

# TAKING SIDES

When I recall my four and (ahem!) years at Pitzer, I remember something I was taught about as a freshman. Trust. Upon entering a private institution like Pitzer College, we are required to sign away all of our criminal rights to the organizational system of justice. Our right to privacy is also signed over

The college creates so many conditions around our enrollment, it's a wonder anybody actually agrees to come here. Well, we do it because we trust the institution. We trust it to look out for our well being. We hope the college seeks out justice on our behalf. We pray that they only authorize room access to protect us from varmints reveling in our filth. So why is it, then, that we are in an institution where trust comes at such a premium?

Much of the current fervor on campus revolves around several nuclei. One such nucleus is a particular series of events that began several weeks ago, and has played itself out in the ensuing period. It began with a Pitzer student being held at gun-point. Shortly thereafter, an anonymous newspaper, *The Claremont Debater*, "a newsletter dedicated to intelligent discourse," published several articles critical of life here at Pitzer college, particularly in regards to the students of this institution and the surrounding colleges. One such article addressed the issue of security in the community. The article asserted that the heightened concerns about security here were exaggerated. Claremont was the "safest" town the author had ever lived in. It went on to blithely explain that the student robbed at gun-point was none other than the biggest drug dealer on campus. It also stated that the two Scripps College students attacked in Pomona could have prevented what happened to them. The article made my physically ill.

It struck me that *The Claremont Debater* broke a trust within the community. Even though an editor of the *Debater* explained to me how the article never actually mentioned the alleged drug dealer by name, they still fucked up. How? Everybody on campus knew who was held up. Did the *Debater's* editorial staff think that people couldn't put two and two together? They violated the alleged dealers rights. Petty "intelligent," if you ask me. Further, they violated the attack victims by presuming that they hadn't done all within their power to avoid being attacked. Was the author so diluted to presume that she could wiggle her way out of any undesirable situation? Did she know that things in life happen to people that are beyond their control? Does she think that if she wanted it bad enough, she could save a loved one from dying of cancer? Funny, too, because I never found unsubstantiated accusations to be the basis for any "intelligent discourse."

Another interesting tidbit about the *Debater*. It was started by a former Other Side staff member. Well, O.K., that's not really true. He never made it to staff because his submission was so poor. Yes, we know who you are. You once told someone that you started the *Debater* because the Other Side had failed at its mission. What is the Other Side's mission, anyway? As far as we're concerned, our mission is the representation of students. To that end we have published opinions of those who do not agree with those of the editorial staff. In fact, we'll print damn near anything as long as it has some semblance of logic. Fuck it. We print plenty of shit that is completely illogical. But it does have to be interesting and compelling. To be compelling does not necessarily mean being controversial, let alone down-right slanderous. However, it's not enough that only a select group knows your true identities. You have a responsibility, as the accusers, to stand up and be counted. I challenge you to print your names in the next edition of the *Debater*. Are you game? If you wanna go toe to toe, come on with it. After all, you're following a great precedent. The Uni-Bomber also claims to be intelligent while maintaining his anonymity.

With the *Debater* incident as a lens, I've determined that there is little to trust about the administration. First of all, we are seldom actually spoken with. There exists very little dialogue between our two groups. Instead, most of the communication is one way and takes place through memos and meetings. Even when the college Office of Financial Aid prints corrections for articles in the Other Side (we offered to do it, they declined), the administration does nothing to control the damage the *Debater* has caused. At times like this, it's no wonder so many students feel as if they can't trust the administration.

Speaking of the administration, I've got another bone to pick with them. Actually, my beef is with one administrator in particular. The President of our fine college has once again seen fit to take an issue of college policy (this time it's college governance) into her eminently competent hands. This time around it concerns the issue of staff representation within the college governance structure.

For those of you who don't know, the college is currently reviewing its system of governance. The assignment is to create a governance structure that is more responsive to the needs of the three primary factions within the institution. The three factions are faculty, students and staff. At any rate, it has become clear that staff representation is wanton. Last year, the staff tried to meet on campus to discuss important issues and to organize. Marilyn explained that they couldn't meet on Pitzer College property. More recently, the issue arose again, and again Marilyn refused to support staff in their quest. Suddenly, Marilyn backs their efforts 110%. Why? It isn't that she has had a sudden change of heart. Our President finally figured out how to work the

issue to her favor and now she supports it. In fact, she supported it so strongly that she threatened to appoint a hand-picked committee of staff to serve as advisors to both College Council and in the creation of the new governance system at Pitzer. The committee would be empowered if there was (by her judgment) not enough progress addressing how to better involve staff. She threatened to make this decision through a procedural rule of College Council. In essence, she made it clear that she could and would suspend the rules that govern this institution and add twelve more votes to College Council if our progress was deemed unsuitable by her. With honest respect to those on the committee, those twelve votes could, in reality, be twelve votes in support of her policy suggestions. Marilyn's proposal is not only in direct contradiction of the College by-laws, it is inappropriately paternal. Hers is like the threat a parent makes to a child: "If you don't do your homework, you can't watch TV." The fundamental flaw is that this child lives on their own and is the bread winner of their respective family. With behavior such as hers, I would sincerely warn the staff to be wary of who their advocates are. Further, I would admonish the faculty to take a closer look at the boss who just got her contract renewed.

Finally, to that President I leave these thoughts. Pitzer is at a crossroads. There are several turns the college is capable of taking under your leadership. Here are some scenarios for your consideration:

1. Pitzer could go the way of Reed College in Portland, Oregon, and become a school where the administration is the sworn adversary of the faculty and students. There is a drug problem there, and the College can barely survive in the niche market it has created for itself (Reed is not only less expensive to attend than Pitzer, it is more populace and has a larger endowment).

2. Pitzer could go corporate and sell out in order to appeal to the more conservative (read: wealthy) parents of future students. It becomes another cookie-cutter college, resting on the laurels of its former glorious self. In the end, all the faculty who care end up somewhere else, and Pitzer fades back into obscurity.

3. Pitzer encourages its quirky brand of individualism and creativity. In the long run, the college is able to cash in on this difference, and market it like the Gold Student Center is marketed now. Only, in the future, it would be good business for the college to encourage students to be different. It would be equivalent to creating a world where doing things good for the environment is also good for the economy. Sure, it's easy to not care and fuck everything up, but with a little more work, a great deal of success can be achieved.

Think about the final scenario, Marilyn. If you are indeed successful in accomplishing it, I will consider tusting you with the future of my alma mater.

I'd like to say thanks to the crazy folks I had the pleasure of serving with over the last several years here at the Other Side. In particular, I'd like to encourage the chumps stuck with my job next semester to keep up their already good work. I'd also like to thank Jefferson Lewis because he came to our rescue this year and took lots of heat for us. Finally, I'd like to thank Sid Lemelle for awakening the activist within. So long, everybody. Wish me luck, Lord knows I'll need it!

Peace.  
Zachariah J. Taub

the other side  
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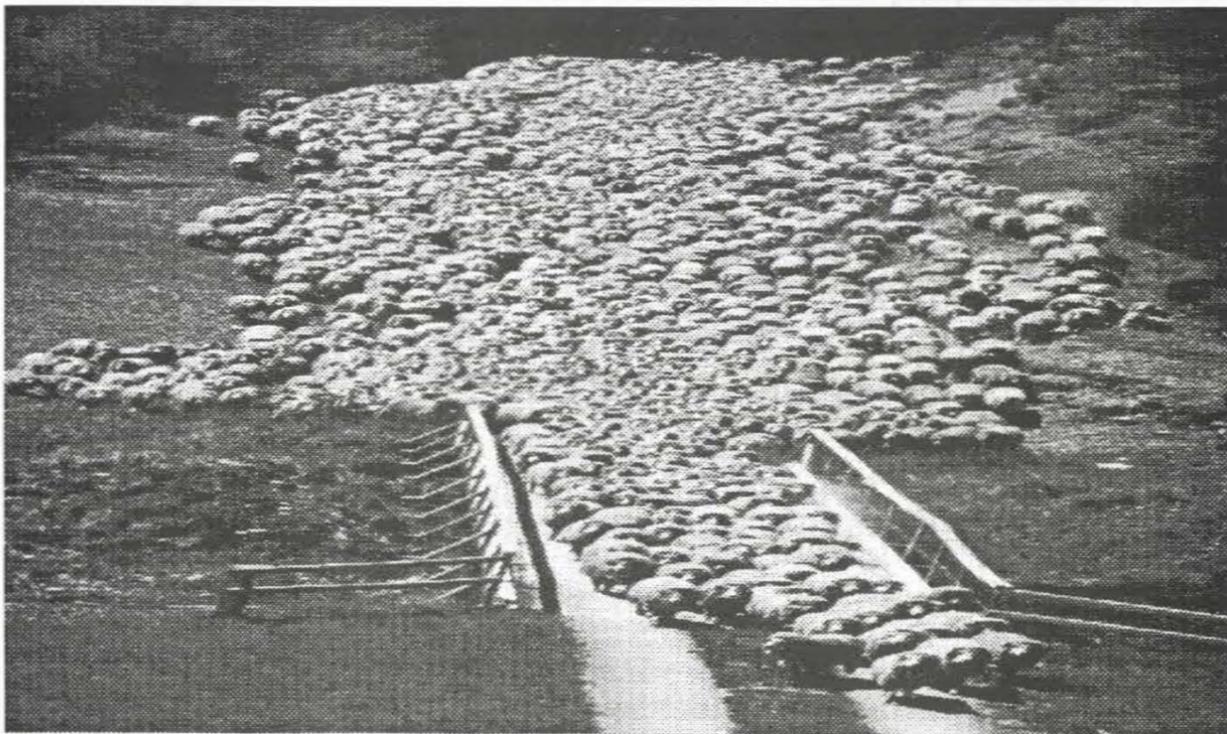
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Attention All Students,

I am writing this in response to Jackie Peterson's memo which came out on December 6, 1995 concerning the meeting which took place on November 29, 1995 at around 10:30 PM in front of the Grove House. Our dean of students claims that the "main issue raised was whether or not the Claremont Police had the right to come on to the campus without the permission of the College's administration." As I recall, the main issue raised was in regards to the Claremont Police verbally harassing myself and two of my suitemates, not whether or not they came onto the campus without administrative permission.

