeled after King's march in 1963. However, Farrakhan was able to put together the right elements and seize the day. And what a timely day it was. Look around enough and listen: you can practically see the desperation in the air. It began with the Republican Contract on America: programs beneficial to the public good, i.e. Head Start and the National Endowment for the Arts, are being destroyed while the Pentagon is given \$7 billion more than it requested. The Contract was followed by Proposition 187. After 187 there were attacks on Affirmative Action, which successfully closed the door on Affirmative Action in the U.C. System. Those victories against the U.C. System paved the way for the Califor-

"...are those in power so stupid as to think that people cannot think for themselves?"

nia Civil Rights Initiative. Now there is English Only legislation in the works in the California Congress. There is a conservative backlash embracing this country. Racism, which by the way never left, is coming on strong. There is a fire storm on the horizon, and all of us feel a need for security.

So, why is it then, that at this time of need we are in an institution where we are unable to feel safe? Like a peacock, Pitzer has proudly strutted its liberal politics; fanning out the new view books like feathers for all to see. It has given press releases in support of Affirmative Action. It has even attempted to legislate our morality with a Social Responsibility requirement. As impressive as all these goals are, Pitzer's commitment is hollow. Even with these ideals, there are voices within the institution who seek to create and maintain a paradise for faculty at the cost of student involvement and staff sanity. Further there are other elements who seek to run the college as a business. I'm not pointing any fingers: there is no one person behind this, no evil monster with his or her own agenda. It is, however, a mood, and many who are in that mood are in the position to alter things to their advantage. Many are unafraid to lie to or appease students if those steps are necessary to keep the students off their backs. Many have developed an inappropriate paternalism which assumes that students are incapable of making real decisions. It is this place, which many call a community, that has become divided because we can neither communicate with nor trust those assigned with the task of our academic upbringing. This is why many students are pissed off. We can't rely on those who are ostensibly here to help us. All this while the world is falling apart. I'm certain that there are many of you out there who don't agree with what is going on around campus. But please know that just because you don't feel or understand a problem doesn't mean that there isn't one.

AND ABOUT ALL THOSE "TYPOS:"

I've received several complements about the editorial content of our last issue. However, those complements have often been followed by: "but with all those typos, it was really difficult to read. Have you guys considered using spell check?" Well, in fact, spell check is one of the few things we do as a regular part of our haphazard editing process here at The Other Side. Even if we didn't, I would hope such glaring errors as those in the past issue wouldn't get by us. The culprit was actually the combination of the machine we use to run the software that formatted our last issue, and the software itself. We laid out the last issue in an old version of Aldus Pagemaker, but we did it on a new Power Macintosh. The old software is not native to the new system, so it had to be run in what's called emulation. Emulation is less efficient and can cause errors in the system. Needless to say our Power Mac took a crap when we had a deadline to meet. We felt it was critical to come out with an issue before fall break because of the timely nature of the content. So, we went ahead and published the issue without triple checking the final copy (naturally the one most effected by the problem) that we eventually delivered to the printers. Suffice it to say that we have a new version of the software (courtesy of Academic Computing, even though they don't officially support our machine) and we don't expect the problem to reoccur. Well at least not on such a large scale. Thanks for reading, let alone paying enough attention to notice that we had all those typos. (sic)

The Other Side is published pretty much when we damn well feel like it, although that usually comes out to about three of four issues per semester. The views expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of Pitzer college, let alone those on the Other Side staff. We strongly encourage contributions in the form of letters, art work, opinions pieces, and short works of fiction and nonfiction (the latter on disc if possible). If you want to submit something, just drop it in campus mail addressed to The Other Side, or put it in our box in the Gold Student Center, rm. 222. Thanks

NOVEMBER 17, 1995

T O S

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- Number of Pitzer College administrators in 1985: 21
Number of Pitzer College administrators in 1995: 47
Number of guidelines required to post flyers at Pitzer: 15
Pitzer's published student-teacher ratio: 10:1
Average classroom size at Pitzer: 20:1
Number of committees and campus groups you can join: 78
Number of students appointed to the Ad-hoc Outside Art Committee: 3
Number of students who resigned: 1
Number of art professors on the committee: 1
Number of students who signed a petition supporting "spontaneous" art: 150
Number of psychology credits an editor of The Other Side gets each semester: 1
Number of athletes pictured in the student life page of Pitzer's new viewbook: 15
Number of those who are Pitzer students: 4
Number of students enrolled at Pitzer this year: 831
Number of students enrolled at Pitzer last year: 839
Percentage of Pitzer students on Financial aid: 24
Number of students living on campus this year: 548
Maximum occupancy load of McConnell Dining Hall: 548
Amount President Massey made in salary last year: \$165,642
Additional amount she made in benefits: \$30,688

Anonymous Contribution

Please realize that I've been feeling increasingly dehumanized and that this feeling relates directly to how I've been treated as a woman.

Women, why choose to internalize the sexist values of male-dominated society? Why do so many of us act out male versions of the ideal woman? Maybe it's time to take a long, hard look at yourself and decide what you want to be and then become it. Let's start thinking for ourselves and create our own personal versions of the ideal woman - which should be the ideal person.

Guys, I try not to be angry but it's hard when your basic humanity is denied and you're treated like a commodity-

"my woman" walking down the street and being eyed like a piece

I shouldn't have to change the way I dress out of fear. I know sexism goes both ways, I don't deny the existence of "girltalk" but I think it's telling that the part of that word signifying female refers to children.

You may say "it's only a joke - why so uptight?" but its only value as humor comes from its pure offensiveness and ultimately this kind of humor only perpetuates these attitudes.

The liberal youth of our society seems to hold certain ideals - the dismantling of racism and sexism seem to be some - well you can't start by claiming you're not racist and sexist because you are, we all are...

I try to be aware of how what I say and do affect other people and I try to be sensitive to their perspective as black, gay, etc. but I think it all boils down to

RESPECT,

simple and basic: treat everyone else the same way you expect to be treated.

And that's a start.

OTHER SIDE

Dear Pitzer Community,

Let's be honest. Let's cut the bullshit. Unless I've been grossly mistaken and misled; unless I've been reading way too much into everything, the red stars were not and are not about art. The discussions and meetings and committees and restrictions and agendas of the week that shook Pitzer were not about art. I'm fairly sure that any rational members of the Pitzer community can agree upon this. And for those few daring enough to transcend rational thought and traditional Pitzer action, the ensuing actions and consequences stemming from the Red Scare of 95 should cease to be about art also.

In case any of this had passed anyone by, let it be known that the campus not long ago was laid awash in a scattering of red stars and "controversy." Let it be known, more importantly, however, that lost in the ensuing struggles was a subtle yet pressing challenge issued to the Pitzer community, most specifically, directly, and crucially to the student body. A challenge to dare to live up to some of what is lost, gone, missing, or non-existent in this pseudo-liberal paradise that shelters us all from the world at large.

For all the rhetoric, for all the grandiose theoretical rhetoric of energy, activism, and service, all we, as the student population as a whole have done is succumb and conform to the frustrated, apathetic, and irresponsible label that has been thrust upon us by the ghost of generations past. Whenever anything happens around here, committees are formed, meetings are held, and above all, flyers go up. After a year and a half at Pitzer I hope I never see another fucking flyer again.

What is most disturbing to me about all this recent debate is that of all the things a young liberal college community could find to rally around, of all the topics to spawn debate, of all the things to bring Pitzer together, of all the fucked up things in this school, state, and nation, what do we, the supposed next great generation of humanist neo-liberals focus on? Whether or not, when where why whom and what we should paint.

Let me make it clear that I implicate myself in this critique. Just by writing this letter I'm obviously showing how much my own motivation and energy has been engaged by the red scare. Which, by the way, (call it a hunch) is partly the reason behind the stars themselves. What troubles me, though, is where we're directing our energy. I like the art around campus. I really do. I think it's great that if even only for a few days, many of the active, influential and powerful minds and spirits of this community came together to debate and discuss the environment in which we all live. I also think it's great that many students are out painting instead of sitting around doing nothing. I hope that the art and the larger culture of artistic expression continues to flourish at Pitzer along with the debate and discussion over our community. What

worries me is that may be where it ends. It seems that already many have reverted back to the protective shell of the Pitzer Dome, content with a new manner in which to vent their creative expressions.

So let's imagine for a moment, shall we? Let's imagine what could be accomplished, or at the very least, attempted, if the same spirit, the same anger, the same critical forums that developed around the myths and legends of the red scare could be effectively focused and directed toward a broader goal. As I write, institutions at every level, from Claremont to Sacramento to Washington, are making decisions that will disrupt our futures and toy with our destinies. Imagine what we could do if the great young liberal minds of this community could rally around the cause of affirmative action (to which we need look no further than our own campus), or cuts in education and social services, and lobby government organizations that seek to destroy lives and cultures for the sake of an ill-directed political agenda. What if we rallied? What if we protested? What if we shouted so loud that Pete Wilson couldn't help but hear us? What if each and every one of us actually tried to make a difference?

Admittedly, these suggestions are no more clearly defined or laid-out than the undirected, open-ended, rhetorical liberalism that guides our campus on a daily basis. But how much direction is necessary? Simply look at all that resulted from a few objects painted on the wall. If that can bring us together, what can't? I would submit that it's no longer enough to open our minds; to embrace diversity and creative expression; to simply "be a part" of a liberal community. After all, if nothing else, the sixties taught us that liberalism without effective, purposeful, oriented action is nothing less than a worthless, empty ideology.

So, simply put, I propose we do something. You, me, all of us. It doesn't have to be the forming of the counter-culture of the 90's. It doesn't have to attack every aspect of the Contract on Americans. It can be anything. Something. Go to discussions about the implications of HR 123. Write your senators. Walk for AIDS. Boycott a company with whose politics you don't agree. Teach in a local school. Be a big brother or sister. Provide some shoes that fit. Something.

We've been challenged; challenged from within. In essence, we challenged ourselves. And we've got nowhere to go but in a positive direction. Let's work—individually and collectively—to make Pitzer a genuine community. One in which we can take pride. One at which we needn't laugh aloud when we read its description in the view book. One in which effective liberalism can thrive, in which community service and political action are a given. This can only come from within, specifically, this can only come from the students. Don't blame the trustees. Don't blame Jackie and Michael. Don't blame Marilyn. Let's take responsibility and the onus upon ourselves. Let's work together to find the energy, spirit and direction of a college, a campus, and a community in search of a soul.

-Edwin A. Martini III

Why I Drew a Picture of President Massey on a Wall

"Here at Pitzer we carry on the centuries-old tradition of learning and practicing the arts of human freedom, but we do so without protective, defining boundaries." —Marilyn Chapin Massey, President of Pitzer College (p.16, Pitzer Catalog, 1995, 1994, 1993,...).

By Amber
Megowan

A friend and I painted these words, along with a charcoal attempt at drawing the likeness of President Massey, on a column in front of Holden Hall Thursday night. We did it as a message to the students, the administration, and the rest of the Pitzer community, reminding YOU of what Pitzer stands for. Although we were urged by many to do it elsewhere, we drew it within the designated boundaries for student art because we wanted to be listened to. We didn't want to be brushed off as some rebellious kids who just want to cause trouble. Pitzer has been confronted with exactly what it claims to uphold and we want Pitzer to keep its promises.

Two summers before I would be a freshman at Pitzer College, I read that quote in the Pitzer Catalog. I was inspired as I eagerly perused the pages that were filled with such oaths of freedom, community, social responsibility, and diversity. I was anxious to join this community of politically active, liberal individuals. I looked forward to an educational experience unlike any other, in a residential environment that expanded learning beyond the walls of the classroom. Pitzer was the only school I wanted to go to, and the only school to which I applied.

When I came to Pitzer, I was surprised at how quiet things were. I was expecting to be challenged and introduced to new perspectives by my new friends and acquaintances. I discovered, however, that most students chose to keep to themselves and to their small groups. The high volume of political activity I expected was actually kept at a low murmur, and the community existed only in theory. The drab white buildings, instead of offering a background for a colorful student body, merely reflected the isolation I felt between students, and echoed the low visibility of Pitzer student activity.

Pitzer didn't live up to its promises, I thought. But then I realized that no institution can promise something that relies so heavily on individual effort. It was up to me to make

my experience at Pitzer College valuable. So, I immersed myself in projects I believed in, searching for ways to affect the community and to feel more of a part of it. But as much as I became involved, I felt that my efforts existed on a different plane from every other effort on campus, efforts that were mutually invisible. There was a great lack of unity and I could see no way of resolving that. Yet I believed that the apparent apathy and indifference resulted from the absence of a direction to channel our collective ideals into action.

"In keeping with our 1960s heritage, Pitzer strives to enhance individual growth while at the same time building community." (p.5, Pitzer Catalog 1995-96)

Over fall break red stars started to appear. This glimmer of change erupted into the demand for spontaneous student art on campus. After the first meeting with Jackie Peterson, I felt infused with the energy of Pitzer student determination. The next day, with the appearance of art in Mead, I felt invigorated, and the campus seemed to be waking up from a deep sleep. Later at the town meeting, the sense of community that emerged through the collective effort to establish free art uplifted me, while the resistance to it was deeply dismaying.

"Pitzer celebrates cultural diversity and intercultural (sic) understanding" (p.5)

At the conclusion of the meeting I was disturbed by the arguments of those who seemed to feel threatened at the idea of giving students the freedom of expression. The main concern seemed to be, "What if I don't like it? I don't want to have to look at it everyday." This from a student at Pitzer College where "differences of perspective are celebrated" (President Massey, Student Handbook, p.1). Some people want to have a committee to pre-approve an artist's plans. But this also gives them the power to deny a student's expression if they "don't like it." Pitzer claims to

welcome diversity, but for some, differing perspectives are feared. Diversity is welcome as long as it is a certain type of diversity, a pre-approved diversity. Parts of the Pitzer community are revealing the fact that they feel threatened by change.

"The human experience is at the center of a Pitzer education... its complexity, its diversity of expression, its continuities and discontinuities over space and time, and those conditions which limit and liberate it." (Educational Objectives of Pitzer, Pitzer Catalogue 1995, emphasis mine)

Please turn the page

NOVEMBER 17, 1995

OTHER SIDE

Art is something uniquely human, I would argue. In each work of art, there is human emotion, endeavor, and vision. It isn't something to be tucked away and hidden. It isn't something to be feared. Art can provoke you, and Pitzer cannot pretend to be a comfortable utopia by stifling any stirrings of change. Students are not going to destroy our school with paint. Pitzer is inside of us, and we want to put some of ourselves back into Pitzer.

"By juxtaposing and evaluating the ideas of others..., students develop their capacities for critical judgment." (p.9, 1995)

Pitzer looked great. So great, in fact, that I knew it was the only college I wanted to attend. Absolutely everything I read about Pitzer impressed me. It was the college of no faults.

One of the things that impressed me the most, happened to be the Pitzer College Catalogue. This catalogue informed me that Pitzer was different from other colleges. It told me that if I came here I would have nearly limitless opportunities to express myself. It stressed that if I chose Pitzer, I would live in an environment that placed a strong emphasis on personal growth, both inside and outside the classroom. The catalogue boasted about the strength of the Pitzer community, and it told me if I came here I would be part of something very special. Imagine my dismay when I arrived here and discovered that the Pitzer described in the catalogue no longer existed.

In my first two weeks at Pitzer I almost got into two fights with people because I chose not to consume alcohol. I observed how Pitzer divided itself into many groups of students that looked at each other with contempt. I felt excluded from some groups because of how I looked, and included in others for the same reason. I saw the disenchantment of other students who felt Pitzer was not living up to what it claimed to be. I saw a Pitzer that was no different from any other college. The Pitzer I saw, was a place that liked to think it was living up to the standards it claims to uphold. These realizations caused me to give up on my dream of living in

So what if you don't like it? What if you don't think it's art? What if someone doesn't like you? What if they don't want to see you everyday? After all, they live here too. When you speak in class, sometimes you say things I don't agree with. Maybe you always say things I don't agree with. Does that mean you shouldn't speak? It means I should tell you why I don't agree with you. Maybe you will see things from my perspective, maybe we'll both learn something.

what Pitzer claims to be, and resign myself to living in what Pitzer really is.

