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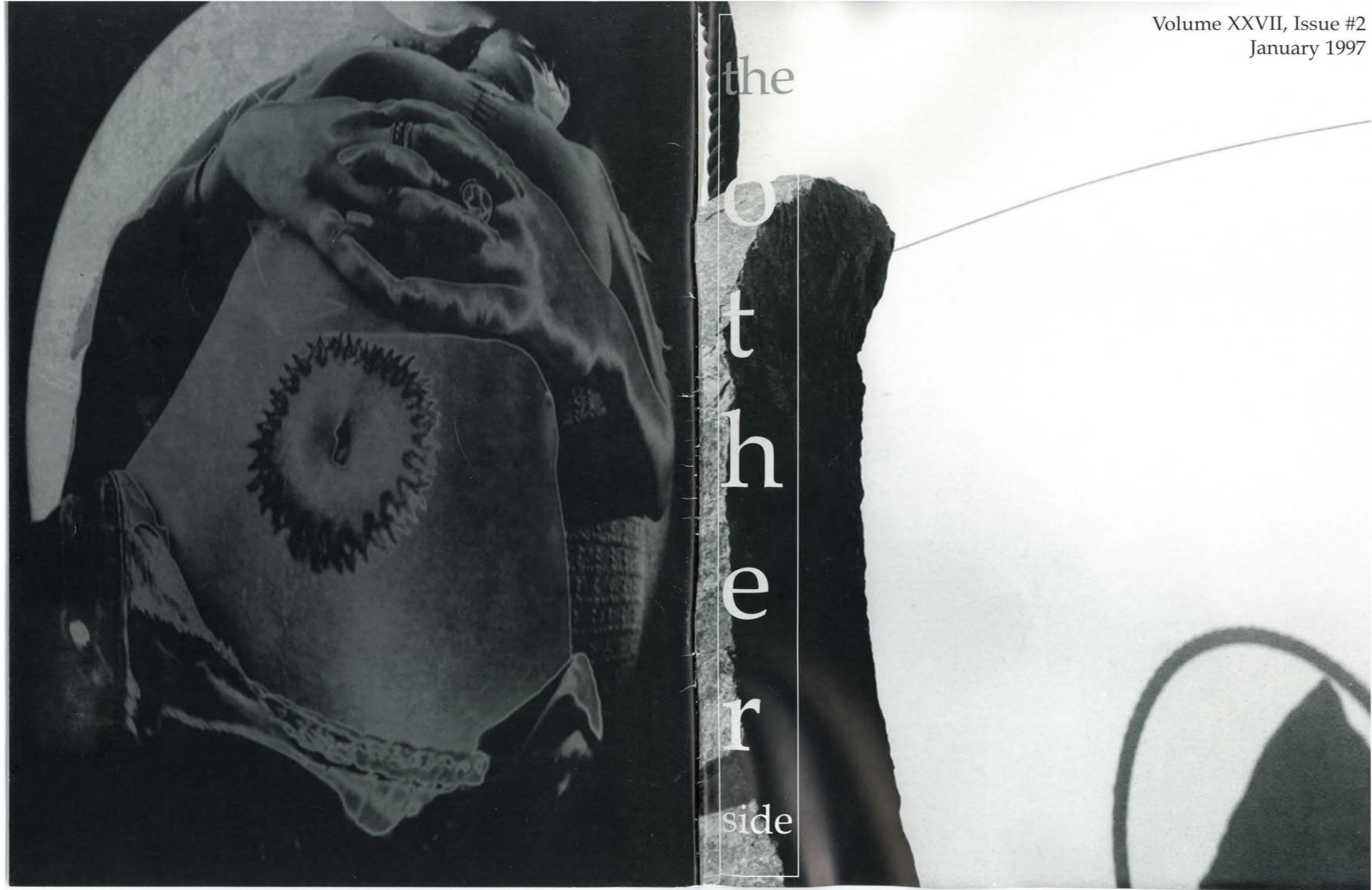
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Listening to the Voices

We here at *The Other Side* wanted to get some ideas from the community at large about what people feel has been going down around Pitzer lately, so we asked students, faculty, and administrators the following question: How do you feel the events of the last few weeks at (and involving) Pitzer have affected you, and the community in general, or do you feel they have had any effect at all?

Michael Woodcock, Professor of Art at Pitzer: "I don't have a snappy answer . . . I think the biggest thing I've noticed is how distorted [the event has been retold], I've gotten probably fifteen different versions from colleagues and students . . . we all have our agendas and I think if we want to see Jack Stark as Darth Vader, then there's plenty of stuff floating around to add to that . . . there's probably some of both of these [good guy and bad guy qualities] in each of the people [involved], and in all of us. I think one of the things that happens here is our ability to kind of turn to something very quickly, and I think that's really special, while the other side of that is there are a lot of students who wish there was something really happening. It's complex. My first teaching job in the Claremont Colleges was in 1986, at Scripps. Scripps has something of a history of butting heads with CMCs idea of what's fair play between male students and female students . . . there were instances where CMC students were blamed [for such behavior] and nothing ever seemed to come of it. If something were to happen here at Pitzer, my first inclination would be to take a step between you [and your accuser] so I understand when wagons get circled. I love this place and most aspects of it . . . and part of it is also goofiness. I would also say that I have every impression that Jack Stark thinks that Pitzer is a very special place.

If I was offended by every time a colleague or student or somebody else said something [I perceived as against me], I'd be a puddle. I think we're all very quickly insulted and put out. Seems like the times. Freedom takes a lot of responsibility."

Vincent Stoffer, Pitzer College, second year: "Yes, they've had an effect . . . on the community at large, it kind of brought people together. Not necessarily together in any sort of getting anything done way, but at least there were people at the town meeting. That kind of thing doesn't happen at Pitzer very often, getting everyone together, in one place: who cares what the cause is, just to get everyone together in one place says something. For me personally, it kind of reaffirmed that this is the real world too, shit happens, and it's interesting to watch everyone's reactions. I think the things that have gone on are not at all positive, but they kind of give you a dose of reality."

Ara, Pomona student, third year: "We always thought that these stereotypes were rather innocuous, like oh, Pitzer students, but this really brings to an edge how they are not innocuous in any way, how these people can be going at one another really barbarically, in a college community. This is not civil warfare in any way, we are not getting a debate, it's just a lot of hollering."

Barrick Van Winkle, Professor of Anthropology and Linguistics at Pitzer: "I think it's reminded people how fragile the world we have created and live in here at Pitzer is, and how in many ways, the assumptions and activities we want to carry out, think are important, aren't necessarily valued by the rest of society, or even by the colleges across the street. It's good to be reminded of that kind of challenge often, and I think it's made people think more about it, the good things here, but also how things might be changed for the better."

Paul Faulstich, Professor of Environmental Studies at Pitzer College: "These events have presented us with an opportunity and a challenge: to strengthen community at Pitzer, and to become effective, intentional neighbors with others in the Claremont consortium . . . the top-down decision-making that has informed the New Venture ordeal, combined with the rough-and-tumble accusations surrounding the Athenaeum event, suggest that not only are we afraid of embracing difference, but that we are a seriously fragmented community. We need to use these events to explore ways we can not only confront our problems and find solutions to them, but thrive in the process."

Paige Haxton, Pitzer student, second year: "I don't feel there's been much effect in my personal life. The only thing that may have effected it would be the rally on the mounds. [During that event] nobody really wanted to talk that much, everybody was just sitting there, it didn't seem very productive."

Marilyn Chapin Massey, President of Pitzer College: "It has affected me deeply. I am very concerned about what has happened, and have been very engaged in trying to discover what [really] happened and then to deal with that most responsibly and to have everyone involved, especially the students. I feel that we have seen in the past few weeks both some extremely positive things at the college, and some extremely negative things at the college. It's my conviction that as we move forward, we will bring positive things out of this incident . . . acting positively can and must come out of something that was very unfortu-

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...and a whole lot of other voices

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me the word that means more than anything is stereotyping, how stereotyping excludes people, something I've been concerned with my whole life. The positive thing about Pitzer is that we fight the injustice that comes from that. The negative aspect that has happened to some extent in some quarters is that we've engaged in that behavior ourselves, by oversimplifying, jumping to conclusions, demonizing, without real knowledge of what we do. I think that's real easy to fall into, but I don't think it characterizes the best of who and what we are . . . I understand the anger, anger's a normal, healthy, positive reaction, but to just stick with that and not go anywhere, especially for us, that was the negative part. I don't think that we will, no matter how long we look at the particular moment of contact between the two people at the Athenaeum, come to an agreement about absolutely the truth about the contact between Professor Calderon and Jack. What's far more important than that is that we get on with dealing with underlying tensions within our own community."

Justin Pusch, CMC student, third year: "I don't think they really have had that much of an effect on the community. As at every college, students have stereotypes and biases about what the colleges are like and this is only going to reinforce all of them. The CMC students will go right on thinking that Pitzer students are a bunch of communist radicals, and the Pitzer students will go on thinking that CMC students are all right-wing fascists. I don't think it makes that much of a difference. I think all the students already have opinions about each other and it reinforces them, but I don't think it does really does anything that fundamentally changes them."

Phoebe Bogert, Pitzer student, third year: "Honestly, sometimes I wonder how much it affects me in my everyday life. [Racism] hasn't happened to me directly, but at the same time it really does make me think, I realize that people think that way, and it upsets me, it bothers me that it [such an incident] has kind of fallen to the wayside once again. Or maybe it hasn't fallen to the wayside . . . but it has brought my awareness up and it's made me think about it . . . it affects me deeply but it doesn't hit me in the gut, like how knowing about Justin Hill hits me a lot more and maybe that's because I'm a woman."



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A fight for The Other Side. That's what it seemed like as we walked out of Broad Center Meeting Room 212 a few days before this issue was slated to go to the printer. Along with myself, another editor of The Other Side, Jeff Lewis, faculty advisor, the Student Senate convenor, the Senate's faculty advisor, the Dean of Faculty (Professor Peter Nardi was representing the Dean Susan Seymour, who was sick that day), and Professor Mehmet Tutuncu, were all been invited that day to the Broad Center meeting room by Jackie Peterson, the Dean of Students, to talk to one of Pitzer's lawyers, a black man named Jack Clark.

The reason we were all there and the reason that such a unique mix of Pitzer people were in attendance are still both unclear to me. A week before, I had got an early morning call (only administrators and professors call early in the morning, and so I knew before answering the phone who was on the other end of the line) from Dean Peterson's office asking me to come to meet with the lawyer the next day to discuss issues of libel (Webster's Second Edition: Libel (n., v.) a. defamation by written or printed matter, rather than spoken words. b. the crime of publishing such matter) and issues of liability, especially those issues as relating to Claremont-McKenna's President Jack Stark. Clear enough, though this meeting was two weeks before next The Other Side was to come out, and a discussion on libel seemed strangely presumptuous. This meeting, however, was cancelled and rescheduled as a "conference call" meeting for the following Monday. That too was cancelled. The meeting was reshuffled over the next few days, adjusting and readjusting to the evryone's schedules until a suitable time was found. Apparently, it was very important to the administration that this meeting happen. Finally, a few days before this issue was to go to press, the meeting was held.

Like I said, I am not clear why this meeting was called. The lawyer began by reciting a few rare cases in which newspapers and magazines had been sued by people they had written about in their publications. One case involved a trade paper which had had a suit filed against it by an union member after a cartoon which she felt insulting and untrue had been published. The cash award, the lawyer said, was ten times what the plaintiff had asked for. He emphasized, as did others at the meeting, that he was presenting these cases not to scare us, or to send a "chilling effect" through The Other Side's spines (though it seemed he was trying to do both), but so that we would take note of the absurdity with which the jurors who awarded settlements sometimes voted, even refering to the recent O.J. Simpson trial as an example.

Someone, I believe it was the Senate convenor, then brought up liability. To what degree are individuals who write libelous words responsible? To what degree were Pitzer and the Student Senate responsible, since it is them who, respectively, give The Other Side class credit and fund their budget? The lawyer, Jack Clark (no relation to Jack Stark), said that, indeed, they were all liable, it was up to the plaintiff whose pocket the money would come out of.

I was bored, this meeting seemed unnnecessary, and my mind began to wander. I started to think about the War of 1812.

In June of 1812, the United States declared war on its mother country Britain. During this time, Britain was occupied with Napoleon's war in France, and its eyes were not turned towards the fledgling American threat. Too bad for them. Though the British Empire had expanded to such a point by 1812 that it was impossible for the United States to attack Great Britain by the Atlantic directly - such a move would have been seen immediately and England would have been forced to do something about it - the Americans attacked the Empire from the backside, by way of the then British territory, Canada. The Empire did not respond immediately. Diplomats and bureacrats argued over their responsibility to 1. defend a nation to which the Crown had little more than nominal obligation (though Canada did have a number of assets worth defending: its fur trade and its potential for future expansion, for example), and 2. deal with a problem they thought they had seen the last of thirty years earlier in the Revolutionary War. In the end, the diplomats stopped bickering and sent troops to Canada (the diplomats finally reasoned that they were duty-bound to protect the Empire and Her interests). Even so, this decision might have come too late. When the war ended with th Treaty of Ghent in 1814, there was no clear victor. The stronger Britain had waited to act just long enough to allow the United States to get a foothold in Canada, had been involved with their war with Napoleon too long to defeat America.

