



the other side
april, 1996





Editor's Desk

by Aaron Balkan

A friend of mine was recently encouraged by a faculty member to forego writing an article she had planned to run in *The Other Side*. She had never written for the magazine; and up until a few weeks ago, would have probably resisted any association with the same oligarchy that is sometimes passed off as legitimate journalism. Still, a few weeks can change a person, and as debts were escalating and staff members were being reorganized, this well-respected student leader and long-standing friend of the Pitzer community decided to put her much-deserved credibility and integrity on the line and talk about her experience at Pitzer—in *The Other Side*. The result was a pep talk from a concerned faculty member who thought such a move would be unbecoming of her character, and to dissuade her, provided her with a clever analogy about a golf game. It went something like this: Pitzer is like a perpetual golf game—composed of respectable, nicely-dressed golfers who like to help each other out with their game. Every once in a while, a golfer needs help with his or her putts or chip shots, and asks a fellow golfer to yell, ever so slightly and rarely, when he or she might be putting the wrong way. This is for no other reason than to help the golfer playing the hole, of course; but pretty soon the observing crowd catches on and decides that they too, can yell, and do so over and over again, as a way of keeping the golfer from making his important putt. After a while however, the crowd's yelling becomes just a bunch of noise, and as the crowd continues to yell and scream and rant and rave, the golfer learns how to ignore all the noise. Pretty soon, the golfer has figured out his or her game in spite of all the noise, and continues on making those once difficult putts and chip shots. And the ball is retrieved from the hole (or sometimes the water), the caddy picks up the golf bags, and the golfer moves on to the next hole, managing to ignore the backdrop of noise which has become the crowd.

This is the last issue of *The Other Side* for the rest of the year. We spent almost an entire month in production this time; half because we're lazy, half because we kept changing the theme of the issue. First, we planned dedicate the theme to the notion of "secure" and what it means to be secure—at Pitzer, in the world, at the ATM, in the classroom, with our friends, with our views, etc. Of course, the "secure" theme was pre-empted by the untimely dismissal of Associate Deans of Students Michael Tessier and Debra Rogers. When we finally caught wind of all the goofy reorganization going on, we were a bit insecure about the untimely irony of our own idea. As a consolation, we tried to focus our attention on just what was going on with that zany administration of ours. Staff reorganizations, \$800,000 debts, 7th Colleges and endangered birds, Marilyn Massey trekking off to Nepal and eating dal bhaat with Tibetan Monks—just what was going on with our little college? So we did a little dancing, got a bunch of hot shot Senate gang members and Marilyn cronies to give us the dirt on the Prez. The end result was a fairly inconcise and poorly-calibered campaign against a person that none of us really know, really understand, or really feel capable of communicating with these days. So we scrapped the campaign feel (sort of), had Max take some amazing pictures for the cover, got a fancy print job, and left the "campaign" to the discretion of all the folks who gathered on the mounds last week for an unregistered party. Of course, what we ended up with was what we usually end up with—a lot of heart, a lot of soul, and a lot of noise. Just like the golf game.

I've never been to a golf game, but I still have my own analogy. It's not as articulate as that distinguished faculty member's one about golf, but then again, my literary devices are still very much in the works—much like my views about Pitzer, about Marilyn Massey, about myself, about the world, about golf games and putters and crowds who make noise. It goes something like this: Pitzer is like a school. There are a bunch of professors who teach ideas to curious, inquisitive students who have vowed to spend four years out of their lives learning. Sometimes, those same students go off on their own, taking those same ideas foisted upon them by their professors and try them out on the world. Maybe they paint them, maybe they write them, maybe they yell them. Sometimes they're right; but they're only students, only learners, so how right can they really be? But at this school, the professors, those instilled with the responsibility of sharing knowledge, assist those students in their own noble pursuits, and because it is the very knowledge gained from their professors that these students are speaking in the name of, they naturally act as students' advocates. If they paint the wrong way, they don't take away their paint brushes, they show them how to paint. If they write the wrong word, they don't take away their pencils, they show them what the right word is to write. And if they scream, they listen, so that some day they might not have to scream at all. In the process, these professors act as advocates for their own ideas, which represent their own livelihood's, not just a bunch of student noise. How's that for mythology?

So here we are in the same place we always are—hole number one. Maybe the stakes are different, and the noise is a bit noisier, but we're still in the same place we usually are—which isn't that far from where we started. Maybe that's good, maybe that's just the way it is. I tend to think that when you make a bunch of noise, some people do learn to ignore you. The way I like to look at it, the ones who really want to ignore you, will always ignore you. Those are the people who don't waste their time with analogies, they just close their doors and go home. As for the rest, well, they don't want to ignore anyone, but might feel they have to—might feel it a bit unbecoming to pay

attention to someone who yells, or paints on a wall, or pees in a corner, or paints a door when it's closed and locked up. Those are the ones who say things like, "I agree with your principle, but I disagree with the way you say it." This is something different entirely. The only way to get the attention of people like that is to do one of two things: keep yelling—only louder in hopes of some of that uncouth noise finds its way under their locked doors and into their principled ears; or you find a different approach—you put your megaphone away, put your ego between your legs and move on to a different game, hoping to catch them the next time around, or the next time, or the next time...

And it's the end of the year. I have to admit, I never would've guessed this year would go anything like it has, but then again, I would've never guessed that the way I yell might be wrong. I guess I've learned something at school. Of course, I never would've guessed things would have to get so bad before they got any better. I never even noticed just how low morale could get, until I noticed how much better things could actually feel. I never would've guessed throwing an unregistered party on the mounds could be so important; then again, I guess I've gotten kind of used to yelling. Just looking around Pitzer the last few weeks, I've experienced a really promising and exhilarating sense of spirit. I've talked to freshmen I had never even seen before and listened to their ideas about this place and I just hope they're foolish enough to stick around this place (like me) and do everything they want to do—registered or unregistered. As long as there are a few who drag their stereos out onto the mounds on a Sunday afternoon, or put up wheat paste posters without glue, or are sincere enough to dare to tell Marilyn Massey how they really feel about Pitzer or about the world, who care enough to look each other in the eye, then it doesn't matter if the golfers don't want to listen. They just won't be invited to the unregistered party when you take over the golf course.

I'd like to thank the entire staff of *The Other Side* for making the year one of those really fun chores you don't mind doing even though your mom yells at you for not doing well enough. I'd like to wish Shanti Webley and next semester's staff as much luck as I know how to—it's more than we were wished, so consider yourselves lucky. Hopefully, by the time Quinn and I come back from abroad you won't even want us. Hopefully! I'd like to apologize to Stanford University for keeping Shanti from coming to your school. You would've really liked him. Thanks to Pitzer for listening and not listening and sometimes reminding me that music with a discernible rhythm and guitars without distortion is a lot nicer for dancing than noise. See you at the tenth hole.



Aaron

THE OTHER SIDE

VOLUME XXVI

APRIL, 1996

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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:

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THE OTHER SIDE

April, 1996 Issue #2



feature...

From the alleged firing of Michael Tessier and Debra Rogers to Pitzer's escalating debt, new questions have been raised about the integrity and honesty of President Marilyn Chapin Massey. In this issue, the Pitzer community shares experiences and opinions about President Massey, raising the question: Is Marilyn Massey right for Pitzer?

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on the other side...

Renowned artist Robbie Conal talks about his career, his own street art, and the spontaneous art movement at Pitzer, submissions from *Other Side* writers in Prague, Ireland, and Turkey, the controversy over the 7th college and the possible demise of the biological field station, why it's necessary to storm the castle, and much more.

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and that's not all...



This issue contains photographs authored by Andrew Wall (pictured right). Andrew is a junior at Pitzer and is concentrating in Economics and Art. He spent first semester in Zimbabwe.



Max Gerber authored the photographs that appear on the covers. Max is a senior concentrating in art, music, philosophy, petty politics, and Eric Bianchini. He's going to New York to be famous.

Letters to the editor

THE MYSTERY OF THE RED DOORS - by anonymous faculty member

Sometime over the weekend of February 24th, two doors of faculty offices in Scott Hall were found to have been painted red. In good journalistic method, we know the "what", the "who" and "why" remain shrouded in mystery. In an effort to find a solution everything has been tried from the Internet (which failed to have a listing under red doors), to various 800 numbers (their panting answers failed to solve the issue), and finally to Pitzer's own private detective agency whose report follows.

As in any academic puzzle the first question which needs to be answered is "Why was this done?" If we can discover the "why" then the "who" will be easy. After surveying various members of the community for their suggestions the following hypotheses were proposed.

1. Since the painted doors were on the offices of two faculty who have been here a total of over fifty years it may well be that the cause goes back into the far reaches of Pitzer History. On that basis we naturally turned to the expert in Pitzer History, Professor Werner Warmbrunn, who reported that never had such a thing been done toward the Pitzer faculty. With the ending of the Cold War references to the Red theme seemed anachronistic to him.

While it is possible that some old grudge was being played out possibly regarding a committee assignment from the 1970s, this theory seemed impossible to follow up.

2. A number of faculty were concerned that this might be some new form of harassment. But as the new proposal on sexual harassment made clear, harassment is in the eyes of the one being harassed. Another objection to this idea is the care with which the doors were painted.

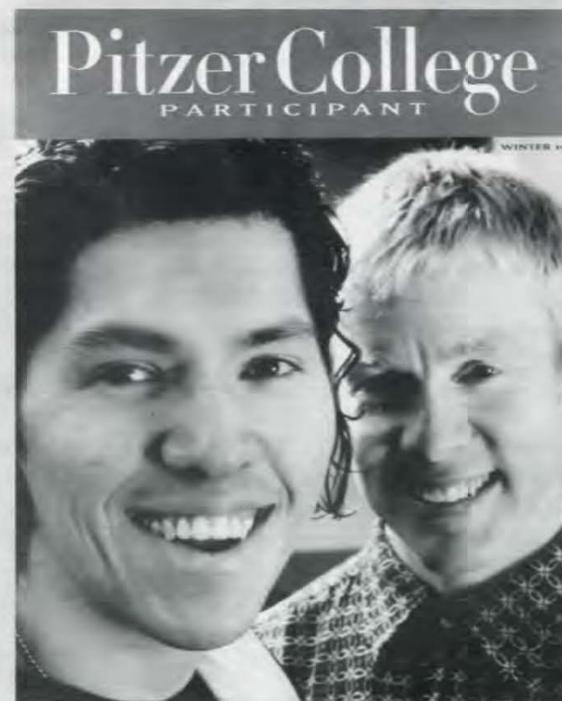
3. Keeping in mind that only two doors were so painted we then tried to figure out what the two faculty members might have in common besides their age and experience. Ah, beards, male (perhaps a connection), humanities, books....But none of these are unique. Using our expertise on the computer [sic], we fed in all the variables. Yes, there are other bearded male teachers but these two are Jews. For a moment the horror of possible anti-Semitism raised its head. But no it seemed too far a reach to only single out the two bearded male Jews. Then further research came up with an intriguing idea—perhaps it has something to do with Passover when door posts are supposed to be painted with lamb's blood so the Angel of Death will pass over. But the whole door???

4. We were informed by the Dean of Students Office that a major issue for the year had been public art. After being taken out to view the various manifestations of public art on the campus we consulted with Professor Michael Woodcock. He took one look at the doors and said that while it is hard to be open minded when one has expectations about art, this was not art. On the other hand, the blots of red in front of one of the doors had possibilities.

5. So we finally turned to the two red doors. To our surprise they seemed pretty relaxed about the whole thing. Did they know something? Well, said they, nothing specific about either the who or the why. Still it must mean something.

Our conclusion is that it might well be a sign of something positive—affection, or some way to brighten up the days of these faculty whenever they look at the doors. ■

Comment



Adorning the cover of Pitzer's alumni magazine *The Participant* senior Juan De Lara was the subject of Anne Elmajian's feature story, "Juan De Lara: Activist Scholar/Rhodes Scholar (sic)" (you thought *The Other Side* was the magazine with the misspellings). In Anne's piece about Juan and his achievements organizing and mediating on behalf of Pitzer's workers, she says [about his being awarded the Rhodes Scholarship], "In fact, the goals of the two institutions, Pitzer and Rhodes, are remarkably similar...Both institutions, too, share a belief that academic learning and a sense of social responsibility can go hand-in-hand and can, in fact, strengthen one another."

Social Responsibility? Just how socially responsible is the Rhodes Scholarship "Institution.." Founded by the Cecil Rhodes and the Rhodes family, the Rhodes scholarship came to be from the monies Cecil Rhodes collected as he conquered and colonized the country that is now Rhodesia. This widely known fact has been the catalyst for much debate over the legitimacy of the Rhodes scholarship and its awarding of "activist" students. But hey, when Pitzer shares the same sense of social responsibility as the Rhodes institution, who needs activists?

-Ed

The Other Side is My Student Magazine

(and it's the only voice I've got)

The Editor of the *Claremont Debater* Comes Clean

by Mark Yamashita (*I'm a minority! Print me!*)

I dare you to print this. There, that ought to be enough bait for all you open-minded *Other Side* staff members who claim to print anything that is passably well written (unless of course it is from your own oligarchy of contributors, in which case submissions need meet no standard. Not that I mind, I like knowing *All About Bugs...*). I promise to use proper grammar, check my spelling and discuss relevant issues. No excuses this time, a real voice of difference and dissent is going to be heard.

I would like to address Mr. Taub's editorial in the December issue of *The Other Side*. I must say it was highly flattering to be mentioned on the very first page of the text in your fine magazine. However, it was not nearly as flattering as all the fliers that got put up after the *Debater's* debut. Apparently, *The Other Side* is "my student magazine," as well as the "the only voice I've got." Hmm...could have fooled me. My favorite part of that flyer was the affirmation that "we will print any well written submission, even if it's to tell us we're assholes." Well, guys, I'm not going to stoop to that level of name calling, but hopefully this will get printed all the same. Anyway, back to the topic at hand; December's editorial. I think it was very brave of Mr. Taub to challenge the *Claremont Debater* to go "toe to toe" with the Only, sorry "*Other Side*", a week before he skipped town. It shows real courage and commitment to threaten a struggling independent publication and then leave. Kudos to you, Zach. It was also interesting to note that all of Mr. Taub's indictments of the *Debater* were grounded in falsehood. Where to begin? First of all, contrary to Zach's claim, the *Claremont Debater* was not started by a former *Other Side* staff member. The inceptor of the publication must remain safely anonymous, but because s/he is afraid of recognition by journalists, but because his/her personal safety could be compromised should his/her identity come to light. No joke. *The Other Side* wasn't the only group to bare their teeth at the *Debater*. At any rate, s/he had never even considered submitting anything to *The Other Side*. The person I think Mr. Taub was referring to is me. It is true that I have since taken on the mantle of editorship, but originally I was only a mere underling to the hierarchy of the *Debater*. Early last semester I submitted a fictitious story and cartoon, in person, to Mr. Balkan. Neither of these saw print. The official party line was that my submission was not well written enough to be printed. I guess good writing means more than proper grammar, correct spelling, and an understanding of the application of irony to the editors of *The Other Side*. Perhaps it was my choice of topic. There was no sex or violence in my story. I suppose that is why Ms. Graner's stripper story was printed instead of mine. Either that or the fact that she's a member of your happy (I suppose angst-y is more appropriate) little oligarchy.

Mr. Taub's most glaring journalistic error is one that I can't even discuss here. Again, it has to do with issues of personal safety. Suffice to say that Mr. Taub, along with nearly everyone else at Pitzer, read a lot more into the *Claremont Debater* than was actually there. Does anyone remember the ad-hoc student meeting outside of the Grove House two months ago? It has something to do with that. Let me remind everyone who would like to "tie the staff of the *Debater* to the Mounds and beat them baseball bat" that no names, titles, or any other sort of designation was assigned to anyone in that oh-so controversial article that got so many people so riled up. Facts with source support were stated. Oh, by the way, the quote above is a real quote. I was at that meeting, and heard quite a few things very unbecoming of a student body supposedly devoted to the ideals of free speech and peace on earth.

The Other Side. My student voice. I guess we'll see, won't we? While I would like nothing more than to meet Mr. Taub's challenge and destroy the monopoly *The Other Side* has on student press, I simply haven't the resources to make the *Debater* what it ought to be. It costs a lot of money to publish a quality newsletter, let alone a newspaper or magazine. It doesn't help matters much when a disgruntled reader goes around campus systematically collecting and throwing away all remaining copies of your publication. Who knows, maybe another incarnation of the *Debater* will surface in the coming months, but for now *The Other Side* can breathe easier. No more competition. You will have to endure submissions like this one though...I still have a lot of things I want to say. I won't call anyone an asshole, but I hope you will listen anyway...

Well...when Aaron first handed me this letter to look over, I got pretty pissed off. I understood Mr. Yamashita's objection to the fact that one of our editors had challenged *The Debater* to go "toe to toe" with *The Other Side* and then skip town. I regarded much of the rest of his letter, however, as a bit harsh. And, let's be honest—I wrote *All About Bugs*—the article that he suggested "need meet no standard". I also objected to the fact that Mr. Yamashita supposed that his submissions were ignored because he didn't belong to our "angsty...little oligarchy". And I guess I objected to the hostility which with the letter came across.

So I gave Mr. Yamashita a call and said that I'd like to talk to him. And we met the next day, right here in our cheery little *Other Side* cubicle. I had to admit that I was the one who decided not to run his submission to our first issue. It had nothing to do with whether or not the submission was well written or displayed an "understanding of the application of irony", and it had even less to do with the fact that it didn't necessarily cohere with what he considered to be our agenda. To be frank, I just thought the thing was dull and trite. If I had any idea, though, that not running his piece would cause himself and his friends to seek alternative means of communication, at their own expense, I probably would have just run the damn thing. I also feel inclined to point out that we didn't choose Elise's story instead of Mr. Yamashita's, we just chose not to run Mr. Yamashita's. Elise is a staff writer and a long time contributor to *The Other Side*, and we look forward to her unique brand of sex and violence with glee.

Anyway, the two of us sat and talked. I had gotten over my initial rage and was very cordial and agreeable. I thought it went pretty well. We got a lot of things straight. I had to feel pretty bad for the guy. He'd been threatened, bashed, discriminated against, had copies of his newsletter collected and thrown into the trash, and even had a mural that he had taken time to paint on one the the pillars outside of Sanborn painted over. I didn't blame him for being upset with Pitzer. So I reached out to Mr. Yamashita, and tried to show him my human side. And I told him about some of the things that the editors of *The Other Side* are up against. And he seemed to sympathize, and understand. And I thought we were really communicating. So I asked him to please submit something else to us; to give us another chance. And I even asked him to consider joining our editorial staff for next year.

Then we get his submission, which ostensibly calls the students that care about Pitzer a bunch of trouble-makers. His article is not only short-sighted and insensitive, but it shows an absolute disregard for the facts. I think Mr. Yamashita is still a little angry. We are running his article this time, and if we did have an agenda, you can believe that his article is doing nothing to further it. But if he wants to alienate himself further from his community, I suppose that's his business.

The Other Side doesn't hold a monopoly on views here at Pitzer. We too have had our magazine rounded up and thrown away. We too have taken our fair share of crap from people who don't like what we say. But I guess I have to hand it to Mr. Yamashita—for all of the trouble-making and whining we do, we still haven't managed to inspire, in our peers, the desire to tie us to the mounds and beat us with a baseball bat. We'll keep trying. We hope you will too. Keep those letters to the editor coming.



quinn

February 21, 1996

Mr. Aaron Balkan
c/o *The Other Side*
Pitzer College

Dear Aaron,

I'm writing this letter in response to your editorial in the February issue of *The Other Side*.

In your essay you discuss a number of things, including Pitzer's new viewbook and its picture of a "football player with a crew cut." You also go on to discuss the need for President Massey to "notice the diversity of opinions, the rich writings- the fiction the poetry, the artwork" of Pitzer. You claim that "this is our diversity- our myriad of different ways of looking at our worlds, at other peoples' worlds, at Pitzer College." After reading your essay, I have to question the integrity of your words.

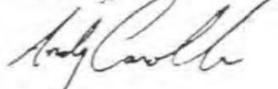
Now I don't know if you know that "football player with a crew-cut," that you wrote about, but I do. His name is Brendan McDermott, a graduate of Pitzer from last year, a valuable asset to the college as a student and now as a member of the admissions staff, and a friend of mine for four years. I found it very disturbing that you, one of the editors-in-chief of this magazine, could on one hand argue for the need of President Massey to recognize "the best of what Pitzer College students are- artists and poets and social activists and Rhodes Scholars," and for students "not to trust the fabricated bullshit they put in the viewbook," while on the other hand categorizing a Pitzer alumnus that you don't even know simply as a "football player with a crew-cut." I think it is you who has to recognize the diversity of Pitzer before you go around telling others to do so.

If you had taken the time to find out who that "football player with a crewcut" was, you probably would have discovered something rather interesting, and that is the fact that there is much more to him than just that picture. You would have found out that he graduated from Pitzer in a degree in biology and art. You would have found out that he founded Organized Students Committed to Recreation (OSCR) in an attempt to improve the social life here at Pitzer. You would have found out that Brendan, like most other students here, came to Pitzer because he appreciated the freedom available to do what he wanted to do and not worry about what people thought. He enjoyed the fact that people would accept him for what he is, and not for superficial reasons such as his haircut or the sports he played. I think it is very crass of you to embrace diversity here at Pitzer while at the same time categorize someone you don't even know solely by their picture in a viewbook.

I think it is important for you to remember the words written by Zach Taub, a former editor of this magazine, in the December issue of *The Other Side*, when he advised President Massey "to foster a quirky brand of individualism and creativity, to cash in on difference...to encourage students to be different." Matthew Cooke also referred to this need to encourage and accept diversity when he wrote in his letter to President Massey "we should encourage students to be themselves- 'different' from the generic automaton so often constructed by our institutions of learning (yes, Pitzer included)." He went on to write, "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 is exactly what Brendan did. He took advantage of the opportunities here at Pitzer to explore new areas of school and life because he believed in the college's openness to individual discovery.

In conclusion Aaron, I felt your editorial was extremely contradictory in the fact that you wanted everyone to embrace diversity in the student body, yet you limited someone that you didn't even know to a haircut and a football. Diversity includes, and is not limited to, all different styles of appearance, activities, and ways of life. I think it is important for you to remember that we all came here for different reasons, and we all make different choices, but it is not up to you to relegate anyone to a stereotype. By having your own definition and image of a Pitzer student, you reject the diversity which you claim is so integral to the Pitzer community. I think it is important for you to ask yourself whether or not you truly believe in the pure sense of diversity or just your own version of it.

Sincerely,



Andy Carollo

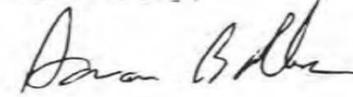
Dear Andy,

You are right to question the integrity of my words in February's issue of *The Other Side*. My association of Brendan McDermott with the image of a "football player with a crew cut" was not only without substantiation, but contradictory to the very point I was trying to make in my article: that Pitzer is not about images and viewbooks, but rather about people like Brendan, who come to this college hoping to try out their ideas and not be subject to "superficial" stereotypes because their hair is cut a certain way or because they play football. This was the very subjective notion that I was railing against, and yet in my not-so-veiled attempt at "uncovering" the administration's sinister plan to re-paint Pitzer in the very image it felt appropriate, I did much the same thing.