The students came together in front of the Grove House because they were confused, frightened and very angry about the Claremont Police coming onto our campus and threatening to expell me for not cooperating with them, and threatening to take my other suitemates to jail with the "accused". We had nothing to do with the investigation, yet the verbal harassment still took place and no one representing the administration was present to protect us. As we later found out, Jackie Peterson did arrive at the scene at approximately 5:30 PM, at least 45 minutes after the police had arrived. In those 45 minutes, 3 students were harassed and most of the Pitzer students knew about the process taking place. Also within those 45 minutes, the police used this time to make an example of the situation because no one was there to defend the students rights. They left the window shades of the "accused" bedroom open so that anyone could look in and see for themselves what was going on in the room. They also left the suite door open for all students who walked by to

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## THE OTHER SIDE

see inside and hear what was going on. They handcuffed the "accused" without reading him his rights and continued on with their so called investigation. When the police finally decided to arrest him, they still had not read him his rights, and he was taken away on no charges. Jackie Peterson watched the illegal arrest and still did nothing to inform him of his rights.

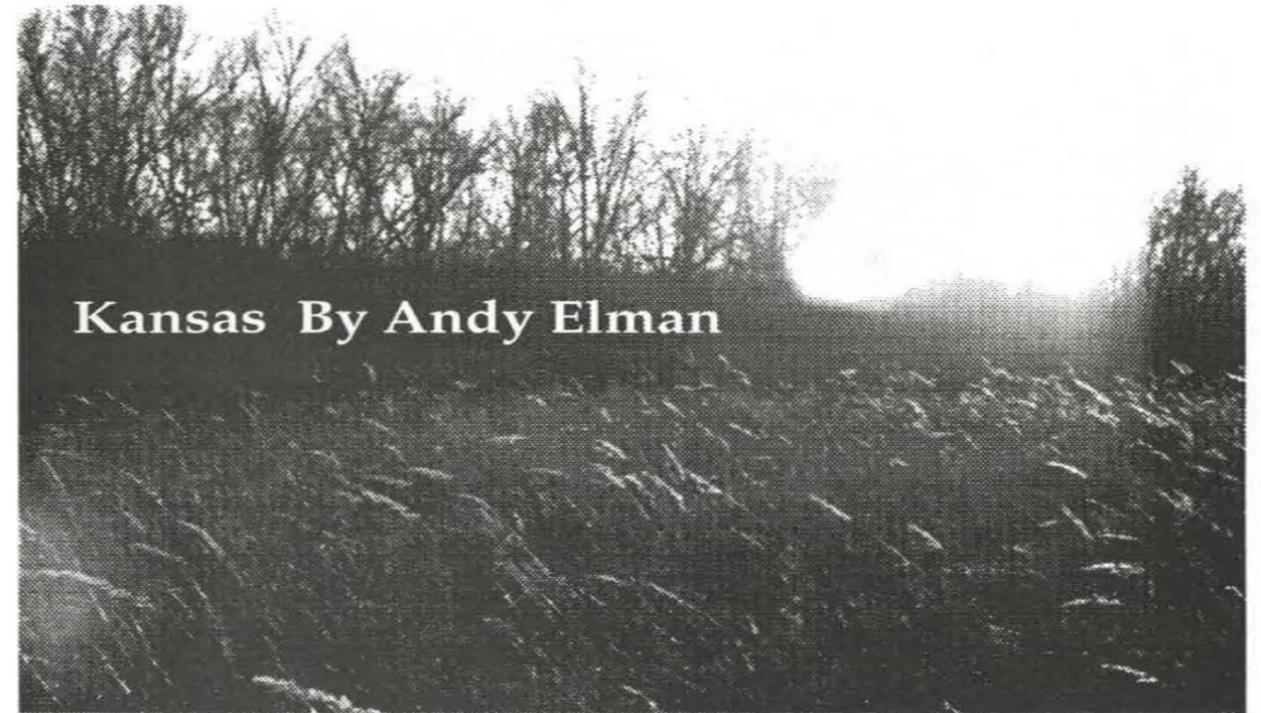
When Dean Peterson arrived later that evening at the Grove House, she implied having no prior knowledge of the situation. The situation involves the "accused" making threats over the phone to Kia Geebel, who wrote an article concerning the "accused" and his situation, of which she knew nothing. Geebel's roommate contacted administration and was taken out of that living situation by Residential Life one to two weeks prior to the investigation. The "accused" was never contacted or given the opportunity to explain himself. He is now planning to sue the Claremont Debater and the Inland Valley Daily Bulletin for mis-reporting details involving the "accused" as well as the College's Campus Security and Pitzer College.

The main topic which was brought up at the meeting was concerning the several students who were not involved in the actual investigation, yet were harassed by the police. The students wanted to protect their rights on campus. They were proposing that they be treated properly and respectfully by the administration. They wanted to redesign the current policy for the future to prevent such actions from happening again. The students also deserve to be treated properly and respectfully by the police, but that is out of the administration's control, or is it? The memo did not

clarify the responsibilities of the administration in situations such as this.

In conclusion, the memo which Jackie Peterson sent out to us in our boxes was not accurate. The topic which she wrote about was brought up at the meeting, but to claim it as the main issue is absurd. The memo showed me that our dean of students was not listening to us and that her mind was some place else. Whether she was thinking about public relations or something else, I can not say, but she could not have been focusing on what we as students were actually saying.

ALE LEVI



## Kansas By Andy Elman

I remember driving down an old deteriorating farm road in Scott Underwood's behemoth of a truck. It was a red suburban; it could have harbored my entire extended family. Careening over divots and softball size rocks I feared for my life. It was about twelve thirty at night, but the moon was full. It lit the tassels on the tops of the corn. They looked like small explosions of fireworks. Glittering in the summer night's breeze, they sent off showers of sparks, serving as foreshadowing for the night's activities. It was the fourth of July. As we drew close to the old farm house the road dissipated and turned into mud and tall grass. The truck began to rock more vehemently. The ground below us was so uneven, at one point we almost rolled over. Arriving at the farm house Scott parked, so as to avoid any soft ground. Phil Stelter and I were pretty vocal about not wanting to have to push the big dinosaur out of a tar pit. The three of us got out of the truck, Scott kept the headlights on and turned on the stereo. Listening to Jean-Michel Jarre and setting off roman candles, we celebrated the summer's birthday.

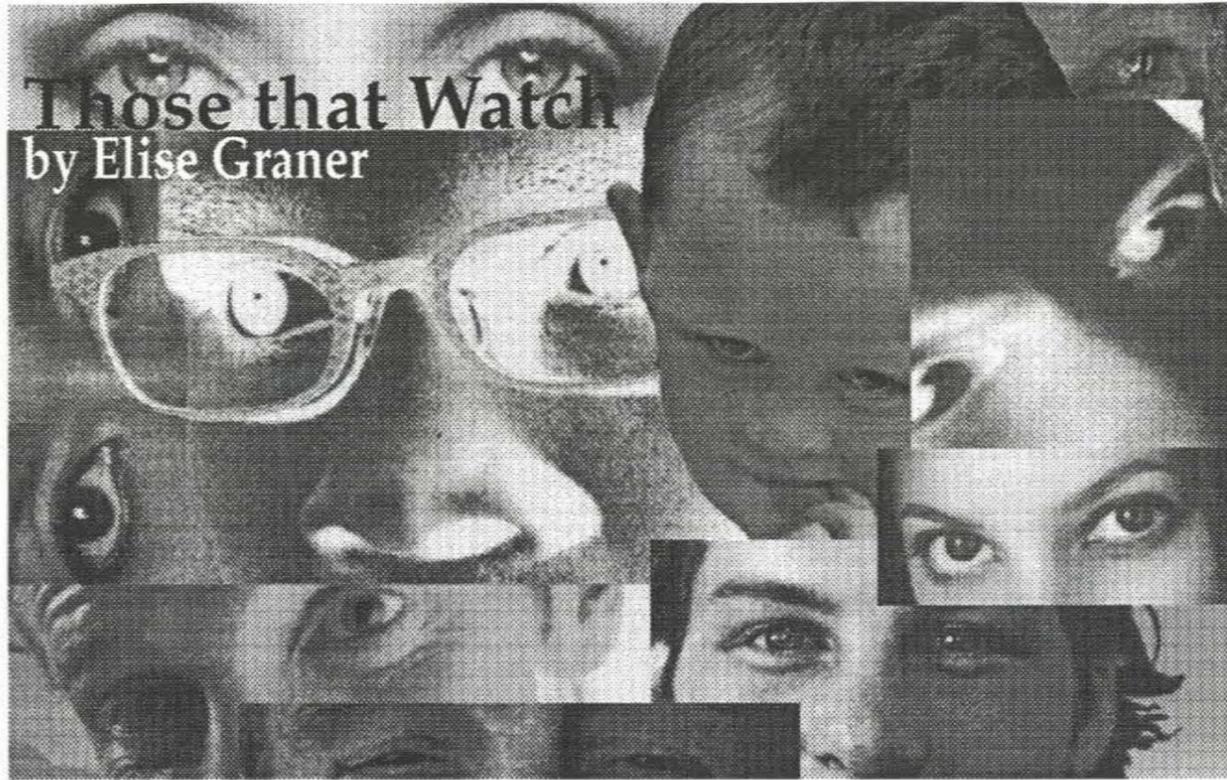
After awhile I grew tired of Phil throwing firecrackers at my feet, so I decided to explore the old Underwood farm house. Scott said the house dated back to the civil war. It had been abandoned for decades. I walked over and stood at the front gate. The lawn had turned into a jungle. Five foot thistles with the pinkish purple flowers dangled over the broken puzzle of a walk way that led to the door. The house was a miniature Victorian style manor. It had the big white pillars adorning the entrance. The screen door was broken on one of its hinges. The windows to the

left and right had been smashed. I opened the door I was guided only by the light of the moon that penetrated the broken slats on the shutters. I was praying that I didn't encounter some wild life crouched in a corner. My biggest fear was encountering a skunk that might feel threatened by my presence. I remember thinking what it might be like growing up in a house like this. Sitting on the front porch every night talking with friends or my parents, watching the sunset.

