

A Gift to the Class of 1996

by Jose Calderon

A commencement speech given by Jose to the class of 1996.

I am not an artist -- nor a composer -- nor a poet --
In the academic sense -- nor in the professional sense --
But I consider myself all of these in a cultural and political sense.
My gift to all of you for your graduation
Is a spontaneous babbling of poetic reflections, thoughts,
Questions, and dreams --
All a part of a culture --
Through a voice that you have given me
I hope that you find a segment of your voice somewhere
In some of my words.

I ask myself, "Why a third time?"
I know others ask, "Why a third time?"
And I think about the many advisees that I have --
The long hours spent in meetings and mentoring.
I think about the other faculty that do that.

I ask you, have I ever lied to you, Have I ever cheated you,
Have I ever treated you without respect?
I know that I have made mistakes
But the person who never makes mistakes is the person
Who never does anything.

There are very few rewards
But there is one reward that money cannot buy
And that no gift in the world can surpass --
The gift of your eyes, your heart, and your mind.

The moment when your eyes open wide and I can see
That you can see
The plight of the farmworkers in the fields.
The tired arms of the janitor scrubbing the floors in the college halls,
The power relations that create a chasm between
Domestication and Liberation --
There is no greater gift than to see your eyes open wide

And your heart, your heart --
When you put yourself in the shoes of others --
The excluded, the underrepresented, the poor, the lonely --
Those without shelter, those on drugs, those dying in
Some dark cell, those with AIDS --
And you absorb their pain as if it was yours --

Giving of your love and your caring
Through that union internship, that alternative break,
That simple moment of a smile
When you serve a worker with the care that they serve you.

The heart, the heart --
That beats for one as it beats for others --
That emanates friendship with a hug, a hand shake,
A moment of "It's so good to see you brother --
It's so good to see you sister" -- 8

THE OTHER SIDE

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THE Other Side

OCTOBER 1996

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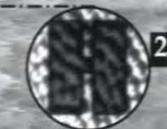
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A great big thank you to Dave Carls, the best sign maker at Pitzer College. Dave helped The Other Side create the door sign that is now hanging up for display on the 3rd floor of Mead "The Other Side: Mission Control". Dave took time out of his day to hand craft the sign. Anyone that has the time should look him up to discover the vast experiences of his life. He traveled all over the world for 30 years before settling down with his wife. He has a particular interest in story telling and music, not to mention sign making.

Thanks again Dave.
Aaron Rhodes and Staff

Dear Other Side,

Last year there was a rumor prevalent around campus that the students had little to no voice in what happens at Pitzer College. Fortunately this rumor is false. In fact, the student body has a voice on almost every matter, whether it is a campus life or academic issue. The problem last year was that due to a lack of communication by Student Senate, students were unaware of the means that they had to express their views on issues. This article is intended to show where the students have effective and meaningful voices and how senate is planning on improving the voice of each member of the student community.

The best way for any student to express their concerns and have their voice heard and dealt with is through Student Senate. Twenty elected students, two faculty, and one staff member work together in Senate to best support the student body as a whole on numerous issues. Everybody is welcome to attend these meetings and express their thoughts. Senate will then look at the matter and recommend, in light of what is best for the student community, that action be taken on it in one or several other bodies of governance at Pitzer. These other governing bodies at Pitzer include seven standing committees and College Council. All seven committees at Pitzer have at least two student voting representatives.

The standing committees of the college include Academic Computing, Academic Standards, Academic Planning, Research & Awards, Curriculum, Diversity, and the Faculty Executive Committee. These committees all have the task of deciding what the best way is for Pitzer to function. It is the responsibility of the students to represent the views of the whole student body as well as the Student Senate when they vote on particular matters.

In both Senate and all of the standing committees of the college, student representatives want to hear from the students about issues of concern so they can best serve their role as a representative. This year senate is making it easier to keep all

students informed on all senate and committee issues being discussed, which will serve to allow more students to voice their feelings on pertinent issues. Senate is extending open invitations to all members of the community to participate, putting out newsletters, having accessible drop boxes on doors to allow students to express their opinions, distributing committee meeting summary's and Senate meetings to larger areas of the school, and publishing names and phone numbers of all the class, dorm, and committee representatives so they can be easily contacted by the students. Senate also plans to have information tables and open forums throughout the year to help facilitate communication between representatives and the rest of the student body.

With proper communication every student will have a voice in Pitzer policy, which leads to the biggest voice the students have, College Council.

College Council is the body that makes direct recommendations to the president of Pitzer. Not only does each student senator have a vote on College Council, but the meetings are open to the whole community to directly express their beliefs on all issues on the agenda. With student voices properly being heard in Student Senate and the standing committees, senators will vote on issues on behalf of each student at the school. Furthermore, if there is an issue of great importance to the student body, it can be brought to college council by the senate president to be discussed and have action taken by the rest of the Pitzer Community.

Students have a very large and effective voice at Pitzer, it is the responsibility of all student representatives and the rest of the student body to use this voice effectively. An effective voice of the student body is a great deal more powerful than a few individual students being noisy about their opinions.

-Adam Block

Note: Student Senate meets on Tuesdays at 5:30, on the first floor of the Gold Student Center. Bring your dinner and let your voice be heard. If you have any questions about this article please call Adam Block at 607-7724

An Editorial Response:

Adam - Sometimes it is the institutions themselves that need criticism. Sometimes students feel that the structure of "our voice" does not support the weight of our concerns, and it is necessary to step outside these bounds in order to affect change. Though, as you have explained, the Student Senate serves many purposes, being an advocate for student concerns is not one it has shown it can do.

Remember that those "few, individual students being noisy about their opinions" were the first students to organize town meetings when students decided they wanted to paint. The ones who have criticized policies and practices which concerned them. The Student Senate and the other organizations you mention do not have that luxury.

Those "few, individual, students being noisy" are what Pitzer is about for many people. That they do not have to submit their voice to a larger, more monotone, "student voice" is why many students chose to come to Pitzer, and is why Pitzer continues to attract the people it does.

Adam, any college can have a Student Senate, but only Pitzer is intended for all students, any students, who want to take an active part in the growth and identity of their school.

-Shanti Webley

Dearest Other Side reader,

Allow me to introduce myself. I am a first year student here at Pitzer, and like many of you, I am very interested in majoring in "really cool stuff that doesn't require a lot of legitimate work." I'm originally from a small city in the LA area located just south of Pasadena, namely South Pasadena (unless, of course, you're from Seattle, in which case, so am I). That should cover all the generic information and answer the questions which any first year student knows only too well after that agonizing first week of Camp College.

Now, a month into this new way of life, I have a bit more self confidence, a whole lot of reading to do, and have finally figured out how to open up doors with my ID card. However, there are a few things here at Pitzer that are still quite beyond my comprehension. Perhaps I'm confused because I'm a newcomer here, but I'm more apt to believe that there are simply no logical explanations. I've narrowed my list down to seven baffling questions which you may have wondered yourself, or might never have considered, but should.

1. What on earth is in the vegetarian beef soup? It might be that the soup is made from the beef of vegetarian cows, but all cows are, for the most part, vegetarian. And if they were going to be so specific as to include the eating practices of the animal being served, they might as well have called it vegetarian-cow beef soup. Another theory is that the soup includes chunks of veggie-burger masquerading as beef. I like to think that if the kitchen people are attempting to fool vegetarians into eating beef, they are going about it the wrong way. We'll never really be sure until we eat some...any volunteers?

A FOUR FOOT POOL
REALLY TAKES THE FUN OUT
OF DIVING FOR RINGS

2. Why do they call it the "duplicating" room? What's wrong with simply calling it the photocopy or Xerox room? They're not fooling anyone. They call the computer lab the computer lab, the mail the mail room, and the science lab McConnell, and no one has any problem with these. But then

they have to go and pull this whole synonym thing. What's wrong with plain English? Pretty soon we'll be calling drinking fountains hydration apparatuses.

3. Why don't they set the clock tower to the right time? Like many others here at Pitzer, I am not a watch-person, so having a large, visible public clock is a great idea. However I'm not much of a math person either, so it's not as easy to add or subtract the appropriate number of minutes to find out if I'm late for class or not. It's not as if it's impossible to change the clock's time. I mean they have to do something when day light savings time rolls around. I wonder if they'll intentionally set it to the wrong time then as well, perhaps to keep up the tradition or whatever. I'd just like to know what time it really is.

4. Who was the genius that came up with the micro-fridge? I hope Pitzer doesn't have any sort of long-term contract with these people. It just seems like one of those impractical devices that have short-lived popularity, but are inevitably destined for failure (i.e. shower radios, video telephones, the clapper).

5. Why couldn't they have made a pool with a deep end? Were they afraid of people drowning? Did they hit sewer lines while excavating? All I know is that a four foot pool really takes the fun out of diving for rings, not to mention water-treading contests. Curiously enough, our pool is the perfect size for synchronized swimming, but we don't have any organized team. I wonder why?

6. What is that stuff that comes out of the tap? At first I thought that it was air bubbles in the water or something, which slowly dissipated. After closer observation, however, I noticed that as my glass cleared there was some sort of sediment which sank to the bottom, perhaps a group of microscopic organisms afraid of being swallowed. Whatever it is I have consistently been pouring it into my potted plant which doesn't look to be doing so great.

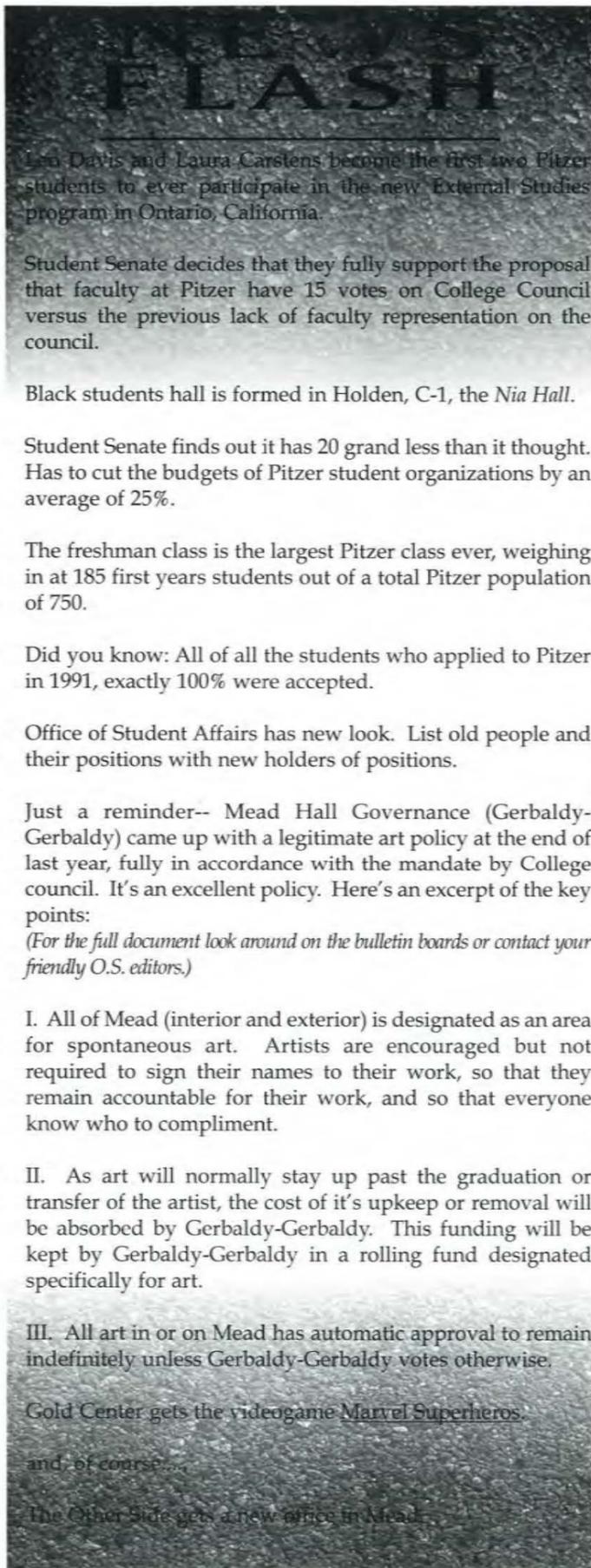
7. How do you spell "Kah-hoo-teck" anyway? Everyone I ask says "B-E-E-R," but that doesn't even work phonetically.

-Michael A. Rippens TOS

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The Other Side October 1996



FLASH

Leo Davis and Laura Carstens become the first two Pitzer students to ever participate in the new External Studies program in Ontario, California.

Student Senate decides that they fully support the proposal that faculty at Pitzer have 15 votes on College Council versus the previous lack of faculty representation on the council.

Black students hall is formed in Holden, C-1, the *Nia Hall*.

Student Senate finds out it has 20 grand less than it thought. Has to cut the budgets of Pitzer student organizations by an average of 25%.

The freshman class is the largest Pitzer class ever, weighing in at 185 first years students out of a total Pitzer population of 750.

Did you know: All of all the students who applied to Pitzer in 1991, exactly 100% were accepted.

Office of Student Affairs has new look. List old people and their positions with new holders of positions.

Just a reminder-- Mead Hall Governance (Gerbaldy-Gerbaldy) came up with a legitimate art policy at the end of last year, fully in accordance with the mandate by College council. It's an excellent policy. Here's an excerpt of the key points:
(For the full document look around on the bulletin boards or contact your friendly O.S. editors.)

