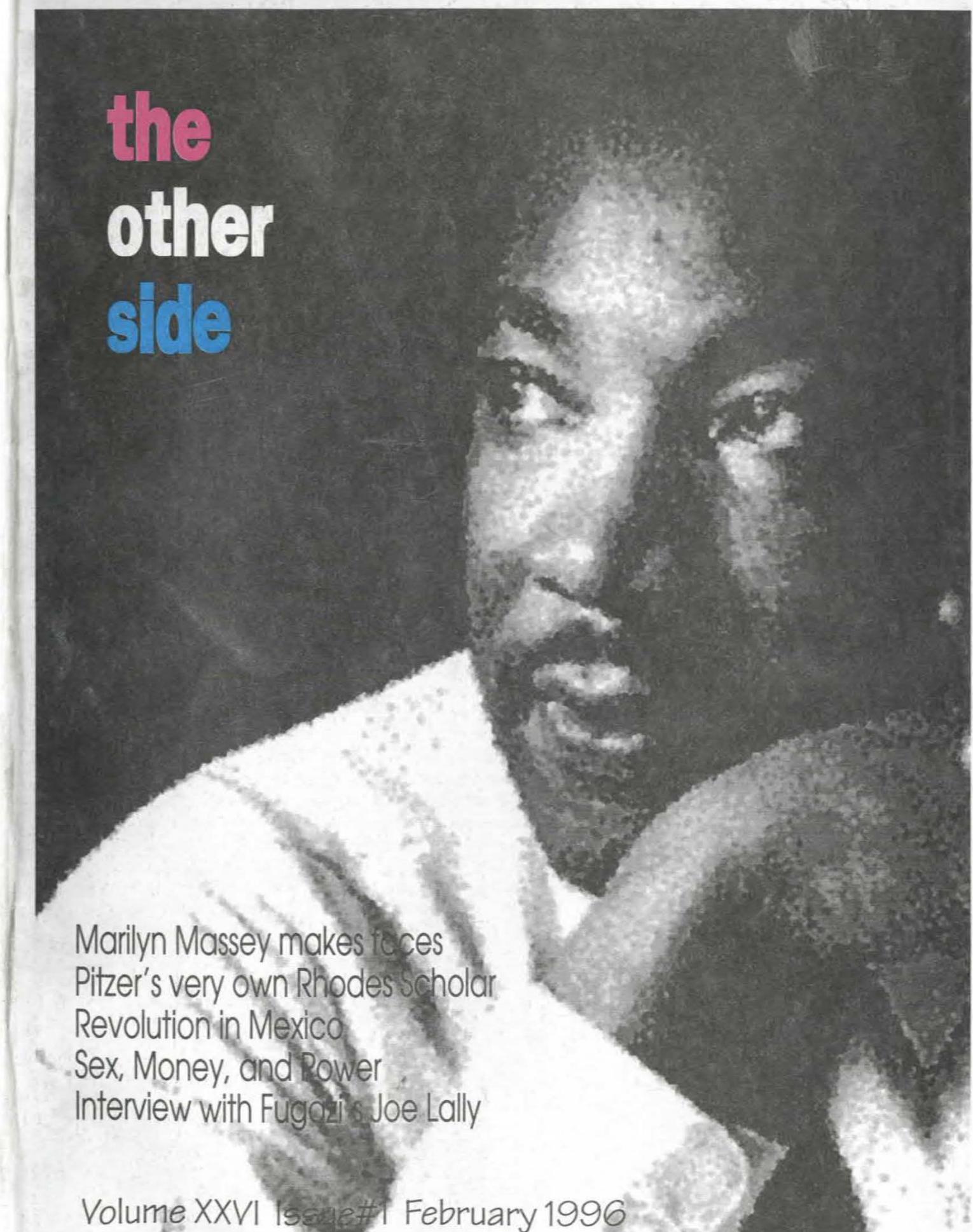


Welcome home!

the other side



Marilyn Massey makes faces
Pitzer's very own Rhodes Scholar
Revolution in Mexico
Sex, Money, and Power
Interview with Fugazi's Joe Lally

Volume XXVI Issue #1 February 1996

no precedent intended

It was one those unprecedeted Pitzer days; where an unprecedeted 85 degree temperature sets in around noon and stays for what seems like weeks; when an unprecedeted February sun peeks over Mt. Baldy at just the right angle to cut through the smog to convene upon the glorious Inland Valley Empire at just the right spot: Pitzer's campus; not Pomona, not the Claremont Colleges, but Pitzer. An unprecedeted day that makes for unprecedeted discussion. On one such day I was walking with a friend when he revealed to me, "If I were a perspective student and I came to Pitzer on a day like this...I wouldn't want to go anywhere else." And just as he said this to me, I looked out upon the campus, and surveyed the sparsely-populated grass mounds to observe the still-buzzed-from-the-night-before "Pitzer kids"—a tanless, tattooed-covered clan sipping coffee and chain-smoking cigarettes, reading the subversive literature assigned in their "Resistance to Monoculture" class, commenting on something or other of relative significance, and letting their relatively significant commentary hang in the dense February air as if it was their own air, to comment as they pleased and watch their glorious reflections hang in the air for all to see, to see themselves as a part of their otherwise dreary and gray and ad-hoc art committee decorated world—and laugh. And I had to concur with my friend on that day.

And without fail, another, more precedent day, called for a more precedent discussion. For it was a day like many others in February: trifling Southern California cold, an incidental afternoon cold, where the sun comes out long enough to tease you, as you sit in an afternoon "Statistics" class in Broad Hall. By the time you come out it's gray again, and the sun has repositioned itself behind the clouds, and the only bodies that populate the grass-covered areas of Pitzer are those of scampering, tired-from-the-night-before "college" kids—still tanless and tattoo-covered and chain-smoking, just not commenting on much of anything. My friend, who had just come from sorting out freshman applications in the Admissions Office (the day after the undergraduate deadline) revealed to me that Pitzer had received 300 more applicants than the year before. I didn't know exactly what to say, other than to wonder why. And immediately I thought back to my friend's revelation from a few days back. I wondered if those "extra" 300 students had all seen Pitzer on that glorious February day when the sun was out and I wanted to be a perspective student seeing Pitzer again for the first time. But then I figured that most of them hadn't seen Pitzer on that day—or at all; and it made perfect sense. At that moment my friend turned to me and said, "It must've been that new viewbook of theirs." I cringed and then realized that he *had* to be right because I was suddenly reminded of another, more precedent set of visions—this particularly glossy color viewbook that I had remembered seeing, which was actually rather colorful, but looked plain and gray when held at that one particular angle in the light. Almost immediately I was immersed in those images that made me think of something out of my high school yearbook—images of clean-cut, clean-shaven, crew-cut football players and Organizational Studies majors touting their Pitzer education that had readied them for a productive career in "business, corporate law, and social justice." I immediately recalled that unprecedeted Pitzer day of days before, to help bring my mind back to something that I could see myself in—that unprecedeted glory of a Pitzer that I was all too familiar with, but was forever on the verge of forgetting, and felt like I had started to forget. And I felt compelled to concur with this friend too, but only because I didn't have the heart not to.

Of course, the irony of my lofty visions and images and whatnot, is that there is nothing really "unprecedented" about Pitzer's glory. For every shining "Pitzer" moment in a given day, a semester, a year, when Pitzer seems like a place worth spending four years and six figures, there is a very real and very precedent reason. Precedent, when applied to Pitzer, becomes somewhat of a conundrum: you know that it exists somewhere, its just that you're not exactly sure, and don't really have the kind of nerve it takes to "decide" where. What's funny about precedent, or anything that invokes that kind of history, is that once you actually find it, you subject it to exploitation. Once Marilyn Massey realizes what's important about Pitzer, she's likely to put a fence around the Grove House with Barry Sanders on display. Knowing this, those of us who *really* know what's important about Pitzer have to sit back and watch as Marilyn Massey scurries to find a football player with a crew-cut to pose for her viewbook. And its almost enough to let her scurry—until thousands of perspective students see that football player with the crew-cut, and actually want to come here. Then it just hurts to see the way they scurry.

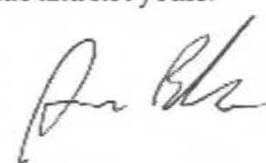
Its confusing. And yet there doesn't seem to be time for confusion these days.

We've made some changes in this issue of the *Other Side*. It goes without saying that last semester the magazine drew some criticism for its "less than objective" crusade against the administration. It's not that I feel guilty about that, or even at fault. Last semester was a different time, different feelings. I think there were a lot of us who felt compelled to try and change some things about Pitzer that we thought were wrong. And we weren't wrong for that; perhaps a bit foolish, but certainly not wrong. Its funny, because in retrospect, I don't remember being convinced that

We don't care to yell or kick or scream just so that you might hear us far off in the distance and decide that our "revolutionary antics" might look quaint in the viewbook.

these "problems" were so grandiose—nothing a brief uprising of student dissatisfaction echoed through the mouthpiece of one conspicuous little student-run magazine couldn't fix. And yet those of us who cared so much, ended up caring less about the issues at hand and more about playing petty games with petty administrators whose own petty games have always been pretty inconsequential anyway. So we said "fuck" a lot and wrote a bunch of articles about red stars, and sacrificed the integrity and legitimacy of this magazine to pay homage to a bunch of administrators who could care less about what we considered "precedent" and what we wanted Pitzer to be. Of course we were foolish.

So the changes are not without reason. As you read this issue, keep in mind what is being said. Notice the diversity of opinions, the rich diversity of writings—the fiction, the poetry, the artwork. If the now-trite "diversity" rhetoric has any legitimacy left—it's to be found in the potential of this very magazine. This is our diversity—our myriad of different ways of looking at our worlds, at other peoples' worlds, at Pitzer College. This is precedent for those of us who are tired of sitting around waiting for the college's "mission statement" to *define* what is precedent, or just don't trust the fabricated bullshit they put in the viewbook. This issue reflects the best of what Pitzer College students are—artists and poets and social activists and Rhodes scholars, but social activists first and Rhodes scholars second, and Rhodes scholars for the viewbook and the benefit Pitzer College Incorporated, dead last. Most of all, the writers in this issue hesitate to address "the administration" in any kind of universal way, making a most profound statement in its seemingly silent voice: if you don't care about us enough to hear how much we care about this place, about how we want to change it *with you*, than we don't care to talk your talk anymore. We don't care to yell or kick or scream just so that you might hear us far off in the distance and decide that our "revolutionary antics" might look quaint in the viewbook. Whether or not we're setting our own precedent, or following which ever precedent we feel appropriate, we're not letting Marilyn Chapin Massey and her band of viewbook-making thugs do it for us. Welcome to the other side, Marilyn; its about time we did something over on our side and not yours.



**the other side
volume xxvi
issue #1**

editors-in-chief:

aaron balkan
quinn burson

director of the media lab:

matthew cooke

commander of communication:

mahesh raj mohan

ad-hoc music sub-committee:

todd berry
bureaucrat:
todd schooler

photographers:

amy macwilliamson

max s. gerber

staff extraordinaire:

stephani anderson
jose calderon

lawrence cualoping

juan deLara
elise graner

dennis gutierrez

steve harwood

marilyn massey

kim richman

jennifer rotman

anita van shillhorn

layla wellborn

The Other Side magazine is a publication by the students of Pitzer College. The editors reserve the right to edit or refuse any material, although we usually don't. The opinions expressed in this magazine do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editors, staff, or even the authors themselves.

Send any words, art, or ideas to:

The Other Side
Box: 138
Claremont, NJ 91711

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—News—

"...what we have here is a failure to communicate."

by Todd Berry

On Wednesday, February 7, President Clinton signed into law the Telecommunications Deregulation and Competition Act of 1995. At this point one must stop and ask him (or her) self one question: "What the hell does that mean?" At least, that's the first question that popped into my head; however, the question was posed not out of curiosity, but out of concern.

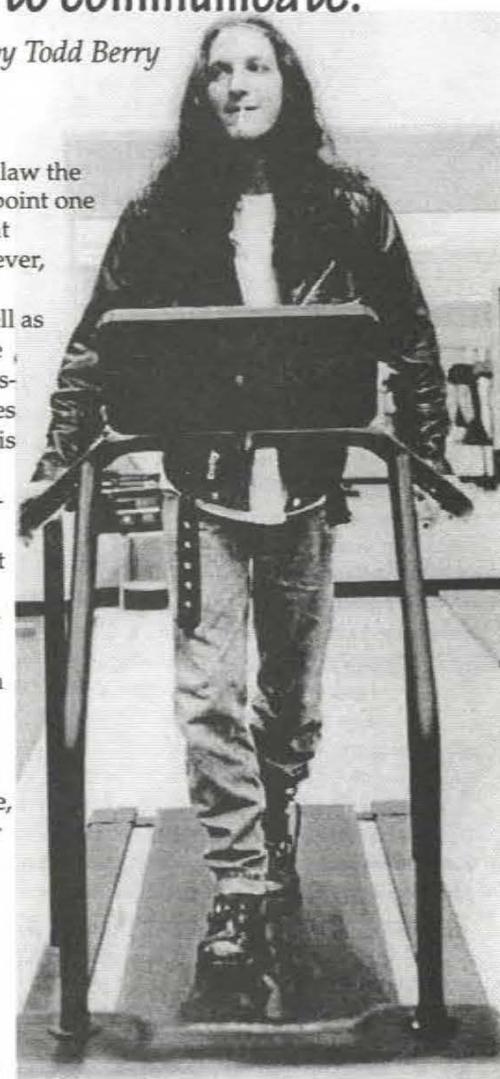
The new law removes protections preventing monopolies as well as the cross ownership ban, allowing separate companies such as telephone companies, radio and TV broadcasters, newspapers, and cable companies—the ability to compete in each other's fields. Additionally, the law removes the limit of licenses a singular broadcaster can hold. Cut down to size, this conceivably allows one conglomerate to own the rights to all forms of information for an entire region—cable, radio, newspapers, and communication networking. In other words, one company controls what you see, hear, and learn, removing both objectivity as well as variety of opinion. It also will have an impact on phone rates and cable bills, since, without competition, the determination of charges for said services is left entirely up to the discretion of one company.

Additionally, this law limits your first amendment rights within the information superhighway. It bans displays of "indecent content" in areas of the Net which are accessible to children—i.e., most of the Net itself—with strict penalties for noncompliance: up to a five year sentence as well as up to \$250,000 in penalties. On the surface, this may seem to be, at the very least, a noble ambition, but it is not being viewed as such; nor should it be. Leaving "sex on the Net" out entirely (though I feel we do have a right to smut), provisions of the law limit access to information regarding abortion; a provision which Planned Parenthood and other organizations have already filed suits against, explaining that the restrictions are far too broad. This is, in my opinion, an example of blatant disregard for public consciousness.

Another aspect of the law calls for all TV manufacturers to install the controversial V-chip in every set produced (for more on the V-chip, refer to *The Other Side*, Vol. XXV, issue 3). This, in combination with the Net restrictions and the groups now looking to make the first hour of primetime television (8 p.m.-9 p.m.) G-rated, is a clear violation of our rights to both free expression and access to information.

So, now back to the big question: "What the hell does all this mean?" Well, for one thing, it is just the first step in an attempt to create a nation completely controlled by big business, if we haven't reached that point as of yet. It also poses a threat to public radio. As of yet, there is minimal reason for alarm, but we should treat this bill as a warning of sorts. This is not to be taken lightly, especially in combination with all the cuts the government has made to NPR (National Public Radio) and CPB (The Corporation for Public Broadcasting) as well as the interest shown by corporate radio in purchasing the small amount of airspace (88 MHz to 92 Mhz) allotted for community radio. As one article put it (source unknown): "The airways are a privilege that is being completely commandeered by the privileged." Additionally, thanks to the Reagan era Fairness Doctrine, and now the TeleComm act, community radio and public television are the only outlets left who have a responsibility to their respective communities, as the previously stated acts remove this responsibility from commercial broadcasters.