In retrospect that house is what most people envision when I say I live in Kansas City. It wasn't the typical farm house, but the genre was an exact Hollywood stereotype. People ask me where I'm from and when I answer, their next response is "Now is that a rural town?". Or they ask "Do you live on a farm?" I'm not sure why people assume this. The obvious reasons could come from the brainwashing of television and movies. I am guilty of these assumptions myself. I came to school in California based on what I had read in books and seen on television. I don't pretend that I knew what Pitzer was actually about. I paged through the view book and decided after a visit that this was the school for me.

During my Freshman year I didn't really care about getting involved in the community. For the most part I felt that there wasn't a community for me to be a part of. Half of the people in my Freshman class left after the first year, and slowly the remaining members drifted away, leaving only a handful of us behind. Why does this happen? Is this fairly indicative of any college? Does our financial aid package give people a false

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Those that Watch  
by Elise Graner

Recently on our campus an anonymous source posted alert flyers revealing that they knew of a Scripps woman who was raped by a Pitzer man. No names were revealed, but innuendoes were made. The alert notice claimed that this woman had made it clear when she spent the night with the man that they would not have sex. The notice reads that the woman awoke with the man on top of her and penetrating her. This, along with the recent kidnap/rape of two Scripps women in Pomona, has caused a great deal of both discussion and controversy on the Pitzer campus.

In response to these allegations a mural was painted on one of the pillars outside of Mead dorm on Pitzer's campus. The mural was a series of red painted images, over and around which the words of a woman's poem on rape had been placed. About a week later the mural was covered up by another group of students who wrote "Don't Make False Judgments" over the blacked-out original piece. The artists who had done the original work were outraged that their art had been censored. A Pitzer woman then placed white candles around the blacked out mural in support of rape victims.

This occurred Saturday evening, November 18. Later that night and into the morning students gathered to discuss the mural as well as the alert notice that had preceded it. Who was this alert notice written about? Who was this supposed rapist on Pitzer campus? Although the alert notice had given no names, many speculated about to whom it was referring. RUIEIGHT

mors spread quickly across the campus. Soon there was a name attached to the previously unknown person in question, the suspected rapist of the Alert flyer. The people who had covered up the mural and written "No False Judgments" were friends of the man who was being silently accused by his peers. That evening, in a rare display of strong emotion, Pitzer students discussed their feelings about rape and rumors.

There are mixed and passionate emotions that have been evoked in the student body because of these occurrences. Many demand to know who this "rapist" is and find out if he is guilty. If so, they demand justice. Friends of the man accused demand justice of another kind, the kind that says one is innocent until proven guilty. They are appalled that a close friend of theirs can be, in their eyes, unjustly accused of an heinous crime. Some feel that unless they were physically present with the two people in question when the alleged rape happened, they have no business being involved in the ensuing discussion. Many women though, that know either the victim of the alert flyer or of other victims, are wondering how they can stir up more discussion.

Many people know of men and women that have been raped sometime in their past. Many people know of men and women that have been raped and have not reported it or are in a relationship where they are currently being abused and victimized. How can one go after a rapist without jeopardizing a victim who may not be ready or willing to report it? How does one pro-

ecute the violator while still protecting the privacy of the victim? Project Sister, an organization that deals with rape, has a flyer listing things that one can do. One suggestion is to always believe the victim regardless of known or unknown facts. Women and men seldom cry out rape unless they have really been raped. The attention that ensues is not the kind that people enjoy. The flyer also suggests to not question anything that the victim did or did not do preceding and following the crime. Questions such as: "Why didn't you run?", "Why did you stay?", "What were you wearing?", "Were you really drunk?", and/or "Couldn't you have screamed or kicked?"

Questions such as these are irrelevant and only lead to putting blame on the victim rather than the violator. Why is it that we don't ask the violator, "Why did you stay? Why didn't you leave? Why didn't you listen?" As one student pointed out at the Saturday night open forum, all it takes in an uncertain situation is five seconds to ask your partner, "Is this Okay?" And it is only Okay to proceed if the person asked responds, "Yes." This male student also pointed out that, in his opinion, whether it's fair or not men are the ones that will be held accountable if a questionable situation occurs. Therefore they should be especially aware and responsible. He advised his fellow men to "Stop gripping about how it's unfair.

Be men and take the responsibility to ask and listen to what is alright with your partner"

Another student stated that he was sure that the person being accused in the Alert flyer must "feel really bad, and was probably just horny and ignorant." He went on to ask, "Why do we spend so much time judging people?" In a case like this, with rumors, specu-

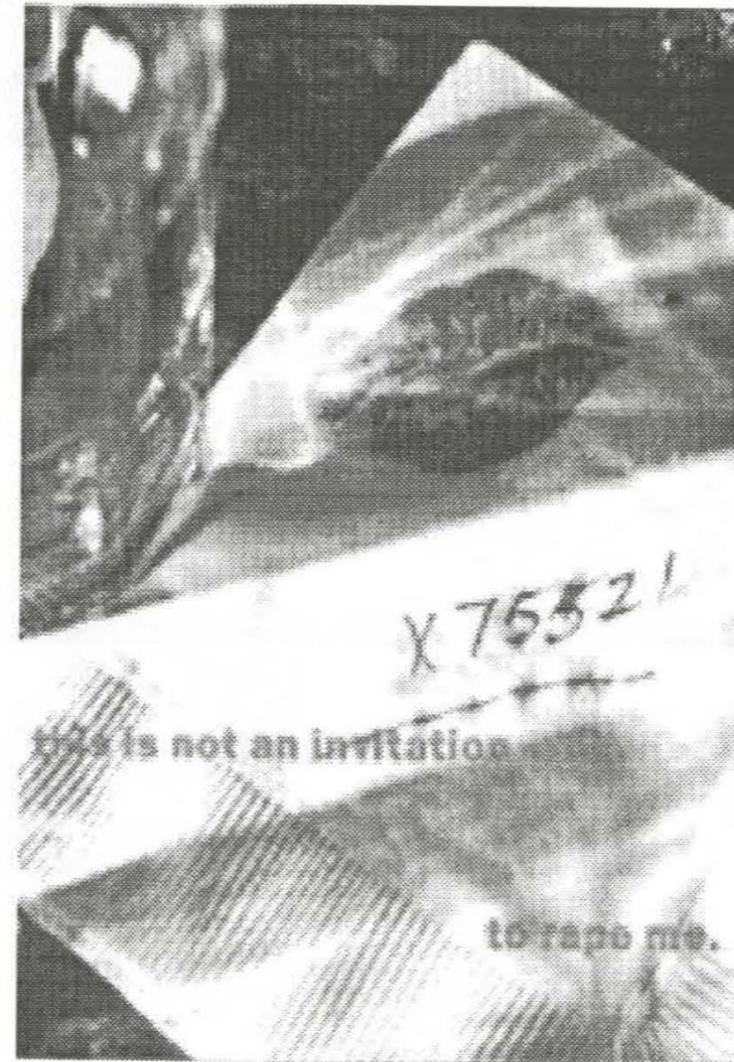
lation and anger on all sides, how do we judge? Who is guilty and who is innocent?

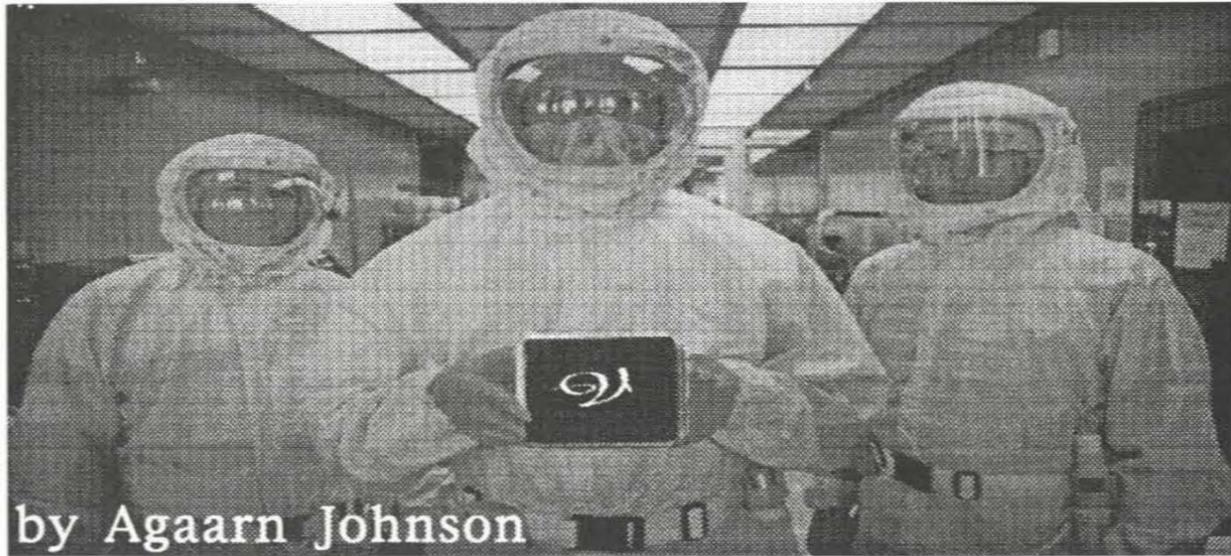
There is a woman crying out on these college campuses. People are listening. Now they are wondering, "What do we do?" One doesn't want to falsely accuse a person for a crime that has not been judged, yet at the same time this woman may have been raped and may or may not report it and allow it to be proven within the court system. The person who wrote and distributed the Alert flyers wrote that they were a close friend of the rape victim. This lets us know that the rape victim has friends that know what happen to her and are taking care of her. That is the most important

thing. But doesn't it matter who the victim is? She has had her privacy, among other things, taken from her by this crime. Let her have her privacy. What does matter is that the name of the "supposed" rapist has been whispered into our ears. And no matter how fair to him we want to be, we watch him and wonder. He lives among us, eats with us in the dining hall, and is in our classes. We watch every move that both he and his supporters make.

Ultimately, what comes out of the Alert flyer and the murals is nobody's business, not ours and even of the "supposed" rapist, but that of the victim. We cannot convict those we just suspect. Through discussion

and lit candles, we can raise community awareness that rape does occur, no matter where you live, and it needs to stop. Five seconds is all it takes to ask someone's permission and to listen to their response. In reflection of the weeks past events, the Pitzer community are asking themselves, "Is this OK?"





by Agaarn Johnson

*The Triangle: You pick a side*

Don't you hate it when a magazine or newspaper assumes you already know what is going on in the world. The purpose of "The Triangle" is to present both sides of a political issue the Pro's and the Con's. It allows you the reader to be as informed about the topic in discussion as the writer. After I state the Pro's and the Con's of the issue I will give my opinion on the topic. So you can agree, disagree, or just not be sure.