I. All of Mead (interior and exterior) is designated as an area for spontaneous art. Artists are encouraged but not required to sign their names to their work, so that they remain accountable for their work, and so that everyone know who to compliment.

II. As art will normally stay up past the graduation or transfer of the artist, the cost of it's upkeep or removal will be absorbed by Gerbaldy-Gerbaldy. This funding will be kept by Gerbaldy-Gerbaldy in a rolling fund designated specifically for art.

III. All art in or on Mead has automatic approval to remain indefinitely unless Gerbaldy-Gerbaldy votes otherwise.

Gold Center gets the videogame *Marvel Superheros*

and, of course...

The Other Side gets a new office in Mead.

Ms. Loud

People hurt, little girls cry
& the world goes on.

Know your place. Your place is not to be loud, arrogast, or innocent.
It is to do exactly what I say,
When I want.

It is to conform to those cracks in the wall & let no secrets out, because in the end, you were wrong, on the basis of being so right.

I can slap you with my eyes
& love you with my soul.
It is the natural way things should be.

But You were wrong. So wrong.
I am now the woman that you saw in me at 2, and father,
there are no demons in me.
It was You that was mistaken.
I have St. Maria Gertrudes inside of me.
And I want, revenge, vengeance is mine.

It is You who should repent.
I will not forgive the Unforgiven.
I will not lay down and hold in my anger, animosity, pain,

The only hellish thing about me are my flames. And they are Rising,
Swaying, and Stand Corrected,
I will burn you.

But I won't consume you in the physical.
My train of thought is purely mental.
I will slay you with my Voice, my actions.

I will annihilate by believing, knowing that not all men are bad.
And although you broke my heart,
there is one thing that you could never break,
My Spirit.

It is my spirit that allows me, yes, that allows me to give you Your only one privilege;
setting you free.

However, Recognize, I equate your freedom with you sitting on your thrown in Pandemonium. And KNOW your place of torment in exactly where you belong.

-Michell Silas

There is no greater gift than to see your heart open wide.
And your mind, your mind
When it takes dry theoretical concepts and turns them into beaming rays
Of lived experience
Moving hands, legs, ears, eyes, and body into Action
To create an autobiography, a video, a piece of art, a rainbow --
To create open eyes, open heart, and open mind
In the categorized "at-risk" environment of young human beings
From Gerry, Pomona, Upland, Ontario, Garvey, and Alhambra

Where you must feel what I feel when there is that balance of a moment
When they tell you, "I want to be like you, I want to go to college."

It is that moment that makes it all worthwhile --
And it is that moment that creates optimism
To learn, to teach, to create --
Though the trends may not go our way --
Though some may think it is only for "the self"
For notoriety, for the sake of merely being a "troublemaker."

Is it possible for them to see that there are eyes, a heart, and a mind
At play -- in unison, in harmony, working together collectively
To act out of more than the self?
Can they possibly see that it can be out of commitment, out of sacrifice,
Out of caring for the other: the worker, the downtrodden, the oppressed,
The alienated, the poor at heart, mind, soul --
Places in the life where we all, at one time or another, come from.

Can they see creativity at play?
Although there may not be the diploma of a brush
Or the brush of traditional professionalism --
There is the creation of culture --
In the eyes, hearts, and minds -- that make it all worthwhile.

I know that many of you are pondering about your future --
And questioning whether these four years have been worth it --
I know what it's like to feel like you're in a cocoon --
And you are flailing your very being to open your wings.
I was there -- it's only natural --
This is what growth and metamorphosis are all about --
Where the metaphors of life and time come together --
Where we cross form one life stage to another --
Where the limits and boundaries have become too confining --
And your are bursting with a renewed energy and vigor --
As first one wing -- and then another --
Emerges into anew day.

It's difficult to make some people understand that this is only a passage --
That one can rebel -- without losing one's sense of direction --
That questioning, critical thinking, and moving on
Are Rites of Growth and development.

That is why I don't get down on the senior who tells me
That he doesn't have much time for Pitzer right now --
He's out working with the workers at a local union --
Or the sister that is absorbed in immigrant rights issues --
And is daily putting to action all that other only talk about.

I know that we can develop a pessimism that clouds the
Opportunities and possibilities ahead --
I know that the future can be frightening --
Because there is no set roadmap --
But, at the same time, it also means that "new beginnings" are under way
And, if you've learned to create -- you have that base to build your own road --
Alongside others -- to build a better society.

There are so many of you that I have grown close to in these four years --
It is always so difficult to see you graduate --
I don't know about you, but it pains me -- Because I have seen your growth --
And, it seems, just when the eyes, heart, and mind are blossoming --
When you are taking the leadership in many different spheres -- you leave --
And knocking at my door again -- is one, shy, inquisitive Freshman
Asking me if I will be her advisor -- and almost whispering:
"Some senior suggested that I take your class -- will you sign my add slip?"

I know that's the way it is -- a passing -- a metamorphosis --
A passage to another life stage -- that hurts --
But is also a time to light fireworks in the sky...
It can't happen without concerted long-term effort.

Always remember that there comes a moment
When there is the connection between what is academic and
What is exhilarating experience
When if you are up to it -- you take with you more than a diploma,
More than a handshake, more than the memory of a roommate or a friend --
But you take with you a conscious awareness that you have the capacity
To create culture, to build collectively -- and, through working with others
(regardless of their race, class, gender, and sexual orientation)
You help to create a better world.

It is always there if one seeks to find it
The moment, I mean
The connection, I mean --
When what is academic
Becomes the lived experience
Outside the shadows of the classroom
To that moment of light
Between the silence of expression
And the bursting of critical consciousness --
Empowering critical consciousness, practice,
And Action. **TOS**

Jose Calderon is a professor of Sociology, has a passion for the unusual and loves to dance in public.



Ru(i)n My Country

Pitzer looks at the '96 vote



A PROGRAM FOR SENATOR DOLE

by Albert Wachtel

Unrealistic ambitions are keeping Senator Bob Dole from performing a brave and noble deed for America. Utterly incapable of winning this Presidential election, Mr. Dole has an enviable opportunity. He can choose to speak truths to both sides of our political aisle. He can choose to go into history as a statesman, the World War II hero and Senator from Kansas who won the Republican nomination to run for President and chose to express his real ideas instead of playing party politics.

The Clinton administration, building on an economic recovery that was glimmering on the horizon as it entered the White House, has been admirably successful in supporting and enhancing economic growth. Improving on some already intelligent international policies, and building on earlier efforts to support the business interests of American corporations and the interests of democracy and world peace generally, President Clinton has enhanced the image and influence of America abroad. There is no way that Mr. Dole should want to change those facts, which underscore the virtues of both the Republican and Democratic parties and attest to the orderly transfer of power in American democracy. In any case, there is no way that such accomplishments are going to be tarnished by the relatively small scale issues of personal finance or emotional history.

The Presidential race is over. It ended when the present Congress tried to pass legislation that was transparently created in the service of special interest supporters. It ended when compromises between the Administration and Congress were reached on legislation that both viewed as negotiable. Mr. Dole should acknowledge the fact: Mr. Clinton, gifted with innate political skills, will occupy the White House for four more years. But though he has earned a second term, the exigencies of playing the political game make it impossible for him to take positions entirely above electoral politics. Mr. Dole has been freed to do precisely that.

He should throw out the nonsense of proposing of a "15%-tax-break-with-deficit-reduction-and-no-cuts-in-big-entitlements." He should stop besmirching his name with the notion that, as a savvy Senator he dismissed long ago. It's a nice dream, a novel way of couching a cliché--"eat your cake," (15% tax break); "and have it too," (no cuts in entitlements)--but when he gives his word that if elected he will accomplish the trick Mr. Dole is protected against becoming a liar only by the negligible chance that he will be elected. He should stop attacking the business activities of Mr. Clinton's wife, who, like Mr. Dole's wife, has been an active business person, a wheeler-dealer in the halls of power. He should stop trying to manufacture causes out of the compromises that both Republicans and Democrats have found workable.

Instead, Mr. Dole should turn to the left and say that



Pitzer Ponders Politics

POLITICAL RANTING

by Justin Anderson

opportunity to qualify is not a special dispensation. He should point out that though ambition is a virtue, greed is a vice. He should point out that conservative, when used honorably, is a term that applies to those who want to preserve the values and accomplishments of the nation; those who aspire to the honor of being called conservatives should be defending the freedoms that the great conservatives and liberals of the past won for us. He should point out that liberal, when used honorably, is a term that applies to those who want to spread the values and accomplishments of the nation to the widest possible number of its inhabitants. Thomas Jefferson was the first great liberal to lead the United States, and Abraham Lincoln was one of its greatest liberal Presidents. He should point out that the founders of the United States were generally deists who did not believe in the Biblical God but were willing to defend to the death the right of others to do so. As a result, not religion but freedom of religion is a fundamental American value.

In general, Mr. Dole should characterize himself as for personal responsibility and responsible freedom. Specifically, he should admit that the Social Security System needs financial reconstruction. He should point out that that important social net under the aging who need support ought to be maintained but that those who do not need the net should not receive more in pay-outs from the system than they put into it. Perhaps it is too much to ask, but it would be impressive if he had the strength to point out that a net 2% hike in the tax rate would do much to alleviate both our national deficit and debt problems. He might go so far as to point out that a national sales tax could take the place of income tax and do away with the IRS entirely.

He should declare his personal position on the abortion issue but recognize that people must have the freedom to determine their own positions with regard to their own persons. He should acknowledge the virtues of strict gun control in a nation threatened by

A few days back Aaron approached me, asking about a contribution to The Other Side. I told him I didn't have any money. But, as often happens, Aaron played upon my guilt about our collective responsibilities to the overall Pitzer community. Citing an interesting God, mom and apple pie routine reminiscent of old Reagan campaign rallies, he proceeded to engulf my sensibilities by essentially portraying me as a rat bastard, illustrated by my malfeasance and obvious lack of concern for the student body - due to my inability to express any interest in writing for our beloved Other Side. Hoping to throw off the hunt, I immediately asked him what possible subject a goofball such as I could hope to inform and excite the readership with. His instantaneous response: "the election, of course." I don't know whether it was my dumfounded expression, the bubbles frothing out of my opened mandibles, or the guttural quack sounds eerily similar to Macintosh error noises emanating from my gut that tipped him off to the immediate acceptance of his plan. With a smile and a wave he left, commenting, "we need that by Friday." Panicked, I headed home, feeling like I'd been charged by a phone sex operator without getting the heavy breathing.

Never in my life did I imagine such a hell of Dante's proportions as trying to avoid writing an article for our illustrious student magazine. Rebuffed by attempts to blow off my ill-advised commitment, I wrung my hands for hours, trying to come up with the perfect analysis of the Presidential race as we head into the waning hours of the election. I stared at a blank computer screen. I thought about Bob Dole blinking, blinking, over and over again until it became like counting sheep and I'd drift off, carried into a fitful sleep.

And still, ever present in my dreams, were Aaron and Shanti, waiting for their essay. Whenever I left to attend to trivial matters such as laundry, meals or a midterm, they'd be there, waiting in the dim light near the garbage chute, asking about the article. When Shanti caught me coming back home from a party at two in the morning, asking about "how it was going" I nearly broke down and cried. I went to the top of Mead and stood on the ledge, staring down into the quad. Eyes blazing, I prayed to the gods of political fundraising to help me. And all at once, the breezes slowed, the smog cleared and the stars exposed themselves in the sky above, and I had a vision:

Wild Billy's going to win this election.

Now, I know to many of you out there that this may sound like a pretty ballsy prediction. I mean, the guy has only been leading in every poll since the beginning of Newt Gingrich's "Loose Cannon Celebrity Quest," but being the only candidate who at least pretends to

"WILD BILLY'S GOING TO WIN THIS ELECTION."

consists of many different attributes: leadership, a vision for the nation, good television skills, and a whole rash of personality traits which are endearing to the electorate as a whole. One of these traits is approachability, and on that scale Bill Clinton wins high marks.

The personal approachability scale has determined the last three presidents, pure and simple. Since the sixties, television appearance has been a major factor in electability, and the electorate has demonstrated time and time again that they like a dynamic and popular leader, a nice person with the right demeanor. This is more important than the issues themselves and, regardless of one's politics, has been the weak link for the Dole campaign. President Reagan said less about the

actual issues than Dole ever did, he instead played to the "hearts and minds" of the American public. And it worked. Compare Reagan's tax scheme to that of Dole's; they are extremely similar in their philosophy and implementation. Remember way back in April and May, before the Republican convention and Dole dropped out of the Senate, there was no plan to run a Republican campaign based upon a 15% tax cut. This is completely a political strategy, one that hearkens to the Reagan campaigns and their economic philosophy. Apparently Dole's handlers felt that abandoning economic principle and handing out more money to the American people would be a popular idea. They didn't consider Dole's personal popularity problems in their analysis.

This is the irony of the current campaign. According to the political "experts," it is the economy, more than any factor, that determines the climate of opinion for the incumbent president. The conventional wisdom dictates that the economy was in recession with George Bush, so he lost. The economy is strong with President Clinton, so he will win. Along these lines, there has 2 7

"The Last Free Ride" by Edwin A. Martini III

I can't vote for Bill Clinton. Regardless of the viable alternative, I can't bring myself to do it. Even though he's running against a corpse, even though his reelection is a foregone conclusion, I can't do it.