So what has happened at Pitzer over the past few weeks? For one, there have been the number of race-related incidents around campus, one involving myself and some others, another involving Jose Calderon and Jack Stark (though I can't really label this race-related, as I might be sued), and a whole bunch of others no one will ever hear about. When Proposition 209 passed on November sixth and these issues came to the (perhaps fleeting) forefront of Claremont College politics, I had hope that everyone would realize the seriousness of the matter. Being at the the town meeting on Race and Ethnic Relations held in Sanborn's living room last month, I had faith that most constituencies around these campuses(or at least the ones at Pitzer) were out to recognize and work towards eliminating these and other problems on campus. Myself and The Other Side, however, I think have seen a different series of events unfold.

It was at the town meeting when I first began thinking about the War of 1812. Actually, I only first began to think about the War of 1812 when at the town meeting, I saw a pattern emerge out of the mostly intelligent talk that was happening that night. Each time a person stood up on the carpet to speak, I saw almost instant rebuttals come to the tips of the tongues two or three other people in the room, with their hands raised up and ready to do battle. One speaker would get up and talk, but would usually be talking only in order to contradict what the last person had said. It was this situation which reminded me of the War of 1812. Like Britain and France last century, the people speaking at the town meeting that night in November fought against each other over details of policy and pride, while ignoring the much larger threat across the Atlantic. If they had only turned their telescopes the other way. The meeting with Jack Clark the lawyer made the allegory of the war even more clear. The Other Side was at that meeting because people still refuse to see the threat across the Atlantic, even though fir trees which are shipped out of Canada will help the British mainland, whether that help comes then or one-hundred years later. Instead, the British will look at France and the French will look at Britain, and both will shoot out insults and both will keep making moves which mean a lot but do little. And as both nations decline, America will still thrive and begin to take over the world

Stakes is high, so cover your ass and rememeber to watch out for America.

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Front Cover Photo by:
Phoebe Bogart

Back Cover Photo by:
Trillium Sellers

*Sorry for the delay due to printing problems.



Dear Other Side,

I must say that I am very disappointed with this month's issue of The Other Side (not that I have ever been pleased with the magazine). Each time I have picked it up to thumb through it, while waiting for this thing or that thing, I find a different mistake. It seems that if The Other Side is going to claim to be a real magazine, the editors should make an effort to check the facts. Whether it is a news flash or an opinion article based on some information believed to be fact, it is important that someone be responsible for checking to see if your information is correct. While I have not had the chance, nor do I have the desire to read every article that has been published, there are a few facts that I would like to correct for you:

Pearl proceeds to list a number of corrections, most of which were noted in the corrections sent out by TOS...

While speaking to a number of people about this issue of The Other Side, I have found that I am not alone in my views. I do not claim that I can speak for the Pitzer Community in general, but I have talked to a number of people about this issue. All expressed disappointment with the magazine in general. In one such discussion, a faculty member reminded all who participated in the discussion that we could send a letter to make you the editors aware of our dissatisfaction. Then a woman who was also a part of this conversation asked why should anyone write a letter to the editor, when it will be either ignored, or twisted, misconstrued, or taken out of context and used to promote the ideas of the editors (paraphrased). While I agree that what she described has been what has happened many times

in the past, I felt it necessary to write this letter anyway. I'd like to believe that you don't realize what you are doing, and that bringing this woman's comment to your attention might prompt you to do something about it, but I am not that naive. What I do expect is for you to do what has been done in the past. I hope that you will prove me wrong this time.

-Pearl E. Howard
 Class of '96

Dear Other Side,

When I first heard that the theme you had suggested to writers for the upcoming issue is to be "Pitzer as Orgasm", at first I was shocked and was unsure of what to think about this. Then, as I thought about it further, it began to make sense: our time here at college is in some ways the climax of our lives, and the experience we have here is at times both intense and enjoyable. We as students have daily "intercourse," as it were, with our teachers, close friends, loose acquaintances, and a multitude of others. Also, in the time I've spent here, I feel as if my experience is becoming more and more frenzied, building into the ultimate release of graduation. After this finally happens, will I feel a bit empty, smoking my cigarette?

As a senior, I have gone through much contemplation of the environment in which I have spent nearly four years. During this time, I have experienced moments of great stimulation, while at other times I feel so jaded about being here. Being at Pitzer is like a cycle of good orgasm/bad orgasm, or most of the time orgasm/no orgasm. I find it interesting how this presents a juxtaposition of opposing, yet unified, ideas. This is reflected in the very design of the school, which unifies female and male principles: the flowing, sensual mounds in contrast to the phallic projection of the fountain, which rises out of "mother earth", as it were.

I laud the consistently strong effort of the Other Side to provoke thoughts and opinions. The theme of this current issue has certainly poked at my mind. Let us all come together and enjoy the experience.

right on,
 -High on Life

Revolution from Within

by Bill Pluecker

*I Am Calling for the Sacrifice of
"The Other Side" in the Name of Community.*

I am an assistant editor for "The Other Side" and am calling for criticism of this magazine from the community. As you can see, Pearl Howard has already begun this process by submitting her complaints concerning the production of the last issue. I have heard on many fronts that "The Other Side" is not an open forum for student debate and discussion as is believed by the editors. However, we have received few recommendations for improvements from the community.

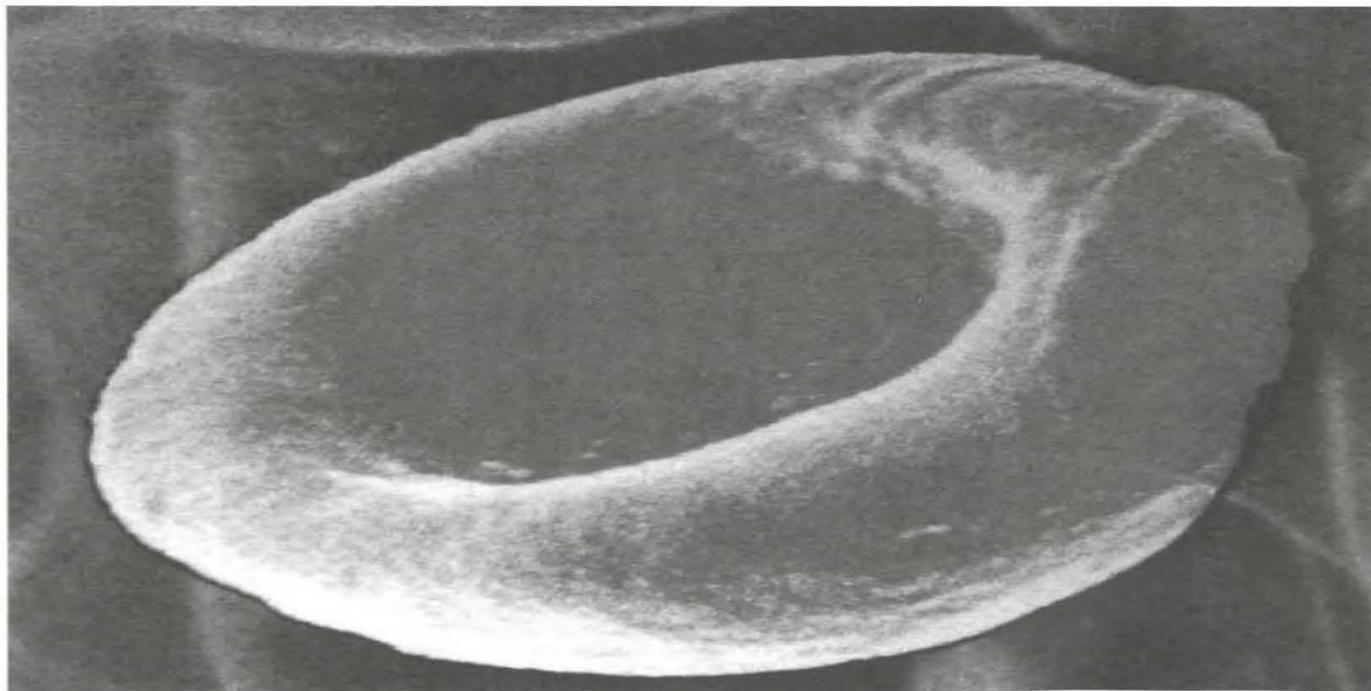
Obviously the magazine is failing if the very people it is attempting to solicit for ideas refuse to submit ideas for its improvement. I hope that through the efforts of the community as a whole "The Other Side" might be severely overhauled so as to more effectively echo student voice. It is my belief that in most areas of school life the students are severely underrepresented and cannot effectively affect the power structure in the school. One place where we have consistently demonstrated our control (oftentimes not to the benefit of the entire school body) is "The Other Side." Because of the potential which "The Other Side" holds by its unique position in the power structure, it is the place from which to build an effective community.

I believe that the fact that this magazine has failed in its objectives points to the failure of anyone to unify the campus community, for if we were unified as a community, the editors would have received the necessary input for making "The Other Side" representational a long time ago. If the structures of dialogue functioned even amongst the community of the students, there would have been an outcry long ago that brought the paper under rein.

Therefore I am offering up "The Other Side" as a sacrificial lamb in the name of community. I believe that through the communal dissection and critique of the magazine a new spirit might be nurtured on campus. The community needs a collective cause around which to muster attention. "The Other Side" is a perfect first step because of the inherent examination of campus discourse which would be necessary.

The students are the only ones who can effectively promote a community on this campus; the administration has been trying for years and has failed. The Other Side is a structure for dialogue which has failed but can be repaired. In my mind, I picture "The Other Side" as a tool by which we can convert the student body into a community of individuals using the governance structures of the administration to the students' advantage. Because of the great possibility for faculty involvement in the process as advisors, writers, and critics, they can help us shape our future community. Obviously, this is a complex process with many steps; however, "The Other Side" can be a catalyst for this process.

What will heal "The Other Side?" Constructive Criticism and input from the students. Re-creating "The Other Side" is a process which will teach the students many things about how to structure discourse so that every individual is effectively heard, for this is the ultimate purpose of the magazine. If everyone contributes to the attack upon the magazine, then everyone's voice will be heard.



by Todd Berry

OK, so I'm sitting here, trying to write an editorial/rant which doesn't begin with "So I'm sitting here..." And since prejudice seems to be the hot topic around campus these days, and as everyone else has taken a stab at it, I thought I'd offer my views on the subject.

I'd like to say that we live in a culture where physical characteristics and lifestyle choices do not affect the ways in which we are treated. I'd like to, but I'd be lying. Hate exists and prejudice exists; anyone who tells you otherwise is either living in Antarctica or a flat out liar, or perhaps both. It exists in every form, and hate crimes exist against every majority and minority you can think of, from homosexual beatings to the Rodney King case to its prodigal son, the Reginald Denny case. Spousal abuse, rape, even non-violent atrocities, such as women equally or sometimes superiorly qualified for positions making thirty percent less than men. We live in the real world, and the only thing I view as being real about the world is that it's a really fucked up place to live.

In high school I knew a kid who grew up in a lovely suburban hell known as Simi Valley. When I knew him, he was a Nazi skinhead. When I met him, I was unaware of this (these days a shaved head is hardly any indication). He was one of the most brilliant as well as impressionable people I've ever met; he was also the product of a broken home, had a heroin addicted brother who used to beat the shit out of him, a father whom he hadn't seen in eight years (he was fifteen at the time), a mother who worked three jobs to keep him and his brother fed, and a horribly cold and self-absorbed peer group which offered him no consolation. Through conversations with this kid, I came to realize that he had become a skinhead for the same reason a lot of kids join gangs: he had wanted to fit in with someone, had needed that familial kind of love that so many of us take for granted. He bought into an ideology of hatred because he wanted to belong. Notice I refer to him in the past tense. He was beaten to death four years ago. All that was ever printed about him was a three line obituary.

Is it our responsibility to ignore the atrocities that someone like this guy perpetuated? Of course not. To ignore them would be as bad as condoning them. But let's look at this from a different perspective: let's say that, with the same family life, this fifteen year old had had the opportunity to meet and socialize with more open-minded people, had found friends who subsisted on more than just hatred and violence. Even simpler, suppose he had had the opportunity to spend time with and converse with more caring individuals, to see that there was an alternative to the world of hate which he was sucked into. I knew this kid; he wasn't inherently racist. Neither was his family. And yet, he physically and verbally abused people daily simply because of their ethnicities.

Let's even go a step further: suppose that this kid, in the same situation, was approached by someone, anyone, and asked "why?" It might have been as simple as that. A conversation with someone willing to listen, willing to talk, willing to be patient. Do any of us have that kind of patience? I didn't, and I can't help asking myself if I could have made a difference.

Of course, I know that it's not my obligation to reach out to everyone, and it's not my fault that he's dead. But the point is that there is so much more that I could have done, that any number of people could have done. It may not be our obligation to reach out to people, but isn't it our responsibility? Instead of hating people for their prejudices, isn't it better to educate them? And, by hating them, don't we risk becoming that which we hate? I think we need to identify the problems of this world instead of identifying with them.

