

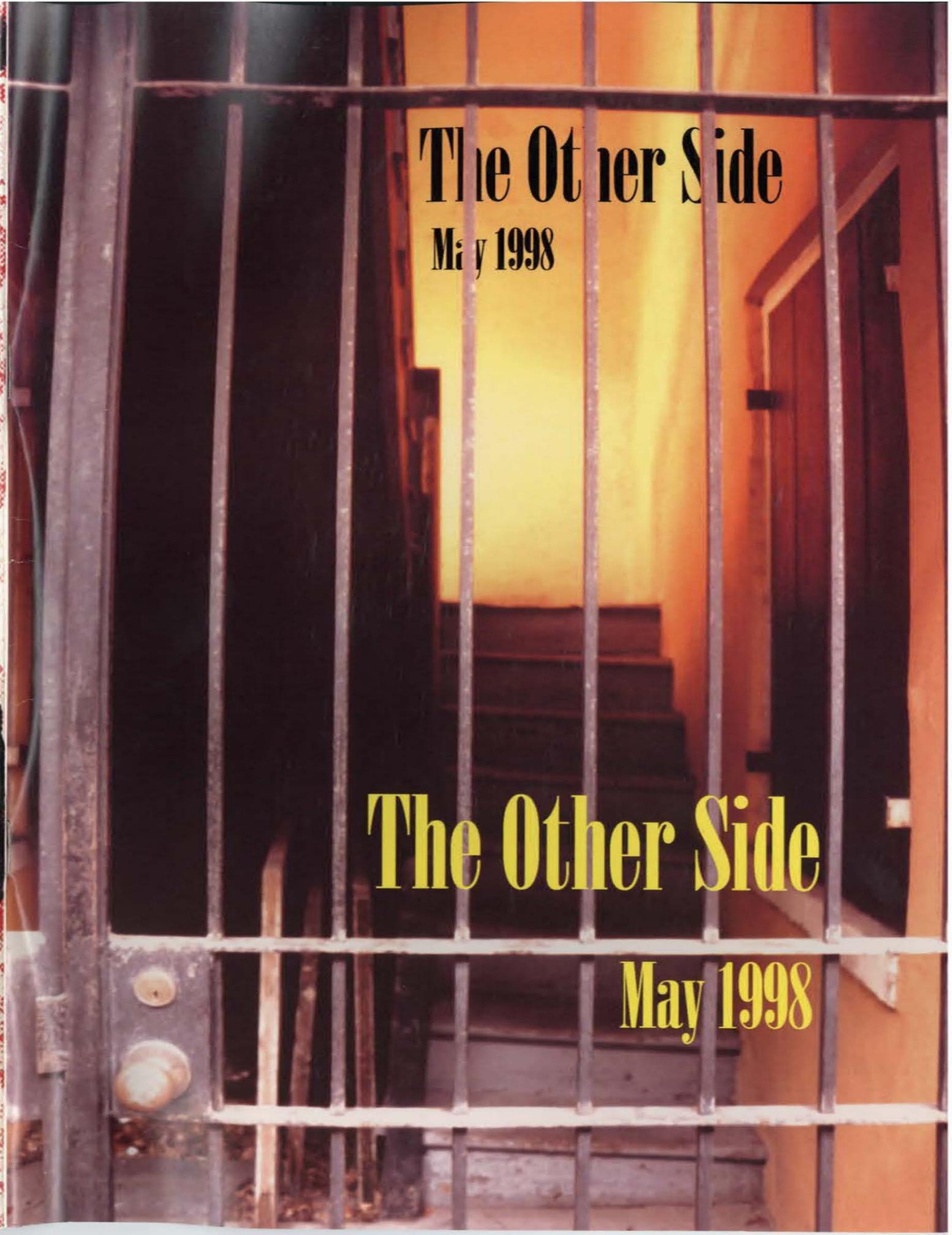


The Other Side

May 1998

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The Other Side
volume XXIX
May 1998

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wow the other
side sure is hot.



From the Editor's Desk

by Suzanne Foster

Someone recently told me that I was taking *The Other Side* too personally. I looked at them, paused, and said, "Well, shouldn't I?" They didn't seem to understand me, and I realized that lately a lot of people are demanding an answer to the same question. How can I or any of the editors not take *The Other Side* personally when we spend so much of our time struggling to make a magazine that the few hundred people who read it will enjoy? When all the complaints, all the whines, and sometimes even all the compliments come directly to us and from people we know, how can we not? How can anyone at this college not take anything personally when we all live within five hundred yards of each other? Well, at the newly (or not so newly) formed Pitzer College Bureaucracy, many more people are facing the wrath of memos, bills, policies, and forcefully revised charters. None of these things are meant "personally" I hear, but I've also heard that a lot of things are having quite a personal effect.

Where shall I begin? I could begin with the attack led by the Residential Life Office against the Involvement Tower and the fight its residents have had to go through in order to keep its original goals intact. (See Ben Ball's "Anecdotes") I could mention the silence on the part of the Residential Life Office (and the few words from our Dean of Students) when met with the organized defense of the Tower. It seems that self-governance at Pitzer is only theoretically possible in a moneymaking, attract-new-students kind of way-meaning, the Tower is certainly mentioned in the guidebook. The Tower has had consistent problems with the residential life staff since the tower's inception three years ago and, from elections of the CDA and TOA to room draw, almost every term in the charter has been undermined this year. Luckily, its self-governing power has managed to save it.

I could mention the distant and insensitive financial aid letters that your fellow students receive near the end of each semester, full of phrases like "\$ or nothing," from members of the administration who, later that same day will smile, shake the student's hand, and wish them a wonderful next semester. I could tell you how the heads of certain school organizations have received

stern and formal demands in Senate memos, instead of a casual conversation with one of the Senate members themselves. Sometimes it's more respectful, though maybe less "professional," to actually speak with those people in the organization you wish to change. It has recently appeared to me that even a new system of quality control has begun to threaten every organization, including



Photo by Angelica Diehn

The Other Side, with budget cuts, reprimands, and watchful eyes. Making sure people are doing their jobs is fine, but where do the eyes end? Can you do something the way you want to without always having to worry about funding? Where should the line between autonomy and authority be drawn? Can you throw a party or paint on a wall without permission from committees and those who "represent" you? And, I ask, who determines the "quali-

ty" in quality-control? And, maybe even more significantly, what the hell is it? Is a quality student one who receives a few words in Latin after his/her diploma to make their degree more "honorable"? Is a quality student one who receives an A- instead of an AB? Or are students qualified because they worked hard for four years, even if they still got a 3.0 or a perfect GPA, but without the Latin? Is a quality school one that produces the most students who go on to graduate school in business and bring back loads of money for their alma mater? Or is it one that produces the most talented, creative people on this side of the five colleges who may not

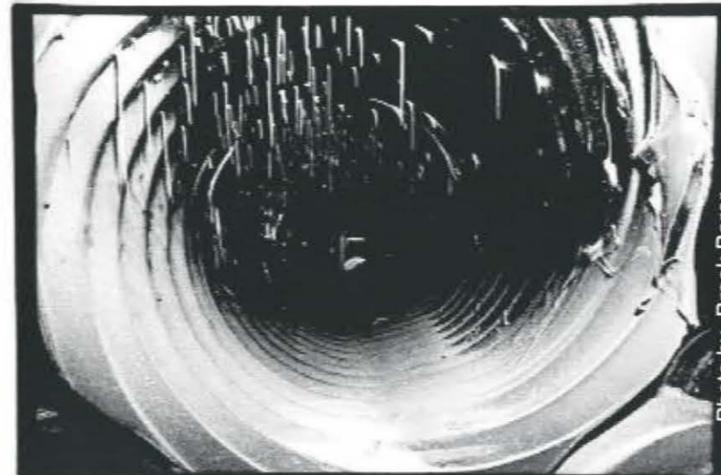


Photo by Brook Barer

make as much money their first year out in the "real world" as a CMC graduate? And do you feel that you're even given the power to determine what that word "quality" means?

Sometimes Pitzer does the right thing and places faith in their students to do what is best. Yet, sometimes they lose one of Pitzer's most important ideals: activity. A close friend of mine reminded me that spontaneous action was at the heart of the Pitzer dream-that only through those moments is the ideal realized. Yet, the Pitzer structure, through its rules and bureaucracy, refuses to support itself and may eventually cause itself to collapse. The students are the ones that can realize this ideal, and only through supporting them will the structure be maintained. Some of the greatest moments of action have been spontaneous, and they have caused the most significant changes. Yes, we have to fill out forms to paint a mural, and yes, this process of approval defeats the whole purpose of spontaneous art. But, outdoor art *exists* now-Pitzer is more beautiful because of the active, original changes made by the students themselves as an act of resistance against what they disliked. Will the new butterfly garden in the

Mead Courtyard go down in history as one of these moments? Yes. And who created that change? *The students.*

It seems outrageous to me that some people even attempt to change Pitzer into a more "Pomona"-like school, a school that can better compete with the Ivy-Leagues. Have you looked around yourself? Have you seen the brilliance that I have seen here? Have you met those students who give up endless hours in the library to go out in the world and change something? Why destroy something like the Involvement Tower when it is one of the things Pitzer should feel the most proud of? It is a system of living created by the very students who live in it, and it works! It is a place of people that believe in social change and enact it both in and outside of Pitzer. It is a place that consciously attempts to create a community when the lack of community is felt so strongly here. The march against the Unz initiative and the student strike/fast against issues ranging from support for our dining hall workers in the switch to Aramark, to the expansion of the Chicano, Black and Asian-American Studies disciplines, both show that organized action can create change on our campus. The contract with Aramark was won! And students (along with administration, faculty, and staff support) achieved those goals through free action-not contained by forms and professionalism. The actions can fail, the students can feel disheartened, but at least the students care and are empowered. And I still wonder why those forces in so-called control of Pitzer's structure would not want to be close to those cares, would not want to support its growth, freed from restraints. Isn't an empowered student body what will really make Pitzer rise above other schools, without the need for mainstreaming our ideals? I would hope so.

So, in the end I am proud that I take *The Other Side* personally. I am proud that I take Pitzer personally. I chose this college so that I could leave the isolation of a bureaucracy-and I was obviously naive. I do understand that every college needs to make money and that every college is a business-all students are prospective donors. And I thank Pitzer for teaching us how to act. These senseless difficulties with the Pitzer bureaucracy have taught us how to organize for change. But can't Pitzer challenge itself by believing in its students and believing in their creative endeavors? Can't it take itself personally?

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MORE WAYS TO REALLY FUCK PITZER

by edwin a. martini, iii

In case you haven't heard, we have a new grading system at Pitzer. Finally, at long last, we can have "normal" grades. Whoopee. If student senate gets their way, we soon will have Latin honors also. Magna-Cum Whoopee. And, last but not least, some day soon, student-athletes at our fair school may be able to get credit for their efforts. Chirp, I say, chirp.

Back in what might be considered its heyday, the central staff of TOS had admitted defeat, proclaiming that not only was the magazine dead, but that Pitzer was also long gone. I wasn't so easily convinced. While I acknowledged that there was no longer anything at Pitzer that really represented another "side," I still believed that there was something worthwhile about what we do here and who we are. If nothing else, at least we were different. At least we weren't Pomona.

Then came Big Bill Tingley and his merit scholarships. Then came the A-minus, or, if you prefer, the B-plus. And just around the bend may be summa-cum-you've-got-to-be-kidding-me and the revenge of the student athlete. Pitzer may not be quite dead yet, but we're only one good lump over the head away from the cart. We're just a chirp away from becoming Pomona.

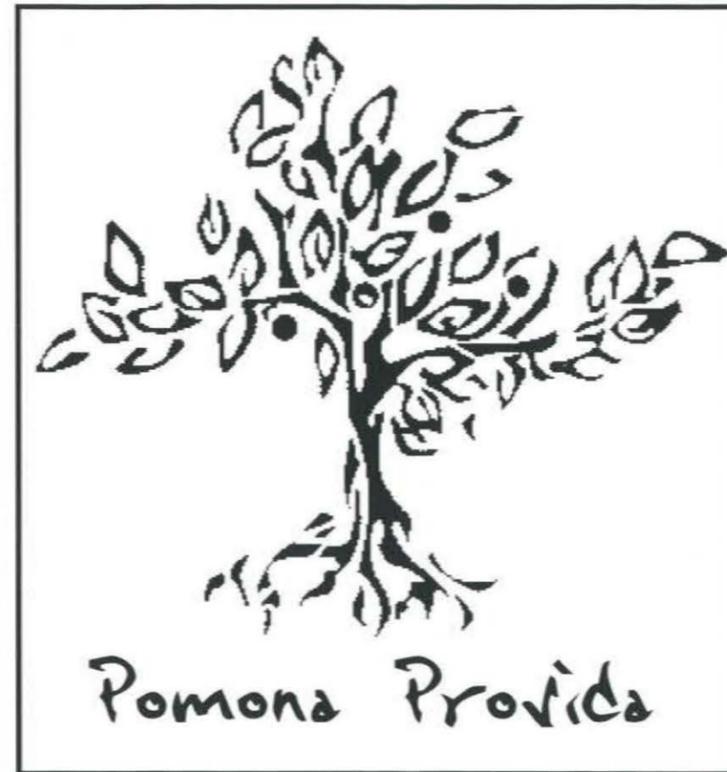
I had originally planned to write a piece which attacked each of these developments, all brainfarts of your very own student senate, in kind, and arguing why they are so wrong. From my own modest polling techniques, however, questioning staff, some faculty, alumni, and most importantly, students, I have come to the conclusion that I am in the minority. Most of you seem to want these. So, aside from one more plea to stop the madness and save the last ditches of integrity and irreverence we have, I will instead propose a few other reforms you may wish to enact. Here's a few ideas on how to really fuck this place up good.