I had the opportunity of speaking with Brendan shortly after the last issue was published, in which I found out, much like you said in your letter, that Brendan is not only a valuable asset to Pitzer, but embraces many of the very same ideas I have- about Pitzer, about Pitzer students, about Pitzer's reality, about Pitzer's potential. My feelings after speaking with Brendan were that his contribution to the Admissions office is of the utmost benefit to Pitzer students- not because he happened to feel similarly as I, but because the efforts he invested in his Admissions work were deeply rooted in his own experience as a Pitzer student. He spoke of his duties: the recruitment of students from the Northwest, and how he had traveled to high schools personally- ones to which the Admissions office had not even asked him to go- to talk with creative, unique, caring students about Pitzer and why they should be here. He said that he was personally looking over students' applications and fighting to disperse adequate financial aid to those students who might get overlooked by any other Admissions officer, but whom he knew were "Pitzer students." He told me all of this, as he wore his Pomona/Pitzer sweatshirt and proudly displayed photos of the many friends he had made over his four years as a student at Pitzer.

I do believe in diversity, even though I am often guilty of insisting that my own "version" of diversity is the right diversity. The irony of that, is that if it were not for those very individuals who defy any person's "inception" of diversity, then we would, in fact, be left to a viewbook's definition of diversity.

Sincerely,



Aaron Balkan

FOCUS

FEATURE STORY



The 7th Sin by Aaron Praul

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A Concentrated Effort by Tamara Brown

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FEC, Rhetoric, and the Same Old Bullshit by Juan De Lara

THE PITZER COMMUNITY RAISES QUESTIONS...

The 7th Sin

by Aaron Praul

If, at the beginning of this academic year, someone would have told me that I would be spending one of the last fifty days of my college career writing an article critical of President Massey, I probably would have laughed. Criticizing our President would have seemed so absurd not because I had supported Marilyn's style of leadership nor because I believed that Marilyn was the ideal Pitzer president— I have often wondered whether Marilyn and Pitzer are a perfect fit—but rather, because I have always believed that publicly attacking a person or their policies does not benefit the Pitzer community. In a small community such as ours, criticism tends to divide people into competing groups— separate factions whose divergent viewpoints and ideologies pit themselves against each other. This division robs Pitzer of one of its qualities that I value most: congeniality.

However, since becoming Convenor of Student Senate at the beginning of this semester, I have become aware of a certain problem that needs to be addressed. It is a problem that is directly related to the ability of students and faculty to create the type of environment in which they want to live and work. It is impossible to reveal this problem without talking about certain commitments made by President Massey and certain commitments that she did not keep. My aim here is not to attack President Massey's character, but rather to show the limited ability of students and faculty to influence college policies on certain matters that greatly affect their lives. I am somewhat uneasy in bringing forth this story, but I decided to write this article because I believe that failing to address the problem will have far greater consequences than anything that this article could create. Thus, being aware of the potential costs inherent in criticizing any member of this community, I will speak as honestly as I can about the issue. My intent is to solve a problem, not to denounce any member of this community.

The problem that concerns myself is how student and faculty views are communicated, or not communicated, to those who have the ultimate power to make the decisions at this college. I became aware of this problem through observing the manner and type of information that was presented to the Board of Trustees in regards to

the issue of founding a new college. Perhaps you are unaware, but there is currently a debate going on amongst the Presidents and Boards of Trustees of the Claremont Colleges about whether or not to found a new college. While there has been no official decision as to the exact nature of the new college, and the plans differ depending upon who you talk to, the current plan calls for a graduate school offering masters degrees in biotechnology. The school would be intimately linked with Harvey Mudd and would be built on the Bernard Field Station— the environmental preserve north of Foothill Blvd.— unless the current proposals are changed.

The question as to what Pitzer should do about the Seventh College is complex. In the abstract, I see numerous benefits to founding a new college— it would bring more resources to the Claremont Colleges and could probably bring new blood to the existing institutions. The Claremont Colleges were founded on the principle that a new college should be built every ten years— this approach has helped the Claremont Colleges become what they are today.

However, concerns with the environmental effects of the Seventh College and problems with the origin and purpose of the resources with which it would be founded lead me to believe the existing proposals should be scrapped. The fuel that is driving the current attempt to found the Seventh College is a fifty million dollar donation, which happens to be tied to corporate funds. There is sufficient reason to believe that the donor of these funds is interested in founding a college primarily devoted to the practical knowledge necessary for laboratory work, rather than the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake— one of the guiding principals of the Claremont Colleges. As currently planned, the new college would seem to be at odds with the liberal arts tradition upon which the Claremont Colleges were founded.

Thus, before entreating on a massive endeavor to found an entirely new institution, it is essential that we ask ourselves a few simple questions: why should this college be a member of the Claremont Colleges?;

please turn the page

FEATURE

how does it fit within the history and values of the Claremont Colleges?; and how is this institution a liberal arts college? Not every college in this nation—not even most colleges—are committed to the principles of a liberal arts education, and we should not found any school unless it is firmly rooted in this ideology. It makes no sense to found a college that conflicts with the most basic mission and purpose of the Claremont Colleges.

So, before mentioning anything about the environmental effects of impinging upon the Bernard Field Station, and the potential costs inherent in disrupting an environmental preserve that is an important part of Pitzer's Environmental Studies program, there are numerous reasons why Pitzer should be concerned about the new college. I could go on and discuss more about the potential costs and problems of the Seventh College, but this would distract this article from its central purpose. For, this article is less about the merits of the Seventh College than about what

the Board of Trustees were told—and not told—about student and faculty views at their meeting on February 26.

A few weeks before the Board of Trustees meeting, I attended a meeting of College Council where both students and faculty expressed their opinions of the Seventh College. At the meeting, when the issue of the Seventh College was broached, there was a clear consensus that Pitzer should take an activist role in fighting the existing proposals for the new college. Numerous professors and students brought forward their clear opposition to breaching the Bernard Field Station and their deep concern about the institution's corporate ties. The fervency of the opposition was so absolute that it made me wonder whether we gave enough credence to the conceivable advantages of founding a new college—not one person spoke in favor of any aspect of the Seventh College.

In the countless meetings that I have attended at this school, I cannot remember any other group of people coming to a more clearly defined consensus when college policy was concerned. This feeling of unanimity reached its height as President Massey stood up in front of College Council and boldly declared that she would "take the lead" in the fight against the new college. The biting clarity of her remarks pleasantly startled my sentiments; I was extremely surprised that Marilyn would take such a bold stance on such a complicated issue. As I came to terms with the importance of this sequence of events, I began to feel that—for at least one fleeting moment on one particular issue—Pitzer had found a clear direction and purpose. In the end, although no official votes were taken, countless people spoke in unequivocal opposition to current plans and no one spoke with even

tepid support for the current proposal.

Thus, when coming to the Board of Trustees meeting on that day, I expected there to be a strong contingent of people opposing the existing proposal. While I understood that this was simply an informational session designed to inform the Board about the progress of the plan, I thought that it would serve as an opportunity to examine the merits of the new college. More importantly, I expected Marilyn, as President of the college and our representative to the Board, to communicate faculty and student views of the issue and to make the Board aware of her commitment to "take the lead" against the Seventh College. Although I knew that the Board had supported the move to "explore the concept" of the Seventh College at its last meeting, I expected there to be significant debate about the subject given the questions that arose at the last the Board meeting and the number of problems that had arisen since.

Needless to say, I was bit confused when Marilyn introduced the issue in a manner that was, shall we say, equivocal. I can not specifically quote much about her introduction of the issue because I did not take notes (writing an article for *The Other Side* was the farthest thing from my mind), but she mentioned that the Chairman of the Board, Chadwick F. Smith—the only member on the Board other than Marilyn who will have a vote on the five college body that has the final say over the matter—had decided to support the plan. Marilyn said nothing about her support or opposition to the plan, nor anything about the support or opposition of the faculty or students. She simply said that Mr. Smith had opposed previous plans to build a new college, but that he had decided to support this effort. While I can not specifically quote Mr. Smith either, he added some statement to the effect that the colleges would have to act quickly if they wanted to get the plan through.

When the topic was opened up for conversation, a number of Board members expressed their fervent support for the new college. In succession, three or four Board members spoke up and advocated expeditiously moving the project along. At this point, I was entirely confused about the college's stance on the issue. No one had yet voiced any concerns about the new college, nor had anyone mentioned the discussion of the issue at College Council—the body composed of faculty and students that, in theory, decides college policy. Further, there had

been little if any concern for faculty and student opinions of the issue—the very people whose living environment will be most greatly affected by the new college.

This set of factors drove me to speak up and make the Board aware of the fact that the rest of the school did not share their passion for moving the project forward. I introduced myself as Convenor and interjected that neither the students nor the faculty were in favor of the new college. I briefly mentioned the numerous concerns that surfaced at College Council, but I did not mention Marilyn's commitment to "take the lead" against the new college because I had forgotten her exact comment.

After my comments, Susan Seymour, the Dean of Faculty, rose to reaffirm my conclusions about the College Council meeting, but College Council issues were never returned to. After she spoke, no one mentioned anything further about College Council nor student or faculty views of the issue. A few other members of the Board expressed their support for the new college, one of them adding that Pitzer would not exist if people had taken such an attitude toward its founding. Marilyn closed the discussion in reminding the Board that all she had done so far was to vote for "exploring the concept" of the Seventh College. As far as I can remember, she never mentioned anything about her support or opposition of the new college, nor anything about her commitments to College Council.

To be perfectly fair to Marilyn, she did provide a student who was a member of the Ecology Center to present her concerns about the environmental problems with the new college. Marilyn may very well deserve credit for providing this student with the opportunity to express their views to the Board, however, Marilyn did not give the student sufficient notice to craft a well articulated response. When I talked to that student before the Board meeting, she seemed fairly confused about her as she asked me what the meeting was about. I can not be exactly sure, but I remember her saying that she had received an email from Marilyn earlier that day asking her to come to the meeting. While Marilyn's actions may very well have been well-intended, their effect was to put a student before the Board who did not have enough time nor information to present the issue to the best of her ability.

At the conclusion of the Board meeting, I knew that something about the event deeply bothered me but I could not determine exactly what it was. Over the course of the next few days, I thought back to the College Council meeting where the issue of the Seventh College had been discussed. Eventually, I remembered that Marilyn told College Council that she would "take the lead" against the new college. My memory of College Council was still a bit vague, so I discuss my recollection of the meeting with a number of other students who had attended that meeting. Similar to my-

self, each of them expressed their feeling that College Council had been clearly opposed to new college and that Marilyn had promised to fight against it. To be absolutely sure that all of us had not mistaken Marilyn's comments, I carefully examined the minutes of the College Council meeting, but, unfortunately, nothing in them supported nor denied our recollections.

Concerned about the possibility that Marilyn had failed to live up to her commitments to College Council, one of my fellow member of Student Senate asked Marilyn about the apparent discrepancies at the next College Council. Marilyn flatly denied that she had ever contradicted herself and then quickly moved on to another subject.

In piecing together this sequences of events, I have come to the conclusion that Marilyn's misrepresentations were not in what she said at the Board Meeting, but rather in what she did not say. She mentioned nothing about taking an activist role in fighting the proposals, nor did she mention anything about student and faculty opposition to the proposal. Marilyn did give a student an opportunity to speak to the Board about the issue, but providing a student limited access to the Board should not in any way relieve her of her obligation to present student and faculty views to the Board. However important giving students access to the Trustees may be, it does not in itself fulfill her obligation to be our representative to the Board.

Further, and more importantly, telling College Council that she would "take the lead" against the new college necessarily implies that she would attempt to persuade the Board of the college's problems. Making this statement is a commitment; it requires her to express the concerns that lead her to voice opposition to the endeavor, or, if she does not feel comfortable advocating in this manner, to at least tell the Board about student and faculty views of the issue. By failing to articulate student and faculty views, Marilyn severs a critical link between the Pitzer students and faculty and the Board of Trustees. This separation prevents faculty and students from creating the type of environment that will most effectively fuel their creative energies. When the Board has the final say on issues ranging from tuition increases and financial aid to construction plans and the yearly budget, this disconnection greatly hampers the ability of faculty and students to create a community that will maximize their potential. When making decisions of such fundamental importance, it is most effective to account for all the peoples views, rather than simply those making the decisions. How can the Board make good decisions if they are not fairly and equally presented with the opinions of those that will have to live with their decisions. ■

Aaron is a graduating senior and Chairman of Student Senate

Romancing the Staff



by Shanti Webley

The story which I am about to tell is set some two years ago, in a room somewhere off of Pitzer's campus in the after-hours of the working day-- perhaps at CMC or CGS, the details still are not very clear. The people in this room are all employees of Pitzer, and do various jobs for the school: they include maintenance workers, secretaries, computer support people, and housing staff, along with others. All together, these are the people we would usually call the Pitzer staff .

What Pitzer staff members were doing in this room late at night off of Pitzer's campus is where our story begins. These staff people, the maintenance workers, the financial aid officers, and the rest of them, had gathered in this room in order to discuss a number of things. Generally, their discussions would focus on issues of operation at Pitzer, budget formulation and administration, and the admissions procedures, for example. A staff member who participated in those meetings (they were held weekly) recalled that we [the staff] talked about coordination of activities and administrative offices, those kind of things. Their discussions, however, were not always about everyday, fairly uncomplicated issues. In many ways, staff felt left out of the loop of participation at Pitzer. In meetings, Faculty Executive Committee or otherwise, staff members were invited to sit in and speak but could not vote. When staff members were to be fired, the staff had little means of objecting. Many staff members were aware that even though they were as involved as others in the running and the livelihood of Pitzer, their opinions and positions were not considered in passing decisions, since the staff, unlike the students or the faculty, had no formal body that gave recommendations to or aided the administration. It was this representation in governance that the staff was seeking to build in these meetings. According to one staff member, their long-time lack of representation had left them no other avenue for discussion of staff issues, and their ad-hoc meetings were their last chance at participation.

These late-night meetings make more sense if some pre-history is brought into light. Previous to their off-campus meetings, staff had been holding their meetings on-campus and during normal school hours (much like the Faculty Executive Committee or the College Council do now), in which similar issues were discussed as in the others— administration, governance, and the like. What happened to make these meetings leave the campus and stop during the day is the point at which our second player enters the scene.

The part of President Massey, our second player, and the degree to which she was involved in our story, is a confusing one. On the one hand are words from the President herself which testify to her support of the idea of staff participation. In past meetings of College Council, President Massey has often spoken in favor of staff being recognized. But her actions say something much different than her words. Having caught wind of the sometimes critical nature of the staff meetings and of staff's desire to have a louder voice at Pitzer, rather than their non-existent one, it was President Massey who banned Pitzer staff from holding meetings on campus. Citing an appellate court deci-

sion (Electromation v National Labor Relations Board), President Massey argued that staff could not participate in the governance of Pitzer. In truth, the decision said nothing concerning staff or staff governance. Staff members were to later realize, in fact, that President Massey's dissolution of staff meetings was itself an illegal act. Ironically, the staff's piece of legal precedent was found in that same decision which the President had handed the staff to try to remove them from campus.

President Massey's role in the staff issue did not stop there. Realizing that pressure from staff, a staff now armed with a legal precedent which refuted Massey's original claims, would force her into some sort of action, Massey asserted her authority. After both the on- and off-campus meetings were brought to their respective ends, President Massey, in an act of supposed goodwill, formed a new twelve-member committee formed entirely of staff which would make recommendations to Massey and other high-level decision-makers. There were, however, a couple of catches. The ap-

pointment of the staff members to this new committee would not, as many staff members had hoped, be done with the input or consent of the staff itself; appointments would come directly from the President. And since the position of President, along with other administrative/decision-making offices, were at least nominally included in staff, Massey's first appointment to the committee was herself as chairwoman, followed by other members in similar positions. Office staff, maintenance workers, those who composed the majority of the staff body, did not have seats on this committee, even though it was their interests that were supposedly being represented. A staff member commented on the situation at the time, saying, "the President would like to see staff get recognition at Pitzer but have total control over who those staff people are." What was envisioned as a step forward that would finally involve staff, seemed to many nothing more than an additional way in which President Massey was able to set the precedent and agenda. It seemed that President Massey had again mishandled and misled the staff in their pursuit of further involvement at Pitzer.

In the end, with heightened calls from both staff and faculty (some faculty were concerned that Massey's new committee weighted the scales of influence directly in her favor), a final solution was pushed forth. Staff, students, and faculty were asked to submit three proposals each by the end of the summer of 1995 that would outline their ideas for new formations of college gover-

nance. While the recommendations of faculty and students were seen by many, staff's governance proposals were noticeably missing from any memos or briefs that were circulated among the College's committees, even though they had been completed and returned to the FEC months before any deadline.

The details of the staff's proposal can be summed up in a few lines of the proposal. The staff wished simply for "an opportunity to share more actively in responsibility for, as well as implementation of, the day to day operations and long term goals of the college. We seek, in return, recognition for our professional expertise and for our service to the college." Important, also, was the staff's expressed wish that in the formation of staff sen-

ates and councils for a distinction to be made between the staff which includes office and maintenance workers and the staff which includes President Massey, the vice-presidents, and others whose activities and interests were unrelated, sometimes opposed, to those of the majority of staff.

Even after seeing reports like the one released in late 1994, which indicate that "staff are often surprised then frustrated or demoralized by the reality of being the most institutionally silenced group on campus", President Massey seems unwilling to commit to any policy which would advance the participation of staff at Pitzer; rather, President Massey has aided and even spearheaded efforts to defeat staff participation in the governing process. By habitually taking steps in one direction while claiming they are in another, President Massey has let staff's voice go unheard for too long. In their proposal on new governance, staff members point out that "of Pitzer's 116 staff, 43 have worked at the college for more than six years [1995 figures], a time comparable to that of tenured faculty. The staff are by no means transient." It is perhaps time that the President recognize the staff as professionals and as long-standing members of the Pitzer community and, therefore, that their participation in governance would be as useful as that of either the faculty or the students. It is perhaps also time that the President realize that it is not only the staff who are concerned with their lack of participation, and that it is not only the staff who will object to their mistreatment. ■

Shanti Webley is a first-year student who wanted to transfer to another college-- so we made her editor of The Other Side.

...it was President Massey who banned Pitzer staff from holding meetings on campus.



Petty Cash

by quinn burson

What is Pitzer's "reorganization" costing our community?

It's way, way past deadline, and I'm sitting here,

furiously trying to put together my story for *The Other Side*. It's supposed to be about Michael and Debra and how they got fired—or "reorganized". But all I can think about is the fact that this is the last issue that this editorial staff will ever work on together. We decided to go all out for this issue. Our original plan was to have the theme of the issue be "secure".

And we were supposed to have a few pieces that explored the issue of "secure". I don't have any idea who came up with that idea, or what they could have meant by it.

I was probably too busy yelling at Todd Schooler at the time. At any rate, it didn't take long before the theme of the issue went from "secure" to—surprise!!—administration bashing. It was one of those things that we couldn't have avoided if we wanted to—it's a good thing we didn't really want to.

So...I decided that I needed to get to the bottom of this Michael and Debra business. I decided that I needed to get the real story—the scoop—and I felt, for a moment, like an honest-to-God journalist. And I went around and talked to people who gave a shit about it. And I talked to some people that didn't. And I talked to some people that said they did, and really didn't. Those were my least favorite people to talk to.

The first thing that I found out is that there were a lot of stories going around Scott Hall. Excluding trifling details that conflict from version to version, the story in Scott Hall goes something like this: One day, in the middle of March, Michael Tessier goes to his mailbox and finds a pink slip—

out of the clear blue. And Debra Rogers is told that the college will be glad to honor her maternity leave provided she doesn't come back afterward.

Sounds like pretty harsh stuff—even blatantly illegal. While it will forever be impossible for me, or anyone else, to get the real story on Debra's maternity leave and subsequent dismissal, the story about Michael and his pink-slip is a little less slippery. Michael wasn't given a pink-slip. What he did receive was a slightly tactless memo from Jackie Peterson. This reporter did his very best to obtain a copy of this memo, but sadly could come up only with this paraphrased version from an unnamed source who has a copy of the memo. The relevant part read something like this: ...we need to get together to finalize your termination. Love, Jackie. Well...maybe I made up that love part, but like I said, I couldn't get my hands on the actual memo.

Michael, of course, can't talk with us about any of this stuff. Evidently, his talking to us would put whatever settlement he made with the college in jeopardy. Marilyn Massey can't really say much either, because the matter is "confidential". So I went and asked her what was meant by "reorganization". She referred me to Jackie Peterson, since it was her office that was being "reorganized". I tried, several times, to find Jackie in her office and failed to do so. And the more stories that I heard, and the more I walked around trying to find someone else who could tell me something real, and the more times I came to the office of somebody that I needed to talk to only to find the door closed—the more I got frustrated with the fact that it's

impossible to find somebody at Pitzer with balls enough to tell the truth—the more I knew that my idea of being an honest-to-God journalist was going to fly right out the window. And so it went.

And my investigation led me to some similar "reorganizations" from the past. Maybe some of us remember Norvetta Williams. She worked in the Dean of Students office, had some kind of problems there, was moved to some other office, didn't get along there either, and was let go—and paid off—some unknown amount (it's hard to get details at Pitzer). Legend has it that she is still on Pitzer's payroll.

Then there's Wanda Jefferson, who was also moved out of the Dean of Students office, for some reason. She was made a faculty assistant. There were soon problems there, too, and she was soon excused from her duties. She received a fed-ex letter from the Dean of Faculty telling her not to bother coming into work any more, and that she could call to schedule an appointment to pick up her stuff. Pretty brutal. She got some kind of settlement too. I couldn't find out how much (it's hard to get people to talk at Pitzer).

And I'm sure that some of us will remember a former Dean of Faculty here at Pitzer. I won't bring up his name, because Marilyn Massey asked me not to. So I won't. At any rate, I'm sure that the faculty members who are reading this know who I'm talking about. The story that I get from faculty members in Scott Hall goes like this: Marilyn extends his contract even though the faculty doesn't have any faith in him. And then, out of the blue, she fires him. And pays him off—somewhere in the neighborhood of \$300,000. President Massey's version differs. She says that she

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"MISSIONS" AND "OBJECTIVES"

by Werner Warmbrunn



The discussion over the "goals" of Pitzer in the most recent issue of *The Other Side* raised such interesting and important questions that I am happy to accept the Editor's invitation to weigh in on the issue.

However, I feel compelled to comment first on the modalities of that controversy: We all owe the person at the head of the institution a measure of respect because that person represents the College as a whole. Sarcasm or derision aimed at that individual demean the community and its members. Yet at the same time it is to the credit of the intellectual climate at Pitzer that students—from time to time—feel free to disagree with faculty and administration—and with each other.