The possible result of all this: a happy nation who are all tuned in to the pulse of the world. That would be just swell; but I'm not getting that vibe. The more likely result: a nation of controlled drones, who know only what is offered to them. And that isn't going to be much.



—Public Forum—

Note from the editors: On January 30th, President Massey sent this letter to former editor-and-chief, Zach Taub, care of The Other Side. Since Zach graduated last semester we were a bit befuddled as to what we should do with it. Ms. Massey's words were not in a "letter to the editor" form but directed at Zach personally. We felt we had two options. 1) we could forward the letter to Zach in Chicago and forget about it or 2) we could print the letter and respond for the Other Side and as best we could for Zach—her letter addressing both. Quinn left a message for the President indicating our confusion. She called him back 15 minutes later from a car phone and clarified her intention to have it printed. Once again we remind you that the opinions expressed in this paper do not necessarily represent those of the editors, staff, or even the authors...



January 30, 1996

Mr. Zach Taub
c/o The Other Side
Pitzer College

Dear Zach,

I am writing in response to your editorial in the December issue of The Other Side.

You recommend that Pitzer reject becoming a drug culture or a conservative cookie-cutter place, and you advise its president "to foster a quirky brand of individualism and creativity, to cash in on difference, ... to encourage students to be different." These are certainly worthy goals, but, I believe, they fall short. There are goals more commendable than mere quirky individualism, goals that have nothing in common with conformism.

I think the challenge at Pitzer is to foster connections among already very different and very creative Pitzer students—and faculty, and staff, and administrators—as well as members of the rapidly changing and expanding community around us. The challenge is to foster an environment where already-different people listen to one another, span deep divisions, recognize systemic prejudices and move past them to create not just a better natural environment but some hope of a just society. As this century of all too many genocides wanes, Zach, we need ways to ground that transforming hope.

One essential way is through generous and honest discourse. I was never at home with the purely critical discourse of what was revered as scholarship when I was younger. It was most distasteful when it developed into blithe and clever cynicism. In my own work, I have sought to change the paradigm, to create a thinking related to doing that [sic] respects not merely quirky individualism but also collective human experiences and histories previously ignored in the academy. I believe that truth is found through not just doubt, but also passionate advocacy, trust, and even love. It has seemed to me that without these, we have no hope of creating new nexuses or just relationships.

I would also like to address your speculations on my motives for raising the issue of staff participation in governance. These speculations are not true. It goes without saying that I wished you would have talked to me about this issue; it is too important to the future of this college to be reduced to ill-formed assumptions.

There is no doubt, Zach, that I feel strongly about the matter of staff inclusion. The reasons go back to what I was doing at your age—civil rights work. It is in my nature to stick my neck out a bit and ask Pitzer to change a bit. I do trust that this community can come up with a more inclusive and just way of making policy. That is why I am here. I think Pitzer has a chance, like few other colleges, to continue to struggle to be just, to continue to transform itself.

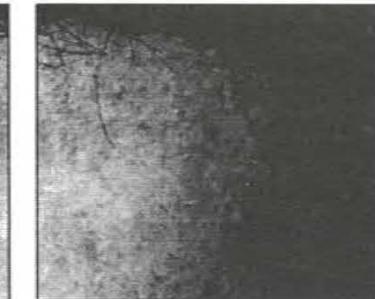
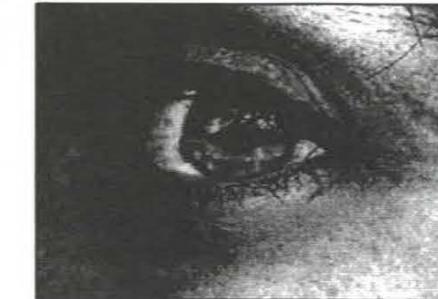
Finally, I have counted on Pitzer to be a place where I can trust others enough to be myself, a self with a passion for causes and a sense of humor—a self that makes faces. I am grateful to the students, faculty, and staff who allow me my space to be a quirky individual and have taken the care not to misread me.

I know, as you must have learned as an editor of The Other Side, that when one steps out into a public role, one becomes a screen for projections. I have watched this movie for a few years now, and, to be really honest with you, Zach, its plot is hopeless—the same old either/or, good guys/bad guys, male/female, old/young, */*.

I will work hard at Pitzer to see an alternative, inspiring, and original production. Take care, Zach.

Sincerely,

Marilyn Chapin Massey
President



February 12, 1996

President Marilyn Massey
c/o The Other Side
Pitzer College

Dear President Massey,

You suggest that there are goals more worthy than encouraging students to be different. I believe that Zach meant we should encourage students to be themselves-- "different" from the generic automaton so often constructed by our institutions of learning (yes, Pitzer included). I don't think there can be a loftier goal or educational objective than to help a person fulfill his or her own unique potential. This means more than just listening to differences and making faces.

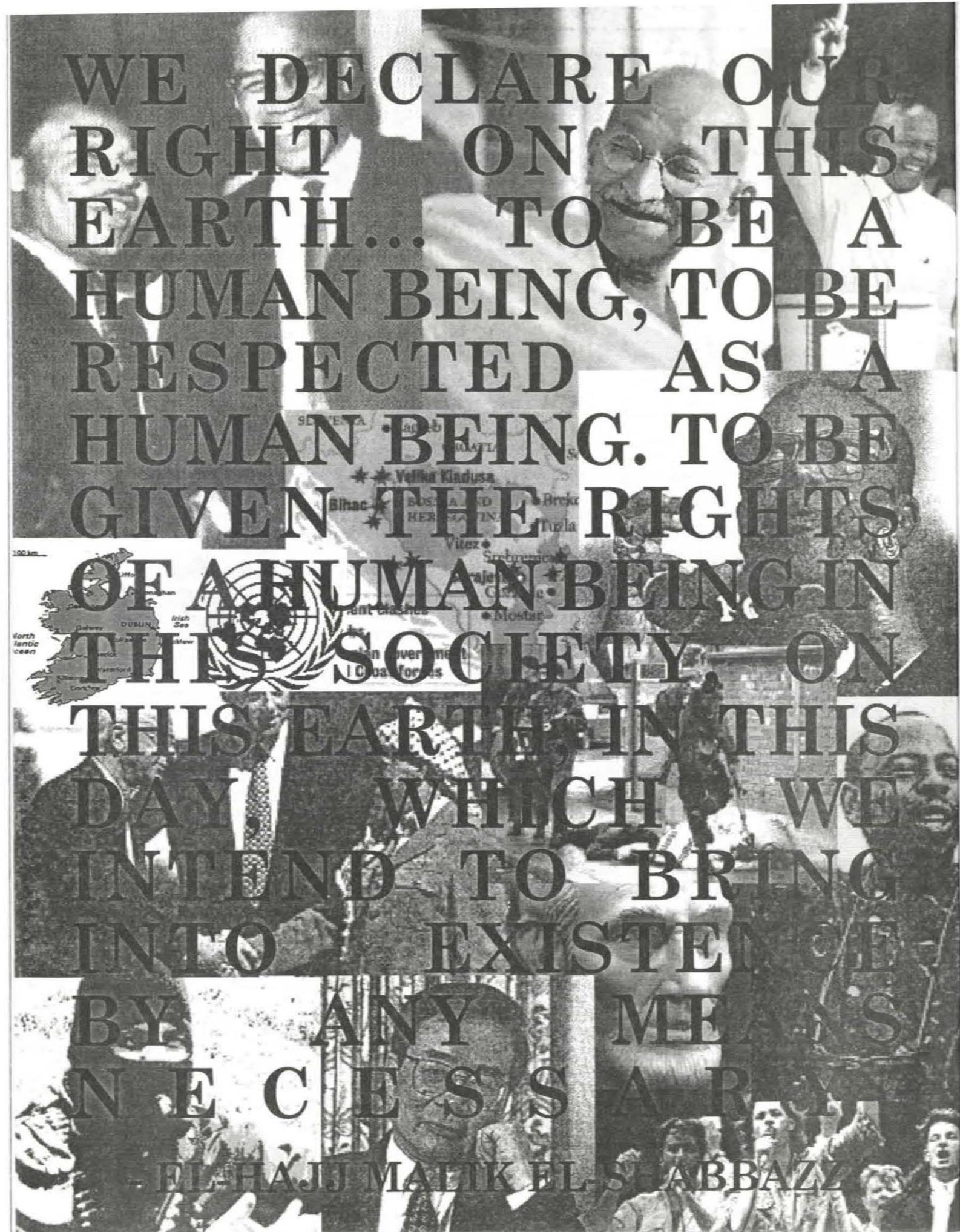
More than idle talk, what is necessary for healthy human relationships is integrity and the confidence to act and speak with sincerity. How can one begin to help another arrive at a place the former has not yet been? You toss around phrases like "honest discourse" and to be honest with you, Marilyn, I'm not sure what this means to you. An honest discourse with a hand-picked committee is hardly an honest discourse with the community. As for the term, "generous discourse": To be generous, to me, is to give up something of yourself for others, for their benefit; not only words but actions. Justice is to do what is right for the individual in a manner that is good for the entire society. Sometimes it involves pain, sometimes humor, but always something "different." To know what is just is to know the whole society—quirks, creativity, and all.

One of the biggest "systemic prejudices" I see is that of governance systems, including Pitzer's. Those with the highest salaries have the highest word. It is given that the few should govern the many. All the committees and boards are nothing but bodies which make "recommendations" to the president. When those at the top assume that the majority are unqualified to even partially govern their own affairs, then surely they have not taken the time to know the society, and they cannot possibly be just.

I agree that truth is found through doubt, trust and love. Why not apply those feelings here? Doubt that it is your responsibility to micro-manage college affairs; trust the communities of Pitzer College to not only elect representatives but also form policy themselves; and love your brothers and sisters enough to do both of these things. It's easy for us to allow you space to be quirky. You can fire us, fail to renew our contracts, and revoke our financial aid if we don't. For you to give us space is much harder. For that you need to be aware of the needs of the community, and committed to having the college meet them. That is a large task that would require hard work. It would not require theatrics. We aren't making a movie here, Marilyn. This is the real thing.

Sincerely,

Matthew Cooke



Sex (a lot of it), Money, and Power

by Shanti Webley

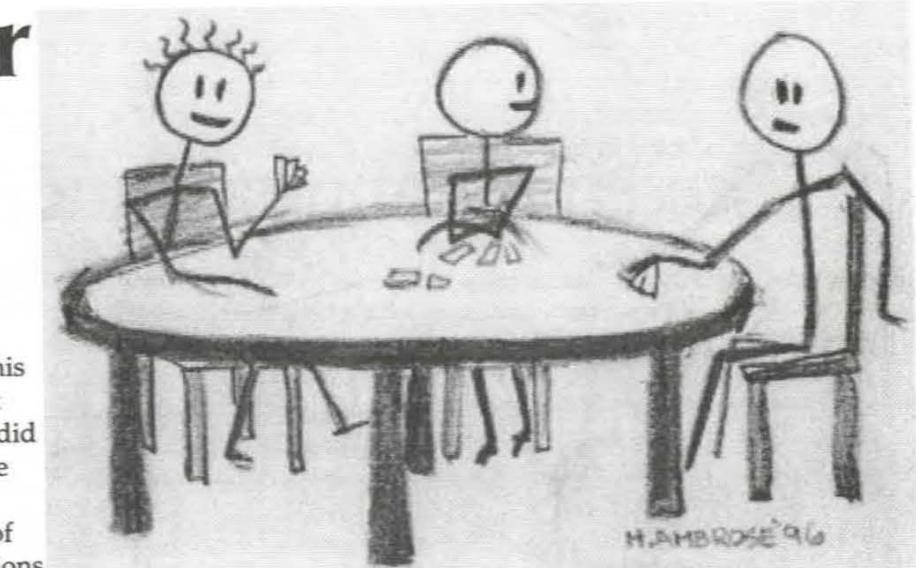
Ha Ha Ha, did it again.
Now, read.

My brother was at Pitzer this weekend. Oh yeah, we had a great time. We hung out, went out, and did all the usual Pitzer stuff (yes, all the usual Pitzer stuff). But we didn't really talk; my brother is the kind of person who doesn't share his opinions on much. Any questions I ask him will usually get a response like "I don't know" or "Stop bothering me." Not that my brother is not a deep, sensitive, or reflective person (well, actually he isn't: he's shallow, crude, and stupid), just that he keeps his thoughts to himself, especially when he's in a situation foreign to him. So when I heard my brother open his mouth with something to say, I was surprised; and, when that something turned out to be about Pitzer, I was even more surprised.

"You know what's really cool about Pitzer?" my brother asked. No, I didn't, and so he told me. "Well," he said, "at my school everyone's so...discombobulated." (My brother goes to some hot shit school, and he thinks he's pretty smart for using those big words). "At Pitzer, there's...solidarity" (another one). Now, knowing that the theme for the upcoming issue of *The Other Side* was race relations at Pitzer, I had a good idea what my brother was talking about. I was right: "It's like a breath of fresh air," he said, "minorities hang out together."

I think I understand why my brother was so taken aback. He and I grew up in a family and community where there was little idea of racial togetherness. In many ways this was beneficial to tykes like us. We all played without realizing that our skins and phenotype were marks of some cultural hierarchy (now I'm starting to sound like my brother). We were, like the cliche goes, color-blind.

But that only lasted so long. The unfortunate truth of racism slowly crept up on us like it has crept up on many others before. Little remarks, hints, slip-ups - I have never known a harder time in my life than when I started to "become" black. I was not the only one going through this, though. There were



others like me, like my brother who, confronted with the reality of their race, founds tricks and ploys and especially - I know it's corny - other people to help them cope with a new found hurt.

So when my brother says he is impressed by the minority groups on campus, the same groups which some people find exclusionary and mean-spirited, I am glad to see that Pitzer and the Claremonts have these stable, healthy systems of support between students. I am glad to participate in them.

On the other hand, at such an advanced (we are not children) stage in our lives, and at a place of so much potential understanding, it is a great sadness that there is a need for support systems for the racism which one would expect to be absent. However, until it is gone, I am thankful that there are people who have been through much of what I have, have felt much of what I have, and who are thus close to me in ways other than just skin deep.

When my brother left a few days after we talked, he took with him a couple of my tapes, my jacket, and my roommate's copy of the *Kama Sutra*, a North Indian manual on the techniques of making love. He took all of these things without me knowing, and because of this he is a sneaky little bastard. Although he is a bastard, my brother is also one of those people who is tied to me by common experience, not only because we are brothers, but because we are black. And for this, I am thankful.

Essay

The Pimping of a Rhodes Scholar

by Juan deLara



John Dewey once wrote that through education, "each individual gets an opportunity to escape from the limitations of the social group in which he [sic] was born." When I was growing up people always told me that the only way to get out of the fields was to go to school. Historically, education has been seen as the path of liberation for marginalized people. However, it is important to realize that there are forces inside of academia that control and dominate those wishing to escape marginalization.

The academy cannot be separated from the rest of society. People of Color, women, gays, lesbians, and working class people are just as marginalized within institutions of higher learning as they are in society. The ruling elite of the academy is often composed of an upper and middle class group that shapes and defines what is learned and legitimized in the institution. What is valid is often rooted in methodology and paradigms constructed by those in positions of power and privilege. For traditionally marginalized groups this often means that escaping from the "limitations" of our social group indicates an indoctrination process that seeks to remove us from ourselves, from our communities and shape us into the form of the other, the privileged class. To avoid isolating ourselves from our communities we must connect our experiences of racism and oppression on campus to the state of poverty and exploitation in our communities. More importantly, we must link our struggles for social responsibility on our campuses to the struggles of poor and oppressed people in a broader social context.