This is a man whom I defended and campaigned for in 1992 when I couldn't even vote. This is a man, I believed, who would turn this nation around, a man for whom I argued for with my Reaganite parents at nearly every meal. Now, in the first presidential election of my young enfranchisement, I've come to the realization that my support for this man had more to do with his opposition than with the man himself. Although all this troubles me greatly and it saddens me to realize that as a registered Democrat I can't vote for the Democratic nominee, the real tragedy is that my not voting for him doesn't matter. Not one bit.

The president's lead in the California polls, as it is in almost every state of electoral significance, is overwhelming. So, one might ask, why not just hop on the bandwagon and enjoy the victorious ride?

Admittedly, I love bandwagons. I get on one whenever the Twins win the pennant or the Timberwolves win a game. This, however, is one wagon which I'm proud to stay off. This is too important, whether it makes a difference or not. This is principles, not pennants.

When the victory train pulled on to Pennsylvania Avenue four years ago, it was fueled by the powerful votes of a core of traditionally democratic constituents. College students, women, labor organizations, people of color, gays and lesbians, single moms and soccer moms alike. These groups overwhelmingly chose Clinton over Bush just as now they are choosing Clinton over Dole. There are distinct differences, however, between '92 and '96. Dole is not Bush, and Clinton is no longer that same man for whom I so vigorously fought.

That Dole is nowhere near as dangerous as Bush or Reagan, except perhaps when he mentions his tax cut plans, is one reason I feel relatively safe voting for someone other than Clinton. My primary reasoning, though, is because of those very groups that swept Clinton into office, and his subsequent abandonment of them. Sure, there are moments early in his administration which showed that perhaps he was for real. He repealed the gag rule, he signed the Motor Voter legislation, he took on the military establishment over their discriminatory practices and their budget. But soon came "don't ask, don't tell." Soon came NAFTA. And the Defense of Marriage act. And, the bill that finally broke this camel's back, the welfare bill. This is certainly not the man for whom I campaigned.

And really, are these two men that different? One is old, at times incoherent, and refers to himself as though he were a poorly written omniscient narrator. The other is young, incredibly intelligent, and is perhaps the most eloquent chief executive since Kennedy. Appearances, though, tell little, if any, of the real story. These guys agree on just about everything. They agree that welfare needs to be drastically reduced, they agree that the two party system is great, they both take in ridiculous amounts of "soft money" in their campaigns, they both think American jobs second to trade agreements, and they both think balancing the budget would be the greatest thing to hit the American economy since World War II. These two guys seem more like two Republicans slugging it out in New Hampshire than a Democrat and a Republican on the eve of the election. Yet another reason I can afford not to vote for Bob Dole... I mean Clinton. 2 8

Urban Legends

Compiled by Sonya Angelica Diehn



We all know about urban legends. Most of us grew up in an urban or suburban area and all through childhood and puberty (and adulthood, as well) we have exchanged stories of the odd, the grotesque, the unbelievable. But who says they're unbelievable? It may really have been your friend's cousin that did so and so. It may have been with this person that the Legend was borne. My brain is oddly replete with urban legends, so here are a few:

I heard about a guy that went to my high school, although I didn't really know him too well, who worked at a deli down the street. Part of his job there involved using meat slicers to make the cold-cuts used for sandwiches. Anyway, one day he was slicing up some meat and he accidentally sliced off the very tip of his left middle finger, but only about a millimeter or two. He managed to retrieve the tip of finger and decided for some reason to save it. The process of decay went something like this: from pink and fleshy, it turned yellow and rubbery and then finally black, shriveled, and hard. When it reached this stage, again for some unidentified reason, he decided to smoke it. So he smoked it. But really the most incredible thing was, he got high off it!

One from the "in the microwave" series: a fellow my friend vaguely knew once put cockroaches in the microwave.



Drawings by
Liz Bialto



Unlike other creatures, which mainly explode after prolonged contact to gamma waves, the roaches were, for the first few minutes on "high", fairly complacent. As the time increased, the roaches actually seemed to feed off of the radioactive energy, scurrying about faster and faster. Eventually, they seemed to become very panicked, and it was shortly after this that they had one last, final spasm of energy and were finally still, although they were said to twitch for a bit longer after the cooking process was finished.

Fun fact: cockroaches can stay alive for a full ten days without their heads. They will finally die of starvation.

I just heard this one: my friend told me of two siblings he knew who, through some feat of bodily control, had managed to internally process poop into pee, so that they no longer poop; they only pee.

My stepfather told me about the daughter of a work colleague. She was swimming in a swimming pool with one of those drain/suction things along the wall of the pool at the surface of the water. Being a curious and slightly mischievous girl, she wondered how it would feel to press her stomach against it. The suction then promptly tore a rip in her abdomen and sucked out her stomach and intestines. She was rushed to the hospital and they managed to connect the tubes of what was left. After she healed, she could eat foods but they would pass through, undigested, within hours and for nutrition, she had to spend several hours a day on an i.v. for the rest of her life.

These legends are a part of our American heritage and they beg to be shared - submit your favorite urban legends to The Other Side!

TOS



Photograph by Trillium Sellers

The Lowdown on Huntley's Prices

Some serious questions are raised after an inquiry into how Huntley is run.

by Sonya Angelica Diehn and Bill Pluecker



Frances Weigand, the director of Huntley Bookstore, in a recent interview made clear the problem with the prices at the bookstore: the students have spent all summer earning a meager savings and upon return to school are immediately forced to forfeit a quarter of it before the school year has even begun. This has been the plight of the returning student since time began, and the accompanying reaction has always been: "If they are here to aid our education, why can't they cut the prices just a little?"

Since the bookstore is here to help the students, one would be lead to believe that the administrators have found us the best possible prices. Claremont University Center (CUC) is the five college, non-profit organization which runs the bookstore; making, therefore, the bookstore itself non-profit. However, in order to insure that the bills are paid, the store pulls in a 1-3% profit every year in addition to the balance required to pay expected costs, such as employee salaries and regular maintenance of the building. All excess profit goes into a general fund which CUC controls directly. Though CUC has control over the profit in the end, it has little control over the setting of prices in the beginning.

All prices are decided by the administration of Huntley. Textbooks and normal books are priced differently. The retail price is set by the publishers and then given a 20% discount because the books are going towards an educational purpose. One would assume that on most occasions textbooks are going toward educational purposes and would therefore receive this discount from the publisher regardless. For regular books the manager of the store decides what sort of discounts might be offered.

Ten books were chosen at random from the "New Releases" section in Huntley and price checks were done on these books in comparison to the prices at both Crown and Barnes and Noble bookstores. The result was Crown beating the prices by an average of \$6.50 every time, and Barnes and Noble had the exact same price as Huntley in every case. Crown Books does guarantee a lower price, but then again so do most stores; it makes one wonder what is being done at Crown that could not be done at Huntley.

Another gripe of students on the campuses is: "Why is my \$70.00 science textbook only being bought back for \$10.00?" Well, Huntley buys books back from the students at 50% of the new book price every time, no matter how many times it has been used, and then sells it back to the student for 75% the new book price. This special deal is only offered during buyback periods, and during normal times, a 10-25% buyback rate is offered. Also, Huntley does not want all the books which students need to sell back, and a book wholesaler is brought in

at the end of each semester who never offers anything more than 10-25% buyback rates.

There are efforts being made at the store to lower prices in some ways. In past years an attempt was made to buy 80% used text books with the thought that 20% of the students would want new, un-marked books. However, now 100% used text books is the goal of the store, because the prices on such are dramatically cheaper, and oftentimes the condition of the books is still quite good.

Since CUC runs the bookstore, the associate for inter-collegiate matters to the executive vice-president, Tim Mahar, was asked about the feasibility of some sort of financial aid being given to students from Huntley for the purchase of their books. His response was that each college handles financial aid independently. It would make sense that a system could be organized for some way to have funding from CUC to bring down the prices in the bookstore for all or some students at the colleges. Excess funds are brought in by the bookstore, and right now these funds are funneled into a general fund of CUC. Why shouldn't these funds be used to subsidize books at the bookstore in order to bring down the prices for the students?

In response to a question as to why there were no other bookstores on campus, Mahar responded that none have showed any interest. Is it possible, though, that if some sort of competition were to be set up between stores, lower prices might be achieved? If the bookstore is not out to profit from the students, why have no sub-contracting possibilities been actively explored by CUC? The students have been shouldered with the burden of the bookstore prices for some time; if CUC cannot improve the conditions, why can't they find someone who can?

It seems that the bookstore is doing a worthy job of maintaining reasonable prices under the conditions which have been imposed upon it, given that the store has not received any help from its larger parent corporation, CUC. Meanwhile it must compete as any other business in today's market by maintaining its building, giving good salaries to its workers, and buying the office tools necessary for efficient and exact records. It appears that there are some large possibilities for improved service which have not been explored. These are not possibilities which are open to Huntley itself, but rather to CUC, and the large amounts of funds which are available to the larger corporation. High book prices have been a problem to students for some time, and the organizations which we fund should realize this and provide relief. **TOS**

Angelica is a writer and editor for The Other Side.
Bill is an editor with large hair and a large heart.

Is Continuity an Issue at Pitzer?

by Sonya Angelica Diehn

The recent dealings of Pitzer President Marilyn Chapin Massey involving former administrators Debra Rogers (Dean of Students) and Michael Tessier (Director of Student Affairs) has brought to the forefront of Pitzer politics many issues. What stands out among these, particularly because it affects the lives of the students, is the issue of continuity; or rather, the lack thereof within Pitzer administration. These dismissals are not simply insular in affect to administration, but rather they end up affecting Pitzer in a much deeper way, from administration all the way down to the students. One example:

Last Fall one particular student was having a rough semester. Stress piled up with unidentifiable health difficulties and the last month, with four research papers due, was especially difficult. In addition to this, the student had a major conflict with the professor of one class. This student became gradually aware of what seemed to be inappropriate behavior on the part of the professor, involving mean and degrading treatment in class. Was this conflict personal or professional? In any case, this student wound up in Debra Roger's office, explaining these problems. As far as the problem with the professor, she suggested a few things: forget about it, challenge the teacher's behavior in class as inappropriate before a qualified board, and/or challenge the grade he gives as fair or not before a similar board. Okay, everything seems normal so far. The discontinuity comes in here: during March, Spring semester, while the student is abroad, the student receives the previous semester's grades in the mail. Finding the grade of the class in question highly arguable, this student proceeds to write Debra Rogers a personal letter appealing for advice on the possible process of challenging the grade. The letter is never answered. When the student returns in Fall, the student finds that Debra Rogers has been terminated as of the middle of the last semester, and that now it is too late to challenge the grade. What happened here? The simplest answer would be that since the termination of Debra Rogers' position at Pitzer occurred either before or during the time when the letter would have arrived either in the period of shuffling administrative duties the student's issue was lost, or that when it arrived addressed as personal mail to someone no longer employed here, it was similarly lost, or forgotten. And what of the student? This student must live with this unfair treatment; - due to the internal machinations of Pitzer administration, a student's right to challenge the apparently inappropriate behavior of a faculty member was thwarted.

The reshuffling of responsibilities that inevitably occurs when old administrators leave and new ones arrive has myriad effects on various levels. This reshuffling of jobs leaves old administrators with new jobs they may not be sure how to handle, and with no one who knows the job to ask. Despite the existence of job orientation, no one knows the job better than someone who has worked it a long time, and when the previous employees are discharged, why would they have any incentive to care about the future of the job? What may this entail? In one

situation, the new director of Student Affairs is not sure of the procedures for hiring of Service Desk workers. For the first months of his job, he is not aware of the availability of coffee, tea, and hot chocolate in the Mead lobby, a responsibility of the service desk worker. This is not necessarily his fault - there was no one around to teach him this!

But the issue of continuity extends far beyond the availability of coffee, tea, and hot chocolate to people passing through the Mead lobby. Evidence of discontinuity and the ensuing irresponsibility extends to a far more sinister level at Pitzer. The less time a person spends in a position, and the more often responsibilities are shuffled, the lower quality the management of this establishment will be. What, for example, of the alleged \$800,000.00+ debt that Pitzer somehow acquired last year? This is a gross example of mismanagement that created reverberations all the way down the line. This mistake in bookkeeping apparently led in part to Massey's dismissal of administrators. But how did this action solve the problem? These dismissals and subsequent payoffs could only have increased Pitzer's debt. The question to be asked in regard to this nearly million-dollar error is: was this simply a very stupid mistake, or was it somebody's stupid mistake? Was this, through a chain of effects, ultimately the result of discontinuity of positions and responsibilities within the beurocracy? In any case one can't go back in time to see the truth of what happened, nor change any past methods of dealing with the problem.

Let us return to the present. With regards to finance, the goal for correcting the error would be to bring in as much new money as possible. This translates into student body. This huge debt could be linked to the oversized freshman class this semester, which is larger than Juniors and Seniors combined. The goal of attracting many new students has certainly been achieved, but to what end? Overcrowding in dorms and classes, resulting in major discomfort for those new students here this semester. But again, it is oh so much more than discomfort: for how does this affect the atmosphere at Pitzer? It creates an undesirable situation for student's lives, which in turn affects the continuing enrollment, which causes even a discontinuity in student retention rate and possibly affects the desire of new students to come here. Really, why is the retention rate at Pitzer so low? Almost certainly because this is often an unpleasant place to spend four very important years at. The crippled and dysfunctional system which governs and pervades existence here lacks continuity.