- Place a big marble statue of Marilyn on the Blowhole
- Organize an effort to keep Jack Stark around another year
- Build a drive-in on the Outback
- Build a few more bland gray buildings with echoey halls and narrow stairwells and call them

"world class architecture"

- Start an ROTC program
- Develop a program with the new Keck Institute to bioengineer sagehens
- Don't stop with reviewing theme halls, go through and do weekly room inspections to make sure everyone's living space is up to snuff
- Have weekly bonfires in Grove House living room
- Make Anne Archer head of Alumni relations
- More American Flags around Campus
- Keep trying to define "social responsibility." While you're at it, come up with some definitions for "ideology," "hegemony" and "truth"
- Get a good school song, something like, say, "Torchbearers"
- Forget the rosemary and wildflowers, plant some good ol' ivy
- Add internal power sources and food supply to internet and cable access in all dorm rooms to make them completely self-contained
- Replace all murals with "This space intentionally left blank"
- Put in high dive at the Gold Center Pool
- Forget Kohoutek. Who needs it when we've got "The Wash."
- Invite Arianna Huffington to speak at Commencement
- Make Marilyn CEO
- Replace Pitzer tree with Nike "Swoosh"

- Replace Pitzer Motto with "We're Not Worthy" or "Pomona Provida"
- Start funneling tuition increase revenues to anti-Chiapa forces in Mexico
- All those found in violation of conduct by judicial committee can run through the spanking machine
- Appoint Dinesh D'Souza to Curriculum Committee
- Mandatory involvement in Sororities and Fraternities
- No Parking Permits issued to non-German cars not made within the last five years



- Two words: English Only
- Don't stop with athletics: let's get P.E. credits too. Hell, lets make P.E. a requirement!
- Create underground tunnel system to get to class safely dry during El Nino years
- Legalize Pot and have Co-Op farm and sell it
- Pay five dollars for a ride down the mounds in the geo-dome

These are just for starters, of course. Feel free to come up with your own ideas on how to (a) make Pitzer more like Pomona (b) Go against everything Pitzer stands for or (c) generally bring about the demise of our school.

Cynical? Sure. Too harsh? Maybe. But maybe you weren't at College Council, listening to students talk about how Pitzer doesn't make them "marketable enough" to grad schools and compa-

nies. One student said that the possibility of an A-minus would provide good "motivation" for putting in that extra effort. One particularly troubling student proposed that not only should we add an A+ to our great new grading system, but that, in the event that someone receive such a mark, that student should also receive a "letter of commendation" from the professor to be included in his official transcript.

I love this place. I have spent the best four years of my life here. When I'm gone, I hope I will reflect not on these ridiculous "reforms," but rather on what they seek to reform. About all the ABs I got. About graduating with my own honors, not of the Latin variety. About learning because it's interesting and it's important, not because it will get me an A-minus. About the great letter of recommendations I got, not because of A-plus work, but because I worked hard and worked closely with some amazing professors.

I want to reflect on all that is Pitzer. However frustrating it is. However silly it seems. We're different not for the sake of being different but because there's something at stake in not being Pomona.

A few suggestions in leaving about how to really improve Pitzer.

- Don't pass this silly Latin honors thing. You can get into grad school without it. Trust me on this.
- Seriously don't pass the credit for sports thing. Keep the extra in extra-curricular. If they want credit, let them do an independent study. I'm sure they'll find an advisor.
- If you're taking a Barry Sanders class, go. He's a smart guy, but if you skip class because you can, you're wasting everyone's time.
- Tear down all of Eli's ugly ass buildings and start over
- Hire more people like Vic, Dominic and Lynn Spear
- Make sure things like Early Academic Outreach and The Ontario Program live forever

This place is worth saving. Be careful what you wish for. The world needs Pitzer, but it doesn't need another Pomona. Thanks for the memories.

Uber College: A Plan

By Ben Ball and Jon Stokes

THEME HALL CHARTERS REJECTED BY DEAN OF STUDENTS?

STUDENT MURALS PAINTED OVER??

HIP-HOP BANDS AT KOHOUTEK???

That's it.

Ben and Jon have had it. We're leaving. WE'RE LEAVING. We're tired of getting kicked around¹ by the other colleges, and we're leaving. Pitzer College has run its course in the dialectic of history², and it is time for the proletariat to replace the system with something better. We the students of Pitzer College set forth upon this day, a new college, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that not all colleges are created equal³. It shall be called Pitzer II, and it will be very good⁴.

We're cutting our losses, packing up, and moving to beautiful Monterey, California. Beautiful Monterey, you say? That's right. Through a rigorous random selection process involving flipping through an old AAA Tourbook, Ben and I decided to locate our new school in lovely Monterey, California. Sunny Monterey California "offers a dramatic coastline, beaches, and surf, also consisting of gently rolling hills, streams and forests, and serves as a Mecca for golf aficionados."⁵ Ben was especially impressed by the dramatic coastlines, and so we made our decision. Beautiful Monterey would be the site of our new college.

Jon decided to contact Mr. Andrew Stevens, city planner for the city of Monterey to discuss the Pitzer move. Andrew was interested in our proposition, saying "we in Monterey [think that Pitzer would find a hospitable environment chock full of land, labor, and capital for your exploitation needs]." Andrew was especially excited after we mentioned some of the wealthy investors who would be involved in financing the project. He put us in contact with Murray, Roberts, and Stevenson, a local real estate company, to show us some waterfront property.

Confident that Ben and I had made new friends in Monterey, we eagerly began looking into the financing our new venture. But where could we find wealthy investors? Surely in the present economic environment, there would be some rich person to give us, say, a couple million dollars to buy land in Monterey, or maybe just to buy Monterey itself.

So Ben decided to go out and call some folks who might be able to fork out that kind of dough. He started with some outsiders who had probably never even heard of Pitzer I before. Ted Turner was taken. Bill Gates was probably busy building giant robots to attack Silicon Valley. Mr. Kravis? We didn't really explore this possibility. Then we thought, how about some of our current trustees? You can find a list of them in any Pitzer I course catalog. We used Ben's incredibly powerful influence as Student Senate Chair to call in a few favors.

the Other Side Spring 1998
We tried calling Eli Broad, John Atherton, Peter Gold, and Richard Riordan (yes, the Republican mayor of Los Angeles is a permanent trustee of Pitzer College!), and many more. Some of them were difficult to get a hold of, and we did get a few rejections, but a few expressed interest. Suffice it to say, Jon and I felt that we had enough support to go ahead with the planning of our project. We wrote up a rough outline of our vision and dream for Pitzer II. What follows is a sneak peak and what we will take with us from the Claremont Colleges, and what we're leaving behind...

Pomona

From Pomona, we will take some tangible things that are pretty valuable. Their considerable endowment and their trustees (or at least the politically correct ones) are probably worth it. Little Bridges is really, really nice. That should go into our proverbial truck⁶. We will leave behind a couple things as well, however. Their freshman class ("Good God!" —Jon Stokes '98), their sense of exceptionalism (you mean there are other Claremont Colleges?), their pretentiousness, their landscaping (redwood trees in a desert?), and their music/theater departments have to stay here. They don't get a place in the truck.

CMC

You may not think that Pitzer II would want to take anything from CMC. However, there are probably a few things that we would want. We could add CMC's endowment to Pomona's. We also want that cutthroat efficiency and business ethic they have over there. The Atheneum is cool and has good food, so we'll take that. Give us the pool, too. There's lots to leave behind, though. Obviously, the Claremont Independent stays ("Good God!" —Ben Ball '98). Exceptionalism plays a part there, too, so that can stay. Chez Hub, being the most offensive display of drunkenness and heinous debauchery since the Kennedy White House, is definitely gone. ROTC has no place in our new institution either. That should sum up CMC.

Scripps

Landscaping, coffee, and Dension Library.
Staying behind: Motley Gorgons.

Harvey Mudd

Harvey Mudd is an interesting scenario, as Pitzer I doesn't really have much in common with them. There are, however, a few things to glean. We like those underground buildings. They would come in handy in, say, a nuclear winter type thing. Pitzer never had any sort of big school pride, but Harvey Mudd seems to have that down to a science (pun intended). The big thing that would help us out is that Mudd has a competent computer department. They're just on another level there. Let's take that.

There is a whole bunch of undesirable stuff as well. To many Joker hats, unicycles, and nudists (bleack!). There's a few more things we could say along these lines, but since Harvey Mudd has dozens of hackers who could destroy the civilized world through computer viruses, we're going to try hard not to offend them too much. On another note, the Harvey Mudd architect needs to be hunted down, captured, and buried alive under several tons of ugly brick.

Pitzer

Now for the hard part: what do we take and leave behind from Pitzer I? First of all, Al Wachtel is definitely coming with us. And, from the personnel, Nelva Metcalf will be the founding President of Pitzer II⁷. Ophelia of sandwich line fame will be the Dean of Faculty⁸. Current Pitzer professor Mehmet Tutuncu would be the Dean of Students. We'd take the professors who were hired in the past, say, five years or so. The rest would have to reapply. Let's talk buildings. The Grove House and the Arboretum are also coming with us. The weight room is also nice in a sort of modernist, corporate rat-race, power-tie sort of way, so that comes too. In terms of intangibles, we like Pitzer's good intentions. We also like the Social Responsibility requirement, even though it gets in our hair every once in a while. That seems to be a good list of things to take.

Now, what should we leave behind? Bureaucratic stupidity has often been a hallmark of the Pitzer system, so that should stay here. What the heck, let's just leave the whole system of governance behind (yes, Student Senate too). Silly course titles are out ("The Desert as a Place"? "History of Laughter"? What are we thinking?). Apathy is left behind, big time. The history of conflict between the Dean of Students Office and the students should stay as well. We want a clean slate. Let's talk architecture. Modernism, be gone! That means that our jailcell dormrooms are gone. Gold Center? Gone. Broad buildings? More than gone. The History of Ideas department? Bad idea. Let's just do philosophy, OK?

Claremont in General

We can't neglect the things that we hold in common with the other schools. Honnold has a pretty impressive collection, but it's too hard to find anything. Let's say that we'll

take the books, and leave the building behind. Huntley, that foul beast that has been ripping off students for generations, is so gone. Maybe even the other colleges won't want it after we leave. Joint Science isn't really a subject of expertise for either Jon or myself, so we'll leave that as is. Maybe we can somehow take a snow-capped Mt. Baldy with us...

Uber College

For Ben and I, Uber college represents what Pitzer and the Claremont Colleges should strive towards. Pitzer College has gone through some amazing changes over the past few years, and has really grown as an institution to be respected. The number of academic buildings has doubled since Ben and Jon's Freshmen year. We also have a Student Center now, too. The Art policy, the Involvement Tower, and the new Mead Courtyard, are all the products of student initiative over the past four years. And Pitzer continues to be politically and socially active, rallying students to protest and to participate. But there are still so many changes that need to take place - at Pitzer, and at the Claremont Colleges. As Jon and Ben graduate, we hope that we leave behind a Pitzer that will continue to question itself, and continue the ongoing process of self-improvement.

Footnotes:

- 1) Richard Nixon
- 2) Carl Marx
- 3) U.S. Constitution
- 4) The Old Testament
- 5) AAA Tourguide
- 6) Reference to the proverb about the truck
- 7) Nelva says: "Social Change...You want some? It's Good."
- 8) Ophelia says: "No, no avocados today, sorry."