**This Month's Topic:**  
**THE V CHIP**

The V Chip is a small device when installed in a television set gives parents the right to block out violent or sexually explicit TV shows. There is currently a debate over legislation in Congress requiring manufacturers to install V chips in all new television sets.

**PRO**

- The average American child has seen 8,000 murders and 100,000 acts of violence on television by the time he or she leaves elementary school.
- The V chip will be an automatic blocking device that will be triggered by a ratings system that networks can develop themselves. Which send encoded signals transmitted by broadcasters and cable operators into a television set.
- The V chip is not censorship it leaves the control of what kids watch in the hands of the parents.
- Two different versions of the V chip amendment has been approved by the House and Senate. A joint committee is meeting to factor out any censorship issues. The legislation is likely to reach the President by the years end.
- Television violence is a ridiculous excuse for why

**CON**

- we have violent crime. There are many other pressing issues out there far more severe than TV violence and the small effect it has on kids.
- The V Chip will open the doors to the possible future of outright governmental control and censorship.
  - There are other forms of Violence-lock-out devices on the market that do not involve a government-mandated ratings system.
  - The V chip won't be readily available for many years. It will take at least 10 years of circulation for all TV's in America to have V chips installed in them.

Approximately 8,000 murders and 100,000 acts of violence on television will be viewed before a child leaves elementary school. Yep! This is what some people blame for the soaring crime rate in this country year after year. This is all due to network shows like "X-Files", "Walker Texas Ranger", or cable favorites such as "Aliens" and "Predator". What is wrong with this picture? TV violence is not the reason for the brutality on the streets. It is a deluded idea that kids who watch violent TV shows somehow grow up to be killers.

Politicians ignore the fact that TV violence has never been proven to lead to street violence. Sociological studies have shown an increased level of aggression for only temporary periods of time. But even this evidence is inconclusive. These politicians are using TV as a scapegoat because it is an easier target to address than the socioeconomic factors that are leading towards violence within communities. "We need to save America's youth from this filth," cry the Senators and Congress people on Capitol Hill. The speeches that they make on the Senate and House floor referring to TV violence have furious titles, such as "Changing the diet that is poisoning the minds of our children". But how can they change the state of violence on television? Sue, President Clinton and Senator Bob Dole can warn Hollywood, but warnings don't create change, governmental action does.

Members of Congress and the Senate realized that organizing committees and holding hearings to look into TV violence wasn't doing the job. They needed a practical solution to the dilemma of how to stop the flow of TV violence. The answer to their problem came in the shape of a small computer chip called the V Chip. When inserted into a television set, this little chip blocks out violent television shows through a ratings system. Violent shows are rated by 4 levels. If a parent wants their child only to watch level 2, he or she would punch it in and all signals coming into the set higher than level 2 would be blocked out.

The V Chip is the brainchild of Edward Markey, a Democrat from Massachusetts. Markey was a lone crusader for the V Chip some years back. He has gained substantial support in Congress, which passed legislation in favor of implementing the chip. This legislation has now gained President Clinton's approval.

The legislation warns that if the networks don't come up with a ratings system in a year to be used

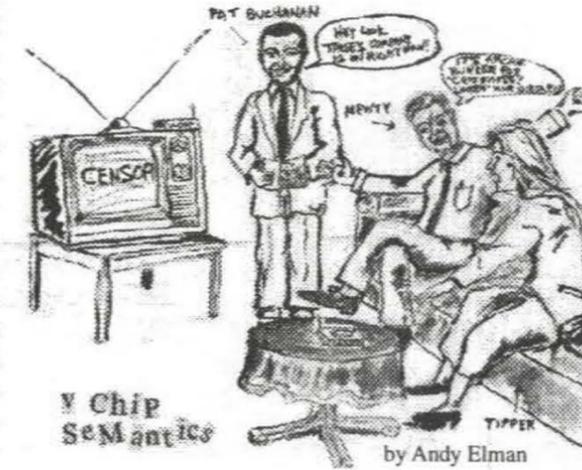
with the chip, the FCC would set up an independent panel to rate the shows for them. I don't think the idea of the V chip is a bad one. It allows parents to lock out a TV station or shows that he or she deems inappropriate for their child. There are already TV violence lock-out devices on the market. The whole idea of installing a ratings system in a TV set is overkill and unnecessary. But if given a choice, I would rather see the networks rate themselves than the government doing it for them.

"The V Chip is not Big Brother, it is Big Mother and Big Father", Markey said. But it is Big brother. What happens if the networks can't decide how to rate their shows? Markey says the panel will consist of only parents and network representatives. Who cares if they are parents or network representatives? They are still under the government's control and pressure to create a rating system which satisfies an individual or a group's personal agenda. For example, what if Newt Gingrich didn't like it that HBO was showing "Priscilla Queen of the Desert", a movie which depicts three men who dress up in drag? He could just slap it with an X rating, or better yet ban it completely. Even more

extreme measures could be taken if the Christian Coalition get their way. They could force their religious agenda on the entire country by banning TV shows and replacing them with Christian programming. That is only the beginning.

People ask "How could governments in books like 1984, Brave New World and Fahrenheit 451 come about?" Well it all starts with government control and censorship. It is unreasonable to think that the V Chip is going to lead to a perfect society. On the contrary, it is going to lead to mass censorship in telecommunications.

Luckily, this country is not going to have to fight that battle just yet, since the V chip will not be readily available for several years. Hopefully the networks have gotten the message from Washington that they had better come to some agreement for a ratings system of their own. If they don't the future of television as we know it is at risk of becoming obsolete. Δ



The State of  
Alternative is  
on FIRE!

by Todd Berry

Well, here we go. Now's where I get to offer my piddly opinion on what's new in the music scene. (While I use the term "NEW", most of the albums being reviewed were released within the last four to six months; in other words, some are newer than others) At any rate, here are a few albums, most of them given to me to review, but with a few picks of my own. NOTE-Don't take my word for anything, as most people will tell you that my taste is quite possibly the worst when it comes to music. Try these out yourself if you're curious.



**PINHEAD GUNPOWDER: Carry the Banner**

I've really got to admit that when Aaron Balkan told me that this one had Billie Joe of 'Green Day' fame in it, I was instantly skeptical. After all, I wasn't too impressed with Green Day's last two albums. However, this one really surprised me. The EP-nine songs which equal roughly fourteen minutes-was definitely reminiscent of an earlier, punkier time in Billie Joe's career. The band itself plays pretty smoothly, and the music is more eighties influenced. I would definitely say that if you like upbeat punk, even if you don't like the poppy stuff of the last couple years, give this one a shot.

(By the by, their cover [sort of] of Diana Ross' TWELVE

'Mahogany' is pretty cool) Available on Lookout.

**PALACE MUSIC: Viva Last Blues**

Ok, this one was the most out there of the albums I was asked to review. I really, really liked it. It's kinda like R.E.M. meets The Doors, with a small touch of Simon and Garfunkel: (Not that fans of any of those bands would probably agree) Will Oldham sounds like a country singing Michael Stipe, and their use of slide guitar and organ creates a sound which can be enjoyed by many different crowds. They do have a slight country feel (after all, it was recorded in Alabama), but that doesn't make it bad. Trust me. I hate country. Anyway, this one's definitely worth the money. Available from Palace Records/Drag City.

**SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE: LP2**

This one rocks. Definitely my pick of all the ones given to me by the trusty editor, this is probably one of the more original bands I've heard in a long time. Jeremy Enigk has a beautiful voice, and the music mixes upbeat melodies and coherent harmonies with dark and sad undertones. It doesn't remind me of anything at all, which is something I definitely look for in bands. Additionally, I think William Goldsmith is one of the best drummers I've heard in the last ten years; his unconventional drumming adds the perfect touch to the already unconventional music. I don't even know how to classify it; perhaps emocore, but that doesn't even really fit. Available on Sub Pop Records.

**J CHURCH: Arbor Vitae**

Very upbeat stuff. I'd say some of the better of what I like to call "Happy Punk", though many view this as an oxymoron (mostly peaceponks). However,

it's not really all that punky. I guess you'd call it Alternative, since that seems to be a catchy word these days; I'd still call it Happy Punk. Very defined chords mixed with some decent singing (hey, you can tell what he's saying-that's a definite plus). Besides, the album is just fun, lacking (thankfully) the gravity which every band these days seems to have adopted instead of just having fun with the music. What the hell's wrong with that? Nothing, if you ask me. Available on Honey Bear Records.

**BRANCH MANAGER: Branch Manager**

Very strange, not that that's in any way a bad thing, but odd nonetheless. Personally I like it. And probably those of you who are more daring (as opposed to the pop lovers who only listen to TOP 40 crap) will enjoy this. It's almost like, well, confused hard-core, with a small jazzy feel. One note-extremely odd chords (I couldn't figure half of 'em out) and great bass playing. It's another silly one, though, so those of you who can only listen to music which helps you to fulfill some longtime goal in your miserable little lives, stay away. The rest of you, check it out. Available on Dischord.

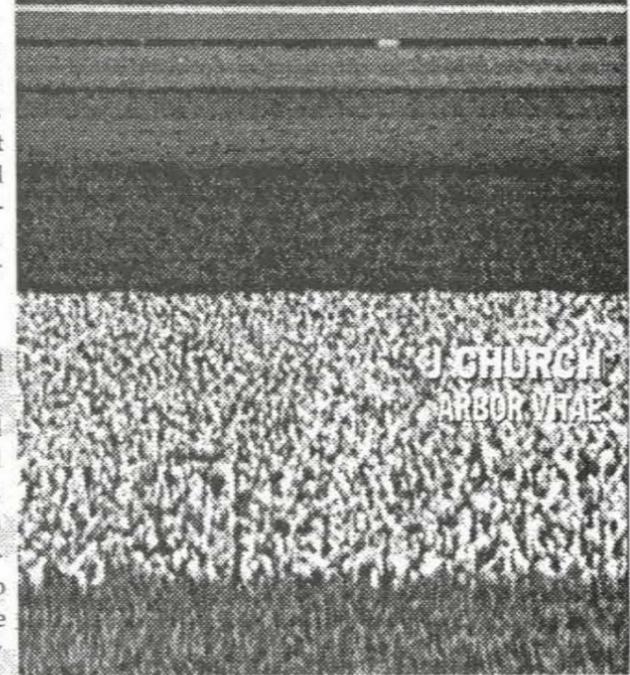
...And now, on to a couple of personal picks.