Until now.

A couple of nights ago, a friend and I made a rough reproduction of page sixteen from the 95-96 Pitzer college catalogue on one of the walls outside Holden. We did it to remind students what Pitzer is supposed to stand for and that it's not just some radical, anti-authority, trouble making rebels (No offense intended towards anti-authority, trouble making rebels) who feel this way. The response from the students that I talked to was overwhelmingly positive. But I was also shocked to hear from several sources that the response from President Massey was not so good. In fact, I was told that she was visibly upset. I choose not to believe this.

I choose not to believe this because if she were upset at seeing her picture and own words immortalized on a wall, it must mean that she does not believe and maybe regrets making this statement (There is also the possibility that she found our rendition of her unflattering, but we did our best). But if she dislikes this statement so much, why has it been in our college catalogue for the past several years? Well, I'll tell you why. The job of the president at this school is to raise as much money as she can, and if that involves saying things she doesn't truly believe to attract students' pocketbooks, that's OK. If Massey is upset about what is on the wall outside Holden, then I feel cheated. I feel cheated out of about forty-thousand dollars and more than a year of my life that I have given to Pitzer only pretends to be. If Marilyn Massey is upset by what we painted, then I would appreciate it if she would give me a refund on my tuition. But I

choose not to believe Marilyn Massey was upset when she saw our rendition of her.

I choose instead to believe that she was overcome by tears of joy when she saw it, and that she was touched when she saw that Pitzer students do care about what happens here. I choose to believe that she was moved to see that more students were starting to be independent and free, and that she was excited to see we were using her great words for inspiration. I choose to believe that if Marilyn Massey felt anything when she saw our artwork, it was not anger and sorrow, but instead pride and honor.

I hope what I choose to believe is right, because if it is not, I fear Pitzer may be in for some unpleasant times. Administration must remember the promises they have made to students, and must let us be in control of our own lives.

Students must also remember those promises, and not just accept the way things are. I did that for my first year here, because I thought there was nothing I could do about it. I will no longer be complacent sitting back and watching out of touch people decide what is right for me. We should be free to control our own lives.

The administration at Pitzer has a job, and it is not to repress students. We pay them, so we're their bosses. The administration is here to serve students in getting the most out of their education. They have no right to tell the student body that they cannot do something. They should trust us to make responsible decisions. We need to have the right to enrich our own lives.

—Jose Pacheco

Speech on Affirmative Action

Presentation by Professor Jose Claderon at the Affirmative Action rally on October 12, 1995

"The real test of whether there is a "community" in practice—is whether there is the room for difference and dialogue. Perhaps in understanding our differences, we can begin to discover our commonalities"

I am here in solidarity with the UC students to protest an action by the UC Regents to abolish affirmative action-making it the first university in the nation to end racial and gender considerations in its hiring, contracting, and admissions policies.

I am also here to protest the so-called Civil Rights initiative. I can't believe that they use the term "civil rights"—giving the impression that it will put an end to race and gender discrimination in public employment, education, and contracting.

The supporters of these anti-Affirmative Action measures claim that Affirmative Action has served its purpose, that we are all equal now and that historical inequities have been overcome. Some, like Governor Pete Wilson, propose that Affirmative Action is "tribalizing America" and that it needs to be done away with in order to end racial separatism and build a "United America".

However, the figures show that we are still divided on the economic stratification ladder. Although the Civil Rights Act of 1964 made it illegal to discriminate on the basis of race and gender, there are still large gaps. Women are still paid substantially less than men. Even as women have become nearly half of America's work force, as full-time workers in the 1990's, they are still only earning an average of 66% to what men are being paid.

People of color are still largely underrepresented in administrative and management positions. For example, Latina women are still overrepresented among service workers, holding 32% of household cleaning jobs. Few Latino men are lawyers or teachers, but we make up more than one in five of the nation's waiters, farmworkers, and gardeners. Black men are overrepresented in laborer positions and least represented in sales and professional work. Only one out of 100 physicians nationally is an African American woman. Although Asian Pacific American Women are most represented in technical and clerical fields, many remain locked in the lowest levels of the



service sector. About 6.5% of garment industry machine operators are Asian women.

Meanwhile, white men are still overrepresented in management, administrative, and technical jobs holding 77% of all these positions.

These figures show that we are far from achieving an equal playing field and that discrimination in the work force has not been eradicated.

This is also true for higher education. Take the UC system for example: there are nearly twice as many men (25,000) as women (13,000) on the faculty payroll.

And the regent's action to abolish affirmative action is expected to cut the number of Latino and African American students on-campus to 10%. This, in a region where people of color now comprise the new majority. Now, I ask you, is this equality? Is this an even playing field?

The Anti-Affirmative Action folks don't call the priorities given to the sons and daughters of alumni members or big donors "Special preferences" or "targets of opportunity"—but they are.

These types of "affirmative action" recruitment and admission preferences have been going on for decades, since the founding of our higher education system.

But, it has only become an issue when "affirmative action" or "target of opportunity" has been used in the context of overcoming historical and systemic inequalities.

You and I know that our campuses are in the microcosm of society. Look around you, who are the majority of people picking up your trash, washing your dishes, and keeping your floors clean?

You have only to glance at the campus directory—to understand the stratification in occupations that I am talking about.

You and I have seen the type of hiring that bypasses national "searches" and targets certain individuals for their "special" skills. There are those who don't like to call these "targets of opportunity" or special preferences, but call them what you want, they are.

Affirmative Action becomes a problem in our backyard, only when it involves us: when it involves the recruitment, hiring, admission, and retention of historically underrepresented people: particularly women and people of color.

When this issue is raised, I've seen the most liberal among us squirm in their chairs, roll their eyes, and look elsewhere. This is when we move outside the comfort zone—when we look at the face of our campuses squarely in the mirror—and affirmative action becomes "action in the affirmative"—and not just a statement on paper or a goal that has no commitment to funding or substantive institutional support.

It was only five years ago that the state legislature reached a consensus to guarantee affordable undergraduate education to all Californians who were qualified. Under this consensus, it was assumed that all high school graduates by definition were being interpreted as "only" a high

Please turn to Affirmative on page 38



OTHER SIDE

it happens
HERE, TOO
by Kim Richman

ALERT!

A friend of mine was raped recently. She is a strong person, stronger than I, stronger than most I know, but afraid to do anything. This is in many ways fine: what is important is her recovery. Officially, this rape may go uncontested, but unofficially I will not stand by and see my friend hurt and the rapist walk fearless around our campus. This rape was a clear case of her explaining her boundaries to a person she was beginning to trust, then waking up in the night with him on top of her. Fucking her, using her like a plastic blow up doll, like a piece of meat.

What would you do with someone crossing your boundaries like that? Someone you trusted? Could you even begin to understand from where the aggressor was coming? What confusion would result for you? Why was this happening to you? Had you not made yourself clear? WHY?

And what does this say about our environment? We have recently had two of our community abducted, taken away and raped. How can we protect our friends?

Now this, in our community, on our campus, in our dorms; one person we all know violating another we all know. How do we deal with this? What is to be done? Where is your responsibility?

Spread the word. It is your community. Speak. They are your friends. What will you tolerate? Where are your limits? What do you do to contribute to a comfortable or hostile environment: one conducive to the action of rape?

These things you must ask yourself, ask each other. Now. This is happening now. Here. This is happening here. To you. This is happening to you and your friends.

Today, sitting in the lobby of Mead, I became involved in a very important discussion. It was a discussion long overdue for the entire Pitzer community (hell, entire Claremont Colleges), and it was one that might've never happened if it weren't for a half-page statement that had been posted around campus the night before.

The statement discussed a female student who had been raped recently by another trusted Pitzer student. Reading the statement provoked a discussion between myself and the friend I was with. The discussion soon grew, as others who happened to walk by us joined in and related their feeling and experiences concerning this subject. My reactions could best be described as outrage and fear—outrage that these things are allowed to happen in OUR community, and that this woman had to go through this horror; and fear that, as a known fact, this is NOT an isolated incident, and that it could so easily have happened to me, or any other one of my neighbors in the dorms.

As the small group of us began to delve into the subject and relate our experiences, I was shocked and horrified to learn about more and more similar such experiences on Pitzer's campus. We all have heard about the two or three yearly attacks in the Claremont community. We all know about the recent incident involving the two Scripps students who were abducted from an ATM and sexually assaulted in a parking lot. Most of us remember the highly publicized incident a few years ago in which a CMC student who raped a Scripps student was allowed to stay on campus and received, if anything, a slap on the hand. But that's exactly my point—we remember these things which have happened at the OTHER colleges. We assume if there's a rapist attending our colleges, he goes to CMC (at least I do). We assume that Pitzer is too liberal and socially conscious a place for these things to happen here, and that we're safe. We're not. As much as we do not want to admit it, it happens HERE, TOO.

Aside from incensing me enough to write this article, this discussion today had a very important effect. It made me realize, more than ever before, that these things NEED to be addressed more openly and more often than they presently are. Rape is not going to go away. It will continue to affect more and more of us, directly and indirectly,

Please turn to RAPE on page 36

TO: All Members of the Pitzer Community
FROM: Jack Sullivan, Chair FEC

DATE: October 30, 1995
SUBJECT: Outside Art

The Ad-Hoc Outside Art Committee will soon begin discussion of the policies and procedures for outside art at Pitzer. The committee would very much like to hear from members of the community regarding ideas about the location and type of outside art the community would like to see.

For your information, the members of the committee are the following: Fred Arambula, Andrew Aslaksen, David Furman, Tom Ilgen, Chuck Martin, Max Gerber, Blythe Miller, Darci Raphael, and myself. Please contact any of these individuals with your thoughts about outdoor art. You may send mail to me via the Pitzer mailroom, you may put mail in my Scot Hall box or you may send e-mail to me at

JSULLIVA@BERNARD.PITZER.EDU

Thank you all very much. The committee looks forward to receiving your thoughts.

ACCORDING TO THE ADMINISTRATION, WE SHOULD REFER TO THESE MEMOS TO UNDERSTAND WHAT'S

TO: Pitzer College Students

DATE: October 27, 1995

FROM: Jacqueline Peterson, Dean Of Students

After meeting last Wednesday with a group of students and faculty and students to discuss outdoor art, I was quoted—at a meeting in Mead Hall—as having given permission to paint "spontaneous art" on campus. I did not give such permission. In fact, I alone do not have that authority, nor does any single faculty or staff member.

Student outdoor art is a positive and desirable goal for the College. Indeed, the College Council in Mat of last year recommended the appointment of a group of faculty, staff, and students to identify spaces for outdoor student art at Pitzer and to establish a policy and process for producing this art. This group was appointed by the Faculty Executive Committee, but it has just begun its deliberations.

At the town meeting called on Thursday, it was agreed that, while the committee is completing its deliberations, the murals that were painted Wednesday night may be completed and signed by the artists. Also, the following areas would be designated for signed, artistic expression: the inside of the pillars along the walkway between Mead Hall and Holden Hall, and the inside of the pillars along the walkway between Sanborn and McConnell.

Any markings on buildings or pillars that are made on property outside of these designated areas will be considered vandalism. Those who are responsible for this vandalism will be subject to judicial actions.

Our commitment to social responsibility must be more than rhetoric. It is essential that we be respectful of one another; indeed, our very identity as a community depends on this respect. I am confident that, together, we will find a way of expressing the dynamic and creative spirit of this community.

REALLY GOING ON HERE AT PITZER COLLEGE. BUT WHAT DO THEY REALLY SAY?

TO: Members of the Pitzer College Community
FROM: Marilyn Chapin Massey

RE: OUTDOOR ART ON THE PITZER CAMPUS
DATE: October 30, 1995

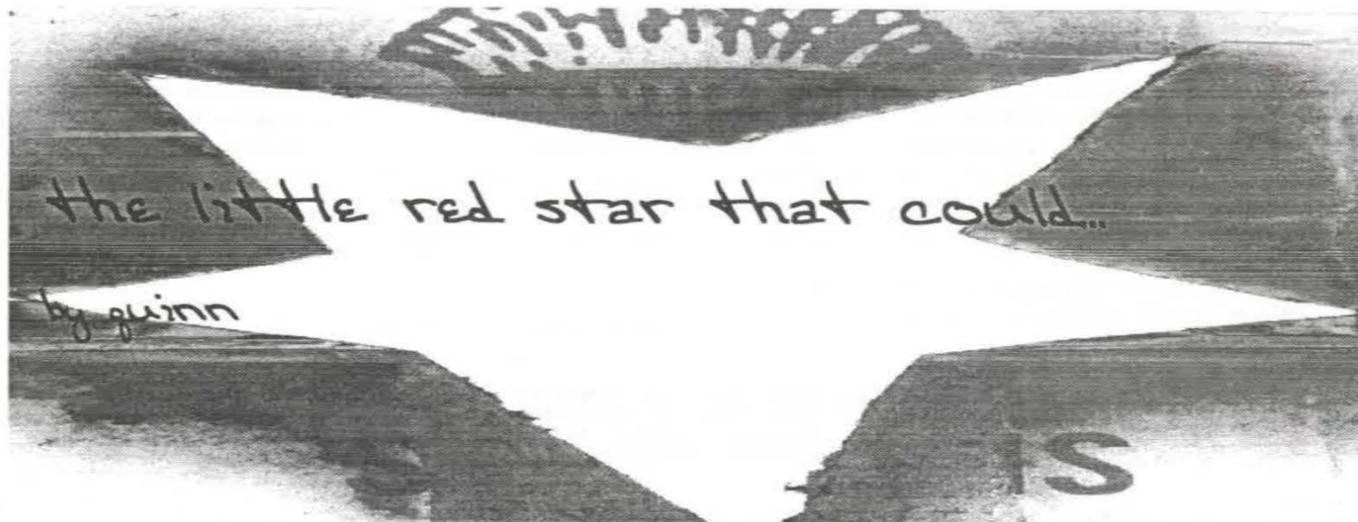
I am writing this note from Washington DC, where, as I mentioned last week, I am lobbying for financial aid and affirmative action (sic). I regret that I cannot be there for the beginning of the discussions you are having on outdoor art at Pitzer. I have no doubt that this community will find a way to bring murals to Pitzer that express the same degree of beauty, commitment, and passion that is now reflected in the arboretum, the wildflower garden and the community gardens. Students, faculty, and staff members have created this beauty before, and, I am sure, we, together, will create it again.

Some of the painting done last week has brought distress to members of this community. We have, for example, a small group of students who have endured the oppression of Communist governments, and some of these students have expressed offense and fear at the appearance of red stars on our buildings. The social context of art is an important factor, and, as this process goes forward, I am confident that we will be mindful of the diverse Pitzer context. Exercising both social awareness and responsibility, this community can promote mural art—by students and other artists—and, at the same time, be the inclusive environment that we value (sic).

I believe that the best way to ensure that all voices are heard and respected is to work with the group that has been formed by College Council and FEC to develop a framework for producing and displaying art on campus.

NOVEMBER 17, 1995





I painted those stars that you may or may not have seen around our campus. It was me. Whether or not I worked alone, I think, is of little importance. My confession is not intended to take credit away from anyone else that may or may not have been painting with me; but only to provide the Pitzer community with a real person who is willing to be accountable for the idea of the stars, and what they represent. I am perfectly willing to take total responsibility for every last shiny little star. If you don't like them (assuming you've had the chance to see them) that is your right. I don't offer any apologies. I do offer to tolerate any viewpoint that anyone else might have. Apparently, I am in a small minority here at Pitzer.

The following is the story of what a few little red stars put me through....

The stars first came out late Monday night, during Fall break. They stayed there all day Tuesday—still during Fall break. By the time I got out of bed Wednesday morning, most of the stars were painted over. A few of my friends were called into the Dean of Students office to talk about stars. I was upset and decided immediately that more stars needed to get painted. That night I set out again. More stars this time. Stars all over Scott, Bernard, Avery and Fletcher. The first time was for the students. This time was for the administration.