The thing to keep in mind is that harmony, not hatred, is the goal. It's easy to single out an enemy, be it an individual or another college or another subculture. It's harder to try to reach out and help to educate someone, but it's so much more worth it. I believe that no one is beyond help; and helping them may keep innocent people from getting hurt, and confused and misguided kids from ending up as three sentence obituaries.

TOS

Todd Berry is the Music Editor for TOS and was very tired by the time we went to press.

POETRY

Joshua Tree

Road stretches on
beyond horizon
infinite

Joshua Trees
like so many hangéd men

here

I thought once of him
flesh-toned boulders
like skin
mountains are
limbs draped with cloth

standing

hawk flies over
between me
and sky
suddenly aware of my own body
breeze cools trickling sweat

something so natural

I forgot to fragment

Sonya Angelica Diehn Fall of 1994

The Story

What woke her first was not the hand.
It was not the smell of rotten barley
on his breath.

There was a distinct warning;
the presence of a being so bloated
so expansive,
that the very space of her was
pressed
from all sides invisibly threatened.

Then his hand pushed her over.
The pageant of her
dreams escaped
his sweat: fuel drained.
Somehow he knew it
and fled.

Later in thinking of her,
he is cold and dank,
wonders at fear of her
seven years.
She is action and no reason.
There are things to be gotten from
her.
The slow precise tarnishing,
an exchange between young and old.

fiona spring © 1996

If You Can Say "CONDOM" in English...

You know how to say
"CONDOM"
in French, Italian AND Spanish!!

Note!

Never
Use A Condom
With...

Vaseline
Crisco
Cool Whip
Sandpaper
Hand Lotion
Motor Oil
Suntan Lotion
Baby Oil
Butter

Condoms
protect
against:

AIDS
Herpes
Syphilis
Gonorrhea
Genital Warts
Chlamydia

AVOID
the
CAVITY CREEPS!



CONDOMS
ARE...

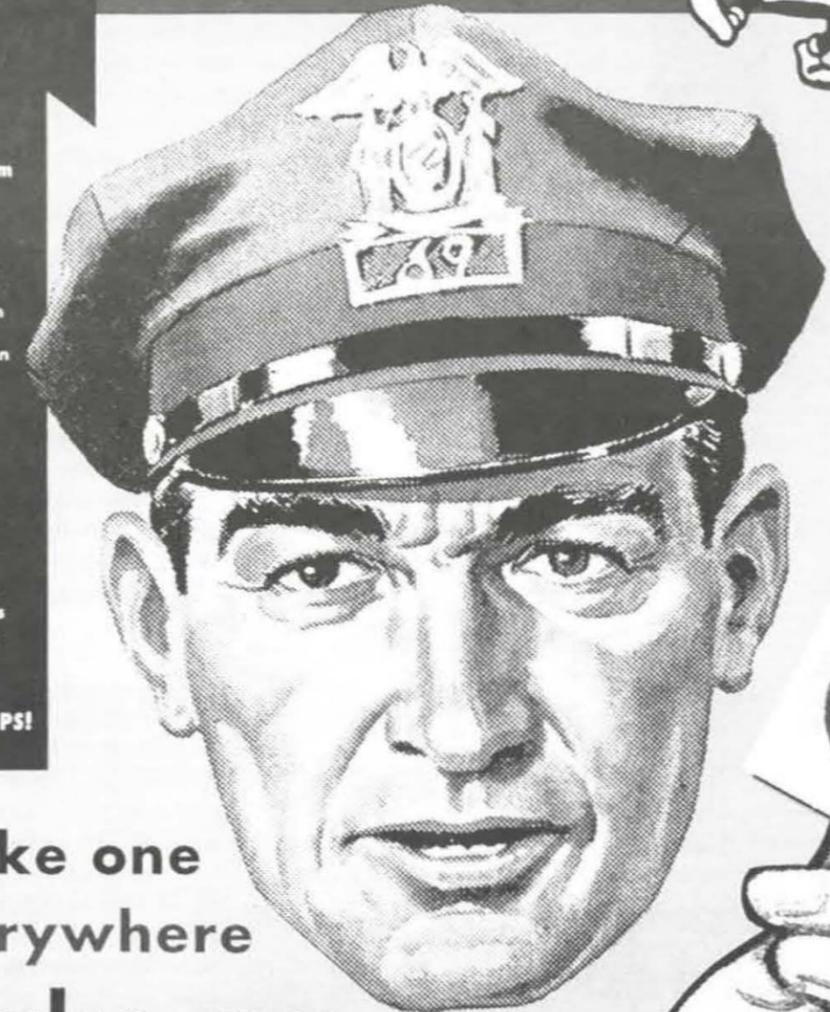
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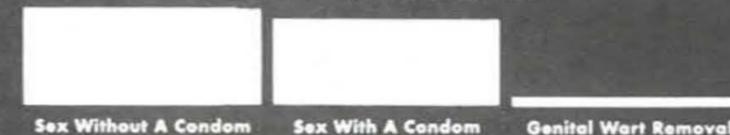
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"I take one
everywhere
I take my
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The PLEASURE GRAPH



DID YOU KNOW?

4 out of 4 persons prefer
condoms to herpes!

3 out of 4 dentists surveyed
recommend sugarless gum
for their patients who use
condoms!

WARNING!

OBJECTS IN
CONDOMS MAY
APPEAR LARGER
THAN THEY
ACTUALLY ARE!

CONDOMS

THEY GO WHERE YOU GO

BELIEVE
IT!!!... Every day Someone Successfully Uses A
Condom Under The Influence of Alcohol.

250,000 TIMES CHEAPER!!
...Than the Average Child!



This was a story I wrote for my field book, the frame for student writing in the Pitzer Program in Ontario. I made the trip with the housing inspectors as part of my internship with the Ontario Redevelopment Agency.

The three of us rolled up in our city issue doodoo brown sedan to the small complex on Grove St. and parked out front. It was my first inspection, but they had been doing it every day. Eddie Moreno was the head housing inspector for the redevelopment agency and Diana Guerrero, who usually does the paperwork, came along, hoping that through further training she would be chosen to fill the vacancy in the department. I stepped out with my journal under arm, Diana with her forms stacked on her clipboard, and Eddie strapped on his tool belt and tucked a pencil behind his ear.

Two rows of three attached housing units faced each other, and a central path connected them. On the far fence at the end of the path, black spray paint welcomed us with the words FUCK YOU, two eyes in the O and U, and a smiling mouth underneath. Sparse, burnt grass covered areas between the walkways which dirt didn't. Large deep holes on the outside walls of the single story stucco revealed the plaster and wire mesh underneath.

Code enforcement had sited the owner of the property for various violations, and had suggested to him the low cost loans and grants available through the Redevelopment Agency's Neighborhood Enhancement and Home Improvement programs. We were responsible for the initial visit and inspection, which would determine the size and extent of the rehab necessary. As we approached the door of the resident manager, barking dogs and Spanish chatter from the TV novellas of adjacent houses competed with each other.

The Undiscovered Ontario

"They Forget What Their House Used to Look Like But They Expect The Taj Mahal"

by Len Davis

We were welcomed into the home, but were unable to gain access to any of the other five apartments that day. After being let in, the young woman who claimed her husband was the manager stepped past us out the door to the neighbors house and left us to do our job. Next to the doorway, a Polaroid of a teenage girl with massive cleavage and a large marijuana spliff pendant around her neck hung by itself on the wall.

Our job was to measure the rooms individually and the property as a whole, and to distinguish which trouble spots absolutely needed repair or replacement. The apartment was bare without furniture, and smelled poignantly of the lone pot of beans cooking on the stove. An infant emerged from the bedroom dragging her blanket behind her, and began wailing upon realizing her mother was no where to be found, only a group of unfamiliar adults towering over her in her own house. The mother came back inside briefly to snatch her up and leave once again.

The linoleum floor in the kitchen was patchy, and with chunks missing, left bare large portions of the ground beneath it. Bolted to the side of the sink cabinet was a camping stove and a hose running to a white bulbous tank next to it. Perhaps a fire hazard at best, it seemed incredibly dangerous. I found it hard to believe when the young woman later returned and told us it was only for cooking outside and that they

rarely used it. Eddie declared that the entire cabinetry, sink and electric fixtures would have to be replaced.

The kitchen door let out to a small boxed-in back yard. Large trees in each of the three yards provided sufficient shade and cover, but through a lack of attention they had grown out of control and were resting heavily, dumping leaves which were collecting on the rooftop. I couldn't help but point out how old the trees were and what a shame it would be to remove them, to which Eddie responded "Uh oh, we've got an environmentalist here." We walked back inside and while they finished measuring, I tried hard to resist looking at the other photos scattered around the living room. I asked Eddie what the code of conduct was and whether or not it was okay to look at the pictures. He said the code was unwritten but that it was inappropriate, then pulled me into the bathroom to point out damage from water that had leaked through the wall from the kitchen.

After being denied access to two of the other housing units, and the rest not answering, Eddie removed and assembled a three part ladder from the trunk of the car and we were up on the roof within seconds. There were a number of soft spots, and overall the surface was weathered and unstable and badly in need of repair. I felt almost a threat of it collapsing beneath us, but not significant enough to have gotten down. Up there I found a cassette tape called "Howling & Growling, Songs Of and About Animals," a promotional giveaway toy from a Weinerschnitzel fast food joint.

From the roof we were able to see down into the neighbors yard, where in contrast to the rundown complex, the adjacent yard was vibrant with flowers and a small swimming pool which actually made it look lived in. An old man was standing by a table repainting a small statue he told us his son had given him years ago, but had always been outside and became weathered over time. Next to the pool an old woman in a wheelchair sat silently staring off into space and failed to even notice our presence. The old man asked us whether we'd be putting on a new roof. "It needs it bad," he suggested.

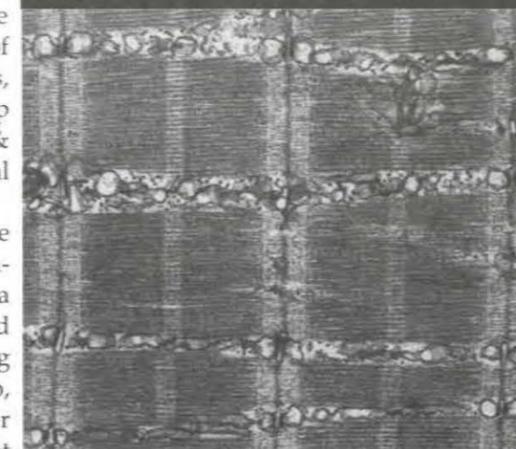
I walked the length of the building, consciously avoiding the soft spots. From the far end I could see directly down into a vacant parcel with no street-front access which was surrounded by neighboring houses. Shards of plastic trash were strewn from the trees and blowing in the breeze, waterlogged garbage sat in piles below, and rubber tires and wood pallets were scattered throughout the abandoned property turned dumping ground. The complex was part of the Agency's target area, and was the continuation of a rehabilitation sweep through the neighborhood.

Unable to do more and ready to leave, we got back in the car and headed to the office. Diana suggested we drive back via another target area which the agency has finished rehabbing the past year. The neighborhood was another ghetto of single family stucco ranch homes and although most appeared new because of the repairs, it still looked shitty for the most part. Of the ten to fifteen homes on the block, all of which had received at least minimal loans or grants to fix up their property, one house refused the help and stood out as having done absolutely nothing, greatly contrasted to the revitalized image of the neighborhood. New windows on some of

the homes had already been broken out and new landscaping already overgrown had not been tended to.

An old Latino man with a thick dark mustache squinted at the morning sunshine as he pushed a shopping cart with two cases of soda down the sidewalk. It was just after 9 a.m. Residents inside peeked out from behind curtains at us while people talking in their front yards stopped their conversation and stared us by. As we rolled through in our city car, the large City of Ontario decal on the doors made it impossible to hide who we were. The centerpiece of the decal read "A Balanced Community". Later, I wondered what this meant. But we were not the narcs or La Migra as the peoples stares would have indicated. It is hard for me to put into perspective the work which the department does. One would think that practically giving away money through generous grants and interest free loans would make the agency popular, but like any other city office or agency, few things the city does in such poor

The neighborhood was another ghetto of single family stucco ranch homes...



areas are seen as in the residents' favor.

On the way back we discussed the difficulty of not being judgmental when working on a home like the one we had just left. When I had asked earlier about why replacing the disgusting carpet would not be part of the project, Eddie explained that the agency had to differenti-

ate between peoples personal living habits and the actual structural condition of the building. He acknowledged the dilemma of having to keep his personal observations and feelings out of the equation, and that it was his job to rehab homes, not preach to people about their lifestyle. This aspect of the job was particularly frustrating when they look back on jobs that they have just recently finished, only to find that the homeowner has not held up their end of the bargain in maintaining the property even after the rehabilitation. "They forget what their house used to look like but they expect the Taj Mahal." He explained the incredible difference in how homeowners react to the project before it is done, immediately after, and long after the work has been done.

Before arriving back at our office, Eddie expressed to me how much he enjoys his job not only because of how grateful the majority of the people are to have the work done on their homes, but the variety of the people he deals with and how different each project is. This, of course, before he launches into a profile of another home he had just finished and the 6 foot 3 inch, 280 pound woman who always wore sandals and had "toe nails large enough to open cans with," whatever that means.