**Still Life/Jara: Split EP**

Let me let you know that I'm biased on this one. Still Life are friends of mine from way back when, and Jara contains members of Still Life. Still, this is definitely an exceptional album. The Still Life side is some of the best emocore I've ever heard (just a note-emocore is "Emotional Hard-core." [Thanx Dave]). This one picks up where the "Slow Children at Play" 8" left off, heading further from straight hard-core and into a more melodic state. Then there's Jara. Excellent hard-core that reminds me of a cross between early Suicidal and early Sabbath (Okay, an odd combination, granted). This one



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comes highly recommended, even though it's by me. (Everyone I've played it for has liked it except one guy and he doesn't like any bands who are still living). Available on Sunflower Communications, or directly from Still Life at P.O. Box 618 Moorpark, CA 93020.

(OK, if you can't find it, e-mail me at tberry@pitzer.edu and I'll let you hear it)

**TRIBES OF NEUROSE: Silver Blood Transmission**

Never heard of them? How about Neurosis? Well, this Neurosis side project (three of the five members are on it) is some of the best noise/industrial/whatever-the-hell-it-is that you can find. The odd ball out on this one is track 3, called "Fires of Purification," which is actually a live version of Neurosis' "Cleanse" from "Enemy of the Sun". It's slightly reminiscent of Coil, with more of an apocalyptic edge (if you know anything about Coil, that's saying something). It's available from Relapse Records (There's also a double 7", called 'REBEGIN', available from Alleysweeper Records. Both are available from Neurosis mail-order P.O. Box 410209 San Francisco CA 94141-0209 Both are worth the money).

One final thing (or note or message, whatever): New comps are out, Bad Religion's got one called 'All Ages', a collection of their Epitaph recordings (on Atlantic); and The Misfits have one (I'm not sure of the name of it, but it's out) on Caroline records, which covers all the hard to find old stuff, like 'Horror Hotel' and 'Last Caress', the song Metallica completely mutilated (the Misfits do it better-trust me).

# Shanti Comes Out Of The Closet!

by Shanti Webley

I bet that got you to read this. I hate to tell you, though, my article has nothing to do with the title. But humor me, read on anyway.

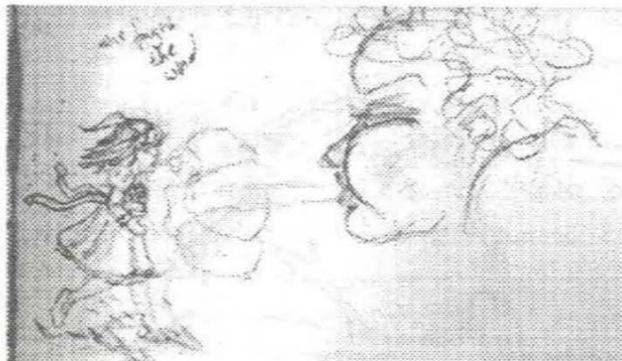
I came to a decision the other day. Not really a decision, more of an end to a long series of thoughts about Pitzer. Well, its more or less about Pitzer, but I think its really more about me. So its not really about Pitzer and its not really a decision, and I guess its not really an article, but more of a therapy session for me...but, hey...tough shit.

I decided, the other day, to leave Pitzer. This was not the first time I've made this decision, actually more like sixteenth instance when I have had thoughts of leaving. Found my mind wandering, attracted to another school, a foreign country, or the prospect of forming my own heavy-metal band, but then being tugged back into the current reality. Having "flip-flopped" so many times since coming here has made me begin to mistrust myself. I am not sure whether my decisions are products of logical thought or fantasies and paranoid delusions. Maybe my indecisiveness, in itself, should be enough for me to want to leave.

My decision is not, I'll have you know, based on the things I usually hear people complaining about. It's not because I fear the dominant culture here at Pitzer, the humble hippies who are, as one writer in the last issue put it, only "middle-class

white kids who want to be poor." Observant, and maybe even true, but hey - a bong hit's a bong hit. Nor is it because I'm fed up with "petty" politics. Even though I am, I see the use in them. Remember Tip O'Neill's "all politics is local"? Little politicians make bigger politicians. Usually, these disturbances are handleable (not a word, don't bother looking it up), or if not, ignorable (nope, not one either). So these reasons, combined with others, are not enough to make me want to leave. My reason, I think, is much more basic to Pitzer.

I am thinking about leaving Pitzer because I am sick and tired of people like me; people who bitch about the problems Pitzer has, about the qualities Pitzer does not have, or about what Pitzer should or should not "mean." We hear



daily of people troubled by the addition of new buildings. Students get personally offended with the wording of Pitzer's catalog. The new moods and misdeeds of Marilyn Massey are always on our lips. Hey, I'm a part of the problem too, we all are. The Woe-Is-My-School virus is caught by students at the school gates, thriving and growing as the four years go on, receding by the time we graduate. What's the cure? Leaving or, if that's



too hard, suicide. (Disclaimer: neither myself nor The Other Side really advocate suicide as a coping mechanism, please abstain.)

But you would ask: Well that's all fine and good, but how do you know this same thing will not happen at other colleges, that at any other place people won't be gossiping about their President and their school literature, or maybe even that the problem is not with Pitzer but with our generation? The truth is I don't. But I am willing to risk that in leaving I will find a place, whether it is college or a country, which does not have the same cynical self-criticism which binds Pitzer

I do not mean that all problems brought up at Pitzer should be thought of as trivial. Rape and freedom of expression are profoundly relevant issues. Their discussion represents the essence of productive community. But every issue is not as urgent as these. Problematising the

unimportant in place of the important will help no one.

It comes down to this: I have decided to leave Pitzer - and I can say "decided" and really mean it now, since writing this article has got the ol' blood going - not only because I am tiring of the whines of others, but because I have seen the enemy and it is me; I fear that I am becoming a whiner along with everyone else and I can't let that happen.

# a final journey to walden

by emile karrick

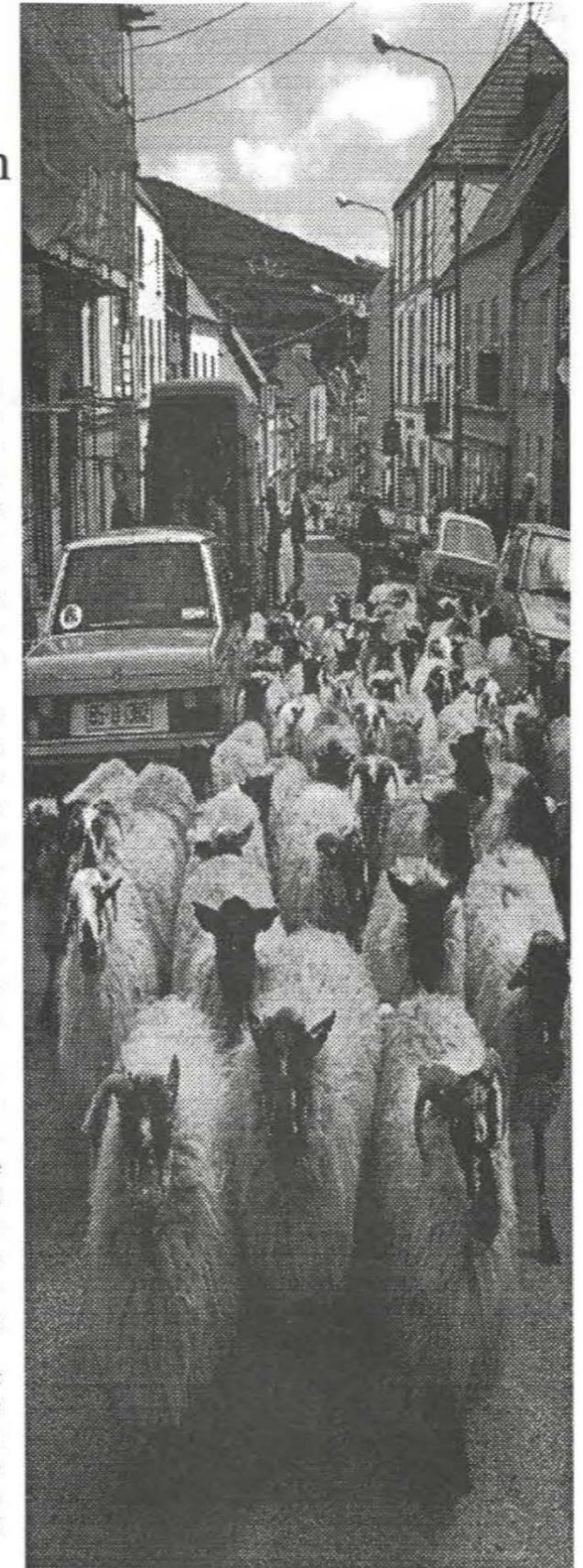
I load my car full of the basic essentials. I am separating myself from everything but my favorite possessions. I will be gone a long while but I want to be free to move. I bring only slight provisions of the necessary vices. This latest voyage is somewhat like the last, in that I want to rid myself of that unproductive dependence on people. I know what I want to accomplish in this world and I know that I can as long as others don't enter my path and complicate it. There are so many roads I can take; instinctively I will lead myself to the right one.

It is night now and the bobbing lights of others get fewer and far between. Every once in a while I can picture myself alone in this space of mine, until the piercing reminder of sight and sound bring me back to my place among others. I light up a cigarette thinking about the life behind me, and the memories that always seem to dominate my thoughts. The future is out there but right now it is intangible for there is nothing leading me anywhere. I can only follow the road in front of me away from the pain. Yet if I am to live among others I can be sure that there will be more pain to greet me along the way.

I was three years old, I know that because I remember the picture where I extended my three fingers in pronouncement of my age. I smoke another cigarette and let the memories play themselves out. For the first time I knew what it was to feel comfortable, to feel safe. The big shady trees extended around me like arms safely shielding me from the light. The smell of the air filters back to me even today in my smoke filled car. That smell lives forever inside my head. The feeling cannot be described, it must be experienced.