Thursday, before I got up, the stars were painted over again, but for some reason they left the stars on Mead. I got called into Jackie Peterson's office to talk about stars. I told her that while I had no idea who could have painted those stars, I certainly advocated spontaneous art at Pitzer. She asked me what I thought stars represented. I said: "What's a star if not something to shoot for?". I explained once again that I had no idea who had painted those stars but I had an intuition that they were a message that was intended more for the students than the administration. She asked me what that message could be. I told her that I had a hunch that the message was that students could see that they could have an affect on their surroundings if they only tried—if they were sick of the institutional concentration-camp-gray walls, they had only to put something cheerful on them. I said that maybe, if people could see themselves and their ideas expressed in the drab grayness of Pitzer, they would be hap-

pier to be here—maybe have some sense that we live in a community.

That much was fair enough, it seemed, to Dean Peterson. She said that she was also very interested in building a community here at Pitzer. I then asked her why, if that was the case, that the stars were painted over. She said that the problem with the stars was that she didn't know whether or not the Pitzer community as a whole wanted red stars painted all over the place. I thought that was a problem and I said so. She then asked me what I would have her do about it. I told her that it would be a good gesture to get a memo out to the Pitzer community, letting them know that the stars (that they probably never got to see because they got painted over) were taken very seriously by the administration. I said that the memo should also call a meeting open to the entire Pitzer community where anybody who wanted to could say something about spontaneous art at Pitzer. Dean Peterson said that was a good idea and she would get the memo out Friday or Monday. She said that the only day that she could have the meeting the following week was Wednesday night. I was concerned that the memo would give people short notice, but was anxious to give it a try at any rate.

That was Thursday.

Friday I went back to Dean Peterson's office to see how things were coming. She showed me a draft of the memo and said that she was trying to talk to some faculty that were members of a committee that was vaguely referred to as "the mural committee." I said that I felt that the committee was not really necessary at our meeting, since the idea of the meeting was to bring together a community of individuals that were interested in spontaneous art and have their ideas be heard. She disagreed with me.

That was Friday.

I went to my mailbox Monday after lunch hoping to find the memo. I was anxious to see when and where the meeting was going to take place so that I could try to spread the word. The memo wasn't there. I went to Dean Peterson's office again to try to find out what I could. She said that she was having trouble trying to get a response from the mural committee—the one that I didn't feel like we needed at the meeting. I asked her where the meeting was so that I could tell people. She said 5:15 Wednesday in the Gold Center. Fair

enough. I told a bunch of people to go to the meeting at the Gold Center. I didn't want to be the only one there.

That was Monday.

Tuesday was a pretty busy day for me so I didn't have time to stop by Dean Peterson's office. As luck would have it, though, she found me at lunch and we talked for a few minutes. She said that she still hadn't gotten anything concrete from the mural committee. She then told me that since nobody really reads the stuff that they get in their box, she would have the memos handed out to students as they walked in to McConnell for breakfast and lunch. I said that would be fine. I had to go to class.

That was Tuesday.

Wednesday morning I didn't go to breakfast. I decided instead to sleep through it. I did go to lunch. When I went to lunch I had expected to be handed a memo when I walked in. I wasn't. I had my lunch and quickly went down to the mailroom to see if the memo was there. It wasn't. I walked back into the dining hall to grab some copies of *The Other Side* that had been sitting on those shelves by the door. I was going to have them shipped out to the trustees. Just as I turned around, I saw Jackie Peterson walk in to the dining hall. I didn't say anything. I didn't have any idea what I could have said. I was pretty angry and I didn't want to say anything disrespectful so I kept my mouth shut. I took the copies of *The Other Side* to Terry Jones upstairs in McConnell, and as I walked back downstairs, I decided that I needed to say something to Dean Peterson after all.

I approached her while she was having lunch with a student and I asked her if I could interrupt her for a moment. I expressed my confusion, and she apologized; saying that she had been in meetings all day. I left the dining hall and went to my room because I had to sleep. I was pretty exhausted. I got the memo the next day in my box. I don't have any idea when they went out.

Wednesday evening, on my way to

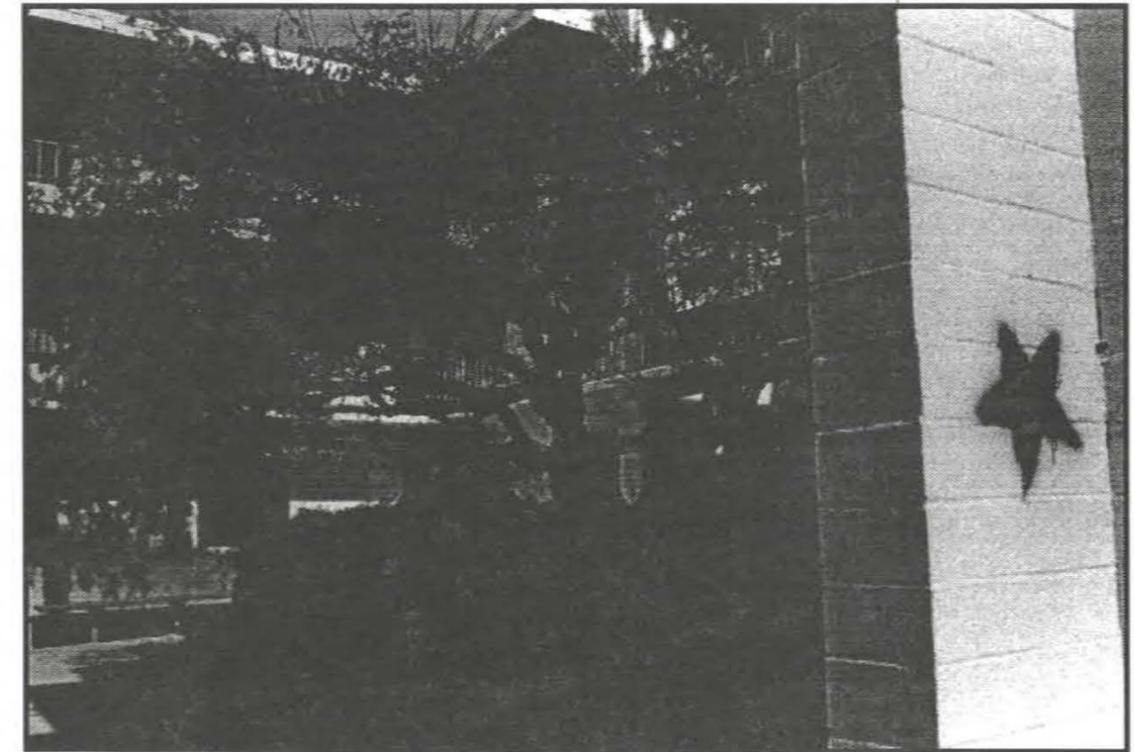
McConnell for the meeting, I was pretty nervous. I didn't want to be the only one there. I knew that I would look very stupid if that were the case—and I don't like looking stupid. When we got to the meeting, I was encouraged to see that the friends that I had told about the meeting were all there. I was further encouraged to see that a lot of other people were there too; though I don't have any idea how they could have heard about the meeting.

The actual meeting didn't go anything like I had expected. I thought that I would waltz in there and, with the support of the Pitzer community, show the administration that those brave, noble-hearted star painters weren't angry rebels, but socially responsible Pitzer students acting on behalf of the community. I couldn't have been more shocked at what actually took place.

There were students there who opposed the idea of allowing the Pitzer community to express itself freely and spontaneously. There were students there that were afraid that somebody might paint something on the walls that might hurt their feelings. At no point when I was painting stars or sitting in Jackie Peterson's office, did I expect this to happen. At no point in my stay at Pitzer could I have expected to hear the things that I heard come out of a Pitzer student's mouth. I was beside myself. I was truly frightened.

I had a pretty difficult time not taking it personally. The basic fact was that a few of us were in disagreement. That's ok. It was how we disagreed that bothered me. The important difference was that I was perfectly willing to allow them to express their views and they were very happy to censor mine and others that they felt might not quite mesh with their views and therefore hurt their feelings somehow.

Despite the small but vocal opposition at the table, it seemed like people were pretty excited about having some art around here. There were a lot of great people there with a



lot of great ideas. Even our representative from the mural committee (which was now being called the "outdoor art" committee), David Furman, was enthusiastic and encouraged the people at the table to go for it and see what happened. I was excited by this but I had to leave early because I had to go to LA.

I remember when....

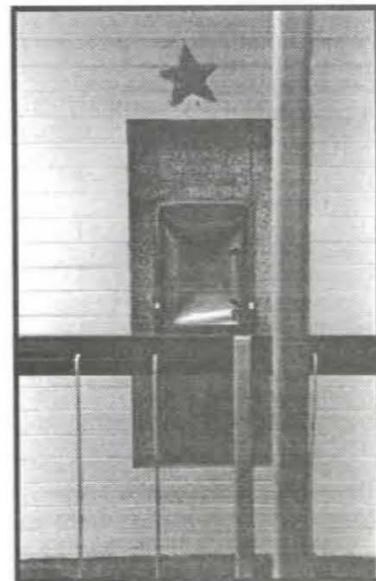
by Tobin Steers

How lucky we are to be alive during the great Pitzer art revolution! Those of us a bit more "seasoned" remember a day when Pitzer was white-washed, glaringly inexpressive. The tight fist of visual silence had yet to be pried open by the brave pioneers whose colorful contributions we bask in today.

Sure, some might say we had it good back then. A nice big lawn in front of the Grove House, Acoustic Tuesdays, less buildings. Heck, I even remember a day when Kohoutek didn't turn Pitzer residence halls into internment camps.

Good. Things were "real nice". We stumbled around in a trance-like state, sedated with drugs and McConnell food, never noticing the parallels between blank walls and increasingly blank minds. It reminds me of countless Sci-Fi stories (Brave New World, THX-1138, etc.) where the jaded masses allow institutions to completely dictate meaning in their lives.

In our little ways, we rebel. On one end of the spectrum, we have student activism. Tuition hikes, Marriot workers' rights, and student's role in Pitzer government are issues which were forged on the fiery tables of Pitzer



classrooms and meeting areas. On the other end, we have unbridled vandalism and anarchy, the K-2 of two years ago being the perfect example. Drunken drug-induced debauchery, so intrinsic to dorm life, defies the very foundation of responsible behavior, the key to its appeal. I would argue that, during the average duration of a Pitzer career, most of us engage in both and fall somewhere in the middle, creating a rebellious behavior bell-curve.

I see this artistic revolution as formatting a medium in which we, as individuals, can practice both extremes at once without any crippling contradictions. What could be better than a socially-conscious vandal, speaking out for what's right while causing hundreds of dollars worth of "property damage" at the same time? One could even say that such a practice falls into the rich cultural history of the Chicano Mural, an important political, artistic, and historic

movement all over the Southwest and in Mexico.

Each of us should consider throwing something up while the getting's good and it's still officially against school rules. Who knows, maybe if Student Life supports it, people will get bored of the idea and pursue something else, like carrying concealed weapons.

Yes, sir, it's sweet and tender rebellion that breathes life into this phenomenon. Being something of a rebel myself (although never as much of one as I thought I should be), I once took a stab at the white-walled beast. At the time, it seemed as if I'd stuck my neck out and lost my head. A hefty unpaid fine is the only remanence of my single-handed Quixotic revolution. However, the underlying meaning seems to have not been lost upon today's Pitzer muralists.

Right before Spring finals my Sophomore year, when the atmosphere was thick with the delirium of near-failure, I walked out to the East wall of Sanborn (the part that faces the walkway) and, armed with only a small variety box of crayons, proceeded to draw on the wall. It was soon graced with large but morally innocuous artistic renditions: a crescent moon, an oak tree, and a vibrant sun. Being the middle of the day, I soon attracted attention from campus security. The bike-bound officer kindly informed me of my public space infraction, to which I offered a gracious indication of my comprehension and continued with my work.

As expected, I soon received a note in my box informing me that a meeting with the Sanborn Hall director, Laura Behling, had been arranged. I considered this an opportunity to discuss my work and where it lay within the context of public space at Pitzer. Instead, I was told that, while we spoke, my work was being painted over by maintenance and I was to be charged for the task. I patiently noted that acting out my punishment before we had a chance to discuss it was unfair. I also offered to wash the walls or paint them myself and sacrifice my art in the name of all-mighty white wall. She outright refused, which made me wonder why she had bothered to call a meeting in the first place and waste my time. Perhaps, she wanted to see me grovel at her feet and beg for mercy.

Instead, I ran outside only to find maintenance painting it over. I quickly filled a large container full of water and asked the maintenance men if they could postpone the process while I try to wash it off. Apologetically, they stated that they had been asked to paint the walls and that's what they had to do. They also told me, interestingly enough, told me that the walls were already scheduled to be painted over for graduation. Through my poor judgement, I was now footing the school's mainte-



nance bill.

After discussing the above incidents with Michael Tessier, I applied for an appeal with the Residential Life office. The final decision of the appeals board was to charge me \$40.00 for the repainting of the wall and a \$50.00 fine strictly for punishment. As far as I know, the final bill after appeals was greater than the bill before appeals, much like lawyer fees in a failed lawsuit. Boy, I'm sure glad I utilized that outstanding appeals service offered by Res. Life! It is possible that my failure in the appeals process may have been related to the fact that, while I was drawing on the wall, my friend was writing 4-letter expletives next to Michael Tessier's name on the pavement next to me. I don't really believe this was noted in the appeals process. Either way, if it came under Mr. Tessier's attention, I would like to finally go on the record stating that it wasn't me who wrote on the pavement, although I'll never divulge who it was.

The whole incident, to this day, still leaves a bad taste in my mouth. Admittedly, I took responsibility into my

the freedom to censor

by shanti webley

"It's ugly," the girl said "someone should paint over it."

The girl was telling me this on the first night of Pitzer's new "Free Art" policy. I was outside the dorms watching her paint a mural while she talked about the "gang graffiti" that someone had just spray-painted on one of the pillars.

I argued with her. I said that yes, it certainly might be ugly, we might not like it, but is it our place to pick and choose what goes up and what comes down? When we do this what difference is there between us and the people who blast The Sex Pistols, Robert Mapplethorpe, or performance art, all for essentially being "ugly?" You know, the usual free expression spiel. She said she understood, even agreed, but then she said,

"It's about intent," she said

Intent. Now that's a big word. What I think the girl meant is that the artist (the tagger's, the gang member's, whatever) did not mean to create something beautiful, artful, or even appealing: her interpretation of what the new policy was meant to do. This is where I disagree, because of course, there is no way to determine intent ("Bobby meant to make A, not make B.") We cannot determine this more than we can determine art and non-art. Even if we could, the painting policy says nothing of what legitimate intent is. Quite the contrary. In Jacqueline Peterson's letter to the students she talks about "artistic expression," and gives no hint at what that's supposed to mean. In campus meetings on the subject, the issue was always about "spontaneous art." Both these ideas, "spontaneous" and "expression," almost refute the idea of a need for an intent in doing art. So I asked the girl, "Who are we to judge intent?"

own hands when I began drawing on the wall; I'm not so jaded by spoiled college life to deny that. However, I offered to retribute my own actions and wasn't even given the chance to present the offer. I even ended up paying for a wall already scheduled for repainting that same week. To put it mildly, I got screwed.

In conclusion, I plan to contribute something to the walls of my former dormitories and call it art. When I get around to beginning such a project, you can bet it will be spontaneous and lacking pre-approval on any level. Most importantly, this time, I won't let myself get caught.

In the event of the formation of an art review committee, to which proposed projects will have to be submitted, I would advocate (to anyone committed to free art) simply bypassing the committee and creating public art without further nonsense. In fact, I can't wait to begin a project of my own before such a committee is formed. However, I still don't have anything specific in mind. Any suggestions?

She paused and said "Well, it's about intent."

We parted ways.

Later on, I got to thinking more about what the girl had said. She had assumed that the artist's intent was not artistic. She had assumed that the artist painted to "destroy property" or at best to "mark territory." This is an unfair stigma that I think was acquired in part because graffiti is generally illegal and people feel a certain obligation to object. But also for another, less obvious, reason.