Len Davis is studying abroad in the distant land of Ontario, California.



t was not a day I'll soon forget. It's not a day I should forget. It was election day, 1996. It was the day Californians, as is the case every year, set legislative precedents for the rest of the nation. And what precedents we set this year. We showed them we want clean water. We showed them we want campaign finance reform. We showed them that we didn't want Proposition 211, whatever the hell it was. We also showed them that the right of ailing individuals to ease their suffering through a popular Pitzer pastime was important. More important, it turns out, than the equality and civil rights of women and people of color. All in all, although I had tried to prepare myself and I knew much of what transpired on election day was inevitable, it still got to me. And it made what was already a bad day even worse.

This was no ordinary bad day, however. This was the worst of two worlds colliding. I've come to the realization that there are two types of bad days. Bad days in general, and "bad Pitzer" days. This isn't to say that the two are separate or mutually exclusive. Pitzer can be a haven, it can be the Liberal Dome, but make no mistake about it: it's part of the world at large. When these two worlds converge or diverge in some manner there can be two polaric occurrences.

In one scenario, the Santa Anas blow the smog away, and the simple vision of Mount Baldy might as well be the pinnacle of existence because, if only for a brief fleeting moment, the worlds converge harmoniously and your life and everything in it makes sense. You've realized that you have a place in the world at large and that Pitzer is helping you find it. You can find space for yourself in a complex society. You restore your faith in some abstract notion of goodness. You've made peace with yourself, with your own contradictions and those of a troubled nation.

When these paths diverge, however, it can be a frustrating, scary place. These are what often manifest themselves in bad Pitzer days. On these days, for all the radical liberalism you can muster, you still can't defend yourself and you can't figure out the opposition. It's these days when America sucks. And California sucks. And Pitzer,

Of Celebration and Reconciliation by Edwin A Martini, III

well, suck may not even be a strong enough verb. Those days when the smog consumes you. Those days when being a college student or a liberal has no more significance than being a Sagehen. Those days when not only do the most minute contradictions of America inflict pain on you, but when your own contradictions transcend your conscience and become emotional and physical reminders of how hard it is to be mortal.

When it becomes a bad Pitzer day, though, is when the pain really hits. On these types of days Pitzer seems more irrelevant than irreverent. On a bad Pitzer day class really sucks because everyone agrees. These are the days when you need to talk to seven different people and fill out three forms to tell them that you want to graduate. These are the days you want to jump head first in the four foot pool, when the clock tower feels like it's right next to your ear, when you can't for the life of you figure out why "History of Ideas" satisfies your math requirement, but "History of Science" does not fulfill your science requirement. It's these days when I personally wish someone would drop a new venture right on my head.

The specific day to which I was referring started out as a bad Pitzer day and got worse with the election results. It started a few days before, while I was reading the first issue of this very publication. Not only was I disappointed with the fact that we were still talking about the art and about Debra and Michael, but that we were hearing about it from some new members of the Pitzer community. Here we were, six months on and we're still talking about the same old stuff; the contributors were harping on it. Far be it for me to criticize the content of any person's work, but I must say I was disappointed. I had hoped that new members of the community would present a new point of view, a new subject, or a new vision. What we got instead was a description of study habits, a collection of observations about weird Pitzer stuff, and another article about



"reorganization." Let me add that this seems to be not a symptom of the individuals, but rather of Pitzer. It seemed to hit me that maybe we've simply become stuck in this groove. I sure hope that's not the case.

The day continued when I went to the student senate meeting. Here I became frustrated not only with a lengthy debate about what we should do about the new venture proposal, but with a debate between The Other Side and members of the senate. I was about ready to head up and dive in the pool. We talked for onwads of thirty minutes in senate about what we should do regarding the new venture proposal. We talked and talked and talked, even though we all agreed and we all knew what to do. Then the debate between TOS and the senate members went on, and the discussion went back and forth about whether or not TOS had changed the article submitted by the senate convenor and whether or not it should have been responded to in the way in which it was, and whether or not the members involved felt safe submitting articles in the future. The day went on like this, through the election, and I grew more and more frustrated...

A few days later, looking back on the events through the prism of a better day, I began to see them in a whole new light. I began to make sense of Pitzer and my place in it, if only for a day. I realized that my frustration with the seeming frivolity of the articles in The Other Side blurred the potential benefits of dialogue and debate about what should be discussed in community forums. I had momentarily forgotten that we were colleagues and peers and that it was an opportunity for me to respond and provide my view. That said, let me add that regardless of satirical content, if all that is written about in this magazine about our community revolves around art, Marilyn,

"It's these days when America sucks. And California sucks. And Pitzer, well, suck may not even be a strong enough verb."

oxymoronic menu items, late bells and shallow ends, then it greatly limits the potential discussions and the potential of Pitzer. To write off what has become standard randomness here reveals a weakness in our community of failing to realize that we must not only strive for improvement, but also not forget to celebrate what we have.

I also came to realize that my frustration with the new venture debate in senate and the deliberate nature in which we (necessarily) operate was distorting what was essentially a positive thing - students working with little (if any) help from above attempting to stop the unjust acts implied by the potential destruction of the Bernard Field Station and the potential placement there of a corporate pharmaceutical feeding school right across the street.

My frustration with the debate between The Other Side and the senate members also blurred what was really a discussion of how to affect positive changes in our community. Both sides argued different and equally meritable ideas - one side believed change should occur through established (and often bureaucratic) channels, and the [O]ther side believed it should come through more independent (and often more chaotic) means.

So I eventually made peace with myself and with Pitzer, but this isn't always the case. As we all know, a bad Pitzer day can be as close as a flyer or an ad-hoc committee **14**

away. So what should we make out of these days and these often unpleasant convergencies and divergencies of two distinct yet intertwined worlds?

What these days are really trying to tell us is that it's decision time. It's tough days when tough decisions make or break you. It's those tough days when you go to the lecture at night instead of watching Melrose. It's those tough days when you decide to vote Nader (who, by the way, did surprisingly well). It's those tough days when your vision of yourself and your vision of Pitzer will be defined.

I've said it before and I'll say it again until it bores me or someone proves me wrong: It's not easy being a liberal. It's damn hard. It requires you to confront your own contradictions and to act on your visions of what society, whether within the liberal dome or without, should be. Most of all, being a liberal forces you to make a contribution, to add dialogue to the debate, to talk about what no one else does.

What I think we need most, besides creating a more constructive, relevant, and practical dialogue, is to stop once in a while. Once in a great while, we should stop and reflect upon what we have here at Pitzer and realize for a moment not what our community should be, but what it already is. We're all so hell-bent on changing the world and all its microcosms that we often don't give ourselves credit. I'm not saying we need a hearty pat on the back from the ghosts of the sixties. I'm not saying we need a festival of self-recognition. But what we all could benefit from is a small celebration - a realization that we're still trying and that a lot of us are in it together.

I know what you're thinking. Save it, Ed. Save your rah-rah bullshit Pitzer patriotism for the sagehens. Save your "be young, have fun, drink Pitzer" crap for on-campus day. And you may very well be right.

But if we don't allow ourselves a minute or two of positive reflection, if we don't allow ourselves just a minute to "live, breathe, be free," as my favorite piece of spontaneous art reads, then nothing will seem like progress, and Pitzer, along with all of us, will forever dwell in a vast liberal vacuum. Perhaps worst of all, without a small celebration now and then, every day will be a bad Pitzer day, which I, for one, cannot take.

Don't mistake my argument for celebration as one for complacency or satisfaction, because both of these will have similar results as just described. All I'm asking for is a little celebration, be it personal or public. All I'm saying is that once in a while the best thing we can do is step away and try to reconcile ourselves with our community and our world.

Such a thing took place the night I contemplated writing this article, trying to muster my own reconciliations and trying to make peace and sense out of a potentially devastating day. I dozed off, which at the time may have been the best possible escape - a fantastic celebration, if somewhat disconnected from reality. I dreamed of a community diverse in nature but joined by common visions. I dreamed of a community that realized both its potential and its value. But just then, as if someone was keeping an eye on me, not allowing my celebration to become complacent, the fire alarms sounded, signaling that a new round had begun.



Ed Martini is a Junior and has just recently been inducted into the hall of fame for drinking 30 bottles of Newcastle in one sitting.

A Lie of the Mind

a contemporary play about two families
and how they react to a disturbing and
disheartening blow of violence

By Aaron Rhodes

Dysfunctional and loving it. Two families were on exhibition last month in Seaver theatre. They let us watch them during a pivotal point in their lives. They allowed us to look for three long hours as they shared the small details of excuses for staying close to one another and allowed the audience to seep into the naturalistic and blatantly metaphoric mind of Sam Shepard.

When I say long with regards to time, I mean the subject matter of physical and psychological abuse didn't float through the air like a board game commercial but rather stuck in my head like a miss-thrown lawn dart. The actors seemed to be playing this game of who-can-disturb-me-the-longest. Never did they look at me; they were on the other side of the fourth wall, and I was glad to have that thin division between us. Despite my knowing a few of the actors, their transformed presence held me in disbelief and fascination (until I fell asleep that is...no just joking, the only thing that fell asleep was my butt).

The director, Pomona Professor Thomas Leabhart: "Sam Shepard's play A LIE OF THE MIND is a challenge for college students, both because of its violent themes and because of the intensity of the acting required. It is not without great merit and, finally, even a certain sense of redemption despite the subject matter: spousal abuse. There is a happy ending, or at least as happy as one can hope for in a Shepard play, and thanks to singers who harmonize transitions from scene to scene, you may even leave the theatre humming a tune." I wish I had come away singing some country-western song. In essence the show was a country song, talking about loving and leaving, heartbreak, and, well, I guess it would be a more graphic and brutal country song, going something like this:

My wife she's a looker, and I love her so much
To prove that I care, I hit her a bunch...

I don't mean to make light of such a sad and disgusting practice, but Sam Shepard writes in a rhythmic twang with subjects touching on the West, nature, dreams and suffering. Playwright and actor Sam Shepard (1943 - hasn't died yet) grew up in the town of Duarte, 30 minutes East of Los Angeles. He began his playwriting career in 1964 in the off-off Broadway theatre and was playwright in residence at San Francisco's Magic Theatre. His extremely large output of plays includes (possible future country song titles) MAD DOG BLUES (1971), THE TOOTH OF CRIME (1972), CURSE OF THE STARVING CLASS (1976), BURIED CHILD (1978), TRUE WEST (1980), FOOL FOR LOVE (1982), A LIE OF THE MIND (1985) and SIMPATICO (1993).

For a play filled with pain and suffering, I thought that the violence was very tastefully hidden from the viewers eyes but ever present in the context. Done off stage, including the halving of a fine young buck (the program made note that "No animals have been harmed or injured in the making of this production."), I was again left sickened

after one of the first scenes in the hospital in which Beth (Sara E. Gonzalez) is recovering from being beaten. At first I thought she was burnt, but later found that the large brown splotches were bruises caused by her husband Jake (Eliot C. Arnold). I didn't need to see the fight for it to be real.

The set design had the contemporary feel of a drive in movie with two large non symmetric screens, and the nostalgic ambiance of an MTV music video of "Proud to be an American," that patriotic song we all know and loved after the Gulf War. The patriotism kick was a little out of hand, but perhaps not too far off from the American ideal. The flag and stars opened and closed the show, hymns were sung in between scenes hinting at nationalism and pride, and the flag is responsible (much symbolic meaning here) for shielding and transporting Jake, who is pantless, to Montana. But in the end he winds up being dragged through the ice by the neck with the flag. To close the play, not to give too much away, Meg (Kerryn Jane Sanan) and Baylor (G. Maximilian Zarou) fold the flag used to commemorate Jake's dead father.

Leigh Okies did a fantastic job on the set design. She kept it simple and functional, kind of like jeans: good for all occasions and matches everything except the bed sheets, unless your in a Calvin Klien advertisement. Seriously though, the rear screen projection helped with setting the scene as to where the characters were as well as mood and memories.

The play was very well acted with the exception of a few chorus voices and the chorus leader. The dancing and singing were fine for the first few seconds, but the transitions seemed to carry on for too long. Also, on the larger scale of the play, the dancing did not fit. The interpretations of the songs and what was happening on stage was overkill. Besides the interludes, the play was strong and solid.

I was compelled by Beth as a character. Gonzalez' portrayal of Beth struck me as frighteningly real, but humorous in a "Jodie Foster: Nell" sort of way. After being beaten her speech became slurred and lumped together. It would not have surprised me if she broke down into "By by chickapee pee, me me chichalpee me..." Beth's accent and speech was consistent and believable to me. Beth had some very deep thoughts for a kicked in the head young woman, almost prophetic. We didn't see her before the beating, so I have nothing with which to compare her to, but after her brain was damaged she started spewing out complex metaphoric images and subjects dealing with memory and love that were akin to the Shakespearean Sonnet #121; minus the iambic pentameter, of course.

Overall, I enjoyed the play and commend everyone on an off-off-off-off Broadway performance which was definitely comparable to an off-off-off Broadway stature. 

Aaron Rhodes is the Executive-Editor for the Other Side and is currently seeking political asylum on a small island off the West coast of Ireland, McFegininyhadden, to avoid graduating next year.