That having been said, I want to voice whole-hearted support for Matthew Cooke's main proposition that there can be "no loftier goal or educational objective than to help a person to fulfill his or her own unique potential." This indeed was the key objective of the College when it was founded. In founding President Atherton's words:

"At Pitzer College you will find your professors and counselors eager to work with you individually to plan a program of study to fit your interests and ambitions...And most important through all your studies at Pitzer will be a constant evaluation of your new knowledge through philosophy and religion, the faiths and ideals which alone give man's efforts significance." (1964-65 catalogue)

The development of the student's individual potential should be the chief goal of a liberal arts college because that is also the main aspiration of a society based on the ideals of Western Civilization as developed from its Greek roots, and from the inheritance of Renaissance and Enlightenment. It is the main objective of the Republic (despite all of its imperfections) that grew out of a document which stipulated "the pursuit of happiness" (i.e. one's potential) as an inalienable right (the present writer hopes that his readers will bear in mind the underlying promise of the Western tradition and of America democracy as practiced in the United States and the Western world Democracy as practiced in the United States and the Western world is often subjected at Pitzer). Other institutions of higher education may have other priorities: a Catholic college or university may inscribe the maintenance of the Faith and of Catholic morality on its banner and grant institutions such as Cal Poly may be designed to advance agriculture and engineering; but a liberal arts college first and foremost serves its students.

However, service to students and to the community need not be mutually exclusive endeavors. Men and women are indeed social animals who have to live in, and contribute to, their communities. Pitzer's faculty—rightly or wrongly—has identified studies dealing with "social responsibility" as one of Pitzer's educational objectives, and "service learning" has lately been advanced as an important education component. Therefore, community work in adjacent cities such as Pomona, Ontario, and Monterey Park can become a valuable adjunct of the education of those students who choose these particular courses and projects, provided the latter contain a strong academic component. For many students, such community service may indeed be the way in which they fulfill their potential. Beyond that, there is something to be said for the College to return value to the community in exchange for our privileged tax exempt status: the Early Academic Outreach Program and volunteering in local schools fall into that category. But all of these activities need to be related to the overriding goal of providing opportunities for acquiring the tools (skills) to use that potential. That goal seems to me the overriding "mission" of Pitzer College, a goal to which all other "objectives" should be subordinated. ■

Werner Warmbrunn is a Professor Emeritus of history who has been teaching at Pitzer since its founding in 1963.

FEATURE

A Concentrated Effort

By Tamara Brown



I've never written an article for *The Other Side*, so I'm not sure how this is going to turn out. There is a lot to say but I don't quite know how to say it all. I must begin with why I'm writing this article. During my time here at Pitzer I have been intimately involved with Pitzer politics. My experiences in Pitzer have included committees, being Convener, and working with the

Faculty Executive Committee (FEC). The most important sources of information for this article come from many "meetings" with the President, Dean of Students, staff, and other members of the College community. These "meetings" often provided information that was "left out" of public statements on certain issues. I feel the "left out" information needs to be put back in.

A college committed to certain ideals which created an environment that fostered community development, self-awareness, independence, and innovative thinking: Pitzer was the liberal college of the Claremont Colleges, not just liberal arts, and often set the trend on college policies. The college offers a participatory governance structure and encourage communication between all constituents. Those affiliated with Pitzer who believe in this "lofty" ideal we hold, also believe they are attainable. There are some in our community who don't appear to value these ideals and because they often make many poor decisions which effect us all, they wreak havoc. One of the College's educational objective is "Concern with the social consequences and ethical implications of knowledge and action" (Pitzer College Catalog 1995-96). This objective has made Pitzer a unique place. An environment like Pitzer was created for community where individualism and activism are encouraged and supported.

Activism has always been applauded here on campus. Student activism at Pitzer was epitomized for

me when predominantly Pitzer students occupied Alexander Hall in Spring of 1993. They took over the building as a five college attack against institutionalized racism within the hiring practices of the Colleges. Like so often in the past, Pitzer led not only in numbers but in support. That type of energy and passion led me to discover how I could be involved and maybe make a difference in something I strongly believed in.

For example, Pitzer college has had budget problems since I've been here. These problems came to light in fall of '93 when there was the intention to raise tuition 6.5%. This was 3.5% higher than projected inflation, but it would give the College "new"-more-money. Obviously, such a rise in tuition was not the way to go, especially with trends in higher education to cut back and restructure budget priorities. With this in mind and with great amounts of student persuasion, Pitzer committed to a five year plan, where the rate of increase of tuition would decrease over five years. The college has remained dedicated, and it should provide "new" money because the rate still remains over inflation. When speaking to a trustee once he commented that "...maybe we can't spend the way we [the College] used to."

How does the College spend? The budget is divided into instructional budget and administrative. The instructional budget comes to College Council, where faculty and students vote and discuss it. The administrative budget is discussed by the vice-presidents, the president, and a member of the budget committee. No, these discussions are not advertised and there is no community



discussion on how this portion of the budget is spent. Although the entire budget is divided amongst FTE (full time enrolled) students when reporting how much per student is spent. Then there are extras, often avoidable and costly.

It is illegal to discuss the details of personnel cases

in situations where there have been "separation" agreements-when people have left the College under questionable circumstances. However, the relevance of these "agreements" to Pitzer's administrative practices can be discussed. Although each incident was unique and occurred in different departments, they had one common theme- a "settlement" had to be issued, not severance pay, or straight contract buy out, but a "settlement" so the College wouldn't be sued. In one instance, the president renewed contract with the disapproval of the faculty, and then withdrew it a very short time after. In another instance, an employee of the College for over 25 years was given the highest level of reprimand, termination, with no attempt at resolving her situation. Another employee of the College was moved around to different departments and her time was split up here and there. When she wouldn't accept a humiliating position created to "...give her something to do", she was fired. Finally, the "reorganization" of student affairs. The parties involved were "...supposed to be looking for jobs" for the last year, so their resignation shouldn't have been a surprise. But for their unexpected resignation the College has made them quite "...admirable and amicable agreement(s)"

The fact that the College can't afford to pay people who are no longer working here is secondary. That these decisions do not reflect administrators having "concern for the social consequences and ethical implications of their actions" is primary. Of course their personal form of recourse and protection is provided by the College's personnel officer, her office is conveniently located in the vice-president of administration's suite of offices, where she is a "neutral" party.

If there was extra money, how would it be spent? Do we add to our middle management a new Assistant Director of maintenance, when this time last year we were thinking of contracting out our housekeeping staff? (which we did do for mowing the lawn and grounds work). Our handymen were short of people for quite some time before someone new was hired. (If you ever turned in a workorder you know how long it took to get fixed.) One would think the College was saving money in the maintenance department after they cut the service of providing lunches at McConnell to maintenance workers, the lowest paid employees at Pitzer. A budget decision which members of the administration "didn't think...would effect many people."

Is it necessary for the president to have an assistant as well as a secretary? This can be added to the list of other things paid for out the College's budget to make her one of the ten most compensated presidents of a

college in the US. This compensation includes her house, utilities, travel and airfare, maid (apparently Pitzer maintenance isn't quite good enough for her), and the independent caterers she uses for events she throws (Marriott food, you see, is only good enough for the students).

Yeah, and do all the vice-presidents need a car provided by the College?

After looking at what money is spent on, we should also look at what it is not being spent on. Hardwiring the dorms has been put off yet again because an extra person is needed to support the system and we don't have money for it. The dining hall (bad lighting, drab decor, and awful food) needs to be reconstructed and offer better ambience for eating. I was told in another year or two the College should be in a position to address this issue and this was last year. There have been no public discussions of the plans for this to be done.

...and the independent caterers [Marilyn] uses for events she throws (Marriott food, you see, is only good enough for students).

Our Gold Student Center received no funding from the College. It was on the program improvement list for two years. The budget officer felt that since the College was paying for the utilities and cleaning the building, the College was doing it's part (we have lights and water and, it's clean!), since we had no "new" money after our spending. There was a list of things that the building still was not equipped with and there

were no funds for non-workstudy jobs, which the building needed to have, to be serviceable for the community.

PAct, which is really not distinguishable from the Gold Center anymore, is now requesting 50% of Senate's budget. Student Affairs is also suggesting to merge PAct with Residential life programs. So, their office will advise the 13 students they hire on programming for the rest of the College. If this merger is approved they will also control half of the activity fund and small student run groups will get little or no funding. (Does the large corporation swallowing the small independent businesses come to mind for anyone? It does for me.)

It took additional Senate funding to have the building ready to open and "reallocation" within Student Affairs to find money for the things they needed. This took money away from other things like residential life programs and dormitory support. Senate picked up this tab also. (FYI: Senate allocates student activities funds students pay specifically for activities/programming)

With our current budgetary difficulties the budget officers ask everyone to reallocate to find sources for new programs. Do we ask the academic budget to "reallocate"? When they "reallocate", do they not fund classes like Qi Gong and classes offered by emeriti

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Citizen Paul



by
Todd
Berry

It was four p.m. on an otherwise average Wednesday afternoon at the end of last semester when Paul Frankel's arrest for terrorism occurred. The incident sparked numerous rumors around Pitzer's campus, as well as numerous threatening problems for Paul himself. Most importantly, though, it was another nail into the sides of Pitzer students. We had, once again, been misinformed, uninformed, and uniformly denied a voice in the goings on at this college. The question should be posed: "Why was all of this necessary, and why did it happen?"

For those of you who may not know Mr. Frankel, he is a senior at Pitzer College who is now excommunicated from the college he attends. With the exception of attending his classes, he is not allowed on our campus. This was not the decision of the court, nor that of the Pitzer judiciary board, which we will come to; but first the details of the incident:

The story begins roughly three weeks before that fateful Wednesday, with an article in the Claremont Debater. In that article, a student was described as a drug dealer and, though it did not say specifically, the rumors spread were of Paul, as the dealer mentioned in the article had been robbed, on campus, at gunpoint; as had happened to him. This could have been a simple case of libel, had it only come to that. However, Paul, understandably upset, discovered the identity of the author of the piece and sent her a threat over the school's e-mail system. At this point, Paul contacted Jackie Peterson, the Dean of Students, to make an attempt at mediation. Jackie, in reference to the Debater article, reportedly told him that "...it was slander, and there were no consequences from the school." Additionally, with the Debater not being a school-sponsored paper, there was nothing the school could do. Then, according to Paul, when the girl was informed of the threat he had made on e-mail, she "...didn't seem very concerned, but [she] did warn me..."

After failing to come to a resolution with Dean Peterson, Paul decided to take matters into his own hands and contacted the author personally. "My intent was basically to tell her that I hoped she was satisfied, and that she was fucking up my reputation, and that she couldn't back it up. I didn't and still don't think that she wrote that article for the benefit of the Pitzer community. I think she had ulterior motives, and I was going to question her on them..." However, when Paul received her answering machine recording, he lost his temper and made another threat. It was these two threats (e-mail and the machine) which led to police surveillance and his subsequent arrest.

Paul claims that he was put under surveillance because "they [the police and administration] were convinced I was selling drugs." However, Detective Dymes of the Claremont Police Department claims that he was put under arrest for the threats he made (Dymes was the arresting officer in the case). According to Dymes, "...we [CPD] kind of tripped into it." They were contacted about the threats and put Paul under surveillance for about three weeks before finally arresting him, instead of initially contacting or arresting him on the charge—a move that Paul feels was based on hearsay, as he believes that the police were intent on arresting him for drug trafficking.

It would seem that he was correct. On this Wednesday, Paul had received a package from a friend. The pack-

age contained somewhere in the neighborhood of \$4,000, money he says his friend had lent him so he could buy a car. Paul never received the money, and was told by the mail room clerk to return to his room and was basically given the run around. A few hours later, a campus security officer and two uniformed Claremont motorcycle units arrived at Paul's suite and removed Paul from his room, handcuffed him, and sat him on the couch in the suite living room. Shortly thereafter, three more officers arrived, including the plain clothed Dymes and one drug dog. Dymes says that the arrest took place because of the arrival of the package, and that he was there, in fact, to search for possible drugs. Dymes asked for permission to search the room, and, according to Paul, insinuated that it would be "wise" for Paul to allow him, which he did. What Dymes reported finding was a minute amount of a controlled substance (pot), too small an amount to warrant an arrest charge. During this time, the half-suite phone rang three or four times, and each time, CPD officers answered, claiming to be Paul and (according to Paul) "...trying to find out anything about drugs..." Each time, the callers hung up on the officers.

Paul then requested from the campus security member present that the on duty dean be called. Jackie Peterson, when receiving the call, arrived roughly an hour later, when Paul was finally arrested. Paul recalls being told to shut up when asking what the charge was, and not being read his Miranda rights. He says, in fact, that he was told he had none.

He was then taken to the Claremont City Jail's processing and holding area, where he was held for seventy-two hours (the maximum time limit to be held without being booked on a charge). He was then transferred to the Pomona courthouse, where he was finally informed that he was being charged with felony terrorism—a charge which incurred a \$150,000 bail charge. Paul discovered that, to salvage the semester, he would have to plea bargain. He was put on interim suspension by the college until his judiciary board hearing, a hearing which of course could not take place until after his court hearing. His interim suspension allowed Paul to come onto campus only to finish that semester's classes. The plea bargaining got him a 90 day sentence, 3 years of felony probation, and a \$5,000 fine. The sentence was then turned to house arrest, a form of electronic monitoring which involves a small device placed on the suspect's ankle and provides the police with his location at all times. Paul is still under house arrest and will be until April 27.

At the start of this semester, Paul was not even allowed to attend classes until the judiciary board hearing, which occurred during the second week of school. The board consisted of one faculty member and various students, assigned to represent the Pitzer community in cases such as these. Ten witnesses, including one R.A., testified to Paul's character, stating that he is a passive person and that this was an isolated incident. Paul then

admitted to the threat and explained the circumstances and that the threat itself was an idle one. The hearing took two hours and Paul was contacted one hour later with the board's decision. "They said that they found the sanctions that the court had given me to be already too severe, and additional sanctions imposed by the college would be meaningless," Paul said. They did decree, however, that for the security of the threatened student, Paul would not be allowed on campus between the hours of midnight and 8:00 am without clearance from the school. The vote for this ruling was unanimous and Paul agreed to adhere to their decision.

The sentence involves a small device placed on the suspect's ankle and provides the police with his location at all times.

Paul then received a letter from President Massey, overriding the decision of these representatives of our community and, once again, removing our voice in the goings on within the Pitzer community. The letter basically said "...that she was overruling the judicial board's decision; she would let me attend classes, but I couldn't have my job at the Gold Center, and I wasn't to be allowed on campus at any time other than during classes or other approved activities." Paul saw this as a complete disregard for the opinions of the Pitzer community (as the decision of the judiciary board was meant to be representative of the community), and felt that she "sees herself as God." He was (understandably) upset by the overruling, and was disappointed at what he feels the college has become. Having grown up in Claremont, he has seen the college go through changes throughout the years, but views this as the worst yet. "I've always felt that Pitzer has had a strong sense of community. Basically, the whole event made me see that Pitzer has entered the nineties now, and the whole notion of community is destroyed when one person can overrule a community decision."

What should now be considered is, "why did this happen?" In our community, one which is supposedly based on mutual respect and communication, why was the route taken one of outside authority, i.e. the CPD? Was it really necessary? Shouldn't, at the very least, an attempt been made to resolve this conflict within the community? Why was Paul's initial attempt at mediation denied? And, finally, why was our community's voice in the matter silenced?

Jackie Peterson was not available for comment. Marilyn Massey declined. ■

Todd Berry is a sophomore who spends much of his time organizing concerts, and is a music editor for The Other Side. His own band was just signed to a major record label.

Dispelling Myths: A Note on Pitzer Conspiracy Theories

by Nicole Lamphere

What are the Pitzer conspiracy theories? The idea that it is us against them—the paranoid delusions that the administration is an ugly monster and the individual administrators are tools of some corrupted capitalist agenda whose sole purpose is to oppress.

If our Pitzer education has taught us a damn thing, I would hope that at least we have learned that the issues of the world are not black and white, good guy, bad guy. I would hope that our Pitzer education helped us see the world for what it is—a complex and interactive mutually restraining and mutually promoting web of systems—the social woven into the political woven into the economic woven into the environmental woven into the social. We, as individuals, and as the systems themselves, perpetuate our places and roles in these systems. It is not only dangerous, but too easy and pitiful to pin our angst onto this viable scapegoat—the Pitzer administration.

I am writing this article because I think that there is a lot of misdirected energy in our Pitzer student population. I am also a bit ashamed that my fellow students are so intent on biting the hand that feeds them and crying “oppressed” when in reality, we are among the privileged of our peers to be receiving this education and have more participation in governance than most other colleges of this caliber.

I think it is valid to question authority and hold it accountable, but I also think there is an appropriateness attached and a level after which you begin to resemble a paranoid schizophrenic and people begin to tune you out—which is a fine option if you are an angry loner; but if you are genuinely concerned about getting your point across, you had better choose your battles, and your strategies, wisely.

I have been working with the Ecology Center since its inception. I have sat through boring and rigorous meetings to work out the logistics of getting our goals accom-

plished. I have come to recognize the group dynamics in an organization in which many different students have different levels of energy to offer and hold different views of what the organization should encompass and what it should strive for. Each person’s ideas are important and the ultimate goal is to incorporate them all into a dynamic organization shaped and reshaped and driven by the students.

But there are realistic limitations—the students are first and foremost students. And as much as we want to accomplish the organizations goals, we will not give up studying for a midterm or put off applying to grad schools. We would be foolish if we did.

I am writing this article because the Ecology Center has been attacked and it has been asserted that the center has not only not done a good enough job but also is looking for applause for its cursory efforts—(all expletives deleted). I would just like to clarify the issues and comment on the appropriateness of action, but firstly—none of us do what we do for applause, we do it because we feel it is a good use of our time.

The specific efforts criticized are my efforts and strategy to deal with the issue of the Bernard Biological Field Station’s possible development into a seventh post-graduate bioengineering college.

On February the 26th, there was a Board of Trustees meeting at Pitzer College. I e-mailed the President and we agreed to discuss the issue at the meeting and four students were present as either Ecology Center members or members of student government representing the Pitzer anti-development concerns. Our goal was to express the concern to the trustees and educate ourselves further about the status of the plans for the new college. I sent out a blanket e-mail encouraging concerned students to attend the meeting.

No other students sat through the meeting and the discussion.

The seventh proposed college is just that: proposed. The CGS/CUC Board of Fellows (which President Massey sits on) had approved the “exploration of the possibility of development” of a seventh college with the Field Station as a possible site for development (alternative sites do exist). Half of the funding (50 million dollars) is already secured by a single corporate donor (this is another point of contention, especially with faculty and administrators—the corporation may have too great a role in the administration of the college).

However, the proposal of the actual development of the college on the Field Station lands, although strongly possible, has not been passed. I think an appropriate strategy to take in this situation is to raise the profile of the issue, call a town meeting and sort out the facts. Then the students, faculty, and administration who are concerned can draw up a concise statement listing our points of contention, Xerox it, and place it on the table settings in front of the trustees at the meeting in May. This exerts our tenacity and the severity of our concern.

So how does my frustration with the Pitzer conspiracy theories factor into this? The strategy detailed above was criticized for not being militant enough and for using the “system”, while the critic thought it more appropriate to stop talking about the issue and subvert the system to take action. This approach is simply anxious and premature for this particular issue at the current stage in its advancement.

I believe that the system cannot always be relied upon to solve our problems. Action by means other than through the system can be effective when properly organized and when the actors are first very versed in the issue that they are acting out against. These ideas are being grappled with at Ecology Center meetings. The philosophy and effectiveness of protests—which, if done prematurely and in an unorganized manner can cause more harm than good. They can take away from your credibility and your argument. I think that more discussion of the issue is needed among the students—the power of education should not be underestimated as a grass-roots and potentially militant tool.

In this particular issue, the faculty and some of our administration share our concerns. Dean of Faculty Susan Seymour stood up and cautioned against the seventh college at the Trustee meeting. In this case, it is not students against everyone else. Students who make this cry are guilty of generalizing and not using discretion to look at each issue as different.

Where does the spill-over come from—these conspiracy theories? Does it come from the proposed marginalization of student voice by the faculty who wanted to cut student participation in personnel decisions? Maybe if we students demonstrated more interest and responsibility in being involved in these sort of decisions, the faculty would begin to trust us with them. It’s

too easy to paint ourselves as the innocent underdogs. Apathy is a deep problem here and who wants to trust the apathetic with decisions that will affect their careers? I don’t blame them for their reservations. I think it’s wrong to cut out student votes, but I also think that we owe them due interest and participation should we choose to exercise these votes. If we act like children at summer camp, that is how we should expect to be treated.

Several students have criticized President Massey’s stance on the Field Station issue. Apparently, at a College Council meeting that I did not attend, the President took a very strong stance and asserted that she would lead the fight against development on the Field Station. At the ensuing Trustee meeting, the same stance was not portrayed to the same degree of militancy, but the President did caution of her concern and encourage discussion between the trustees and students and faculty.

I think that we are all very ambitious and anxious for our ideas and values to be in place, and when we see the subtle politics that the administration is forced into because of their nature, we become disgruntled. But we may as well accept it as a fact of life. People in positions of power are often in precarious positions with loyalties either divided or shrouded.

Just because President Massey exercises diplomacy doesn’t mean that she is carrying out this corrupt capitalist student-oppressing agenda. She’s not the bad guy in the black hat. I think we all know that we students are by no means the pure protagonists in the white hats. Maybe you believe that she is some tool, but I would hope that when rumors float around campus that Massey was two-faced and lied about her stance on the Field Station issue, that we would listen and use some discretion rather than buy into myths because of some preconceived notion we have of the administration.

And that goes for any myth that might be floating around there on the Pitzer campus.

When I see Pitzer students letting preconceived notions influence what they believe, I am a bit ashamed that we have not at least learned that the world is not so cut and dry. If we haven’t at least learned the complexities of issues and positions—if we haven’t at least learned to listen critically and use discretion before we swallow peoples words and arguments, then what the hell good are these four years and 100,000 dollars for besides summer camp? ■

Nicole Lamphere is a graduating senior and long time member of the Ecology Center.

FEC, Rhetoric, and the Same Old Bullshit

It's been almost four fucking years since I arrived at Pitzer and while we have had some major progress on the progressive political front, there is still a lot of work to do. Although it is easy to talk about a demonized enemy that we think is responsible for all of our troubles, I think we need to discuss the structural patterns that have kept students and Pitzer staff marginalized and at the mercy of those easy targets like the President, deans, and heads of committees.

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One of the first issues I got involved in during my first year at Pitzer was the take-over of Alexander Hall. For those of you who weren't here or don't remember, Alexander Hall was about power. It was about militant progressive students demanding that the Claremont Colleges stop their racist, sexist and homophobic hiring, retention and recruiting practices. The students who took over that building realized that the governance structures set up to deal with these issues were controlled by forces that were not interested in progressive politics.

The fact is that marginalized groups have always had to fight for the little representation we have. Dominant groups have always tried to maintain their power by oppressing others. Things have not changed much and those who hold power still do everything they can to maintain their status. They ask us to join their committees and expect us to be happy with the tiny scraps they toss at us every one in a while. But we keep fighting and sometimes force them to do things they are not happy about.

"It's always going to be us and them. Giant corporations will be given everything at the worker's expense, and it's politics that lets them do it."—Mike Dulanelly, one of 700+ striking workers at an A.E. Staley corn wet-milling plant.

Power relations, wherever they may be, are basically the same. At Pitzer, the ruling class is not made up of multinational corporations (although we do seem to be more sympathetic to their exploits lately). Here a few select faculty and administrators run the show at the expense of students and college staff. Pitzer's much-touted democratic governing structure is an easily masked political power base that gives those select few faculty and administrators the perfect tool to implement and conceal their kinder and gentler tyranny.