My level of activism here at Pitzer has taken different routes. There have been and continue to be times that I operate outside the guidelines of the political domain because like academia, it continues to be controlled by a privileged elite. However, I've also done my share of work inside the system. At times I've had to step back and re-evaluate my views. I understand now that systems can be and are often used to incorporate dissent as a means of co-opting those seen as a threat to the stability of an oppressive structure. I've also realized that those who control those oppressive systems also control other aspects of the academy. If we are to establish a progressive movement that is critical of current systems then we must as Angie Chabram suggests, develop an oppositional ethnography that challenges mainstream intellectual traditions and allows us to analyze society from different perspectives. We must resist the attempt by dominant paradigms to remove us from our experiences and place us instead in a role as the privileged and removed academic.

Even though I never want to live through the hardships my

parents and family go through everyday, I do know that I don't see my past or my family as a limitation. More than anything, education has often been seen by the ambitious as a means of finding success. Usually success has meant getting a degree and making a lot of money. However, if we as a society are ever going to deal with oppressive socio-economic issues in our society, then we must question the very basis of what success means.

The literature is full of working class intellectuals who have to deal with this question. Working class Chicana and Chicano academics have always had to deal with how to balance two worlds: the ivory walls of the institution and the familiar walls of the barrio. I myself have had to deal with this question a lot lately. After I was awarded the Rhodes Scholarship, I had to deal with a lot of people who tried to remove me from my past. Although many romanticized my history, they trivialized it and failed to see how the first eighteen years of my life in Coachella were just as important as my four years at Pitzer.

The most amazing thing about my selection as a Rhodes Scholar is that if conservatives have their way, other kids like me will never have a chance of becoming Rhodes Scholars (I'm not so sure they would want to be). The press has done a good job of romanticizing my story. A poor kid of Mexican immigrant farmworkers pulling himself up by the bootstraps makes for good ratings. It also legitimizes an oppressive socio-economic system that consistently condemns people along racial, gender, sexuality and class lines.

While the papers and the electronic media have focused their coverage of my experience on the fact that I have "made it", a token to be held up as a trophy, I have tried to talk about my experience by questioning why I was a child working in the agricultural fields to begin with. Why is it that farmworkers, who face some of the worst working conditions and who have little rights to organize, continue to have the same demographic distribution and socio-economic status today as they did when I was picking grapes in the fields of California? It is no coincidence that farmworkers occupy the lower end of the economic spectrum. It is also no surprise that they continue to be victimized by those in power as the scapegoats for all of society's ills. The fact is that thousands of other kids with my background will never have the luxury of attending a college or university. Unlike what social conservatives and racists alike might think, those kids who are being abandoned by this society do not suffer from cultural deficiencies because they are Latina/o. Rather, the ruling elite in this society suffers from a genuine disregard for human life and social justice because a humanistic and just society poses a threat to their continued economic and social dominance.

The past couple of months have been weird for me. People I had never heard of before have invited me

to speak at their functions. I've even been offered a couple of highly paid jobs. The fact is that most people who want me to speak at their functions or participate in their activities probably would not have invited me if I had not received the Rhodes. So I'm left to think about how I've been commodified by an elite label. I have become the ultimate prostitute. Everywhere I speak or participate people attach Rhodes Scholar to the end of my name. I have been given value by a label associated with the exploitation of Africa and African people. People assign me value based on the decision of some unknown committee. Maybe Dewey was right. In order to be given value by so many people, I had to be removed from my past. Juanito from Coachella wasn't good enough. He had to be given a fancy title by a fancy committee to "make it," to "escape." Those of us who are stuck between our past and our present must realize that our past is our present. The struggle between co-optation and critique is a battle between control and resistance.

Pitzer has a history of trying to use the few working class students of color on campus to secure awards and grants by displaying us in their newly designed and expensive brochures.

PS. While Pitzer pimps my picture in its propaganda, I have to question whether it is truly committed to providing a nurturing environment for people of color on this campus. While it uses my image and story to lure students, I have to question its commitment to recruitment in poor areas. While we have all heard of stories of trips to visit with families in Chicago and other places back east, I've never heard the same of Pomona or South Central. Even for those students who are here, we are constantly trying to squeeze in time with the few progressive faculty of color who are overburdened because they often serve as token figures expected to speak for a seemingly invisible community. Pitzer has a history of trying to use the few working class students of color on campus to secure awards and grants by displaying us in their newly designed and expensive brochures. Pitzer is a pretty progressive place, probably one of the most progressive colleges in the country, but that doesn't excuse its ruling elite for the injustices that take place here. Bueno pues, que sigan adelante y que se chingen todos los que oprimen!

Essay

Leadership For a New Millenium

by Jose Calderon

As rapid demographic changes continue to take place. As Latinos moving into areas where African Americans were once a majority, or Asian Pacific immigrants move into areas where Latinos and the White community were once a majority — new problems have arisen that take new leadership.

Alliance is a necessity. We share some of the same common structural realities: a decline in manufacturing, the development of an information/technological society requiring a much more educated work force, and a process of segmentation that is pushing many of our communities into the lowest levels of the economy.

We all have some commonalities. Although this country has seen the development of a large middle-class, we have also seen the continued growth of a segmented population that has lost access to housing, health care, and a quality education. We compete for the dwindling services and, in the process, aim our anger at each other.

There are common issues that affect all people and have the capacity to bring people together: access to this country's public health system, employment opportunities, the need for curriculum transformation, and the need for greater government investment in our quality of life.

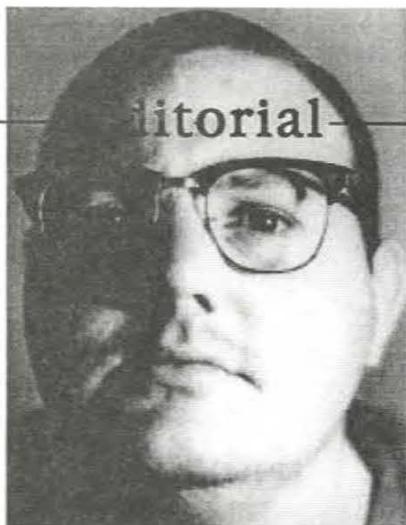
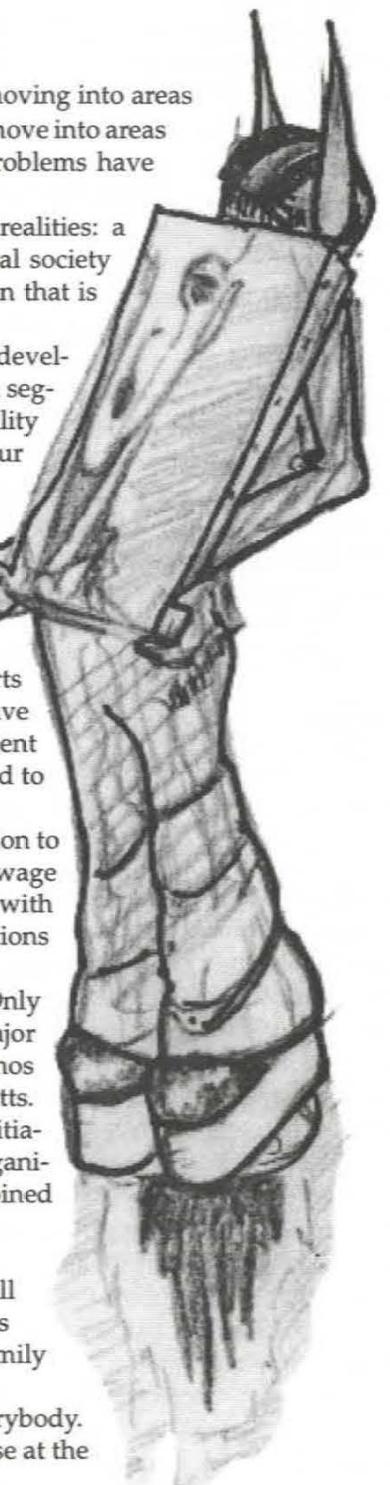
In recent decades, these concerns have united African Americans, Latinos, Asian Pacific, and working class people of all colors in various efforts which have shown the strength of power-sharing efforts. Such Coalitions have been effective in winning political reapportionment and mutual empowerment battles throughout the country. In Chicago, such political coalitions emerged to preserve Black wards and to increase the number of Latino wards.

Further various African American organizations have shown compassion to the cause of undocumented immigrants seeing them as part of the same low-wage labor force at the bottom that is exploited for larger profits. They have stood with Latino, Asian American, and working class groups in working to repeal sanctions against employers who hire undocumented immigrants.

Multi-ethnic coalitions have united in opposing the nativist English Only Proposition. While it passed in California, Blacks and Latinos played a major role in its defeat in Oakland and Berkeley. Closer to home, while 90% Latinos opposed the Proposition in Boyle Heights, 65% of Blacks also opposed it in Watts. This has also been true in coalition efforts to oppose the anti-immigrant initiative, Proposition 187. Various African American community leaders and organizations (including the NAACP, the SCLC, and the Urban League) have joined Asian and Latino groups in opposing the initiative.

While people of color are now the new majority in cities such as Los Angeles (where they comprise 54% of the city's population) prosperity is still passing them by. For African American and Latino people, the poverty rates are three times higher when compared to the larger population and their family incomes continue to fall.

Still, it must be pointed out that the conditions today are affecting everybody. While the rich are getting richer — the middle-class is shrinking — and those at the



All about bugs...

by quinn burson

So I'm walking back from another satisfying luncheon experience at McConnell Dining Hall, and I stop to talk to some friends. One of them notices a tiny bug on my shirt. It was some kind of fly. I don't like bugs too much. But she seems to really dig this little guy because every time I move my hand up to shoo him away she stops me. So then she sticks out a finger and the strange little bug climbs onto her finger—and she thinks that's pretty cool, but he quickly flies away and personally I'm glad because I don't like the idea of some stupid little bug getting all of the attention. And then out of nowhere she says that she knows what I should write my article for *The Other Side* about. I think that would be a pretty good thing to know considering the fact that our deadline was something like a week-and-a-half ago and the other editors are pretty much waiting on Aaron and I at this point—which is usually the case. So I ask her what I am supposed to write my article about, and she says—"You should write all about bugs."

I don't like bugs too much. But I don't have any other ideas, I mean I do but—to be frank—I kind of feel like I should keep quiet about them for a little while. I have been alerted, after all, that *The Other Side's* unique brand of critical discourse, coupled with rumors of unseemly public behavior by its very own editorial staff have made a great many people question the integrity of our fine publication. So much for ideas. At any rate, I don't feel like writing anything controversial, but I guess I don't feel much like writing about bugs either, though I don't know how to tell that to my friend.

So I just stand there and pretend to be thinking about bugs, and I'm actually trying to think about bugs but all I can think about is the image of lions gorging themselves at a kill. I know that doesn't have much to do with bugs, but that's just where my thought process took me and sometimes it's best not to fight it and I feel like this is one of those times. So as we part ways I seem like I'm deeply entrenched in thought over bugs and in a way maybe I am, but mostly I'm fretting because I know that it's coming down to the wire and I have to write about something.

And this is where I find myself now—sitting in front of my computer, a few paragraphs into a piece that's supposed to be about bugs and really isn't. And I guess that as stupid as that is, it's simply the way it has to be. And I have a terrible flu that has kept me in bed for days. And I'm pretty timid about writing a piece that is trying to say something because sometimes it seems like nobody is paying any attention, and sometimes it seems like a lot of people are paying attention—and they're calling us unprincipled assholes. Assuming that there are two groups: the one that isn't paying attention, and the one that thinks we're assholes, I can't figure out which group I feel like writing for. And that kind of breaks my heart. It breaks my heart because I don't think that we are unprincipled assholes. I think that we are people that really care about the goings on at Pitzer. I think that we are passionate. I think that sometimes we are probably idiots. But I don't think we are unprincipled. But now it seems like it is time to try and be mellow for a while—which is hard because we are not mellow people. And I feel like it is time to tip-toe around things at Pitzer. And I have pleaded with my colleagues that they tip-toe as well. So now I find myself writing a piece all about bugs—kind of.

But still, the more I sit here and try to think about bugs, the more I just get this image of lions gorging themselves at the kill—and behind them is a hungry group of scavengers waiting for their turn. And I bring this up with my suite-mate. And he asks me if I knew that lions ate until they collapsed—until they were in intense physical pain because they didn't know when they were going to eat next. I tell him that I hadn't ever heard that but somehow I knew that it made sense. But all I could think about was the scavengers. If the lions didn't know when they were going to eat next, and the scavengers had to wait for the lions to kill something—and eat all they could of it before the scavengers could eat, it seemed to me that the scavengers were in a pretty precarious situation. At least, it seemed to me, that the lions didn't really have to eat themselves sick because they would certainly have an easier time finding themselves hunched over a steaming carcass in the near future than some

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Fiction**Dr. Stern's Finale**
By Lawrence Cuapolong

The patient was rolled into the ER. The doors opened and the waiting emergency team immediately went to work. Lina's pulse quickened for she had never seen such a frightful sight.

The patient was wearing a tattered leather jacket and a very bloody Budweiser T-shirt. Lina could count three gun shot wounds on the man's belly and another one in his arm. The nurses and other assistants started spitting out medical reports that would be incomprehensible to anyone outside the medical field. Alarms and buzzers went off, warning that the patient was perilously close to death.

Thick blood gushed out of the man's wounds with every beat of his struggling heart. The bed was stained with so much blood that one would think it's original color was red instead of white. Lina froze in terror for she was sure that the man had no chance to live and his death would be on her hands. All the members of the emergency staff were looking at her. Their eyes were begging for action for they could not begin without a doctor to direct them. Lina's mind was blank, the man's wounds were hopelessly fatal and she didn't know what to do. The patient's life was slipping away, time was running out.

"Keep calm, doctor," came a very cool and confident voice.

All eyes turned to a man standing near the wall of the ER. He wore glasses but the left lens was tinted black while the other was clear. He wore his white lab coat as if he was born in them, the total embodiment of a veteran physician. His hands were in his pockets and he had no intention of scrubbing up or assisting with the emergency procedure.

"Keep calm doctor, I will guide you every step of the way, now take a deep breath," the one-eyed doctor commanded.

Lina inhaled and swallowed hard.

"OK, let's open him up..."

It took them half an hour but by that time the patient was stabilized. The one-eyed doctor guided Lina all the way but never moving from his spot or taking his hands out of his pockets. When the patient was out of danger, another crew rolled him off to the operating room at another part of the hospital. The one-eyed doctor turned to go but Lina stopped him.

"Thank you," she said breathless with exhaustion.

"No, you did all the work, you saved that man, congratulations, doctor."

The one-eyed doctor followed the patient to the OR and was gone.

The one-eyed physician was Dr. Julian Stern. He turned out to be the newly-appointed director of the hospital. He was somewhere in his early fifties. He had never examined, let alone touch a patient since he came to the hospital. Since he was the director, he didn't have cases of his own but was always assisting the younger doctors, giving them advice on various questions and problems. He usually ate alone like a quiet sad man. There was a pain in his heart that everyone could see but not understand.

Lina could not believe that she was beeped to the hospital even though she wasn't on call. The call was for a stage 1 alert, used only during some sort of emergency. The sky had been clear all day and it seemed

like a very unlikely day for a calamity.