Election Day 1996

by Michell Silas

am aware that the ACLU has recently filed an injunction to the Federal District Court against Proposition 209. However, this does not negate the fact that 209 did pass and although it did not pass in LA county (where I am a registered voter), I ask everyone, "did you do your part?" By the time this article is read the only thing on the minds of the Pitzer community will be finals, but despite this, I write this article to remind everyone that silence is worse than complacency. For this purpose, I will allow everyone into the mind of Isabel Michell Silas - for a brief second.

November 6, 1996

It is 12:56 a.m. and election day has passed. Wow, Woopie, this is the first year that I have voted. I am now classified as one of the few who give a damn. I woke my ass up and went to Altadena to vote, to make a difference. However, deep inside, I have always thought voting was some bullshit. The truth be told, because i am black, poor, and a woman, in the big scheme of things i won't make a difference. The least I can do is try. Nonetheless, it still hurts when a proposition like 209 passes. I suppose I should feel happy, delighted that Clinton is president, thanks once again for the few scrubs we will be promised but never will receive.

And you know what? I am angry, and I feel like saying exactly what I believe; I will. Fuck all you Pitzer students. You talk about wanting to make a change, a difference, that you really feel bad the way society is, but you only feel this way for four years - at the most- then it's off to your "world", your "reality." You feel like you put in your time because you take "Race and Ethnic Relations," or if you are really progressive, "Social Stratification" - but when the class ends and your four years are up, along with you leaving, your compassion will, too.

And you know what? I don't want your compassion. What I wanted you to do, what you should have done, was talk to your fucking Republican parents who allowed this proposition to pass.

For all you students of color, you'll feel my wrath too. What did you do? For those of you who know me know that yes, I talk a lot of shit, but at least I can say that I back my shit up. Can you?

So no, I can't see Pitzer as the great diverse Mecca. I see it for what it is: an exploitative society.

The administration can kiss my ass too. I had a class cancelled the other day, and at first I was glad. My professor, who is Chicano, was to give a presentation which recognized Pitzer for being one of the leading colleges in diversity. But then I thought, Pitzer thinks it's o.k. for her to give a speech just as long as she knows her place. So when it comes to tenure, remember that you're just a wetback, a nigger, a cunt. Because in the end, to get tenured at the ivy league school that is Pitzer, if you fall into any of these categories, know that as a given you have to be extraoverqualified. And please don't be a professor of color who cares because automatically you sell your soul to the devil and automatically you are married to that bitch named Pitzer and the legal document that proves it are the twenty weekly committees you are involved in.

So if I offended, outraged or hurt anybody's feelings, I don't give a damn because you didn't give a damn about mine. 

Interviews with Friends:

These interviews are the first in a series I wish to conduct with Maintenance Staff at Pitzer for the Other Side, which will continue into next semester. They are not verbatim, but I have tried to keep the voice of the people intact through editing. However, interviews are never complete. Words and meanings shift in content to the context in which they are spoken. The following should not be thought of as encapsulated views and feelings but as a point of departure to begin to see who these wonderful people are. But an interviewer cannot be thought of as a neutral conduit of communication. Speaking is an aspect of privilege. I am simultaneously just a part of and an active agent in this article. I too, am responsible for its content, as I framed my questions towards my intentions. My questions were roughly: What are your hobbies? Are there things you would like to share with other people? How did you get to Pitzer? How do you feel about your place at Pitzer? How do you see Pitzer as a part of your life?

Marcelino Sanchez - Groundskeeper with the Pitzer Arboretum

I feel that this is one of the schools I know of that offers an education in environmental studies. The students are very lucky to have a place of learning of bringing back the environment, we've lost a lot of our natural habitat. I think that there's an awareness of everybody who comes through the Arboretum on work study or with class and that they find it very rewarding, because as time goes on, people will be aware of the environment and how it's gone downhill. This is my feelings about Pitzer and I'm sure there are other programs, but I am very satisfied every day to know that not only I have contributed and learned by working in the Arboretum but also that the students have gained the utmost education by Professor John Rodman.

I was a Vietnam veteran and served from 1970-72. Fourth/Sixty-Eighth Airborne Armor Division, and I was a radar technician. I've always been one to venture on to new things. I'm an electronic technician by trade and worked for General Telephone for years and I can say that this is one job where I feel comfortable and look forward to work every day. I started off as temporary help and found myself working in the Arboretum and liking it more because of the challenges. Even though it was part time, it was a struggle, but that's why I came to work and for the rewarding feeling (I got).

I want to take advantage of the school and take some classes and eventually upgrade my education and hopefully retire from Pitzer.

I feel very fortunate to have worked with students that are willing to learn (from me) and also I learn

by Alexis Akagawa

learn from them, so I feel that Pitzer Arboretum Department is an ongoing education for myself.

My hobbies are "if it's broke, I'll fix it". One of my hobbies is playing the trumpet, tearing down any electrical component to find what makes it work, "adjustment and repairs" are my middle names. I like dancing, football games, and marching bands and parades. I like to go see band competitions. Those are things I like to do.

Lucy Acosta - Maintenance

I think what I do is important for the college. It is important for my survival as well. I just started here not so long ago. I see a possible friend if you talk to me.

If you ever need anything just ask and I'll do it for you. There is a lot to do but I can always fit you in - it is a way of life. We can't come here and be robots, we are still human beings. I still miss my kids, we still have feelings.

I got to Pitzer because I *really* needed it. I got it through the Temporary Agency and I was looking for a job in an office environment but they said all they had was house-keeping. I have office skills but I eventually said okay. My first time cleaning a bathroom was hard. Then the job was like any other job, you learn the right way to clean a bathroom for a living. Thoughts took over and I forgot the first experience. Like I said there's relating to people - you see the same people every day and get used to them, you just do it and make the best out of it.

Eventually, I want to go to school to better myself. My children already have it better than when I was a little girl. I would like to probably end up being a teacher.

I am now trying to spend time with my children. I like sports and crafts, crocheting, there are just so many things to do. I like sewing and I like reading, I just wish I had more time.

Bennie Trapp - Custodial Supervisor

I come from a military background - 21 years in the Air Force, I did two tours of Vietnam and was decorated once, got a bronze star. I've also worked for Allied Signal for thirteen years where I was a Senior Engineering Supervisor, spent eleven years in Alaska, came to Southern California in '86. Spent a year working for Marriott at the Ontario Airport, where I was a food and beverage manager, then "lo and behold I saw the advertisement in the paper for Custodial Supervisor of Pitzer.

The relationships I've formed are good. Wonderful staff, wonderful students, wonderful faculty. I just feel part of the community because Pitzer is part of my family. I love my job. I love my co-workers. I'm around the campus all the time, I'm very active; it's almost like aerobics.

I'm a worker and a student. I think that students here at Pitzer are different than the other colleges, in that they see a lot more caring, open, involved - I guess with social 

Jumping The Tracks

by Brook Bannister

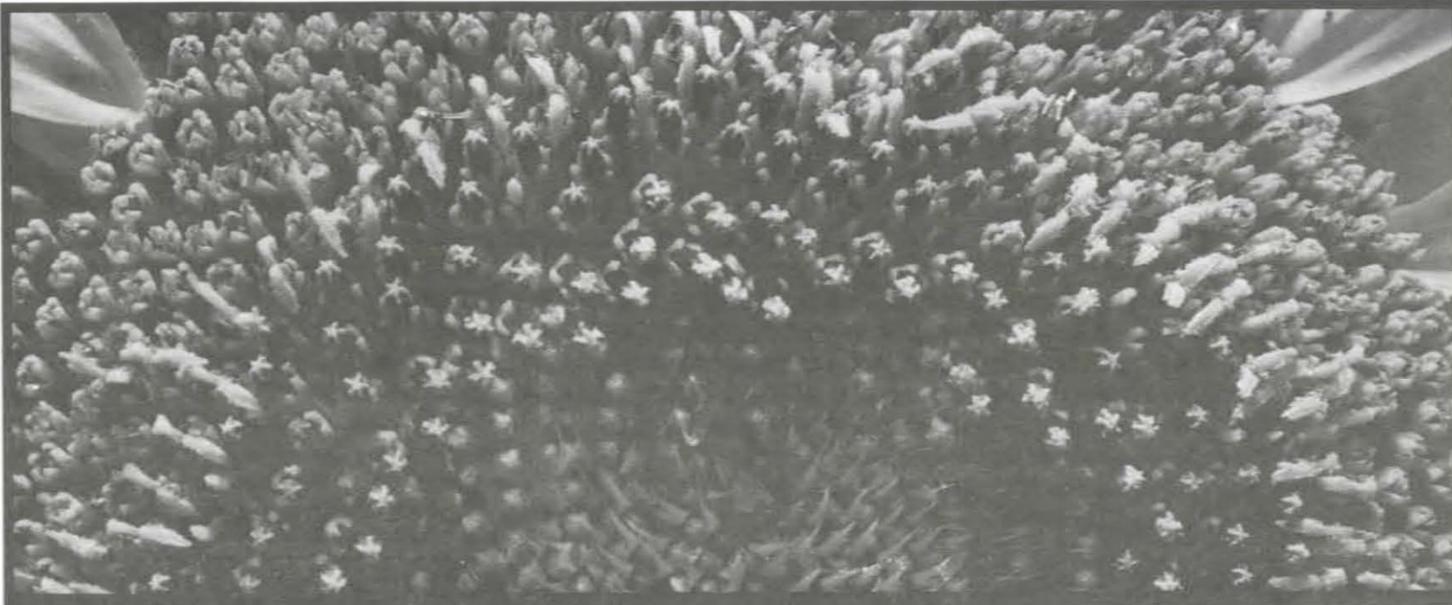
Like a lot of people, I have serious concerns about Pitzer which make my heart heavy. I've spent quite a few hours staring at the acoustic tiles of my Mead ceiling, struggling to find a way to run together all of these worries into an Other Side article. What most of my thoughts have come down to is socialization. For my purpose, socialization could be described as taking people new to an idea or place and explaining how it came to be - the motives and the emotions behind it. This concept also involves a personal investigation and adaptation into whatever is new. Socialization is nearly extinct at Pitzer, and the effects are painfully obvious

My understanding is that Pitzer was created and directed by some folks who were extremely passionate about educating kids in a very personal and liberating way. Pitzer got a lot of its early direction and "tradition" from Lucian Marquis who came from Black Mountain College in North Carolina, which was one of the most prominent schools of alternative art and intellectualism in the country, as well as being a really energetic place and a strong community. Pitzer inherited a lot of this, combined it with the character of its early faculty, students, staff and administration, and most of its life has been at the heart of alternative education. It became quite an amazing community.

When did Pitzer jump the tracks? I don't know the exact culprit or date, but in recent years there has been a lot of turnover in Pitzer administrators, who are increasingly slick, new-school, conservative and, sadly, not interested in Pitzer's past nor in its potential. So what we have had till now is a nasty chain of administrators who weren't socialized, and didn't socialize themselves. There's no regard for the blood that people shed to create this college. Everyone wants to assert their own agenda.

Along with this has come a Wall Street crew to handle admissions. These folks had no socialization either, and you can see the result in the new classes. The general type of student has changed dramatically since I've been at Pitzer, and even before I arrived. Looking around I see fewer and fewer Pitzer types, and less and less Pitzer things going on. Future doctors and athletes have replaced the freaks. Those of you who are new students and think that I'm describing you, I have no doubts that you are passionate, intelligent people. I just don't think that you are what Pitzer had in mind thirty-three years ago. But these days I'm probably more out of place here than you.

I don't feel that our administrators are necessarily evil or uncaring, it just seems that their concern is for the future, without any regard for the past. There's a song I like quite a bit in which one of the lines goes, 'You're going to reap just what you sow.' If the people who run the school continue to disregard it's history, then the students and faculty they bring in won't value or explore the history of their new home, and won't value what made it wonderful (Werner Warmbrunn really ought to handle Freshman Orientation). And if you find out what made Pitzer wonderful, you find out what is wonderful about it now, because many of the people 



The Unseen Prejudice by Anton A. Hill

I stood alone in a group of some thirty or forty black shirted people, all of whom were wearing the expression "huh?" I was angry, hurt, troubled, and sad, but not surprised at all. We were all standing in front of the Athenaeum.

It was a silent vigil for affirmative action and the related issues of civil rights (note that I wrote civil rights and NOT race and ethnic relations). We had just finished a verse of a protest song which went something like "Not gonna let no xenophobia (racism, sexism, whatever you choose) hold me down!" At the end of that verse, I thought it my responsibility and duty to scream out "ableism" (for those of you who don't know, which includes just about all of you, that is the prejudice against those of us who are physically challenged in some way). Needless to say, no one had a fucking clue what I was talking about. Layla Welborn looked my way and asked in a very confused tone, "What's that?" The reason I mention her name is that I thought she, out of all people, would have some idea of what I was talking about. I was wrong. Nothing personal, of course.

I started to explain to the crowd, "You know, the prejudice..." I noticed half of the group walk to the next site. I felt all the words I wanted to use in my head, but never leave my mouth. How could they, without an audience? "Youknowtheprejudiceagainstphysicallychallengedpeople!" my desperate mind yelled. But to no avail. The song had ended and so had any hope of MY struggle being recognized by this group. My mind kept racing. "Well, fuck you too!" he said. "Where the fuck do you get off...!" he continued. I shut him up as this was getting neither of us anywhere.