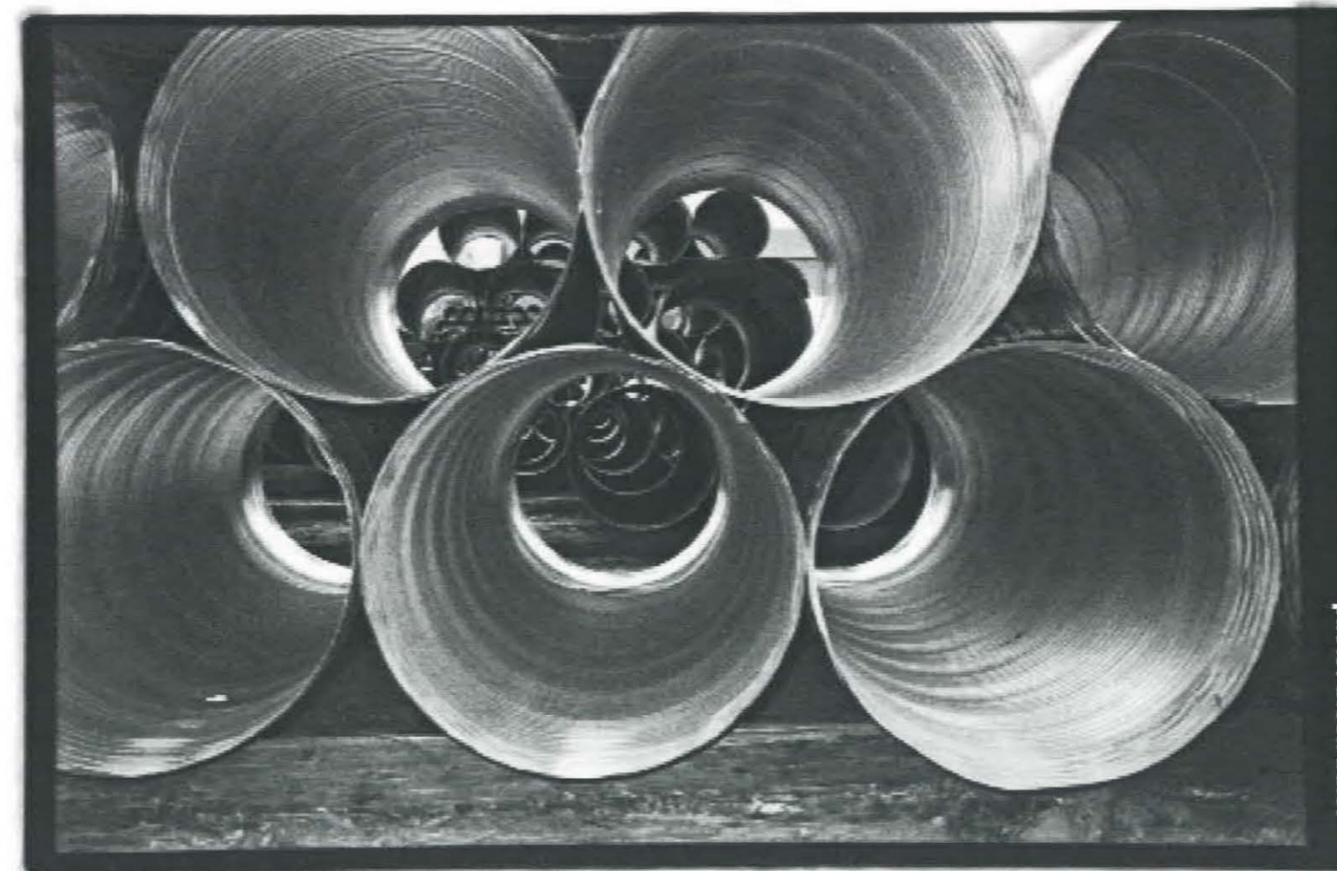


photo: Brook Baker

I assume that this year's prospective students got much of the same Pitzer-Is-A-Super-Place-To-Be activities that I participated in. I attended presentations about Pitzer, went to a class, and saw Without A Box perform. But I was given a copy of the March 1997 issue of The Other Side. It was this particular issue that formed my ideas about Pitzer, my image of Pitzer- an image which is unlike the school I found myself attending.

I was, of course, aware that the lovely day Pitzer had planned for me and my dad was a bunch of organized crap, which I would never experience

again, to convince me that Pitzer was the place I should give large sums of money to for the next 4 years. And the entire day had indeed been well-planned and informative, and I was almost positive I wanted to go to Pitzer until reading The Other Side. The issue I was given prompted me to go on a mission to try and figure out what was up with Pitzer. It seemed, starting immediately with the "Editor's Desk", that the debate over the future of Pitzer had angered many, and that the changes Pitzer had decided to implement were not necessarily congruent to the spirit of Pitzer's past. I was somewhat frightened that Faculty and staff professed that their image of the student body was one of "drunk, lazy, high, and oversexed misfits" (what did that mean about me, getting into Pitzer? I didn't fit that description-I hoped). The piece replying to an especially vicious anti-Pitzer article in the Claremont Independent made me wonder if there really was ample reason for Pitzer bashing. Another article discussed ways of dealing with the new Pitzer, the changes which were supposed to bring "increased efficiency, visibility, and prestige". I was impressed by the level of concern for Pitzer. I thought that it would be really great, to be at a school with a student body who cared.

Yet I was confused. I didn't

want to come here thinking I'd missed out on the way Pitzer "should" be, but I was very influenced by the aggravation of the students who wrote. At the same time, I sure didn't want to go to a school in turmoil, that didn't know what it was doing, where it was going, and was trying to keep its shit together. I'd gotten into some nice, stable UC schools, which had no reason to be

the Other Side of The Other Side by Amy Kaufman



PHOTO: JOHN DESSING

concerned about their futures as well-established and recognized institutions. I hadn't been warned about the "future of Pitzer" debate at all, and I wanted more information. I wrote a letter to one of the Other Side editors, hoping to receive some information as to what was going on at Pitzer, but it wasn't answered. I decided to spend a night at Pitzer to investigate.

I was still convinced by my

single (and, at this point, well-read) issue of The Other Side that the students were incensed by the recent debate, and that I'd find strong opinions all around. I was a little disappointed to be assigned to two nice, but fairly non-revolutionary students. I asked them about the change issue, but they weren't very helpful. I was looking around at students, trying to figure out who



PHOTO: JESSE GOLDSTEIN

to ask or what I could do in the short time that I had to get some answers.

I ended up sitting in on a class with a student whose name I recognized from the magazine. I caught her after class and questioned her. She told me that those specific articles were written by people with strong opinions, and there wasn't really such a problem as they had expressed, not to worry.

That was it? Where was the revolution? There were only a few people with strong opinions at Pitzer? What about the hundreds of students whose opinions weren't published? I believed that maybe there wasn't such a problem as The Other Side had convinced me, but something must be going on. As I signed my life away to Pitzer on my admission acceptance card, I was still wondering where the people who cared were.

And so here I am, almost done

with my first year at Pitzer. And I did come looking for the kids who cared. And once again, in the "Editor's Desk" of the November issue of The Other Side, I was given the same image of the students I wanted to be here. The students who really cared about Pitzer, the students who knew what was going on. That was also the only place all year I've seen anything about the "What Pitzer Is" debate.

Did it vanish? Did I miss it? Is there an alternate Pitzer that only I saw, and saw through a magazine? But someone wrote the pieces I read, and someone must feel something. Yet I don't see it. I went to the town meeting on Pitzer community, and I went because I wanted to see what I saw in The Other Side. I saw a little of it, but not the passion I'd hoped for. I was ready to work for it, if that would do it. I was told, after putting my phone number on a list, that I would be called, and

I would be expected to do something. And I was ready. But unless my roommate has failed to tell me, I wasn't called. And I didn't see much come out of that meeting, other than signs in McConnell for a week. I don't feel closer to Pitzer, and neither does anyone I know. They don't really care, and I seem to be one of the few who do. But I cared before I even got here. Maybe I take my reading materials too seriously. I'm still waiting for something to happen, to show me I wasn't wrong. Heck, I even write for The Other Side, except I doubt I could inspire what I felt upon reading that first issue. Maybe that's part of the changes that were talked about. Maybe at some other time, people would have felt the same thing I did if they had read those articles. And maybe it will happen again.

OR

Why do we segregate ourselves?

by Angelica Diehn

Is everybody racist? Why are we racist? What the fuck is racism? Is being racist a part of being human? These are not questions I plan on answering in this article. They are questions which, as of late, I have been thinking about every day. I turn the questions inward: am I racist? How, and why?

It's a natural human instinct to gravitate towards social groups with which you feel comfortable. From a linguistic point of view, social groups are defined as *speech communities* - folks who, in addition to living together, eating the same kinds of food, and marrying among themselves, *share a language*. Boundaries between ethnic groups are defined by language, from both an internal and external perspective. In America, as in other places, these boundaries are also distinguished by race. This is not a coincidence. Within our society are certain socially constructed hierarchies which force people apart. All members of our society hold views about the relative prestige and stigmatization of different forms of language, and these views contribute to the ways in which people segregate themselves.

For example: an analysis of the issue that English should be the only language taught to American schoolchildren points to the way in which racism has become institutionalized in America. Anything other than the "Standard" language, English, is seen as sub-standard; stigmatized and inferior. The most insidious part of this institutionalization is that it lies **WITHIN OUR OWN MINDS**. As Americans, we internalize the socialization that some forms of language are inherently "better" than others. Not only is "Standard" some abstract symbol of perfection, it is a *patriotic* symbol which has been accepted into popular culture.

Another example of a "stigmatized" form of speaking: the African-American vernacular (or AAVE, in linguistic terms), more commonly known as "Ebonics". "Ebonics" - the word itself has more connotations than I would care to discuss. Suffice to say that the average public perception of the actual dialect (sub-system - although this is debatable), is negative. While "Standard" English is the "good", "proper", "clean",

and "correct" form, AAVE is alternately described as "slang", "poor grammar", "broken English", and other such deprecating terms. Anyone who would even touch the body of linguistic research on this topic would find *proof* of the rule-governed nature of AAVE, linking it back to a contact language or "pidgen" and the subsequent growth of this contact language into a completely developed language system, or "creole" and, ultimately and distantly, West Africa. AAVE is in no way inherently inferior to other forms of English; only certain social groups (the ones in power) label it so.

Another linguistic fact is that this dialect is the code that hundreds of thousands of Americans use to communicate daily. To many, it is simply "what we speak". In interactions outside of their own group, such linguistically "stigmatized" speakers are made to feel inferior and inadequate, despite the fact of the richness of their own form of language. People will band together when they feel oppressed by outsiders making value judgements on their form of speaking - thus prejudice about language constitutes a force pushing groups away from each other. This is one reason why ethnic groups (or speech communities) tend to stick together; inside or outside of McConnell.

It has been a personal journey for me to learn about the richness and subtlety of AAVE. It has opened my eyes to the ways in which racism is imbedded within our very perceptions of language. It has made me think about why speakers of minority language systems *must* learn to use many different styles of speaking, including that of the majority, but that the members of the majority *will not* learn theirs. It has made me wonder about the ludicrousness of this, and how to even begin formulating resistance to it.

Language IS identity. Is it "natural" for speakers of one form of language to dominate over speakers of others? I don't know. Does my inability to speak other styles of English or to communicate accurately my view of language constitute racism? I don't know. But I do *feel*: that if the use of any language constitutes resistance to the domination of "Standard", I say - may it thrive.

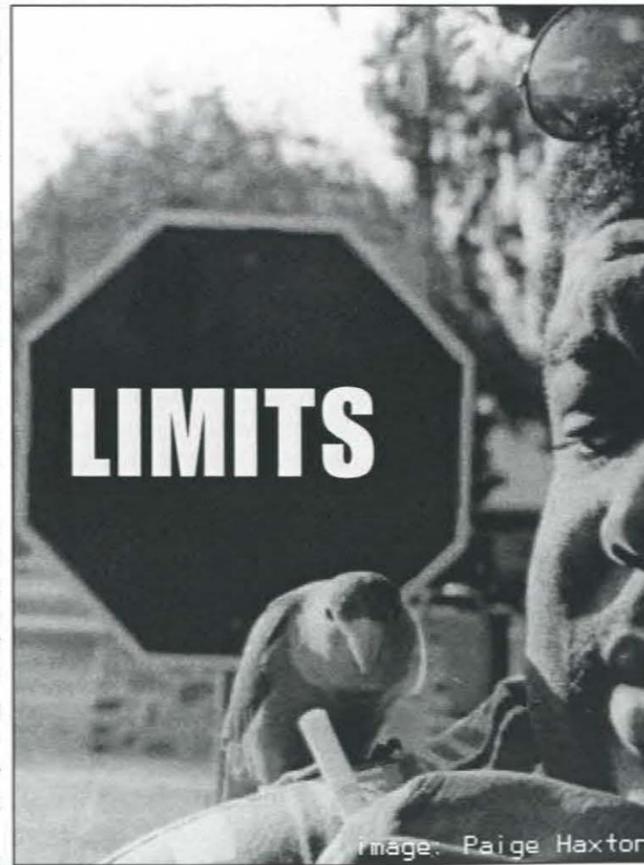
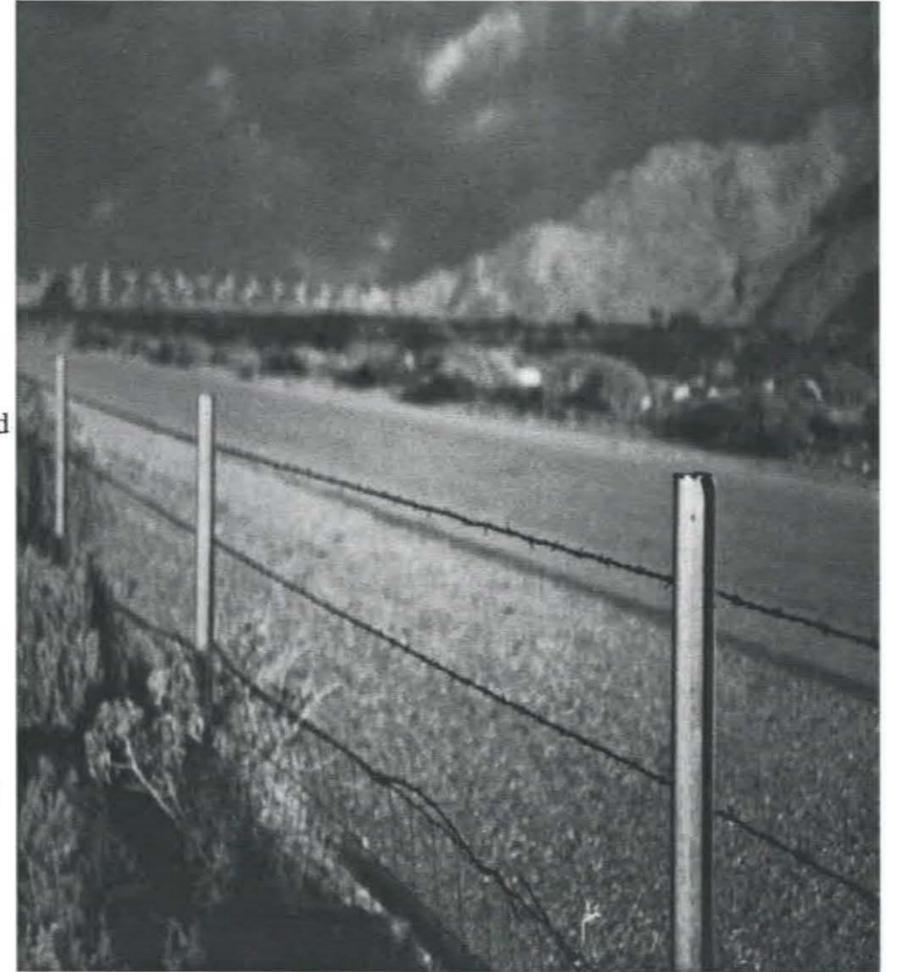


image: Paige Haxton

Valentine's Day Depression

I was going to write a poem about depression on Valentine's day, but I figured that someone else would, so I didn't bother. Plus, Valentine's Day doesn't make me depressed at all. On the contrary, it makes me pretty damn happy.