Lina could see the ER already filled with almost all of the doctors of the hospital. Dr. Stern entered the room and all voices hushed.

"We have a medical emergency on our hands. Thirty minutes ago the chemical plant outside the city had an accident. There is a flood of wounded workers and since we are the closest hospital, we will be receiving those needing most urgent care. The wounded should be arriving any minute. Everyone get ready for a long night," Dr. Stern said.

Lina remembered a previous stage 1 alert. It was during a hurricane but it wasn't as bad as she thought it would be. The strong winds were rattling the windows and the hospital had to use its own generators when the power went out. The ER was packed for two hours but the emergency seemed to be over before it even started.

From the window, Lina could see the red lights of half a dozen speeding ambulances. Their sirens became louder and louder and soon the wounded were coming through the door. The whole ER was electrified and thrown into a frenzy of screaming patients and blaring alarms. The calm, rapid-fire exchange of medical information was lost and the hospital staff was reduced to shouting above the din of the chaos.

There was no end to the flow of wounded. All the doctors were handling multiple cases at the same time. Despite their best efforts to treat each incoming patient as quickly as possible, they could not stem the flood of wounded.

Finishing her work in one of the converted waiting rooms, Lina passed the "Central" of the ER on her way to entrance. The Central of the ER was where all the worst cases were being sent. To Lina's surprise, she saw Dr. Stern working in all his glory. The one-eyed doctor operated with all the calm and confidence of a seasoned surgeon, his hands were literally flying over the patient's wounds. He performed with such swiftness and skill that it looked as though everything he did came naturally. He seemed unaffected by the din of the ER, there simply was no stress or nervousness.

Lina thought that Dr. Stern was just a mere administrator, an old doctor who sat behind a desk and pushed paper all day; an administrator that was very good in giving advice, was very knowledgeable in procedure but had lost the nerve to use the knife. Lina was obviously wrong for she had never seen any doctor work as quickly and as skillfully as the one-eyed director.

The next morning, Lina woke up in the doctor's lounge. She could not remember anything after seeing Dr. Stern working at Central. She had never worked so hard in her life, helping more people than she bothered to count.

The emergency was over and all the patients had been stabilized. The hospital received close to a hundred seriously wounded patients but only lost two during the whole night. Many of the doctors had gone home to rest but Dr. Stern was still there amongst the patients in the crowded ER. His arms folded as he watched over the sleeping people like a protecting father.

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"Race Matters"

The Office of Black Student Affairs is sponsoring a series of events during the week of February 19-24.

The entire Claremont College community has agreed to participate in discussions on race and ethnicity during that week.

On Wednesday, Feb. 21 at 7:00pm in the Gold Student Center Multi-purpose room, there will be a showing of the film, "Skin Deep." Following the screening will be a discussion with students, faculty and staff.

"Skin Deep" is a documentary done by students at college campuses across the country. It documents in a very sincere and direct manner their dealings with race at home and at school. Part of their experiences included a weekend retreat together where a diverse group discussed relations between peoples of different color.

We hope you take just a few hours and come to this. Racism will not go away by itself. It will take a sincere commitment to opening our hearts, minds, mouths, and ears to each other. See you there.

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—Essay

Playing the Game

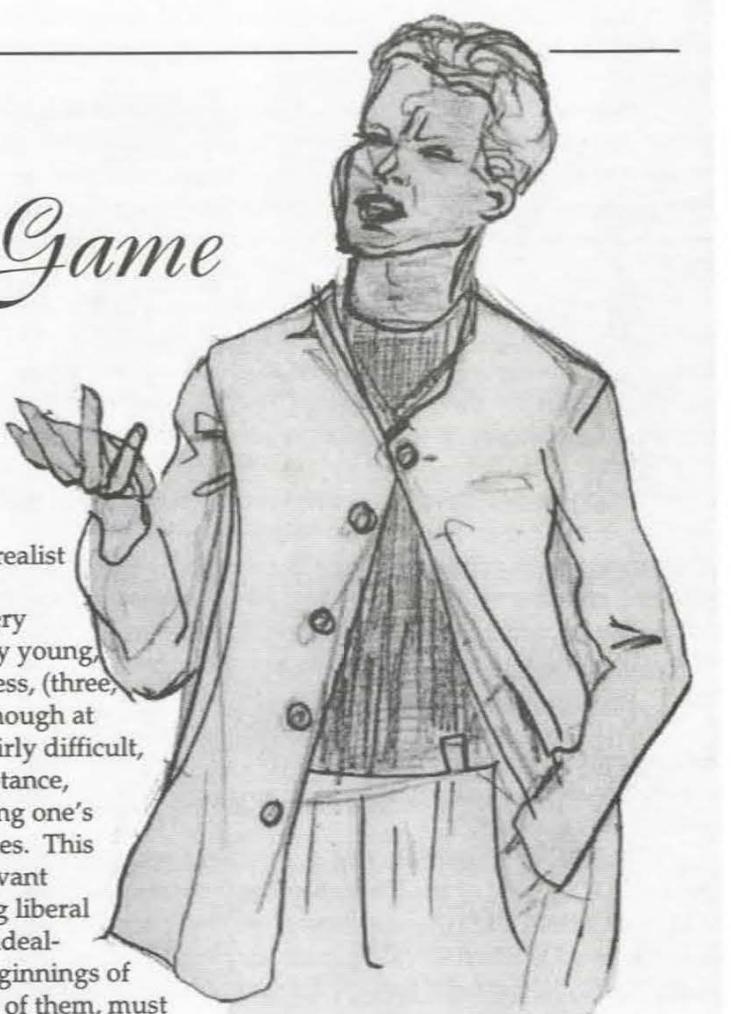
by Edwin A. Martini, III

The transition from being an idealist to a realist can be a taxing, if not traumatic experience. This metamorphosis, which seems to preclude my every thought and action these days, is one which every young, aspiring liberal must undergo. Parts of this process, (three, in a simplified manner) are relatively simple, although at times they seem the opposite, while others are fairly difficult, to say the least. These parts, I believe, are: Acceptance, choosing and fighting ones battles, and developing one's individual role within the framework of the battles. This idea of transition from idealism to realism is relevant today for two reasons. First of all, we, as a young liberal community are generally, it appears, inclined to idealism. This, although a wonderful place for the beginnings of a struggle and in many instances the basis for all of them, must be sacrificed to some extent for the sake of progress. Secondly, because it's time. America is at a political, economic, and social crossroads. The events of the next ten or so years have the powerful potential to shape and define this nation for a long time. Downshifting from idealism to realism, if done across the boundaries of gender and culture, can affect long-term change in the all-encompassing arena of class, manifesting in a nationalistic movement to restore democracy to all and a voice to the silenced.

But first the transition must be made. It must be accepted that we cannot fight every battle. The nation, or the world, cannot be saved entirely - at least not all at once. We need to accept this. That deregulated capitalism may continue to rear its ugly head and oppression may still exist are unalterable facts for the time being. Essentially, I think, we need to work within the framework provided. Put another way, in order to have a chance to win, we need to play by the established rules of the game. Once progress begins to be made and a significant role in the game has been gained, then, and only then, may we go about changing the rules. This will require commitment, passion, and time. Patience doesn't seem to be a prevailing virtue of our generation, or of any for that matter, but it will be a prerequisite for progress.

Perhaps this would be a good point to pause and define a few things. The game, that I've been referring to is a political one. It's all about control and who has a voice, and, more importantly, who doesn't. The players are many, but the key players are those in Sacramento and Washington. They're not the ones making the rules, with a few exceptions. They're more like the ones moving the pieces around the board. The ones who make the rules, those ones engraved on the inside of the box, are those who monopolize the wealth and resources in this country, the top five percent, the keepers of the status quo. I would submit that these are some pretty major players and, in order to be on the same field, we must play by their rules. We must be capitalists and participate in the political processes as they currently exist. In short, we must be realistic.

Once we've excepted these things, we can go about playing the game. The first step, I think, lies in the difficult task of choosing our battles. I think this is one of the more difficult stages of the transition to realist. It's the stage I'm having a hard time with myself. How does one strike a major blow against the status quo,



gain a place in the game? To do so requires not only choosing our battles, but rethinking how we go about fighting them. Boycotts and rallies, protests and marches are fun, and without question, succeed on some levels. In order to be effective, however, they must be on a grand scale. My personal boycott of Pepsi products was personally satisfying for myself and others, but accomplished little in the grand scheme of things. My leaving banks because of their role in takeovers and conglomerations with others leaves the institutions all too much in tact. Wells Fargo still owns First Interstate and will lay off twenty percent of its workforce just in time for the fourth of July. Meaning: individual actions are important and conducive to further action, but accomplish little alone.

The role of the individual is important, but, to compete against the players on the side of the status quo, unified, continued action is a must. Simply put: there is strength in numbers. If all of First Interstate or Ameribank customers left, they'd feel it. If everyone stopped going to Disneyland, Michael Eisner would definitely have to rethink his strategies in the game. Here, again, comes the importance of realism. People like Pepsi. They like grapes. They like Mickey Mouse. There are only two legitimate ways to really combat the big dogs on their level, by their rules. One is to play out the game to its farthest reaches, to become a competitor to these institutions. The problems here are obvious: How does one gain a strong role in the game without buying in to its overt principles or succumbing to its practices. The second option, a much more viable one, I think, is to enter the realm of the game known as politics. This realm not only holds more opportunity and possibilities, but is founded (although long forgotten) on the principles that idealists seek to regain. What is needed, however, is a strong, diverse voice. Hold that thought.

Choosing one's battles is an individual decision, yet must be done with a group mentality. I'm sure there are many among us to whom injustice in even the most subtle forms deeply moves you to action. My mother thinks this of me, which makes me laugh. But to be realists, we must choose our battles, which is very difficult, given the range and scope of struggles. There is no relevant hierarchy of injustice or oppression, no formula or manual for revolution which specifies which battles to fight or how to fight them. I certainly don't know. This is as it should be, however - the changes in the game should stem from a popular will, from the voice of the people. I will say this however - choose those which inspire you, which make your passions rise and your

temper flare, for it is these struggles which will extract from you the committment of time and energy necessary in order to play the game to win.

Once the battles have been chosen, what type of roles does an individual play in the struggle, or the struggles of others? I'm not sure, as I am still in the process of choosing. Here's some examples of what I mean: I despise Bill Gates, but I prefer Windows to a Mac. I hate huge corporations, but I love McDonalds. I'm opposed to sweatshops, but my wardrobe consists largely of Gap clothing. The fact that I like Hootie and the Blowfish must fit in somewhere. I won't however, go to Disneyland, or a Mighty Ducks or Angels game. I won't buy Pepsi products or eat at Pizza Hut, even now that Rush has been taken off the pizza ads. Are these contradictions? I'm not sure. I'm just trying to choose my battles, and I'll continue to do it based on what inspires me and pisses me off the most. I think Bill Gates is next on my list.

I'm afraid that much of what I'm trying to say, as well as the clarity of my arguments gets lost somewhere between brainwave and pen, but there is some sense of purpose in the proceeding text. The crossroads of America, post-Cold War, pre-millennium, are upon us. And believe it or not, there is an "us." We are all headed towards a decision about whether to unite in the game or not. The status quo players are pushing this country increasingly toward a dual-class, dual-culture society. As the concentration of wealth, resources and power becomes greater, the differences between those that the status quo seeks to alienate and silence becomes less relevant. Movements such as Proposition 187 and HR 123 are only the beginning of

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Fiction (title) U

MMM... Mitch

by Steve Harwood

Mitch pulled his knees tightly against himself, and tried to keep from crying. He noticed that he was sucking furiously on his thumb. NO! He spit in disgust, and forced himself to sit on his hands so he wouldn't be tempted. He sat in the back of the bus, the fumes from the Vicks Vaporub he had smeared all over his body stung at his eyes. He could live with the discomfort. Just as he planned, it had kept anyone from sitting even remotely near him.

Mitch had a problem.

Mitch was delicious.

At first glance, Mitch Lepine seemed to be a perfectly normal, healthy and intelligent nineteen year old man. He stood just under six feet, a wiry figure, but not what one would call bony. His thinning dark hair foreshadowed a future of baldness. That was the least of his worries. More than anything, Mitch wanted to live the kind of life that a perfectly normal, healthy and intelligent nineteen year old man should live. But that was an impossible dream, because Mitch was the most delicious person in the world.

His troubles started when he entered into puberty, a time which tends to be traumatic enough for most boys. At this early age Mitch didn't notice any problems. He simply thought that he was lucky with girls. Ever since he played that rather innocent game of Truth or Dare at Leslie Glassman's batmitvah, Mitch was constantly being sought after by the girls at his school. Virtually every saturday night of his teen years, he would return home marked with large scarlet hickeys. The older he got, the darker and more painful his hickeys were becoming. The hickeys also seemed to be finding their way to more creative locations on his body.

Needless to say, the other boys at Mitch's school detested him. But Mitch didn't care. He was living a teenage boy's dream, he was only seventeen and receiving more oral sex than most men probably have in a lifetime. Yet he never bothered to question why he had such tremendous luck with women. Not until that night with Charlotte Thomson.

Mitch had been with Charlotte many times in the past and knew exactly what he could expect. However, that night during some particularly heavy necking, she began to get a little more aggressive than

usual. At first, Mitch found it exciting, but as her forcefulness increased he began to feel suffocated and attempted to pull away. He couldn't. Charlotte was biting his tongue, not in a playful manner, but viciously. Her eyes no longer held that coquettish look that Mitch had so often found erotic. She looked like a cat who was eyeing fish in an aquarium. He howled and grabbed at her hair in an attempt to free himself. The heel of his hand landed a blow against the side of her head unlocking her jaw. Mitch fell off the couch and onto his back. He gasped and swallowed hard, the warm taste of his own blood swam in his mouth.

"I'm sorry-I'm sorry-I'm sorry." Charlotte pleaded, suddenly out of her trance. Her hand jumped to her mouth, wiping traces of Mitch's blood from her lips. Charlotte stared down at her hand, looking at the streak of red which ran across it. Suddenly, a wave of calmness seemed to overtake her. Her eyes once again in a cat-like state, she began to lick her palms. Her head reared back, suddenly aware of what she was doing. The tone seemed to shift from apologetic to horrified. "Oh god! I'm sorry!"

She bolted for the door, making no effort to control her tears. Mitch sat silent and motionless, not out of fear or confusion, but because he was enraptured by the glorious taste of his own blood which was seeping from the small puncture wounds in his tongue. He didn't move for two hours.

Later that week Mitch made an appointment with Dr. Ostley. Dr. Ostley was the Lepine family doctor. He had treated Mitch for ear infections, sore throats, chicken pox, and several cases of mono, which he seemed to catch frequently.

"Alright, give me a nice big ahhh." Dr. Ostley peered into Mitch's mouth, probing with a sterilized tongue depressor. "Holy jeez, how the heck did you manage that?"

"Kissing." Mitch blushed slightly with embarrassment.

"What were you kissing? A can opener?" He giggled to himself. Dr. Ostley always laughed at his own jokes. Mitch hadn't even cracked a smile.

"This girl bit me. I thought she was gonna take my damn tongue off" Dr. Ostley shifted on his stool, not sure how to respond.

"Those punctures are pretty bad. Why didn't

you come to see me sooner?" Mitch seemed thoroughly disturbed by this question. He slumped his head forward, unsure whether or not to be ashamed.

"Mitch, why didn't you come see me?"

"It tasted good." He whispered.

"What tasted good?" Mitch paused before answering.

"My blood." Mitch felt the doctor throwing him a questioning glance. "I know I must sound like a nut, but I swear, it tasted good."