Pitzer College is a delicate ecosystem - for this whole system is linked; to change one part affects the whole. Such changes have most recently resulted in irresponsibility towards the students, lowering the quality of life here. Which raises the issue: maybe Pitzer isn't for the students? Perhaps Pitzer College would better be described as a corporation. At least the structuring and actions of the administration suggest such. **TOS**

WITHOUT A BOX

BUILDING A THEATER FOR PITZER

by Jonathan Stokes & Aaron Rhodes

AS THE GROUP NEARS ITS TENTH ANNIVERSARY NEXT SEMESTER, THE ORIGINAL GOAL THAT "THE BOX" WAS FOUNDED UPON HAS RESURFACED.

Many students have no idea how Without a Box got its name, or what its original purpose was when the group was founded. "The Box" was formed nearly ten years ago by David Strauss, a student who recognized the need for an improv group at the Claremont Colleges. As the group rehearsed and prepared for their first show, they were faced with two problems: where to hold their first performance, and what to name the group. They had planned to have their first show on Pitzer campus, as they were a Pitzer group, but there were no suitable locations on campus. A black box theater would have been an ideal performance space for the improv group, as well as the cheapest most affordable for a small liberal arts college, but Pitzer did not have one.

With this in mind, the group decided to name itself Without a Box, and dedicate themselves to raising money to build Pitzer a black box theater.

(A black box theater: a smallish theater in the round with a sunken center stage. Seating is located around the stage in either a full or partial circle. The color scheme is black: black curtains, black stage, black seats - this is to allow maximum versatility. Overhead a simple array of lights finish the setting, spotlighting the performers below. A very intimate and tight atmosphere, perfect for improvisational theater.)

Without a Box's special purpose achieved respect and recognition for the group, and it rapidly gained popularity, expanding to a five-college group. However, with the graduation of the original and founding members, Without a Box gradually lost sight of its goal, and the idea was almost forgotten. For many years the group was directed and produced almost exclusively by Pomona students, with who had little or no interest in building a black box theater for Pitzer. However, as the group nears its tenth anniversary next semester, the original goal that "The Box" was founded upon has resurfaced.

As a Pitzer student, I would love for Pitzer to improve its academic standards, get more funding from alumni and trustees, draw more applicants, and gain more recognition in general. I cannot think of a better way to achieve all of these goals than by having Without a Box, and other student performance groups such as O.R.C.Y. Productions and Psyche and Eros, raise enough money to build Pitzer a black box theater, together. What a terrific public interest story! Newspapers and TV stations would eat it up! Alumni and Trustees would line up at the door to give Pitzer more money. Pitzer, supposedly an "art" school, would FINALLY have a theater, and an incentive for the administration to create a theater department. The college would become more attractive to high school applicants if it actually had a theater department. The attention Pitzer would receive from its alumni and trustees might help to foster the development of more facilities and programs and perhaps even a music department.

Without a Box is beginning to rekindle its original idea and purpose, though we cannot achieve this goal without the support of the Pitzer College community. If you have any ideas, suggestions, or a lot of money, please contact us. We are a student group; it's our job to serve the community. I hope that as the student body and administration become aware of our purpose, Pitzer will become as excited and enthusiastic about this project as we are. A black box theater may cost upwards of one million dollars, but with the entire college working together, there is no goal we cannot achieve.

TOS

John Stokes is a Sophomore. Aaron Rhodes is a Senior. Both are in Without a Box. Both are in a cappella groups, and both were separated at the hip 12 years ago in March.

Music:

rage

WU-TANG CLAN

machine

the

against

Reviews

The State of Cleveland is on Fire by Todd Berry

A friend of mine recently called me. This does get interesting, bear with me. He lives in New York, and he recently went to a Conflict concert (a pivotal peacepunk band started in the early to mid eighties). He called to (among other things) complain about the show. Not the show itself, as he was thrilled to see a band which shaped his youth, but to complain about the audience. He said that the majority of the fans, especially in the "pit" (where, he says, fistfights were constantly breaking out), were EXACTLY the types of people that in ten years will be running or working for the very same corporations that Conflict opposes. After bitching him out for generalizing, I realized that, in many ways, he is right. Punk itself has become so trendy that people who are part of the problem are becoming fans.

Now, obviously, there are positives to this. First and foremost, people who might have or will enter these corporations may be in some way affected by the music, hopefully the message, and realize the immoralities that these corporations are involved with must be stopped or corrected. These are my wishes. However, I know a lot of people are into punk right now because it is "cool" to be. Well, that's fine, I guess. But it used to be (and still is, in many ways) more than a genre of music, but a tool for effecting change politically and socially. It seems to me that this aspect of the music has been ignored for far too long.

Another positive aspect is the few people who now have a choice in what they listen to. A lot of people listen to it not because it's popular, but because they enjoy listening to it. This is also good. I'm tired of seeing people go with the flow and liking a band because it is deemed "popular" by such organizations as KROQ and MTV. They have neither a clue what music is about nor what the musicians intend, but are only

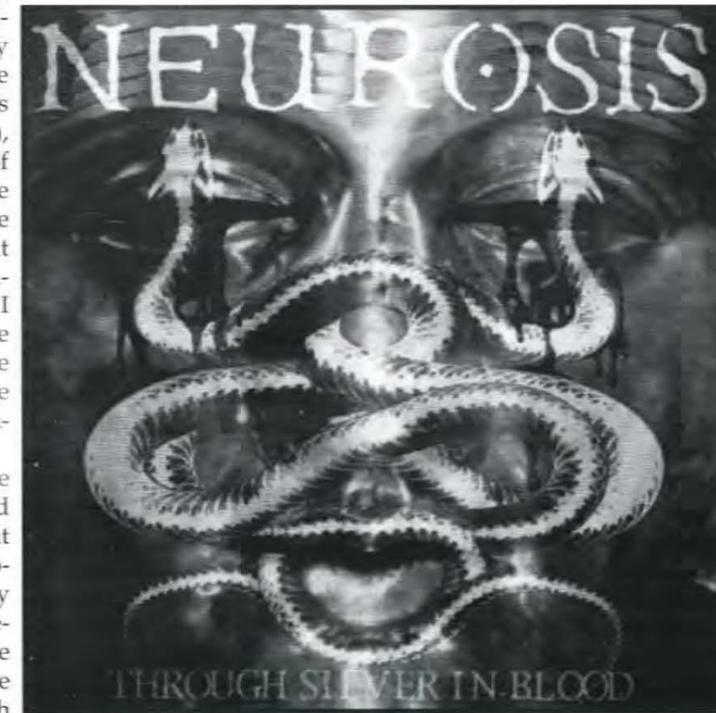
concerned with what sells. In this column, I have tried to give bands with little or no exposure some recognition for what I deem is good music. Of course (note: upcoming disclaimer), these are just my opinions and should be treated as such. No reviewer, dj, vj, or magazine can tell you what you will like.

These reviews have been my opinion. If you have a differing one, or want to give a band a chance, send us a piece or tape and we'll print it (or, at least, try to). But, most importantly, judge for yourselves. You are the only one who can decide what you like, and in some cases, what you stand for. That said, this is my last review column. It contains reviews which were cut from last issue; i.e., lots of stuff that's no more new than, say, six months, coupled with new releases. But it's still worth checking out. Give it a shot, popular or not. You might find something you like...

Neurosis: Through Silver in Blood

This, the fifth release from the best band to come out of the Bay Area in years, is in absolutely no way a disap-

pointment. It picks up right where "Enemy of the Sun" left off, with a more tribal drumming feel, a unique grindcore sound (with more distinct melodies), and their patented primal screams which make you believe that the whole album was concocted in a cave somewhere in Ireland or something. It's a bit more industrial than their last release (there's a ton of samples), but the nature of the music, i.e. the music itself, is not compromised. There's even bagpipes, and Chris Force is back, supplying beautiful violin harmonies over the hardcore edge that is Neurosis, the Tchaikovsky of hardcore. It's frightening, beautiful, and very real. My pick of the month. Available on Release/Relapse Records.



Psychic TV: Trip Reset

Genesis P. Orridge has done it again with this, the first studio recording from Psychic in over seven years. For those of you unfamiliar with Genesis, he was a member of one of the first industrial bands, the immortal Throbbing Gristle (Peter Christopherson of Coil fame also started with TG, then spent some time with Psychic before starting Coil). Genesis has since redefined himself over and over again with each Psychic release, and this is no exception. From the start, "The La La Song," we hear relaxing, folky music, added to by his own unique style of love song. From there, you are thrust into the maddening, morosely melodic, industrial sound one would come to expect from Psychic TV, with a touch of Dr. Seuss (a song called "Mother Jack," a warped fairy tale experience). Very cool, very disturbing, very much a Psychic TV album. Available from Cleopatra.

The Wedding Present: Mini Plus Hey, another original band! (Actually, I'm not being cynical) The band is, granted, a little mellower than the stuff I'm usually given, but it's really great. It's sort of a combination of speed (not metal, the drug, or the Keanu movie; the miles per hour kind of speed) and a Pixies/Cramps kind of melodic content. The vocals, though slightly off key, have a certain, I don't know, nuance. A ge-ne-se-que, if you will (okay, so I can't speak [or spell] French. Bite me). It's relaxing, but not too relaxing. Basically, it's good driving music. Available from Cooking Vinyl.

Texas is the Reason: E.P.

Good hardcore stuff. This band could catch on in both underground circles and the new, trendy, "punk" scene (no, I'm not bitter). There are only three songs (at least on the copy we were sent), but all three are great. Really good drums, definitely no standard one-two's here. The guitars sound, well, punky. There is definitely some real creativity seeping through, however, with almost an emo sound emanating from the Tool school of hardcore. Well, if Tool played faster, anyway. The vocals are pretty good; they match the overall feel of the music. So, basically, for a band who coined their name from a Misfits song ("Bullet'-look it up), they're worth checking out. Available from Revelation Records.

Friends of Dean Martinez: The Shadow of Your Smile Fatima Mansions on crack. Well, that was a first impression, anyway. Actually, it's pretty good, but extremely random, so all you close minded self-proclaimed quote unquote "individualists," stay away from this one. However, if you are of the daring kind, give it a try. Granted, there are very few-if any-lyrics (I had trouble telling if they were random lyrics, chant-like hums, or just really, neat-o guitar tricks), but it's definitely beautiful music. Incredibly well constructed, and just random. The style of songs range from a cowboy/country kind of sound to a

Gypsy Kings feel all the way down to a fifties rock band sorta sound. A whole heapin' helpin' of creativity flourishin' here, so curl up with a loved one and a bottle of good ol' Tennessee Jack, flip it on, and enjoy (God, I wish I was a hick sometimes). Available from Sub Pop Records.

Tool: Aenima

Tool is back. Their third release is finally out and it's fucking great. New bassist Justin Chancellor adds the perfect touch to the sound, and the album itself is far superior to anything they've done in the past. It's a combination of their two previous albums, with the hardcore edge of Opiate added to the enchanting melodies of Undertow. There's even a Monty Pythonesque intermission (keyboards provided by Eban Schletter). An album against drugs or an homage to Bill Hicks? In his own words, "...the musicians who made all that great music...real fucking high." There's also a bit about the end of the world. Yummy. Available from Zoo records.

Well, that's about it. If you'd like to see anything reviewed, send a copy to TOS or review it yourself and send that to us-hey, we're flexible. And now, time for some very belated "thank you"s from last year: The AIDS Benefit on Mar. 30th was a success, and we made close to \$300 for AIDS Project Foothill. I'd like to thank Matt Ramirez for organizing it, Charlie, Hilary, Alice, and Vince for putting up with our shit, Batya for trying with a tough crowd (sorry), the bands (who all played for free): The Ruckus, The Cutouts, Clam Chowder, Page, and Offbeat; and, of course, all who came

out and supported the event. Thanx a lot, everyone... The eighth annual Rising Moon Concert (a benefit for Project Sister) also went off well, and I'd like to thank SPAM, Matty Two Times, Charlie, Chris, and all the bands: The Sages of Memphis, Geggy Teh, Matt Nathanson, The Perfect Pitches, and Batya once again, for helping to raise close to \$500 for PS. Thanx.

Todd Berry is the Music Editor for The Other Side and has 50:20 hindsight.

4am Friday: AVAIL on Lookout Records

Yet another great release from the powerful band out of Richmond. Pre major lable but I could not take it out of the cd player. Two brownie Points to Tim Barry for producing the most powerful Vocals I have ever heard since Ray Cappo sang with Youth of to Day. For the most part the album is a mind blowing nonstop changing ball of emotion. I must recommend this album with flying colors. I also recommend: Mineral (The power of failing) Crank Records, and if you can find them; The Cut-Outs.

TOS

Matthew Ramirez is the greatest fucking writer since James Joyce.

There aint no good in an evil hearted woman by Zach Palf

So I sit once again in front of my computer, trying to decide how to fit all of the disparate little bits of rantings I want to put into a single The Other Side article. These articles are, for those of you new to either the magazine or my articles, a simple way for me to be able to vent in various manners about the state of music and my special view of certain bits of music. It has branched out from being straight "music reviews" to being some sort of stream-of-consciousness rant about music and music related things (and I get to decide what becomes a "thing"). Actually, I begin to wonder at points about whether my friends have actually conspired to pay off The Other Side so that I won't spend all of my time boring them with these rants. I don't know.