I leaned over to my girlfriend. "Apparently my prejudice just doesn't matter." Right then, Mahesh Mohan, bless his heart, walked up to me and said simply, "I heard you." "Thanks," I muttered. Alex Juhasz walked up to me. "I heard you too. I think they eventually understood." "Great," I thought. "Whoopy, who cares?"

Later on, Andy Aslaskan approached me (ironically, we were on Pitzer's campus by this point).

"I'm sorry about what happened back there," he said.

"So am I."

"It's really sad that you weren't recognized."

"I'm used to it."

For the rest of the walk, I sang, clapped and otherwise engaged with considerably less zeal. They recognized xenophobia and not ableism? That's pretty sad. It was after all a CIVIL RIGHTS walk, and the last time I checked that meant rights for everyone, basic, human, guaranteed rights. Obviously, this only includes those who have had a movement or have marched on Washington.

Because of the reactions I got, and for all the ones that I have gotten for nearly twenty years now, I shall take it upon myself to educate you all (because you're not taking it on yourselves).

Ahem (adjusting footing on soap box), the legally blind (I can't speak for other forms of physical challenge) have a national organization known as the National Federation of the Blind, or NFB. No, we aren't as well

as well known as the NAACP but we do the same sort of stuff. We lobby Congress for what we need, talk to people, provide scholarships to needy students who don't get it anywhere else, issue equipment to those who need it (including canes and talking books). We're here.

Affirmative Action doesn't really affect us, but another major government institution, Social Security, does. Because of my physical challenge and my financial status, I get up to \$470.00 a month, just for being alive. Social Security deposits this in a bank account in Portland, Oregon, and all I have to do to get it (besides breathe) is tell them how much money I'm getting in other forms of income. Pretty cool huh?

That's right everyone, tax dollars from your paychecks, go directly into my bank account and pay me money to help get through this life facing a daily prejudice which most of you feel isn't important or doesn't exist. Pretty funny, huh?

Why don't you tell them about this prejudice, Anton? Okay, I will. Throughout my life, I have seen it in two forms. The first is the assumption that I can't do something because of my challenge. A good example of this is when I mention to people that I'm a media studies major. The usual response is, "How can you do that?". Well, everyone, cameras have viewfinders and telephoto lenses. Besides that fact, there are MANY jobs to do besides cinematography.

The second, less common one is the assumption that I can do something when I really can't. A good example is driving, or being able to see a distant bird, or noticing that my girlfriend has nice earrings on (impossible to tell).

If you've read this far, I'd like to tell you that in no way do I believe that I have a tough life. I don't. I've never had a group of rednecks beat me down because I get social security (they usually just don't know). Nor have I had people tell me to go back where I came from. I also don't necessarily consider myself the most enlightened, socially aware person on Earth. I write this merely to let you all know that we're out here, and that physical challenge crosses all boundaries of race, religion, sexual orientation and even national origin. See us, believe us, hear us. We're everywhere.



Anton Hill is a Sophomore, a Writer and a Dungeon Master with unlimited hit points.



TEARS OF A BLACK MAN...

for the tears that won't fall

ART EXHIBITION

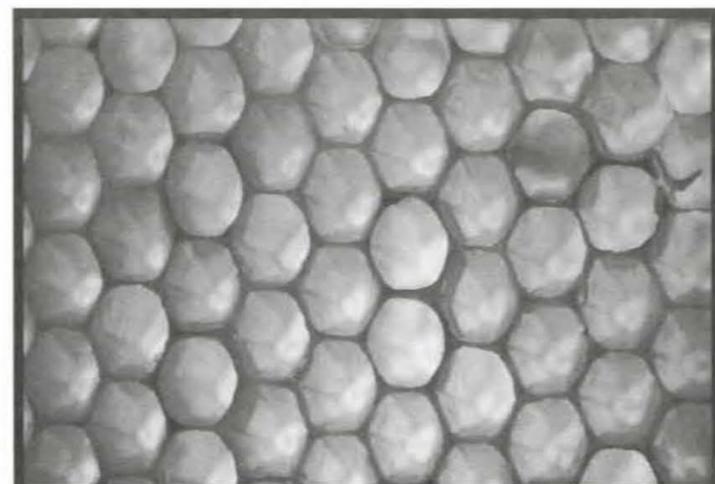
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The Death of Machiavelli

by Vivian Bermudez



Is Tupac in heaven? I don't know. I do know that he is now a legend, although he is far from being the hero that some are trying to make him out to be. I had a lot of difficulty writing this article because I wasn't sure where to approach it from. I wanted to discuss his murder, possible reasons and conspiracy theories, and the impact this would have on the rap world. Then I realized that: 1) In the end it wasn't important who did it; and 2) Most people reading this magazine couldn't give a shit whether he's dead or alive, much less how it happened. Everyone I talked to didn't feel it was a subject worth writing about. So then I was faced with the difficult task of writing an article that convinces you of Tupac's worthiness and a reason to mourn his death. I decided I didn't want to do this even if I could. I then decided to give up the whole idea all together. I finally decided to just write the following: who Tupac Shakur was to me.

He was Tupac Amaru, Inca words meaning "shining serpent." His life was a struggle even before he was born. Afeni Shakur was pregnant in a jail cell as she awaited her trial for conspiracy to commit an act of terrorism (an alleged bombing) as a member of the famous New York 21 Black Panthers. She had to get court orders to get simple things everyday, like eggs and milk, to ensure she got the proper nutrition she needed while pregnant. Tupac was born a healthy baby almost one month after Afeni was acquitted of the charges. You would think this will to live would have followed him his whole life (in fact, his survival of five gunshot wounds, including the head and groin, in 1994 would favor this theory), but his lifestyle told a different tale.

He was a player, a gangsta, a straight up nigga. There was excitement and danger at every turn and the possibility of death around every corner. This was his life, and he embraced death as a part of it. Living to an old age wasn't in the picture, just like having children wasn't in the picture. Tupac was proud of the fact that he never had any children, because he believed he could never bring a child into the world unless it

was going to be treated as a first class citizen and, according to him, he wasn't planning on having any white babies.

As a rapper, Tupac was a talented artist. He was a poet who was able to put into words the thoughts and feelings of so many people. He was a voice that many knew but few had ever heard before across the radio waves. At the same time he gave the rest of the world a glimpse of who he was and what his world was like. Some songs were more positive than others but, then again, life isn't always positive. It was about happiness and hate, good times and hard times, partying and praying. It was real, it was true.

Tupac was always willing to take the heat from the press and the public for his controversial lyrics and lifestyle. Some called him ignorant. Some thought the black community would be better off without him. I think he had an important objective behind it all, he wanted to stay true to himself and his lifestyle. He knew what he was and he never tried to be anything more or anything less. And for that he will always be respected by me. But it is here in this truth that I find Tupac's shortcoming (my reason for disappointment). He never really tried to rise above the lifestyle, the violence, the thug life. I know he never asked to be a role model but I had always hoped he would pull away from the violence and still stay real (I don't know if that's possible). But I wish he would have at least tried. He had a lot of power over a lot of people whether he wanted it or not. He could have had a major impact on many young lives. But then again, Tupac wasn't a hero and he never asked to be one. He was just a human being; a very talented, very beautiful, very young human being.

Tupac
may you rest in peace
and may you look down on us
wherever you are
and help the rest of us try to live in it.

Vivian is an Angel made in Venice Beach

Chez Hub: An Unbiased Review

by
Aaron Rhodes and Steve Harwood

I must say I was amused by the show, not in a realistic way but as if testosterone shots were being passed out as freely as the champagne was. In the middle of November, CMC hosted Chez Hub, a talent show for individuals from all five colleges to exhibit their hobbies and inner most feelings to a crowd of well dressed and catered, champagne-sipping CMCers.

The Evening started around 10pm with cheeses and little cookie things and drinks--don't forget the drinks. After paying the small price of sneaking in (dodging the exorbitant entrance fee of \$7), we took our seats at a round table in the back, trying to blend in. The crowd sitting in front of us was unruly and loud, as any crowd would be before a performance. Drinks were being gulped and compliments were passed around the room about dresses and ties. Tables were decorated with limp, bright red roses. In each corner of the performance space two security officers stood ready and armed with large flashlights. Granted, the security was necessary to insure paying clientele, but we couldn't help feeling a little too secure. Ten security guards seemed unusually high for the evening, but as the night progressed the number began to make more sense.

The evening started with fire; a fire eater, that is. She began by announcing to the crowd that her talent was extremely dangerous and required concentration and silence. Someone replied to her sincere introduction with "Just eat the fire, bitch!" During the course of her performance she successfully doused four flaming batons and lit her stomach on fire. While performing these feats the audience jeered with comments such as, "Swallow, don't spit!" and "I'll give you something to swallow," and "She's from Pomona..." which was quickly followed by the whole audience booing. In the middle of her performance a kind gentleman emptied his glass of alcohol onto the fire eating performer (some alcohol is flammable). This was the coup de grace. She walked off the stage with bits of cookie and carrot dip being thrown at her feet, not roses. This was a splendid opening and really got the spirit of the entire show flowing.

The second act was booed even before

beginning their performance. A musical group walked up on stage and prepared for the worst. During their performance the booing and talking made it seem as if there wasn't a performance going on, but rather an interlude or a half time. Particularly from our vantage (the back of the auditorium), the music did not carry over the belches and rude comments thrown in the performers' general direction. They sang without mics and immediately lost the audience's attention. After the song ended, the crowd roared with whistles and loud shouts of anti-encouragement. The groups leader, Jon, said "I gave them the finger as I walked off the stage."

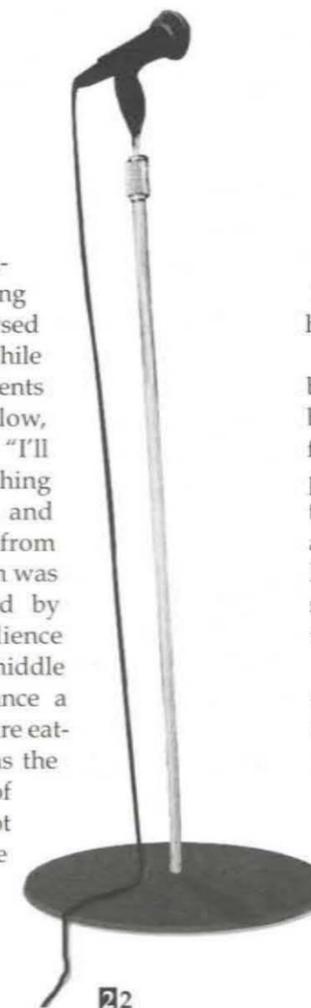
All that Jon had heard of Chez Hub was a brief description of the evening from Ben, one of last years sound crew. Ben said, "It was the worst night of my life." He said this with a completely serious and straight face. Jon finished speaking with us with the following statement, "I don't resent CMC for Chez Hub, it's an important and fun traditional event, but I certainly won't do it again."

The MC then announced a standup comedian with the following, "This next guy might be funnier than I am, so I want you all to boo him." The audience was responsive and immediately did as was commanded. The evening was filled with audience participation, most of which was unwelcome. The comedian left the stage in record time with his tail between his legs.

The tension grew as the competition built to a boiling anticipation. The evening was over before we knew it. While waiting to hear the final outcome as to who won the evening competition, we placed side bets on either the beautiful woman singing a song from Grease that got an enormous number of cat calls, or on the Rugby team whose content-filled performance stimulated everyone's brain. The winner was the rugby team, hands down.

Well, another Chez Hub was over. The hangovers were brewing for the next morning, but the evening was still young. I'm glad we didn't pay to get in.

Both Steve and Aaron are members of Without a Box, both with aspirations of Fame and booty.



The following is a correspondence between Lora Wildenthal, an assistant Professor of History, and Richard Rodriguez, an author and political commentator. These letters were written following a verbal and physical clash between members of both the Pitzer and Claremont-McKenna communities, along with others, on the night which Mr. Rodriguez spoke at the Claremont-McKenna Athenaeum. These letters were submitted by Ms. Wildenthal. The Other Side took care to insure nothing was edited from either letter, including any original misspellings or grammatical errors.

4 December 1996

Ms. Lora Wildenthal
Ass't Professor of History
1050 North Mills Avenue
Claremont, California 91711-6101

December 1, 1996

Dear Professor Wildenthal,

What a strange letter is yours of the 21st November to Mr. Jack Stark. And that you send a copy to me strikes me as a gross rudeness. It would seem to me that you, as a faculty member, would be embarrassed by the behavior of your students from Pitzer College.

I was, as your letter suggests, not opposed in any way to the attendance of critics of my position on affirmative action at my reading. During dinner, I was told that a large crowd of (I assumed critics and supporters) were assembled outside the doors.

The doors were opened, shortly after dinner. Once the hall was filled, for reasons having to do with Fire Marshall regulations rather than a political conspiracy, the hall was closed.

What you do not refer to at all in your letter is the rudeness of the demonstrators assembled outside--their faces pressed against the window screaming (egged on, I learned from several eyewitnesses, by a faculty member from Pitzer's Chicano studies department). Until they were pushed away by security officers, the demonstrators struck up their familiar mind-numbing chants, intending, I suppose, to distract my listeners and me.