"Mitch, it's perfectly normal to suck on a wound. Most animals lick their wounds. It's sort of instinctual for—"

"No," Mitch interrupted, "this was different. I remember cutting my lip open when I was eight. I remember sucking on all the papercuts I used to get in kindergarten. I know what blood tastes like. This was different, this tasted really good." As Dr. Ostley listened to Mitch, he began to think about some of the drug addicts he had treated in the past. Mitch sounded like someone describing his first cocaine experience. "I've never tasted anything like it. It was like the tastes of all of my favorite foods had somehow come together and were dancing around my mouth. It didn't just satisfy my tongue, but my whole body. My whole body could taste it." Mitch's eyes seemed impossibly wide. An absent grin spread across his face as he talked. His elated demeanor sent a shiver down the doctor's spine. "When it stopped bleeding, I would just bite my tongue again. My parents finally made me come see you."

"I'd like to run a few tests on you, Mitch." said Dr. Ostley unsuccessfully trying to hide his discomfort. He was more than convinced that what Mitch needed was psychological testing, but the doctor had been trained never to overlook possibilities. No matter how bizarre.

During the next several weeks Dr. Ostley conducted a series of tests on Mitch. He originally planned only to run a routine series of blood tests. These tests seemed only to create more questions than they did answers. The doctor took tissue, skin, mucous, semen, stool, urine and saliva samples, x-rays, analyzed hair and fingernail clippings. He was now convinced that Mitch was not suffering from any psychological problems. Mitch's condition was definitely physical. The doctor became so engrossed in his study of Mitch that he cancelled all his appointments and closed down his practice for the next several weeks. He took Mitch to the state medical center where they would have access to more advanced equipment. There Dr. Ostley was able to study and dissect Mitch's cells, and even DNA pattern under electron microscopes. He had fed all of the information he had amassed into the hospital's largest computer, and spent sleepless nights entering in equations and variables. Over a month had past, and the doctor finally

called Mitch into his office to give him the results.

"You taste good." The doctor said looking over his stack of notes.

"I what?"

"You taste good. I don't know how else to put it." The doctor tried to put on his most believable face.

"I've been observing and testing you for quite some time now, and that's the conclusion I've come to. As unbelievable as it may seem, everything about you tastes good."

"I don't understand." Mitch looked as if he was trying to figure out an impossible math problem. Dr. Ostley sighed deeply and scratched his head.

"Do you bite your nails?"

"No."

"Bite one." Mitch did.

"Mmmmmm."

"See, very pleasing to the taste." Mitch didn't seem to hear him as he was too involved biting the nails off his other nine fingers. "Another astonishing discovery I've made is that you actually taste better now than you did a month ago." This seemed to grab Mitch's attention. "In the beginning my charts show you as being merely yummy. Your condition was then moved up to tasty. As it stands now, you are on the verge of becoming savory. If this continues, then in the next few years you will undoubtedly become luscious, then scrumptious, then finally delicious. We can only hope that it stops there." Mitch searched his mind trying

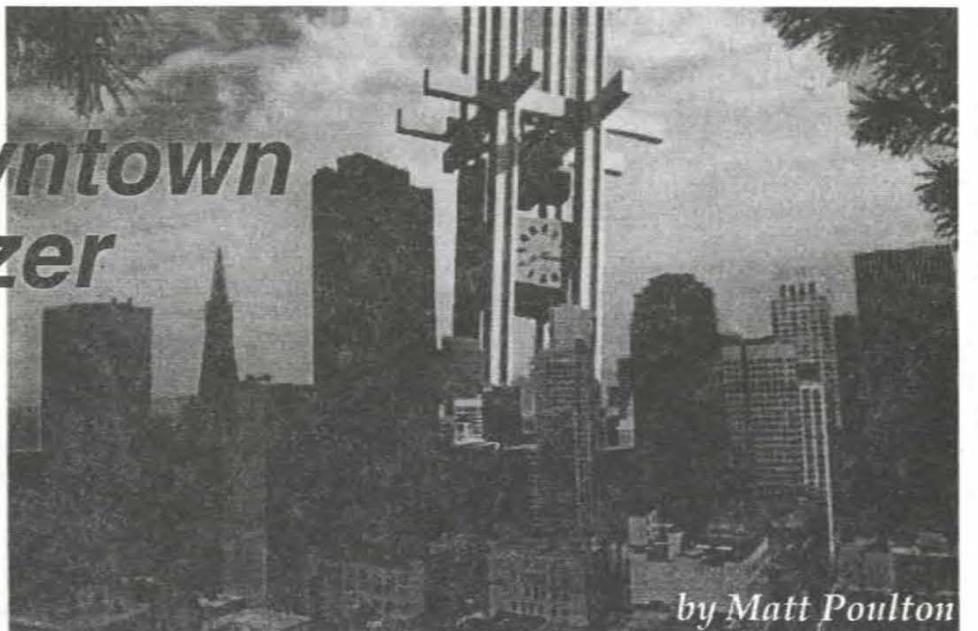
Why do I taste good? How did this happen? When I have children will they taste good too?

ing to remember if he had woken up that morning. Yes, he clearly remembered getting out of bed. This wasn't a dream.

"I'm sure you'd like a moment to think," said Dr. Ostley, rising from his leather chair. "If you'll excuse me a moment, I have something to attend to." He gave Mitch a smile as if trying to say *Hang in there*, then closed the door behind him.

Mitch's mind was suddenly gushing with questions: *Why do I taste good? How did this happen? When I have children will they taste good too? Can I have children? Is there anything I can do to make myself taste worse? Are you even a real doctor? Are you insane? Am I insane?* Mitch ran to find Dr. Ostley in hopes of answering some of these questions. A red light blinked outside one of the examination rooms indicating that it was occupied.

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—Essay**Downtown Pitzer**

by Matt Poulton

Before I moved to the controlled environment of Pitzer's dorm life, I lived downtown. It doesn't matter which city, because it probably could have been any one of them, anywhere. There are jobs to be had downtown and almost everyone agrees that money is required in order to live decent. Folks downtown dig scopin' members of the opposite sex with their homies over a drink and catch popular bands at bars and clubs with all the smoothness they can muster. You see, then, that downtown folks have a lot of similarities between them. They are all individuals who are at the same place and have come from different backgrounds. They are pretty much doing the same thing as best they can in order to survive.

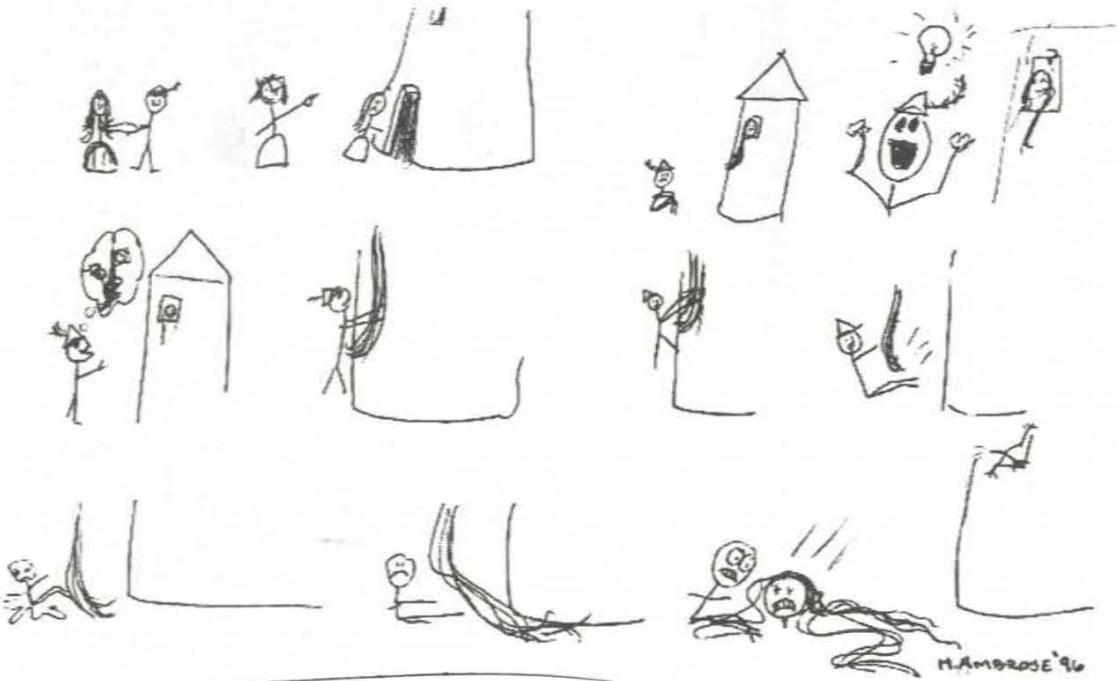
I left downtown, though, because I felt that there was too much unnecessary division there. Many bars and clubs that had similar food and music attracted stratified age groups, different socio-economic classes, and many different ethnicities. When it came to social interaction, downtowners definitely seemed to stay within the confines of their own group. Despite the array of perspectives that composed the downtown populace, different ideas were rarely exchanged because there was so little interaction between people.

I have found that Pitzer's community is not unlike that of downtown. People here tend to form cliques with others of similar backgrounds and it is with these people that we share our universal quests. These social and racial divisions can make a person think he has nothing in common with another walk of life. This is not only false, but potentially harmful as well. A person believing that only he has all of the answers and refuses to listen to others cuts himself off from different perspectives which may offer him great insights into his own life.

If we feel that the racial or social differences that set us apart from the rest of the world are the only things that count, then we are truly and permanently isolated. There are parts of everyone that are entirely unique and then there are some parts of us that are shared by all of humanity. These universal components are what give our species its richness. I know that there is a place in everyone, beyond the walls we put up, where a great life force runs like a river. It connects and binds us with the rest of their world and goes beyond any innate or constructed division possible.

It is frustrating to live in a community whose citizens have no idea how much they have in common with each other. I wish that we could look past the components that make us different from one another and concentrate on what we all have in common.

To me, it is a beautiful thing to realize that we are all more alike than we can imagine. I pray that someday everyone will feel their world beyond society's divisions and be able to talk to each other while we're all downtown.

Pitzer Class of '96*"My chewing gum has lost its flavor."**"Is that a gallstone in my chili?"*

AMBROSE '96

—La lucha—

Mujer

by Suyapa Portillo

What do you think of the struggle?", I asked Rita, a Zeltal woman living in Santa Elena, Chiapas. "La lucha Zapatista?" she asked me, "yes", I said, "there is nothing to think because I'm already in it...and I'm going to keep struggling and we'll see how it turns out..", she says. Rita, like many other Indigenous women in Chiapas, Mexico, are demanding better living conditions, health services, the right to choose how many children they want to have, education for their daughters, ending the violence in their homes and the right to dignity, justice and peace. Women's involvement in la lucha (struggle) Zapatista goes farther than the women in the EZLN (Ejercito Zapatista de Liberación Nacional) ranks. They are not only risking their lives in the jungle along with the compañeros, but they are also working in the communities, in their homes and in their personal lives to create a just society where their rights as women are acknowledged and respected.



Maria, a Tojolabal woman and her daughter, Gloria. Santa Elena, Chiapas

For five hundred years campesinas have been thrown out of their land, forced to live under the violent hand of an oppressive system that has reached into their bedrooms and manipulated their lives.

Violence from relatives and strangers thrived at their doorstep, their rights to their own bodies ignored and access to education seems a complete fantasy.

These indigenous women were not even considered human enough to receive decent health care, dying during childbirth or of curable disease is common.

Working a 24 hour day, in a milpa or on coffee fields, hot sun burning her already brown skin, sweat dripping over the child she carries on her back, muscles sore from yesterdays work, she moves on, because her family has to eat.

forced us out of our land,
once again scared us,
humiliated us,
invaded us,
with 23 helicopters they have told us we do not deserve to exist, as humans, as Mexicans.
No mother can tell their child their belly shouldn't ache,
that they shouldn't cry
no human being should tell their child that.

What does a woman do when her compañera,
the woman who washes clothes,
waters the garden,
grinds the coffee,

and looks after the ill
is being brutally beaten by her compañero?
Does she listen quietly, hoping it never happens to her?
Does she ignore the bruises on her sister's brown skin the next day when she sees her?,
Does she become deaf to the meek cries that break the stillness of the dry season?

When her compañeras have 7, 8, 9,10 children to take care of because her husband chose it that way,
When she doesn't have rights over her own body, her own mind
does she teach her daughters to accept?



Woman working on garden. Santa Elena, Chiapas



Military in Taniperlas, Chiapas (photo courtesy of Nancy Neiman)

Her body, lying open, veins bleeding out into her surroundings
raped by more than five hundred years of oppression, repression...

Cancer ripping at her ovaries,
hands tearing her apart at the joints
dislocating her
her daughters and sons.
pero "Ya Basta!"

"Ya Basta de dolor, ya no nos vamos a quedar calladas,
arrodilladas..."

Their hearts scream, their bodies break through the soil
like the corn shoot up into the light, they will no longer
kneel...

They will no longer be silent when injustices fill their
lives,

when women cry at the fist of a man,
when children go hungry,
when their bodies are raped,
when they work for no pay,
when they have no choice,
when they have no say...

When you ask about women's involvement in the Zapatista struggle,
you are asking about a Revolution in the lives of the Mayan women in the Southeastern mountains of Mexico,
You are asking about a woman taking up arms, living in the jungle, deep in mud, walking through the stillness of the night, undetected....

You are asking about a woman living in a community with little food,
but with dignity and courage that will feed her and keep her moving.
You are asking about women ending the rape, the torture of watching your children die, ending the disease that contaminates the hearts of the few with the economic power,
You are asking about organized women that are working to end the stealing of land
women Demanding the respect that all human beings are entitled to.
They are there to end the ignorance in a world that (as a compañera put it to me) has forgotten the true meaning of Dignity, Respect, Peace and Justice.
You are talking about women giving their life to better their present conditions.
There is no turning back,
Even if they have to die,
there is no turning back in educating the men in their communities
there is no turning back in Educating the greedy Mexican Government
there is no turning back in the path they have chosen to Liberation...
Adelante Compañeras!

when
they've all
run out

by elise graner



I sank back inside myself when I saw them take the lighter and light it underneath the foil. They inhaled slowly through the rolled up dollar bill, slowly, they didn't want to puke all over everything. "We don't do this often." "Are you OK?" I'm fine, just fine. I'd seen "him" do it lots back home. Lose weight, become thinner and slowly "he'd" dissipate into nothing except for paranoia. And fear. "Walk it on home", Lou Reed would say. But "he" wouldn't be able to walk home. In his mind they were all following "him".

A mob "he" saw. They were going to kill him. "He" came inside and shook our mother, turned off all of the lights quickly and knelt next to the window. "He" cautiously looked out for them. "He" knew they were there. They weren't. I sat there sober while they asked me if I would mind and I thought of "him". I sank back inside my memories of what he was before and then after.

I walked inside and looked around. "He" was around, sitting with his friends, laughing, and enjoying the beer. I walked around. Acting, as if I didn't notice the exact way he was sitting on the stool or how "his" eyebrows would slightly go up and his eyes would lighten, lit not under foil, but under an ocean of pale green. "I'm Waiting For the Man" came on. Velvet Underground. Apparently "he" was still underground. Apparently "he" was still underground. I looked around for "him" but couldn't find "him". I smoked a cigarette, my sole companion in this room of strangers. Later "he" talked to me. Smiled at me. Laughed at me. "I'm an alcoholic." "I'm chronically depressed." "Let's Meet and Have a Baby Now." The B'52's. He went back inside. I left. I thought of another "he", the one that also left. The one that died. It's not funny. But it is. It's all funny, just not....fun.