photo by Jonathan Hedstrom



Rainy Day Depression

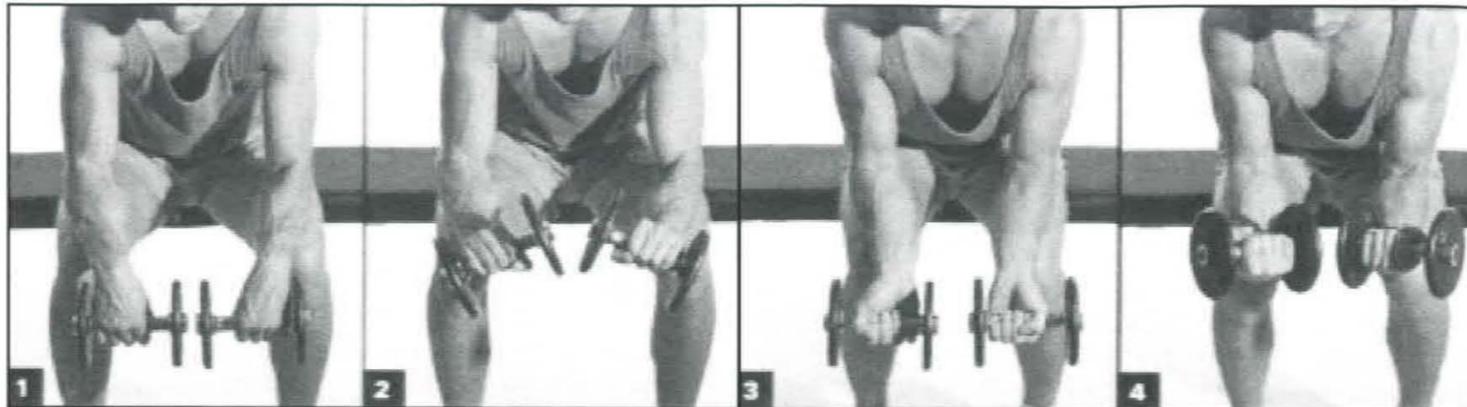
I was also going to write a poem about all the worms that get killed every day it rains, but I figured someone else would have already alluded to that subject in one poem or another. So, once again, I didn't bother.

All these good subjects already taken...

That's what's annoying about living in the twentieth century, and being an Andrew Samtoy. So much of the human world has been explored and written about, and I don't want to reiterate what my granddaddy might have written.

Of course, I think it was the director of the U. S. Patent Office who said, in some year, like 1897, "everything that *can* be invented has already *been* invented." Why I find the same old stuff and never open my eyes, I don't know.

by Andrew Samtoy



Reflections on the Weight Room

by "Iron Man" Ben Ball

The weight room is the only part of the Gold Center I use. You can have your multi-purpose room, your Gold Mine(, your office of Chris Freeberg. All I ever see of the Gold Center and the only part that does me any good is the weight room. I started to go there about two years ago. Why I started to go is another question. The idea of me on any sort of diet regimen is silly, as I weigh in at a whopping 140 pounds and measure six feet three inches. I can't really say that I went there to either impress women or gain muscles to impress women. Again, my genetic makeup fails me. I am about as "pumped" now as I probably ever will be, which is not impressive if you've ever gotten a really good look at me. I also attempted to explain to myself once that I was going to the weight room as some sort of spiritual wellness thing, but that never really stuck. I think it works for Buddhists and Taoists, but not for Christians. They have a tradition of stretching and inhuman positions, we do not. Actually, I think that the only reason that may have ever entered my brain is the sheer convenience of the thing. When else in my life am I going to live less than 100 yards from any sort of weight room that is absolutely free? It seems to be some sort of morality thing for me. I cannot, in all conscience, live so close and not take advantage of it.

So for the past two years, I have braved the trip across the Pitzer

Service Road to the Gold Center. At first, I went on a daily basis. This year, I have cut down to three times a week. I admit that I had to overcome several obstacles before making it over there. First of all, there was the main thing that prevents most people from going, and that is self-confidence. I cannot say that I have ever been very prideful of how I looked, and a weight room was probably the last place anyone would ever expect to find a scrawny fool like me. I had nightmares of 300-pound guys with necks as thick as their heads taunting me. I saw the piercing gazes of women who were stronger than me. I pictured them all collectively pointing their fingers at me and laughing, banishing me from the world of physical fitness forever. Surprisingly, I found that almost everyone who is in the weight room seems to be entirely concentrated on themselves. There are some pretty big guys in there, but they are always too busy lifting large amounts of metal to notice anyone else. My only interaction with any of them has been as short as: "Can I get in a set?" "Sure." Nobody has ever said more than that to me. The women are usually trudging away on the step machine or the bikes, and look more at their own reflections than at me. Everyone is pretty much in their own world, not caring about what else goes on. I could go in with a pirate outfit on, and I'm not sure that anyone would bat an eyelash.

On the issue of clothing, the second thing that prevented me from

going was some sort of unwritten dress code. I was sure that everyone was wearing the latest workout gear, and that I somehow would not be accepted if I wore a ratty old T-shirt, some shorts, and old hiking shoes. However, I found that if there is some sort of dress code, it is exactly that. I wear the same thing every time I go (with frequent washings in between), and nobody has ever so much as talked to me about it. In fact, I think that if someone actually walked into the weight room with all the latest stuff, they might feel out of place amongst the torn shirts and sweat-filled dingy garments that reign.

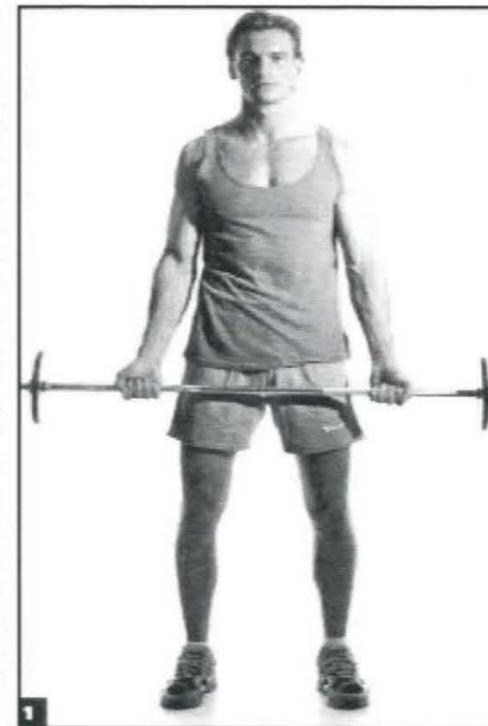
The final barrier to my going was my complete ignorance of what to do once I was there. I had seen "Pumping Iron", but that did not give me too many pointers. It was just full of Arnold Schwarzenegger taunting Lou Farigno like I thought the large gentlemen in the weight room were going to do to me. There are all sorts of strange contraptions in there, with stacks of weights meshed with pulleys and gears. Most of them look like torture devices to me, an accurate portrayal for some. Needing a strategy, I ended up starting with the bikes, since I actually knew what to do. While doing that, I would look in the mirror at what the big guys in the upper body section of the room were doing. I would wait until they left (quite a long wait), and then mimic what they had done, with considerably less weight. As I became a more frequent visitor, I

saw people do new exercises that I had never seen before. My casual interpretations of what everyone else did actually began to metamorphose into a routine that I did every time. Again, my preconceptions were completely false. Nobody has ever approached me to tell me that I was using something wrong. Perhaps this is a bad thing, and I am really hurting myself every time I go in there, but my ego remains intact.

Through the weeks and months that I have visited the weight room, I have come to love it. Sometimes I come out of there feeling like I could jump over Mead, and sometimes I come out feeling like I want to barf. My muscles have grown, and the shape of my body has changed. The purpose of my visits, however, were never solely based on feeling good. I now go partially out of habit, partially out of my fascination with the social phenomena that happen there. One of the amazing things that I have found is based on the music that is played there. I am not one to listen to the radio. In fact, I often think that the world would be a better place if there were no DJs. They never play what I like anyway. Since the beginning of my trips to the weight room, I have observed a constant battle waged over the battered radio that sits near the East wall. The only reason it remains there is because everyone knows that it is so fragile that if it is stolen, the stress of its removal from the stool on which it sits would cause it not to work anyway. Besides, it gets horrible reception and the speakers produce a sort of combination of scratchy static and wailing on the higher notes that makes one's stomach turn. This is not a complaint. I think the radio is all part of the ambiance.

Anyway, the radio is the source of a battle to the death between those who prefer intolerable rap and those who prefer intolerable cheese. Half of the time, I go in there and hear lyrics that offend my Christian sensibilities. The rap station plays horribly repetitive songs, mostly to a beat that drones on to a background of women singing "ooohh, baby you know it's true...grrrrlll." The other half of my visits, I go in to find that Counting

Crows and Alanis Morissette have once again been chosen as the "ad nauseum band of the day". I was quite bitter about this cruel dichotomy in the beginning, but I have learned to live with it. There is a simple reason that there are only two radio stations that play in the weight room, and that is that it is impossible to work out to anything else. Every once in a great while, I would find myself alone in the weight room, with the radio all to myself. Fiendishly, I would steal over to the radio and turn it to the classical station with a devilish chuckle. I was throwing a monkey-wrench into their little system.



Giggling to myself, I would start riding the bikes while the sounds of Haydn and Mozart echoed across the expanse of the room. However, it never seemed the same. I became distracted by the sounds of classical music in the weight room. I found that my workouts were more effective with Boyz II Men than they were with Verdi. My personal thesis on this phenomenon has to do with repetition. It is impossible to think about anything deep while working out. This is the original reason I gave up on the whole "work out and get spiritual" idea. When you are sweating away on a treadmill, you forget anything you ever knew. You can't even make it through Old

Macdonald. "Old Macdonald had a farm... puff puff, breath in, breath out, almost five minutes...uh...Old Macdonald had a farm..." The only thing that keeps you going during a workout is inane repetitive, bottom of the barrel popular music with a catchy beat. That is why you never see "J.S. Bach's Harpsichord Jam Workout", but "Paula Abdul's Get Up and Dance" is wildly popular.

The most important thing I have probably witnessed in the weight room is the social atmosphere. It is true that once people start working out, they are completely focused on themselves. However, I have found that the weight room is probably the closest thing Pitzer has to a campus center. There is a broad swath of personalities and cliques that go into that room every day, a wide range of people who would have never interacted otherwise. The weight room is a public space, where people meet each other and engage in casual conversation. There are no deep ideas exchanged, and nobody talks about homework. The ethos is strictly social, purely nonacademic. It is an escape into a world that is perfectly diverse and at the same time cordial. Nobody has any hostilities or affiliations in the weight room. Everyone is just in there to sweat. People greet their friends with the same acknowledgment as their enemies. It is Pitzer's agora, a space where we meet each other in the casual course of the day. Who would have thought that this would be true of Pitzer College, of all places? Is CMC not the place we would expect this phenomenon to occur? I find it at once strange and at the same time fascinating that the never talked about Pitzer weight room is arguably the center of campus society. Based on my experiences, there is no reason to be afraid of this. I wish the whole world could be a weight room. Everyone is endowed solely with their bodies, but nobody cares what each individual body is composed of or what it can do. Each person is merely there for their own benefit, and no judgment is passed, at least, not overtly. These are statements we cannot make about any other place on earth. If only the whole world could be a weight room, I believe we would be much happier, and probably in better shape, too.

BRIAN SCHOECK'S BEAUTY CALL

When I had long, luscious, luxurious, curly brown hair, many of those high-school girls would say: Brian, I love your hair. You have such nice hair. Why do guys always get the good hair? I would *die* for your hair. Brian if you ever cut your hair, I will **kill** you!