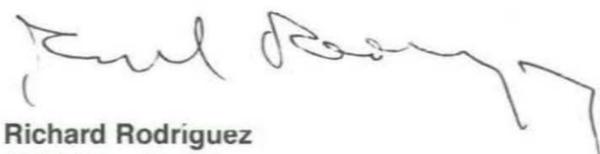
Were these demonstrators Pitzer students? And were they all dressed with some identifying "P" on their backsides? And do you seriously suppose that there was some conspiracy on the part of staff of the Athenaeum to keep Pitzer students away that night?

If those were, indeed, your students you owe them an apology for the way you have so poorly educated them in the meaning of democracy.

I learned, a few days after my appearance, that the president of your college criticized the president of Claremont College for keeping Pitzer students out in the cold. I laughed at the presumption of your president and wondered if he had any idea what constitutes intellectual discourse among some of his faculty members and some of your students.

I am familiar with the bully-boy tactics of the Sixties. I've met your sort before, as have I met the sort of flacid bureaucrat who presides over your college. I also know the sort of Chicano professor--Zorro revolutionary--who was encouraging his students to la revolucion. I have seen your types all before, Ms. Wildenthal. You are tenured thugs and intellectual cowards.

And yet you are the one who dares call for intellectual discourse!



Richard Rodriguez
2713 Clay Street
San Francisco, CA 94115

Dear Mr. Rodriguez,

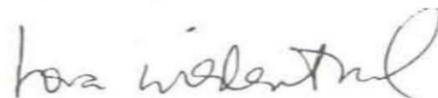
Thank you for responding, even though you found my letter "strange." I, in turn, find it strange to be called a "tenured thug" when I am neither. All I have done is to write a letter to President Stark and send copies to the November speakers at the Athenaeum. Are you sure that qualifies me as a thug? As for whether you know my sort from the 1960s, well, I didn't exist for the first half of the 1960s and was pretty small for the second half. I'm more a sort from the 1980s and 1990s. And as to whether I am an intellectual coward--well, I suppose the real cowards might be people you haven't heard from, for one reason or another. Why the name-calling?

My letter was not intended to establish details of fact about that evening, which sounds like it was indeed a mess (I was listening to Joycelyn Elders at Pomona College that evening) . Rather, it was an expression of concern about what kinds of protest would be permitted at the Athenaeum. You aren't the first and you won't be the last controversial speaker to appear there; how will things be handled next time? Some students will dissent politely, others won't; how can opportunities for the former be assured? I believe that Jack Stark and other officials at CMC overreacted and thereby helped to precipitate the disturbances that evening. I think even they would agree that it could have been handled better. One thing of value that might be salvaged from the episode is a discussion of acceptable forms of dissent.

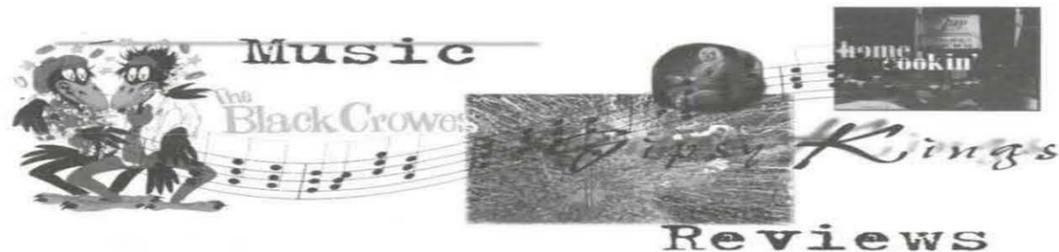
I have heard lots of evidence that some of the protesting students were obnoxious from the very beginning of their march, or if they were instead provoked. I'm not embarrassed by their behavior, because I don't have any illusions that I am training them in manners, and as far as I know I've had only one of them in a class at all, so I haven't had much chance to train their minds. I'm certainly not embarrassed by some of the political points they were raising. The one demonstrating student who is in a class of mine, a student at Scripps College, did not spend any time justifying herself when I initiated a discussion of these events. She merely said that when she was on the CMC campus that evening, on her way over to the Athenaeum, she was met by male students who spat at her in the face and, in once case, swung a golf club near her. If the important debate to have is about student manners, I wonder if the matter of those students' behavior has been addressed.

A lot of flawed information has been circulated about that evening, and I am sure that much of my own information would be disputed by the President Stark. I guess you haven't really met the sort that the President of Pitzer College belongs to, after all. She has acted coolly and diplomatically throughout this affair, although the circulation of flawed information has hampered her efforts. I am neither a cop nor a college president, so my job does not oblige me to gather the lawyers and witnesses. I believe the situation was poorly handled, and that political dissent remains a problematic, if not endangered, matter on the Claremont College campuses. It is the issue that will be here next year and the next, after all the indignation about the evening of your lecture has died down. That issue may be irritating to you, especially if you think you have heard it all before. I don't see why focusing on that issue and informing you of the matter through a copy of a letter to someone else should elicit the intemperate response you sent me.

Sincerely,



ASSISTANT Professor of History



Music

The Black Crowes

Reviews

Hey Mr. President, wanna go for a ride?

Yet again I sit down to skribble out one of these magnificent music reviews.

I feel that I should begin by mentioning a few things. Firstly, the title for my last article, "There Ain't No Good in an Evil Hearted Woman," came from the lyrics of a Johnny Cash and Waylon Jennings song called "Ain't No Good Chain Gang." I have chosen the title for this article from another source. I figure that since The Other Side never really has any contests I should be the first to institute one. I haven't actually mentioned any of this to the editors (I try and avoid them because they smell kind of funny), so perhaps they will like it (and therefore help fund it), or perhaps not (and I will get to provide the prize). But, regardless of that I will provide something pretty cool to the first person who writes either to me or the Other Side with the correct answer. I can be found at Pitzer Box 782, and I'm sure that the mailing address for this magazine will be contained somewhere around the front cover.

I am a fool who is addicted to music. To those of you who know me this is old gnus and nothing of interest, but to those of you who don't, I will end up after a few days without a chance to get a fix of what I consider decent music looking more than a little dazed and trying to hum old Merzbow songs to myself. This last may not seem all that strange, except that Merzbow's songs are atonal waves of noise. But still, I haven't gone totally insane yet (at least not that I have noticed), and there aren't so many voices in my head as the sounds of fittings coming loose. Basically, without a suitable source of music I begin to strain at the edges and people around me are far more likely to hear popping noises. All of this was combined with the fact that as of this semester, I haven't had access to far more than half of my musical collection because I don't currently have a CD player. I suppose that all of this sounds kind of pathetic. It is, actually. There are probably lots of people here at Pitzer who don't have a stereo at all and are perfectly happy, but that isn't really my point. I need music.

I crave night and day and to be surrounded by music. Good music. My music. So for me to be deprived of a good chunk of music just because I don't have a CD player forces me to change not only what I listen to but also to question a big chunk of my life and be deprived of one of the necessities of my daily existence.

I guess that this isn't really anything for most people to get excited about but, for me, I got here and started to leave my electric razor on all night to hear its little lullabies and to sit in my room with the door closed and bang pots with a spoon; all because I didn't have a CD player. I am still able to hear CDs



in emergencies on my computer's CD-ROM drive, but it isn't very loud and doesn't really "do it" for me.

The other solution I have found is to turn back to what some consider outdated technology:

The Record Player.

Oh, and the Tape Player too. In finding this solution, not only has much of what I listen to changed but I have come to a whole slew of revelations (I'm not sure exactly what constitutes a slew but I'm pretty sure I qualify).

I have already read all of the explanations behind why some of the vinyl die-hards refuse to give up records. Some of it I accept, like the claim that CDs have been massively overblown in exactly how much abuse they can withstand (I personally, have CDs which are in the process of what they call "CD rot" where the aluminum begins to get discolored and the CD will skip or refuse to play at all). The pro-vinyl contingent also point out that many things which were originally records have never come out on CD. This makes a certain amount of sense but could be just as true for Wax Cylinder (although if anybody reading knows much about wax cylinders now - like how to find players and how to get them pressed- please let me know).

Some have made the claim that the high pitches of music ("where the soul of the music lies") are all evened out into one tone. While this may be true, I personally have never heard it and for this critique to come up some ten years after the mass marketing of CDs and their acceptance as great sound by so many audiophiles seems to be a questionable argument at best.

All of this is not, ultimately, what has convinced me come back to vinyl (not that I ever fully left it). Instead, I am persuaded by a couple of things. Firstly, there is the matter of cost. This is something which any poor young college student should keep in mind. A used record costs, on average, about half of what that same CD would cost. All of this lets me walk out of a record store spending half as much as I normally

would or, more regularly, with twice as many records. The cost issue is also a convincing argument in the "back to 8-track" movement (yes, there really is one) which argues that for about ten bucks you can walk into a thrift store and come out completely equipped with a whole bunch of 8-tracks and an 8-track player. While I appreciate this argument, I am not sure that I really want to have the whole Air Supply discography, but sooner or later I may just break down and do it.

I have also been quite appreciative about some of the things which are quite easy to come by on used vinyl but quite rare on CD. Sinatras of all

stripes, all the classic rock you can shake a stick at, 50s Exotica, and old Motley Crue albums are abundant in used LP racks and while you might occasionally find one or two in used CD bins they certainly aren't as common. Nor are that as cheap-because really, who's going to pay six dollars for "Shout at the Devil?"

So, with all of that behind me I have been launched back into the world of records. These are a few of my hot listening picks of late:

The German Opera Singer/Pop Star Contingent: this is actually two different singers who, as far as I know, have nothing to do with one another. **Nina Hagen** and **Klaus Nomi** are both very very strange and both have some strange UFO obsession. I have the Klaus Nomi album, *Simple Man*, on which he manages to sing wild songs about humanity after nuclear war ("After the Fall") as well as old show tunes like "Ding Dong, the Witch is Dead" and "Falling in Love Again." With Klaus, you can tell he came from being an opera singer with this wild, hyperactive voice. Hagen, on the other hand, is harder to pin down. In the words of the Rev. Ivan Stang, "No list of [UFO] contactees would be complete without mentioning the rock 'n' roll albums of this East German-born singer...each [album] has a couple of UFO songs, recorded multi-multitrack with dozens of Nina-voices singing at once. Since she sounds alternately like an angelic yodeler and a demon-possessed growler, the effect is quite psychedelic. The saucers have led her to believe that she is the Fifth Buddah, the New Christ." That just about sums it up. The strangest part for me is that there are two different artists doing such similar things without any apparent connection.

I have long known that **Ennio Morricone** one was supposed to be the king of soundtracks, as everybody knows his theme to "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly," but it was only after buying an album of music from that film, "A Fistful of Dollars," and "For a Few Dollars More," that I really have begun to appreciate that he really is "all that." There are very few composers of recent memory who can both write scores that fit the film perfectly and stand as brilliant pieces on their own. Some might claim that **John Williams** ("Star Wars") fits this description but Morricone seems to me to be far more subtle (although I'm not sure that is the word exactly) than Williams ever has managed. On my album the music is actually performed by **Hugo Montenegro** and His Orchestra, which makes it sound more like a bad rip-off; but surprisingly, it works.

I mentioned before that one of the claims made about vinyl is that there is stuff on vinyl that isn't available anywhere else. It's things like Test Department's *Beating the Retreat* double 12" (which combine that with incredible packaging) which make you really begin to realize the basis for all of the more interesting CD packaging coming out in experimental music these days. Lots of little cool inserts along with two very nifty pounding industrial 12" which I have been playing at both 33 and 45 (I think that they are meant to be played at 45 but that is yet another great side of vinyl which can't be duplicated on CD- being able to change the speed it is played at). This seems to be pretty old and fairly rare, but it certainly isn't around on CD and even if it was it would lose so much of the impact of the packaging as to be incomplete. There is very definitely something neat about having a piece of music in the way it was originally intended to be viewed and listened to. A reissue would capture only a very small part of this and any number of other albums out there.

Beyond vinyl, my lack of a CD player has allowed me to explore further the world of cassette culture. At a time when a four-track recorder only costs a couple of hundred dollars any number of musicians have been able to release much, much more than they ever could before. They may not have the sound quality of more mainstream releases but they do manage to be more personal and honest expressions (usually). We all know about mix-tapes, but tape trading and even audio mail art have become whole sub-cultures unto themselves. I have only just begun to delve into the depths of all this but I have been pretty successful in finding some cheap, original music with great packaging (for example the **Merzbow/Haters** Cassette and the only original recording of the **Socialist Patients Kollektiv** which I have ever seen). While the cassette culture which I have been exposed to deals more with the experimental, punk and lo-fi realms of music, I feel certain that there is more out there if only you look. You can demand better than what you are fed by major record labels.

Of course, I am a hypocrite and I know this. Even though I knew I would be focusing on vinyl and cassettes for this review, when I found out that a new **Nurse With Wound** album had come out I knew that it would have to be included even though it is only available on CD. Fuck consistency. So, here goes. There is (yes indeedly) a new album from the band Nurse With Wound. It is an import and therefore a bit pricey but well worth it. In fact all Nurse With Wound releases are well worth it, regardless of price or origin.