Everything was always exactly the same in that place. I was surrounded by people that usually hurt me. But when I was in that place they could not affect me. The big strong trees, the sun, the wind and the weathered old house were nurturing. They took the pain away. I can't remember how I felt the first time I

*Please turn the page*



## THE OTHER SIDE

arrived here. I can only remember the times after it when the pain was gone and only the smell prevailed, changing my insides to a peaceful calm.

Years later this place still remains intact inside my head. I can still smell the pine, the blueberries, happy wet dogs, lazy winds, the cool water, musty, sturdy furniture, fresh baked pancakes, my grandmother's lilac scent and Aunt Kate's aura of constant activity. I can still hear the sound of a screen door's idle slam,

**Finally I fell into a deep sleep, devoid of the nightmares and worries that were usually there, leaving only the contented simplicity of slumber.**

the noise of tennis balls landing with a satisfied smack inside a dog's mouth, the sound of shuffling dishes, tip tapping feet, and Aunt Kate's husky voice that is fierce only in its strength.

My dog was my only constant companion there. We explored everywhere and everything. It was all so easy, lazy and peaceful. We were led only by our immediate desires. Our only responsibility was to sample the blueberries that grew all around, and to save just enough for tomorrow morning's pancakes. The feeling of the water against our skin soothed us as we plunged into the lake to escape the summer heat. We let the water that wrap around us up in its calm consistency. I spent lazy nights sprawled out on the back porch, smelling the alcohol as it filtered into those around me and slowly eased their pain. I listened to my dog's easy breathing and felt her warm body propped securely against mine. The pitch blackness of night was stirred only by the rustling of trees.

Finally I fell into a deep sleep, devoid of the nightmares and worries that were usually there, leaving only the contented simplicity of slumber. There were no worries about what the next day might bring, for the trees and the house would always be there. As I light my last cigarette I realize that this is where I must go. There is only one place in the world that never changes and feels like home. My path has been chosen, every detail has been etched in my mind.

For the next five days the road stretches before me, juxtaposed by the occasional dip and peak, but infinitely flat. My car hums while the tires hug the road, never leaving the patchwork of pavement that leads on indefinitely. Sleep comes sporadically at the side of the road. I stop occasionally to breathe the air and refresh my body. The sunsets across desert plains and the sunrises from mountain tops are the most incredible I have ever seen. The vastness of our world is gobbled up by an overflow of colors and heat, culmi-

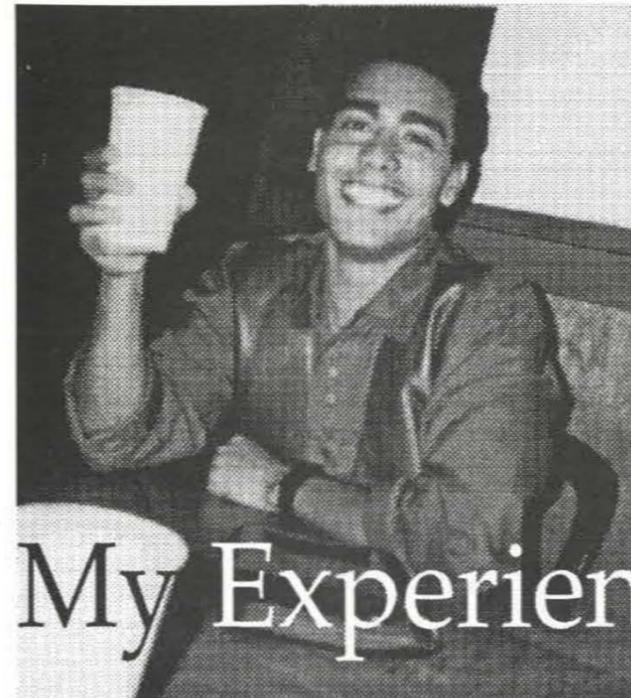
SIXTEEN

nating in a fiery ball of orange. The morning colors offer a muted version of the night before, yet equal in their intensity. I turn off the music that incessantly pours out of my radio to let myself feel the colors and listen only to the hum of tires against the road. Days stretch into nights with only darkness to signal the change. Coffee, cigarettes and the occasional gas station banquet are the only fuel I need. All the while the picture inside my head never strays.

The changing landscape defines my proximity to my destination. The trees grow with increasing density, packed with the colors of fall. The further I go, the more intense the colors become until I can't distinguish them from the colors in the sky. I know now that I am getting close. Scenes play themselves out in my mind, memories that hold elements of pain. Yet they all end with that same security - the comfort of a weathered old house filled with musty furniture, surrounded by a green that reaches far into the sky.

All of a sudden I am there. I drive up that same road that once led a dirty old station wagon filled with people separated by their pain yet united in their anticipation. I can remember hugging my dog close as her pink tongue licked my ear, telling her re-assuredly that we would soon be there and all would be as it always was.

I pull onto a twisting old road and the tires exchange pavement for dirt. I feel the same ruts sink assuredly beneath my wheels and I hear the sound of rustling trees welcome me back. The road twists up and around and into the expanse that plays host to my memories. For an instance the picture in my head is the same as the picture before me. Then I realize that it is only a picture. The weathered old house and the tall wispy trees are gone, all that is left is open space. Everything is gone, it has been gone for many years. I pull my car into the middle of that field and wonder where I had gone wrong. The sense of the place is familiar, but there's nothing left. I sit in the middle of that field for what seems like an eternity trying to piece together the smells, the sounds, and the picture that had seemed so tangible. Then I realize that it is still tangible. It has been with me all along and will always be there. No one can ever take it away for it is a part of me, a part of my reality. The trees wrap around me once again. The memories play themselves out in my mind. The soft contented slumber of comfort and security takes over.



## My Experience

by Jose Martinez

My name is Jose. This is the most common name in Latin America and I'm glad my parents gave me this name because it's simple. I don't like big names.

I'm from Costa Rica. I was born by the ocean in a tiny house amongst indians and animals. My father is a native indian from the tribe "Chorotegas." They have one of the most wonderful social systems I've ever seen because they live in blissful harmony with nature. My mother is a white woman who was driven from her community and relatives because she fell in love with an indian.

Both of them taught me how to be happy and smile all the time. I remember when my mother and I took a canoe and visited the sharks, dolphins, and turtles. She taught me a lot about animals and told me the most beautiful stories about them. I remember going with her to the mountains to see armadillos, macaws, iguanas, monkeys, and snakes. The most beautiful thing my mother taught me was to love people. In her view, there is no difference between people. She told me that in the future I'll find differences but I need to ignore them because the differences are artificial.

Following my parents lessons, I decided to travel around the world to see and experience how people live in different countries. After I finished high school, I took a bus and traveled across Central America without a plan, just a hope that all people are special. I stopped in each country with this attitude and it worked. I found nice people all over the isthmus. After that, I took a plane and flew to Europe and visited several countries. My favorite place was Chernobyl in Russia. In this place I worked as a volunteer for the victims of the nuclear accident who suffer all the consequences of the radioactive cloud. This place

is very important in my life because there, I learned about my self and my love for people became stronger.

During the fall of 95, I decided to come to the United States because I wanted to see how the Americans live and how the social dynamic looks. I spent five months here and realized how many people from different countries and ethnic groups share this vast territory of 3.6 million square miles. At the same time I realized how many social problems one can find here such as segregation, discrimination, and racism. Here I could have a better idea and finally understand how in praxis the social pyramid of stratification works. In Latin America, we just receive negative things from the U.S. for example, if you visit some of these countries you will find all the multinational corporations extracting our resources and bringing them to the States. We

do not receive anything. In Costa Rica, my native country, the Dole and Standard Fruit Company last year cut down a complete rain forest in order to bring in more bananas to the U.S. I could see literally hundreds of howler monkeys on the ground crying. I never thought that animals could love trees that much. We couldn't do anything against these companies because they have a lot of power and can manipulate the political structure here in the U.S. If people could have some idea of the social and environmental disasters that these companies produce, they will never eat a banana or a pineapple again.

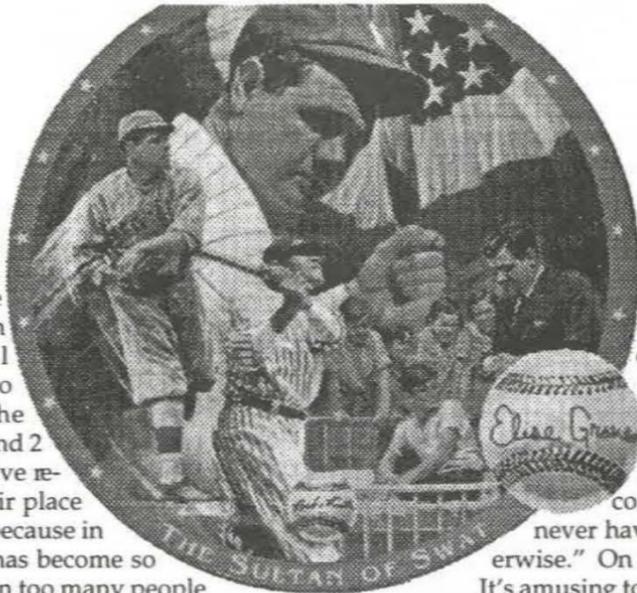
I decided to come to Pitzer because I heard that in this place one can find different people, people who are concerned about the social, political, and environmental problems around the world. In other words, progressive people. Here at Pitzer, I had the opportunity to meet students from different countries and ethnic groups. I'm glad I met a lot of friends and very neat people who want to make a better world, people who have ethics and principles. People with big dreams and people without hope. Very positive people and very negative people, but fortunately, Pitzer has a very special energy. I learned a lot here. If someone asks me who are the neat people, it will be extremely difficult for me to make a list because there are a lot of nice people around. I'm leaving soon, but I'll return to my country happy because now I know that here, in the United States there are people who are concerned about the global problem.