After a time, I had a girlfriend of the long fine blond Scandinavian hair; I arrived at her crib one day only to find her head shaved virtually bald. She wanted detachment from that illusory 'source' of self-esteem, false magnet of others' approval.

At Supercuts, I cut off my long hair, severed the applause and attention wrapped up in the shiny locks. The lady asked, "Do you want to save any of this?"

* * * * *

She was kissin all up on my chest as I lay on the bed. In an offhand exhilarated exhalation, I let slide a "You are *so* beautiful." Is that way off base? Things proceeded, but my words proved to fall on deaf ears.

This particular young lady told of a vacation with some adult relatives and a young cousin. The chubby youngster, splashing around in the water, got none of the "You have such a great figure! / I used to look that good" with which the adults showered my slender friend.

Indeed, what could the child make of this? When will she get this instant, uninvited idolatry? What of the people who could never deal in beauty ideals and never will? Bad fortune, life is suffering, and good nite?

On the # 41 bus in Portland, I hear two mothers-with-child moving into conversation. One chirps, "You have a beautiful daughter!"

With pleasure, "Thank you!" What does that mean: 'Thanks, I made it myself'? Or, 'Thank you; she looks nice due to my skills at bathing and dressing babies—I'm a skilled mama'.

* * * * *

At some party out in Beaverton, this girl has a dark tan

and short fuschia dress. Turns her head towards a boy on the right. She's smile-gaping in patient wait, waiting for the punch-line, while he talks with a booming incredulous rapid speech; he can hardly believe his own anecdote, can hardly choke it out fast enough. Four other boys are gathered around, all listening as each gives his two cents, followed by a round of guffaws from the whole group. The speaker mainly looks at her eyes, but occasionally glances over her head to address the other guys, catching them in the act of checkin' that azz. This first character has a white t-shirt under a sleek black sportsjacket, he has pleated khaki Dockers, thinks Don Johnson-style is in the house. The girl twirls a lock of her auburn hair, still looking at these mouths, feels so secure like "This is it! I've finally got it!", laughing as each semi-suitor takes his turn. She also absent-mindedly fidgets with the hem of the dress.

i wonder when or how one will make his move, i wonder what the boys will do when she, polite, sends them all home with no horny babe on the arm: skulking out to the car, like a spoiled skunk frowning back at his own fuckup.

So her gleaming eyes fill with wonder in heaven, like she's Madonna and I am a material girl.

* * * * *

Strutting around on Halloween: my drag-abilities owe to Alana's DKNY ribbed black stockings, Danyel's bustier, Stephanie's skimpy dress, and Bradley's makeup skills. The bystanders and onlookers hoot "OOWWOWW BABY! Look at those legs!" Even the big muscle boys were making half-hearted stabs at jocking me...who knows how for real they felt. So many girl/friends said something like; "You make a more convincing girl than I do." "You have better legs than I do." Thanks I made them myself.

seductively cupping my orange water-balloon breasts in their hands.



Tonight
she's sitting by the rotary phone
waiting for someone
she hasn't talked to in months
to call.

For all her beats
and Fords
and words,

For all the times she grabbed his hand
touched the back of his neck
in front of his friends
she hasn't got the clit
to call him.

-Marie Rounsavell



photo: Britt-Marie

Dormed Surrender

Brick wall in my room,
Squares on my heart-made half,
Coldness betwixt my warm comforter,
Glowing, hidden, outside tracks across my pillow,
A tremble of reality upon my idealism.
Broken fantasy
Broken fantasy
I continue waving through my dreams.

Brick wall in my room,
White hardness adjacent to my blue bulletin board,
Calm, cacophonous, shared with some flesh discord,
Uniting my old hopes in ordinary road
Recapturing my life as a love-crossed anything else.

Thinking heavily into this all, tell me,
What does come of contemplating on the brick-lined squares,
Staking their place on my bedroom wall?

-- Nazbanoo Pahlavi

Untitled

**I should not speak
I am afraid to speak
for chance that this voice
might oppress
misrepresent
exploit
yours.**

**And yet,
I speak anyway,
simply because I must
(what else can I do?)**

**Perhaps I underestimate your voice
perhaps I overestimate mine.
What I know
is that my words and gestures
give birth to new demons
even as they purge old ones,
and that all this guilt and conscience
is but a sign
of my colonized mind.**

**What I cannot believe
(and yet again, I must)
is how the existence of my voice,
that the process of finding courage
purpose and conviction
after being hidden
and invisible
for so long,
that this can somehow be untrue
to the existence of your own voice,
dear soul**

-- Joon Kim

Dawn

*The birds are chirping
in honor of you*

*My room is turning blue
as my stomach turns in circles
and you toss and turn in bed*

but not my bed

*Your room must be turning blue, too
there's a draft chilling my back
maybe your window's open*

*Did you hear the ambulance
that just went by?*

*cuz I just heard your
neighbor's rooster
and your grandmother
walking up the stairs*

Can you still smell my hair?

*I hope you hear the birds
They're saying "hello"
to you
for me*

-Miriam Siyam

Ocean

*Drops of ocean
stream down my face
I wake up tonight
with memories
of how I was taught to
drill into the skull
of an unsuspecting rat
and was so overwhelmed
I couldn't respond
to Rasha's e-mail
Ever since my phone
has been cut off
I have felt like a leper
confined to a colorful room
I attempted to drown my
sorrows in Haagen-
Dazs but
even the ice cream man
let me down
My heart hurts
for the kids I will
have to say good-bye to
in less than a month
I will always worry
that A. will get
shot in a drive-by or
D. won't get
into UCLA or
E.
will turn into me
I would like to be
emotionally free
or at least find a way
to wash the ocean
off my face*

-Miriam Siyam

It is the right and the duty of experienced (read: older) people to tell the coming generations about the history of everything, whether it is useful or not. Grandparents and retirees have for centuries bored us with their constant blather about the past. Pitzer cannot be the exception to this rule. What follows are two short accounts that attempt to relate some of what I think are the key experiences of my time at Pitzer, the experiences that have fulfilled my duties as a Pitzer student. They may be interesting, or they may not be. Whatever they are, you're stuck with them.

The election of 1994 was disastrous for Democrats. Republicans across the nation were swept into office in a landmark election. This election was also the first one that I voted in. As a Political Studies major, I felt that it was especially important for me, a new part of my life that I was suddenly allowed to have. Unfortunately, it turned out to be a disaster for those who held my political ideals. Pretty much everything and everyone that I voted for lost. On election night, I rushed from dinner to the Sanborn TV room to watch the election returns come in. My excitement soon turned to horror as I saw one district after another fall to the enemy. That was the year of proposition 187, the ballot measure that is still tied up in the courts because of its blatant unconstitutionality. I was a freshman at the time, and I was enrolled in the "Immigrants" freshman seminar, taught by Alan Jones and Lourdes Arguelles, who is now at CGU. The main focus of that seminar had been Prop 187 and how evil it was. We had read many articles and seen movies about immigrant movements in California and other places. The whole class was riled up on the issue, and earlier on election day we had marched to the polling place at Claremont High carrying "No on 187" signs.

Later that night, Sam Donaldson told us all that Prop 187 had overwhelmingly passed. Even though I knew it was going to do so, I was still shocked. Aaron Balkan and I complained to each other, wondering why the voters of California were so blind to the plight of immigrants. We were mad. We were beyond mad, we were outraged. We told ourselves that the world would not sleep until they heard that the passage of this proposition was untenable. Unfortunately, no opportunities for making our anger known were immediately available, so we slept on it.

The next day, Aaron informed me at lunch that there was going to be a protest in downtown LA against the implementation of Prop 187. Here was the opportunity we had been waiting for. Unfortunately, the protest was planned to start at seven o'clock, the same time as our freshman seminar. I am not the kind to skip class, even for a good cause. But in this case, Aaron was able to cajole me into skipping class for the benefit of my deeper convictions. At about six, we piled into his white hatchback, littered with tapes of bands I had never heard of. We rocketed at top speed towards the looming skyline of Los Angeles, with the soundtrack of punk music blaring from his speakers. I began to get a headache, and started to wonder if I was doing the right thing. I pictured Alan Jones taking roll (for the first time ever) and wondering why we weren't there. I stared out of the tinted windows at the snarled traffic, at the drivers filled with road rage who sat huddled over their steering wheels. Were these the voters that aroused my anger? Were these the fools who dared to vote for injustice? I could never know.

Finally, we reached LA city hall, where the march was set to end. Aaron parked across the street in a lot that threatened to tow away the car if it was not adorned with a special permit. Uncaring, we shuffled out of the car and attempted to find where the march was coming from. Off in the distance, we heard the faint sounds of protesters chanting. It sounded like the foamy aftermath of a wave on the beach that bubbles and recedes against the hot

sand. The high-rise office buildings echoed with the sounds of people acting in concert, with the sounds of action approaching the seat of government. My heart began to race. This was my first protest, my initiation into the stereotypical role of a Pitzer student! I wondered if there would be any trouble. What if the protest got ugly? What if I was arrested? These fears suddenly rushed into my mind as I heard the approaching mob. Just then, I reminded myself of the fact that if in fact the protest got ugly, and if in fact

The Pitzer Spirit In Anecdotes

By Ben Ball

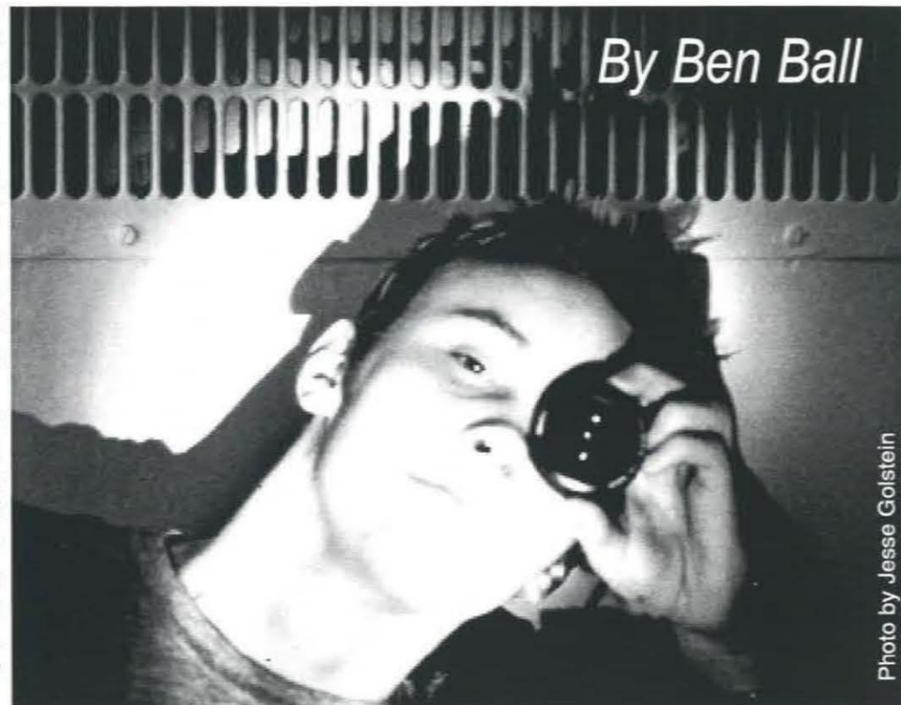


Photo by Jesse Golstein

I was arrested, I would probably get extra credit in my freshman seminar for it. After having assured myself of this, I walked on towards the approaching crowd.

After crossing through the treacherous downtown traffic, Aaron and I merged into the throng of people that had gathered to protest the implementation of Prop 187. We raised our fists in anger, carried signs, and shouted with all of our might. The mood was electrifying; here we were, Pitzer students doing what Pitzer students were supposed to do best! Suddenly, I felt a tap on my shoulder. Turning around, I saw the bearded face of Alan Jones! I couldn't believe my eyes. Talk about being caught in the act! Half of me wanted to drop dead and the other half wanted to ask him why he wasn't teaching class. He leered at Aaron and myself with piercing eyes and uttered with a guttural drawl, "skipping class?" I was speechless. Here I was, skipping class for the first time, and the professor had somehow found me! What were the odds?

Aaron, being of sound mind, spoke up on our behalf, explaining how we felt that our convictions had necessitated our attendance. Professor Jones nodded, and agreed! He explained how he had also ditched Lourdes to participate in what he saw as a more important gesture. I wiped the sweat from my brow. We joined our professor in a line and began to chant with him, raising our fists in chorus as a group of proud Pitzer people. The march soon rallied at city hall, where a candlelight vigil was held. Television cam-

eras zoomed in on our faces as the glow of the candles brightened our scornful expressions. Some bums off of the street played "freedom songs" into a screechy microphone. We signed up to be on the mailing list of the California Socialist Party. Overall, it was a productive night. After the protest ended without incident (I never saw a policeman the whole night), Aaron and I bid professor Jones farewell and walked back to the illegally parked car. Seeing that there were no tickets on it, we piled in and sped off towards Claremont. There were few words exchanged, because few needed to be exchanged. I felt I had somehow vindicated my presence at Pitzer College. I had a war story to tell, I had been initiated into the ranks of the radicals. My soul was at peace.