As students, we are constantly reminded by our student handbooks that, at Pitzer, students have a voice and should exercise it. Then we are told that being a responsible student and member of the community means that we should serve on committees. While on the committees we are embraced by the all-powerful forces that really run this place and are given the "we are one big happy family" line. What we are left with, for those few students who do participate, is a committee position in which we are supposed to work together with faculty and administrators who are at times patronizing. Needless to say, the experience is disempowering.

I never planned on writing about why I quit the Faculty Executive Committee. In fact, I didn't plan on spending any more of my time on FEC issues. But after I talked with a highly esteemed and wise professor, I thought it would be better to cover my back and not allow people to talk shit without making some sort of re-

sponse. My friend told me that those same people who constantly remind us that we as students have civic duties to fulfill, will take my resignation and turn it into a full fledged attack. I have since found out that she was right. Since my resignation, influential members of FEC have criticized me by claiming that I was being irresponsible. They have even begun to talk about students' lack of commitment and involvement in government. Those same forces would love to exclude students from government altogether. There are problems with student involvement, however, attempts to exclude students from government without looking at all the structural bullshit and bureaucracy that forces students and faculty away from college governance, would be shortsighted and one big "pendejada (learn Spanish)".

For a long time now I have felt uneasy about being part of a committee, which like most other committees that operate under oppressive systems, compromises my politics. The only reason that I was on the committee in the first place was because I thought that I could influence, a-la Antonio Gramsci, some significant policy decisions. While I have contributed to some interesting decisions, I have slowly been pulled into one big compromise after another. So while the art of compromising serves a particular political agenda within a particular power relationship, I have realized that I no longer fit into that "particular" role. I know that people in charge of FEC are going to respond to this by using that familiar line "well he never said anything to us about it." It's just more evidence about how entrenched people are.

Once again I call on students to take an ideological step away from the one big happy family ideal we get plummeted with all the time by self serving authority figures that are only interested in containment. The students need to take control of the college. Fuck this shit about a paternalistic administration and a few faculty ruling over the rest of us.

What's most important is for us to realize that Pitzer is not the entire world. Student politics need to incorporate social justice issues that lie outside of Pitzer's walls. The right-wing doesn't give a shit about what Marilyn Chapin Massey did this week. ■

Juan De Lara is a graduating Senior concentrating in Sociology and Labor Studies. He will be pursuing a masters degree in Urban Studies at Oxford next fall.

One of the fears we all have when learning a new language is that through mispronunciation, inflection, or word order, what we wish to communicate will come out entirely wrong. Here are a list of signs in English that made some world travelers feel a little better about their own linguistic shortcomings.

Submitted by Marcella Cooke

In a Tokyo hotel:

Is forbidden to steal hotel towels please. If you are not a person to do such a thing is please not to read notice.

In a Bucharest hotel lobby:

The lift is being fixed for the next day. During that time we regret that you will be unbearable.

In a Leipzig elevator:

Do not enter lift backwards, and only when lit up.

In a Belgrade elevator:

To move the cabin, push button for wishing floor. If the cabin should enter more persons, each one should press a number of wishing floor. Driving is then going alphabetically by national order.

In a Paris hotel elevator:

Please leave your values at the front desk.

In a hotel in Athens:

Visitors are expected to complain at the office between the hours of 9 and 11 am daily.

In a Yugoslavian hotel:

The flattening of underwear with pleasure is the job of the chambermaid.

In a Japanese hotel:

You are invited to take advantage of the chambermaid.

In the lobby of a Moscow hotel across from Russian Orthodox monastery:

You are welcome to visit the cemetery where famous Russian and Soviet composers, artists, and writers are buried daily except Thursday.

In an Australian hotel catering to skiers:

Not to perambulate the corridors during the hours of repose in the boots of ascension.

On the menu of a Swiss restaurant:

Our wines leave you nothing to hope for.

On the menu of a Polish hotel:

Salad a firm's own make; limpid red beet soup with cheesy dumplings in the form of a finger; roasted duck let loose; beef rashers beaten up in the country people's fashion.

Outside a Hong Kong tailor shop:

Ladies may have a fit upstairs.

In a Bangkok dry cleaners:

Drop your trousers here for best results.

Outside a Paris dress shop:

Dresses for street walking.

In a Rhodes tailor shop:

Order your summer suit. Because is big rush we will execute customers in strict rotation.

From the Soviet weekly:

There will be a Moscow Exhibition of Arts by 150,000 Soviet Republic painters and sculptors. These were executed over the past two years.

A sign posted in Germany's Black Forest:

It is strictly forbidden on our black forest camping site that people of different sex, for instance, men and women, live together in one tent unless they are married with each other for that purpose.

In a Zurich Hotel:

Because of the impropriety of entertaining guests of the opposite sex in the bedroom, it is suggested that the lobby be used for this purpose.

In an advertisement by a Hong Kong dentist:

Teeth extracted by the latest Methodists.

In a Rome laundry:

Ladies, leave your clothes here and spend the rest of the afternoon having a good time.

In a Czechoslovakian tourist agency:

Take one of our horse-driven city tours - we guarantee no miscarriages.

Advertisement for donkey rides in Thailand:

Would you like to ride on your own ass?

In a Swiss mountain inn:

Special today - no ice cream.

In a Bangkok temple:

It is forbidden to enter a woman even a foreigner if dressed as a man.

In a Tokyo bar:

Special cocktails for the ladies with nuts.

In a Copenhagen airline ticket office:

We take your bags and send them in all directions.

On the door of a Moscow hotel room:

If this is your first visit to the USSR, you are welcome to it.

In a Norwegian cocktail lounge:

Ladies are requested not to have children at the bar.

In a Budapest zoo:

Please do not feed the animals. If you have any suitable food, give it to the guard on duty.

In the office of a Roman doctor:

Specialist in women and other diseases.

In an Acapulco hotel:

The manager has personally passed all the water served here.

In a Tokyo shop:

Our nylons cost more than common, but you'll find they are best in the long run.

From a Japanese information booklet about using a hotel air conditioner:

Coolers and Heaters: If you want a condition of warm in your room, please control yourself.

From a brochure of a car rental firm in Tokyo:

When passenger of foot heave in sight, tootle the horn. Trumpet him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage then tootle him with vigor.

The Trusteeship of Land: The New Venture and the Threatened Biological Field Station

by Nicole Lamphere

In the early dawn of the consortium, Blaisdell had a dream that Claremont would every couple of decades, sprout a new educational entity that would meet a demand and fill a gap previously in existence within the consortium—the model for his dream was Oxford where faculty and students alike could enjoy the benefits of both a small college and university setting.

The newest venture, since Pitzer, since the Bernard Biological Field Station (hereafter BFS), was proposed by Henry Riggs, President of Harvey Mudd. The proposal suggests a science and engineering graduate college be built. The Council of Presidents and Board Chairs approved, on October 1995, the "exploration of a proposed new venture." It is not certain that the location of the new venture is to be the current Biological Field Station, but there seems to be a bias to using this land as opposed to other land-bank lands that, CUC owns, all of which were deeded long ago for "educational use".

Why the bias toward development of BFS? The other lands are either a gravel pit or a golf course (on lease). Naturally, the 'undeveloped' field station seems most ripe for the placement of the seventh Claremont venture.

The BFS is just brown grass and dirt and a couple of oak trees, isn't it? Not at all. The BFS protects threatened habitat of alluvial coastal sage scrub—quickly disappearing in the Los Angeles Basin. Many other threatened wildlife seek refuge on this 85 acre sanctuary, including federally and state protected hawk and owl species, the threatened western pond turtle, the endangered Riverside fairy shrimp, the threatened gnatcatcher, cactus wren, and San Diego horned lizard. In 1994, Jon Atwood, the director of the Endangered Species program for the Manomet Observatory for Conservation Sciences in Massachusetts, wrote a letter after a visit to BFS to the California Department of Fish and Game strongly suggesting the conservation of the area and recognizing the significant long-term research value of the station.

Claremont residents have in the past expressed concern over the development of eight acres of threatened coastal sage scrub lands adjacent to the BFS and Pitzer College. The concern elicited a letter, in 1993, from the Fish and Wildlife Service to the Claremont City Council on behalf of the residents. Will those who decide on the fate of the BFS even consider the input of the surrounding community? Will they take into account all the hours of use and learning the station has contributed to the community—all the children that have seen a natural environment for the first time at the BFS? It is unclear if they have or will.

The seventh venture is proposed to be approximately 20 acres as opposed to the eight which triggered community concern. While 20 acres may seem like a minimal encroachment upon the 85 acres of the field station, its impact is much more complex than simple arithmetic. The Faculty Advisory Committee of the BFS, in order to assert the integrity of the station both ecologically and academically, produced a report in 1994 which stated "the station's size allows species diversity and populations of species to be present that could not exist on smaller tracts of land."

Fragmentation is a real ecological concern.

The BFS land, albeit historically underrated, is fulfilling the purpose of its land deed: education, which is more than can be said for the 33 acre golf-course and decaying 78 acre gravel pit. It has been estimated that since 1976 the BFS has provided 47,200 "user days" to the academic and larger community, (that translates to about 7.4 user-days per day, year-

There are other sites for the seventh venture, but there are no other viable sites for the Bernard Biological Field Station.

round; and to the fact that students and faculty rely upon the lands as an active part of their curriculum). The BFS is not just an empty lot north of Foothill Blvd.

The BFS was first begun, in fact, as an ethical steering in the right direction-toward "educational use" and away from the subdividing and selling of it to developers in order to get rid of the tax burden. How ethical is the golf course to an educational end, not to mention the inherent ecological problems with golf courses. Wouldn't the pit—which has no ecological value in its current state-benefit more from development of a new academic institution than an existing academic institution (BFS) housing fragile and disappearing lifeforms? A common argument against the use of the pit is that it would be seismically unsound, but Claremont Colleges faculty have pointed out that large buildings have previously been approved for development of this area and that seismic concerns are evasive of the issues.

Another interesting point is that the BFS costs CUC nothing to maintain. It is run by an endowment set up by the Kennametal foundation for that purpose. The BFS has actually saved CUC over a million dollars in tax money over the years with its educational tax exempt status.

Upon research of the history of BFS, one discovers a general trend in administrative attitude toward the station. Clyde Eriksen, former director of BFS, characterizes it as "politically distasteful and ethically small." The BFS director had written a letter regarding BFS function and value and the wish of the Committee to be included on the decision-making processes of future land use. The letter was asked to be circulated to all who had to do with the decisions of future land use of the station. But the letter was ignored.

Furthermore, when an Ad Hoc task force was created in order to explore the proposal in October 1995, the committee was instructed as part of its task, to perform "a one-by-one examination of concerns and objections emanating from various quarters." In

the task force's January report, there isn't even a mention of the concern of development on BFS lands—a concern which is by no means as new as the proposal of the seventh venture.

In the past, the BFS has been subject to development proposals including a day care center, a parking lot for the School of Theology, a widening of the access road for the Rancho, faculty housing, a frontage road for a new entrance to the colleges, and additional lands for the Rancho. The main objection to these proposals made by the BFS Field Committee was not doubt of their respective possible values, but the assumption of each to be of greater importance to education than the station's natural laboratory.

In the 1920s, when Blaisdell had a dream, the area where we live and go to school was largely open and wild. The past half century has seen the explosive development of the area, as well as an evolution of scientific philosophy acknowledging that the study of our environment is becoming more and more essential for our survival as a species. As the FAC put it in their report: times change and so do the terms of educational use. There are other sites for the seventh venture, but there are no other viable sites for the Bernard Biological Field Station.

What those who hold the fate of the field station in their hands will take into account when they make their decisions is to a large extent up to us. The proposal is in the beginning stages, and for now, we have time to make a forum in which to educate ourselves and each other and to make our voices heard. This article is meant to be the beginning of that process.

However, in a couple of months I will be graduating. This issue needs a strong degree of unification among the students and faculty and administrators who support the arguments in this article. Some of us are against the seventh venture itself due to concerns that corporate contributors will have too much influence over the administration of the school. Some of us are concerned that there will be no assurance that the discipline of bioengineering will be practiced at the new college in a way sensitive to the ethics of social responsibility. Realistically, there is a lot of history and momentum behind a new venture as well as substantial monetary support. But I believe it is entirely possible for student and community pressure to influence the site on which it is decided to be built and to keep BFS lands and functions intact.

Robert J. Bernard, in his book, the *The Unfinished Dream*, quoted Blaisdell in a letter explaining the process and development of the Claremont Consortium: "...other hands over the years will carry on the project and perfect it." He means our hands. ■

The Long Road to Community

by Mahesh Raj Mohan

Hello,
every-
one. I
live
in
LittleY
Tower in
Me ad
Hall. It is
also known
as the Com-
munity In-
volvement Tower
(AKA the Involve-
ment Tower). Per-
haps many of you don't
know what the Involve-
ment Tower is or what you
do know of it is sketchy at best.
Or perhaps the great majority of you
do not give a rat's ass what the Involve-
ment Tower is, mainly because it doesn't im-
pact your daily existence in any significant way.
Or so you may think. I can give you an example where
the Involvement Tower did do something (so we hoped) for
the campus. The week before Spring Break, the Ecology Center
organized a time for new recycling bins to go out all over campus. I got
about fourteen people from the Tower to help and in two hours we had bins all
over campus. I do not report this to toot my or the Tower's horn, but let me say that the
Involvement Tower was originally created to help Pitzer's campus, among other things. I wrote
about what we did for the Collage, but the article did not appear in that week's issue because it was a last
minute thing. I hope that it will be there in next week's issue. Anyway, I'm rambling and getting ahead of myself.
Let me start at the beginning of the long road of the Community Involvement Tower. I feel that this is a story that
needs to be told.

For those of you that remember a series of news articles I wrote about the Involvement Tower when I worked

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at the Collage, this is the "inside" story. Last year, a group of students—Benjamin Ball, Tamara Brown, Matthew Cooke, Matt Eastling, Aaron Balkan, Arley Sorg, Kristine Nielsen, Lila Damico, Jessica Arciniaga, and myself—met at different times because we felt that Pitzer College was not truly living up to its ideals. We felt that Residential Life treated us like children and used RA's as police/surrogate parents. We saw the substandard food of Marriott and the equally substandard way of how they treated their workers. We saw how they made a secret list of students who used drugs. Most of all, we saw a college that was on its way to becoming known as Pomona's pathetic younger sibling or a poser college with high ideals and nothing to back those ideals up.

Anyway, this group of students resolved to fight one battle at a time. As far as the battle for an alternate to Residential Life, I must say that Matthew Cooke was the driving force behind this, though he was ably aided and abetted in different capacities by those named above. This group conceived of an alternative living environment that stressed responsibility for one's own actions and a dedication to make Pitzer a reflection of its ideals. We conceived of what is now known as the Involvement Tower (then known sketchily as the Involvement Hall).

Gathering up enough interest from students, we met with Michael Tessier and Jackie Peterson several times. held tons of meetings ourselves in Sanborn Living Room. The main idea was to create a living environment without an RA looking over our shoulders at every turn. The RA was to be replaced by a Reference Consultant and a Building Operations Manager, who was to be a liaison with Maintenance. A place where everyone was involved in some aspect of Pitzer and/or wanted to help the community around them, whether that was Claremont or California or the world for that matter. Michael and Jackie were interested in the idea, but they wanted to make several changes as well. They wouldn't allow freshmen for the first year, got rid of the Reference Consultant, and essentially put an RA in the Tower, though in name the position is called Community Development Advisor. The Involvement Tower lost a lot of its bite, in essence, and was labeled as a thematic corridor. In all fairness, though, the Involvement Tower wouldn't have existed without Michael and Jackie giving us the green light.

The first semester of this year, we had an enthusiastic bunch in addition to those of us already signed on. Several members of the Tower participated in a plethora of projects, among them Habitat For Humanity, an AIDS

walkathon, and an Affirmative Action candlelight vigil. We just didn't do anything expressly for this campus until the Ecology Center project. And that was still implemented by the Ecology Center. Basically, we want to help Pitzer's campus more—we're just getting our feet wet right now.

As far as things have gone thus far, I must say that we have fulfilled a great many of our ideals. Every single member of the Tower is in some way affecting Pitzer or the larger community, whether they be in Senate or FEC. Some of the most involved people I know live in the Tower, including three Other Side editors and at least two of our writers.

I hope that gives everyone an idea of what's gone on thus far. Whether or not I'm being paranoid, I just



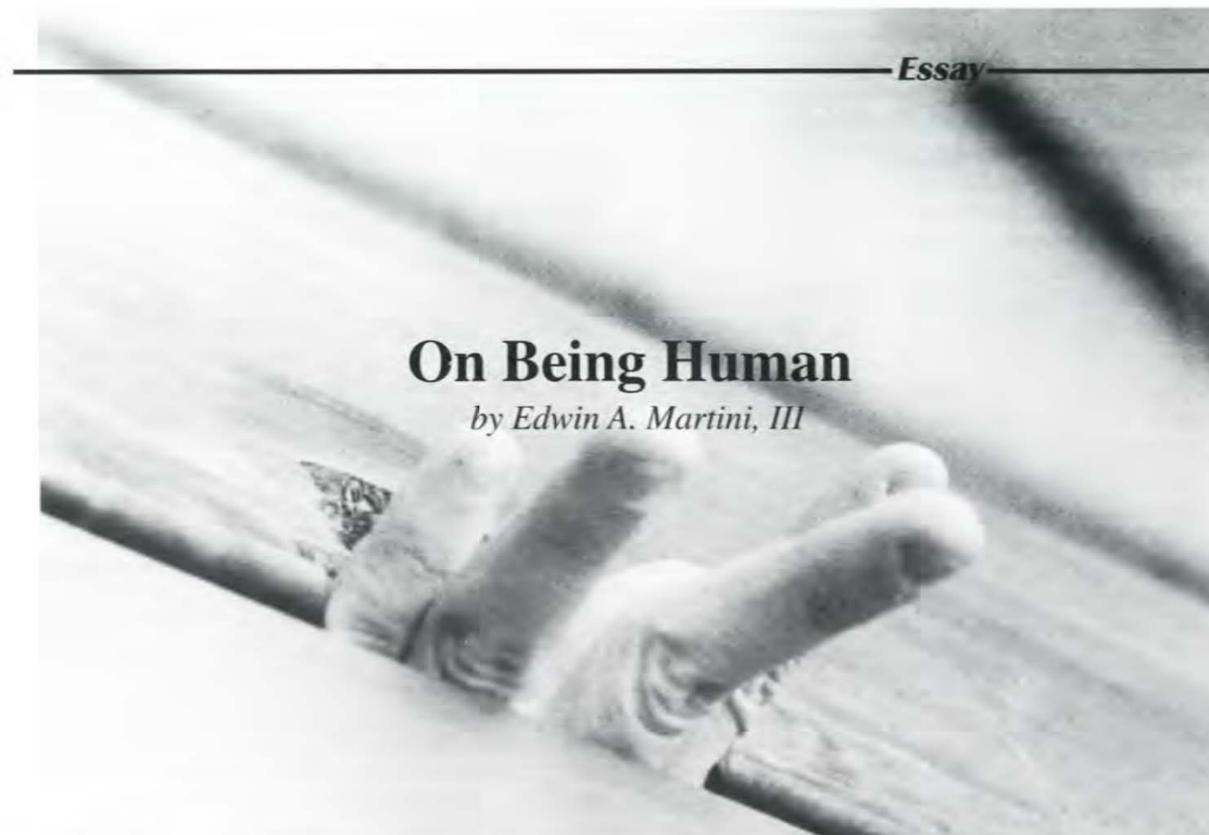
want there to be no misconceptions about the Tower. The thing is, we are not one big clique. You don't have to be "on the inside" to get in. Also, we are not, obviously, the only "involved people" on campus. If you're not in the Tower, it doesn't mean that we think anyone else on campus is less involved or that we have some kind of immunity because we live in a place called the Community Involvement Tower.

The Tower is here to incite involvement and, hopefully, replicate itself throughout the campus. It is our hope to have every hall have the ideals of the Involvement Tower. This thought, I realize, may make you cringe. You may have too much to do as it is with academics or work to help Pitzer's campus.

The thing is, whatever it means, "involvement" can start as a small thing. Going to a hall meeting. Listening to a speaker that comes here. Sitting in on a committee's meeting. The point is that you don't have to be busy doing things all the time or even once a week. That's how it started with me, when I came here a year and a half ago as a beleaguered transfer student. I couldn't see myself then doing much of anything for this campus—and now I do my best at helping at what I can. I don't believe that everyone has to be busy 24/7. I do believe that we have to make this campus a place that's known more for its dedication to the social, ethical, and environmental implications of action than anything else.

Well, I've said enough. I'd like for everyone to know that there are spots opening up on the Tower for the next year. Give me a call if you're interested. My number is x77608 or you can reach me at my email address—mmohan@calvin.pitzer.edu or by mail at Box 409. Take care, everyone. "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" (Juvenal) ■

Mahesh Raj Mohan is one of the student representatives for the Involvement Tower and an editor of The Other Side.



On Being Human

by Edwin A. Martini, III

I was once, not all that long ago as a matter of fact, very close to becoming a conservative. Closer than I now like to admit. I remember clenching, one fist in the air and the other around my father's pant leg, as Reagan beat Mondale and then again as Bush beat Mike "I'm afraid to be a liberal" Dukakis. I remember smiling not the same smile that my dad smiled, but maybe just smiling because he was. I should mention however, that for some reason which at the time I was unsure of, I was proud that Mondale at least carried his, and my own, home state of Minnesota. I proudly displayed my "patriotism" during the Great Oil War of 1991, jeering at those who criticized our all-mighty commander, King George. I even, at times, called those few who dared to question authority in our suburbia, wearing their black arm bands in protest of the war, "commies." I really did. These people, when I go home for the summer, hear me speak and wonder if maybe something didn't happen to me out there in California after all. And they were worried about me getting a tattoo or earring. I'm not sure when it happened; there was no epiphany no blinding light, but somehow, somewhere between here and Mondale I realized that all that which is right comes from the left.

But I was close— real close— to becoming that which I now condemn and despise, one of those guys, perhaps, inhabiting that infamous campus bordering us to the Southwest. I could've gone to a small conservative

school in St. Peter, Minnesota, I could've stayed with my friends and been an hour from home. I could've been, in a word... secure. Fortunately, I have a low tolerance for cold temperatures and I came here, mortgaging a significant portion of my financial future for season tickets to the liberal dome. Safe within its boundaries for four years, from the rigors of reality, the pressures of intense responsibility and from making those crucial "life" decisions.

In a sense, though, making the decision to come here, not just to "come" but, buying those tickets to liberal heaven and committing myself to the causes which I now study and support, was the big decision. I decided to be a liberal and to be damn proud of it. This decision, despite the pride I take in it, ultimately condemns me as a pariah from the dominant class from which I was spawned. Sure, it's not too late. I could still aspire to the dream once dreamed of, the buzzword dream of Reagan's eighties, with 2.3 kids, a home with a great mortgage rate, and an even heavier mortgaged conscience. But, more likely, if I'm a proud liberal like I claim, I'll never have the security—the financial stability, the respect of the church elders, the local politicians with the willing and open ears, the commitment to retaining a safe measure of the status quo - the security of my father. I love my father and the opportunities he provided me, but really: who wants it?