What I decided to do for this article is to take my radio show from Oct. 5/6 (my radio show runs from Midnight to 3 A.M. on Saturday nights) and force it into a print medium. This will do a couple of things; first off, it will let me give a huge plug for my show which could use some more listeners from the 5 Colleges. Secondly, it is going to let me pull all of the stuff I was thinking about putting into this article together without sounding any more scattered than I absolutely have to. So, here goes:

The Playlist (with additional editorial) from the Purple Pope Show of October 5, 1996 All information will be listed as follows- Band: Album: Song Played: Ranting - in that order: Ui Untitled 12" Liquid Leg New York Band in the "post-rock" vein with other bands like Stereolab, Tortoise, and Entertainment. Quite okay stuff.

Zeni Geva: 7": Bloodsex: Japanese power sludge metal. Played this because someone requested some other band which started with "Z" and I couldn't find it, so I figured it was only fair to play a little Zeni Geva.

Silver Apples: Contact: I have known Love: Hippie rock band which happens to be a big influence on the aforementioned "post-rock" scene.

Tomita: Pictures at an Exhibition: The Gnome: The Moussorgsky that all the kids are grooving to.

Boredoms: Super Roots 6: "12": Japan's finest funky noise guys and gals return on an album which, in theory, shouldn't be able to find at KSPC.

Mandible Chatter: Audio Drudge #4: Munzert in Wenzel (part I): Actually, Audio Drudge is a magazine which brings out a cassette compilation with each issue. I first heard this track while driving through the desert in southern Idaho to go to the first ever breeder reactor. Odd droney soundscapes that made the desert come all the more alive.

Ikue Mori: The Garden: Pit and the Pendulum: A truly amazing piece made all the more so by the fact that she only uses a drum machine on this album.

Liminal: Nosferatu: Carpathia: Liminal is the band of the above DJ Olive which has created a very cool soundtrack for the silent film Nosferatu. Once again he proves that a DJ can do more than provide samples and beats or do a little mixing and 'scratching. More DJs could take a hint from this man. If any of my readers know the "scene" which he comes out of, please contact me- I have heard rumors that he is somehow involved in the whole Bill Laswell scene. But, then again, who isn't?

Oval: Systemisch: Post-Post: A very strange group of German techno artists which has emerged. This particular one happens to scratch CDs, play them, and use the results as samples. Very odd but also very soothing, in a strange sort of way.

Peter Greenaway & the Halfler Trio: One Dozen Economical Stories: There is something very appealing when your favorite filmmaker works with a band/artist which you have an amazing amount of respect for. Unfortunately, this particular track was not nearly as good as most of the rest of the CD. Despite this fact, however, the work as a whole is amazing.

James Plotkin: Joy of Disease: Disease as a Child: This guys is a very varied man. He used to lead the band Old, which was at first very strange speed metal and then moved into gabber techno territory (very hard techno for them what don't know). Now he has gotten into dark ambient dub territory with Mick Harris (ex-Napalm Death), whom he also works with in Harris' band Scorn. A woman singer and somebody who also works with the Young Gods also appear on this album of very atmospheric, very dark stuff. Unfortunately this is an import (from Japan no less), so it may be a little harder to find.



Voice of Eye: You'd Sell a Rat's Asshole to a Blind Man as a Wedding Ring: Untitled: A track from Texas band Voice of Eye on this compilation with a really bizarre name. Voice of Eye usually does ambient industrial stuff but the compilation as a whole ranges from Goth to experimental to standard industrial from a bunch of other Texas bands.

Guy Kucevsek: Stolen Memories: The Gunks: Um...this gentleman just happens to be an experimental accordionist from New York. There is actually another experimental accordionist around from Portland by the name of Miss Murgatroid who is more noise based, while Guy is more on a jazz level. Sometimes I just feel silly describing this stuff.

Missing Foundation: Missing Foundation: Sucked into Eternity: These guys (also from New York) were rumored at one point to be on the FBI's list of terrorist organizations. This album from 1988 or so really isn't as good as the Ignore the White Culture album which is a bit more recent. Still, the word "primal" pops to mind. One of those sheer blasts of energy.

Vagina Dentata Organ: Cold Meat 12": Sex Star I: Probably the most disturbing track I played all night. Sex Star I begins with sounds of someone having sex and slowly take those sounds and degenerate over the course of the recording until the result is a most unholy type of noise.

Fetisch Park: Trost: Trost Part 2: A German based group on Extreme Records which has brought out this very interesting piece about the brothels in India using source material not just from there but also from one of the artists' own history.

William Hooker: Armageddon: Time (Within): Hooker is a free-jazz drummer who has worked with Thurston Moore and many others. Here he is playing with DJ Olive as he did while he was on tour this summer. That was one of the most physical experiences I have maybe ever had at a concert. The various frequencies make you do far more than just listen to the music.

Richard Teitelbaum: Golem: Cantorial Choirs: This a part of the Radical Jewish Culture series on Tzadik Records. This album is an "interactive opera" based on the myth of the Golem created to protect the Jewish community of Prague.

Derek Bailey: Guitar, Drums, and Bass: DNJBB (cake-mix): This is an amazing album. British experimental guitarist Bailey teams up with jungle DJ; DJ Ninj which is even more interesting than a lot of the fairly decent jungle floating about. I'm not sure how to rave about this enough and I'm also not sure how to describe it adequately. Just realize that of all of the albums I am mildly supportive of in this article, this (or the next album I will talk about) is the one you should track down if you don't do any thing else. It is like nothing else out there right now.

During the last hour of my show I try to play an album in its entirety, which should be heard that way because all too often at radio stations we get too preoccupied with cutting things down to three minute little bits which are palatable and forget that the piece was really meant to be heard as part of the whole. I often play a lot of conceptual material (the above mentioned Golem, Frank Zappa, and the Radio Inferno by Andreas Ammer and F. M. Einheit) as well as albums which are only one track (Halfler Trio's Kill the King pops to mind here). For the Oct. 5 show I decided to play a most wonderful album by the name of Folds and Rhizomes for Gilles DeLeuze on the Milles Plateaux label (distributed by Sub Rosa). It is one of those dreaded tribute albums which, although I haven't ever ranted about them in this particular column, it may be coming. "Ah, the hypocrisy," you mutter (or at least I mutter it) and getting all defensive and uppity and what not, I add that this is not a tribute album to a band but rather to a philosopher. This, I suppose, only opens me up to more criticism about being

pretentious, but I have ceased to care. After all, Gilles DeLeuze died rather recently and shortly before that I had decided that he was, in fact, the philosopher for me, even if he was wrong. He injected into philosophical writings a really crazed style, both packed with information and hard to read in the style of all those other post-modernists. He also wrote in this crazy, giddy style which talks in slogans and rambles on about the Pink Panther.

On the Folds and Rhizomes album, a number of really great creative techno artists get together to pay an informal tribute to this great man. Mouse on Mars contributes a track, ex-Loop-sters by the name of Main, Oval, Scanner who have always used police scanners to record people's cordless phone calls and use the material in their tracks (think about the fact that you may be contributing to a great work of art the next time you are on the phone), and Hazan & Shea all are featured on this compilation and it becomes what I may consider to be the best album of the year unless something really, really great comes along. I figure that I will finish this review off by mentioning that in the next article I will be talking about why Rev. Zach doesn't even have a CD player this semester and what has happened to him because of it. Not to give away too many secrets, I will mention that old Brian Eno albums and the soundtrack to The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly have become very important to me of late. Also, here is a quote from the liner of Folds and Rhizomes for Gilles DeLeuze:

Tools, Signs and Ritorelles:

"L'anti-Oedipe was written by the two of us and since each of us was several, we were already quite a crowd.' it is not the basis of this sentence, the 1st in Mille Plateaux that we conceived of sub rosa. from the beginning, we wanted to be more than a label; a machine perhaps, composed of peaks and troughs, of tranquillity and doubt. that's the way things go- the miracle of an epiphany, under the rose, the intimate utterance of a friendship; something beautiful, that grows, that changes, that passes and then comes back in another form, the pack that breaks up and reforms in the shadow of a wood, the dryness of a desert.

"With that, we refashioned something else, with the text we made sound. the sound went off we know not where (no doubt with that, things will come back one day in other forms) a deer breath. we set out once again. one must find one's place in life, for one is alive and the world goes on.

"Obviously, this is not an official tribute to this great figure, one of the foremost of our time. it is only the fraternal salute of a few young people who admire him deeply; and who, better still, were one day helped in their lives and in their creations by his writings.

"Gilles deleuze, you have given us so much encouragement, so many signs of friendship, that his is but the slightest hint of what we could express to you." **TOS**

Zach Pall's name in German means "Tasty Chicken", he wears a leather jacket and writes regularly for *The Other Side*.

Vegetarian Beef Soup

by Suzanne Foster

I have been a student at Pitzer for one month now and it seems like I have been here for years. This sense of ease either results from hallucinations caused by sleep deprivation or actual happiness. Expecting my first steps as a college student to be a tremendous transitional moment in my life, I was surprised when, in reality, I felt like I was at summer camp. For those of you who have not spent time at summer camp, days include fun activities, scheduled meal times, scheduled sleeping hours, and living in a cabin with twenty other people. Except for the cabin, orientation week reminded me exactly of camp. My mentor, acting as a counselor, led our group to every meal, to every discussion, and even to every party. Then, before I could even see it happening, summer camp ended and I was in college. Walking to meals without my group, waking up on my own, and figuring out the laundry machines without any help can make anyone feel like a legitimate college student. I feel like I should remember the moment I really began to stand on my own, but the mentor groups really made it possible to drift into college life fairly easily.

However, everything during orientation did not go smoothly. One day I ventured to ask my roommate a rather absurd question. I wondered if she was as confused about the dining schedule as I was. Honestly, I really did not think that I would ever truly understand the system of which times students were allowed to eat. Now, a month later, I have to laugh that one of the most complex ideas for me to comprehend at college was the dining schedule. (And a lot of people feel the same way...so it's not just me.) However, as time has passed I've grown very used to the schedule Pitzer students hold. We go to sleep around 3 or 4 in the morning and get up around 9 or 10 AM, if we're lucky. We go to class, eat, sleep, study, talk, procrastinate. . . yep, I'm at college.

At the beginning of every week I

re-plan my time to make it possible to finish all my work and get to bed at a reasonable hour. To this day, I still have not figured out a sensible schedule. No matter how much I organize my time, friends still lure me out of my timeschedule with pizza, movies, music, or just pointless conversation until at least 2 or 3 in the morning. A study room where friends cannot bother me could be a possible answer to my dilemma, but they are so boring. When studying alone, I feel like important events in college life are going on without me. So then I decide to study during the day and socialize with friends at night. This plan could work, but I always end up falling asleep from the time classed end until dinner. For now, I have given up on my elaborate plans to be an efficient college student. Realizing that every freshman has similar problems, I just go with the flow and study when I can (even if it takes staying up all night). Who said you were supposed to be awake in college anyway?

A small voice inside my head commented, "Well, it is Pitzer."

Although staying up late and hanging out with friends may make Pitzer appear to be a normal college, some friends and I have found that the school does contain some oddities. I encourage you to read this to find a place on the grounds and observe the little community you now live in. Sitting with a friend after a sociology class, I happened to see a staff person ride by on a book cart. No one else said anything. No one else even noticed. I was not even sure it actually happened. I just glanced at my friend, smiled, and continued our conversation. A small voice inside my head commented, "What is Pitzer?" Other occurrences like this one happen daily on campus. For instance, has anyone noticed that the bell tower strikes the hour five minutes late every single time? And I will never forget the time a sensitive student noticed the vegetarian beef soup being served in the cafeteria.

I have found another curious thing about Pitzer college which has to do with minority students. The viewbook, my college interviewer, and every speaker claims that all Pitzer students get along and create a small, friendly community. They are right that everyone on campus is quite friendly and ready to talk to each other about anything. However, I continue to notice small irregularities with the professed philosophy of the school.

Using the dining hall as a microcosm, I have observed that minority students segregate themselves and sit at tables together. Obviously, people get along with others who have common interests or backgrounds, but I still find it odd when I witness this phenomenon every day. People who I talked to last year, before coming to Pitzer, said that all the students get along in every possible way but then this apparent rift in the student population confuses me. Why do the minority students create small groups for themselves in the dining hall? Is it an unconscious act which only means that friends sit with friends or is this a symptom of a deeper problem at Pitzer College?

I have heard that Pitzer has drastically changed in the past few years, and for the worse. This arouses my curiosity because, even with its few problems, Pitzer seems like a pretty good place to me. There seem to be a tremendous amount of opportunities at Pitzer which we could not find at most other colleges. To this point the viewbook has held true and I hope that students will challenge any discrepancies they find between the handbook and the actual college. I really enjoy the random aspects of Pitzer that will hopefully continue to shock me every day, but anything can be made better. And at Pitzer, the students have the freedom to change the things they feel are wrong. **TOS**

Suzanne Foster is a Freshman at Pitzer. She is a bio-chem major who wants to do her thesis in animal behavior around meat.

The Communities of Popular Resistance

Please note the corrections made by the author of "Borders":

The people referred to are not The Communities of Population in Resistance, but are the Communities of Popular Resistance and are made up of 150 families, not individuals.

As the half moon was still setting and the sun had not yet shown us morning, we rose. We got up from the cement floor and in muffled Spanish and dark we struggled to understand enough. We did, so we pulled our things together and hauled them down to the *lancha*, a wooden boat rocking in the big river water. We sat still and nervous in the blue darkness. We had just stepped off the shore of Guatemala and realized that on the other side - where we would not go - was the war torn state of Chiapas, Mexico. The idea of borders moved me then; how they pen people in or pull them--tempt them across, how on one side people create what happens on the other, and I thought about how some do not believe in them and others form their identities within them. Borders are a historical thing: bound lives and existences, people and stories containing each other over time.