Earlier this century "Kilroy was Here" was scrawled on buildings and subways routinely around the country. Kilroy's graffiti was illegal, but he appealed to mainstream culture. He represented the frustrations of a distrustful white middle-class, who saw their own suspicions of the government in Kilroy. Modern graffiti, however, represents something much more scary, more threatening: the inner-city and the poor and minorities who live there. The associations people usually make are far from artistic, but gang-ridden, dangerous, and especially uncultured. I think this is why the girl had a problem with the graffiti on the pillar. She saw in the writing on the wall the "ugliness" of the low-cultured ghetto and was forced to confront a part of the world she had perhaps seen only from a removed distance, never up close and personal.

So, I think this new policy can offer us quite a bit. Our freedom gives us a means to view the full spectrum of our student body. But I think this can only work if we get rid of our prejudice qualifications of intent or anything else, and create for creations sake. Maybe we'll learn something,

Why you can't get red paint out from under your fingernails

by Aaron Balkan

I almost wrote this article three weeks ago, when I was shuffling in and out of Jackie Peterson's office, my tail (dipped in red paint) between my legs, listening to Andy Aslasken and her "trying to assess the situation, Aaron, that's all we're trying to do"—curled up in a fetal position in the corner of the Dean of Students office shooting myself in the proverbial foot every time I "tried to assess the situation" for them. I was reading the *Myth of Sisyphus* that week; two or three times actually, it helped me justify the fact that I was continuously doing stupid shit and getting myself in trouble. All that talk of purpose and process and whatnot can be rather appreciated when your trying to decide whether or not your an idiot for pushing a fucking rock that's just going to fall back down, or painting some stars that are just going to get painted, or saying "fuck you" to a world that doesn't always know what "fuck you" means.

But since, I've been reading more Hunter S. Thompson—my more staple "immoral justification" literature, and I feel a lot better. Funny thing too—Hunter loved Sisyphus. He said, "there is nothing in that story to indicate that the poor bugger ever gave any thought to the real nature or specific gravity of that rock that would eventually roll back on him—which is understandable,"

he says, "when you're locked into that kind of do-or-die gig, you keep pushing and ask questions later." Assess the situation. I'm not one for assessing situations. In fact I think the act of assessment is rather petty. I like painting though. I also like writing—and being honest; that's one of my favorites. There's nothing like forgetting to assess the consequences of something incredibly stupid and irresponsible and disgustingly honest, and doing it anyway. I love that.

I guess I love a lot of things, which if I were at all intelligent, I would know is my problem. At Pitzer, being passionate can get you many things—a shot in viewbook, perhaps maybe a "nod of approval" from an Anarchist professor; and until you get appointed to an "Outside Art Committee" you might think that they "actually" want passionate people. And Paul Ranslow said it looked so good on my application too; he must not have noticed the red paint under my fingernails. How frustrating is that—to know that even Pitzer doesn't want passionate people? That they actually go out of their way to thwart the passion of students? It frustrated me enough to seriously reconsider why I was at Pitzer, why the fuck I was *still* here. And for a couple weeks, I tried to think of another place in the world that didn't go out of it's way to thwart

people's passion. I haven't found a place yet—if you know of any please let me know. I guess that's why I'm still here; and besides being passionate, I really love jacking off—all passionate people are intrinsic masturbators. That's what makes red stars so much fun. Red stars are orgasms—multiple orgasms for all the sexes—and that can't be taken away.

And like the writing on the wall sometimes fails to say, the agenda of the passionate can be just as elusive as red stars—that is assuming passionate people actually know that they have an agenda. Let's face it, the writing on the wall isn't always meant to be conspicuous; some of us actually pride ourselves on our ability to speak in a manner that isn't actually a blatant overstatement. The rest of us, well, there's a reason why you'll never get an artist to join a fucking "Outside Art Committee" (all three "artists" whom were appointed resigned after the first meeting). You put an artist — someone who's passionate about his or her work - in a board room and ask them to come up with a "policy" on art, and they'll whip out a spray can and paint a policy on the wall. Knowing this, their act of "facilitating" becomes little more than an obstacle—giving such notorious "facilitators" as Jack Sullivan the power to "facilitate" our ideas.

And then there's those of us who aren't interested in making an overstatement or an understatement or any statement for that matter, but are driven by some other sick power. I actually think that all passionate people are driven by this power some of the time, it's just most of them at one point get caught up with making a statement. It's not a contradiction it's truly one of the more painful things artists experience. I know that I'm driven by this incredibly powerful and wonderful sense of obligation towards my passion, yet even I get caught up with a statement of some sorts. To some degree, this article is a statement. A "pure" artist would not be obligated to explain his or herself to others—they'd rather channel their energy into their art, rather than a statement that can, at best, act as a means to understanding that art. It would be like an author explaining the motives of his or her protagonist, and then handing them the book and letting them read it. It's absurd; and yet we all feel obligated to do it some of the time. If I knew what I was talking about, I might say it has something to do with being a "civilized" person as opposed to not, but I don't so I'll let you try and figure it out from my analogy—the "artist's" explanation.

I have this friend who locks himself in his room for days when he's tired of looking at the world. Upon learning this about him, I was quite critical. This person, whom I considered to be extremely talented, had chosen to deliberately isolate himself from the world in which he lived, when *he* had decided that he could no longer deal with it. I found this to be irresponsible, in light of his enormous talent and capability, I saw his seclusion as being perhaps necessary for his own sanity, yet ultimately

hindering his capacity to help the greater community. And then one day, I got tired of looking at the world too, and locked myself in my room, although I was too stupid to stay.

And I no longer think my friend is irresponsible, just smarter than me. The passionate individual is forever grappling with the very notion of "selfless" action, and it's a lot of bullshit. Nothing is selfless—the world can drain every inkling of passion from my body, with the stroke of a white paint brush, and I am thus deemed powerless. And that's all it really takes. Knowing this, the smarter of us sever the very ties that make our passion so vulnerable. Some of us lock ourselves away, venturing out only when our wounds have healed, or when we have forgotten about them at all.

Those of us who are not smart enough to know when to sever our ties with the world...well, we're *still* fated to spend a great deal of our lives locked away in our rooms,

Nothing is selfless--the world can drain every inkling of passion from my body, with the stroke of a paintbrush, and I am deemed powerless.

only we do it while still trying to create this kind of magic window in which we wish the world to view us; although never *really* satisfied with the "meaning" we (say that we) derive from rolling our rock up a hill and having it fall back down. Yet by our bizarre and impractical nature, our efforts are destined to be channeled through the same fucked up process we use to institute our passion. Confined to our passion, to our sense of obligation as individuals, we cannot step outside of ourselves long enough to truly see ourselves as might others. Instead, we view ourselves like we view our passion like we view the world—through ourselves, blinded by the undaunted passion we so pride ourselves on, yet are forever enslaved to. That is why we cannot be selfless.

Because for most of us, to stop looking at the world would mean that we stop looking at ourselves. Some of us can do it, but most of us can't. Most of us are trying to decide whether or not we're activists or activists, agitators or commentators, Albert Camus or Hunter S. Thompson, or whether we want to lock ourselves away and know that we are right, or go out into a thankless world and risk it all. And then there are those of us who try on both, and by their lack of comprehension for anything that resembles some kind of consistency, are misunderstood, or laughed at. Yet somehow, we keep at it, trying to accommodate our passion in the face of a society that refuses to accommodate us. We stay in our rooms just enough to know who we are, before we tell the world who we are. We are passionate, and we are stupid, and yet we cannot be anything else.

Some of us ask of others to "understand us," and others insist, "don't even try." And then there are those of us who demand, "understand why you cannot understand us," and for that we are the most self-centered in the world—and yet the most honest.

Papas and Beer: the art of pitzer politics

by
Juan De Lara

I guess after having spent 3 1/2 years at Pitzer, I'm allowed to feel that I don't belong here anymore. Its not que Pitzer se ha hido a la chingada, si no que ya estoy listo para nuevas cosas.

Y para los que no entendieron, these words, these feelings, remnants of the other side of me, the me that has learned to speak in an intellectual way, the me that has become foreign to my family, my old friends, the Juan David Ibarra De Lara side that my teachers always re-named Johnny to show me that being Juan David Ibarra De Lara was bad, was un-American. By now my experience here at Pitzer tells me that most Pitzer students have stopped reading this. To them it has ceased to be interesting, just another damn Chicano who can't get over a Gloria Anzaldua complex. But who gives a fuck!

The Pitzer vibe, the energy that forms Pitzer's persona, means absolutely nothing to me now. When I was a prospective student, I thought the hippies and the trendy "hey we're middle class white students who want to be poor" clique were cool, now I see that feeling as an attempt on my part to buy into the Pitzer notion that we as a community were somehow above self critical discussions of race and gender oppression on campus. Although the ideal that race didn't matter because love, peace, community, social responsibility and romanticized notions of a long gone era were the shit, and middle class white students rejecting their parents lifestyle by dressing down into blue collar clothing was interesting, I never had the luxury of becoming a raceless person and the thought of solidarity through trendy dressing and music listening proves very condescending.

As I write down these thoughts for the Otherside, the epitome of Pitzer hip culture, I realize that I cannot indulge in that beautiful ideal of unpoliticized self-expression that has enveloped the Pitzer Community or rather, a group of students. I keep remembering what a friend of mine told me about being asked to write something for the Otherside. I guess the fact that she "looked Chicana" made it seem natural to suggest to her that she write something about Chicanos. Of course that is all that we know about! I'm sure the request was rooted in a benevolent attempt to "diversify" the Otherside, but too often we are categorized within narrow limits, within a conception of "Chicano" that to many means "special interest story, read only if you are a Chicano." Thus we cease to be human and instead ride into oblivion amid



voices of "Chicano Power y que viva la Raza!"

Yet Pitzer's problem is not a bunch of Otherside writers who go around pissing people off. Nor is the root of all evil those students who are appeased by the administration's attempt at co-opting what could potentially be a very revolutionary current among students. For those who initiated the discussion about spontaneous art, the issue had much more to do with the idea of community and student empowerment than it did with red stars and politicized self expression through unpoliticized art. However, it was the lack of a solidified student consciousness that eventually turned the entire issue into petty student politics that allowed the administration to do an excellent job of damage control.

I see the struggle for spontaneous art as an attempt to create a space where students can voice a sense of self and belonging. It is an attempt at self-definition, of exerting a sense of control over what goes on in the world around you. Part of my problem with Pitzer is that people of color and working class students of color in particular, have no space here. Besides being propped up as show pieces in fancy new college publications and award ceremonies that say "this person has a lot of gumption, isn't she/he great," we have no meaningful voice here. By no means am I being unappreciative. I thank you for the multicultural room in your shiny new building, but understand that shallow attempts are met by unenthusiastic responses. The nature of this relationship, you giving, me thanking, is indicative of the problem that permeates our society. This relationship, the manifestation of a power hierarchy, will continue to play itself out at all levels. The fact that students need permission to do anything, from getting off the meal plan to painting on the walls, means that they too are involved in this relationship. We all share similar fates. At some point people must realize that this is not our campus. These are not our walls. We do however need to decide if

we are going to take them as ours. For some of us this means that we will have to question whether all of those multicultural awards Pitzer has received really mean anything. For others, we will have to decide whether or not we want to continue to be treated like children; whether it's okay for the administration to tell us where we can and cannot express our freedom.

The part of me that feels out of place here is the part of me that is fed up with bullshit politics. It is the part of me that is tired of going to the same old protests that accomplish nothing but making people feel happy about themselves for doing something. I'm tired of compromising knowing that the powers that be usually get their way. So I refuse to do that anymore. What needs to happen is that students need to stop buying concocted notions that we are a community where everyone loves and trusts one another. The administration is not our friend, all they are interested in is keeping us hooked to that glass dick (crack pipe). As long as we are content zombies, where we think that Pitzer is the coolest most progressive place in the world, then we cannot complain. I know that all of this sounds very un-Pitzer like, but Pitzer, as realized ideal, is very much full of caca.

What's the point of this article that I'm sure will be labeled an "angry" piece? Primarily, it serves to lay rest to that side of me, the co-opted radical that for too long has tried to laugh off the absurdity of campus politics. This is a plea asking students to not let the dialogue of student empowerment be silenced by an administration that can never really be on our side. It is also important for us not to limit our discussions to Pitzer. Not talking about the current right-wing backlash against the poor, people of color, women, gays, lesbians, bisexuals and transgendered people is a mistake. It is essential that we place our struggle for a student voice within the context of a broader fight for social justice. Adelante y que viva la Causa!

APPROVE IT YOURSELF

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Theory and Praxis

By Aaron Rhodes

The Orange covered its' walls
 As if the paint belonged to the white surface
 Other colors blazed with fire and life
 Offering a newborn balloon of birth
 Strength and breath breathe and resuscitate
 A fortification, rejuvenation,
 A motion of relief and freedom
 Oppressed but not dead

The walls have been painted now. The stars were there, now apples remind us of our war, our battle, our discovery and experiment. And yet there are still so many white walls to paint before we sleep, so many white walls to paint before we sleep.

I think right now we should take some time to ponder about what has happened in the last few weeks. Take the time to project and reflect - but at the same time we must not stand still. Think about what we have overcome - several straight years of standstill action with the students. For at least the last 4 years, judging upon what some Seniors say, Pitzer students have been fairly inactive with their roles in relation to the administration and regulation. A standstill, a bog, a lull of activism and for all of this time there has grown a savage sist of inequality. It is today that the breath has returned, a space has opened in this campus for everyone to inhale deeply off something other than a bong.

It is here that we need to think about what we have done, what this all means and where we go from here. In opposition to popular belief the red stars were not a communist attack on the school. The red stars were not supposed to be vandalistic, but rather stimulating (which they were). They were there to start a revolution, not of communism but of community. They were the vehicle to start discussion, to open the eyes of so many to the inequalities that have built up and the persistence of petty rules and regulations. We must come together as a student body, as a community and prove our trust in one another. Over the last several years this trust has faded into our private rooms and showers, only exposing itself in the smallest places. We need to come out again and reaffirm our faith in others. We should be able to trust our class-

mates to paint responsibly without rules or confinements. The worst that can happen is that the paintings will lead to a discussion from which we will grow from - at least then we would be talking.

Breathe!!!
 Stretch your wrists,
 Extend the distance upwards.
 Shout your rescued voice
 And grease your heart.
 If anything though, trust.
 Expose your hands to other hands,
 And listen with your fingers
 Until your ears hurt.

Theory is an important part of revolution and change. To me theory means an understanding of purpose. What do we hope to gain from painting on the walls? What's behind this movement? What do we need to make sure not to forget? All of these questions should be addressed and others. This doesn't have to be a long process either, the process just needs to be understood. As well we have to understand that right now there is no turning back. The students have watched for too many years, learning quantitatively, for them not to turn their learning to qualitative. It is now, after so many years of acceptance and observation, that we are able to reflect and change.

Myself reflecting on the whole process so far, the major focal point has been creating a dialogue between

people that would have never talked to one another before. For me the community is an essential aspect of this movement.