I walked inside of my room, sick, tired, and with a throbbing headache. I pulled myself underneath the sheets and layers of laundry that I hadn't put away yet. Disillusionment swept through me, through the chill that came through the open window. Live through this. My head hurts. I drank too much. I smoked too much. But I can't feel any of it except the headache. The rest is dulled by the medication. No reactions to anything. The medication won't allow it. My chest hurts, I feel like crying. But, my eyes remain dry. "Dry". Numb again to feel no reactions because the medication won't allow it. But somewhere through this mind altering medication I know I'm still there, somewhere. Somewhere my real thoughts lay and they are not happy. My mind stirs without motion. It will all catch up with me like the weeks of laundry I lay beneath.

When I get off this medication and I am no longer numb, a rush will come through me like a chill through an open window. My eyes will begin to tear and they won't stop. My mind will stir with relentless motion and I'll run through the stillstreets into my house. I'll shake my mother and turn off all of the lights. And I'll kneel beside the window and cautiously look outside for them. But none of them will be there. None of the "he's" will be there. They have all left. They're all dead.

And I'll take the lighter from beneath the tin foil to light and inhale. And the lighter won't work. It's not funny...but I'm always amused later. Later. Always much later when the medication has run out.

—Essay—



The Life Around Us

by Layla Welborn and
Stephani Anderson

We live in a place of incessant landscaping and chain stores and blinding pollution. But sometimes it isn't until we leave that its oppressiveness can be realized. Not everyone gets sick like some do from the air but in wild places a body can feel the difference and breath changes. We are so penetrated by a people-made environment that we become self centered, as individuals and also as a species. Because nature cannot be reduced to science or development it offers us a space to wonder, and to hold onto a childlike ability to see things anew.

We are calling for the preservation of experience, the active and intentional salvation of the very fundamental elements of the environment so that each species and generation may experience them. It is this issue of protection from which we recognize the most integral idea of life on earth: respect. Respect is best defined with consideration of its roots. "Re" implies a second attempt and "spect" is to look. In essence we need to take a second look at our surroundings and ourselves. In remembering that each species is a living creature and has an experience of its own, the effects of our lifestyles, both positive and negative, must be reconsidered. Yet, to be empowered to redefine our perception is to have an open mind, heart, and vitality.

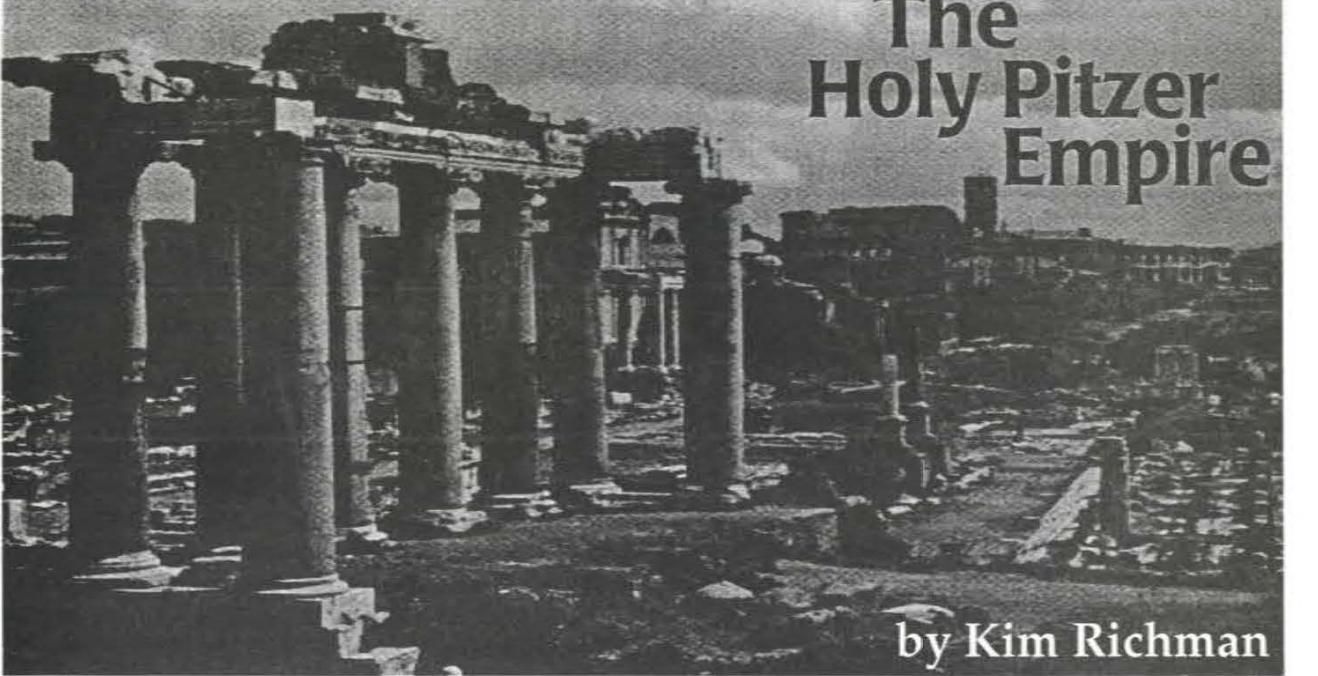
We must intentionally choose to redirect our consciousness so that each day we look outside and recognize the awe of the life that thrives around us. This challenges us to look past the societal constructs, both physically made and mentally perpetuated, and understand the very basic opportunities that life affords us with the breath of the morning. We must not grieve or be reproachful for the errors we have made in the past but rather become motivated by the knowledge we have discovered as we begin to unravel our capacity to effect change. From here, it begins in small ways. This moves us to fully experience the life around us and inspires awareness of the needs of those beyond ourselves. If we walk a bit slower as we go from place to place and actually see the environment we exist in every day, we will be reminded to act in more benign and beneficial ways. Our roles as protectors will begin to flourish innately.

Being surrounded by people - in a room, on the telephone, even from a distance - there seems always to be something to think or to say about ourselves and them. Even if it is not judgmental, we become consumed by human presence. When we indulge ourselves in this it is easy, almost natural, to become overwhelmed by the horrors that humans create. There is a reminder in nature that even if humans cannot overcome their own evils there is something that can - like wildflowers growing in concentration camps or over battlefields or in the path where someone was raped. This is what nature can do also for the mind. This is the sustenance of the soul - for what is life worth if we lose hope? We too must grow like wildflowers in places of tragedy, for nature can balance the confusion of humanity if we allow it to. We can let it give us energy even when our fights and passions suffer more losses than victories.

The roots of the word humble lead back to manure or compost, so that to become humbled is in a sense to be turned back into earth. When we open ourselves up to nature we become fertile ground. We

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Student Senate Reports on...



The Holy Pitzer Empire

by Kim Richman

Yeah, I know we're tired of discussing it. I know we've been debating about it since day one. And no matter how much we discuss it, we never seem to reach a decision or even come to a consensus about how the Pitzer governance structure should work, and how to go about changing it. For exactly these reasons, many students seem nonplussed about the formation of the soon-to-be-convened Ad-Hoc Governance Committee. This is a committee whose creation, by the way, was proposed two years ago in response to the same sorts of concerns that are being voiced by students now—an all-too-fitting illustration of exactly the kinds of structural problems that will hopefully be addressed by the committee-to-be.

Unfortunately, as sick as we are of dealing with it, this issue is at the heart of most of the problems that arise at Pitzer, and is definitely not going to go away. A look at the history of "the governance issue" at Pitzer could arguably begin in 1963 when the first students walked onto this campus and held the first Town Meeting in Scott Hall to begin to establish policies. Don't worry, I'm not going to go back that far. In fact, I'm not even going to go back five years when the Community Relations Committee was replaced with Student Senate in its present form. What is most important to concentrate on at this point is the present situation and the progress (whatever that may be) in the last year.

Perhaps it would be helpful, in order to understand the changes that are being proposed and the reasons for them, to outline quickly the present governance system. It is essentially a pathway for recommendations, beginning when a proposal is brought to or originates in an Ad-Hoc (temporary) Committee or one of the College's standing committees—Academic Events, Academic Standards, Academic Planning, Curriculum, External Studies, Budgetary Implementation (or BIC), Recruitment and Concerns of Underrepresented Peoples (CRCUP), Academic Computing, Research and Awards, Student Appointments, Judicial Council, or Faculty Executive Committee (FEC). Depending on the nature of the proposal, it may then be discussed by both the respective governance bodies of the students and faculty—Student Senate and a Faculty Meeting or FEC—or be decided within the standing committee if it is not a matter of policy change. If it is a matter of college policy, the proposal will continue through the channels to College Council (or, in some cases, to the proper Senior staff member). Voting membership of College Council consists presently of all faculty and Student Senate members (up to twenty students, or one third of the faculty vote), although the meetings are

open and anyone is welcome to participate in the discussion on the table. If the proposal receives a majority vote, it goes to the President as a formal recommendation. After the President has approved the proposal, she brings it to the Board of Trustees as the final rubber stamp before the proposal is implemented as college policy. So—that's how it works.

Many staff felt "often surprised then frustrated or demoralized by the reality of being the most institutionally silenced group on campus."

If you're thinking that's a lot of committees and channels and time, you've touched on exactly the kind of sentiments of frustration that lead to the community's call for a look into governance reform.

Last year, in preparation for the formation of the Ad-Hoc Governance Committee, each body in the community—students, faculty, and staff—was asked to formulate a proposal for governance reform. In the case of the staff, this meant drawing up a proposal that would allow for their own involvement in the first place, since historically staff is the only portion of the community with no representative body, no votes on College Council—and thus, no direct say in college policy-making. This is especially problematic in light of the policy issues that are coming to College Council presently—such as sexual harassment policy and primary care-taker leave policy—which are certainly germane to the interests and needs of staff members. Many staff felt "often surprised then frustrated or demoralized by the reality of being the most institutionally silenced group on campus." A Staff Governance Task Force was assembled, chaired by Registrar Vic Egitto, and formed a proposal with two possible models for a new governance system. These models call for a "Staff Council" as a meeting forum, and a "Staff Senate" as a representative body, as well as staff membership on FEC and in some cases other standing committees. In one of the models, College Council would be replaced by a College Executive Board made up of elected or appointed students, faculty and staff. These bodies would include senior staff (vice presidents, such as the Dean of Students, Dean of Admissions, V.P. for Advancement, Treasurer, and Dean of Faculty) as only ex-officio members, as they would be able to make recommendations directly to the President.

Student Senate also put forward a proposal in which it generally supported the present college participatory structure but offered several suggestions, including the need to focus attention on the perceived

student apathy in the governance system, the creation of an Internal Review Board to review the ethics of faculty and student research projects, and a Budget Committee who is more responsive to student needs than BIC. Some particular suggestions were made for changes in the workings of College Council. These included the need for staff representation, better communication to the College community about the times and content of the meetings, and the necessity of rebuilding faculty and student interest in College Council. Frustration over the lack of attendance of both students and faculty at College Council meetings has been a major factor in the call for an overhaul of the governance system. One faculty member even suggested abolishing College Council and replacing it with a policy-making body consisting of three elected members of each constituency—faculty, student and staff.

Similar frustrations led a group of FEC members to write up an informal proposal calling for, among other things, elimination of student votes on FEC personnel cases (there are presently two student votes), restricting membership of College Council to faculty on multi-year contracts, and a general inclination towards less student participation in the governance system. This was based on two notions: a) that student participation on these committees had proven to be inconsistent and inadequate, and b) that "students' ability and interest in making difficult decisions especially on personnel cases" was not adequate. Upon reaching Student Senate, this proposal was met with immediate and vocal resentment, and was promptly discarded. At about the same time (last semester), an informal group of students began to discuss their unhappiness over several aspects of Pitzer's governance and administrative hierarchy with trustees. While some trustees were very helpful and willing to listen, others questioned the appropriateness of their involvement and saw the role of the trustee as dealing with only financial concerns of the College.

The several levels of community involvement in the governance reform debate suggest that it is truly an issue of primary importance to Pitzer. We know this also because the debate never dies. While the manifestations may change from semester to semester, the root problem is always tied to the College's decision-making mechanism and power chain. It is a matter which encompasses the entire community because it, in essence, tells each of us exactly what our role will be at Pitzer. It's funny to note that a Pitzer alum from the Class of '67 will tell you about exactly the same sorts of debates during her time here. So, the process seems endless—and to be honest, it probably is. But an endless process is not necessarily a futile one; and our goal of a better functioning and more representative governance system may actually be within reach. ■

Poetry

Nightfall
by Jon-David Settell

It falls open
(his mouth)
slowly
oh god so slowly
(godless)
the glory
the carnal gleaming of
the purish white teeth
the balm red mouth
spills open
my name falls out
(a whisper)
a hummingbird choking in his throat
bursts free
now.

I swallow it.

And I fall into
that.

It is odd-
the vacuity of reason
(oh so unnatural her!)
created in the existence of
(dare he say it?)
passion

(sick, stupid boy!)

Immensity unfolds
tinged blue edgewise with our mutual disgust
but otherwise
overwhelmingly
hellishly reddened
ardently burning
(flamelike)
with our abhorrent
faggot-lust

And he pulls away
And I prepare for it
for the sobbing condemnations
the blackening self-hatred
the immensity that is

blue and cold
now.

So I return.

Fervencies upon which I subsist
Ecstasies in which I would drown
gladly
are shameful
(godless)
Filthy.
That which I glorify
is most vile and base.

As am I.

We pass one another-
Recognition? No.
As strangers
our girls beside us
our passions behind us
our despair-
eternal.

Delicate eruptions of blood streaked gold
mar the blackening sky.

I face you
All of you
n this falling of the night
my acerbic tears
etch red and gold
into my sallow cheeks
my pariah's face
My mouth open
mine eyes shut tight
as my hands
desperately
absurdly
open before you
and rise-
ever so slowly
(exquisitely so!)
orming
that ubiquitous gesture
of rebellion
(how crass)
I call to him
(he turns from us!)
You are all abandoned
now.

We kiss.

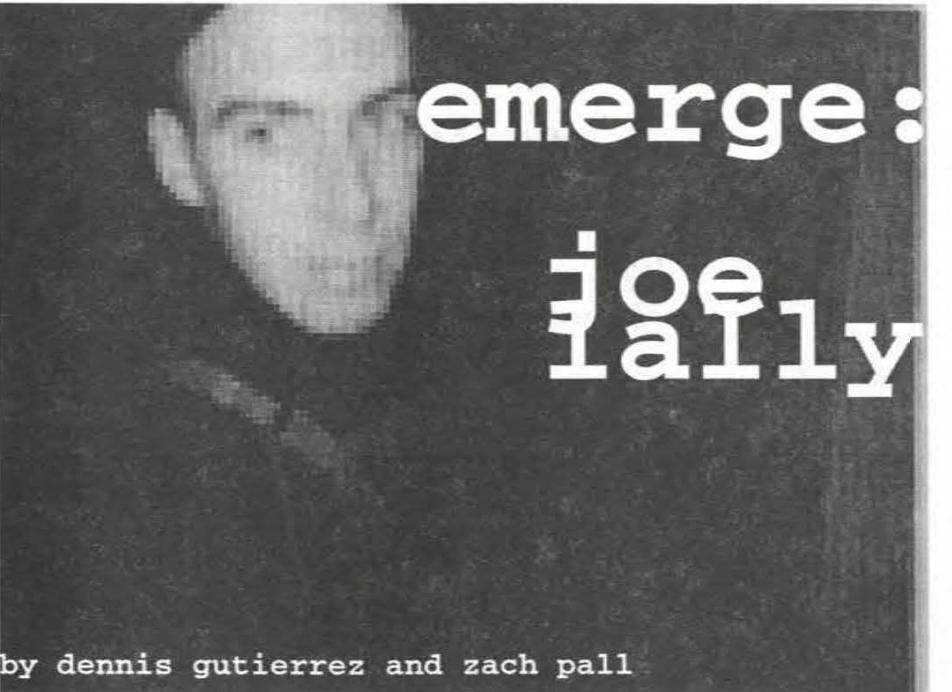
The Night is over
for us it is mourning.