In the days when Sanborn Hall was the fiefdom of a certain Laura Behling, in those halcyon days of freshman year when there was always plenty of time for Frisbee on the mounds, there was a certain program called "Social EXpansion" or SEX for short. For some reason (which I may relate later), SEX was discontinued after my freshman year, never to reappear on the scene of Residential Life. SEX usually consisted of a cute little activity that was probably taken out of a booklet entitled "Games That Keep College Students Interested" or "Icebreakers for Every Occasion." On one particular occasion, however, the Residential Life office devised a SEX that turned out to be very special. Somebody had come up with the bright idea of equipping every RA with a set of finger paints and butcher paper. The residents, in a jolly time of fun and merriment, were supposed to creatively express themselves on the paper, which were then to be hung proudly in the individual halls. This is not what happened, of course.

The night of the activity, our RA Stephanie yelled down D2 to get everyone to come. She managed to rouse about fifteen students, who gathered at the junction between A2 and D2 for the fun that was about to begin. She produced the paints, which consisted of the primary colors, black, and white. Each color was represented by about 1 liter of finger-paints, far too much for fifteen people to use in one setting. We sat around and smeared the colors onto the bland white paper, creating what turned out to be some pretty nice artistic adventures. There were snacks that we quickly consumed, and the activity ended about nine o'clock or so. As Stephanie began to clean up the mess that remained on the carpet, Andy Ratner slyly slipped the large quantity of finger paints into his room. I returned to what I was doing before.

Minutes later, Matthew Cooke and some more of my hallmates burst into my room. They had wild energy in their eyes, and explained that they were going to utilize the remainder of the finger-paints on our white hallway. For a moment, I was stunned. There were surely consequences to such an action, but they seemed to either not be cognizant of them or were choosing to ignore them. I soon came out of my daze and joined them in the hallway. The paints were water soluble, and we therefore justified our actions on the premise that they could be done away with using mere water. Residents of D2 were roused out of their rooms to participate. Everyone staked out a claim on the wall, and colors were mixed. Palms full of vibrant yellows, greens, and reds were smeared onto the bland, colorless walls, making them come alive with eccentricity. I painted a large Pitzer tree logo, with the words "Pitzer College: Provida the Finger-paint" underneath. Other pictures featured William Shatner surrounded by a wormhole of some kind and various rebellious phrases. The whole project wrapped up around 11pm, and the artists stood in the hallway, impressed by their artistic talent and rebellious zeal. As was my custom, I went to bed soon afterward, content that I had made my living environment a bit more fun, no matter the consequences.

The next day, all hell broke loose. The certain Laura Behling I had mentioned earlier was absolutely furious, and all of the RAs, who were particularly anal that year, were all on her side, except our Stephanie, who gave us the benefit of the doubt. Our hall was immediately threatened with fines and

all sorts of other scare tactics. We shot back with a single argument. The walls could be washed with water! The finger-paints were erasable! No problem, right? Nobody wanted to hear this. In the subsequent weeks, representatives of our hall met with then-Dean of Students Michael Tessier, who simply repeated the threats that we already knew about. It was becoming painfully clear that nobody was willing (or able) to listen to the facts as they were. We had learned the first rule of Pitzer College, one that haunts students every time they want to do something they think is beneficial. The rule is that the second students decide to do something new, they are denied. After they are denied, they can attempt to do something about it but they are overwhelmed by the impossible bureaucratic doublespeak that pervades here. No student can really accomplish anything on their own. It's depressing, but true none the less. The only way things happen here is by executive order.

What eventually ended up happening as we learned our lesson was that we realized that we wanted nothing to do with Residential Life. Matthew Cooke, along with Mahesh Mohan and some others, began to think about what it would take for students to free themselves from such a yoke. The idea that emerged was what ended up being called the Community Involvement Tower, a tower with no RA, and different ties to Residential Life, ties that give the students power. A charter was written, and, with much wrangling, was accepted by Residential Life, a decision they would rejoice in and regret in the coming years. The Involvement Tower splits up the position of RA into a CDA (Community Development Assistant), who is the Residential Life representative, and the TOA (Tower Operations Assistant), who is the Maintenance representative. Disciplinary issues were to be handled internally by the tower first, and only in serious cases be given to Residential Life. This was done to protect students from a system that was primarily against them.

During its short history, the Involvement Tower has had many ups and downs. It has been proclaimed as the fulfillment of Pitzer's mission, and denounced as an anarchist collective. There is a bit of truth in both. This year, as every year, Residential Life has attempted to shut the Involvement Tower down. This is a sad state of affairs, that a student-organized body that does good things should be compromised by an office that is, in all reality, supposed to be pro-student. As its founding indicates, however, the Involvement Tower was born in rebellion, however irrational. Its point is to offer an alternative, something Pitzer students once valued highly.

The aim of this article was to somehow relay to the next generation a sense of what Pitzer is about. Looking back on it, I believe I may have failed. I am trying not to join the hundreds of now alums who were sure that Pitzer was going to die after they left. I must admit, though, that it is a difficult task. Each generation has complained that its successor was dampening the Pitzer spirit, a spirit that would soon die if we weren't careful. I am not sure that this has been the case, as such an argument would have logically died out long ago. But in looking at the classes to come, I have to admit my apprehension. There are many (especially in the current first-year class) that are obvious carriers of the Pitzer spirit. In most of the others, however, I am afraid to say that I see a lack of such a vivacity. What I mean by the Pitzer spirit is an attitude of questioning. Pitzer students have traditionally taken nothing for granted. They have questioned the fundamentals, the frameworks under which they operated. I see this spirit waning, a sad thing that I can do nothing about. This article may have had no point up to this last paragraph, but I want to conclude with some food for thought. Pitzer students of the future: question yourself. Learning, the goal of education, only comes when you look around you and find something to change. Never be fully content. Strive constantly to better yourself and your surroundings. This is the essence of the Pitzer spirit, something that is now carried by thousands of people who have left this place. My hope is that future generations will remember and revive this spirit.

I participated in the hunger strike because I could no longer be pushed aside by the administration of the Claremont Colleges and the Aramark corporation. I fasted because I could no longer stand the double talk responses that attempted to pacify workers and students. After several failed attempts to meet with administrators and Aramark representatives, we saw no alternative to bring the issues of our dining service workers to the forefront. The idea of the hunger strike came from the hearts and minds of students. We could not stand aside and let corporations and greedy institutions negotiate the livelihoods of the people who provide us, daily, with the nutrients of a warm hug, a friendly smile, or a delicious sandwich.

No Alternative

Double talked, ignored, undermined...as I said before, we knew of no other alternative.

by Joaquin Calderon

We received a lot of support and solidarity. To those who shared, helped, and conversed with us, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Some students from Harvey Mudd brought us flashlights and work lights to keep our evenings bright. The dining service workers collected money to buy us water and juices for our fast. Other people provided us with the support of tents, chairs, and hugs. I wonder if those people that criticized us saw this unity. I wonder if they saw how the workers hugged and thanked us after the meeting with Aramark proved victorious, thereby ending the hunger strike. If our critics didn't experience this instance I bet they also couldn't feel the power as

the workers demanded for the formation of a committee comprised of students and faculty to oversee their grievances. They also missed Eloisa (she works in the dining hall - if you don't know who she is then find out) refer to us as "the stars in the heavens."

I fasted to bring light to the minds of Aramark and administrators that they could not ignore the voices of the workers and the students without a fight. I fasted to let the "Intercollegiate Food Service Contract Bid Team" (the five college committee of students and administrators that chose Aramark) understand that they could not negotiate working conditions and clauses without worker representation. I fasted to ensure the livelihood of someone else.

For those students that ignored us I have one question: Why? Did you see this as a Latino issue? Did you notice the diversity of our group: of the eleven hunger strikers gays, Latinos, African-Americans, Anglos, and Asian-Americans were represented. Did this scare a lot of you? Women led this movement. Did that scare the men? If it wasn't fear, what was it? What is behind all this apathy? Why did Hayden Hamilton, the student representative to the "Intercollegiate Food Service Contract Team" never accept our verbal invitation for a personal dialogue. Instead, he chose to hide behind the e-mail service which is the easiest way of addressing anything. Why didn't Dave Clark, Dean of Students, attend town meetings? Why didn't he acknowledge the striking students before or after we personally went to his office with an invitation to visit us as well as a flyer announcing our fast? Marilyn Massey (I think she's still the President at Pitzer) never attended a town meeting or private meeting, nor did she ever visit the eleven students on the mounds. Ben Ball, our student Body President, walked by the hunger strikers twice without saying a word. We finally spoke to Ben when we called him over to us as he attempted to pass us a third time. Double talked, ignored, undermined . . . as I said before, we knew of no other alternative.

photo: Angelica Diehn



FAST!

On Wednesday, April 22, students participated in a strike on the Mounds at Pitzer College. During the strike, several students fasted, to demand that Pitzer be held accountable to the students, faculty, and staff by providing information about negotiations for a change in food service, as well as presenting a clear contract detailing any policy changes for the workers as a result of the switch. This fast coincided with a strike organized by the Claremont Colleges Student Coalition for Equal Opportunity to protest Proposition 227 (the Unz Initiative) - during this day, students came out to the mounds to see many people gathered together, united to protest issues of injustice. These are some of the words of the fasting students:



PHOTO: EDUARDO REGALADO

The greatest thing about this Fast, is that we (the students fasting) are becoming stronger and stronger with each passing day. What is even greater is the support that we are receiving from the workers. I do this - we do this - to bring an awareness to everyone about the fact that after those workers feed us, they go home to feed others as well. This was our last resort to get the Administration and Aramark to listen to us. We want them to know that we fight, because we care. When I see those workers, I see the eyes and hard work of my people, and of my family. My mother has done everything to ensure that her children had food, clothes - life. We are doing this fast because no one else will. We are their voice, and they are yours. Together we have formed a soul of fire and we will continue to fight until the oppression ceases, no matter what the cause.

Juntos somos poderosos
Juntos somos alma del Sol

-Luciralia Ibarra

It is only right that we, as students, stand up for our dining hall workers, since they are always there for us. Not only do they prepare our food, but they make sure we eat correctly, welcome us with a smile, worry about us when we have problems, and parent us when we're away from home. We owe this hard work to them. Our workers deserve the rights to work without worrying if they will have the money and benefits their families need.

-Alicia Hernandez '01



PHOTO: EDUARDO REGALADO

As the hours wear on and the fluids maintain my body, my community of fasters and students keeps me going. I know what I'm doing will change history, although it might be on a small scale, but if we can affect change in society we will have achieved our goals. I'm doing this for the workers and the gratitude for care they give in preparing and presenting our sustenance, something I'll never be able to express enough. Although our material being is hungry, our spirits will never starve for love and community,

-Arlene Diaz '00

At first, I had misgivings about the fast. Was it too drastic? Was it too soon? Would we just make big-ass fools of ourselves? But the closer that it got to happening, the more apparent the real beauty of this fast has become. The energy, the dedication, and the courage of all of these students amazes me, and the support that the Pitzer community has shown, providing juice, water, money, and plain old concern, is beautiful.

-Isela Gutierrez '00 Scripps



PHOTO: ANGELICA DIEHN

When asked why I was fasting. My response to the Daily Bulletin reporter was that I was tired of seeing my people, my 'raza' getting fucked over. It's bad enough I walk into McConnell dining room and see my 'raza' cleaning and serving all these white rich students. But no, my raza has to fear and question whether their benefits, seniority, and basic human rights and respect are being negotiated or even considered, I'm fasting to ensure these questions be answered and placed in writing for everyone to see. I want to make sure that when I leave Pitzer for summer break, these question and issues have been resolved and a contract is there to show for it.

-Alex Epinosa '99

I am fasting for the people who fed me for two and a half years. I feel this is the ultimate action for them and the security of their livelihood. I know, as many students do, where my next meal will be and where Baxter Medical Center is located.

I have built relationships over my three years here, with the workers; they are my friends. And they could be my parents, your aunts and uncles, or anyone's brothers and sisters. I feel the fast will make students realize that dining hall issues don't only pertain to what kind of salad dressing there is or how many cheeses you can choose from for your sandwich. Having the dining hall open for more hours is definitely a workers' issue that goes beyond a student's convenience.

As far as my body and soul, I prepared myself for the fast through prayer and meditation. I have used a lot of sage to keep me focused. My entire body is dedicated to the workers. On the contrary, I have not seen our President or Dean of Students. It is about time that students who have gone to elsewhere to protest and take action begin to take visible action on campus. I know students at Pitzer are vocal and I ask that they voice their opinion through action. But most importantly, that they come and support us.

Amigos en Solidaridad
-Griselda Suarez '99

It saddens me that efforts such as fasting are necessary in this world. But what gives me joy is to know that my brothers and sisters fasting with me have convictions equal to or greater than mine. The strength that I need to get through every hour without food comes from the faces of my friends fasting with me and the faces of the workers when they come to visit and bring us money, water, and juice.

VIVA LA CAUSA,
-John Kilgore '01



PHOTO: ANGELICA DIEHN

INTERVIEW WITH MATT RAMIREZ

Lane G-C decided to interview a senior for the Other Side because he wanted to publish a perspective that some people may not have a chance to hear. Originally, Lane kept Matt's identity hidden even from fellow TOS editors, because Matt's past activities were sufficiently inflammatory to invite a threat from the administration: shape up or no graduation. However, after a series of secret meetings, Matt decided to go ahead and allow his name to be revealed. —Ed.

The Other Side: So, you've been here for four years . . .

Ah, I've been here for four years, and then before, I was at a J.C. for two . . .