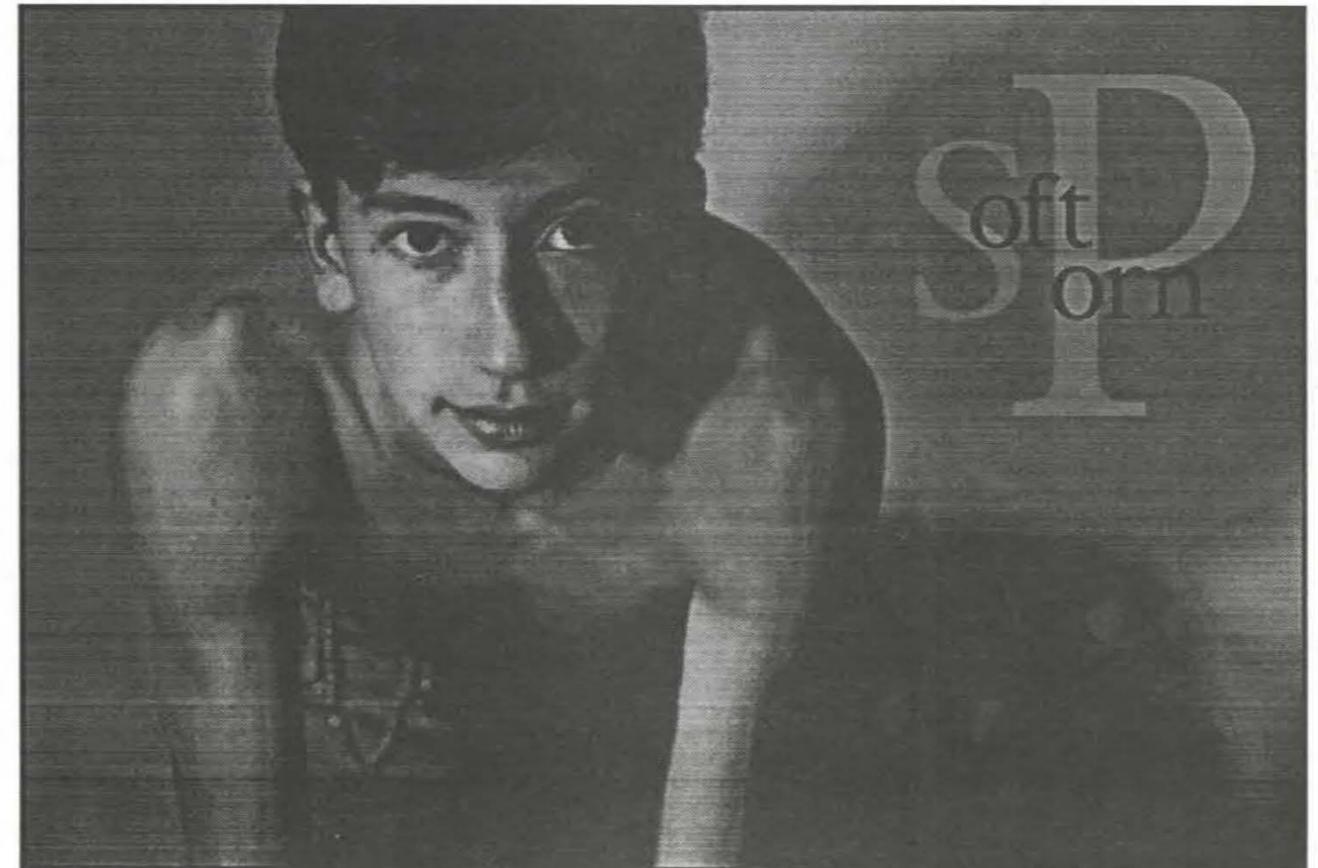
Pitzer lacks community? What? No.

This is not a new concept is it? Any semblance of community that we have, like I said before, is in small groups. But nowhere is there a collective community on Pitzer campus. Not in a long time has the whole community come together and talked about anything. Before this year, the last largest Town Meeting was over the Pot List issue. If anything, these murals have gotten us to realize that we can come together over issues that are dear to us, even when it doesn't involve drugs. Even though Harvey Mudd might use paint as an inhalant.

Art can lead to so many great things. It can bring a whole community together. Why have we forgotten our faith in each other. Pitzer is our home and it's about time we started making it our home. If we are all brothers and sisters, and are going to live with one another, we need start acting like them. As the school matures we need to accept change and give change a chance. We have operated under Mom and Dad for a long time, it's time to start creating our own family. And this family should not be based on rules or restriction but rather more of an ambiguous flow of ideas. Everyone was so quick to put limitations on the mural ideas, i.e., making "designated spaces", rules and guidelines. We automatically placed this deviant act, this non categorical floating thing into a box on a flow chart

because it was against the norm and people feel uncomfortable when there isn't a solid foundation. What would happen if we just left it at: there can be art on the walls but be respectful of other peoples spaces and eyes. We must be able to confide in everyone equally, or at least attempt to. It's time for a trust fall, except in this trust fall should keep our eyes open and fall forward into our neighbors arms. To do this we need understanding, faith and trust, but the greatest of these three is trust.

The green grew along the walls
 No longer confined to growing on the East side
 'Where are we going?'
 To a place of walls?
 To a place that
 Reflects thoughts and images
 Students, diverse and colorful
 To a place of trust
 Of being responsible
 A place where there are no needs
 For more rules and regulations
 To a place that can be free,
 And flow into a society
 Filled with liberation
 These are things I strive for



Doug Wein

Photograph by Aaron Rhodes

An Open Letter to Michael Tessier

Dear Michael,

This letter is meant as a continuation of a discussion we had earlier in the year, in light of recent events occurring on campus.

In this discussion Andy Aslasken (the Mead Hall Director) and you, expressed a desire to transform the way people in the Pitzer community view the residence halls. By this you meant not just students and administrators, but faculty, staff and trustees as well. Your ultimate goal, as it was made clear to me, was to change the residence halls into things that were not only thought of but also felt like homes -- a place to live, not just a room to sleep in.

I completely agree with your sentiments, and I think that something must be done. The idea shared by Andy and yourself was one of semantics, as far as I was concerned. You felt that the word "Dormitory" carried with it negative connotations, images of army barracks, rows of cots in a big warehouse, etc. You've stated that there was concern within residential life that these buildings be officially thought of, written of and spoken of as "Residence Halls" rather than "Dorms." This would, you felt, communicate to the trustees and others that these are indeed places where people live, and not just a place for them to go between classes. In effect, you want (I believe) the same thing that all of us want: for the residence halls to feel like, and be, homes.

Your intentions are altruistic and good, and I wholly support them. I do, however think that you might be aiming your sword at the wrong dragon, so to speak. Your desire to change the thinking of the administration and the trustees is valid in that you carry the weight of providing/collecting funds for the maintenance and improvement of the residence halls. It is only natural then that your efforts be directed at those who can give you what you need.

It occurs to me that I should address something that I think might have been overlooked: the residence halls are for the residents! The trustees and the administrators don't have to live in these buildings.

We do.

And, quite frankly, we don't care much about semantics. I think I can speak for most of the student body when I say that it doesn't matter at all to us what you call the buildings. Whatever you decide to officially name them is fine, and if it helps you get funding, even better. As far as we're concerned, there's only one appropriate word: Ugly.

Let's face it. Pitzer architecture is nothing to write home about. (I won't even touch the subject of the newer buildings...) These structures feel like institutions; they are barren, devoid of any character. They lack even the somewhat comfortable sterility of a hospital. [As an example, last year I took a photograph of a friend of mine in my room in Mead. Every single person I've shown the picture to has asked me "Is that a prison?"]

In a nutshell: if you don't want the students (or anyone else for that matter) to view the residence halls as institutions, don't allow them to appear that way.

At a liberal arts college such as Pitzer, there is no reason for the buildings not to express the attitudes and philosophies of the student body. What's the first thing that you do when you move into a new room, or house or apartment? You decorate it. We can't make these buildings feel like homes if they don't look the part.

Now I'm not a political person. I care absolutely nothing for drawn out debate on administrative policy, and I feel that blind rebellion is thoughtless at best. I don't like going to committee meetings and in the past year I've tried to extricate myself from all manners of useless groups.

I hate politics, but I love paint.

Let the students paint their environment. A bit of Mead has been done up already, and I for one already feel better about where I live. You are naturally worried about things getting out of hand, and you have a justified and natural desire to attempt to police what gets put on the walls. That's fine, but let the people who are forced to encounter these murals every day be the final judge of them. Natural selection will occur on these walls just as it does everywhere else. Only the truly beautiful, thoughtful and aesthetic will survive.

Here's something most people might not realize (and that you might not be considering): painting is hard. To make a good mural requires not only talent, but an extraordinary amount of time, thought, planning and teamwork. It is not something that will be terribly attractive to the average vandal.

To end with a cliché, trust is a two way street. Put a little faith into the students to make their homes exceptional, and you might get a little more faith back.

Sincerely,
Max Gerber

In the wake of the assassination: Yitzhak Rabin

by Annemarie Nadia Jacir

In the wake of the assassination of Yitzhak Rabin, I find myself with mixed emotions. I feel regret that Israel has lost a leader of great courage and stamina. In recent years, Rabin and Yasser Arafat came together to significantly change the Middle Eastern political scene. In 1994, they were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for their efforts towards reconciliation between Israelis and Arabs. Rabin had emerged as the first Israeli leader who seemed willing to compromise with the Palestinians and create some kind of land agreement that would satisfy both sides.

When I heard about Rabin's death, however, I immediately thought about the assassination of a

His response was: "What's the loss to the world of a murderer? There is no loss."

This statement makes me wonder about two things. First, how can a prominent political leader claim that the loss of human life, *any* human life, means nothing to the world? The second thing is that Rabin seems to have become so caught up in his own recent accomplishments that he had conveniently forgotten his own bloody past. He too was a murderer, in both word and deed. To feel no sorrow for the death of this great man, as many Palestinians do, is not such a crazy thing. Is this not what Rabin himself would have advised?

There are some things about



prominent Islamic Jihad leader in Malta the week before. This event didn't create any worldwide commotion. It wasn't considered an act with international consequences. What I thought about the most was Rabin's reaction to it. When the Israeli secret service was implicated in the execution, Rabin was asked to comment.

Rabin that I think are important to remember, although the time and circumstances of his death will make it easy for some to forget them. For almost the whole of his life, Rabin was a man of war. In 1948, he commanded a military brigade that, along with the rest of the Jewish army, took over Palestinian towns and villages and

created the new state of Israel. He expressed no remorse or concern over his violation of international law, or that he left nearly an entire nation homeless and defenseless. In 1967, Rabin helped plan the Israeli army's seizure of even more Palestinian land, once again playing an active part in the policies of this expansionist apartheid state.

Rabin was also the man who, after a Palestinian uprising occurred in 1987, instructed the Israeli Defense Forces to take vigorous action to bring the revolution to an end. In addition to detaining and deporting suspected activists, Israeli soldiers suppressed Palestinian protest demonstrations, and when necessary dispersed demonstrators by firing live ammunition. In defense of his policy, Rabin said that Israel's use of force would bring the uprising to an end sooner. In late December of 1987, with the United States notably abstaining, the UN Security Council passed a resolution condemning Rabin's policies, in particular calling for an end to the use of live ammunition against unarmed Palestinian civilians.

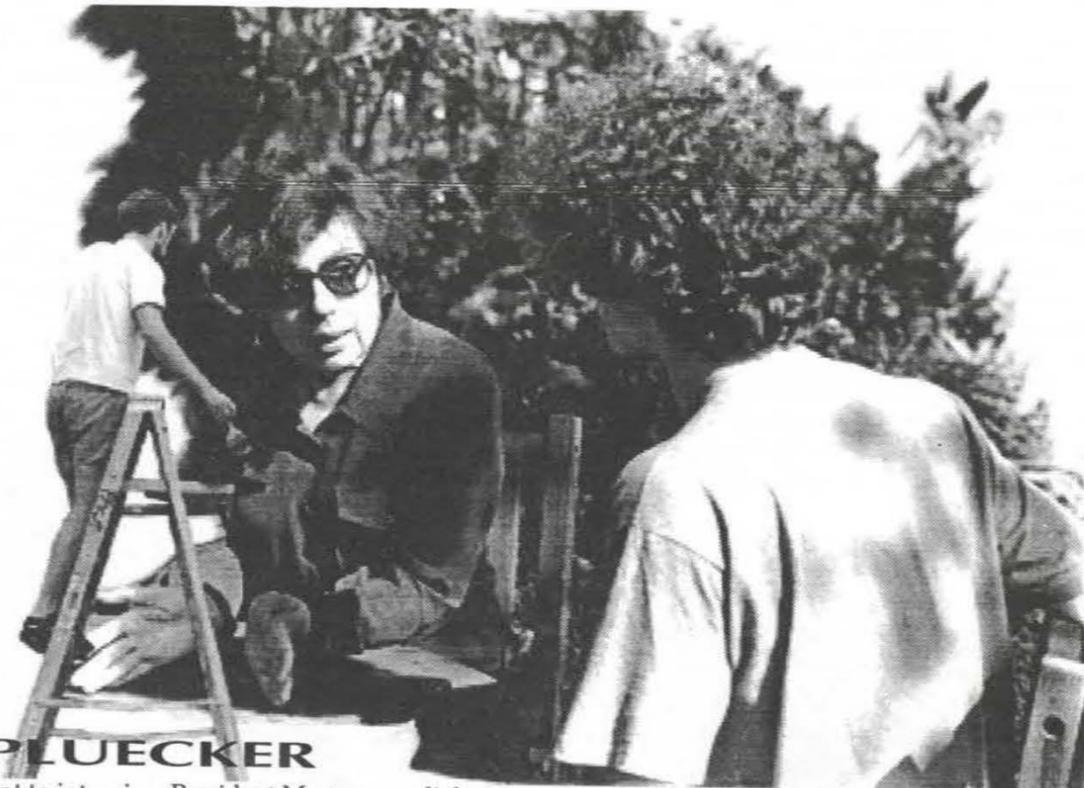
In response to international pressure, Rabin decided in January of 1988 that Israel would have a "new" policy. The use of live ammunition would be limited to situations where the soldiers' lives were at risk. This new policy was publicized as "force, might and beatings," and was supposedly less brutal than the previous policy, brutality clearly being relative. Under Rabin's new policy, Israeli troops used clubs to keep protesters down, often beating them indiscriminately even when they were attempting to flee. Most importantly, Israeli soldiers were encouraged to break the bones of young Palestinians, either their legs so they couldn't run or their hands so they couldn't throw stones. Hundreds of Palestinians were hurt,

Please turn to Rabin on page 35

NOVEMBER 17, 1995

They don't have anything in their heads

An Interview with President Massey



BY BILL PLUECKER

I had an appointment to interview President Massey on Friday, October 27. It was the day after the Town Hall meeting at which the students voted on Jackie Peterson's proposal that spontaneous art projects be decided on the insides of the pillars supporting the walkway cover leading down both sides of the mounds. It was also allowed that the mural projects which were begun on Mead before this proposal was voted in would be allowed to be finished. The interview focused on ideas surrounding the policy on spontaneous art and other issues that have been surfacing as changes in committee structure and student awareness continue to sweep over the campus.

Q: What do you think of the students call for an arena for spontaneous art?

A: I'm for spontaneous student art in places on campus. In fact, last May a committee on art was formed to designate places for both permanent and spontaneous art. The only problem is that this committee has yet to meet.

Q: I've heard three reactions to the decision made at the Town Hall meeting last night: most say it was a good first step, some sides say that the administration broke down in front of the student protests, and some say that we need to continue to push the administration while it is backing away.

A: I don't agree with any of the above. The administration acted correctly to take into account the student opinions and it opened the way for dialogue. This sort of

dialogue is what the College council was created for. No final decision has been made yet, and I hope that responsible artists will take part in the art until a decision can be made.

Q: What sort of power should be delegated to the Town Hall meetings?

A: Any good decision made at these meetings, that is inclusive of all the community, doesn't hurt any members of the community, will be supported by the administration. A collective body of the community needs to decide who could or could not be hurt by these decisions or not. The College Council needs to become operative and working with students so that it might advise me, the President, as to what the community needs.

Q: So you would say that the Town meetings take an advisory role to the College Council?

A: Yes and no. We have a process which must be gone through, but there is not a specific hierarchy of committees.

Q: How do you get students active, to come to meetings?

A: In this specific area [spontaneous art], the problem was that the process didn't move as fast as the passion of the students. Spontaneous art was agreed upon by everyone, (students and faculty), but the process didn't move fast enough. It is up to the students to become involved in these committees. These committees are necessary to decide what kind of art goes up and where it goes. I've

heard some students say it feels like they're back in the ghetto someplace again, and that's not where they want to be.

Q: What do you think of the community being able to regulate itself?

A: We have to be able to trust that the community will work on a system of trust and respect. This is really what a community is, a place where a group of people operating on trust and respect can come together.

Q: What are your ideas on getting information about issues to the students more quickly and efficiently?