In this calm before day, in the safety of my North American skin, I looked at that Zapatista revolutionary territory. Guatemalans took refuge there fifteen years ago and now another dirty fight for land and dignity rages. I had been asked to keep my eyes open for any signs of Mexican military presence on the Guatemalan side, because sometimes the counterinsurgency was fought from both sides of the border - the same forces violently quelling the same struggle.

We were headed down the Rio Usumacinta to visit one of the three internal refugee communities in Guatemala. These are the Communities of Population in Resistance (CPRs) who lived in hiding within their own country for over ten years. The CPR we were going to visit has lived since the early 1980's in the rain forest territory of the western Peten, the largest *departamento* in Guatemala. Before they fled, many were *Ladino campesino* farmers who had formed cooperatives and collectives in the late 1970's as a way of better sustaining themselves. This high level of organization made them a target during President Lucas Garcia's regime of selective political murders. This was followed by Rios Montt's indiscriminate scorched earth policy (where all living and unliving things--including people and crops--were burning to the ground, eliminating any trace--except ashes--of their existence). Both policies were aimed at eliminating any threat of popular organization or resistance, which the government officially accused of being communist or guerrilla motivated and both regimes were funded, trained and advised by the CIA and government of the United States.

During this time the people who now make up the CPR-Peten witnessed massacres of many loved ones and comrades, narrowly escaping their own murders by fleeing to a remote area of the Peten's threatened rain forest. Over the following years small groups met up with others and eventually formed a solid community where they live in an organized, collective way.

We shared the long motorized *lancha* with several men from the CPR and three people from a non-governmental organization. The NGO people were visiting the CPR to do an assessment that will aid in the community's development.

Arriving with them made my friend and I even more nervous. They were prepared and had a mission for how to bring needed assistance to the community. We were just a couple of concerned kids from the US, eager to learn of struggle far from us but very much a result of our own lifestyles (i.e., US economic, military and political influence which is funded by our taxes). We never did end up making ourselves useful - but perhaps our way of doing that is being realized now, by raising awareness in our own country based on the tremendous things we learned there.

Some hours later, after the sun shone over the green thickness of jungle, we stopped along the steep river bank. There we traded places with an international observer group on its way out. At the top of the bank we were met by a small family who guided us on our path into the community. We walked through a field of chili peppers and on through the new green corn. The yet unbaked clouds rested ahead, over the unfamiliar canopy. We tramped along in our new rubber boots, tripping on roots, avoiding the vines and tree trunks and trying to keep our balance in the thick mud, listening to forest sounds new to us. A half an hour later our group was greeted and welcomed at the entrance path to Esmaralda, the largest and most central of the four small *aldeas*, or small villages, all named in honor of comrades killed in the years of war. We looked through the trees in that more open area at the many open *champas*, homes and buildings made of wood and woven palm fronds.

We were soon divided and sent to lunch in the several *nucleos*. These are kitchens and eating areas which are shared by groups of families to even out the distribution of labor and serve as central places to spend time together. On our way we passed the *sastraria*, or sewing shop. There sat a group of men behind old peddle pusher Singers--humming away. We found out later that the men take sizes from people in all four *aldeas* and sew up shirts, pants, skirts and shorts for all who need them. If something needs doing it is done--people do not hold to the value of immediate pay back. Everyone has a job, everyone does it and everyone shares in the return.

We began very much to like our meals of beans and tortillas with chili and salt. We drank our *atol*--a traditional Mayan hot corn drink--gratefully. All this was grown there on that land. It had been a good year and everyone ate well. The people know this very deeply because they lived for years hidden under that canopy--very close to mud and roots, without such a basic thing as a full stomach. Also in the years past the people could not burn their fires to cook during the day for fear that the pursuing army would discover them by smoke and launch yet another offensive.

They struggled for years to grow their corn--in nooks and on edges of rising hills--too steep or too hidden for the army to descend in their helicopters to slash it or burn it. We were told that when the people could not eat their corn they were profoundly affected and saddened. For the Mayan creation

myth is that humans were made from corn--it makes them whole and real. Although these people are *Ladino* (of mixed Spanish and Indigenous heritage), making their social status distinct, it is their story and history also; they too are bound by life experience to the tradition of growing corn on their milpas and preparing tortillas. They were forced barefoot and exposed to the heat and rain of the jungle forest where the strongest people subsisted on fruits and roots and the others did not. The community lost many elders but is now booming with children in this aftermath of relief and with the instinct of survival, given time and space in settlement.

I learned something in those ten short days there--more than just the people's slowly rising grip on a healthy life and

they prepared tortillas every day together and then sitting to rest and to talk and laugh. They are working for and sustaining themselves and there is pride and beauty in what they do. And they reap in full the fruits of their labors--so unlike that majority forced to produce for others, for the ambiguous and all too powerful world market.

There is not much money but the people of the CPR do not live in poverty, for poverty comes from the outside or the other side of the border sometimes, imposed by those who want more than sustenance, more than earth's gift of land, those that are willing to stand in the blood and on the backs of other human beings, gripping the necks and hardened hands of children--to have what they want--even believing that it is their right.

But there in this rare corner of the world and of Guatemala, populated by only 150 people, I saw for the first time in my short experience, not the effects of capitalism and imperialism and greed and free trade, but instead I saw the first results of a moment of freedom, the aftermath of a chance at self realization and sufficiency which was not given, but taken through a life of resistance. These people who are rising publicly after so many years of forced hiding, are making a life--a livable and acceptable life--for themselves. Given a moment of stolen peace, a little time of quiet, taken unexpectedly--without murder and starvation--and they are sustaining themselves. Sharing this land and work together, everyone eats, everyone works and everyone receives in abundance. With their land and history and tradition and knowledge they are stopping their own suffering.

And then one evening when the air was moist and yellow and the last light was setting over all that green, a thought rose in me. It is not a new one but for the first time I understood it as a reality--and I scrawled it big across my journal lest I ever forget or stray from its meaning. It is simply that there would be no poor people if there were no rich people. Creating and collecting wealth is not a benign process. Capital is acquired through the accumulation of resources, including labor, which are competed for on unequal terms--thus riches are created only by the laboring hands of the poor, directed by the reaper.

There is enough land, food, medicine and water in our world to hold everyone in health, dignity and relative sanity. The desperate and sad thing is our lack of creativity and recognition--our willingness to succumb to the idea that greed is human nature and therefore forgivable. We don't want to believe that we are responsible and powerful--then we would have to feel very deeply the pain of the affected and the distant. And that would be shattering to our clean, individual, material worlds. We would begin to see that left alone people are capable of living better than merely surviving. We would also see the luxury around us crumble off the backs of the masses of the world as they stand up and walk away.

The people of the CPR-Peten are not yet free. They do not own the land they live on, so they live in constant threat of being displaced. The land they are occupying, while not



their routine. I understood, almost suddenly, the great significance and power of land in people's lives. After seeing other parts of Guatemala and other "non-industrialized" countries where there are vendors of every kind and of every age in the street, kids sleeping next to their own shit on sidewalks because there is no other place to go to do either one of those things, women so worn down--having been beaten into the strength they now cling to for the survival of their families, the blatant prostitution of very young girls, men in broken down bodies robbed of the time and energy and space to create their own lives--having always needed to work for someone else. Most obvious are the children--orphaned or not, homeless or not--who cannot afford to go to school because of expensive supplies and uniforms and also because their precious youthful energy is needed so desperately to feed themselves or their families.

There I was, in this beautiful rain forest land, eating and sharing in abundance--watching children play with freedom and go to school with time and energy, and women relaxed as

AN INTERVIEW WITH JACKIE PETERSON

BY SHANTI WEBLEY

Earlier this month, *The Other Side* talked to our vice president and Dean of Students on community, RA's, and the recent reorganization of Student Affairs.



Other Side: The reasons for the lack of community at Pitzer were given in Howard Woodruff's[†] report as "drug use, governance, campus turmoil, trust between campus constituencies, and the campus image of student affairs." What, specifically and in your words, are the reasons for the lack of community at Pitzer?

Jackie Peterson: Hmm, this is a question that I've thought about a lot. I mean ad nauseum, I've really thought about it over the past few years. What makes community so difficult to establish here? And there are a couple of things. I think for one thing, there's the dissidence and the collegiate values of people here of individuality and so forth. And that notion with the notion of community. And you know, really understanding that it is possible that individuals make up the community, so it's possible to hold on to one's individuality and be a part of a greater community. And I think we do struggle a lot with those two particular notions. So that, more on a kind of metaphysical level there.

I think, specifically, communication seems to be another big challenge. The mechanisms by which we do that are often clumsy, clumsy at best. I think that that in turn causes miscommunication, inaccurate communication, or incomplete communication sometimes. And those things can ultimately lead to feelings of mistrust by the various constituencies. So, I think that that's one of the major issues that I see which contributes to this perception and notion (Both words or not) that seem to be prevalent among members of this community.

OS: Howard Woodruff also writes that there seems to be a "shroud of secrecy" over the relationships of the students to the faculty, of the students to the administration, and of the

[†] Mr. Woodruff, a long-time personal friend of Jackie Peterson, was hired by the administration to evaluate "the discontent so evident and so clearly articulated by students, faculty, and staff". He wrote a report from his evaluation entitled "It's Not About Art", which is available cost-free in the Dean of Students office.

administration to the faculty. Not just in how they interact, but how they work effectively towards the goal that Pitzer wants to reach and what exactly that goal is. What the administration thinks it is, what faculty thinks it is, what students think it is. People have a misunderstanding about everyone's different perceptions of what's going on.

JP: I see exactly where you're going. I really think it's important, really trying to have that conversation within the community about direction. There are people who aren't really sure what is trying to be accomplished, etc. I think that because everyone's not on the same page with this information, then that is kind of a contributing factor to this perception of a shroud of secrecy. What are they really doing. And I also think it contributes significantly to this We vs. Them or Us vs. Them kind of divisive attitude that sometimes exists on the campuses. One of the things I think is important for us to be reminded of is what are Pitzer's core values? I would be a proponent of a regular, annual - some type of college discussion on our core values because things change, strategies, ways that you accomplish various things and so forth, change. But, I think at the heart, there are a set of core values that Pitzer has, and we should be reminded on an annual basis of what those core values are, that we are all still in agreement with these particular values. And then from there, there can be debate about the various strategies of upholding or supporting and trying to bring to fruition those values.

OS: On that same note, what do you personally as the vice president, and the Dean of Students, see as the future of Pitzer?

JP: I am really excited about Pitzer's future. As a college which is still fairly young, it's still kind of growing and maturing and coming to being and I think that with any maturational process there are going to be bumps along the way, and ups and downs, etc. I think that in general the future is very strong. . . I think we are really bright and really very well positioned for making very significant impact.

OS: In the last few years, from what I understand, Pitzer has had a really different tone than it did five or ten years ago, and it will probably continue to keep changing, and a lot of those changes are due to structural and policy changes. Talking about the core values at Pitzer, not just idealistically, but structurally and with policy; how do you see Pitzer as changing in the next few years?

JP: Well, I guess when we say "different tone" I think that those changes are just inevitable changes, I honestly believe that. You know, if we look at a Pitzer of the late sixties or the early seventies when our population overall was maybe a third of what it is now, and maybe it was more feasible to think that everyone could fit in the Grove House. But everyone won't fit in the living room of the Grove House anymore, and in fact there's absolutely no place on this campus, no one room, no one area where everybody can feel accommodated any longer. Now that's a significant change from the Pitzer of the past and 2 9

Their Side

The Other Side

The Other Side watched the second Presidential Debate on October 16th. We listened to what they had to say, took it under consideration and consulted with several eminent Scientologists as to what they might have been thinking during their statements. The following is a transcription of some of their words and thoughts.

THEIR WORDS

EQUAL RIGHTS

THEIR THOUGHTS

"I don't understand why people are using the term "special rights" when the question is equal rights. Could you help me in understanding that?"

DOLE:
We shouldn't discriminate -- race, color, whatever, lifestyle, disability.

CLINTON:
I want to answer your question, but let me say one other thing. We don't need a constitutional amendment for kids to pray.

DOLE:
This is America and we're all proud of it. But we're not there yet.

DOLE:
Whatever...

CLINTON:
I don't want to answer your question, but let me say one other thing. We don't need a constitution.

DOLE:
And we never will be, but if I get elected the time will pass faster.

BEING PRESIDENTIAL

"I believe that when we are able to come together and stop fighting amongst ourselves, we will get along a lot better. These are the ideals and morals that we are trying to teach our children in these days. Yet, we don't seem to be practicing them in our Government, in anything. If you are President, how will you begin to practice what we are preaching to our children, the future of our nation?"

DOLE:
I said in my acceptance speech in San Diego about two months ago, the exits are clearly marked if you think the Republican Party is someplace for you to come if you're narrow-minded or bigoted or don't like certain people in America.

DOLE:
Wait a minute, I'm narrow minded and there's a lot of people in America I don't like.

THE MIDDLE EAST

"Would you, as President, send American troops to Israel or the West Bank as peace keepers?"

DOLE:
We're increasing defense reasonably, not too much, but we are increasing defense some because we want to be prepared in case somebody here gets called up, Jason.

CLINTON:
And there's less than 1 percent difference between my budget and the Republican budget on defense.