So you've seen this school change, I'm sure . . .

Yeah, it definitely has from my freshman and sophomore year, the kids that come to this school are a lot different.

How so?

Ah, I would say that the kids now are way more conservative; they're way more like republican-focused, you know? ..they just don't - all they care about is their money and their clothes now, their marijuana, whatever the hell else that makes them feel, you know, the way they feel. And they don't give a shit about their society any more, they don't care about what they live in. And I imagine in my freshman and sophomore year, there were a lot of kids who didn't care about it either. Now I see it even more. Take for instance, we just had that student strike out on the mounds. I didn't see any of the kids from this suite where I live out there, nor the ones above my suite, or any of the ones who live around. Very few of the kids were out there. And yet all these kids sit around and bitch about it in their rooms. They bitch about it over a bowl or they bitch about it over some beer or whatever. And it's just annoying...

Do you think it's students in general today that are apathetic, or just this school?

A lot of that has to do with society in general now. Because it's too much work. We have created this society of ease, of remote controls, of telecommunications, we have created this whole society to where you don't have to leave the couch to piss anymore. We can sit there and watch TV all day long and get the information that we might have got from books, we've created the society at ease. And these new freshman and new sophomores are a product of that society. Their work ethic has gone low. That's not bad, I'm not saying that it's bad, it's just their new style of work ethic. It's the new style of, "I'll just punch two things into my computer and it will give me a

wealth of information." So I don't have to go to the library for eight hours. It's good because it has made us a *bit* more efficient, but it's also taken away our strength. It's taken away our strength in terms of our work ethic, or our everyday ethics and morals. These kids don't fight for it anymore. They don't come out on the mounds to battle for what they believe in . . . they don't come out to the marches to battle for what they believe in.

Do you think that they just don't believe in it?

I think that they're just straight lazy.

Yeah, I can see that now. I can see that more people are dissatisfied with the way things are now, but less willing to do anything about it.

Yeah, imagine Pitzer College my freshman and sophomore year: if something went wrong, I'd say more than 65% of the students on this campus were involved in it. They wanted to know what the hell was going on.



photo: Britt-Marie Alm

Do you have an example?

Okay, I'll give you an example: the curfew, the mounds curfew. They put a curfew on being out there. What did the students do? They yanked the piano out of the Mead living room, okay, everybody yanked couches out there, a good friend of mine brought out his stereo and they had a keg and they partied out on the mounds to show their protest. That's the way it was. Pitzer College used to be a lot more communal than it is now. I used to leave my room unlocked and come back and find some kid watching my TV, and I'd be like, "Hey, what's up," and he'd be like, "Hey," and it was cool. But now people have been stealing shit. . . there used to be mad art inside every suite living room. You'd come in and there would be this crazy hand-crafted art all over the walls, but now you can't paint on the walls or they fine you or make you paint it over. It'd be *Monday* night and there would be three parties in different suites, *Tuesday* night and there would be parties, there would be places where you could go and meet kids and hang out. Now the kids just sit in their suite all day long, they sit in their rooms and they complain that there is nothing to do here. My only thing to say to

that is that if you have the energy enough to sit around and complain that there's nothing to do out here, you just spent the energy that you could have used to organize something to do. And they don't. And it's so funny that these kids in this group, in our little huddled and sheltered society . . . the only thing you have to do is fill out a piece of paper to have a party. You have to fill out two pieces of paper to have a party with sound - that's it! And the sound is set up for you, you don't have to do a damn thing. You only have to produce flyers- fill out another form that's three lines and they'll flyer the party for you! You don't even have to pay for the beer! Fill out another form and they'll pay for that too. It's so funny that these kids look at these four forms that would take them all of three minutes to do . . . "It's such a hassle to have a party." And just because of those four forms, they turn around and they blame it on our administration. They blame it on the "upper people" trying to oppress us to keep us from being free. Naw, they're not trying to do that, they're just trying to make your life easier. They're trying to say, "Just fill out this form and we'll do it for you!". They're not saying, "You can't have the party," they're just saying, "Fill out the form." You don't have to do a damn thing, just party, get yourself drunk that night. Do whatever you've gotta do. We're not trying to oppress you for it.

So you're saying that on one hand, the administration is making it easy for people to do what they want to do, but on the other hand you're saying that people aren't getting up to do what they might want. So maybe the administration at this school is just too responsive to student needs, that's why people aren't angry: because there is no reason to be angry, because the administration is alright.

I wouldn't go that far to say the administration's pretty alright. Because in my opinion, the administration could take their head out of their ass and see what school they're at. Because they're at a liberal arts school - this isn't CMC. They need to lay off their ties and their books and their rules and regulations, and just fucking hang out and get to know the kids that they're regulating. They need to get out of their damn office where the air conditioning is, and come out and get a suntan every once in a while, and fucking hang out on the mounds with the rest of us. For all those that say the mounds are for the hippies, if that qualifies me to be a hippie, then damn it I'm a hippie. Because I love the mounds, I've loved it since day one when I came to school here. It was always a place to hang out and meet people. And now our so-called beautiful Gold Student Center has taken that shit away from us and made such an impersonal, gray, dreary building that has no art in it. Kids at Pitzer *used* to be creative, they *used* to be innovative, now they're just machines that just repeat things. The only thing that's left at this school that is like the way Pitzer should be, is the professors, the seniors, and a few underclassmen that are learning from the seniors, or learning from their professors. I give mad props to every single professor that's here. Because every single professor that's here doesn't control their kids . . . they teach you what UC's state schools don't teach you. They don't make you regurgitate the work, they make you create the work. And administration doesn't see that. They see rules and regulations, amendments, documentation, paperwork. It has to be done, yeah, but you are here for the kids, that's why you are *Dean of Students*. That's why you should come out and meet the students, so that when that student gets in trouble and comes to you, you know where that student is coming from. Not like our Dave Clark who steps back and says, like, "I have to assess the situation." That's just as bad as CampSec coming around when some kid is having some drug overdose on the ground and they have to step back to "assess the situation." Assess nothing, you have to call the fucking police, call the ambulance and help him out there. They're trying to be heroes up there. Don't be heroes, just be part of us, just be part of our community. Don't hide yourself above the community. I have this amazing professor right now,

Rahemena. And the one thing that Rahemena tells me that has change my way of thought is that if you look down upon the society that you live in, then you'll never understand where you live or what's going on in that society.

And that applies to Mr. Clark?

That applies to everybody. When you find yourself being better than them, then you'll never understand them. You'll never be able to relate to them at all. Granted I just paraphrased what Rahemena said, he says it in lot better way, but it's what I get from him, and he's an amazing guy. And that's the way an the professors are here. And we used to have a Dean of Admissions that was that way. And his name was Paul Ranselow [who] was an amazing guy, and made sure that his students were okay. If you were sick, he'd show up in your room. If you had a problem, he'd talk to you about it. Screw the damn meeting, screw this meeting, screw that meeting, students need me! My kids need me, and that's what's wrong with some administrators, it's the fact that meetings are more important than the student. "I have to do this, I have to do that." Granted, I give them props for having to deal with 700 kids, it's a tough situation. But they know the situation and they need to find ways to work through it. Screw sending out that e-mail that says, "um I apologize for this . . ." Don't send out the e-mail, show up at dinner one night and announce to the kids that you apologize. So they can see your face and see that you have feelings, not just words on a piece of paper.

Do you think that there is something in the admissions process that has changed what type of student comes to Pitzer?

Yeah.

Since Massey has been here?

Well, she's been here as long as I have, so I don't know about the kids that came before me or Massey. But I do know from rumors, or from the Pitzer gossip or grapevine that things *have* changed. I don't know the exact requirements or documentation, but by rumors, and to even see the students that have come in, I can see that they're not basing their admissions on creativity. And they're not basing their admissions on ways of doing things - innovation. They're basing their admissions more on grades, on SAT scores and how many awards you have. That's B.S. I made into this school, I never won a damn award, I never got a above a 2.0, never. And I never took SAT's, none of that bullshit. But a man saw that I had the knowledge to do what I needed to do. He saw that I had the drive and the will and I did. And I made what I am today because he gave me that chance. And all's it takes is for one person to believe into somebody, and that person will rise like a star. And that one person saw that I was creative and that I had talent, and that I had energy and that I had a damn fire underneath my ass. And I was going to do what it took to get what I wanted. And he's gone. And admissions is changing that. They don't care about your work ethic, they don't care about your feelings, they don't care about what you believe in, or what you can add to our community. They care, in my opinion, about your grades, and your scores, and how many awards the school is going to win because of you, or how many awards you're going to win while you're at the school, or how famous you're going to make this school. That completely defeats the purpose of the liberal arts school. The liberal arts school says, "You can walk around the school naked, paint your body, paint your clothes on your ass, who cares?" We don't do that here.

[At this point the tape gets eaten - could the Administration's secret service henchmen be to blame? —Ed.]

Movies R 4

Eva

When I was first approached and asked to write an article for "The Other Side" by the imposing and unpredictably dangerous Lane "Jerry" Garcia-Capella, I was shaken and disturbed. I was afraid that I would write that article that no one reads (i.e. "The thrilling Folklore of the Tse-Tse Flies Of Djbouti" or "How I Have Fun With Homework"). I was also concerned about my spelling problems and how people would react to them. But Lane had sunk his teeth into my ankle and it was beginning to draw blood, so I agreed to write about films I think people should see. That seemed simple enough, so without further ado, allow me to recommend some of my favorite movies.

CITIZEN KANE: Its not on my list because its on everyone else's list, its just a damn fine picture. The movie focuses on the life and times of Charles Foster Kane, a character based on media mogul William Randolph Hearst. Orson Welles directs and stars in the film (one of the first directors to do this). The cinematography is groundbreaking. When you watch this, notice that almost everything is in focus almost all of the time. Welles was a smart guy and a great filmmaker, and "Citizen Kane" is his masterpiece. Rosebud was a monkey. Other Welles movies you should see: THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, OTHELLO (Shakespeare), THE TRIAL (Kafka), TOUCH OF EVIL, THE THIRD MAN (not directing just acting).

PSYCHO: Made in 1960 by the master of suspense, Alfred Hitchcock, Psycho is still pretty scary even by today's standards. Hitchcock's brilliant casting and precise direction, combined with a ruthless score by Bernard Herrmann (also the composer for "Citizen Kane") make this a true noir classic. Note: The blood is chocolate and the stabbing sounds are produced by the stabbing of an innocent watermelon. Look for Hitch wearing a big cowboy hat. Other Hitchcock movies you should see (I find all of these movies to be superb): REAR WINDOW, VERTIGO, THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, NORTH BY NORTHWEST, SHADOW OF A DOUBT, NOTORIOUS, REBECCA, ROPE, THE 39 STEPS, THE BIRDS, and so on and so forth.....

SOME LIKE IT HOT: The best comedy of the fifties, and maybe even all time, has Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis in drag. Joe E. Brown looks like a monkey for most of the movie. 'Nuff said. Other Billy Wilder films you should see: THE APARTMENT, SABRINA, DOUBLE INDEMNITY, THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS, THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH.

2001: A SPACE ODESSEY: Ape-men kick the shit out of each other for a singing piece of obsidian, and a spaceship computer turns evil and even sings a tune himself. This is Stanley Kubrick's finest film, and may be the best science-fiction movie ever produced. Figuring out exactly what it all means is a challenge, but it is well worth it. The fetus does not sing. Other Kubrick movies worth seeing: SPARTACUS, LOLITA, DR. STRANGELOVE, THE SHINING, FULL METAL JACKET.

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS (1978): This remake of the 1956 version takes body snatching to whole new levels. Donald Sutherland, Brooke Adams, and Jeff Goldblum are intense, and Leonard Nimoy shows up (ears dulled) as the wacky psychiatrist. There's this great sound which goes on for the entire movie. Kind of a woh woh. It really makes things pretty chilling. Watch this and 2001 for a night of fetus fun. This movie is also for fans of squash and other pod like vegetables.

FIVE EASY PIECES: This is a great Jack Nicholson flick. It was made before Jack turned from an actor into an attitude. It features a great cast (including a woman who rants about filth) and a wonderful score. Kind of without realizing it this is an excellent 70's period piece as well, with a great speech by Jack about two pieces of wheat toast.

BLUE VELVET: I'm a huge David Lynch fan. He exhibits immense talent at making his films funny and horrifyingly

strange at the same time. Blue velvet is quintessential Lynch. Be prepared to allow the film to explain itself its own dream-like way. "Twin Peaks" will see immediate connections between this film and the series. Dennis Hopper's best performance, as well as great showings by Isabella Rossellini and Kyle MacLachlan.

Dean Stockwell shows up as a completely sober and normal person. Half of that last sentence was a lie, based on what you know of David Lynch figure it out. Other Lynch things to see: TWIN PEAKS (episodes 1-15 the first season), THE ELEPHANT MAN, DUNE, ERASERHEAD (exceedingly wierd), LOST HIGHWAY. Lynch things to avoid: TWIN PEAKS: FIRE WALK WITH ME (Some people like this, I detest it. So if you really want to see this, please watch the first season of the T.V. show first. FIRE WALK WITH ME takes all the mystery out of the series, and ends up confusing and upsetting you until you finally decide to turn it off).