A: I'm not sure I want this quoted in the "Other Side," but some sort of demonstration through the form of painting might help to foster community. However, fostering community is not something which can be made or manipulated.

Q: What do you think of the changes going on in RHA, i.e., the idea of forming a government for the students through the students, so that they will feel their power to change things within the school?

A: I agree with this idea, but there must be a certain limit to it. If the students are responsible, intelligent, and caring, then there is no need for the administration to set any limit to the Hall councils. If anyone, staff, faculty, or students are irresponsible with their power the limits must be instituted. Then the administration must step in. I would hope that nothing like this would have to happen and that the students would come together.

Q: Many students feel that a separation has been created between the system of committees and the students.

A: In keeping with our discussion on student art, there was an attempt to start but it didn't begin quickly enough. The students and administration have a common goal, not a division, or lack of cooperation. The administration is not evil, it is just that the process did not keep up with the passion.

Q: Is it the administration's responsibility to facilitate students coming together for discussion?

A: Students should take that responsibility themselves. It is the students' responsibility to communicate. The administration and students are not hindrances to each other. The administration can not cause the communication to occur or not to occur. It really can't even be a hindrance to the students communicating amongst themselves.

Q: A community has to create guiding principles of some sort. Even if nothing written is present, people sit down on committees with guiding ideas in their heads. Students often have ideas which are irrelevant to the very purpose of the committees.

A: The College Council is open to every student. When people sit on these committees they don't have anything in their heads because of the totality of the community which the faculty and students together represent. Proposals come from every sector of the community.

Q: Issues are not made popular on campus and are

not publicized.

A: I agree.

Q: Is it the students' responsibility to repair this flaw in the system?

A: I don't know how it would be fixed.

Q: Many of the changes taking place now on campus are headed by the thought that if students created their own system of governance they would be able to create a place where they have power to change policy and the ability to move the committee in the direction of their own ideas.

A: That makes sense to me. How do you keep up communication on the issue? You might have the same idea as the person over there but you two might never meet to discuss it. This is another sort of organizational problem. How do you create a place to talk to each other?

Q: Would you sponsor this idea of communication?

A: It is sponsored for the most part by the communal living situation.

Q: Is it the administration's responsibility to facilitate more conversation beyond the conversation that takes place in the communal living situation?

I'm not sure I want this quoted in the "Other Side," but some sort of demonstration through the form of painting might help to foster community.

A: Yes.

Q: Students are trying to form other forums for discussion. This is the direction student ideas are heading. Even the discussion of spontaneous art is trying to aim towards a democratic discussion of ideas. In this way, maybe ideas can be put together in a way that they will impact the administration.

A: I think that's a good thing. It means that the students are not apathetic and are passionate. However, I disagree in one way. I don't think anyone's been stopping that. There may have been too legalistic of an atmosphere. Other than that no one has attempted to stop that. We've been missing a critical mass of students who have the energy to pick up a paintbrush as opposed to watching TV or doing something mindless. I would wager that there is more energy amongst the students that is focused on mindless activities than there is stopping them from being creative.

Q: Changes now show that thoughts have been there. Students have wondered what has caused the energy to be channeled towards the TV. The administration has been blamed.

A: It would be hard for me to imagine how the administration could do that. Of course it depends on your definition of administration.

Q: I'm referring to the system of committees.

A: I don't think a committee can turn on a TV or anything of that sort.

OTHER SIDE

Q: As a freshman, I didn't understand what the RHA was or what impact I could have upon it. I was nervous entering to talk, but there was some cooperation and I was happy about that. But there were those people who had been attending meetings: RA's, Hall Directors, and others who have roles in RHA, who had been there for a long time. When we brought new ideas for change to the discussion, they complained that we had not tried to change things in other ways. We thought that RHA was the place where changes happened. As freshmen our ideas are new and have not been greatly affected by older ones.

A: Give me an idea of what you are talking about. Do you feel accepted, are your ideas being heard?

Q: The way we've chosen to affect the RHA is by creating our own meeting before the RHA meeting on Sunday in order to discuss things with other students. In this way we will be able to impact RHA. A student coming to RHA by himself cannot greatly affect things. However, at the Town meeting last night there was a minority who were opposed to the democratic idea of community regulating itself without the influence of faculty committees. And they were able to create quite a bit of dialogue, even though they were a small number.

A: So it feels exclusive? What are you changing to alleviate this?

Q: We are creating a new charter for the students, by the students. Hopefully this will make students feel that perhaps they do have some sort of power to change things.

A: I understand and am very much for that. There are limits situations which you all shouldn't go past. If you make your own sense of community then you can help your fellow students. I think some of the people in the community are already beginning to help each other.

Q: What do you think students can do to reduce the number of committees, to consolidate them?

A: I do believe the number of committees can be consolidated, but I do not have much investment in the current system.

Q: Do you see the committees as advising themselves and running themselves?

A: For the most part, yes, I take advice from the committees, and of course in an emergency I would have to make an arbitrary decision, but that is the nature of my position. I take advice from the collective body, there is a structure which produces that. There are the times when I try to affect the outcome of decisions, but I am mostly on the end of the line of communication. My role is to try to enable students to create a cohesive group out of the whole community.

Q: Do you believe this cohesion is best created by committees?

A: No, I don't think so, but people do create committees as a system of structure.

Q: If people were to take apart committees, is that their prerogative?

A: In theory, it is difficult to have 1,000 people engaging in spontaneous meeting. Laws and some sort of structure must be developed.

Q: Efficiency?

A: Not quite efficiency. It is more a question of how to

get from point "A" to point "B."

Q: Many students are calling for a system of accountability; to know who makes decisions so that they can go to that administrator, and in this way maybe they can affect the decisions after they've been made.

A: Why couldn't the decisions be affected after they've been made?

Q: The way things have been in the past, the students have not been able to affect this sort of change. They've only been present in the end. In many situations, such as the red stars or the mural on Mead, conversation did not start until action was taken.

A: That's true.

Q: Once the committee has done something, and people experience the decision, and become disgruntled, can they come back to affect change?

A: They can come back and change things, sure, but there are limiting situations - nothing like making the school into a drug cartel can take place. There should be built in limits, but there is no reason why students can not come back to change things.

Q: Even after policy has been made?

A: Yes, but students come and go; it is all a process that is undergone over a period of time. The key is that you enter the process instead of remaining inactive. However the limiting situation still exists on being able to affect policy.

Q: What is the student's power to affect this limiting situation.

A: Give specifics.

Q: You've given some rather extraordinary examples; Red stars were considered radical a few weeks ago.

A: That's a perceptual issue. It wasn't considered radical, the administration was trying to get art projects started. It wasn't a radical idea. It was an idea with a lot of passion behind it, and we hadn't created a structure where the passion could happen.

Q: What about the changes in RHA charters?

A: I really don't know enough about the situation. The rudimentary idea which you have given me is that the students are trying to create a self-government. Then that sounds good. I have been very much behind that idea, something very much like what happened in the Involvement Tower. That was a model for many student organizations. That's not a radical idea for me, for others it might be. A self-determining situation is good.

Q: The flyer of Michael Tessier is an example of a radical situation which the administration did not support.

A: For me it is. When you can scapegoat some one person you can scapegoat anybody.

Q: The problem was that it focused on one individual.

A: I did not tell all the truth, it pushed perceived injustices, and attributed them all to one individual.

Q: But there was nothing wrong with the way in which the issues were publicized?

A: Not when they are presented correctly. No one individual was responsible for the changes. I'm not even sure what the issue is anymore. Freshman isolation was an

Continued from Page 36

Poetry Fall

by Nicole Lamphere

Starfuckers

Starfuckers

"Isn't it time I slipped my leash?"

she thought.

For him, what was it?

A quickening. A corner he hadn't turned.

Their hands, their eyes, their mouths,
each discreet designer bruise,
pronounced each other's body canonical.

While at the same time knowing
love is the sublimest form of stupidity,
they looked into each other's eyes
as if refining the expression
on a self-portrait.

The way she formed her letters made his breath catch.
The postman was a chubby little cupid.

They were both
starfuckers.

"Your lower lip drives me wild,"
she said in a trattoria.

by Richard Tillinghast

Richard Tillinghast is a poet that has written for The New York Times and The New Yorker. He has also published a few of his own books of poems. Starfuckers, one of his more recent unpublished poems, was read at the Grove House when he visited in early October.

the rain sounds like brushes
on a snare drum:::~::~
bicycle tires sliding across
oil-coated puddles outside my window
musical smhuddering thunDer
window fogging
it is warm inside.

two halves of his face,
is that how he really looked?
doubts shaken off like
beaded droplets from his coat.

he sits next to me jktrr
eyes guarded with spectacles
the lenses we all use to distort,
or clarify.

unused expectations hang as
laundry left outside
now heavy with water
heavy with time.

by chris trinacty

The purple of the Jacaranda turning brown beneath my feet. That day I saw another perfect petal fainted on the lawn beneath her branches. I stood, the sun soaking up my dress threatening to burn it off, naked on that cement corner my heels driving my legs apart planted watching you suck your Marlboro lights. I could follow you and touch your hand but the sun has me mesmerized beneath the purple. I shake at the sight of you wandering in your real estate curiosity, scoping out the neighborhood exploring the city like an excited child in a new tree house while I look for the ladder out of it. But the force of the sun roots me there, and of course I smile at you when you return to the corner, although reluctant to leave. I listen to your story of your grandmother inspecting real estate peering through other people's houses assessing drainage. This day is slaying my will — the blue and cool breeze though the wisps of clouds, the dappled Jacaranda and sundrenched walk— your voice entering me like an intimate act. The season has turned and we are both new for it, instead of decaying.

by Nicole Lamphere

In this world
—inclusive of chaos and pain—
I'm trying to sustain my existence
Trying to hold on to Love,
Trying to hold on to Hope
OPTIMISM,
UNDERSTANDING,
COMPASSION.

To all that is
REAL—
All that is
GOOD.

I'm Trying
but it's hard
to keep constant
and not be engulfed
by

fear,
or anger,
or hate,
or pride.

I'm trying to sustain
I'm trying to remain
WHOLE.

by Latonya Turner

difference

by Arley Sorg

It must be hard for you, the girl says, and I don't want to hear it. I shake my head slightly, staring at the fruit in my bowl. I love fruit in the morning. I love the way the banana squishes in my teeth, sweet. I love to flex my jaw, to crunch through the apple and splatter its juice on my tongue.

What do your parents think? she prys. Memory frames a moment with my mother, her face a statue, sculptured snarl. Her body leans forward like a pit bull, a warrior, ready to rip someone apart. In that moment I was trapped in my boyhood, crippled and choking on barbed wire.

I look at the girl squarely, smirking though I'm trying not to, and say, "The worst thing is women. I hate competing with women, because they always win."

I go back to my fruit, and the black tray it sits on. My fork is shiny, and my spoon, metal, hard. I want to feel like my spoon, hard and ready to gouge, but I know that I am only soft inside. No one needs to know that.

Seriously, though, she prys again. *I mean, I kinda feel bad, if I think about it.* She continues to stare at me, as if looking for comprehension. As if the answers are written on my face. As if she can know me by staring.

It's not your fault, I think to her, but I'm not sure.

Then the friend she came with says, looking at me through his gold framed glasses, *Why would you choose such a difficult way to live? That's what confuses me.* He is all the college student: the sweat shirt, the hat turned backwards, the blue eyes and fairly well exercised body, one earring dangling from the appropriate ear. His hands are

smooth, and his face is so clean. Waiting for my reply, he cocks his wrist to check the time.

I think of Gabriel, at the gates of Heaven. There is a long line, since this is a club everyone wants to get into. The guy ahead of me faces the huge Gabriel who, wings motionless, asks, "Why did you choose to be such an asshole?" Suddenly I realize that this guy and I are *both* in trouble.

I grab a banana, I bite into it, I close my eyes and squish the sweet fruit against the top of my mouth with my tongue. I press my tongue up hard. "I don't think you understand," I say, but I say it slowly, and my hand grips into a fist on my leg, hidden by the smooth formica table.

I turn my eyes away from the staring, intrusive students: Where are my friends?

The dining hall is a frenzy of noise, tables busy with college kids leaning towards each other and laughing, chatting, gulping down food. Bright light glints its way through large window panes and beams to the floor, small particles dancing on otherwise indiscernible gusts of wind. The salad bar looks good, I think, sizing up the various vegetables, the glistening lettuce, the crisp carrots, the shiny red bell pepper, with its sweet, sweet smell; so many choices.

Some of my friends have gathered only two tables away. Sheila, Darren, Sonya, Phil. And Brian, of course. I smile in their direction, but none of them see me. Especially not Brian. I study him anyway, as if preparing to draw his face. He leans over the table slightly, he watches Sheila intently with intense blue-grey eyes. He is somewhat thin, but his chest and shoulders make pleasant shapes draped by his somewhat loose shirt. His lips are curved softly. He smiles, mouth slightly open, his tongue tip gently pressed against the inside of his lower lip.

What don't I understand? What do you mean? the guy at my table asks.

I was being friendly in sitting here. The school year has only just begun, and I thought I would be friendly. I thought I'd hang out with some of the newer students, outside of the usual crowd. Maybe even meet new people. The conversation is old, though.

"I mean, I didn't choose," I say blandly, matter of fact, because I don't want either of them to question this. I repeat it: "I didn't choose."

Sure you did. I've read about it, in some magazine. I mean, unless you believe in predestination, or something.

He has read about me. I am an artifact, a curiosity. I am an aboriginal, to be studied. I am another culture, an alternative. He has read about me in some article written by somebody somewhere, someone I've never met. So now he knows all about it, all about me. So now he understands. So why is he asking me questions.

I look back at Brian. Yesterday we argued. My hands

shook, and I felt soft inside. I yelled back, but I felt soft, I felt like he could press his fingers into me and mold me. He yelled louder, and I felt strangled, like I was choking on barbed wire. Dizzy, I could have slipped away from the argument, I could have shut my eyes and leaned my body against him. I could have slept like that, leaning against him. He would rather argue.

"You don't know what you're talking about," I said to Brian, regretting the truck-sized dent this would slam into his ego. "You have never experienced it, you are just

I think of Gabriel, at the gates of Heaven. There is a long line, since this is a club everyone wants to get into. The guy ahead of me faces the huge Gabriel who, wings motionless, asks, "Why did you choose to be such an asshole?" Suddenly I realize that this guy and I are *both* in trouble.

talking about articles and statistics."

I do know, he emphasized, loudly, the sound vibrating nervously in my chest. It was only a tangent. *The angles are all wrong. It doesn't work. It's just all wrong.* His eyes were steel, then; they were swords. They pushed slowly into my soft, clay chest. Everything had to be his way, and he couldn't comprehend things being any other way.

"Well, I won't go into details," I said, and his face scrunched up in disapproval. He turned his head slightly, as if for a moment it had become difficult even to look at me. It was all wrong.

I turn back to the boy with the glasses. He has nice eyes, nice lips. "If there had been a choice, then things would be very different," I say, intentionally narrowing my eyes. My hand is relaxed again, and I take another bite of my banana. It is perfectly sweet, and I mash it slowly between my teeth. I swallow it slowly, staring at the black tray.

So competing with women is the worst part, huh? the girl asks, as if she has lost her place, unsure and almost trembling. She grins nervously, and I am sure she wonders if this is when she is supposed to laugh.

"That's the worst," I say blandly, quietly, staring at my hand, how limply it sits on my leg. My mouth parts just barely, but words don't come out. It's not your fault, I think to her. I'm not sure though, and it's not what I want to say.

I feel soft, like warm, moist clay. I try to ball my hand up into a hard, hard fist, hard like shiny metal. And I stare down at the spoon, sleek, ready to gouge; and into the black, black tray.

2043

by Mahesh Raj Mohan

The young, battle-scarred man sat in the smoking rubble of his land vehicle. He had been untouched by the skin-flaying fires that had erupted around him for hours, but he didn't know why. His worn, gray chest armor was scored with sulfur and bore the blast marks of laser fire. A dark, gray sky looked down at him contemptuously; a nearby buzzing sound in his ears sent off dull warning sounds in the back of his mind. He ignored them. All he could do was focus his weary eyes upon the wreckage around and in front of him, faltering with feelings of failure and despair. He couldn't motivate himself to get up anymore. He couldn't rally his depleted spirits to fight the good fight one more time, goddamnit, one more time. He couldn't take the smallest amount of solace from shooting his blaster at random pieces of charred metal just because he could. Even that was impossible now.