The one thing I've really learned as a liberal is that the security which the dominant class holds sacred, that

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Burning Coals and Group Fantasies

by Kim Richman

One night during a recent trip to Boston, somewhere between Quincy Market and the "T" station, I encountered a truly awe inspiring sight. Along a walkway across the street from where my friends and I were, a monument stood which was unlike any structure I'd ever before seen. It was more like a series of structures, really, towering over the walkway and lining it on either side. The most striking (and certainly the most "towering") part was the series of six tall, hollow, light greenish-tinted glass rectangular pillars rising directly up from the walkway. They had entrance and exit ways cut out of each one so that people could walk directly through them. Upon closer inspection, each pane of glass was covered with small white numbers—serial numbers, more specifically—and on two opposing panes of each pillar there was a quote over-printed in black. Standing inside a pillar, I looked up and saw the light green transparent structure covered in numbers surrounding me; I looked down and saw that I was standing on a grate covering the entire space below the pillar and keeping me from falling into a square pit filled with bright reddish-orange coals.

The black-printed quotes were the words of Holocaust survivors, and the serial numbers were those of the millions who didn't survive. Without a doubt, this was the most striking and effective memorial I've ever seen. At the beginning of the walkway there was a slab of stone which was engraved with a brief history of the Holocaust—a sort of introduction to the memorial. On either side of the walkway in between the pillars were small concrete walls engraved with a chronology of the Holocaust (one of the most memorable of the dates listed was in 1942—a point at which Hitler's plan to exterminate the Jews was well underway, and the United States remained uninvolved, refusing to officially recognize that such a "plan" existed). Walking down this walkway from beginning to end, through the pillars and over the burning coals, I literally felt like I was taking a walk through history.

This particular part of history, however, happens to be one that a lot of people don't want to remember, and that many continue to deny ever transpired. The most chilling and ironic part of my encounter with the Holocaust memorial in Boston was returning to my hotel room and turning on the television just in time to catch presidential hopeful Pat Buchanan's press conference following the New Hampshire primary. For those who don't know, before filling the role of Republican nomination candidate, Buchanan was (and continues to be) one of the country's foremost and most public Holocaust deniers and Nazi war criminal defenders. This is a man who jumped to the defense of Klaus Barbie (a.k.a. the "butcher of Lyons"), and has publicly accused Holocaust survivors of "group fantasies of martyrdom and heroics", making reference to a "so-called 'Holocaust Survivor Syndrome'". One of the more well known of Buchanan's anti-Semitic anecdotes surrounds his charge that the gassing of 850,000 Jews at Treblinka could not have happened, based on the following information: "In 1988, 97 kids, trapped 400 feet underground in a Washington, D.C., tunnel while two locomotives spewed diesel exhaust into the car, emerged unharmed after 45 minutes"—a piece of data sent to him anonymously (and which had, coincidentally enough, appeared previously in a white supremacist publication notorious for its denial of the Holocaust). In response to this assertion, Alan Dershowitz cleverly quipped, "I challenge[d] Buchanan to test his hypothesis by locking himself in an airtight chamber in which diesel exhaust is pumped."

The dichotomy of the messages of that day—the emotional impact of the memorial on the one hand, and on the other hand the threatening sight of a flagrant anti-Semite (not to



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which I was groomed to uphold is, inherently dependent upon the deprivation of the security of others. The financial security depends upon the minimum wage, the tricky tactics of Wall Street brokers and investment bankers to insure that the increase in capital gains and profits trickle down just so far. The political security that comes with the stable label comes with the support thrown to Reagan and Bush, which in 1996 might roughly translate into Dole, or to Buchanan for those particularly susceptible to the neo-Populist rhetoric and the trumped-up charges of endangered WASPs. Social security (referring of course to society, not to the ever-dwindling Baby-Boomer piggy bank) comes, essentially with compliance. It comes with self-serviance and an absence of basic humanity. It's not that all conservatives are inherently evil, it's not that the dominant class doesn't care in the least, it's simply that in order to make a difference, to have even a slightly vested interest in an altered social order takes effort. In short, it's easy to be conservative, for in conservatism lies security. Especially if you happen to be white, male, and in or aspiring to be in the class formerly known as middle.

Being a liberal, on the other hand, for that same demographic just identified, is decidedly more difficult. This is because, to put it at its most blunt, we don't have to. I don't have to. Had I kept on riding the coat tails of conservatism, and with it, of course, those of the powers-that-be, pushing the opportunities and aspirations of women, the poor, and people of color as we went, what could've possibly gone wrong? For all practical purposes, any significant redistribution of wealth and resources, much less any drastic alteration of the current social order, isn't going to happen in my lifetime. So why bother? Why not vote for Pat "just wait 'till my miscegenation policy" Buchanan? Sure, I may never be in the five percent, or be a CEO, but can't I just play along and get sufficiently trickled down upon? Why support affirmative action or curse the flat tax? Why try to raise the minimum wage? Why do any thing that might endanger my security? Why be a liberal? Why me?

Two reasons:

First of all because the dominant class doesn't give a shit about me. Not unless I'm doing something to increase their revenues and further the separation of the houses on the hill and in the chasm. Not unless I'm giving them my proxy votes and my rates of interest. Only when I serve their purposes, only when I'm a means to their end might they attempt an illusion of interest or concern in my direction. People that think their savior comes in the form of conservatism, from the proliferation of their supposed

security and the protection of the landed class are sorely mistaken. You can only ride coat tails so long, before they get worn out. You can only vote by proxy so many times, and then you're bought out. You can only serve their interest so long and then you're sold out. Just ask the 60,000 AT&T mid-range supervisors and administrators. Just ask those same people at First Interstate. I would wager that more than a few of these folks voted for Reagan (unless they're all from Minnesota) and Bush. I bet more than a few thought that the right was right. Now what? In the spirit of the opening of incumbent season I must ask: are you better off now than you were four years ago? How about eight or twelve? Not unless your name is Malcolm Forbes, Jr. Not unless you are the status quo.

I'm not. Most of us are not. What we are, at our essence, is human. The second and perhaps the biggest, prerequisite for being a liberal. Taking away people's only source of income and food is not a humane act, especially while you call them "lazy". Laying off thousands of workers is inhumane, especially when Wall Street exults, causing the CEO and other top administrators to increase their already obscene salaries. Building fences across borders is not humane. Most of what the Neo-Fascists propose is inhumane or, at the very least, seeking to extend the range of already existing inhumanity of a divided nation. Try to tell me that anyone except the elite profit from this. Uh-huh.

I'm a liberal. I'm proud of it. The best thing for the American left might be, besides a basic reincarnation and a reinvention into the Democratic party, is a resurgence of pride in what we are. Maybe if we stand up and show the pride that can come with being human, others might be convinced that this is the path to take. Maybe then we can take pride as humans, not just liberals. Maybe then people will begin to realize that security at the expense of others isn't really security. It's oppression. When the middle of the road once again forks to the left, then we can be secure. Not as liberals, but as humans. ■

Ed Martini is a sophomore concentrating in American Studies and Political Studies, a Gold Center manager, and a really nice guy.

mention anti-immigrant, anti-gay, anti-woman and anti-just-about-everything-else) who could have very well (depending on your political theorizing) been the next President of the United States—literally sent a chill down my spine.

As a Jew, on a day-to-day basis and living in a fairly tolerant section of society, I tend to forget that there are still people in the United States who would see me dead based on my religion. I tend to think of Holocaust revisionists and Nazi defenders as part of the extreme-rightist lunatic fringe—I came to the rude awakening that this is not the case when Pat Buchanan won his first state primary. And I am far from among the most optimistic or uneducated concerning the Holocaust and anti-Semitism. I saw my first section of film footage from the Holocaust at the age of eight—a succession of mass graves and piles of dead bodies recovered upon the post-war discovery of the concentration camps. One year during high school, my synagogue had to hire security during the high holiday services, because the building had been painted with swastikas and threats had been made over the phone.

Admittedly, history is a tricky thing. As much as we like to think so, it is almost never objective. Yet, one person's account of history is many times taken as law if it is presented in a convincing way. As evidence, take the entire story of Christopher Columbus, the pilgrims, and the Native Americans that most of us were taught as children. We were taught to extol and celebrate the white people who "discovered" an already inhabited land, and systematically committed genocide against its natives. The ironic thing is that some people will include this account under the term "revisionist history", implying that it is false just as are the assertions of the Holocaust deniers. It is ultimately up to the individual, then, to decide what they choose to accept as "history". It scares me, though, that many Americans (and others) have chosen not to accept the history of the Holocaust as valid, and to overlook the cruel death of six million Jews and millions of others (Catholics, homosexuals, Gypsies...the list goes on). It scares me to death. ■

Kim Richman is a graduating senior concentrating in psychology and political studies. She is involved with Student Senate, the art policy that should've been, The Other Side, and a bunch of silly committees.

Announcement

Attn: all Pitzer students, faculty, and staff

We want to invite you to use The Lucian Marquis Library in Mead Hall, probably the nicest and quietest place on campus for studying and browsing. It is open most times with the exception of Friday and Saturday nights. It contains newspapers, magazines and a computer that makes it possible to log on to Honnold Library. And we have air conditioning! We keep a fire going in the fireplace many chilly evenings. We think the Marquis Library is a wonderful place to study (which is what we do—mostly—when we are on duty), and we hope to see lots of you soon.

Beverly Chen

*The Marquis Library Staff
Beverly Chen, Manager*

Another Side

by Matt Poulton

Congratulations! You've made it to young adulthood without dying at birth, or from a disease, an overdose, or blowing your brains all over some wall. This means that you are about to take your place, along with the rest your generation, in our wonderful world. But now you say, "well, just how wonderful is it now?" There ain't no way anybody at Pitzer can avoid hearing all of the dissenting voices condemning the ways of the world. It is true that people are oppressed and that others exploit and that one in five people in America goes to bed hungry every night. Our world is far from being a utopia, so we may feel inclined to choose whether we will dedicate ourselves to changing the world or try to work within it for our own good. Seeing as how injustices riddle our world, one would surely exasperate oneself if a healed world was that person's goal. Yet if we all worried solely about our own well being, then the Earth is surely to be neglected and the injustices will remain. Ah, there I hear that nebulous answer for which a definition is always so subjective: balance.

You will not see me carrying many picket signs or telling cops what I think about their pedestal any longer. It isn't because I'm unaware of the issues involved, though. When I became aware of the power structure that supported my high school, and basically every business and governmental body in America, I rebelled against them because of the injustices they seemed to support. Why could teachers talk condescendingly to me and punish me for reflecting their sentiments? Why did the yearbook devote several pages to the winners of titles such as "best dressed" and "best looking" in the school and ignore the students who did their damndest to make their community a better place? I saw how the world was based a lot on appearances and pecking orders. I rebelled against them with underground newspapers and lunch-time spectacles. I wanted to see people acknowledge the bullshit and simultaneously demand an end to it. Revolution, I was sure, was close at hand. I vowed at that time to do everything in my power to facilitate it.

My efforts were tiring, but I persisted anyway. Despite my countless suspensions, detentions, and good intentions, I left my high school much the same way it was when I had started. People had seen that I had balls, but not necessarily any brains. The fact of the matter was that people were pretty much aware of the injustices that pervaded the system and were comfortable in finding what opportunities were afforded to them in working around such obstacles. My crusading for these injustices' ends only isolated those who weren't ready to take a look at what was going on and gave the administration more experience as to how to handle maverick deviants like myself.

Here, at Pitzer, I again hear the idealistic words of revolution. I think about how I once thought I could start at the bottom of the pecking order, outside of the power structure, and turn things around. This is a crusade that is righteous and, unfortunately, as futile as can be. A revolution happens when the dissenting party has become the majority and is willing to risk it they stands to lose.

So, did I assimilate? Did I sell out? Did something inside of me die? Perhaps you wouldn't know it from my appearance. Of course, we established long ago that appearances weren't important, didn't we? I still see injustices as I did before—except now they are on a larger scale. I join many others in being at the bottom of many pecking orders. My sorrow for the pain of the world is still there and I haven't abandoned the quest for equity. I have, however, thought it out. For me, now, it is enough to be aware of the bullshit out there. The world supports most of it through the systems it employs. Quotas leave some jobless, police

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leave some dead, and some get paid less because of their age or a non-contributing factor. In short, everyone gets the shaft, thus people have learned to work within the confines to get a better life for themselves.

Oh, my idealist friend, your intentions are so noble and for that you are to be commended. Don't, however, let the victory at the end of the battle be the sustenance you need, because your soul will starve. Awareness of the world's injustices is needed, certainly. It is needed, however, only as much as the awareness required of ourselves and the dynamics of change can allow.

I credit my struggles in high school, if being entirely ineffective in the goals I set out to accomplish, with at least making me aware of the awareness balance. Inspection of the world will drive you blindly into the ground without inspection of yourself. Perhaps one day, when everyone is fully aware of injustices, a majority will change the world. That is the revolution I will be a part of. ■

Matt Poulton is a first year student who is the director of SPAM and lives on the Involvement Tower.

Humor

Some grade school teachers kept journals of some things their students have written in papers. Here is a snippet:

Submitted by Heather Toles.

The future of "I give" is "I take."
The parts of speech are lungs and air.
The inhabitants of Moscow are called Mosquitoes.
A census taker is a man who goes from house to house increasing the population.
Water is composed of two gins. Oxygen and hydrogin. Oxygen is pure gin. Hydrogin is gin and water. (Define H₂O and CO₂) H₂O is hot water and CO₂ is cold water.
A virgin forest is a forest where the hand of man has never set foot.
The general direction of the Alps is straight up.
A city purifies its water supply by filtering the water then forcing it through an aviator.
Most of the houses in France are made with plaster of Paris.
The people who followed the Lord were called the 12 opposums.
The spinal column is a long bunch of bones. The head sits at the top and you sit on the bottom.
We do not raise silk worms in the United States, because we get our silk from Rayon. He is a larger worm and gives more silk.
One of the main causes of dust is janitors.
A scout obeys all to whom obedience is due and respects all duly constipated authorities.
One by-product of raising cattle is calves.
To prevent head colds, use an agonizer to spray into the nose until it drips into the throat.
The four seasons are salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar.
The climate is hottest next to the Creator.
Oliver Cromwell had a large red nose, but under it were deeply religious feelings.
The word trousers is an uncommon noun because it is singular at the top and plural at the bottom.
Syntax is all the money collected at the church from the sinners.
The blood circulates through the body by flowing down one leg and up the other.
In spring, the salmon swim upstream to spoon.
Iron was discovered because someone smelt it.
In the middle of the 18th century, all the morons moved to Utah.
A person should take a bath once in the summer, not so often in the winter.

GOLIATH

By Ben Ball

A slight northerly wind reminded the quintet that snow was still within walking distance. The snow around them had melted, however, and spirits were high as were the prospects of an end to the blues of winter. The snow on the nearby hills was nearly invisible to the quintet, lost in the urban jungle whose sights were enhanced by the westward sinking sun. The formal day of routine was finally over, and all were ready to divulge themselves of their toils. The city sighed with them as fellow workers escaped from their scattered chambers and flooded the streets. The Dolmus stop was fifteen or so blocks away, and this was the final destination of all. Between the Dolmus stop and the quintet, however, was Kocatepe. Rising above the seeming clamor and chaos of the city streets, Kocatepe sat on a hill, its whitewashed minarets solid and firm in a city of conformity. It overlooked the whole western half of the city, a watch tower as well as a moral beacon. Higher than the government monument, the humble people, and the fuss of the town, Kocatepe was truly magnificent.

As they approached the base of this mighty fortress, the quintet paused. One of them, a native, could only feign his excitement. For him, the watch tower was an everyday sight whose strong guiding force was a fact of life. The four foreigners, however, could only stand and stare, jaws dropped. The awe of such a sight was, until now, confined to magazines and encyclopedias, whose photographers were paid to make it look magnificent. But the fact that it was no less magnificent in person made it all the more striking and mysterious. Whirrs and clickety-clicks and bzzffts of cameras were lost among the tight pulse of the city, who was too busy relaxing to notice. Taxis whizzed past, men selling tangerines and lottery tickets shouted to passers by on the opposite side of the street. Life went on.

Kocatepe loomed over the quintet as they searched its massive walls for an entrance. On the west side, they entered a huge courtyard, a red carpet ushering the quintet into the stomach of this mighty beast. The black rubber of their snow boots squeaked on the glistening marble as they made their way towards the grand entrance. Bursts of light reflected off of the marble gates as cameras once again whizzed and clicked. Kocatepe stood firm, not letting the flashes tarnish its solidity. Only the two or three passers by witnessed the quintet and its barrage, but it was normal, and no one paid it any due attention.

The mathematically precise arches hung over the quintet as they stared skyward. The minarets stood stark and forbidding against the slate blue sky, but in some way, they issued a quiet warmth. As the quintet stood in the entrance passage, they were greeted by carpets that seemed to be overflowing from the interior. Rubber mats marked the boundary between the cold marble exterior and the warmth that waited within. Shoes, the shell of the outside, were removed. Only the inside, the vulnerable interior, was allowed. The quintet filed in through oak doors, not noticing a small placard declaring, "INSTRUCTIONS FOR VISITORS."

The quintet flowed through the second set of doors and were greeted by...silence. Libraries are quiet. The woods are peaceful. However, both have background noise. Shuffle of pages and quiet whispers, rustling leaves and the flutter of birds, all of these form "white noise." The cavern that greeted the quintet was devoid of white noise. No shuffle of pant legs, no whispers to friends, no squeak of rubber soles against marble. Silence. The huge belly of the monster Kocatepe was dotted only with a scattered dozen denizens. The room was stadium-sized, yet entirely contained, creating a world of its own. The north, east, and west sides of this cavern were lined with balconies three stories high, then two, then one. Four columns stretched to the ceiling, which was inlaid with ornate patterns of green, red, and white. Reaching from the

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An Interview with Robbie Conal

by Bill Pluecker

This is an interview with Robbie Conal, a political artist who recently visited our colleges to give a lecture and participate in an exhibit of political posters which is on display in the Broad Center. Conal is well known not only for his artwork and the timely messages it relates, but also by his way of taking his artwork to the people. Instead of having the audience come to his showing of paintings and posters, he goes to the audience by wheat pasting his work in public areas where it is likely to be noticed. It adds an interesting dynamic to his art when it is seen on a traffic light switch box or a construction site, seemingly incongruent places for artwork.

Other Side: What do you think of the necessity of a division between the realm of "high" art and political art?

Conal: First of all, I think it's a plot. One of the great things about being a contemporary artist is that art is capable of addressing any subject, and it is totally possible to make great art about any subject; whether it is a pretty flower, or a sublime idea, or something down and dirty like politics, or a politician who abuses his power. It's totally possible to make really bad art about these things, and this has been done plenty. But as far as that abyss between political art and high art, or fine art, it is totally artificial, and it is really kind of a trick of western culture to place art on some sort of higher plane. They almost take it away from everyday reality and interaction with everyday people. It [the abyss] can't help anything. Homey don't play that shit.

We don't have to swallow that.

Other Side: And so you think political art is just as capable of fulfilling the idea of "art for its own sake?"

Conal: Well, there is no reason in the world why those things should remain exclusive. It's just made up by people for their own reasons because it has something to do with exclusivity and elitism. The idea that you have to be educated a certain way in order to appreciate the finer things is wrong. Of course education is a wonderful tool for appreciating a lot of things, but it's a way of keeping artists away from the people, and vice versa. It's a plot.



Other Side: So taking your work to the people and wheat pasting the posters, does that give your work added meaning?

Conal: Well, I think that this is an issue of ideas and audience and communication. Basically, putting the posters on the streets is an alternative form of distribution that is trying to escape mediation by powerful people. When I found



myself making art about public issues, at the same time I realized that if I were to stay within the friendly confines of the art institution that regular people probably would not get to see what I was doing: I wanted to communicate directly to them. So I made my escape. I do both [art shows and wheat pasting]. Like I told you, I don't think that they are mutually exclusive. It's a plot to keep us apart, in every sense of the word. I would just like to keep us a party. One of the things that Chuck D said really struck me. He said that Rap is the CNN of the hood. In taking this kind of art directly to the streets, it's kind of like Rap art. I kind of provide a little counter entertainment to the official line of major news media. The other thing is that art might be about politics or art as politics but it's not art designed to change people's minds or their votes. It's just my attempt to add my two cents to the cultural dialogue, whether anybody likes it or not.

Other Side: What about the idea that if the audience's mind is not free to explore the entire realm of the work it stays focused somewhat on the political issue being discussed?

Conal: These are just little jokes, designed to burst bubbles or surprise people. We put art where people won't expect it. I try to make them think about it. I try to get the audience to think along with me a little bit, just to let people know that there is somebody out there who is holding them accountable in some way. But when I show in galleries, they [the posters] all come from original paintings and drawings. The galleries are a more contemplative arena of reception; to go look and think

a little while with all that paint. The paintings are three inches thick with all the black and white paint. On the streets there is a little surprise that becomes cumulative as you look at it once then twice and then a third and fourth time as you stop at cumulative traffic lights on your way to work. That's the way it is designed to work, it's not rocket science. It's just a little needle.

Other Side: Do you think the art is limited at all around the different political issues?

Conal: It is, it is designed to be ephemeral, a comment or a joke on the moment. But also, the thing about

It's almost like when you see things like swastikas. I reminds you not to forget about it, like "Oh Shit, Yeah, that could happen, that happened." There is value in that

ephemera, the irony of ephemera, is that it is of a very specific time and place. And you actually have a souvenir intact, a record of a specific time and place; it's kind of like when you remember the tune you first made out to. It's not on the radio anymore but it's on the oldies station, maybe. The song is a remembrance, like a performance, and then it gets tied to the time you first kissed somebody you liked, and then, if you actually have this fetish object of whatever, it brings back the whole experience. So if you actually have an "Artificial; Art Official" poster of Jesse Helms, it just reminds you like that artifact, it takes you right back to when he was raging against the NEA and what an asshole he was. And the whole thing comes back, there is an irony to that. They are really dated later, but that's part of their job. It's dating process. Not that "Men with No Lips" was like my first kiss.

Other Side: There is that whole school of thought that says that the timelessness of a piece is a good indicator of the quality of the piece. Do you feel that this has any bearing upon your work?

Conal: No, it's just the opposite. With my work, it's like turning that around or inside out. It preserves that time in our memory. It's completely of that time, and that's where the value lies. It's almost like when you see things like swastikas. It reminds you not to forget about it, like "Oh Shit! Yeah, that could happen again, that happened." There is value in that.

Other Side: Does the idea of social action contribute to the work itself? The idea that it is going up on the streets, it's going to be with the people, does

that change how you look at the work when you are creating it?

Conal: It does in the sense that I design it to be understood in a certain way: quickly, as a drive by, between the red,

yellow, and green lights. It's got to be kind of a quick read, it doesn't have to make perfect sense, but you got to be able to see the whole thing and have it stick in your head. So it affects the design, it affects the humor: like the one-liners with two or three meanings. I don't want to get too chatty; I don't want to have too dense an image or too much pictorial information.

Other Side: Last semester, there was all this talk on campus about the spontaneous art.

Conal: Like the red stars and murals.