DOLE:
If we don't build more B-2 bombers in California -- we lost about 500,000 jobs out in California because of this devastation, these big, big cuts.

DOLE:
Wait a minute, was his first name Jason...or...Meredeth- Anyway Jason, you little shit, you'll be the first drafted on the front lines when I'm President.

CLINTON:
And there's less than 1 percent difference between my views and the Republicans'.

DOLE:
Who am I kidding, if we don't build more B-2 bombers in California I'll never be able to invade Manitoba.

SMOKING

"About 30 years ago, I was a pipe-plus a day man, OK? You mentioned in a statement you said some time ago that you didn't think nicotine was addictive. Would you care to -- are you still -- hold to that statement, or do you wish to recant, or explain yourself?"

DOLE:
I was asked a technical question: "Are they addictive?" Maybe they're -- they probably are addictive. I don't know. I'm not a doctor. You shouldn't smoke. You ought to be glad you quit. Thirty years?

DOLE:
If you stop the drugs, nobody's going to use the drugs.

DOLE:
Save your butt Bobby boy.

DOLE:
But someone's got to smoke them, and if I'm elected that will be the first job I take care of, to smoke a nice fatty of kind...in the Lincoln bedroom.

CLINTON:
I don't want to talk about that.

CLINTON:
We've done a lot more [about smoking] and I hope we get a chance to talk about it.

DOLE:
Nobody should smoke, young or old. But particularly young people should not smoke.

DOLE:
Whatever...

DON'T BELIEVE THE

Can we escape the hype? Realistically, no, we cannot. Propaganda and idealism follow us through our daily lives, especially within the isolation of Pitzer. Wherever we go, that illustrious character, Hype, seems to bombard us with noxious half-truths from every angle. And though we remain wary of those omnipresent media-textbook-administrative-student-cultural-personal-theoretical-hypocritical forces which suffocate us with dubious charm, inevitably we are still susceptible to their influence. Effectively humanity itself is the victim. We, the unsuspecting, are messengers of ideas bestowed upon us by others; together we create the supreme infrastructure of hype -- as living, breathing examples of mass-media. Can we find, beneath this paradoxical plane, that pure, uncut reality which we assume is buried somewhere in that sludge? and would we recognize it if we found it?

California, my friends back East would swear, is the last place on earth to conduct this search. "Nothing there is real," they pledged, as they patiently explained the baleful consequences of my move cross-country to school. Dreamily, I prepared for a California which seeped with calm placidity -- tranquillity flourishing beneath sweet sunshiny skies -- while my friends from Boston and New York mourned my sudden idiocy and naiveté. None of them had actually been to California, but each had some personal qualm with the state or the West Coast in its entirety. "You're 'selling out'," I heard a lot. The general attitude East Coasters bear suggests that they actually feel the abrasiveness of society grating persistently against their skin, and have calloused against that rough friction. One glance into their eyes confirms that it hurts. They are bewildered by a relaxed, "resort" California atmosphere, devoid of their aggression from facing reality, which, they'll insist, must always be a harsh and painful realization. Suspicious and amazed by the California phenomenon, they will explain that everybody west of Arizona is on a permanent vacation, brainwashed by the weather, and ignoring "reality" (that fabled condition) altogether, since they do not harbor the same stricken hostility which is all too familiar on the East Coast.

Being at Pitzer, however, has affirmed that many intelligent individuals are able to be both happy and aware at the same time, and I have come to reevaluate my old processing of reality. Our school's philosophical ideal, of learning through contact with community (reality) is almost ironic, given that we verge right on the brink of Los Angeles, in all of its plasticky Hollywood glitz. Throughout its embellished fallacies by architectural facades, a half-mythical history, and a pervasive over-glamorized lifestyle -- the City of Angels is also a Mecca for despairing infinitudes of inhabitants, dazed after being failed of a personal "California Dream". The city is the very kingdom of hype (media) and Hype (conception of a false reality), a mere extension of the Hollywood movie set. Here, for sure, a cacophony of ideals and fabrications act as insulation against a

tangled and complicated reality.

So we keep it real within our idyllic haven of intelligence and commitment, unfazed by surrounding cities and their confusion. Yet, since we are also cut off from the rest of the world by our token college bubble, how "real" can we claim to be "keeping it", anyway? And keeping contact through textbooks, newspapers, television, etc., only brings us back to the bias and abject marketability of these (media-induced) thoughts, reminding us of the fact that we are, in fact, in college preparing to become marketable commodities within the workforce ourselves, to be bought and sold? (A devastating thought, suggested by Lako Tongun and Joe Parker in my Intro. to International and Cultural Studies course).

We are, here at Pitzer, encompassed by the disconcerting influence of conflicting realms of reality; with more thought about our situation I become increasingly "hyped-up" with the urgency of it. Thankfully, I cannot legitimately accuse us of generic college futility: I see no protests calling to Save the Whales, when there are actually no Whales on campus to Save, or Whale-Killers to indict. We do not live entirely in a world of illusion, and our good-intentions are generally focused towards the right places: places where they are needed. But if all of modern society is wracked with disillusionment, we must also realize that we are as easily influenced by each other as by any other media force; that we are lightning poles for pop culture, practically sizzling with dangerous electric Hype to pass off onto one another. I give no outstanding credence to the idea that we are, uniquely, a generation damned by media forces, because it is 1. petty excuse and 2. media-induced theory ("Generation X") -- it would be a hypocritical point. The truth is that we are only the latest output of a historical cycle of cultural influence; impressionability seems to be a trait of the human condition.

A study conducted in the early seventies showed that groups of teenagers who had taken LSD together repeatedly found their morality and morés to become jointly circumstantial. Which is to say that their perception of reality, if it started at point A, would collaboratively move off center towards point B, but as a group. This kind of paradigm shift is as easily emulated amongst all of us, however "sober" our thinking (regardless of the acid, that was just to catch your attention). In our efforts to develop common ground and learn from one another, we must still avoid falling off center from our respective point A's, waring down our morals in the quest for consonance, and flopping down at our communal point B with only the barest thread of ourselves left. When adapting a school or course philosophy, or in unifying a diverse community by welding them into one school body, we run the risk of losing our individual objectivity. Therefore we must be certain to remain in touch with our personal realities. When we finally confront the desolate nature of the human condition, it must be each of us alone, with bold genuinity. Only then can we strive 3 0

by Rebecca Uchill

Untilted

by Todd Berry

It's an amazing thing, perspective. One day one can view the world through jaded eyes and the next day through eyes not exactly clear, but jaded in a different way. I don't believe we ever view the world clearly: seeing things as they actually are. Instead we view things as we perceive them, and this view is subject to change dependent upon our perspective at the time.

Perspectives seem to vary about what occurred on this campus last year. From mine, many questionable policies were brought out into the open and an attempt to deal with them was made. At least, I thought an attempt was made, but now I'm not so sure. I was quite disheartened upon receiving our little "notices" during the summer regarding the hiring of class liaisons. This meant to me that the administration desired to have mediators between the students and themselves, that they did not wish to listen to us anymore. I know now that they are very nice people and have absolutely no intentions of acting as mediators (or, at least that's the impression I've now been given), and I think that they are definitely positive additions to the community, but I still have to wonder why it was necessary to create these positions. It seems to me that it was a not-too veiled attempt at creating more needless bureaucracy and further separating the administration from the students. This is not what I view as "honest discourse," a desire Marilyn expressed interest in at this year's freshman orientation; a desire that I hope is genuine, and I hope her claims reflect not only herself, but the administration she represents.

I do not intend to pick on Marilyn. I hope she has adopted these ideas of honest discourse and community, but I'm still waiting to see it in action. I think I'm a little more open to the real meanings of these terms as well. I think a major obstacle encountered last year was that no end results were reached. I don't think there was a lot of communicating going on, just a lot of talking. It felt to me like I was talking to walls; it didn't feel like anyone was listening. I think a lot of other people felt that way, too. I'm curious to see if any of it has changed.

On the flip side, it seems that decisions made in student governance organizations are already being ignored. For example, there were tags put up (among other places) on the walls of Mead Hall by an individual known as "Skandel." Last year, Gerbaldy-Gerbaldy (Mead's governance structure) passed an art policy that students were free to express themselves on the walls of Mead Hall, and no paintings or writings would be removed without a deciding vote at a Gerbaldy-Gerbaldy

meeting. The artist is also supposed to be notified and, if possible, present at the meeting. No such vote was made, and still these tags were painted over. An argument can be made that this is not a form of art (an argument I firmly disagree with), but even so it seems that whoever made the decision is taking it upon themselves to decide what is acceptable, as many quotes are up on the Mead walls which were ignored. Whether it is an attempt to silence an individual opinion or censor content and arbitrarily decide what is deemed "acceptable" to be up on these walls means very little. It was done with complete disregard to rules set up by Gerbaldy-Gerbaldy and the wishes of the residents of Mead and Pitzer College in general.

So now, here we are in a new year, with new ideas and goals, and the same people (give or take a few hundred). What I want to know is: are we still on separate sides, or can we work together? Hopefully if those of us returning can't, then the new students will show us the way through our own hypocrisy and into the truth, that neither side is pleased and we both want what's best for Pitzer. But that's where our old friend, perspective, jumps back in and we're forced to jump to separate sides again, since none of us seem ready to compromise.

Fuck that. I'm ready to compromise, as long as I'm taken seriously.

If we'd just stop this silly bickering long enough to actually listen to each other, then

maybe we'd get something done. Not that this means, in any way, I intend to become lax or disinterested in the runnings of this school. Quite the contrary; I'm interested to see what develops in the new year, and I have much hope that it will be positive. At this point, with administrators not returning our phone calls and the attempts at slashing our budget, it looks like we are still on separate sides. The future looks bleak. But we're not going away. We may be editors, writers, members of senate, rugby players, administrators, students, staff, faculty, etc., whatever bullshit factions we wish to divide ourselves into, but at the core of it we are all human beings and members of a community. We don't have to love each other, we don't even have to like each other. But we have to treat each other with the respect that any human being deserves, especially those connected in such a way as we are. We've all given things such as "honest discourse" and "community" a whole lot of lip service. I, for one, would like to see it carried out for a change. And if I have to be the first one to offer my hand/shoulder/ear, then so be it. It's offered. Who'll talk? And, when you're through, will you listen? **TOS**

LAST YEAR, GERBALDY-GERBALDY (MEAD'S GOVERNANCE STRUCTURE) PASSED AN ART POLICY THAT STUDENTS WERE FREE TO EXPRESS THEMSELVES ON THE WALLS OF MEAD HALL, AND NO PAINTINGS OR WRITINGS WOULD BE REMOVED WITHOUT A DECIDING VOTE AT A GERBALDY-GERBALDY MEETING.

been much whining from conservative pundits, especially in the Wall Street Journal, that the President is riding a free wave of popular support he doesn't deserve because of the "lag factor" between economic improvement, the resulting consumer confidence and heightened national morale. Although the economic conditions at election time are important, take these opinions with a grain of salt, because the idea that the economy dictates all isn't completely true. The economic conditions during the recession of 1983 were worse than any during the Carter years, or any since then for that matter, and yet Reagan went on to dominate in the 1984 election. The economic indicators were positive in 1992 even as George Bush lost. The Republicans may argue that Bill Clinton is riding the benefits of Bush's previous economic policy, but it doesn't hold compared to the results of the 1984 and 1988 elections, when rough times with the economy didn't spell doom for those candidates.

The real issue in this election is responsibility. Not character, Bob Dole's recently trumpeted issue, but responsibility. Consider this: Bob Dole is actually more trustworthy. Polls indicate that the public has far more trust in Dole to tell the truth than Clinton. They believe Dole when he says that Clinton is a great exaggerator. They agree with Dole when he says that "he keeps his word." The problem is that the electorate simply doesn't care. Period. Dole has missed the boat on his issues: regardless of what the press or the people claim, morality has very little to do with the appeal of Presidential candidates. People want someone who they feel has the ability to grasp the current environment of the nation and lead them forward. Clinton, to his credit, has rolled with the punches and moved with the electorate. He understood soon after the 1994 Republican sweep that waiting and watching would do wonders to his ratings, and he was right. As a result, he clearly appears to be the more capable manager of the executive branch, regardless of his personal faults.

Let me explain this area more clearly. In 1988, George Bush proclaimed the "read my lips, no new taxes." He broke this pledge, and it dogged him throughout Clinton's "its the economy, stupid" campaign of 1992. Clinton, in

turn, promised a middle class tax cut. The difference is that it wasn't the centerpiece issue of his campaign! When Clinton raised taxes, it wasn't a major problem for two reasons: the economy is doing better now, during the election cycle; and it also showed responsibility, in light of Ross Perot's slamming on the deficit issue. This is a major point in the success of Clinton as a politician. He got slammed his first two years in office because he thought that Americans wanted his ideas on issues like health

no title
 phallus is breakfast without water
 I need something suddenly that I will not speak for
 for speaking needs minding
 too strong for small movements I will come on big
 phallus is greed, drinking from leather
 I need my mouth full of animal
 my hair is a blanket
 to cover such secrets
 there is the weather and other things to keep him from
 tonight no one will watch me
 even his eyes will stop working
 tonight no one will watch me
 I will ride till I am raw as water
 phallus is
 fresh as full stem and sugar cane
 I need no offer to remind me I want

—Fiona Spring

care to be implemented. When he thrust his ideas upon Washington, he got worked by the Republicans on the "more wasteful spending and bureaucracy" kick. By 1994 it seemed hopeless. But Billy was shrewd. He hibernated for a while and stuck to a few moderate centerpiece issues. When the Republican congress tried to implement the Contract with America, he nailed them the same way that he'd been stung two years before, with a little twist. The Republicans were now the problem in Washington, gutting environmental legislation and starving the poor. It worked, and the American public supported him once again, and they have continued to do so throughout this election. Now Bill can claim that he cut the deficit, which he did. He can claim that the economy is better, which it is.