*Thanks to everybody here, you guys made my semester!*

*I won't forget this experience, a lot of you will live in my heart forever.*

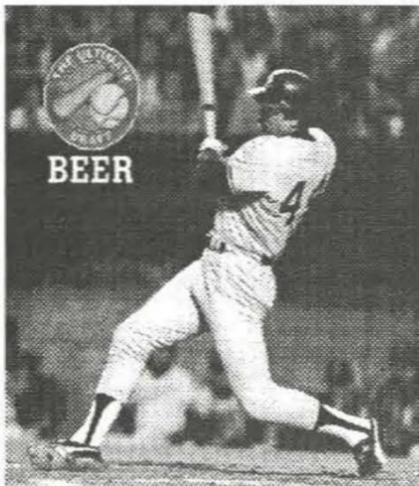
THE OTHER SIDE

# "Pitzer Softball Rules!"



I shrink down as a soft ball flies over my head to the sidelines. It's the weekly Friday afternoon Pitzer student softball game. Students migrate to the new field behind the Gold Student Center around 2 PM. The first ones to arrive receive a chip to ensure their place on one of the two teams, because in recent months the game has become so popular that there are often too many people to fit on the field. The players mainly consist of seniors and juniors, and are predominantly men. A few brave women come out to face the skepticism and friendly advice of their male teammates. "OK, just try and make contact with the ball," one man advises a woman at the plate. The woman makes solid contact with the ball and gets a double.

The men up to bat try to outdo one another as each attempts to hit the ball over the fence and into the Gold Center pool. There are comments of amazement when some players unexpectedly make a home run or even just get to first base and comment of disappointment as a big hitter hits a fly pop or strikes out, or when an outfielder drops an easy catch. Observers shout out support to their friends as they crowd around the keg and discuss who should have the party that night. People's faces light up with smirks when they run across home plate or make a difficult catch. One almost wonders if some should be restricted from play each week in response to their growing egos. While some egos boom, others shrink as they strike out again, or are unable to get even to first. But by the next week it doesn't matter who hit a home run or struck out, they all come back for more. And there isn't any serious competition in this weekly league except with maybe one's self. People come out to see their friends...Okay, or to out do one another because that one guy pissed you off last night at a party. According to Brian Schultz, one



EIGHTEEN

of the organizers of the event along with Peter Hunken, the soft ball games are good for the community, "Think about it. There is nothing else that brings this many people together for something. There's people that come out to play that I would never have known or talked to otherwise." On with the game.

It's amusing to watch some of the players practice their swings before they go to bat. They practice their swing with a heavy bat, put it down, and pick up a lighter one when it's their turn. Some look ready to play in the World Series, their faces determined and serious. Others look as if they're ready for a Sunday morning golf game. Many of the men advise the women on base when to run or stay. For those that know the rules of the game and have played before this is annoying. But as Jake Bartlett pointed out the men get advised by their friends as well. "The men happen to know more about sports because they grew up playing them. They're just sharing their information with others. I'm a male and I can't play and they give me advice." Alexia Mellors, however, is one of the best players here. She's great! She's a good pitcher and fielder." Many of the players contend with that. Although, I'm not sure what or pitcher or fielder is. I didn't grow up playing sports because I was just a little woman and my brothers would never share their information with me.

Players put their beer down and ask a friend to watch it for them, and to hold their cigarette while they go to bat. It's a wonder how some of the chain smokers make it around the bases with any breath left. "You're exaggerating Elise", Jake Bartlett tells me as he reads what I'm writing from over my shoulder. Who asked ya? Then Alex Ridley tells me, "You don't know what's going on, have another beer." Uh, huh.

The sidelines fill with excitement as two of the player's dogs begin to growl at one another, eager to fight. The dogs

Please turn to SLOSHBALL on page 22

# THE REVOLUTION THAT WASN'T

by Justin Rood

*-editors note:  
Mr. Rood was a previous editor of TOS and was solicited with favors to write for us yet again.*

My brother doesn't like anybody to know, but a long time ago, when he was little, he found this full can of shaving cream outside his middle school. If you're afraid this story won't enlighten you, keep reading--this is really about the Republican Revolution--so don't turn that page.

Anyway, he hid the can of shaving cream under his jacket and waited for the playground to clear out before he found a sharp rock, stood it on end in the middle of one of the basketball courts, shook up the can of shaving cream, and threw it down on the rock as hard as he could. Needless to say shaving cream spewed everywhere. My

brother panicked. In normal Guy Fashion, he had been dying to find out what would happen when you pierced a can of shaving cream with a sharp rock, but hadn't given it enough thought to consider the obvious conclusion: it'd make a big mess. So he grabbed a bunch of dry leaves and tried to cover up the shaving cream. But after fifteen or twenty minutes, he realized he wouldn't be able to cover all the foam, and sprinted home and hid in bed.

Well, wouldn't you know it, but not more than an hour later the school cross-country team was running through the playground, and about 8 guys mistook the dry leaves for dry leaves, not detecting a clever ploy to cover up a mess of shaving cream, and slipped and fell hard on the blacktop. Three of them had to go to the hospital. They never caught my brother for doing it, but he was never the same.

\*\*\*

Not many people are aware of this--I found it buried in the corner of a page in *Campaigns & Elections* magazine--but, if one wishes to crunch the numbers, one will find that had 19,500 Republican voters sprinkled about 13 key states switched their vote to the Democratic side of the ballot, Newt Gingrich would not be Speaker of the House.

Nineteen Thou-

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sand, Five Hundred.

That's less than a third of the capacity of Baltimore's Camden Yards.

That's a little more than half the size of Claremont.

To put this in a more appropriate perspective: the current resident population of our great nation stands at about 270 million, give or take an old git or a fugitive Senator. Roughly 20,000 voters changed the lives of 270 million people.

And you say your vote doesn't matter.

Margaret Mead had that great quote I recall seeing in an artsy blue-green-and-purple lithograph hanging in some granola cafe, something about how one should never forget that a small group of determined individuals can change the world, indeed it's the only thing that ever has.

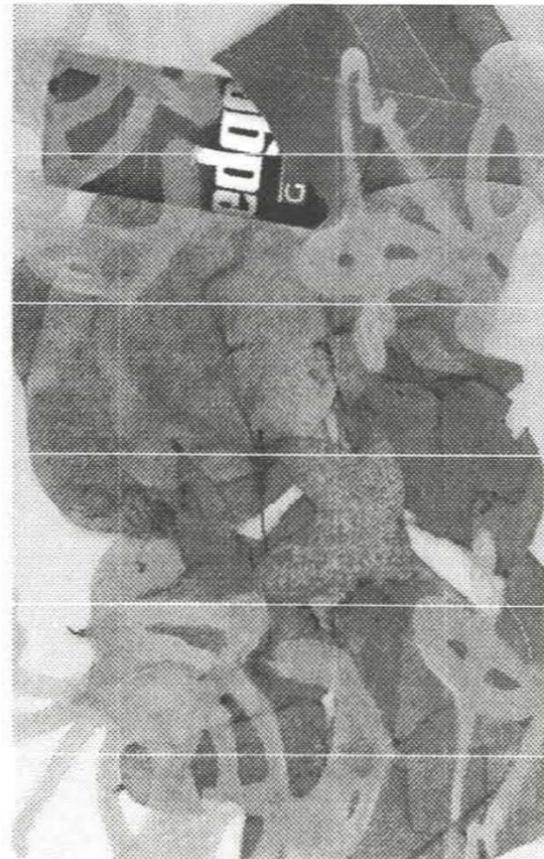
The founder of modern anthropology is now the poster child of the Religious Right, apparently, whose massive organizing efforts have largely been recognized as the engine behind the massive increase in Republican voting that led to the influx of conservative representatives to our nation's capital.

The first lesson in this is that while most liberals like to think Margaret was referring to some concerned, well-educated activists, her real meaning was something like, "never forget that a couple sons-of-bitches with a can of shaving cream, a half-assed idea and a lot of gump-tion can screw up the world for the rest of us. Indeed, they are the only ones that ever have."

Of course, the national media, who I believe are not so much

Please turn to EDGE on page 22

NINETEEN



# poetry for those...

by zara ayazi

**D** as you held me  
your eyes studied the painting beside my bed  
the Van Gogh  
**I** you said that every time you looked at it  
you saw something new.  
**S** later, I found that you were into mysteries  
you took me apart for the sake of  
putting me back together  
my pieces lay  
scattered across the bed  
**F** you lay beside my fragments  
fingering  
separating  
examining  
jamming piece into piece  
constructing mismatched sections  
until nothing fit...disfigurement  
my deformed state was ugly...  
**G** displeased to the sight  
**U** tired and frustrated, you lay  
**R** naked  
**E** across the bed  
my pieces crushed  
**ME** between your body and the mattress  
**N** you awoke to find  
my pieces

**T** imprinted in your skin

"Untitled" by Anonymous

I never believed we'd fall from the tree,  
A pair of leaves that had clung through  
so many winters.  
so many hard, bitter winds.  
What was it that finally shook us loose?  
A rain too hard? A careless bird perching?  
Or did we just finally drift to the earth,  
where we were always meant to be?

"Untitled" by Tobin Steers

I long for the naked honesty of the stars.  
I want to shed the pretense of maturity  
and lie wet and crying, shimmering and  
weak from the cold. At times, the womb  
of adulthood is ill-fitting. My armor  
constricts the poetry of motion. I want  
to cleanse my wounds in cool and clear  
vulnerability. In the end, I must stagger  
out into the frigid air, back into the  
suffocating warmth, if only to sleep,  
perchance to dream.

"intimidation" by s.o.

my willpower astounds me,  
that you know i know your name, and as you pass  
i say nothing, no gestures.  
i play it super cool.  
i wonder if it eats away at your stomach  
as it does mine.  
or do you remain unmoved?  
you seem aloof as cheetos in my bowl  
floating without care in milky dreams  
oblivious to my silken spoon  
and though this smolders my throat  
i go about my business.  
i have no idea where you are now  
but still with frozen face and fingers  
i wander aimless among the painters and blank  
stares of canvas untouched  
hoping only for one precious glimpse  
so i may curse my soul with longing  
and supply nothing but a cough and a blink.

"Forged Bliss" by latonya Turner

Sitting in wonderment,  
I gaze upon the lost souls  
searching,  
seeking  
to find a way  
to express  
their confusion  
in a creative,  
masked way...