Other Side: Yeah, the whole deal, what do you

The Real World

think about it? What do you think about the spontaneous art?

Conal: I think it's really charming. I could get weepy and sentimental about it. I like it very much. And I also think it is just a beginning, it's a learning experience. Taking what happened with the red stars and rolling into sanctioned or semi-sanctioned murals and not letting it roll out of steam is a lesson that could be well learned. I think it was great. And I think that next time, and there better be a next time, I think it will get farther. I think that the people who are doing it will get a little more savvy about what they're doing and make better resources of what they have: like the newspaper, like the radio station, and finding secondary outlets for their ideas, and kind of surround their project with more potential. I think it is a very powerful activity, and sometimes you might say that if they really thought about it, they might have never done it. So I understand that, but bring thought to the next one; plotting and scheming can be a lot of fun. I think it will be even more effective, and I love the idea of it. I'm going to go home and tell all my friends, I think it's a great story. I loved driving around with the students and having them spin out the red star story. And I said, "Well, why red stars?" and they said, "Well, we thought it was decorative." "You did not think that it might mean something, besides just this attack on the property and the sense that, 'we are here and you've been ignoring us.' 'Red Star' isn't that supposed to ring some kind of bell?" Another image next time might have more meaning. It's very charming.

Other Side: Last question, what is the role of spontaneity in your own work?

Conal: It relates to the last question. I never would have done this if I wasn't really pissed off. The thought was, "Oh Fuck it! I'm just going to go do it." Everybody I knew told me not to do it, not that it was a stupid idea, but that, "you're just going to get in trouble." My mom did not want me to do it. My girlfriend did not want me to do it. My friends did not want me to do it. A sure sign that I had to do it. There is that element to it. But the other side is that by the third poster I really realized, figured out, what I wanted. Like "DUH!" Then I got a little smarter about it. If you take all the trouble to do it, you might as well get all you can out of it. Thinking about it and plotting and scheming help a bit, and talking to a lawyer can also help. But the problem with lawyers is that you have to get a lawyer who supports you, and who will give you options, like, "how much trouble do you want to get into?" Not, "don't do it because you are going to get into trouble." It's good to have a support system when you do things like this, and it's good to have a plan. But I think it's a much more powerful form of expression and distribution of ideas than people think. And one of the most surprising things to me about my so called career is how many people have seen these things

and how interested people are. I put them up because I thought they would look cool, and because I was pissed off. It served two functions for me, cathartic and "Heh, Heh, Heh!" I really did not expect people to be that interested. I was talking to one of the professors about the red stars, and he said, "Well, I don't really like the red stars, I thought they were stupid, but really what I meant to say was that I wish that they would pick a larger target." That's an interesting way to put it. You start where you start, and then you take the next, bigger step. I look forward to coming back and seeing many more steps in the progression. ■

Bill Pluecker is a first year student who is involved with the Ecology Center as well as labor union organizing in Los Angeles, and is a man of substantial hair.



I've always had mixed feelings about the expression "the real world" when used to describe life outside of school. Does it mean that the sixteen plus years we spend in educational institutions are an artificial experience?

The term seems to imply how spoiled people feel we are, living in the dorms, with our meals cooked for us and so on. It's as if we live in a resort without needing to take on the responsibilities that exist as an independent out of school. Even those of us who are already financially independent, doing work study and accruing debt, feel the cushyness of our life style in comparison with those who are "out there" working for survival.

If you see the purpose of the institution as a training ground for the work world, then life in the institution is more like a simulation. In this model I can understand that "the real world" could only be found outside the college. A boot camp institution of this type socializes and endows its members with the information and ideologies necessary for survival in a society. In doing so, the institution reinforces the values and standard practices of that society as well. If we are satisfied with the current state of affairs in our communities, this model is a good one, as nothing new enters the cycle and nothing changes in the process.

This is not the only way. There is another model that exists, where the institution of education not only equips the student with the information necessary for survival but also encourages innovation and leadership. Those are some "real" responsibilities we could take on here. The students and faculty explore new ground, experiment within the laboratory of the college walls, and bring the results back into a society desperately waiting for answers.

In this model, the college becomes part of the real world—a crucial part. In fact, it may be more "real" for human beings to think critically and come up with new ideas (this is what separates us from animals,

remember?) than to wander around just repeating what has been done before. That sort of behavior is associated more with robots or *artificial* beings than with humans who are supposed to be *real*. This being the case, the second model creates a kind of hyper-reality where what we already know is tested against new ideas, and the society evolves.

We *can* take the opportunities we have seriously, pushing the boundaries of not only what we know, but how we behave. This is true especially at a place like Pitzer which is primarily a school of the social sciences. We fail miserably, especially in our industrialized economies, at developing a healthy social structure. We can't even co-habitate and allocate scarce resources equitably.

It is easy to pretend that the most recent discoveries of the social sciences and the current trend of political correctness have the answers to the social problems of today.

The social sciences give us direction but have not yet provided a means of transportation. I'll draw a comparison to elaborate:

The natural sciences not only describe atomic theory and genetics but actually give us the ability to split atoms and replicate life forms. The social sciences have given us psychology and "conflict theory." Where are the applications of those theories? Therapists, unions and marches for affirmative action fall far short.

We're going to need a lot more than affirmative action to diffuse racial bias in this country. I don't mean to say that the social sciences are useless or that we should give up. In fact, it's quite the opposite. That's the reason a place like Pitzer is so important. What seems necessary right now more than ever is for us to question, experiment, and push with all our might against the "social constructions" that hold each one of us back, every moment we interact with the world.

When we sit around, complain, and never do anything, or worst of all never do anything new, we



by Matthew Cooke

please turn the page

don't end up any place worth going. Instead we go through a spiritual rigor mortis, and find ourselves stepping in line with the latest trends like lemmings walking off a cliff in a single file line. It's pretty shameful.

We know that we can approach a place of self-actualization through respecting and treating one another with dignity but most of the time fail to do it. Constantly obstructed, oppressed in some way by internal and external forces people act out of selfishness, naivité, and fear. We don't know how to organize ourselves politically, how to give each other a voice, a space, a share of responsibilities for this world or its micro-communities. We barely succeed in two-party relationships—how do we expect to properly organize “institutions,” and “nations?” The results of these failures is not only wide spread material poverty but social and cultural poverty as well.

I'm used to hearing: *I don't care I'm just getting my degree-- doing my job;* or: *yeah, yeah, I know all that, I'm just going to suck on my bong;* or more perplexing: *yes, but change must take tentative, extra-cautious steps so we don't spin dangerously out of control.* To these excuses there are simple answers: getting a degree is worthless if you never learned anything; knowing something carries with it an obligation to act; and our civilization is already out of control—it has been for over five millennia.

What, if not straining to overcome these ever-present problems, is the responsibility of the institutions of higher learning, especially those whose “specialty” is the social sciences? As people “devoted to the ethical considerations of action,” to shirk these responsibilities is to tread on our own spirits, the soul of Pitzer, and to deny our own nobility as creatures that truly have the power to ease each other's suffering.

I have heard people comment that paying \$28,000 per year does not give students ownership over the college. I agree—the students have ownership over the college regardless of the dollar amount. They share that ownership by definition. The education of the student is the mission of the college. Who else can own an education besides the one who is educated? If any student wishes to try something within the college setting, the college should be malleable and support the endeavor. Forgive me for using the issue of art on campus walls as an example: the walls of the college are a physical component of the education which mandates their existence. We own these walls collectively in the same way we own our educations individually.

This ownership extends beyond campus walls to all aspects of this institution and its social structures, e.g. where and how we live, eat, sleep and interact with each other. It is in these ways that we form our habits, customs, and culture, finally going out into the “real world” where there is much less attention on “ethical considerations of action.” Some say that students are transients, moving on after four years and hence not expected to take ownership over the college. This is true,

but it is also the case that we are transients on this planet. That truth should not in any way free us from our obligation to the earth.

To me, being idealistic is like admitting you have a problem. Sure, you can obsess about it and project your frustration in unpleasant ways but you can also make a reasonable effort to change or get help. To be complacent and always settle for everything is like being in denial. I'm not trying to imply that we need to run around criticizing everything, storming the castle 24 hours a day, but there is a balance to strike here. That balance won't always feel safe or secure, but ultimately it's what we need or else we can never evolve. Maybe we storm the castle every other day.

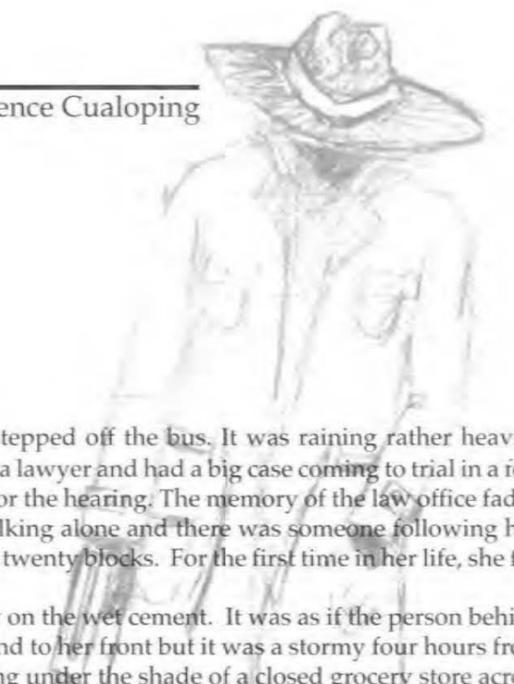
I recently heard about a friend who never much cared for Pitzer politics. She is now seriously considering a position working for a huge corporation which is notoriously sexist, racist and labour exploitive. Perhaps you don't buy into the connection but let me ask you this: At what point will we begin to strive for true community if not here, where the word is spoken in every catalogue, memo, and flyer. If we don't take these ideals as serious responsibilities now, when will we ever? ■

Matthew Cooke is graduating with a degree in film and video studies. He just found out the secret to the missing money and it was Mahhg.. errrr... ahhhhhhhhh...



The Vigilante

a short story by Laurence Cualoping



Amanda could sense someone following her since she stepped off the bus. It was raining rather heavily, making her squint to keep the water from her eyes. Her boss was a lawyer and had a big case coming to trial in a few days. As his paralegal, she had to stay up late to help him cram for the hearing. The memory of the law office faded as reality set in. It was dark, raining, and very late; she was walking alone and there was someone following her. Her apartment was only two blocks away but now it seemed like twenty blocks. For the first time in her life, she felt a fear for her safety.

The footsteps behind her became louder, pounding heavily on the wet cement. It was as if the person behind her was deliberately trying to scare her. She looked to her side and to her front but it was a stormy four hours from dawn and the only other person about was a poor bag lady sitting under the shade of a closed grocery store across the street.

Amanda's pulse quickened as she walked faster. Despite the crash of the rain she could hear her pursuer's footsteps pounding heavier and faster. She stole a glance behind her and caught sight of a heavy set man who was covered in darkness. The man started running at her. With a scream, Amanda broke into a run. She held onto her purse and with her heart pounding wildly, and bolted down the deserted street. Quite a few people up in their rooms could see the fleeing woman and her pursuing assailant but no one even lifted a finger to call the police.

A heavy man tackled her to the wet floor. Before she could recover, the man picked her up and gave her a swift punch to the abdomen. Amanda almost fainted with the blow but she managed to hang on to her consciousness. The man then grabbed her and threw her into a nearby alley. Amanda weakly dug into her purse to find her mace canister but before she could find it, the man had ripped her bag away. He threw it away, obviously not concerned with any money that she might have. Amanda backed off, her eyes pleading for him to spare her but the man's face was shadowed and there was no pity in him. The man advanced, his hands already loosening his belt.

From out of the corner of Amanda's eye she could see a flash from the top of a building across the street. There was a sudden low booming sound not unlike the sound of a thunder crack. A huge gaping hole appeared in the man's chest, where his heart would be and he was dead before he hit the ground.

Shocked and afraid, Amanda curled up into a ball and waited in the alley. The rain had made her wet and cold but she could not leave the alley. A few minutes later the police arrived and rescued her from the shock.

“We have good news and we have bad news...” Detective Nagy said.

“O.K., give me the good news first,” the Captain said.

“Early this morning, someone was blown away trying to rape a girl.”

“What's the bad news?”

please turn the page

"We don't know who blew away the guy and whoever it was, he was using this," Nagy fished a plastic baggy out of his pocket.

The baggy contained a slightly deformed rifle bullet.

"The same kind?" the Captain asked.

"Yup, it's the same high-powered caliber we found in that dead pimp two weeks ago. I think we have some vigilante sniper on our hands."

The Captain looked at the bullet for a full minute, pondering the decision to be made.

"Keep it quiet, give all the reports to me. Let's forget this ever happened, this vigilante is on our side," the Captain said, not turning his eyes away from the bullet.

"Yes, sir."

Jen loved the brisk early morning air. She jogged almost every morning since she was promoted at her firm. Her new rank gave her less hours and less stress and so she was finally able to get up early before work and exercise.

It was already past dawn and there was already a lot of light. Jen was one of the first who hit the park with her morning jogging route. She was running down a secluded part of the park when a shadow suddenly fell upon her.

Three men jumped out from behind the bushes, two of them drew their menacing switch blades while a third pulled out a revolver. The smell of liquor was powerful, their eyes glassy and mouths cracking evil laughter.

The two men with knives surrounded Jen, not one of them saying a thing, only laughing in a deranged sort of way. The few other joggers who were there, turned their heads to the source of laughter but they only ran away in fear of their own safety.

The three men were playing around, pushing the frightened jogger between the three of them. Jen was screaming and fighting but she could not get away.

There was a sudden low booming sound, not unlike those that came periodically from the 24-hour construction yard nearby. Pigeons sitting on a building nearby flew away in all directions.

Jen fell to the ground, when one of the men failed to catch her. She found her self lying on top of one of the knifers. The knifer had a huge hole in his chest

and the blood was staining her pink sweat shirt. Jen saw her chance and sprinted away. The other two men were shocked for a few moments. The drugs that they had taken blurred their thinking and the two of them were lost for the longest time. Finally the thought occurred to them that the jogger actually owned and used a gun. The second knifer ran after

her while the third man raised his revolver.

Another shot boomed. Jen's heart skipped a beat as the bullet tore into the gunman's forearm holding the revolver. The diameter of the bullet hole was almost the entire width of the man's arm.

The knifer was puzzled, he had heard a shot ring out but the

jogger was still running away. He stopped in his tracks and looked back at his friend with the gun.

Another shot came, tearing away a chunk of flesh from the confused knifer's leg. Before he could scream, the knifer fainted in pain. The gunman's pain was numbed by all the acid that he had taken. He picked up the revolver with his free hand and pointed it at the disappearing jogger. His mind only had one thought and it was to kill the jogger. Another shot rang out before the gunman's brain could give the order to fire. The next second, there wasn't enough left of the brain to give the order.

"Good news, bad news and bad news," Nagy said.

The Captain merely looked up at the detective.

"This morning, three muggers were taken down. Two of them are in the morgue, and one is in the hospital. One guy had half his head and arm blasted off, while another lost his heart. The last man might lose all use of his right leg. All of them had been charged before for raping a jogger but they walked from lack of evidence," Nagy said, dropping a file and a baggy of four bullets on the Captain's desk.

"Now the bad news," the Captain said.

"The bad news is that it's our friend the sniper, he's getting big time publicity now and with one still alive, it's going to be hard to hush it up. The other bad news is that one of the men killed was the son of

George Breeze, the..."

"Billionaire," the Captain said in disgust.

"He just called this morning and he wants the vigilante taken in or else he'll stop lending the city money and we'll all either get a huge pay cut or laid off."

The Captain leaned back on his chair and thought hard.

"Tell him we'll do it, we'll get right on it," the Captain said.

Nagy felt happy to be off from work. He had just gone through a stack of files from the NRA of people living in the city with access to the same military rifle that the sniper was using. He stopped at a convenience store and stepped in. He cruised the shelves looking for the honey flavored cream cheese that his wife loved so much.

Five men in leather jackets came into the store. They walked in a very cocky manner, these men were obviously the kind who thought that they were invincible. One man grabbed a young woman while she was looking at some fruit. He started fondling her while the other four men watched in glee. They were all laughing crazily, amused at the woman's petty struggles.

Nagy drew his gun and crouched low while the other patrons of the store ran out in a hurry.

One of the men walked over to the cashier and pulled out a revolver.

"We want to have some fun in private, do you have the keys to the back room?"

The terrified cashier merely nodded her head and fumbled for her key ring.

Before Nagy could raise his own gun he heard the very peculiar sound of a shot that was muffled by a silencer. There was a thud on the floor and the detective could see one of the men on the floor with a hole in his head. Nagy's eyes widened and he gripped his gun even tighter.

He stole a quick peek down the center aisle where the remaining four men were holding the young woman. He could see the back of a trench coated figure walking down the aisle with strong and determined steps. In his hand was a silenced pistol, the same kind that the police use. Three of the four men reached into their jackets for their guns while the last one held the woman as a human shield. The silencer

hissed repeatedly, a flash of light with every pull of the trigger. Between the sounds of empty shell casings bouncing on the floor and the angry hisses of the silencer, one could also hear the heavy thuds of bullets slamming into bodies. Three of the four men were on the floor, blood pooling around their lifeless bodies. The last man held on tightly to his hostage, bringing a razor to her throat.

Without a word, the vigilante pulled the trigger. The silencer hissed and the muzzle flashed only once. A bullet tore through the man's hand, forcing him to drop the razor. The silencer hissed again, putting a bullet through his shoulder. The man dropped to the floor, shaking with fear. The young woman ran away as fast as she could as the vigilante walked over to the man and pressed the muzzle of the silencer to the man's head. The man squinted, crying out for forgiveness but there seemed to be no pity in the vigilante's heart.

Nagy rose from his hiding place, leveling his gun on the vigilante.

"Freeze, police!" Nagy said.

The vigilante turned around, his gun raised and pointing at the detective. The vigilante was not a man but a woman. The two of them had their guns pointed at each other but it was an impasse and no one would make a move. They stood their for the longest

time until Nagy lowered his weapon. The vigilante buried her gun in her coat and ran out of the store.

"Nagy, I have some news," the Captain said.

"Good or bad?" Nagy said, digging into his pockets.

"That depends. Last night Lieutenant George Kerrigan, LAPD, SWAT team confessed to us. His wife convinced him to surrender himself and so he came in holding his Winchester rifle and some empty shells. He was trained in the marines or something. His wife was raped last month and he's been on a search and destroy mission ever since. Case closed." The Captain sighed.

"Oh..." Nagy decided against turning in the box of high powered rifle bullets that the vigilante had dropped in the convenience store.

As Nagy walked out of the Captain's office, he caught the very familiar face of George Kerrigan's wife cleaning out his desk. ■

Laurence Cualoping has been writing for The Other Side since 1963

Three men jumped out from behind the bushes, two of them drew their menacing switch blades while a third pulled out a revolver. The smell of liquor was powerful, their eyes glassy and mouths cracking evil laughter.

The man squinted, crying out for forgiveness but there seemed to be no pity in the vigilante's heart.

See... there was this girl

by Shanti Webley

I saw her first a few months back on that path over near Scripps—the one with the quotes and little poems. She was very pretty. Pretty, wonderful smile. Pretty, wonderful hair. Very pretty.

I saw her again about a week later over at CMC. Still pretty. This time I had enough courage to try to catch her attention, and so I smiled. She didn't see me. Oh well.

A third time, two days later, same first path with the quotes. This time I could smell her perfume as she walked by—very pretty, too—something needed to be done. I stopped her, and began to talk. Here is what we said:

"Blah, blah," I say.

"Blah, blah, blah," she says.

"No, shit," I say, "blah blah, blah?"

And she says: "Blah blah blah tomorrow, blah blah?"

"Blah, blah don't answer a question with a question," I say, "but blah, blah, blah, blah, blah."

"Blah Blah," she says

"Blah Blah," I say.

(Well, it's close enough)

So we went on a date. And we went on other dates after that. You could even say we were dating.

Everything was going pretty damn good (yes, my friends, everything). But, two weeks later when I found myself getting lectured by a friend of mine, I began to have second thoughts on how well things were going. Oh, by the way, the girl I was seeing is white. And me, I'm not. The friend who was lecturing me is not white either. And she was mad.

My friend saw it (and, I guess, still sees it—she hasn't really changed much) as a matter of pride. Who you date, who you sleep with, who you marry are all statements on how you value your fellow blacks, your fellow Koreans, your fellow whatever. She put it this way, "if you were proud of your race, you'd be seeing someone in it."

Now, what was I supposed to say to that? It seems to me that racial pride comes from a lot of things, but one of them is not your choice of a date. It's almost like believing that racial pride comes from your choice of friends. There is a problem with both those things. I have known minorities who only have friends from within their own race, who only have dates from within their own race, but who also don't have a clue about who they are, what they mean, what their skin means, or any other thing that comes with having pride. And the other way around, too. I have known just as many minorities who have friends and dates outside their own race, even some who get married to them (their dates, not their friends), but at the same time have just as much pride as the next guy, sometimes even more. So, I didn't think my friend

had a point, and I told her so. She brushed me off meanly and went on lecturing.

Author's note: A friend is a friend, it's said, until she starts doing unfriendly things. Sitting, listening to this friend, I wondered if this girl was a friend or if she was just a bitch.

Then she made another point, and this one I couldn't figure out as easily as I had the first one. "A year from now," my friend said, "let's say you're still with Rebecca (it's a made-up name), and you're madly in love with her. One day you're talking to her and you stop—and you realize that the woman you care deeply about is not coming from quite the same place you are. That though you and her are meshed together in every other way, when it comes to being a minority, she doesn't understand—really, cannot understand—what it is all about. You too, you can't understand what it is like to be white. And there you are, stuck at that point where you both don't quite get each other."

Well, I'm not with Rebecca anymore, we broke up a few weeks after this conversation, she said I smelled or something (women, who knows!). If I had stayed with her, though, I am afraid it might have come to that point which my friend foresaw. Sets of people who don't understand each other have a long history. Women, men. Parents, kids. Druggies, cops. Women and men have managed to overcome these differences. They have to if they want to keep having babies. Parents and kids, well, you don't date your mom, so there's no worry there. And druggies and cops—I am just too stoned to even think about it. For minorities and whites, though, our differences are very far from being solved. A short walk around the neighborhoods of LA will tell you that. Of course, this difference is imagined in our heads—it's fake. When it comes down to it, I think that Rebecca and I would not have worked out not because we were different colors—I've dated some brown-eyed girls and it was never a problem—but because our different colors make us think of ourselves as being in two separate parts of the world; and these sections, I think, are miles apart way too often.

Written on the path where I first saw that girl there is a saying that goes something like this, I don't remember who said it, "Instead of always trying to impose our will on Nature we should sometimes be quiet and listen to what she has to tell us." I am not sure yet if that quote is about my friend who wouldn't shut up and be happy with me and that girl doing our own thing; or if it is about me, the guy who saw a girl, liked her, dated her, and didn't stop to think about what Nature might have been trying to say. Even though Nature in this case seemed to be acting like one mean bitch goddess. ■



The Courage to Serve Others

During spring break, Pitzer professor Jose Calderon took a group of students from his Urban Ethnic Movements class and journeyed to the land of the farmworker—La Paz, California—the home and burial site of Cesar Chavez. Here, students from diverse socio-economic backgrounds experienced the United Farm Worker movement and discovered exactly what that means to them personally. Because of the personal content taken directly from their reflection papers, the names have been excluded:

My experience at La Paz was so enlightening and beautiful, I am hesitant to write about it. I was so overwhelmed with so many thoughts and feelings that describing this experience could never do it justice. In trying to do this, I am afraid of tarnishing a memory that is precious, yet I know that nothing could ever lessen my experience...