The only issues left to attack Clinton on are crime and foreign policy, the old Democratic weaknesses. Dole can't make these an issue: Clinton supported more cops and more death penalty crimes, and brought the Middle East factions to D.C. to "chat" while Dole voted against banning assault weapons. Bob Dole is stuck.

There's a philosophy about how the national opinion swings from conservative to progressive (now that liberal is a dirty word) and back again every generation or so. I tend to believe that the United States is rather conservative, but when it seems that the rich have too much, we move back to the left in support of the "common man" (or woman, as the case is today.) This is exactly what Billy represents. He's not a liberal by any means, but he doesn't alienate, instead playing to the "typical folk" when he talks about the issues. He has garnered a massive lead among the young suburban families, especially women, who voted for George Bush back in 1992 because he's in touch, effectively parlaying issues like family leave into a successful platform. He

shows an awareness of growing battles on the horizon as well, evidenced by his newfound environmental concern, which appeared after dismal ratings for Republicans as they tried to rewrite protection legislation in the last two congresses. I have a feeling that this will be a centerpiece issue in the 2000 election, one that the Democrats might milk for years to come, like the Republican "soft on crime" attacks. The kids who grew up with the "save the planet" slogans are quickly becoming old enough to vote and move into the workforce. At any rate, it will be interesting to see what happens when Billy is reelected. I think I'll go consider it now with a bottle of nice Cabernet. **TOS**

madness on the extreme right and left. He should work to develop a consistent vision of what the most powerful nation and democracy in the history of the world ought to advocate in the international sphere. He should decide how the military of such a nation ought to be manned and equipped. And he should speak his best understanding of these issues every chance he gets. In this way, Mr. Dole will go down in history as a statesman rather than a loser, as a patriot who challenged America with an agenda that invited right and left to cooperate for the benefit of all. And who knows? Some Americans are impressed by people who tell hard truths. The approach may give him some chance of becoming President. **TOS**

Perhaps I'm simply being to harsh on the President, you might say. After all, hasn't the "mood of the country" shifted to the right? Didn't the Republican victories in 1994 signify a sweeping mandate of the people for conservative values and smaller government? Isn't Clinton simply adhering to the will of the people in order to win reelection, as any good politician (and he is a damn good politician if nothing else) would? In a word...no. Both of these unfortunate cliches in American politics are little more, I believe, than a failure of the American left to mobilize and formulate a plan of action.

Pat Buchanan won a couple of primaries. Two years ago Proposition 187 passed. By a lot. This year Proposition 209 (please don't ever mention civil rights and that piece of legislation in the same sentence in my presence) may pass. Maybe by a lot. The way it's worded makes it sound like a formula for employment in Utopia. It sounds so innocent that it led a friend of mine to say that the only people who would vote against it are racists. So why, the question remains, do these things happen, if the American "mood" has not shifted to the right? Are people inherently racist and evil? Do people really believe that discrimination is non-existent in the 1990's? Possibly, I suppose, and, of course, there is still all too much racism to go around. But are these the driving factors for the majority of Americans, the "middle" that Dole and Clinton are so ardently courting?

I think a much more likely scenario is that the incredible shrinking middle class, the downsized of the nation, the WASP hive are being forced to revert to the politics of self-interest by having their fears exacerbated and exploited by reactionary agendas. Their incomes are stagnant, their jobs are disappearing faster than you can say net profit, and it's becoming increasingly more difficult to send their 2.3 children to college. These are the basis for legitimate anxiety, these are rational and understandable fears. Unfortunately, these fears allow them to become susceptible to policies and agendas that, they are told, will improve their lot in life. Tell them their jobs are being stolen by Mexican immigrants. Tell them a balanced budget makes a difference, tell them they need a fifteen percent across the board[room] cut, tell them that the only reason they didn't the job is because the other applicant was a woman of color. Tell 'em. And they'll listen. They'll listen to the right, they'll sway to the right, and they'll vote, if they vote at all, for the right. Not because they're inherently evil, not because they're racists, not because Bob Dole is a charismatic candidate, and not just because they're scared. They'll listen to the right because the left simply isn't saying a word.

The democratic party, if it still may be considered even a shirt-tail relative of the American left, has been so busy playing catch-up, defense, and trying to clean up other people's messes since oh... about January, 1981, that they haven't offered Americans a thing. Especially since 1994. Not an original idea, not a real agenda, not a thing, unless it was a reaction to something proposed by the right. This not only makes those in the middle sway to the right, it fails to provide a voice for the politically and economically marginalized groups in this country that sway whatever way the winds of change blow them. The

left needs to not only develop a plan that provides mechanisms for the prosperity and the return of the middle, but a plan that makes a connection between the marginalized and the middle. Unless the middle can realize that their interests are more closely connected to the marginalized than the elite, the politics of self-interest will continue and the marginalized will remain just that.

But, some might say, this is an election year. This is not the time to create waves for the democrats. Get them elected and then work on them. Wrong. I believe (a) we already tried that in 1992 and it didn't work and (b) the election has long been over. Clinton will win the election. Regardless of my vote and regardless of the support of the progressive left. This is precisely the time to make waves.

We no longer need to play defense. The Republicans, attempting adhere to the adage that the best defense is a good offense, proceeded to offend a great deal of Americans and now must play defense themselves. They're out there and willing to listen. It's the job of the left to effectively mobilize, grab their ears (figuratively, of course), and give them something not only to listen to, but something that makes sense. Something that will not only sway them back to the left, but that will stop reactionary agendas and the politics of self-interest.

We no longer have to settle for, as Michael Moore puts it, "the evil of two lessors." We can do better. We have a duty not only to ourselves but to the American left and the nation as a whole to show these two that we've had it. That's why I'm not voting for President Clinton. That's why this has to be the last DFL bandwagon for the left and its core constituents. That's why this has to be the last free ride. **TOS**



in direct violation of current laws, is the government's land in the form of a national park, so is subject to economic interest or "protective" measures. Right after the community's first public political action, announcing their coming out of hiding and asking to be recognized as a civilian (as opposed to subversive or guerrilla) population, the department of government responsible for protected areas announced that their land in the Peten should become a natural preserve restricted from people living on it. Certainly from a limited ecological view this seems justified. But the situation of the CPR is inextricable from Guatemala's history of brutal counterinsurgency war, unjust economic, labor and educational policies. They should not have been forced to flee for their lives. These are the things that have to be recognized in order to work for the human future of these people.

A further threat to the CPR is the presence of oil in the region of the Peten which has ignited US and other "industrialized" countries' business interests, as well as a Guatemalan government eager to make money. Matters are confused because the national organization for environmental protection for Guatemala is largely funded by USAID (United States Agency for International Development). The openly conflicting interests of USAID's open market promotion vs. their funding of environmental protection, combined with a historically corrupt Guatemalan government, endangers the CPR's future as well as leaves precious rain forest unprotected against the exploitation of the world market.

The CPR wants to learn to become their land's protectors in order to live with some autonomy. They are seeking more knowledge of their area so that they may be more effective in this by living more harmoniously and prosperously. In this way they can continue on as a very alive example of successful communal living to displaced peoples the world over--not to mention the rest of us!

As I stretched out in my hammock that first night, wondering if I could survive the mosquitoes, I also wondered how I might change. I sit here now inside safe borders--those of a good education, plentiful food and a solid

home--deceivably far from violence and struggle. I try to understand from this distance the deepness of my respect and amazement for the people of the Communities of Population in Resistance.

TOS

23 JACKIE

so therefore that's going to have some type of impact on structure, it's going to have some type of impact on policies and so forth, just the overall growth.

OS: Woodruff noted and writers for the OS have observed that RA's only surface when there is a problem and are used in the dorms as police. Do you feel that it is necessary to change this role the RA's play at Pitzer?

JP: Okay, I think that that has been a pattern. The principal role has always been one of a community builder, in between faculty, staff and the students. And so their chief role, given that we are a residential community, is to be very instrumental and critical in helping to build and helping to create and foster a campus environment that is positive for all the students here. That's always been their role. I think that the kind of reputation that has developed over the years of the RA's has been one of enforcers of policy, etc. And while the enforcement or upholding policy as members of this community is a part of their role, it clearly is not the chief aspect of their role.

OS: So you kind of see the problem as one of perception on the part of students and not one of an reality?

JP: No, I didn't want to say that. Perhaps in the past there was not the kind of quality level of training that anybody in such a challenging complicated role needs to have. So there might have been people in those positions that practiced more on one side than the other. And I think that is where some of those inconsistencies came in and the divisiveness that seem to occur among members of the staff, and that clearly, would filter down to the residents of the community.

OS: Why was the Office of Student Affairs reorganized?

JP: When I was first hired, a principal

responsibility of mine was to review the current Student Affairs reorganization. It was necessary to rebuild that organization and make it a really strong organization that can meet the needs of students. I informed the Student Affairs staff that we would be engaged in a reorganization, that was something that was known from August, 1993, when I first came on board.

OS: And the hirings and the firings over the past eight months were part of that reorganization?

JP: The changes in the staff structure, yes, were part of that reorganization. And when you use the word "firings", okay, who do you mean?

OS: Along the lines of Michael Tessier and Debra Rogers, with some others.

JP: No, there have been no firings in Student Affairs.

OS: Was it the end of their contract period?

JP: No, we received resignations from both of them last semester

OS: Them resigning, it helped contribute to the goals of Student Affairs, making it more student centered and accessible to the needs of students?

JP: Well, clearly, it contributed to the structural goals of those.

TOS



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towards correcting the situation: first within ourselves, then amongst our community.

The fundamental Reality is really a synthesis of our subjective and distinct perception. Its existence will depend on how we use our power to create it -- if reality remains a mere collage of media stimuli, it is our tragedy; our fault, our responsibility. Since we cannot escape the hype, we are inclined to avoid it, ignoring, and thereby exacerbating, the problem. But if we could, instead, conjure the wealth of our souls and knowledge upwards towards integration, bridging the fissures between race or age or creed, as a flood of combined visions and motives and explanations and Realities, we will have taken the largest possible step towards finding that one inescapable yet blurry reality. And perhaps we will be surprised at the ease with which we may find common ground. It is this common ground which is the REAL Reality that lay hidden beneath that Hype all along, within ourselves.

TOS

discovering shallow

I've felt sick to death and deathly sick
of all the ants who have slept on my wrists
but I've found something new
something disastrous, breathtakingly true
the words, the actions, the feelings
months and months of never ever stealing . .
a touch that held so much more than skin breathing in
breathing deep of the scent and the sweat
sleep was real, and everything that meant so much
was all focused in this hocus-pocus phenomenon
of one single touch

and with one swift shrug
the time spent having so much fun
the faces of you and me as one
have fallen in a rotten place of those
that have nowhere to wonder
nowhere to blunder around, looking for a smile
because inside, these faces hold an absence of words
a loss of intimacy
a really fucked up destiny
swimming somewhere between hell and love

-Sam J. Farrar



Drawing by Doug Weir



Photograph by Trillium Sellers

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Afterword

a hipster's farewell:

when there's a shift in identity words become nullified-
until the identity settles their meaning is lost.
so they asked me the other day, why are you like this?
i thought for a moment before attempting the long, drawn, overstated, underrated, explanation.

have you ever tried to explain all you know to someone other than a fellow hipster?

the web is so vast and the thoughts so furious that the confines of a beat down, drugged up and fucked over country can barely take the heat. so, if i sit in the corner it's because i'm afraid.

well yes, i am, but not like they think. i like the fear of not knowing because i know how it is to change the situation. to work the scene. everyone is bombed, moving through the guts of the beast in a straight laced fashion can drive you to drink, and they do. so much temptation to shed a new light on the same old street via a short cut chemical. that's where the hipster's are different, we move to different streets. the key is to know what you like and how to look at it.

so many things that happen to everyone every day hit us so hard. take them into the experience, make them yours. it's so hard, our roads are unpaved. and we all get so tired... so tired of being beat down because our roads aren't like the others. there are road blocks and our minds say you can't go there now, go around and around are all people taking the other way, making you think it's better, that you're wrong. they are not alive, the sadness keeps our questions unanswered, our questions keep us alive.

and we have to fight for each minute, fighting to stay up, even our homes become so tired. moves you back. always trying to move forward but when you start again in a new place the essential always get lost and then pushed down again.

the only way we get back up is if we keep what's true close. and you'll question what's true, when you see them not thinking, not feeling the pains you'll think they're right. keep it close though, don't lose it.

so the last words i have for you baby is only this, from one hipster to another:

falling like a rag doll
waiting to be caught
eyes rolled back and crooked smile
lost in out worlds, waiting to be scooped up

hope you didn't fall
hope there are strong arms to guide you
when the lipsticks all smeared
and you stumble for real

until some angels make it sweet
and saves you
brings you back to this world
you learned can't please you

hope you come back and twist your hair
tuck in slowly
and talk
tell it all, staring at the ceiling of stars
almost anything for that,

TOS



Photograph by Trillium Sellers