He looked about the smoldering wreck and absently ran his hand over his weathered hip holster. Damn, his blaster wasn't there—but then, why would it be? Had anything gone right? Ever? Had anything gone right for the lofty Cause? No. The powers of the virulent Many were great. At least they were greater than that of the pure Few. And he knew which of those two groups he belonged to. His War had gone miserably and his comrades had died...for no reason but goddamned, rotten bad luck. A few flashes of lightning, a couple of shafts of atomic light and it was all gone.

He sat in his cool, but blackened cockpit seat and lifted his blackened hands to his face. A split-second before there was contact he realized that his face would be blackened, too, but he didn't care, ultimately he didn't care. There was a time, though, when he would never had stood for this. No sir, he would have dusted himself off and gotten up, loaded his rifle and fired away at the forces of Evil. Straight to hell. Shot down their

crafts, gutted their soldiers, burnt their dreaded Spiked Fortresses. But now he knew only hopelessness. He knew that he would never fight again. There was no one left to fight with, nothing left to fight for.

The buzzing sound was louder in his ears now. His mind couldn't—or wouldn't—identify what it was, though he was certain he would know what it was if he concentrated, just a little. Soon, the sound was right behind him, blaring into his blistered ears, screaming at him. In an absent moment of clarity, he knew then what it was that had come to him—monstrous forms of inhuman brutality personified in living flesh. His hand brushed against his empty holster once more, then fell limply there. His grey eyes looked out at the harsh, disease-ridden world, desensitized at its unremitting horror. He heard the nearby, distinct sounds of crunching boots—they were one of the few sounds that could be universally identified, for all who heard them knew of the dire implications that followed in their wake.

The young man heard the sound of clinking metal and closed his eyes. He tensed his body as he knew the pain would be less that way. The resulting effect was immediate—a swift swish of air, then a moment of tremendous, torturous Agony! and it was gone. Ended.

A second or two of darkness followed and he found himself rapidly accelerating away from his bloody body—up, up into the dark sky, passing its dreadfulness. Passing over the dead world. He felt the shackles of pain lift, the chains of Evil break free of him. Felt exhilaration at the sudden, boundless sensation of freedom. The overwhelming burden of emotion and fear and guilt lifted from his consciousness and he felt the indescribable expression of Existence. He was released now and forever. He was free.



"Aaron and Alexis Together at last." Photograph by Aaron Rhodes

Do You Think This Is Funny?!

by Elise
Graner

I'm hungry. The van lurches off and all I can think about is not the do-gooder deed we are about to accomplish but how hungry I am. The van is packed with Pitzer College students, one from Claremont McKenna College and from Scripps College. We're headed for Los Angeles to an AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) hospice. We are going there to do good. We're going to decorate their doors for Halloween.

I wonder how a paper mache pumpkin taped to the AIDS patient's doors will give the person a new found spirit to live. We are going to change their lives and feel good about it because we are socially aware and active college students giving back to the less fortunate.

Ah...but while we're on the freeway and our driver is trying to figure out how to maneuver the van all I can think about is how hungry I am and how in hell some stupid Happy Halloween sign is going to help these people that are dying and constantly surrounded by death. Our driver, the lead organizer of the event, informs us that we will be arriving after the patients have just finished their dinner. Uhm..dinner. I blurt out, "I'm hungry. I may steal some leftovers off of their plates."

"Huh?" someone mutters turning towards me.

"Well, they're dying of AIDS. They don't need the extra calories. Who's gonna mind if I steal some off of their plates?"

No laughter, except from my friend sitting behind me. Eyes expand and faces turn away from me. My friend who knows that I am only joking and do not take AIDS or any other disease lightly is the only one who finds amusement in my comments. From the others comes this feeling of "How can you make fun of people with AIDS?" I think that one can tell people who have dealt with death and serious illness from those that haven't by the bad taste of their jokes.

Humor is oftentimes the last remnant of ease and pleasure in the face of such misery. It soothes a tense situation and maybe even more importantly it is a vehicle to express one's anger and confusion, not at the people dying but of the disease they're dying of and how utterly cruel it is. There is humor in how absurd it is that a person

can be totally healthy one day and out of nowhere, for absolutely no reason, gets a life threatening disease the next. That is insane. But at the same time it does happen everyday so while I know in about ten minutes when we arrive at the hospice I'll be expected to feel, "Sadness, shock and empathy", all I really care about is appeasing my empty stomach.

We arrive at the hospice. The outside is pretty with trees and flowers surrounding the white walls. There is a view of the city below, the architecture is nice, all's well. We walk in and are greeted by introductions from the woman who runs it and instructions on what doors we'll be decorating, etc. We're told to knock on the doors beforehand to see if the patients want it done or not so as to avoid giving them any unwanted disturbances. Most of the patients, however, crave disturbances in this sterile environment. We're also encouraged to talk to the patients, giving them some companionship and a sense of what they have been isolated from-life.

Many of the doors are open. While walking down the hall one can see the state each patient is in with just a glance. Some are sitting in easy chairs in their rooms having a cigarette and watching the World Series on television. They look pretty healthy. Some are pale and lying in a fetal position on their bed with eyes glazed over, barely able to recognize things that they were once able to recognize.

Our eyes widen as we walk by those patients, the ones that are visibly sick and so close to death. We've all seen pictures in magazines, the after school specials and Tom Hanks in "Philadelphia" but now, standing in these doorways we are close to death. There is not the distance of a movie screen or a page. Breathe in and you can smell the presence of it.

The first walk down the hallway feels more like a walk through a cemetery with open graves so that you can say, "Hi, how are you doing?" to the corpses. No laughter, keep looking straight ahead, away from the patients. A feeling of shame comes over me as I remember my comment earlier in the van. How could I have been so cynical.

As our leader hands out the boxes of decorations, I sit on the edge of a couch and just stare at the fish in the

UFW: Alternative Spring Break Wins National Award



As some of you might remember last year during spring break a group of 28 students went up to the United Farm Workers Union to help volunteer and learn. Through this hands-on effort we got to learn about the UFW's history and goals through the people themselves. The people we touched and held hands with were the originals. These were the people that were continuing the movement for Cesar Chavez, the man that stands tall and breast high with Dr. Martin Luther King. The women and men that surrounded us had all known Cesar and were extremely passionate about their work and were overjoyed, and unconditionally thrilled to share it with us. It was this experience that gained national recognition a few weeks ago as the best Curriculum Based Break Away Program.

The UFW Break Away was part of Jose Calderon's Urban Ethnic Movements Class. The trip was mainly composed of the students enrolled in Jose's class but there were a few independent participants, myself being one of them.

Here are some excerpts from my last article I wrote on the UFW experience.

As a group of 28 diversified students, we all decided to use the beginning of our Spring Break to learn and volunteer our time for the movement of the UFW and Cesar Chavez. Instead of lounging in front of the televisions, or lying on the beaches of Cabo in a cocoa oil confusion, we were going to extend the first half of Spring term by four days. We all knew that none of us knew what to expect.

Our first stop was the first UFW-built retirement home for migrant workers. Agbayani Village retirement home is located in Delano upon 40 acres of land. The building is beautifully constructed with equally beautiful tenants. We were privileged enough to get to talk with one of the original tenants and strikers, Fred. He tried to share with us what it was like to work under an employer that didn't care about you. He tried to tell us what it felt like to be prohibited from marrying because of miscegenation laws. He tried to show us what it felt like to stand up against the employers and fight for your rights. He told us about how he confronted and told his employers, "We are the ones that have made you rich, we pick your fruit, we let our children pick your fruit, and we don't even get to taste it. We at least deserve a place to go once we retire. You owe us that much!" After a long battle of striking and protesting the retirement home was built.

by Aaron Rhodes

Walking between the retirement home and Filipino Hall—the building where all of the organizing meetings with Cesar went on and still do—the group had time to reflect on where they were. The huge puddles in the muddy sand metallicly reflected the sky. A story from childhood arose of watching clouds all day, hoping they would grow up to be large rain clouds. This diverse group walked together, looking at each other on the soil of a great many important people.

When we entered the meeting building, we did not see it or hear it, but a flood of ideas poured over us slowly, lit by painted patterned windows. This was where some of the first meetings began. This was where Cesar met and organized. This was where they met and people still meet. Fund-raisers and parties are an essential part of the UFW. This building is one of the sites for several of the events. In fact, balloons and cans were still scattered from a party held the night before. One of thousands.

As we made our way from Delano to Woodlake the radiator slowly relieved itself, telling none except the temperature needle. But even the needle kept things a secret until after we visited the radio station.

You might come to the conclusion that having a radio station on the outskirts of nowhere wouldn't be a wise investment. But if your audience works and lives there, and the ratings say you're the "numero-uno" radio station—holding a 60% listenership—you might change your mind.

Radio Campesina was a wise investment for the UFW. Radio is an excellent way to spread information and organize, and this is exactly what the UFW did. They used the radio to inform the migrant workers of their rights and strikes in a place where the employer couldn't touch them; in their home. Through radio the UFW strengthened its voice.

The day waned into an evening of performance and reflection; for us and the residents of La Paz. All of us tried to communicate in small groups what happened here this Spring break through theater and poetry. The performances were wonderful, and the thoughts and emotions were further expressed through a group circle that was formed late in the night. People confirmed the unconditional love that is in La Paz, that comes from the heart of Cesar and his followers, and that leaks out through people like us.

Please turn to UFW on page 37

C a m p u s S u r v e y

This is **not** considered to be a "scientific" survey.

But then scientists always disagree on what "scientific" is too...

6 students went door to door on Sunday, October 21 passed out a survey and returned a few minutes later to pick up the results. We went to every door in every dorm. 227 students responded.

The survey read: What are two complaints you have about Pitzer College?
or
If you could change two things, what would they be?

Here are the responses. The number after the statement indicates a repetition of that response.

Marriot (quality bad/unhealthy/dining hours inconvenient/meal cards inefficient and poorly designed) 76
Residential Life/living(they treat student like babies, living arrangements poor, kitchens and kitchenettes poor, RAs are hypocrites and like police, getting off board is too difficult, garbage shoots loud and smelly, insufficient lighting, too expensive, no freshmen in Mead, no programs for transfers, etc.) 44
no community/unity at Pitzer 27
not enough activities/trips to theaters, museums etc. 20
excessive red tape/run around/bureaucracy 16
lack of student involvement/apathy (in designing teaching classes, etc.) 13
ugly bare walls (landscaping as well) 11
too many drugs/drinking 10
not enough multi-cultural awareness/diversity 9
no hot water in sanborn 9
social life(unfriendly) 9
we want air conditioning 8
no permanent strength and legitimacy in student governance 7
administration is bad(doesn't work w/students) 6
tuition too high 6
increase academic standards/reputation/seriousness 5
advisors (don't do a good job, don't have time) 5
no financial support for the art department 5
we want cable wiring 5
disparity between Pitzer ideals and manifestation(too many decisions based on \$ alone) 5
scetchy distribution of money/budget 5
no intellectual atmosphere 5
locks annoying(need too many keys,keycards) 5
too noisy (at night esp.) 5
nothing to change or complain about 5
too many requirements 5
not enough courses at Pitzer 4
not enough public speakers 4
security too low 4
admissions (too many "wanna-be frat boys" at Pitzer, not keeping to Pitzer ideal) 3
ambiguity in what Pitzer is/should be 3
too conservative 3
financial aid(quicker notification of awards etc.) 3
Health Clinics bad: Baxter and Monsour 3
isolation from the outside world 3
phone system horrible(AT&T bad) 3
policies (alcohol) 3

OTHER SIDE

president massey (too much \$ for what?) 3
drop out rate 2
Gold Center a waste of \$ 2
Gold Center hours too few 2
healthy vending machines (why aren't there any) 2
too many hippies 2
interaction w/professors outside of class 2
look of the school 2
maintenance (response time) 2
more and better bike racks 2
pitzer shouldn't do subcontracting 2
photo lab needs work 2
respect for the school 2
not enough self directed time 2
not enough women 2
work study poorly run/managed 2
too academic
athletics, more support for
ATM on campus
beech isn't close enough
bookstore too expensive
cats should be allowed in the dorms
change machines in the laundry rooms
classes need to be more innovative/participatory
no classes on Mondays until 1pm

clock-tower bell (too loud)
coffee bad
computer lab (printing laser prints should not cost money)
we need more good computers
fire: Massey, Michael Tessier, Debra Rogers, Andy Aslaksen
funds for a multi-diverse newspaper
lack of understanding school system
too liberal
littering (cigarette butts)
michael tessier is terrible
more quality professors
no smoking policy
PACT not helpful enough
physical environment (not enough trees etc.)
quiet study room needed
not enough requirements
salary for the president too high
secrecy of trustee decisions
skate boarding should be allowed
size of the school (make it larger)
summer housing inadequate
swimming pool not deep enough
technology out of date
under-appreciation for 25 people who are involved
women's center needs support

red star

Continued from Page 13

I have heard several different versions of how that meeting ended. There is still some controversy about what actually was said. The impression that I get is that most of the students there thought that the decision was made to trust the community to take it upon ourselves to express ourselves responsibly and in good taste. Some people, including Dean Peterson, recall it differently.

After the meeting in McConnell, the students who were in favor of free expression met again in the Mead lobby. They decided to paint. People, as a community got together to talk about ideas and work together. They painted some really great stuff around Mead. There was real positive energy and euphoria—a bunch of students whom art had brought together—who normally wouldn't even exchange a passing glance—were out working together. They were building community. They were doing some of the exciting things that our catalogue and our viewbook promised us we'd be able to do.

That was when campus security was called to break it up. Jackie Peterson told security to tell the students that whatever was painted after that point would be considered vandalism and that fines would be levied from that point forward. Some of the painters respectfully declined to stop—they didn't think they were vandalizing. Some names were written down and students were concerned that the artists were going to be fined and they didn't like

that idea too much.

Naturally, I went to Dean Peterson's office the next day to try to find out why campus security had been summoned. She insisted that no decision about art had been reached and that an isolated group of students were acting on their own volition. She said that she didn't have the authority to say yes or no in a situation like that; rather it was a decision for the entire community to make.

That same day the decision was made that a town meeting be called to try to clear up some of the confusion that had arisen in the wake of the previous nights' events. The meeting was held in McConnell just after dinner. The turnout was very impressive. I was very encouraged at first. I stayed long enough to hear Tom Ilgen tell us how much fun it was to be on a committee that decides whose ideas get to be expressed. At that point I decided to go back to my room to watch *The Simpsons*.

As I would find out later, I missed another controversial ending. Dean Peterson, as I was told, proposed that we limit spontaneous art to the inside of the pillars that lined the walkways in front of the dorms. For some reason, the students seemed to think that was reasonable and they voted for it—despite the vocal opposition of free-expression advocates. I was pretty sad to hear that Jackie Peterson's proposal was voted in. David Furman saw me the next day and apologized to me saying that I was sold down the river. I couldn't decide who had sold me out—Jackie Peterson or my fellow students.

That same day I was made aware of a memo that was circulated to three students. These students were appointed to an ad-hoc art committee by Jack Sullivan. I was pretty concerned about the appearance of the committee given that there seemed, to me at least, to be a huge anti-art-committee sentiment ex-

pressed during both of the meetings. I was also bothered by the fact that the committee was formed somewhat clandestinely, and that students were hand-picked for it. If somebody wanted a committee so badly, they could have at least put it to a vote at the town meeting—or at the very least had the committee open to any member of the community who might be interested.

That wasn't the only memo that went around, though. Dean Peterson sent around a memo that expressed her unhappiness with having been "misrepresented" after the first meeting. Dean Peterson and I talked about the memo before it went out. I said that I thought she was taking that nights events way too personally—that the painting wasn't an act of rebellion and wasn't in any way directed toward the administration. The memos were posted in public places—all over the place. I saw a lot of memos that had been wadded up and put back up; others that had been written on, and still more that had just been ripped off of the wall. Some students obviously didn't like the memos. I can sympathize with both sides, but I still I could have lived without the memo.