In class we have spoken about the fact that we only have a limited amount of time between the point of being born and dying. During this time, we are given choices as to how we are going to use our lives. I thought about this constantly, as I witnessed the unselfishness of so many men and women who had done so much to protect the rights, spirit and dignity of others. I strongly believe in the words of Cesar Chavez when he said, "... in service there is true life."

I think the La Paz trip stirred something inside all of us. I'm not saying everyone who went will now become active with the United Farm Workers Union. But I do think most of us have been inspired in one way or another, to stand up for what we believe in, to pick our struggles and to fight for them. We learned that when people come together and work together they can accomplish great things.

One of the best parts of the La Paz experience for me was getting to know the rest of the group and finding out that many of us had more commonalities that we had imagined. We shared common beliefs, common goals, and common ideologies. I'm not sure if it was La Paz, or the spirit of Cesar, but there seems to be something deeply ingrained in the farm worker struggle that causes people to seek out commonalities in others and unite for a common goal...

Realizing that when there are those who are oppressed and those who are exploited, no one is free; realizing that I was beginning to become that which I despised, a lazy, all-talk bleeding heart liberal; realizing that

there is something bigger than myself and that which I have already deemed important, I knew not only that I wanted to go to La Paz, but that I had to.

The fact is, for most people, the complete significance of a movement, or an injustice, or just about any situation imaginable is never understood until it is directly experienced, and that is what we got a taste of doing at La Paz. Knowing the historical significance of the UFW simply does not compare with feeling first hand the power of the community, especially a community that puts itself before God to allow such great change to happen, a community that was willing to suffer greatly for something they knew needed to be made right.

We were fortunate enough to meet some of the remarkable individuals whose continued efforts help further the farmworker cause. Maria Elena Chavez (Cesar's daughter) workshop fanned the solidarity sentiment among ourselves as a group of students similarly inspired, as well as between us and the people who worked and lived at La Paz. It was also perhaps one of our first exposures to the involvement of family and the extension of the family concept to include people outside of the biological sphere described by the term. I went abruptly from being an only child to surrounded by scores of brothers and sisters.

Show me the suffering of the most miserable; so I will know my people's plight.

Free me to pray for others; for you are present in every person.

Help me take responsibility for my own life; so that I can be free at last.

Grant me courage to serve others; for in service there is true life.

Give me honesty and patience; so that I can work with other workers.

Bring forth song and celebration; so that the spirit will be alive among us.

Let the spirit flourish and grow; so that we will never tire of the struggle.

Let us remember those who have died for justice; for they have given us life.

Help us love even those who hate us; so we can change the world. Amen.

-Prayer of the Farm Worker's Struggle (Cesar Chavez) ■

A Concentrated Effort continued from page 21

faculty? Will we give less funding for research and awards? Or do we reduce the budget for academic events, not have as many activities which contribute to the educational environment? Funds allocated for these aspects of the instructional budget are currently being considered to be moved somewhere else.

It is the responsibility of the community to offer solutions to these budgetary problems and arouse new ways at looking at the larger picture. This becomes a difficult task when all information is not presented for the general public. And the actions of those who possess the information are not congruent with what Pitzer states are its goals and objectives. Specifically, students have often found it increasingly difficult to find connections between what we say and what is done by the decision makers in the College.

Simply said, Pitzer prides itself on being a residential college which provides community, cares for students, and respects the "...independence of spirit..." in individuals. Taking this as truth there is an assumption made that the services and quality of campus life would reflect these ideals. So by attending Pitzer and living on campus we have certain expectations. Are they met?

In reality the only way the College fulfills their role as a residential community is by requiring students to live on campus. While living on campus students have several authorities to be accountable to. At Pitzer you think this would be yourself, the people who live around you (your residential community), and those who are effected by any actions you take while residing on campus. This is not the case. Institutionally the College has established a chain of authorities to judge, dictate, and create the type of environment you live in.

First there is the RA, the resident assistant, who "assists" students in living. There is rationale for having an RA, to a certain point. In their position not only are they students living amongst their peers, they are expected to take responsibility for their 30-40 residents (who are also students), and they are expected to follow orders. When the orders from their bosses include recording every time they suspect someone is "high" or under the influence of drugs, I think they go too far. If the RAs are told "...you know who they are" by a hall director, who obviously has a boss, one must wonder what kind of people are working for this school. Certainly not people who give a shit about what the College says it wants to do. You see, there was a perception that we had a drug problem on campus that needed to fix it. At this point there was also a student retention problem. Maybe there was a connection between people leaving and drugs on campus? No one would ever give a definitive "yes" or "no".

This issue came to light for the rest of the community when some RAs felt this was unprincipled and unethical and spoke up. As with almost every poor decision that is brought forth to the community at large (not usually by one of the people who made the decision), there was no real explanation. It was explained as a "miscommunication" on the part of Student Affairs, and that Student Affairs had no idea why the RAs thought they were being asked to make "lists". Although when I personally investigated the situation, I was told that if Student Affairs had asked for lists to be made "...it would be perfectly legal." Does this make it right? You see, the only authority they feel they need to answer to is the law, oh, and President Massey of course. Student Affairs obviously felt this was a "community building tactic", to build "trust" not only between RAs and students, but between students and the administration also.

Here at Pitzer, class identity not been an emphasized aspect of our living environment. This hierarchical structure can obstruct community building, which we state in our catalog is a main objective at Pitzer. So why have we forbidden freshman to live in Mead? Not only can they not live in Mead, most have been restricted to all freshman halls, and they have extra RAs around to "assist" in their living. With this created, physical barrier between freshman and the other years, how is there supposed any handing down of experience? I realize people interact in other ways, but one's immediate living environment can greatly effect one's perception of the experience they are having at Pitzer. Obviously, this community building tactic, supported by everyone in the administration without public discussion, is working. Every time I bring up the fact that the issue needs to be evaluated by those now living this way, the Dean of Students is vague and still insists there were some freshmen who came to her, at some point in her three years, who didn't like living in Mead. Also, those who make the decisions can never be to sure if upperclassmen influencing freshmen contributed to that alleged drug problem we had on campus.

So with their obvious concern with community, care for students, and respect of the "...independence of spirit..." in individuals, the administration create this environment on campus where we all *should* feel comfortable. The community *should* trust the administration when they say that they didn't know the police were investigating a student and then coming to arrest that student. The fact that both the President and Dean of Students had received a letter from "concerned" students about an alleged drug dealer on campus, and after the police incident they claimed Pitzer "...couldn't be expected to deal with this type of liability." This dissolves any sort of faith I would have in what they say.

These are only a few examples of attempts to foster community here at Pitzer by those presently here and recently resigned, by those people who make the decisions. If uniting the students and creating community

in the residential factor of Pitzer is their concern, maybe they should focus on some of the dining hall/Marriott issues? Or investigate why there are groups on campus who feel isolated and alienated from the bigger picture? Or maybe they should attempt to get opinions from diverse perspectives in the community before they make a decision which will affect that community? Especially when they work for an college whose mission is to *build community!!!!*

Well, Residential Life/Student Affairs are not the only failures at creating an environment conducive to community. The larger community of Pitzer includes all those affiliated with the College, faculty, staff, students, trustees, and the administration. Lines of communication between the Trustees and students are limited and supervised. For example, at the request of many trustees I was to begin to establish open lines of communication by sending a letter on behalf of Student Senate and a copy of a rather controversial *Other Side*. I was not given the addresses to do it myself, and one year later I found that they were never sent to all the trustees, but on the request of the President were sent to only a few whom she felt should have them. I always wondered why there had been very little response.

Having open lines of communication between staff and any other constituent has proven to be difficult for the College. Without legitimate representation, with our current personnel practices, if staff speak up it could cost them their jobs. The issue of staff's involvement in College Council is now under discussion. Once last year, fall of '94, when I approached the President on behalf of Student Senate to discuss this issue, she felt "...FEC had an awful year last year...they need some time." This was the reason the College wasn't proceeding with an issue which began in fall '93.

When staff involvement became more than just a student initiative and the faculty were discussing to have things changed, there was a visible public and private push, on the President's behalf, for staff to have legitimate representation on College Council about issues which effect them. As discussions have progressed she has appointed 12 of her staff to an advisory council, a fact which some staff have a problem with. This council is supposed to advise her and represent the staff opinion. I guess agendas change.

If I clearly detailed and outlined all of my experience with college politics here at Pitzer, I could write a book. As you can see there are certainly aspects which concern me more than others. Although, some may say this is intended to be a malicious attack on certain individuals in our community, it is not. I wrote this article is to reflect the ways in which Pitzer has not met certain expectations that it sets up for itself. That the same certain individuals are involved somehow in almost every issue, I can't definitively say "yes" or "no" if it's coincidence or not. I can say definitively "yes" that lack of accountability allows for more mistakes to happen and more poor

decisions to be made. And I can say definitively "yes" that there are some Pitzer faculty who are not as involved as they used to be, some new faculty who don't know how involved they should be, and others who burn themselves out with being actively involved.

Where does this take us from here? If this were the Pitzer it claims to be everyone is accountable to themselves and each other. If these contradictions are just problems for myself and those few who know about then, maybe we should change what we say in the handbook and catalog?

Personally I don't think that is the answer. Having been as involved as I have been, I've interacted with a lot of people (faculty, students, staff, trustees, and administration) and there is love for that which was/is sold to myself and other students. We've talked and I've *listened*, the sentiment to recapture the Pitzer in the catalog is there, or at least the honest discussion of the hypocritical situation Pitzer finds itself in. Some say our "lofty" ideals are too great to achieve and we need to reevaluate what we want to do. The new VP in admissions believes, in order to stay viable, we need to expand beyond the activism/discourse genre of student we have catered to in the past.

As members of the Pitzer community we all have a right to an opinion and to decide how we spend our time, energy, and money at Pitzer. In our current state, who knows where the College is going. If all of our issues which are related to Pitzer are not brought forward, then they can never be discussed. This is where our responsibility to our community and environment play into the Pitzer equation.

As members of the Pitzer community with our rights come certain responsibilities. Some may see it as really difficult or a waste of time to take them seriously, but it's necessary. If there was a concentrated effort on the behalf of not only students and faculty, as well as the rest of the Pitzer community to take these responsibilities seriously, there may be hope for Pitzer after all. ■

Besides being a former Student Senate Convenor, Tamara Brown has done too many things at Pitzer to list. Now she's writing for The Other Side. What next?

Postcards from the Edge: The Purple Pope in Prague

Other Side correspondent in the hipper-than-now Czech Republic Reports
by Zach Pall



So I figured that at some point I would, indeed, try to do my ever popular (irony intended) music column from the foreign shores upon which I have interned myself this semester. Little did I guess that I would try to do it on the back of free postcards from a club in Berlin where I sit with loud music blaring and feeling disappointed (more on this later). Whether it will show up to America in this state or what will happen to it even if it does is really not a concern at this point. I may very well leave things in the most capable hands of the editors.

So, the whole idea of this particular column is to give me a chance to rant about the music scene (the same thing this column has ALWAYS been about); except that this time I am ranting about foreign countries. I also am going to be talking mostly about shows and the radio rather than recordings because I am trying to spend more money on wine than CDs this semester. The sad thing is that I'm still about even. And I don't even have a CD player here this semester. SAD. SAD. SAD.

So let's start by talking— ok, let's start by ranting, rather— about the European pop scene. Two statements: 1) Pop is the universal language of crap; and 2) Bad house is the bane of my existence. Those two statements kind of sum up my feelings about the European pop scene. Michael Jackson is still really big here— the fact that I was trapped in a train car with a bunch of small children who played his songs both amused and annoyed me to no end. So I introduced them to Crass. Dammit, I love being a (sub-) cultural ambassador. But the Michael Jackson statement should make things fairly clear about the state of pop music's fate in Central Europe today.

And as if that wasn't bad enough, bad house is as prevalent as beer here. In fact, I have found that unlike the good old U.S. of A., I need to spend a concerted effort to avoid it; and, even after expending that effort, I am still often trapped in a room/club/restaurant/whatever listening to "Captain Jack" or Culture Beat or whatever. Truly, if all of the manufacturers of bad house were

rounded up and shot one night, that would be a night to celebrate.

But if bad house seems to be everywhere that I find myself, then I should at least mention a few bright spots, even if I can only think of one, in the European pop scene currently. The current number 1 song in England is this song by the new group Babylon Zoo, called "Spaceman," which is a fairly decent mix of glam rock and alternative rock and Depeche Mode-y stuff. Of course, the fact that their debut single hit number 1 after they appeared in a Levis ad does nothing for my view of humanity; but it is, nevertheless, a fairly decent song. I have no idea how prevalent they are in America, so I apologize if this is all a repeat of something "everybody" knows.

There are some other good things in Europe, although I'm not sure how many of them I will be able to remember on the spur of the moment. I suppose the biggest for me is the fact that, in Germany and Berlin especially, Jungle is really big. Jungle, for those of you who don't know it, is a style of hard-core techno which is not afraid to pillage other musical forms to get what it wants. It also seems to be a fairly fluid and adaptable form of music— traits which I think make it much easier to be creative within the form itself. On a more basic level, Jungle combines breakbeat rhythms (if you don't know what a breakbeat is please don't make me go into that now) along with dance hall reggae DJs shouting their rhymes and some of the better/less obtrusive house-style female vocalists. Some include parts of ambient techno and nearly everything else. It is very catchy in a strange kind of way and, for dance music, it is incredibly resistant to a linear beat. And while it exists in the U.S., here it is really an important scene.

Another good thing about most of these semi-underground scenes here is that there is no real dress code enforced. Of course, I have been trying to avoid the incredibly "hip" and "trendy" clubs, so that may have

something to do with it. But in none of the music clubs I have been to so far has there really been a "typical" person; meaning that people show up at the goth spots looking as Hesh as they want, and people feel comfortable going to punk shows in sweaters and slacks. This is another good thing which lends itself towards some kind of free expression.

Nick Cave and such depressing ballad singers (I would, to the complaints of some, include Lou Reed in this description, but I am not even attempting to speak for anybody but myself, so y'all can just deal...) are quite popular here, especially Mr. Cave with his duet with that English pop singer whose name I'm not even going to attempt at this point. And, if you were paying attention up until now, that borders on another positive comment on the European pop scene as well.

On the negative side of sub-cultures here, there is really no noise scene to speak of (at least not one which I can find), and this has been bumming me out to no end. I found, after going for a number of weeks without any exposure to loud noise, that it had actually become an important and cathartic presence in my life; then I managed to make it to an Alboth show. Alboth is a pretty noisy group which works between metal and free jazz, which they manage to combine in a way I really haven't heard anywhere else. But they are quite noisy and I came out of that show feeling amazingly cleansed— kind of like a steam bath for the psyche. So I decided to get to work on developing the noise scene for Prague-okay, so it is pretentious and to some extent silly but I have ceased to care. And I have actually met some interested parties. More on all this later; and oh, by the way, Alboth have never toured the U.S., but they are interested, so if any of you decide that promoting noise bands is a worthwhile endeavor, then get in touch with me or with them— whichever is easier.

But, as noted previously, pop seems to rule here and the sad thing is that it is not just pop but specifically English language pop. This is not something which surprises me all that much; but, at the same time, it is still a little disappointing. So I am, in addition to searching out the potential noise scene here in Prague, also searching out a couple of other things of note.

Of course, one exciting thing to look for in Central/Eastern Europe is the remains of dissident punk bands from the communist period. I have already found out about one, called "The Plastic People of the Universe," who may or may not have had anything to do with the forming of the famed group of dissidents called Charter 77— which, of course, included now President Havel.

The other matter of search is after albums by the group "Bino Radio Orchestra," which was one of the places where Muzak got quite a number of its scores in the late seventies— the idea being that if this can sell communist ideology, it can most definitely sell soap or be played in elevators. I'm excited as it has been described as an "alternately sanguine and brooding hybrid of clas-

sical, jazz, and spacey techno-pop." Real, live products of the Communist Party.

Another odd, specifically Czech thing is their preoccupation with country music. In fact, on Saturday, March 9, there was a farewell concert for one "Rattlesnake Amie" who looked, from the posters, like a cross between Willie Nelson

and Janis Joplin as she would appear now. This was traumatizing enough that I didn't attempt to actu-

"Classical, jazz, and spacey techno-pop." Real, live products of the communist party.

ally listen to the music, but from what I did understand, she and her now dead songwriting partner (hence the farewell concert) were the big Czech country stars during the seventies and eighties.

Well, that about sums up my feelings on the European music scene as I have formulated them up to now— although I never explained my feelings of disappointment as described in postcard 1 [the first two paragraphs-ed.]. Well, the reasons behind that were that one of the main reasons for going to this club in Berlin (where I currently am) in the first place was to see the English goth group "Sixth Comm," and to come to this club (a nice club incidentally, called Die Insel), and to find them not playing was a severe blow to my morale. So instead, I sat and listened to loud, fairly decent trip-out techno/goth and wrote this article. I hope it gets to you in one piece and I hope that the editors decide to do something really exciting with it all. If anybody decides that they really need to keep contact then feel free to write (that was my blatant whiney plug for attention).

With that, I will sign off and try to go hunt down purveyors of bad house to beat with large sticks. Yours eternally, Rev. Zach. ■

Zach Pall, a junior at Pitzer, is a former music editor of The Other Side and is currently studying abroad in Prague.



GOLIATH

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ceiling back down towards the floor were long brass chains. These thick chains held metallic orbs the size of medicine balls. The spheres were reflecting all colors, and they glistened in the low light. These small spheres were arranged in a circle, hanging around a giant resplendent sphere which gave light to the whole room. These all hung like massive planets over the quintet, whose members felt the overwhelming power of this massive shrine.

For all of its size, however, all things seemed to point to the south, and a small inlet carved into one of the huge walls. Here is where a small crowd had formed. Some knelt, some stood. All were face to face with the wall.

The quintet did not notice this inlet. They walked slowly around the room, trying to digest its majesty. They stopped near one of the columns. Two of them, the native and the Christian, remained in the trance. The remaining three huddled together in a silent conference. They awakened the native and the Christian, who joined the conference. One of them produced a camera. A finger pointing towards it, a questioning look. The native thought for a while, and then slowly nodded his head in tacit approval. The camera was raised, positioned, and readied. Through the absolute silence shot the clatter, the unholy, the piercing sound. The flash was like a burst of lightning in the low light of the cavern. In this world of heightened senses, the noise was deafening; the light, blinding. The barrier was broken. Whirrs, clicks, flashes, whiz-whizzes of subsequent pictures broke the silence and the solemn darkness. The native returned to his trance, unaffected.

The Christian, cameraless, began to pace. Anxious and unwilling to remain with those who were shattering the sacredness, he withdrew to an opposite column. He leaned against the monstrous pillar, sliding down it until he sat against its forbidding marble. He closed his eyes. He consciously stopped hearing. But the whirrs, the clickety-clicks, the whizzes remained. The peace, the strength, had been broken. All that was grand and magnificent had been destroyed. The giant orbs, the stretches of balcony, even the pillar, all seemed to melt with the first picture. No matter how tight he shut his eyes, the flashes still permeated. No matter how little he attempted to hear, the clicks still made their way into his head. The trance was broken.

The floor seemed to give way under him. Before it swallowed him up, he quickly arose and, clicks and flashes at his back, the Christian escaped up a narrow flight of stairs leading to the balconies. He climbed up three flights, all the way to the top. There, the balcony stretched out like a long hallway. Solace. He peered down to the acre of carpeted sanctuary to see many new arrivals converging on the small inlet in the south wall. Sud-

denly, a loud cry echoed across the cavern. This raised the attention of all present. However, this was an intentional disturbance. The Christian was at peace again, finally, as all of the whirrs and clicks were finally drowned out. The cries of unseen men thundered across the expanse of the sanctuary, bringing all to the small inlet on the south wall, which suddenly filled. The Christian stared as the drama unfolded. The crowd in the small inlet organized itself into neat rows. The voice ushered forth a dooming command, and left a vacuum of silence. Another command. Silence. Then the voice, in a long series of loud beats, spewed trails of rich vocal harmony. The Christian closed his eyes for a moment, enjoying the peace.

His eyes opened. A chill went down his spine. The rest of the quintet approached from the stairwell. The clicks, the flashes, it all returned in his head, shattering the newly found calm. Cameras positioned, the remainder of the quintet resumed their activities. Their sounds were drowned out by the beat of the loud voice, but in the Christian's head, they pulsed unceasingly. He turned away in disgust and rushed down the stairwell. One flight, two flights... After the second flight, the Christian was rushing down the stairs when he was suddenly startled. Through the latticed marble of the stairwell, a woman's outline plainly showed through. She knelt, her hands raised to shoulder level, palms to the sky. She looked straight forward, through the lattice work. The Christian caught her eyes as he hurried down the stairs. He expected to encounter no one here, yet here was this woman, staring plainly. Her eyes were glazed over, her mouth slightly open. She wore a bland expression, but her eyes flamed a message to the Christian: leave this place.

The Christian needed no further convincing. He flew down the final flight of stairs, and quietly made his way to the exit. Grabbing his shoes, he pushed open the large oak doors and left into the frigid night air. The breeze mingled in his hair, and he breathed a long sigh. The cold marble courtyard stretching out before him, the Christian sat down near the rubber mats and set his shoes down. Slipping on this outer shell, he stepped back out into the world. His shoes squeaked against the cold marble, and he gazed out upon the city, lighted against a navy blue night. He couldn't bring himself to look back, to see the monstrous icon looming behind him. It was no longer beautiful, no longer solid. It had withered away with the click and whirr of a tiny camera. A small, palm sized contraption had defeated this mighty giant.

The Christian stared out on the city lights. Traffic. The bustle of moving crowds, and the flicker of neon signs reinstated the white noise that had been missing. His back still turned, he left the courtyard and slowly made his way down the stairs that led to the busy streets below. ■

Ben Ball is a sophomore, former editor of the yearbook, and is studying in Turkey this semester.

Petty Cash

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didn't extend his contract. She told me that if she made any mistake at all, it was the fact that she failed to nullify his three-year contract in the time legally allotted to do so. So he ended up getting let go a year and a half into his contract. And he had to get paid off. Somewhere around \$300,000 (it's hard to get the truth at Pitzer).

So I got into a huge argument with President Massey about "reorganization" and how I thought it was a bullshit way around saying Michael and Debra were fired. And then the debate raged. It was incredibly emotional and at times pretty ridiculous. And between you and me, Marilyn, I still am not sure how much of what we talked can rightly go on the record. At any rate, there is another side to the Michael and Debra situation. It goes something like this: Michael and Debra have been publicly unhappy here for years. It is no secret that the two of them have been looking for other jobs. There is turmoil in the Dean of Students office and the growing dissatisfaction among the students is becoming more and more obvious. Michael makes some policy that arouses the wrath of the Treasurer's office. Turmoil prevails. Growing perception of all parties involved is that Dean of Students office is downright dysfunctional. Something has got to give. Michael and Debra want out anyway, so they decide to give them a little push. And *they* decide to give the two of them paid consulting positions and a little something extra to get on with their lives. And they sent Michael and Debra on their way. Who are *they*? Well, *they* were a small ad-hoc committee that consisted of Marilyn, Jackie, and Jack Sullivan. That was how they decided to best get out of an ugly situation—the best possible way out for Michael and Debra, and Pitzer too. "Win/win situation", was how Marilyn put it. I'm not so sure she's wrong—but I certainly would have rather read a memo that said "win/win" than "reorganization".