Perhaps a bit about the band is in order. Nurse with Wound have been around since at least the late 1970s. The only constant member of the band is **Steve Stapleton**, who, if I was able to absorb the creative energies of one man, he would be the one. Since founding NWW he has been arrested for his art (see the inside of the great **Sylvie and Babs Hi Fi Companion** for more info) and has released at least 20 albums worth of material.

I will try to describe some of these albums but in short, while all of the music from NWW that I have ever heard is great, it is also totally unlike anything I have ever heard and ranges from the only easy listening noise album I have ever heard to soundscapes of some dadaist collage of torture to a soundtrack to the **Marquis deSade's 120 Days in Sodom**. All of this is very, very different but each one is brilliant.

The new album is called **Who Can I Turn to Stereo** and is really quite beautiful, although quite minimal. I hear traces of some of the spoken word cut-ups of much older works and I have a feeling that there is a story being told over the course of this CD but I'm really not sure yet. If I were to write back in about a year I would probably be able to tell you with more certainty. Stapleton has brought in a number of other musicians to work with him and while their pictures are on the CD jacket, they are not identified (the only other one I can recognize is **David Tibet** from the band **Current 93**). This album, like all of the rest of NWW, refuses to limit itself to conventional notions of what music is but it also refuses to be

organism?

by Angelica Diehn and Shanti Webley

Pulsating, simultaneously growing and dying, the organism is a conglomeration of disparate cell-groups operating separate from each other but encapsulated by the whole. Unseen layers of operation, some at the vital, base level, and others as fleeting as skin tissue. Healthy, vibrant, virtually glowing, it basks in the strong light of our late-afternoon society.

what a sham.

Disease spreads quickly, whether from an internal source or a surface irritation which, more slowly, will eventually affect those internal organs. A soothing salve will ease the irritation and, after all, skin cells spend a very short time on the organism.

Patches may be ugly (do you have dry, flaky, unsightly, problem skin?). Is it the fault of these cells that they are grey and dying? Perhaps is it the environment they are surrounded by, a space in which movements may develop, but this energy is no more than kinetic - it dissipates because the source is not constant. Perhaps the very space within these ugly, grey cells has acted as a void, sucking everything towards it. Because these cells have always been there, they will continue to be there - simply by virtue of their own grey momentum.

The organs will also pick up a virus or two along the way. Arteries get clogged because of old age or misuse and the lungs begin to fail, perhaps because of too much smoke(screen).

And so a visit to the doctor. The secretary smiles, nods curtly, and sets up an appointment. Later, you return, and after a period of waiting, you are shown to the clean and sterile operating table. The doctor comes in. You show him your pocket-book and ask him to fix the problem. The doctor asks you some questions, looks down his chart, and does some tests. Two weeks later, he calls but you are not in, so you call him back to hear that the problem is _____. But you've known all along what's *wrong!* You can feel the bug inside you, eating at your skin, joints. What that the bug is called is of no consequence. The disease is internal, personal.

Your foot moves to take a step. First, you notice the curves of the foot aligning, placing the heel down on the ground, followed by the wrinkled outside of the foot. Toes tingle on the ground they walk on. Where do the toes go and what do they find? They go into the cracks of the sidewalk, maybe the big one gets stubbed. Do they find rest in the warm California sun? No, the sun irritates and agitates; and you crack your toes for relief. Does one toe hear the crack of the other? Who knows, sometimes you see the middle toe seem to hear the big toe, and follow it in its cracking.

And throughout all this, only the arch doesn't touch the ground. Because of its protection by the foot's component parts, the arch remains unchanged throughout the walk. Thus, in continually hovering, it supports the body while the body moves ahead.

A step has been taken. The toes, the arch, the heel have all been involved, each perhaps without knowledge of the other. Beyond this, a far greater conglomeration of events has also occurred. Leg, muscle, bone, nerves, and the pure electrical impulse, thousands of cells all moving, like the cars of a train, to produce a single step. Which will be repeated, with variation, again and again. Cars on a freeway; blood through a vein.

Things are continually in the process of becoming. They come into being, exist, and die within the step of a foot. What will it amount to, after all is said and done? Maybe it's about the process.

or like a tree.

Which starts from a seed, an almost infinitesimal bit of material but which has such incredible potential. The seed falls to the ground (or is planted by some hopelessly idealistic group of huggers) and is lovingly nurtured and also does some rugged growing up on its own. Surviving the scourges of climate, growing large, what was once nearly nothing has matured into a towering, thriving mass of life that is nearly indestructible. Nearly.

Along comes something with more mobility and sharpness, and the tree goes down. The trunk and branches are sold as lumber. What before was a sturdy, healthy, (slightly left-curving) live entity has now been sacrificed and splintered.

The tree excretes sap as the years and decades roll by. Yellow and thick and sticky, it traps insects. Many years later, some rich businessman sells the sap (now solid) for several hundred dollars an ounce. The translucent amber lifeblood of this tree has become a valuable commodity (provida futuri?).

and the organism also consumes.

Like crazy. It eats and eats, its appetite insatiable. Iceberg lettuce, boiled cod, french fries, Coca-Colatm, beer, and budding greens. (Suffice to say the food is chock-full of little lives which have no problem burgeoning in the ol' intestines). Not to mention that a whole community grows, thrives, and dissipates within the space of an hour and a half, three times a day.

this organism also shits.

'Nuff said.

Afterward:

Once, there was a monkey who was left with an entire horse's butt to eat. All day and all through the night, the monkey gnawed on the horse's ass, and with each bite stuffed as much as he could into his mouth. Soon, the monkey's insides began to call to him: Enough with the horse's ass, we're sick and tired of horse's ass being forced down our throat! How about some nice oranges? So the monkey moved on, towards the orange tree. But he looked back. "The horse's ass was so easy to eat, and it tasted so good," the monkey thinks. Quickly, the monkey ran back to the horse's butt and grabbed a small chunk off of it. The monkey went back to the orange tree. He picked an orange off the branch and peeled it. In the middle of the orange, careful to place it where it won't be sensed, the monkey hid the horse's ass meat. He ate the orange; and for a while, the stomach ceased to complain. But only for a while.

On the way back to the horse's ass, the monkey slipped on an orange peel that has been left laying around and broke his crown, dying alone at the age of thirty-three years.

Angelica Diehn has seen the light and is dropping out of Pitzer to spread the word and become a televangelist.
Shanti Webley is a man of many things and stuff...

that our contraction of a fatal disease is now almost inevitable, news can be so depressing and disheartening to us who think Styrofoam cups, and purple "Good 'N Plenty." Because this such as hair dryers, microwaves, cellular telephones, increasing amount of warnings to steer clear of certain things But now our society is being bombarded by this one, of course).

oppressive parental commands (except for the butterfly collar that there may have been an ounce of truth in those seemingly after all these new scientific findings, I am beginning to believe age butterfly collars were cool, so don't complain." But now, grow on trees," "Turn that noise down," and "When I was your belonging to this group would be the cliché: "Money doesn't submission by relentlessly repeating such phrases. Also as some sort of parental device to torment young children into sit to close to the TV. I had written their words of wisdom off parental figures as my mother and my father that I shouldn't spirals on my eyeballs. My entire life I had heard from such and allowing the distorted color-pixels to swim psychedelically I have even found myself resting my nose up against the screen some of the really poor advertisements for dandruff shampoo, thing on TV is a whole lot better the closer you sit. During especially since I'm a firm believer in the theory that every- products. To me this news is always very frightening to hear, genetic qualities of seemingly innocent, every-day, household hearing about new scientific research discovering the carino- however, brought up an interesting issue. Today we are always fact that KFC's are depleting our planet's Protozoan layer. This, namely, I don't really know anything about biology beyond the something biological, but my plan ran into a major road block, "The Other Side," I was hoping to write my first column on In keeping with the bio-organic theme of this issue of have nothing more to say than: GO CLIMB A ROPE!

tion of the new, aerodynamically-correct Star Trek buildings, I is the biggest travesty to hit the Pitzer campus since the addi- hated my last article and think that me having my own column any other fans, I send my sincerest thanks. To those of you who "I resoundingly agree with the first letter." To these two and source, specifically signed "not Michael Rippens," who wrote: expected it to be," and the second sent in by an anonymous who stated that my writing "wasn't as horrible as [he] had actually just two letters, one sent in by a Mitchell Grippens of money, and offers to guest-star on Baywatch. Okay, it was previous journalistic endeavor with lofty accolades, large sums the editors of "The Other Side" which excitedly praised my a direct result of an overwhelming amount of fan-mail sent to brought to my attention that the awarding of this column was tion in the form of this column entitled The Farce Side. It was been temporarily granted permanent residence in the publica- and you enjoyed it, then you will be happy to know that I have, article in the October issue of "The Other Side." If you were, perhaps some of you were daring enough to read my

P
The Farce Side
by Michael Rippens

→18 Interview

issues, especially.

Well, this is my third career, and I'm going to go have a fourth. I hope Pitzer will prepare me to work with young adults in trouble. Counseling and advising and enlightening others to see a good way of life. I have plenty of experience with youth; I wish to fine tune my expertise.

I love travel. My hobbies are wood refinishing, bowling, I love ping-pong. I used to love handball, but can't find any handball partners! I'm happy here.

Yolanda Retez - Maintenance

Pitzer is my second home. I have always described it like that. I see myself like a mother to all the students or a grandmother and in you I see my granddaughters and grandsons.

I wish that somebody would pay a little more attention to the college because if you want something better for your house you would do it, and so it should be a home for all of you. I love it here.

This job has given me a lot of things. I wish I had a magic wand that I could change a lot of things I don't like around here. Like number one, a lot of people don't listen to us and don't think we're important enough and I really feel that we are. When you sit in a classroom and it's dirty or clean, I'm the one responsible and I don't think you see it. The second thing I'd change I'd bring more help. In a way I wish I could be here until I retire. I need to be here but at least for the next five years, I imagine. The college is very, very important to me. It is number three in my life. There's love here.

Alexis is the mostest beautiful pink-haired woman in all of the Inland Empire.

→18 Jumpin' Tracks

who began with Pitzer and who came somewhere between then and now, have enhanced it and given it positive direction, are still here.

This article isn't intended as an attack. People should really take care to understand their homes, and if Pitzer is your home then you should socialize yourself. Pitzer is home to so many good people - students, faculty, staff, and administrators. Sadly there is a group of people who detach themselves and that's having serious implications. Change has happened and more is on the way, but this place is so important to me and I couldn't go any longer without saying how I feel, as I go down with the ship.

Tos

→26 Mr. President

Who Can I Turn to Stereo is organic, beautiful, and subtle. I have heard parts of it compared to the sounds of the body, but to me that only begins to describe the album. Try taking the sounds of the body and making them into fully musical sounds with their own rhythms and melodies. The body as a jazz band, perhaps. Then try adding in the narrative element (because while it may not be telling a single linear narrative, it has the feel of a continuing story to it). That then only really begins to describe this. It isn't for the squeamish but if you are

willing to listen to something totally unlike anything you have ever heard before this may be a good album to start with.

This is more or less the story of my life since beginning this semester. Since the semester is about to end I will, as always, be compiling a "Best of" list for the next Other Side issue. If anyone wants to add their voice about what they thought were the best or worst aspects of the music of 1996 please let me know c/o the Other Side or via the mail box # above. With some sort of luck there will be a huge amount of great new music to review for next issue but if there isn't for some reason I may play that game "Desert Island Discs" here and tell you what the five records, CDs or tapes would be and why if I was forced to go to a desert island with only those.

Tos

Zach Pall has been writing for us forever and is a full fledged Reverend.

→28 The Farce Side

I have engaged in extensive scientific research (I skimmed the LA Times "Food" section) in an attempt to answer the question, "What won't give me cancer?" This may seem as going above and beyond the call of journalistic duty, especially for this quality publication, but it's all in a day's work for someone with his own column. Let's just say thank me after you finish reading.

Topping my list of things that won't give you cancer would have to be the group of inanimate objects free of carcinogenic properties including, but not limited to, facial hair, tooth picks, gravel (the kind you put in fish tanks), fish tanks, cigarette butts, cigarette ads, cigarette addicts, and many more. The next group would naturally be animate objects free of carcinogenic properties including, but not limited to, puppies, people from the Midwest, and amoebas (note the bio-organic reference). Of course it would be unfair to leave out the semi-animate objects free of carcinogenic properties, a group which actually consists only of Bob Dole.

After further investigation I realized that exposure to anything immediately fatal could also technically be considered as not causing cancer or any sort of death by exposure to carcinogens. With this scientific fact in mind I can then add such things as arsenic, firing squads, spontaneous combustion, hydrochloric acid (if swallowed), and car accidents to my ever increasing list.

Along the lines of astrology (also semi-scientific) would of course be outer space, scientifically proven to not cause cancer in laboratory animals. So in conclusion your best bet for avoiding the threat of cancer would actually be to grow a goatee, buy a puppy, and move into outer space...with Bob Dole.

So hopefully this article helped calm any fears that you may have previously held regarding cancer and the statistical fact that you will probably get it. Just keep in mind that not everything out there will kill you and that by religiously adhering to the advice in this column, supported by extensive scientific research, you will have no problem whatsoever beating the odds and living to read the next exciting installment of The Farce Side. Kind of a toss-up if you ask me.

Tos