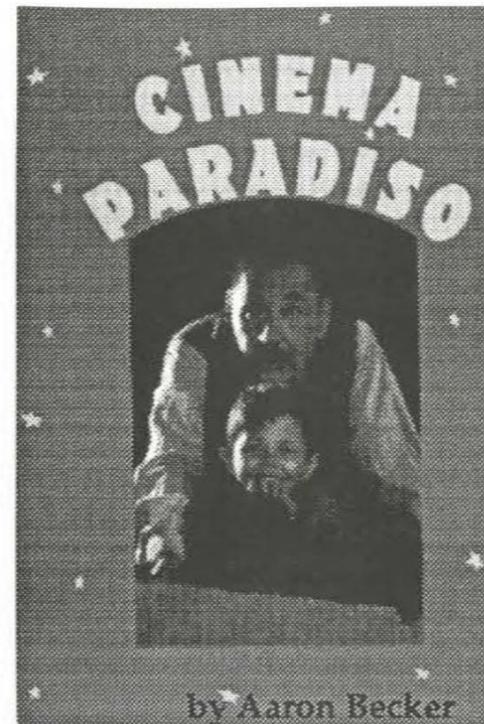
Here, drink another,  
and another,  
and another...  
Giggle, Giggle  
Ha, Ha, Ha  
Life is such BLISS!

But is this truly the case?

Or,  
Are you so blinded by  
the merriment of ignorance  
that you cannot see  
the destruction of the dawn?

Sitting, in wonderment,  
as my heart asks the questions  
for which

my mind knows there are no sensible answers

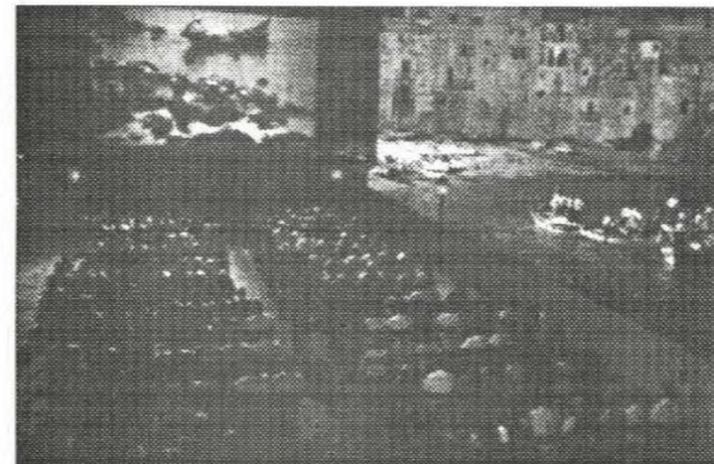


I fell in love with a girl in high school. We were best of friends for a long time, and I'm not sure either of us ever considered falling in love. One weekend in May of 1992 we rented an Italian film entitled *Cinema Paradiso*. We sat there smiling at the film throughout, enraptured by its tale of childhood, life, and love. As the credits rolled, we sat there on the couch of her silent living room, looking into each others' eyes, and fell in love.

A couple of weeks ago or so, Aaron Rhodes and Matthew Cooke organized an outdoor screening at the back of Mead Hall of *Cinema Paradiso*. The film tells the story of a successful filmmaker reflecting on his past after hearing the news of his childhood mentor's death. Because the film is about film itself, there were moments of irony throughout the evening's showing. For instance, within the film, Salvatore (the filmmaker) is working as a projectionist and encounters problems with focus, reels, sound,



and outdoor screenings. All of these things managed to happen during our cinematic experience that night too. Shouts in Italian from the enthused audience at the projectionist (poor Aaron) echoed the film's own scenes. Rhodes added a few (pardon my Italian) retorts himself.



A particular scene within the movie made the entire evening. An audience is kicked out of the cinema because they stay for several showings of the same movie. Close to a hundred people are forced outside, frustrated that their favorite films are flickering without them. The scene then moves upstairs to the projectionist, Alfredo, who is watching down upon the crowd. He shows sympathy upon the group and slowly reflects the film across the projection booth wall, over the curtains, onto the ceiling and finally outside onto the adjacent courtyard wall. The viewers cheer with contentment.

Seeing the movie projected upon the wall in the movie as well as seeing the real movie within the movie project on the wall truly heightened the evening into a genuine cinematic experience. I wonder if Rhodes had planned it all. I didn't notice, however, anybody staying after and gazing into each others' eyes until sunrise.

There is a poignant line in the film. When Salvatore finally returns home for his mentor's funeral, some thirty years after he left, his mother says to him: "Every time I call you, a different girl answers the phone. But I never hear love in their voices."

Oh...to fall in love again.



# KANSAS

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sense of security when they find out you receive less and less every year?

It has taken three and a half years for this college to come alive. And if it weren't for a few members of the community I think it would still be in a comma. Looking at this year's freshman class it seems like the cycle will be repeating. If there is one thing that I have learned in the three and half years I have been at this school, it is that in order for things to happen you have to make them happen. I wish that I had been more involved at this school. It's my senior year, and the only time I saw the Pitzer community come together besides this year, was when somebody threatened the recreational drug use/abuse of the student body.

Working for the Other Side this semester, I have been exposed to many issues. Right now I'm the only senior in my class who is on the editorial staff. Pitzer has the possibility to become an incredible school. From the information that I have gathered, there is only a ghost that remains of Pitzer's original ideology. But this doesn't mean that it can't be revived. Pitzer is a community that needs to learn to communicate with each other. Individuals who separate themselves only divide the community. While the ideology of the original may be a thing of the past, diversity today means so much more than it did then. There are facilities and outlets waiting to be used, by the entire community.



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slanted to the right as they are simply melodramatic, trumpeted the mighty Republican victory louder than Gabriel's angels announce the arrival of God Almighty to the front gates of heaven. Never mind that it was the work of a handful of voters; that 47 of the Republicans elected to Congress got there with less than 55% of their districts' vote (a margin political scientists read to mean their incumbency is not assured). It was a Revolution, dammit. The media shamelessly demonstrated a disdain for reality unseen since the days of our former president Ronald Reagan, who coined the media's new motto: "Facts are stupid things."

Similarly, it should be noted, the media announced the incredible racial divide apparent in the attitude polls towards the O.J. Simpson ruling. A whopping 70% of White Americans thought O.J. was guilty while 70% of American Blacks thought he was innocent. While Newsweek and all the rest blared these figures as proof that Blacks and Whites receive their

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directives from different interstellar governments, the numbers hold a different--and less exciting--story. Fact is, these statistics say that there is a 42% chance that any random Black person will agree with any random White person they bump into on the validity of the jury's decision. Those are pretty good odds, I believe.

Granted, Blacks and Whites have their differences. But they also have their similarities, as well. Agreement doesn't make headlines, though. Riots do.

But I digress: my point is that, even though newspapers, magazines and television news programs trumpet the Republican victory as a sure sign that our country is making an irreversible turn to the right, it just isn't so. The Republican victories in 1994 were the products of the last desperate acts of a few dreamers who can't wake up.

The Republican "Revolution" may in fact be the last gasp of the dreamers for a now-mythical "traditional American" society. When historians of the next generation try to date the end of the Cold War era, our current conservative assault may well serve as their primary dating mechanism. In twenty years, the radical right dream of a nation with one value system under one God will be completely insupportable, and most hopes of returning to the idyllic age of God, bomb shelters, the family unit and apple pie will be considered downright loony.

For now, they've got the shaving cream, they've got the sharp rock, and they're ready to make mayhem. But something tells me November, 1996, will have a drastic impact on the situation. Regardless, however, the most important thing is to remember--dry leaves are never dry leaves. The bastards are always covering something up. And the sooner the nation comes to grips with what a godawful mess the Republicans have made in Washington, the sooner we can start cleaning it up.

# SLOSHBALL

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are pulled back from one another and their attention diverted to a foul ball. Annemarie Jacir exclaims to me, while we sit on the sidelines (both in mini-skirts, she in a gorgeous pair of black go-go boots that make her look like a Bond girl... but I digress. I don't want to turn this into a SASSY article), "I'd like to think that I taught them all how to play!" I'd like to think that as well but I'm still watching the Cujo dogs.

The scene here is absolutely American. A beer in the hand playing a little soft ball, with the sun setting behind us. The only things that would make it seem more suburban are the kids and the barbecue. After the game someone says, "The thing I hate most about soft-ball is driving home." Matt Penfield, Pomona graduate, states, "Pitzer soft-ball rules." Yeah, it's all right.

# Our Responsibility to Allow Change

by Layla Welborn

We alone leave traces of that we create. We can transform and change our surroundings - be it societal, communal or environmental. In this we have power . . . and we have responsibility. The wakes that we create through our lives are what we truly control. We hold very delicately the power to effect. The attitudes and actions that we send rippling out grow exponentially in the ways that we enlighten or possibly discourage those around us. Being the people that we are we also have the choice to pay attention to this. It is our inherent responsibility to pay attention.

There are some things which pass unnoticed that cause stagnation and limitation of possibility . . . It is when we are oblivious to our surroundings, when we choose not to know, that we cannot see or believe in our own impact and cannot be open to letting others explore theirs. . . It is when we believe in stepping aside, in being passive, that we create a mass that drags - making it difficult to move forward. . . And it is when we are cynical that ideas are extinguished - that creativity and confidence are forced to retreat. These are the roots of immobility. These which pass unnoticed stifle the breath of discovery and change. Until we pay attention these will inhibit our forward movement.



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It is our reason, our imagination and our anticipation of the future that enable us to make change. But "That," in the words of bell hooks, "is the outcome of continued growth... It is a goal to be reached, a process of becoming. The process begins with action, with the individual." . . . . . You can choose to give someone or something a chance. You can cut somebody off on the freeway. You can pick up after yourself wherever you are. You can turn your head when you see someone in pain. You can choose a profession that is for people not profit. You can leave a mess for someone else. You can volunteer your time. You can buy things from companies that exploit labor in Third World countries. You can listen. You can free your mind. . . And you can pay attention. . . . . Know that you have an audible voice and an effective presence and never deny anyone theirs.

We must take on the greatness of our minds in full awareness of how causal we are. It takes a certain strength to carry our full weight, but it is our purpose as people to explore the limits of our own strength and intellect. In order for the outcomes of the explorations and experimentations that we engage in to be meaningful, we must know how they impact more than ourselves. We are missing this sense of connectedness. We all need to realize the power of our choices. Each of us, as an individual, needs to be mindful of how inseparable we are from one another. This is the awakening of our ability to affect and our responsibility to allow Change.



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