It looks as if we have a tradition of paying the people that we can't work with to get the hell out of here. I don't have the exact totals, but I wouldn't be surprised if, during this decade, the sum came out to around \$800,000. I'm not trying to make any connections to any other \$800,000 mishap that may or may not have occurred lately here at Pitzer. The bottom line, though, is this: both of those debts are being paid out of pots that had been set aside for other things—things that are supposed to make Pitzer a better place. Wouldn't it be nice to spend some of that money on something to improve the college rather than pay off some administrative mess? I think so.

So I told Marilyn the story that I was getting from Scott Hall, and she looked dismayed. She acted as if it were a shock to her. That surprised the hell out of me. I couldn't imagine how she could walk around Pitzer with-

out hearing all of the voices that were calling for her head. As it turned out, she couldn't; she had heard the voices, she finally admitted. And she didn't look dismayed anymore. She looked downright sad. And then I was the one who was dismayed. I was dismayed and disheartened. And then I was sad. And Marilyn and I had something in common, after all. And I wondered how it all had gotten so bad. I wondered how there could be thirty different stories going around, all of them being spread by people who are saying that they know the truth. I wondered how so much mistrust and contempt could have taken over our college and turned all of the people that we pay to work together against each other.

The effects of the cancer here at Pitzer aren't always as dramatic as an \$800,000 debt, or two of the top three members of the Dean of Students office getting canned. The effects can be seen in the faces of long-time professors here. They can be seen when one walks down the deserted corridors of Scott Hall—the one with all of the faculty doors that are always closed. They can be seen in all of the freshman who are saying, "Pitzer just isn't for me." They can even be seen, if you look hard enough, in Marilyn Massey's face as she walks around this place, hearing the mounting cries of the people who are calling for her head.

I don't think that the cancer is terminal, though. I think that there is enough miraculous stuff around Pitzer to see us through this trouble. I get pretty inspired when a bunch of kids throw an unregistered party on the mounds. And the administrator that was sent to make sure that the thing didn't get out of hand, takes the time to hang out with some of the students to see what the thing is really about. Now every time I see David Perez, he smiles energetically, and pats my back and repeats the mantra of the students that he met that night: "Community." That's right, David. Community. While the administration, faculty, and staff are trapped in a cesspool of deception and petty grudges, a bunch of students on the mounds reminded everyone (at least one administrator) what Pitzer is all about.

Marilyn, I'm not one of the voices calling for your head. I'm calling for the same thing I've always been calling for: community. I'm calling for a community of accountability and respect, and maybe most of all, a community of trust. I'm not the only one calling. There are more and more of us. You, Marilyn, are our President—the figurehead of the college. I think that it is only fitting that we look to you to restore the broken trust around here. Sending around memos that say "reorganization" isn't going to cut it. I don't envy the fact that you must pick up our magazine with a deep sense of dread—wondering what we are going to say about you next. And yes, it's true that this is the last issue that our staff will ever put out together, but the need for community will remain long after some other kids' names grace the top of our paper. I have every hope and confidence that the kids who follow us will be as loud as we have been. (That means you, Shanti.) The ball is in your court, Marilyn. ■

Observations

(A paraphrased account of a Pitzer symptom)

by Marc Yamashita

Not so very long ago a somewhat interesting, if not unique event transpired just outside of the Grove House. It was late on a school night, but those gathered 'round didn't seem to mind. There was important business at hand that took precedence over study and sleep. It was a town meeting of sorts, and was dubbed as such by its organizers. It was an impromptu affair, but despite its lack of plan, the meeting went off rather well.

A multitude of students had congregated outside of the cafe and all were champing at the bit to be heard. Whispers and bits of conversation could be heard in the background: "I can't believe this is happening! I feel like killing someone!" Everyone seemed pretty riled up. Just when things started to get out of hand, the gathering was formally brought to order. In true Pitzer fashion this was accomplished by banging on a pot.

A voice rang out above the multitude calling for a moment's peace. The crowd settled down, awaiting permission to begin their ranting anew. The leader addressed the masses, and invoked the issues to be discussed. Then the yelling began:

"The cops! They broke into my room, man! They asked me what I knew, told me I had to tell them. It was scary. They were intimidating me! That's illegal right?"

"Yeah! It is! Those cops are violating our rights, man!"

"What's the administration's problem? They have a responsibility to look out for us and make sure that the cops can't do that to us."

"Yeah, it's their responsibility. We pay good money to go here; we should be protected."

"Yeah!!!"

"And like, where do the cops get off searching his room like that? I mean, can they do that?"

"Well, they can if they have permission from the school or a warrant."

"Man. You mean those cops can just knock on our doors any old time and we have to let them in? God, what's up with this Big Brother thing? We aren't helpless little lambs who need looking after. We can take care of ourselves. The administration should just leave us alone."

"Yeah!!!"

"Well, I don't know about the rest of you but I know what I'm gonna do. First thing tomorrow morning I'm skipping class and marching over to Massey's house. Then I'm gonna yell at her for an hour or two."

"Well what are we waiting for, let's go there right now! I don't care if she's asleep! This is important!"

"Yeahhh!!!"

And off they went, never realizing the fact that they had no plan, no agenda, no list of demands, or even any internal consistency. They had anger though, and plenty of it. It was easy to understand how upsetting it can be when the local law enforcement do their job.

After all, one must feel a bit of dismay upon realizing that for all their fervor, the angry students don't really know what it is they want. It would seem as though they are profoundly confused. On the one hand they want a benevolent-parent type of administration that shelters them from the intrusions of the real world such as the police and consequences of one's actions. On the other hand, they want a detached, aloof administration that grants them their freedom. They want to be able to indulge in the pleasures of the real world, such as drugs, alcohol, and other illicit activities without fear of reprisal. Essentially they want two things that are diametrically opposed to each other.

Why, one might ask? Well, no one can really say for sure, but it would seem as though the students of Pitzer College who are dissatisfied with life here like to have a scapegoat. The administration, with President Massey placed at its head, makes a perfect enemy. It is an institution designed to maintain the school, so it is easy to make the leap to believing that because of this, they are responsible for every problem everyone in the school has. They are like parents, only better. They get paid, and the students are the ones paying them. That makes their role of a scapegoat all the more enticing. The administration is bound by financial agreement to do its job. When one perceives its job as making sure the students are happy, it would certainly appear as though Massey and Co. are utterly incompetent. In essence the view is this: 1) The administration is here to make sure we are happy; 2) The administration is obligated to do this because we pay them; 3) I am not happy. There fore the administration isn't doing its job, and I can be angry instead of sad.

It is a very nice and convenient world to live in. It frees one from personal responsibility and the consequences of one's actions. Sure, all that futile anger is going to build up and one day result in cardiac arrest, but

hey, it's not your fault. It's Massey's. Right. Don't kid yourself. All the problems of the world cannot be traced back to the powers that be at Pitzer College. The administration is here to make the school function smoothly, not to coddle irresponsible Gen-Xers who can't handle living away from home. Granted, student morale is an important component of a functional school, but it isn't the only thing. The administration can only do so much to please students, and true to the old saying, you can't please everyone. It is amazing that President Massey tolerates the perpetual abuse that is hurled at her by students who seem to think she is supposed to be their surrogate mother.

Examples of administrative competence abound. Look at the Gold Center. Maybe it isn't for everyone, but that's a matter of taste, not a function of design. Look at their leniency on nearly every matter. A lot of what they have permitted (outdoor art, altering the dining hall contract), just to please the students. In most other schools such things would be laughed at. Here they are actually given a chance.

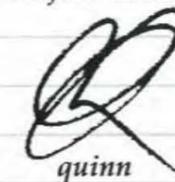
The administration is not perfect, not by any stretch of the imagination. Is there room for improvement? Certainly. Are there such heinous problems that the president of the school needs to be harassed during the middle of the night in her own home? No. The administration listens. They may not always do exactly what the students want, but that is their inherent limitation and their right. They are not Big Brother or the Gestapo. Get over it. ■



Editor's note: I have always believed that an article in The Other Side need never be followed by an apology

Until now.

If you are as offended by this as I was...I'm sorry about that. Its presence in this magazine is not a testament to the belief that the staff has in the material, but rather a particularly vulgar illustration of the fact that we don't censor content.


quinn

One day, walking through CMC...

by Alisa Ruby

Sexual harassment has been a touchy subject in the nation ever since America watched Anita Hill stand up to Supreme Court judge Clarence Thomas in 1992. While the concept of sexual harassment on the job might be removed from many of our lives, I would venture to say that many more of us—men, women, and children—who appear different from the norm, learn to live with these types of prejudices almost daily. Heavy people, African Americans, Chicanos, the handicapped, really short people, really tall people, gay couples, and women with large breasts (like me), to name a few. I guess a whole lot of people still think it's funny—a joking matter—humor at someone else's expense. But the truth is, having people stare at you, point, laugh, or make rude, ignorant comments hurts like nothing else I've ever experienced. While much effort is made to open people's eyes to diversity, there are still many closed minds. I think that the time is overdue for people to understand that their ignorance and words hurt.

The other day, I was walking to my acting class at Pomona. I was going through the CMC courtyard, past Boswell Hall. I was a little late and I was thinking about what I would be doing in class that day. There were a whole lot of other students around and an older gentleman (someone's father, perhaps), walking next to me. All of a sudden, I heard from the far right corner of Boswell, "Hey! Look at those knockers! Yeah you. Look at those fucking hooters. Hoot—hoot-hooters! Come over here and suck my cock." I felt my stomach crunch into a knot, my face turned red, and I wanted to sink into a hole. I tried to ignore them and keep walking. I felt so humiliated and everyone else around me began to stare at me. No one said anything. The more I tried to ignore them, the more they kept it up. "Come over here hooters! Hoot-hoot-hooters!" It was awful. I finally got to Collins dining hall, and I decided to turn around and say something to them. I wasn't going to let them get away with that! I began to walk back, and all of a sudden, I knew that I couldn't. Tears started streaming down my face. I was scared to talk to them. They would probably just laugh at me anyway. I felt so weak and powerless. I turned around and started walking back to my class. I couldn't control myself. I started hysterically crying. They made me feel like such a freak. How could they think that I wouldn't have feelings—that I wasn't a real person, that all that I was was a piece of meat? All of the other similar experiences that I've had in my life began to flash through my mind. I thought about the police report I had to file this past summer because of the man who got out of his car on a major road and started chasing me down the street, then stalked me. I thought about the man that pushed me against the wall in an elevator and started

kissing me, while I was struggling to push him off of me. I thought about the man in Paris that grabbed me as I was walking down the street, pulled me into the corner and grabbed my breasts. I thought about everything that's ever been said to me as I've been walking around anywhere, and how scared I've been at points. I used to carry mace with me all of the time. I've had to use it. It's not fair! Sometimes I've gotten in their faces and made them feel like shit, sometimes it happened too fast, and sometimes I've been too scared.

The outside world has plenty of problems, as we all know. But this is my home, goddammit! This is all of our homes. We pay way too much money to be here to have the people that we live with make us frightened. I guess I was too idealistic when I thought that the people at these schools are educated and intelligent and at least exposed to all different kinds of people. It makes me so angry that we have to endure hatred and ignorance like this! I have been thinking about the world a lot and its deterioration. I had a lot of hope in my heart that things were getting a little better. I thought that maybe, day by day, people were learning to accept each other's differences, and love them anyway, just a little bit more. Then ignorance like that of the CMC boys gets thrust in my face. I won't stand for it.

If we want to rid our community of this kind of treatment, we need to make it be known that this is no longer acceptable. When we don't say anything, even when we see others doing it and we are not involved, we are saying that it is alright. No one has the right to make another person feel the way that those people made me feel.

After I got to my class, I went with my professor to the CMC Dean of Students, W. Torrey Sun. I explained everything that happened. They found one of the three students that day and he confessed. I met with our Dean of Students Jackie Peterson today. I have been assured that severe disciplinary action will be taken. That is fine for those students. They broke the CMC code of conduct regarding sexual harassment. However, they are not the only ones in this community. We need to get the message out to everyone that we will not stand for it. Do me, yourself, and the world at large a favor: speak up if you ever see anything like that happen again. ■

Editor's note: As of the printing of this publication, no disciplinary action has been taken with these CMC students. It has been suggested by the Dean of Students of CMC that the student in question apologize to the author, Ms. Ruby.

Peace and Conflict: ...wish it were just a story

by Aaron Rhodes

A little more than a month ago, March 7th, my mother died. Being in Ireland at the time was a complication that I had not thought of in the darkest of dreams. Although the news was amazingly shocking, and the distance a torment of miles, the scenery seemed to soothe my hot infantile cheeks, something I thought only a mother could do.

We were staying in a place called Cornmeela, a peace and reconciliation center built in the early 1970s in reaction to the civil rights movement, a movement started in the US of A but soon drifted across the Atlantic over to Ireland. Located on one of the tips of the Northern Ireland coast, the several acre area was balanced on the hills and cliffs waiting to fall into the sea like so many castles. The walls, though, seemed thick with comfort, and an overwhelming sensation of peace held a presence with me and the group I was with.

The sunset on the night I was to find out my mother had passed away (actually it was the morning after it happened in the states) was scorching with a burnt wood red sun and a scent I know and love but couldn't smell. Maybe it was the tears that thrashed my clear sight with old and wrinkled church glass. Maybe it was how the grass seemed too green, from the rain of Ireland or in Irish they might say Eireann. Maybe it was because my mother had never died before. But I didn't know how to act, what to feel, why I was laughing or why my legs kept falling asleep next to the muddy cold ground I was sitting on.

I had walked—or maybe I ran, I can't remember—to a field behind Corrymeela to a vantage revealing the cloud scattered sky with the sun slowly crawling towards the horizon. Below lay the ever-changing sea, the small town of Balleycastle, and of course the baa-ing sheep. For me, it was here that I discussed with myself my inner conflict with death, a war that has been fought for so long. Up until this moment death had let me be still with only the observance of a few casualties. I saw memories that had happened and memories that will never be. The conflict was the realization that this person who had been with me since 9 months before I was born, was suddenly surgically cut out of my life. This might only be imaginably understandable if it hasn't happened to you, if it has always been someone else's mom. Until it happens directly to you, every sympathizing spasm will be a definite comfort but not delivered with absolute understanding. I guess I'm talking about a regression; coming from a state of empathy or ignorance to an inconceivable solution. For me, the problem of death existed before my mother died, and if you look at it like an algebraic question the formula would be a complex one. The solution might be 100 times more difficult to solve let alone understand. Nevertheless an end or a solution to tragedy is thought about. For me, in the end, the solution is non-existent, but the problem is definitely there.

I am struck by the similarities that the internal conflict of death and mourning have to do with the Northern Ireland conflict. Being in Ireland has been a wonderful experience. Talking first hand with people directly involved with the peace process, the IRA, Bloody Sunday, alcoholism, homelessness... has given me a tangible grasp on the beauties over here, as well as the difficulties. But even past the lectures and discussions, the Kaeleys (dances) and pubs, the bombs and marches, once you think you understand how everything is tied together and why things are happening the way they are, you have to start over again from the beginning because things change by the second, especially lives. Once the situations start to become personal, and things are happening in your town and to your family, your whole world conception changes.

I guess part of life, politics and death is getting to the turn-around point that you've come your whole life to get to. It's not as though I'm a counselor to tell anyone how they should or shouldn't think about life and death; but why should you look at this turn around as a cul-de-sac, why not a natural path of learning and living? As well, if you're looking ahead to see that cul-de-sac, trying to anticipate, trying to prepare, you are for sure losing crucial momentum in your life. If you can see the end of what you are working on clearly, that's vision; but when nothing else exists except that end, then why bother with the means.

To give a concise history of the conflict in Ireland: The conflict started about 827 years ago with the Norman Invasion initiated by the British. Britain placed plantations on the island several times to maintain control, some of them being more successful than others. Over that time the people in the plantations mixed with the natives and the distinction between the British and the Irish became difficult. But if nationality was hard to predict, you could

please turn the page

Repression Breeds Resistance



by Alan Jones

Having just emerged from a College Council meeting where a major section of the student outdoor art proposal was gutted by faculty opposition, I was struck by both the substance and the tone of that debate. While a variety of colorful metaphors were invoked to inform us as to the subconscious motivations behind the student proposal (territorial scent markings) and the likely outcomes should it pass (ars rodentia), what we were also informed of was the degree to which faculty have become alienated from students at Pitzer. At a college that prides itself (and sells itself) on the close interpersonal relationships between faculty and students, the basis for such relationships, mutual respect, was sorely lacking. The degree of condescension displayed in the dismissal of the student position (why should I be forced to look at ugly (non-white) walls was more typical of a gated senior citizens community than Pitzer College. This is particularly disturbing since much of the impetus for the outdoor art campaign was a sense of alienation, voicelessness, and yes, lack of control over their living circumstances felt by many students. Had this been an isolated incident of simple disagreement it might be more easily dismissed. I worry, however, that it reflects something deeper and more problematic. In talking with students I find that many of them are frustrated with the faculty on two fronts. First, they perceive a lack of faculty involvement and interest in their lives outside the classroom. This is reflected in a declining faculty presence at social events, town meetings, softball games, and a general lack of faculty initiative in organizing events. I was shocked when I strapped on my spikes last Friday and went out to play ball only to be told that there was no room on the teams. That had never happened in my ten years here but current students simply have not been socialized into the culture of student-faculty softball because faculty don't play ball anymore. A second and more serious problem is the increasingly paternalistic and dismissive tone of faculty communications with students. I heard one of my colleagues begin a post-College Council harangue with the phrase, "Now listen here young man...."

When we fail to regard students as partners in a process of mutual education that extends well beyond the classroom, but instead regard them as objects of our professional attention, then we undermine the foundations of "The Pitzer Experience" and we do so at our peril. We cannot abdicate our responsibility to this relationship in the hopes that new buildings or Res Life or Pact programming will fill the void. It doesn't and students know it. As a starting point, our students expect to be recognized as autonomous, free thinking, responsible adults whose sole purpose for being here is to explore ideas one on one with us. When we fail to acknowledge them as such it compromises the trust that is basic to such a relationship.

Recent hallway rumblings have speculated that administrative shortcomings have destabilized the college but this is largely a smokescreen. The role of the Administration at the college is, always has been, and should remain, one of financial and logistical support for faculty-student relationships. Administrative policies only assume critical dimensions in the absence of strong student-faculty ties. Creating and maintaining a lively intellectual environment that fosters those close ties begins with respect for one another as individuals. The imposition of residential policies that restrict the lifestyles of our students should be minimal, judicious, and driven by legal constraints, not by an institutional penchant for managerial efficiency and white walls.

As faculty, we continually exhort students to critically examine and challenge the imposition of arbitrary constraints by society at large and we define this as responsible citizenship. We should not be surprised or balk when students legitimately apply this principle to their own residential living situation. As in every sphere of human relations, from the cat in the hat to red rats, Repression breeds Resistance. ■

Alan Jones is a professor of psychology and a faculty member of Student Senate who has been teaching at Pitzer for ten years.

always look at religion of course for a distinction. As maybe an old documentary might narrate, "This comes from the traditional model 'divide and conquer' where we use an obvious difference in a society to separate and defeat the culture's collective powers, hence making the conquering much easier." End of old documentary narration. All of these differences that are within the North have divided everything into a schizophrenic society. There are two main divisions, the Loyalists who want Northern Ireland to be separate from the UK; and the Unionists who want to be linked with the UK. There are several levels and degrees to how dedicated the political parties are to these beliefs. It is these variances that create the several political parties in Northern Ireland. There is much more detail to the history of Ireland; the ruthless Henry VIII, the famine, Guinness, etc... but I don't want to bore you.

On the whole, from an American sociologist's perspective, the differences between the North and the South today are not that great. The media might cast the differences as gross as four vs. two arms depending on whether you are Protestant or Catholic, a member of Sinn Fein/IRA or the Democratic Unionist Party. Let me tell you, the biggest difference that I saw, or rather heard, when I was up North was the accent. It is a much stronger thing than in the South, akin to a wee bit less of a Sco'ish b(r)ooogue.

Maybe it was the twice a day for the past thinking about how concept of politics really flash of revelation that pub when I was waiting settle. One of my school political Irish joke (being guess he felt he was large full-fledged Irish slugged me instead of out on the pub floor, I what the circumstances this moment.



IRELAND

The war of Unionism and are feuds driven by tradition. "The cause" is around Ireland like "Democrat" is in the States. These things are accepted and not questioned enough. For the ones that are fighting for "the cause"— they all can say they are supporting "the cause" and think they all are in understanding of each other as to what they are fighting for; but do they know the roots of why they are fighting? They could be fighting over which pant leg to put on first, let alone separation from the UK. Reminds me a great deal of *Gulliver's Travels*.

This is an age for precision and accuracy, but I think in terms of politics, for things to work smoothly, you must let things slide and compromise. If you are going to dissect the conflict and look at each grain of hate and distrust and petty grudge fostered by generations of the same, the game will not move forward. That's what it seems to be most of the time, a game with real losses. The complex situations can usually be understood by a simple analogy, why can't they be solved in such a way? Actually, if I had my druthers (a word that must be Irish), politics would be forgotten about; and if it weren't for economics and capitalism it probably would be dropped altogether. Who needs or benefits from the confusion other than the politicians themselves? And even they are put in seemingly unnecessary situations. The public puts it in the hands of these "officials" to deal with these problems, but it seems like the politicians are making more than half of the problems, and the media the other half.

When the cease fire was in place, sanity returned to this small island. People could think straight and could carry on with their lives. It make me think that peace is more a state of mind rather than an act of parliament, although in this case it took Sinn Fein/IRA and other political parties to put the cease fire in place— they were linked together hand in hand. Do they have to be?

I guess to bring the conflict back to home, I think that death is a subject that requires attention, grief, and remembrance; but to delay on the whole thing for too long is unhealthy. The good thing about death is that it makes everyone realize how special life is, how lucky we are to be alive. The cease fire was a very similar situation. It was a death to the war, if you want to call it a war. It jogged everyone's memories of how it was to live without the threat of being bombed. It's deadly hard to do it, but wouldn't it be much better if people stopped for good once they remembered their lives, instead of fear for them? I guess we are creatures of short memories and need to be reminded with a death or a bomb. The irony comes in Ireland, though, with the Irish's extraordinarily long memories. ■

Aaron Rhodes is a former God of The Other Side and is now studying abroad in Ireland.

three hour lectures, 2 months that got me absurd the whole is. Or maybe it was the hit me that time in the for my Guinness to mates cracked a an Irish American I entitled), and the fairly man sitting next to us him. As I laid, spread kept asking myself were that lead up to

Nationalism vs. Protestant vs. Catholic tradition after a term that is flung