(silence)

A Conversation
with Father

-Samuel Ken Saotome Tamura

-Tell me, goddammit-
Tell me the stories I know you have
-Tell you what. Nothing to tell-
But I know you have stories
I know you are bitter
Yet you are silent when I ask you
-What was it like-
Tell me about the wind
And how it would bite
-Why you want to know-
-It was hard, but not bad-
-Nothing to know-
-You spent three years there-
-What the fuck do you mean-
-'Nothing to know'-
You must have something to declare
-Nothing to tell. What there to say-
-Tell me anything, damn it-
-What the hell did you do there for three years-
-We nothing to do. Sometime we
played-
-Is that all you have to say-
Where is the pain
Your pain, your sorrow, your anger
-I was five. Your grandpa was in hospi-
tal-
Where he lost a lung
Because they wouldn't give him a blood transfu-
sion
(or so goes the story
that took me three days
to get Obaachan to tell me)
-You played-
-Is that all you remember—
-Is that all you have to say-
-About three years-
-In Poston,-
-Arizona?-
-Nothing to remember-
-It all done-
-It in the past-
-Let it go-
-Stop asking-
-Just forget-



emerge: joe lally

by dennis gutierrez and zach pall

It is every individual's aspiration to meet his heroes. For some, it is what gets them out of bed in the morning, it makes life bearable, it makes up for all the times we have ever got our pubic hairs caught in our zipper, but I digress. Anyway, on the night of November seventh, in the ninety-fifth year of the twentieth century, I was blessed with the opportunity to interview my hero, monk, and fifth Beatle, Joe Lally. For those of you heathens unfamiliar with the name Joe Lally, he is the down-to-earth bass player for the band Fugazi. Fugazi is a four man group from our nation's capital (that's Washington D.C. for you geography buffs) comprised of Joe Lally, Brendan Canty, Guy Picciotto, and Ian MacKaye. I strongly suggest to any one out there if they have not already, run, trot, slither, or crawl to your nearest record shop and purchase Fugazi's recent release Red Medicine; unless of course, the record shop belongs to some criminal corporation, in which case go and copy it from your friends. Enjoy.

The Other Side: We had a hard time finding any releases you were on in the past. What were you doing prior to joining Fugazi?

Joe Lally: There isn't anything to find; that would be the reason. I played with a couple of bands that played one or two shows. They didn't do any recordings. I sat in with a couple of bands like the Nike Chicks, playing drums. There might have been a cassette released. I also sat in on bass for the Slugs. Their old bassist's name was Joe so they didn't have to change any of the artwork for the tapes. That was about it. I can't think of anything else I was on.

TOS: So how did you get involved with Fugazi?

JL: I was touring around with a band called Beefeater. I rode around the US with them in '86. I knew Fred Smith (the guitarist) because he would go see the Obsessed play. I said please take me on the tour and save my life because I really hated the job I had, so I toured with them for two months and [when] I came back we met up at Ian's house before we went on the tour. Thomas from Beefeater, who shared the house with Ian, must have wrote home and said 'Joe was level headed, ya know, and you could tour around with him for a couple months without going crazy,' and he said that I played bass. When I got home I was way outside of D.C., in Gatzersburg, Maryland, with a friend who was housesitting because I had no where else to live so I stayed with her [while I was] looking for a job. Ian just called me up and asked if I wanted to jam.

TOS: And so that's how it all began?

JL: We started to play together and he had a drummer in mind that we played with for a while and then he [the drummer] dropped everything and went to get back with Dagnasty with Colin Seers, so we said "cool, whatever you want to do." So he was gone, so we started playing with whoever wanted to play and

went through a bunch of people. Then Brandon (Canty) sat in with us. He was in another band at the time, Happy Go Licky, so he said he would just sit in with us. Then we asked him to do our first show with us and he ended up staying. Then Gee was there for the second show, offstage, making noises or whatever. Later he started going out on stage and doing back up vocals and dancing. Eventually he did some songs.

TOS: There is a lot about Fugazi which goes against traditional rock norms, and a lot has been done on that. One of the things, on a more subtle level, is the main stream press wants to call it "Fugazi, with Ian MacKaye from Minor Threat," but basically within the album there is a very egalitarian thing without any one person dominating the spotlight.

JL: No, it's very much a band. I mean, Ian had a choice for his next project and I'm sure he could have found people willing to let him call all the shots but I didn't think he was interested in making music that way. I think he was interested in doing a band with four people having input.

TOS: How do you feel about the media focusing on Ian?

JL: It's inevitable because he does the most interviews. I don't think he even enjoys doing interviews anymore and he doesn't do many. I don't either. Ian or Gee do mainstream interviews. I don't really don't think about it much. I guess I could look at the way the press portrays what we're doing but it's just not worth it to bother. I have to deal with being in a band and what the four of us create or are trying to create and what you perceive it to be. Sometimes we don't even know what the other three people in the band see—then it goes onto what it becomes as a song and what people perceive that to be, and I can't even be bothered by that. If I put much worth in what other people write or say then it wouldn't even be worth it because people think I'm a monk or whatever which isn't a bad thing to think, it's just ridiculously off.

TOS: There are rumors that you were the fifth Beatle. Is there any truth to that?

JL: That I was?

TOS: Yes.

JL: I guess not. Wait no, I think I was a little too young.

TOS: Considering the difference between what you're doing now and what you were doing prior to playing with Fugazi, how did the bands success affect you and how do you feel about touring now?

JL: When I went out with Beefeater it was the best time of my life. I lived in the back of a van for two months living off of whatever there was to eat. I moved equipment and helped setup and then a couple of times they would ask me at the end of the set to sing with them. That was really fun; it was incredible because I didn't know anybody and it didn't matter how bad I was or nervous. I could just get up there on stage and sing and it was like the time of my life. That's what that was like, and that was the only thing I knew about before Fugazi.

TOS: So now do you feel about touring now?

JL: I still really like to go and play every night. I mean it goes back and forth, the feeling that I don't have a life because I spend a lot of time on the road. It's like I don't have a life in any one particular place, I have lives that are all over the world or whatever. That is really strange. It's cool at times but then it's like, will I ever have a kid or meet someone to have a kid with or whatever? Sometimes it bothers me and then I get over it and then it bothers me again.

TOS: What are you trying to do when you play with Fugazi? How do you want to affect people when you are onstage?

JL: That certainly is a question that I ask myself. At the same time it is not really in the design of what I'm doing. Getting up and playing is getting up and playing.

TOS: And whether they love you or hate you, they've got you

JL: That's the thing about playing, is that you will be loved or hated. There is a certain amount of putting yourself on the line in front of people. You are up there, in a way, naked, in front of this crowd because this is my art, this is my thing I'm doing, and people might like it and they may hate it.

TOS: What do you attribute to the cohesiveness of the group?

JL: It's still really interesting for us to play together. I mean, I can see where over the years it's not like it's totally incredible. Sometimes we go through periods [where we] ask ourselves, "can we still write together?" So I can see where it can go different ways sometimes. But it seems that recently we have taken more time to write. It seems like there is more stuff we can do; it's still really interesting to do and we keep finding interesting things to do, so it's still really fun.

TOS: Is there any desire for you to do any side projects? And if so, who with?

JL: Well, I actually did record with some friends of mine who were both in a band called the Obsessed (with Scott Whinrick, Whino, and Ed Ghoul). A long time ago I introduced Ed to the Obsessed and [when]

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Noise

The State of Alternative is in Cleveland

by Todd Berry

I recently read yet another article on Kurt Cobain. In this article, I read a quote of his I've already read four or five times in various magazines, which is "Punk rock is dead." My point in this is not to slam Cobain. With no disrespect intended, let the dead rest in peace. I just find it amusing as well as ironic that people were awe struck that someone within contemporary music could hold such a view when this view has been held for quite some time and, in fact, was thoroughly displayed by Steve Ignorant in a song by Crass called "Punk is Dead" nearly fifteen years before. Crass, in case you didn't know, was one of the most influential punk bands of the eighties; one of the first bands in what is now dubbed the peace punk movement. (By the way, their first few albums have just been re-released) Not trying to preach; just offering some food for thought. On to some new stuff that's out.

Enya: The Memory of Trees

No, it isn't industrial, punk, rap, or alternative. You can't even mosh to it. And it probably won't be hitting the number one spot on any MTV charts. Sorry. However, the former Clannad-member-turned-soloist's fourth release is some of the best music around. Her style is usually defined as Celtic, and her voice is, in my humble opinion, the most beautiful in music today. On this outing, for those who have followed her career, the music is both faster and slower, her harmonies both sharper and smoother, and the album itself is both wilder and mellower. I look at it like beef: real music for real people. No, she probably won't be touring with Green Day this year. Even so, you should check this one out. Available on Reprise.

Pansy Division: Wish I'd Taken Pictures

What the fuck can I say about PD? They've been around for years, they're one of the better of the underground punk bands, and they're one of the only bands who truly deserve the title "alternative." The new album's really good, a little mellower than their older stuff, but still, with songs like "Pee Shy" and "Dick of Death," how can you go wrong? Available on Lookout.

Ministry: Filthpig

Well, now, there, then. Yes, it's Ministry. Sort of.

The new album has a much darker feel and a slower, harder edge. Al Jourgensen has had his share of experimentation (musically, don't jump to conclusions), but after the last album, I wasn't expecting such a departure. While (always) remaining within the realm of industrial, the band has reached an even level between their earlier releases and their more recent, metallic sound. The result: Filthpig. A kind of Godflesh meets Skinny Puppy sort of thing. Only not really. Available from Warner.

Dahlia Seed: Valentine Kid's Litter

No, it's not a typo. It's really "Litter." And, no, they're not another Hole, L7, crap girl-esque trendy band. They're actually incredibly talented, and their songs are well constructed and original. The music itself, while pretty good, pales in comparison to lead singer Tracy Wilson's full and beautiful voice. She's good at singing, she's good at screaming; hell, she probably even knows what picante sauce is supposed to taste like. Available from Theologian Records.

Math

Not bad. It makes me think of a stravivarius. Not so much one being played, or even the semblance of one; more like the sounds the cat must have made when the strings were being created. Still, as feline ululations go, these are some of the best I've heard. (Actually, I fucking loved it. It's kind of a noise/industrial/jazz-fusion/hip-hop/just about everything else sort of thing.) I really don't know where it comes from, so good luck finding it.

Ordination of Aaron: Immersion in a 90 mph World

Really some of the best emocore I've heard in a while. They have a smooth style, progressing from soft, soothing melodies into hardcore rifts so loud you'll almost go deaf. Additionally, they have a really good drummer, and for those of you who don't like most emocore bands because of the vocals, their singer has a surprisingly fluid voice; even when he screams. No, really. Available on Council Records.

Well, that's it for now. I'm off to Zaki Chicken for falafal, but I'll be back next issue with more crap you probably won't buy anyway.

Fiction

Bitter Hurts:

A Play by Jon-David Settell

Characters: Amargo St. John, mental patient
Judas St. John, Amargo's father
Christina Recabarra, psychiatrist
Father Paul, priest
Michelangel Marques, Amargo's love

Setting: "Inside of an expensive and oppressively pleasant mental asylum in the mountains surrounding Santiago. Amargo St. John is sitting across from his father, Judas. Amargo has been institutionalized after a near-fatal suicide attempt. His father has come to visit."

Amargo: That night I ended up perched on the window ledge, chain-smoking. I dunno...I was just alone. There was no way I could force myself into their rigid little societies. I don't fit and I never really have. I guess it's part of it this...curse I bear so well. Daddy's little soldier boy. Do you know how hard I tried to think like them, walk like them, think like them, think like them, shit...I even tried to be them. Pretty, pure, innocent angels with fluffy clouds of money and perfume to sit on and glass walls of class and sex and society wearing them like...like those pretty bits of colorful plastic stickers, you know? (He laughs)

So I guess it was just easier to walk alone, be alone, take off by myself at night to try and find my own people. Us faggots who are pushed out into the nights, the bitter cold and dark night where you righteous people don't have to look at us (Giggles). You can't see us! (Edge of insanity in his voice)

So you don't have to be disgusted. We've always just kinda faded into blackness, invisible-like. And thank god. Sometimes I like to dream I'm an angel, with big long wings to wrap myself up in and to take me away...an angel just a little dirtier, maybe with the smell of sex in my black tattered feathers...yeah, god's angel cast down to this fucking hell. But I can still fly, you know? I still fly...

You know, I never asked for this. I never wanted this. Father Paul, yeah, you remember don't you? That handsome, smart, holy man?

(Giggles madly) He had me when I was seven. I didn't know any differently, so I fell madly in love with him. So beautiful, he was. And then you educated me. Ever wonder why your son was so pious? Why I spent hours on my knees in front of those grotesque idols? Of course you didn't. You see, I knew, I already knew that I was damned and dirty and dirty and wrong. I begged and cried for forgiveness...but I knew I was gonna burn, burn in hell for the rest of my life.

So now I burn in my homosexual hell of fear and guilt and disgust. Lots of quick, meaningless sex, impossible dreams of loves, and guilt...(Hysterically)... oh Dad, it hurts me so bad...god it hurts. It scorches like real fire, you know...a fire that prayers and tears cannot ease. You...listening? Do you understand? Can you ever begin to? I must make you so sick. I know it, Dad, and I am

please turn the page

so sorry...please. Sorry.

(Hopefully) Wait! Just wait. How do you define love? Is it the sex? Making love? The legs of a woman, her smile, the smell of her hair, her laugh? Is that it? Don't you really love the soul of your woman? I'm the same. Love is kinda like... I dunno, like touching souls. I've fallen in love with souls. And they aren't tangible—you can't see them or touch them. So how could souls have sex? You and I, you know, we're really alike...

But you still despise me, its in your eyes. (Angrily) You fucking hypocrite. You call yourself Christian. Your own god, your Christ, told you to love your family, your neighbors, your enemies. He preached love and acceptance. But you worship hatred and anger and guilt. Hypocrite.

So anyhow, there I was, hanging out on the ledge with my smokes and my blues. Listening to them all gurgling on and on and on. And finally I just had to leave. I knew I'd go crazy if I stayed any longer. So I slid out, real slow-like, onto the edge of the roof. They didn't notice. But I was home, wrapped up in the cold and my stinking wings.

I lifted my wings and flew, I flew so far away...but I forgot, you see...I'm god's forsaken angel. So I fell. (Outraged) This isn't going anywhere. Why are you here, you hateful old man? And why the fuck didn't you let me die? So what exactly is it that you want? I'm listening.