Still another memo was distributed in response to the stars. This one was from the president of our college, Marilyn Massey. This memo accused the star painters of offending and striking with fear some students who have fled communist countries. Frankly, that was pretty hard to swallow. It seems to me that if those students who have fled "the oppression of Communist governments" have anything to be upset about, it just might be the fact that they have fled one oppressive environment only to find themselves locked within another.

...So I painted a few stars. Those little stars have kept me pretty busy. I'm amazed at what they have shown me so far. To me the concept of free-expression is pretty basic. I was under the impression that our country was founded on the idea. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that, when put to the test, Pitzer College can't even uphold the idea. I thought we were supposed to be pretty radical. What happened to our "60's heritage"?

Though the temptation to end this article on that last sentence was enormous, I must make one last, subtle point.

THE STARS ARE NOT ABOUT ART.

The stars were hopefully a vehicle to get people thinking about the place where we live: Pitzer College. The stars were intended to give people something to talk about. We wanted people to look at this place and get the idea that they can make things happen if they try. We wanted Pitzer to be accountable for all of the hype that it sends around to unsuspecting students to make them want to come here.

Many people have told me that I was wrong to paint the stars and that there are better ways to get things done. My response to them is: if a few red stars can generate all of the interest that they have, and your idea is so much better—then by all means, do something about it. A few great ideas around here sure couldn't hurt anything.

Then again neither can a few red stars.

Rabin

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and about a dozen died from beatings administered by Israeli soldiers in the two months following the introduction of Rabin's "new" policy.

In 1992, Rabin was once again elected Prime Minister. This time around it seemed as if he had undergone major changes in his feelings towards the Palestinians. He emerged as a man genuinely interested in sitting down at the peace table with the P.L.O. A year later, Rabin and Arafat signed the self-rule agreement - something that came as a surprise to many people.

Around the world, reactions to the news of Rabin's death were varied. The overwhelming sentiments were those of sadness and loss, but that he was assassinated seems to have come as no surprise to many familiar with the political situation in the Middle East. Rabin was the Prime Minister of a country whose *civilian* Jewish citizens are armed with Uzi's and other guns almost upon arrival. In the Occupied Territories, sixteen year-old boys are seen walking around with guns almost as big as they are in order to "protect" themselves. Protect themselves from who? The unarmed Palestinians? This is a country where extremist Israeli families take their children to venerate and praise the shrine that was built to honor Baruch Goldstein, the American Jew who burst into a mosque in the city of Hebron and shot 39 Muslim Palestinian worshippers dead before turning his gun on himself.

In Israel, it seems, might makes right. It is the Israeli government that encourages, supports, and finances such militants to the point where they are a serious obstacle to the peace Israel claims to be seeking. Rabin was disliked by a large number of Israeli civilians. He was regarded as a sell-out and a traitor because of his peace negotiations with the P.L.O. Many right-wing Israelis began to see him as nothing more than another man who wanted to destroy Israel. In recent times, posters of Rabin with swastikas drawn on them could be found all over the cities of Tel Aviv and Jerusalem.

When Rabin's Israeli assassin was asked how he felt about his deed, he claimed that he felt no remorse. His instructions were from God, and he was sent to kill Rabin to protect the state of Israel. This response is the key to understanding Rabin's death. The crucial battle in the Middle East is no longer just the conflict between Israelis and Palestinians. It is also a battle against violent zealots on both sides and their supporters. These people need the Israeli-Palestinian conflict to continue in order to retain what they regard as their identity: "The defenders of God."

May Rabin rest in peace. I hope that we don't create a false image of him now that he's dead and idolize him as an angelic, faultless hero, but instead remember *all* his deeds, and praise him for his peace efforts in the latter part of his life. I hope the peace process hasn't been derailed. I hope that some good can still come out of all this. And I hope that today Israel is not only weeping for Yitzhak Rabin, but also for itself.

PRESIDENT

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issue, but Mr. Tessier was not responsible for that. The issues were not limiting. The issues which you are concerned with are important, but the presentation was wrong.

Q: What do you think of the possibility of a community created mission statement?

A: If it needs to be changed, then step into the process and change it. This [the quote under Pres. Massey's picture in the handbook] statement is mine, we don't have a mission statement, except for the educational objectives which the faculty worked out, no true mission statement exists. This community has always been resistant to the rigidity which a prescribed statement places on the community.

Q: Would the forum for changing a mission statement be a Town Hall meeting?

A: The decision would have to go through the College Council. It might be helpful to have one [mission statement], but we don't. It could never be agreed upon. I think our aim is a broad sense of educational freedom.

Q: What sort of role would faculty and administration play in a Town Hall meeting?

A: Hard to answer, the term administration is not defined well. The committees of Pitzer are mostly composed of faculty and administration.

Q: What sort of power would a Town Hall meeting have?



A: The power of consensus. College Council has always determined if a consensus was present. If the town hall meeting worked effectively by having many constituencies present, then it would definitely represent a consensus and College Council would have to listen. The College Council exists to test a consensus, and if a consensus exists in Town Hall I feel that there would be little debate.

President Massey makes it evident that she feels that students should come together to participate in their student government, and it is this is the responsibility of the students to pull themselves together to come to the aid of their community. When the many students have gathered together to offer their varying points of view and a consensus has been found, this can be the most powerful motivating factor in the school. This responsibility is upon the students' shoulders to affect change in policy so that they feel that they have the power to speak and be heard. She has stated in the interview that the administration has little aptitude to stop the organization of students, and through College Council such a consensus can be used to change almost anything in the school's policy making. It is the students' obligation and responsibility to the spirit of social service upon which Pitzer is founded to come together to shape the community in which they live.

RAPE

Continued from page 10

every day. None of us alone have the power, unfortunately, to stop it. As a (I hope) socially responsible community, however, we need to commit ourselves to this cause. We need desperately to get together and talk about it, to support the members of our community who have been victimized by it, and to be enraged by it. We need to do it loudly and forcefully, and we need to do it NOW.

NOTE: Hours after writing this article, I came across a publication named The Claremont Debater, which claimed itself as "A 5 colleges newsletter dedicated to intelligent discourse". In it was written an anonymous article entitled, "Being a Victim in Your Own Mind", discussing the "paranoia" of women and safety on the Colleges, and in the city of Claremont. It struck me that I seemed to have written a response to this article, before even knowing it existed. This Debater piece typified exactly the kind of ignorant and myopic attitude towards rape in our community that I addressed above. The author (who, while not publishing her name, did identify herself as a woman), who feels that Pitzer women are paranoid and erroneously "think that they are always in danger of being raped", needs to be aware of the facts. The fact is that there are several rapes on these campuses each year that are not reported. The fact is that there are rapists attending Pitzer every year, living in our dorms. And the fact is that, if she thinks that Claremont, "perhaps the safest

city that [she has] been in", is some sort of safe haven, perhaps she needs the kind of rude awakening I experienced when my own sister was raped at knife point at her home in Claremont. I certainly hope that something like this is not what it takes for the author of this article, and all those who are like-minded, to wake up.

If you are someone who wants to deal with the issue of rape on Pitzer's campus, and feel like talking about it, please feel free to e-mail me (krichman@bernard.pitzer.edu), or call me at x76161.

UFW

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Our stay ended with a morning vigil for Cesar at his grave. Pete spoke to us and reminded us that here was our home if ever we needed one. Here was our family, and here was love for everyone and more. We listened to Cesar speak beyond the grave, paid our respects and left with full hearts.

After I flew home to Washington State things slowed down for me. I fell asleep right away, resting in the bed I'd rested in for so many years. My dreams were wonderful and peaceful. And somehow, amidst all the fuzzy dreams, the train of La Paz still paced through my mind sure and steady. The rhythm in the air reminded me of the movement of Cesar Chavez, of all the people of the UFW, those it fought, and all those it fights for. It reminded me that there will always be a place for me to go to call family, a place where community is a reality and a place where I am needed. And finally it reminded me that the place that I and twenty-eight others visited was truly an amazing place.

Congratulations to the UFW: Alternative Break members and United Farm Workers for letting Pitzer be a part of you!

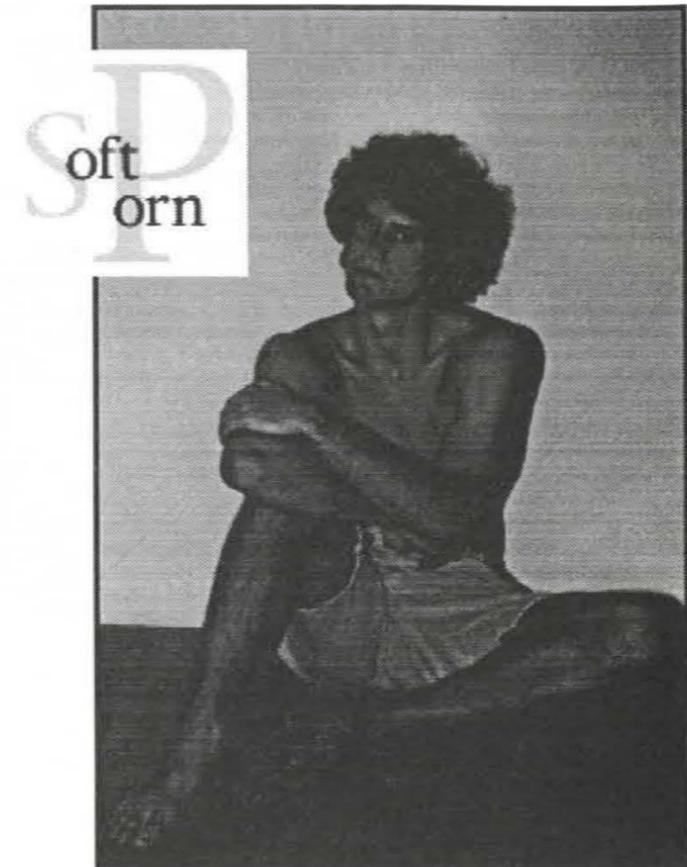
AIDS

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aquarium set up in the living room. I don't want to cry in front of the group and especially not in front of the patients. My friend looks up at me with lifted eyebrows and I realize how miserable I must look. I remember why I am so cynical. It is because I have so much anger and frustration in me.

Reality sits inside of me and speaks out saying, "This doesn't matter, that doesn't matter, they're still going to die!" I look back at my friend and now she is the one looking miserable, her face staring blankly at the floor. I remind myself that the worst crime we can do is to look sad in front of the patients.

It is interesting to watch how different people react to the patients. Some faintly smile and do not say anything. Others raise their voices, put on a painted smile and say,



"Hi! How are you?!" Others just ask who's winning the baseball game.

I listen to the high-pitched, optimistic-sounding greetings of some of us and I want to scream. They sound so contrived and condescending, like when people speak slower and louder to blind people or people with accents or someone in a wheelchair. The last things these patients need is to be treated like helpless children with some giddy, over-enunciating nursery school teacher in their face.

The somberness of the place begins to dissipate the more we join some of the patients in decorating. One patient named Ben and another named Scott jokingly try to bribe us with money so that when the doors are judged by us later for best decorated, we will judge favorably. Then Ben tries in a street hustler fashion to try and get us to give him money. We remind him that he had had enough money to flash in front of us as a bribe attempt. He laughs to himself and goes on with his decorating. My cynicism also begins to fade when I see some of the faces of sicker patients remain motionless but with life in their eyes as they watch us. It doesn't matter to them why we're there.

After a while the scent of the hospice becomes less strong and the plague of death seems less near. The place feels warm. At one door of a patient named Paul, my friend and I knock, hear no reply and begin to decorate. After a few minutes a booming voice comes from the other side (no, it's not God).

"You better not be taping anything on my door!" Paul yells at us. We quickly take off whatever we had put on

and run off laughing. Are not all of the patients perky and glad to see us? Are some annoyed? A smile comes across my face as Paul reminds me-us-of something we often forget with the sick: they're real people. They're happy, sad, nice or mean. Mean? The nursery school teacher would be shocked if she had come across Paul. Oh my lord, a person dying of AIDS who's mean?

We go downstairs and hear Ben bragging about how his talking Dracula is going to be the key to his win. One of us is missing as we begin to tally up the votes of the door contest. One of the group is talking with a patient named Kevin.

"Kevin?" Ben asks with a smirk.

"What's wrong with Kevin? He's really intelligent. He has a lot of interesting things to say," the woman who runs the hospice tells him. Ben rolls his eyes upwards,

"Oh, I'm not questioning his intelligence. Interesting things to say? Sure. Whatever...he's nice. OK, he's nice." Then he rolls his eyes again. We laugh at his facial gestures and comments. Ben is the class clown of the hospice. He watches us expectantly while we add up the votes. At one moment when it looks like he might lose to a patient named Thomas, Ben scoffs.

"What?! Thomas is gonna beat me?! He can't even get out of his bed! How are you gonna tell me that some folla who can't even get out of his bed is gonna be able to decorate his door better than I can. He can't get to his door!"

Some faces smile lazily as if they're afraid to laugh. Others join Ben in laughter. After the contest, while we put away the remaining decorations, a couple of the patients remind some of us to use condoms and never use needles. "Sniff it or put it in your coffee," they tell us, "you'll get the same effect but don't ever use a needle. And pray. You know we're all right cause we look after one another but it's sad cause one of us is always dying. What was that Mexican guy's name downstairs? Jose? He died yesterday at 4:30 in the afternoon."

Ben congratulates his friend Scott who receives first place in the contest and a free pass to eat out as, as Ben says, "A little french restaurant Jacques en la Box" (Jack in the Box). My friend and I sit down in Scott's room to catch up on the baseball game and raid his candy dish. Then we left promising them that we would return and drove home stopping first at a fast food restaurant.

I finally got fed, although when we had been at the hospice I was buddying up to a patient that had just requested some ice cream so I could maybe get a few bites. I guess I was pretty glad I went. I was glad I got to joke around with Ben and get yelled at by Paul. My friend and I walked back to the dorms.

"Hey, what'd you guys do tonight?" A friend of ours asked.

"Went to an AIDS hospice."

"What'd you do there?"

"Decorated it for Halloween, hung out with the patients in their rooms, got a little action from them."

That's called dark humor. You should try it some-time.

AFFIRMATIVE

Continued from Page 9

Grade Point Average and high SAT scores. Under this criteria, the merit of contributions by the particular histories of women and people of color and the inclusion of those from varied soci-economic levels is being thrown out the window.

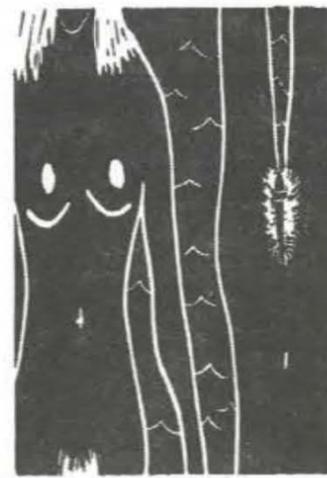
That mentality is being applied to the hiring and retention of faculty. There are some who don't see the important contributions that minority faculty, women, or those from a different sexual orientation have brought to our campuses. Instead, there is a resurgence of traditional interpretations of what is "scholarship" and what is "meritorious." We've seen excellent people of color, women, gays and lesbians contribute to our campuses—only to be put aside by the same "microcosm of a system" that has historically excluded them in the larger society.

To finish, I have only this to say. The challenge is to let our campuses be the replica of the systemic and discriminatory institutionalized in the larger society—or are we going to go against the tide—absorb the strength of the demographic changes taking place around us—and develop plans of "action" (not just resolutions or written policies passing by our windows) to advance an institutional face of diversity at all levels that we can truly say is representative of those changing demographics.

LEAVE YOUR SUIT

WIMMS SWIM NAKED

SHOW YOUR BEHIND



The gang: Photographs By Aaron Rhodes

He takes a nap.



NOVEMBER 17, 1995