End Act I

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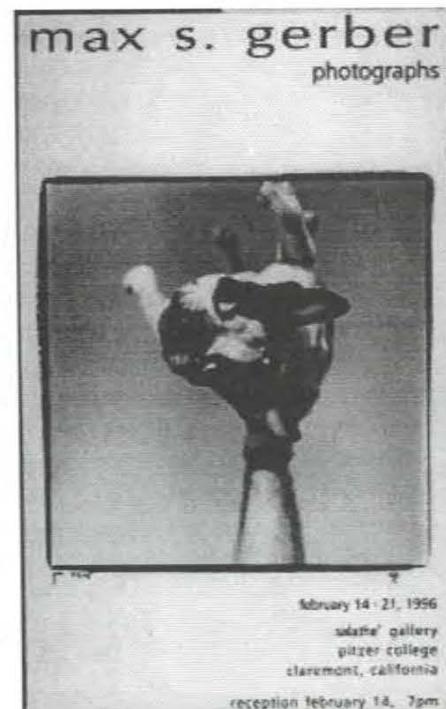
Living in Master's House by Ali N. Hangan

There is a spectre that is haunting African-American students and faculty on the Claremont Campuses. What is it, you say? It is forgetting those African-Americans who do not have the opportunity to get an education or procure a standard of living that higher education often brings.

In viewing this year's black history events calendar, there has been a failure to bring to light the most challenging issues facing African-Americans today. These issues consist of: gangs, drugs, welfare and the culture of poverty in which they develop.

It would seem, with all the "experts" the Claremont Colleges have on Black History and culture, one would think we could have a little more focus on confronting these critical issues. If we can have the time to be proud of Egyptian History, a society that existed on slave labor and multi-ethnic feel-good sessions about race, then we can have more discussions on how to solve the problems of our brothers and sisters who may only have prison for a future.

We cannot build community if some of us insist on living in master's house and not join and help fight for those who remain in the field.



Asleep

by Samuel Ken Saotome Tamura

I wake to a soft cry coming from a television, its white glow bathing the room in pale flickering light, illuminating the piles of trash and laundry strewn about the floor. Only a narrow trail leads from the door to the bed the three of us lie on. Paul's room has never been any other way. I see a thin, pale hand reaching out to turn off the television and VCR and follow the arm back to Paul's familiar face. Like his room, his face is still the same as when we met three years ago, with its lop-sided smirk and medium length hair he could never decide to grow out or cut short. The light of the TV dies with a sigh and I see Azzie move closer to Paul as he lays back down, her brown hair crawling off my shoulder and tickling my arm. Looking at her back in the last of the phosphorous glow, I imagine her unusually large eyes and smile. The darkness of Paul's room steals my sight, leaving only her brown eyes for me to see.

He awoke to sunlight coming through the window from which his mother had drawn back the curtains.
-You're supposed to visit your grandmother today, Mike- she said. -It's already one.-

He rolled over, trying to ignore the sunlight and his mother. It was a Saturday and he wanted more sleep before seeing Azzie and Paul.

-...like a cockroach- she was saying. -Up all night running around. Come on, get up!- With that, she tore the covers from the bed and nearly sent him tumbling to the floor.

I hear them beside me trying to be quiet, air passing with passion between the sound of moist lips parting from each other. I lay motionless, feeling their every movement through the mattress we share, letting their breaths and quiet gasps assault my ears, pushing images of them into my eyes: hands exploring, warm lips tasting flesh, bodies pressing against one another. I want to scream, get up and leave, but I just stare into the black void feeling her hair on my arm. When did Paul and Azzie get together? Sometime during the movie after I fell asleep? Or maybe before I got here today?

He parked his car on the street behind Azzie's black pick-up truck and remembered how happy she was when her credit was approved last summer. It still looked new under the streetlight, almost out of place in front of Paul's house with its patches of dead grass and dirt surrounding the '67 Mustang planted on the front lawn. Another one of Paul's projects he suspects will never get done like the repainting of the house. Paul had an urge to repaint the house back in April, but only got about halfway across the front of the garage. Paul's roommates didn't seem to mind.

He let himself in through the side door leading to the kitchen and took a soda from the fridge before working his way to Paul's room in the back of the house. Paul's roommate's cat announced his presence with a loud meow.

-Hey, where have you been?- asked Azzie as she hopped out of the bed and into the hallway when she saw him. She hugged him in that way only she does. Her body pressed against his, -And why are you so dressed up?- He was wearing his good black jeans and a button-up flannel over his T-shirt, both tucked in.

-Went to see my grandmother today, and you know how she can talk about nothing forever.- Then, changing the subject, -So what are we watching tonight?-

-It's samurai night- replied Paul from his bed. -We're about halfway through Ran. Then we have *The Seven Samurai*.-

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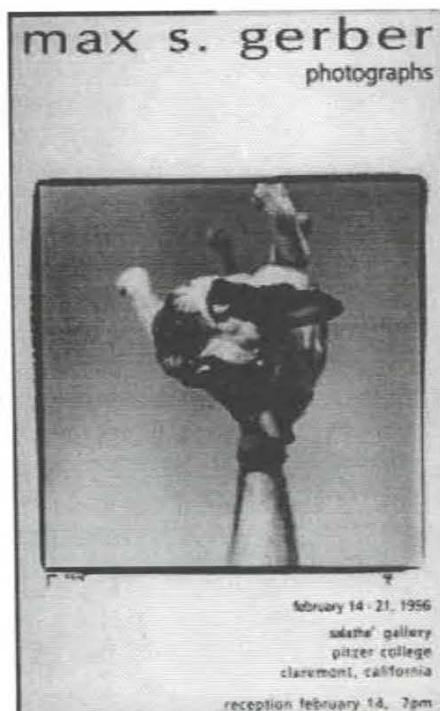
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live in such a mess.

-Let me get a condom. I have one here somewhere.-

I feel Paul sit up and hear him digging through his night stand. This is insane. Azzie never said anything about Paul before, at least nothing that would suggest something like this would ever happen.

Suddenly, I find her hand on the back of mine. She squeezes my hand, so I respond by turning it over and clasping hers. She raises my hand to her face, stroking her cheek with the back of my hand. I feel the warmth of her cheek, the hard line of her jaw, and the throbbing pulse in her neck. She kisses the knuckle of my ring finger, slides her hand around mine and places my hand on her breast. I feel her firm nipple still wet with his saliva and I start to feel sick. I want to pull my hand away and cry, but I can feel her breathing, the steady rise and fall of her chest, and her heartbeat glues my hand to her breast.

-Hi grandmother.- he said when she opened the door. He dreaded these visits, knowing she had more to say than he cared to listen to. She always acted surprised to see him even though she knew he was coming by. He was her favorite grandchild because he was the first grandchild she saw born, and a grandson at that. She showed him in and invited him to stay for dinner.

-I made too much to eat myself.-

He could never refuse; his grandmother would be so hurt and his mother would never forgive him.

I hear the tearing of plastic and she moves our clasping hands between us. I feel the mattress move and shift as he climbs on top of her.

-What about Mike?- Paul asks.

-Don't worry. He's a deep sleeper- she lies.

She grips my hand tight with strength I did not know she had and he penetrates her with a groan. She makes no noise, no sound, only gripping and squeezing my hand with his every motion.

-All your cousins dating all these people and getting married- his grandmother spoke, but he only half listened and nodded his head occasionally, though she probably wouldn't have noticed if he fell asleep. He has heard it all before, he heard it every time he saw her.

-And John's dating that Italian girl and Mark's seeing that Chinese girl. Kim just married that man. He's Czechoslovakian, isn't he? She'll never be happy.- She goes on to list all his cousins and who they're dating or engaged to.

-Then your brother, David, he's still seeing that Jewish girl. What is he thinking?- Of course, she continued without any answer from Mike, who is staring at the clock wondering what movies Azzie and Paul have picked out. She probably got to Paul's an hour ago, he thinks.

-But you're the good one. Eldest son of the eldest son, we can count on you to keep the blood line pure. You'll find and marry a nice Japanese girl, won't you?-

He fills the only break in her speech with what he always does, with what she expects to hear: -*Hai, Obaachan.*- Yes, grandmother.

The bed shakes as Paul pulls himself off Azzie and collapses next to her. Our hands are still gripping each other, so tightly I swear our knuckles must be white. Azzie is the first to move and I find her other hand on my face. She traces my features with her fingertips. I feel her hair fall to one side of my head and her breath on my face. Then her lips are mine and mine are hers as we devour one another in a single, short moment. Our lips part, but the warmth of hers lingers on. Staring into the dark I imagine I see her brown eyes and her smile.

-He's still asleep- she says.

Dr. Stern's Finale

Continued from page 15

Lina took two cups of coffee from the lounge and made her way to the middle of the ER. She could sense a new aura of joy around the one-eyed doctor. Dr. Stern accepted the cup of coffee with both hands and smiled.

"I have never felt this fulfilled since before my wife died. I've seen a lot worse than this but it's great to know that we've done some good," Dr. Stern said inhaling deeply and smiling.

"I haven't seen anyone so skillful in my life. It was like you were bringing people back from the dead," Lina said.

"It is just a gift that I happened to have. You will have that gift too, sooner or later," Dr. Stern paused and stared off into space, "I'm afraid it is the end for me. You, however, are a young and good doctor, you will go far."

Lina was confused. Dr. Stern had only been the director for less than two weeks, as far as she knew, he was still at the start of his stay at the hospital.

"Well, I guess it's better if you hear it from me before the rumors spread. I have AIDS and the conditions of my job prevent me from any physical contact with the patients. I was supposed to act solely as a supervisor, under any circumstances. I broke the conditions of my contract so there is nothing left to do but to resign before the hospital fires me, at least it will save the hospital some face. You don't have to worry about the patients. My gloves were never broken and I have no cuts on my hands."

Lina could barely believe the story that she was hearing. As if on cue, two doctors entered the ER to take over the watch.

"This," Dr. Stern said, waving his arms around at the sleeping patients, "This is my finale. I am done, doctor. I hope you will enjoy your career as much as I have enjoyed mine."

There was so much more to be said but without another word, Dr. Stern started walking out of the ER. The double doors opened and the one-eyed physician happily walked out into the bright sun light.

Lina later learned that Dr. Stern was a doctor in the Navy and was serving in Somalia when he contracted the HIV virus while operating on a

patient. His wife and son had died in an auto accident not long before and he was still recovering from the loss. When the military found out about his condition, he was dismissed immediately. The once-proud physician became a broken man overnight. He searched for hospitals that would accept him so that he could regain the pride that he had lost but none would hire such a risky prospect. Dr. Stern's love for medicine prevented him from retiring, he knew that he didn't have much longer to live but there was still something left to do, he was due for one more great deed. The good doctor finally landed in a hospital that was willing to give him a chance. In the end, Dr. Stern saw his final great moment coming and he seized it with both hands, ignoring all consequences. He saved thirty lives that night, they were people who were so severely injured that they would not have made it under the care of anyone else. Dr. Stern finally died, alone but happy and content, his life fulfilled.

Playing the Game

Continued from page 17

an elitist nationalism that seeks to further the oppression of ethnic and linguistic minorities, and concepts such as the flat tax, for instance seek to further the already gaping chasm between the elite and the rest of us. All of us. These are the realities. They require realistic actions toward an idealistic end. They also require a strong, unified consensus of action from a diverse group of communities. They require that the lines of gender, culture, and race be blurred to stop the formation of a dual-class society in which we will all suffer. All of us.

Ah, the grandiose dilemmas of a transitional young liberal. Stuck between the ideal world and reality, between a game we must play and the rules we want to change. The problem is, for all my ranting and raving, for all my anger, I don't know how the hell to play. So let this be nothing more than an idea, a formulation of thoughts geared toward a somewhat defined goal. If nothing else, a basis for discussion, an ongoing discussion, of some fairly broad topics. But there is this underlying idea of the game, which doesn't stop for the bewilderment of non-players. If anyone knows how to play, or is interested in trying to learn, let me know. I'll be the walking contradiction in the Gap shirt, eating a Big Mac, complaining about Mickey Mouse.

Mmm... Mitch*Continued from page 19*

Mitch threw open the door and was met with a ghastly sight.

The doctor's face was a cartoonish mixture of guilt, embarrassment and shock. In his hand he held an open sample cup which Mitch had just filled several minutes ago. It was now more than half empty. The doctor swallowed.

Mitch gagged and ran out of the office. He tried desperately not to be sick, afraid that he might enjoy it.

By the time he reached his home, he had forced himself to calm down. *I can sue him. I have a case. He was a quack. That was a traumatic experience. I'll sue him, the crazy bastard!* He ran up the stairs to his room. Two minutes later he ran back down and out the front door at twice the speed. In his room he had found his parents going through his laundry. They were sucking on his dirty socks.

The Life Around Us*Continued from page 25*

become a place for things to take root and grow. For that is what people are and what earth is - all becoming, all a process. Being in wild spaces continually restores that fertile ground, like the pure, unaffected wonderment of a child. There is no room for ego, dishonesty or selfishness in nature. Instead, the self that lies deeper than these things is given room to surface. In nature there is nothing and no one that demand us to put words to anything, to achieve, to create. Instead we are placed somewhere that is ripe for just being. Instead of a means, we can begin to see nature as an end, not only as something we step on and use, but as an evolving companion that we share space with. Nature allows us to be human, we must allow it to be natural.

It is curious, in light of these things, how little support for environmental causes there is, especially among our community. There tends to be an automatic resistance to discussion, action or even respect. Although people cough and notice that we cannot see mountains which are five miles away because of pollution, many don't see themselves as a factor. So, they throw their trash around, are wasteful consumers or don't do even a most basic thing like recycling. If we could see how we are connected to our actions, we might also become conscious of our choices, thus changing our environment.

Even if it was futile to work for the cause for saving wildness, it would need to be done. When we fight only to win we have lost our spirit for proactiveness and positive change. And then what are

we to do? We must recognize the environment for its inherent importance and base our struggles upon this. Because in rocks and streams, mountains and crackling leaves we are reminded somehow of a wisdom we can't possess. Letting these forces move through us is nurturing, it becomes a source of protection and strength and eventually of clarity. We must save it by the many means necessary, because this very thing that gives us serenity and wisdom when we call to it, keeps us supple and changing. When we are open to what passes, and feel time and space as it is unrelated to being human, we sustain an indestructible sense of wonder and never become disenchanted.

joe lally interview*Continued from page 31*

they lost their first drummer, Eddy filled. Then they broke up in '85, and Scott reformed the band with two other people. At that time, in '92 or '93, I took Eddy and Whino and I went into the studio with them and that was a really exciting thing. Even though we didn't have time to write something good, I did get to record with them. And I would like to go back and put vocals on one of the songs that needs vocals and maybe put out a 45 or something. Otherwise, I've thought about people to play with in town, in D.C. I would like to play with Gina from the Luna Chicks; she's a great guitarist, but it just seems like there isn't any time. It never seems to work out.

All about bugs...*Continued from page 13*

vulture. And then the thought that must cross the mind of anybody who knows anything about the nature of things crossed mine: It must be nice to be a lion.

And I'm still pretty into this idea about the scavengers that are waiting for their turn. I wonder if there is any hard feelings between the scavengers. I wonder if they fight. My suite-mate seems to know a little about this stuff so I ask him. He says that sometimes they peck at each other a little bit but they don't really hurt each other. And somehow I knew that, too. "It's like honor among thieves." He said. I liked that. Scavengers may be filthy and ugly, but it seemed somehow perfect that they be principled. And it seemed conspicuous, but somehow apt, that nobody expects lions to be principled. And then I thought about words like "scavenger", and "vulture" and I wondered why they carried such unflattering connotations—like the word "thief". And then I figured that I just must not know enough about nature. And I can live with that. So much for bugs.

Kohoutek is Coming!***The comet is back on track!***

The biggest community event of the year! Flying by on the 19th and the 20th of April, 1996! Admission: **Free** to college students; a **can of food** to non-college students.

Be part of the process! We still need people to help make this year's Kohoutek wonderful. You don't have to go to meetings to help! If you want to be involved, please call Arley @74184.

Give us suggestions! Write down 2 musical performances you would like to see at Kohoutek this year on a piece of paper. Please mail your suggestions to Arley @ Pitzer Box 772.

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