HIGH NOON: Gary Cooper is perfectly cast as a lonely sheriff in this 1952 classic western. See it to see what I mean. Watch for a shot of Cooper alone on the street that cranes up to show the whole town. After you notice how nice this shot is, also notice that this quiet western town extends into downtown Burbank and the rest of San Fernando valley. Other great westerns: THE SEARCHERS, BROKEN ARROW, THE NAKED SPUR, BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE, STAGECOACH, RED RIVER, THE OXBOW INCIDENT.

GIANT: A really big epic movie directed by George Stevens, Giant features great performances by Rock Hudson and Elizabeth Taylor, as well as James Dean's final performance (he died during filming). Dean is absolutely superb in this movie as the money hungry farmhand, and you won't believe that its him when he shows up "twenty years later". Other James Dean films you should see: REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE, EAST OF EDEN (isn't on this list because Giant is). Other Stevens movies to see: SHANE, A PLACE IN THE SUN, WOMAN OF THE YEAR.

THE PLAYER: This is one of Robert Altman's finest films. The story has a way of flip-flopping on you and inverting itself in some pretty clever ways. When you see it, what I am trying to say will become clearer. The film contains something in the area of 53 cameos by Hollywood types. They appear as themselves.. The acting cast is superb with Tim Robbins heading it up as a slimy movie exec. suspected of murder. Hollywood bites itself in the ass in this one, and under the masterful direction of Robert Altman, you leave the film feeling quite uncomfortable. Another reason to see "The Player": Lyle Lovett shows up and swats flies the whole time. Other Altman movies to see: NASHVILLE, MASH (The film that inspired the series), MCABE AND MRS. MILLER, VINCENT AND THEO, POP-EYE (Please get back to me if you thought any hard drugs were taken during the creation of this), SHORT CUTS.

Well there's some to get you started, but let me be frank; I have not seen that many movies so my views on what people should see are quite limited. I hope that this list inspires at least some of you to go and rent these movies. A friend who shall remain nameless asked me whether I was going to mention some of the more recent movies, my pick for movie of the year or something. So I recited the following limerick:

There once was a man from Berlin,
A stray cat from his town he took in,
He sat on this cat and jiggled its fat,
That putrid old man from Berlin.

My friend retreated in disgust. But the actual reason that I didn't put any movies from this year or last is quite simple. I have included only 10 of my favorite films from a list that spans about a century of moviemaking. I would also like to point out that I have not reviewed any films that pre-date 1950. That's not because I have not seen any movies from the first half of the century. It's also not because the movies I have seen are not worthy of this list. Its that people from our generation reject earlier cinema because it's black and white, it's slow moving, and it's old fashioned. None of the characters swear or have sex on screen, and in films pre-dating 1929, they don't even talk. However, there is a certain lyrical quality one can extract from a film predating the 1950's. Cinema was a different language then, and one that people of our generation can understand by momentarily stowing expectations of quick cuts and great special effects, and replacing them with patience and respect.

Well, enough ranting for now, I hope you enjoy these films if you choose to watch them, and if you hate them please contact me so we can fight.

-John

Reflections on La Paz:

Pitzer Students Speak About Their Experiences During Spring Break with the United Farm Workers

"...like Chavez we backed up our words with our actions. The single most defining moment of the trip has to be the protesting we did outside of a liquor store as well as at the mall...It was in Bakersfield that I received the joy of receiving a 'justice honk' and the disgust when old ladies would give me dirty looks or dirty hand gestures."
-Nathan Crevensten

"Before I experienced this trip to La Paz, I expected and imagined a La Paz community filled with old activists who had great stories about when they picketed with Cesar Chavez. However, the contrary was revealed and I saw an entire community of different colored people who were sustaining the spirit and legacy of Cesar Chavez."
-Alex Espinosa

photo: Suzanne Foster



"Someone like myself, who was too young to remember the legacy of the UFW and had parents who were not aware of the farm workers' problems, has no idea about the glory of the union...The spirits of those working with the UFW have not yet died. Rodriguez, Chavez, Huerta, Alicia, Jose, Verusco, and the Pitzer students all still own the spirit of "SI SE PUEDE!" We can make a difference. The alternative spring break had proven that the changes are going in a good direction."
-Mari Kawaguchi

"At the last minute, I decided to go to La Paz and learn about the UFW firsthand. Enough with classes and enough with books. I wanted to stand next to Cesar's grave, speak to his family, and hear about the struggles from the people who fought them. Walking through La Paz, I could feel the eternal energy of those struggles and the hope that the community had for the future. I realized that the future was in us and that our brothers and sisters were slowly teaching us what to do. I now feel that I am ready to act."
- Suzanne Foster

"...my experiences in La Paz working with people who have devoted their lives to serving others has given me hope. It has given me hope that there is a place for me in this world and that true success cannot be fully measured by monetary wealth, but is best measured by the strength of one's convictions and the love one has for all in need."
-John Kilgore

"...we have to remember that the laborers are working for the food that we rely on in our daily lives. If they do not produce this food, we cannot survive. Therefore, we should pay attention to the lives of farm workers and give our hands to encourage them to fight for their basic rights against landlords."
-Yoonho Sull

"I was happy to be part of this year's alternative spring break and ensuing Cesar Chavez Memorial. While at La Paz this year I said, 'This kind of movement with the United Farm Workers doesn't need a lot for good-hearted people to be part of. It's something that has a natural draw unto itself.' I expect that Pitzer will continue to have students wanting to be part of what so many other people have experienced with positive regard. For myself, I know that I am grateful for being able to be part of it and carry it with me into the future."
-Eddie Corona

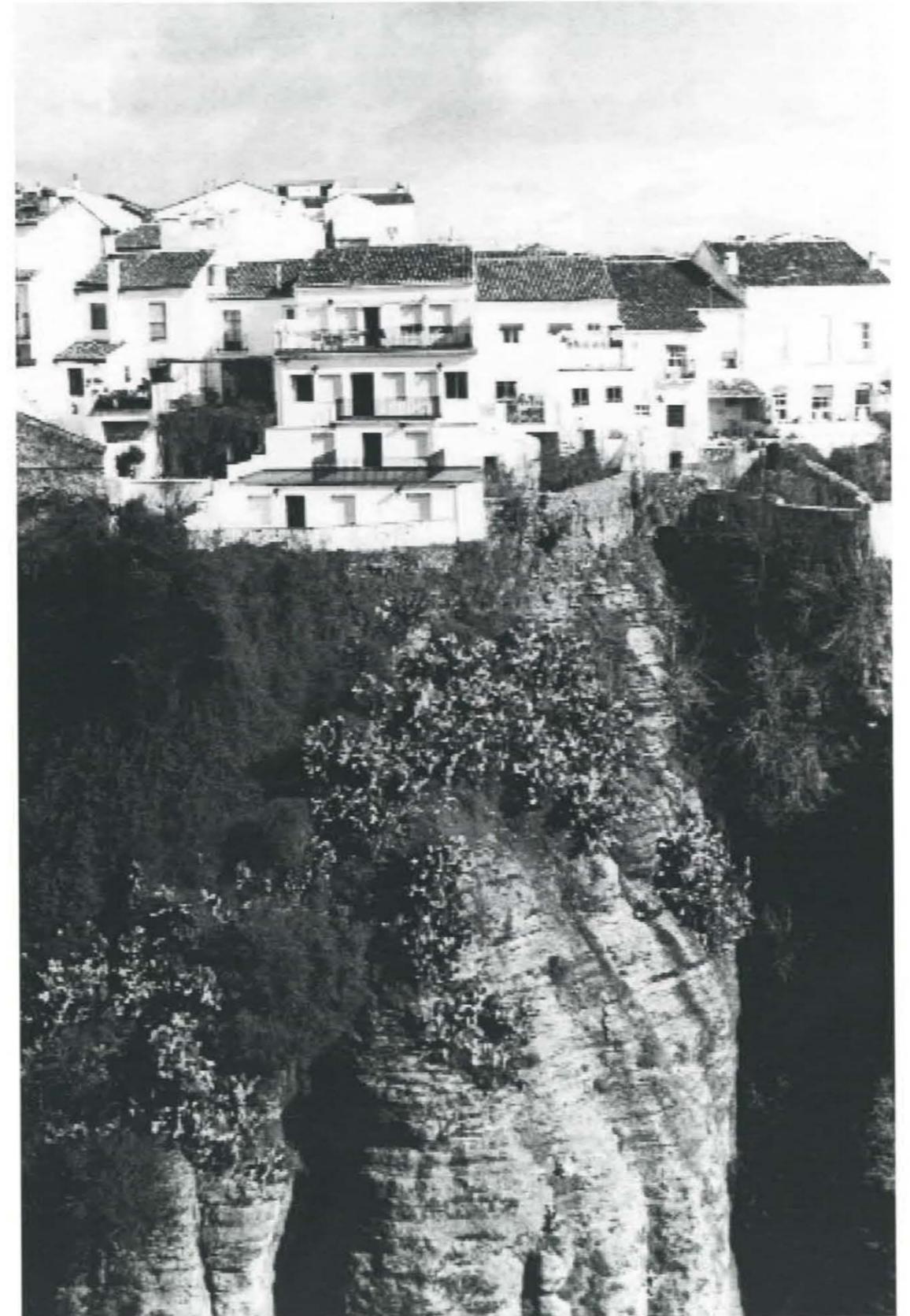


Photo by Brooke Barer

ANTI-BILINGUALISM ROOTED IN ANTI-IMMIGRANT MOVEMENTS

BY JOSE Z. CALDERON

There have been two recent developments that bring together two seemingly widely diverse issues: that of the environment and language. The Sierra Club, one of the country's largest environmental organizations will vote on curbing immigration as a way to slow U. S. population growth. California Republicans endorsed a ballot proposal for the 1998 ballot that would put an end to bilingual education. The ballot initiative is being led by Ron Unz, a Silicon Valley entrepreneur, who collected enough signatures to place the measure on the June, 1998, ballot.

The use of immigration and environmental issues to scapegoat immigrants is nothing new. A number of conservative organizations have tied population growth and environmental degradation to an increase in immigrants. They include the Washington D. C. based Population Environment Balance, the Coalition for Immigration Reform, and the Federation of American Immigration Reform.

FAIR, the most dominant among these groups, has its roots in both the anti-immigrant and reactionary ecologist movements. The organization helped start U.S. English under the leadership of Michigan ophthalmologist, Dr. John Tanton. Before co-founding U.S. English, Tanton started a Planned Parenthood Center in Petoskey, Michigan and joined the board of directors of Zero Population Growth (ZPG), the country's largest political organization devoted to population reduction.

He left ZPG in 1979 and founded the Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR), the country's largest lobbying group devoted to restricting immigration. He has also been a member of the board of directors for Population Environment Balance, an organization which promotes population reduction worldwide and a cutting of U.S. assistance to foreign countries which do not seek to arrest their population growth. Among its original founders was William C. Paddock, an author of books that predict catastrophe in the Third World because of population growth. All these groups in the past have joined hands with the U.S. English campaign in blaming immigrants for the problems of "strained resources and services in the United States.

In an internal FAIR organization paper, Tanton

listed the unwanted traits that Latin Americans and other immigrants are importing into the U. S.: high birth rates, bribing of public officials, lack of political participation, large high school drop-out rates, lack of concern for the environment, and the failure to speak the English language.

Further, Tanton has accepted contributions from the Pioneer Fund, a foundation that once promoted forced sterilization. This New York-based foundation was created in 1937 to promote "racial betterment" through eugenics. Harry Laughlin, its founder, has stated its objectives as being "practical population control .. by influencing those forces which govern immigration, the sterilization of degenerates, land mate selection in favor of American racial strains and sound family stock." Its first project was to popularize Nazi Germany's program of forced sterilization for persons judged to be genetically inferior. In the 1970's, the Pioneer Fund financed research by William Shockley and Arthur Jensen attempting to prove that Blacks are less intelligent than whites.

The recent anti-bilingual campaigns have their roots in the goals of these "nativist" movements and in particular, the English Only movement. This movement has been consistent in calling for a list of initiatives that it says are meant to combat a "movement to turn language minorities into permanent power blocs:

- Repeal of laws mandating multilingual ballots and voting materials,
- Restriction of government funding for bilingual education
- Control of immigration so that it does not reinforce trends toward language segregation.

In California, the passage of the UNZ initiative will have dire consequences: 1) the harmful effect on the development and well-being of millions of adults and children; 2) the related message that the political aspiration for equality and a share of power by Latinos and Asians will not be tolerated; and 3) the subsequent costs to the state in litigating lawsuits and legislation.

Hidden in this debate, however, is the deteriorating condition of education, literacy, and the preparation for international business interaction (e.g. lan-

guage competency).

English Only, in this context, shows its real character. The movement for English Only or immersion is nothing more than a sophisticated, patriotic-sounding diversion from the crucial issues facing California and the rest of the country. The patriotic demagoguery has appealed to many honest frustrated citizens. But such demagoguery has only served to retard and restrict the full development of the talents and abilities of people of all ethnic backgrounds.

What the English Only movement bypasses are the crucial issues that are facing the educational systems in California. The stakes are high as our country's technological progress is based in a significant part on the quality of our students. Yet the reality shows a 40% dropout rate in the Los Angeles city schools, the second largest school system in the U.S.

That figure skyrockets to over 50% in minority neighborhoods. It is no accident that forty-eight other countries have higher literacy rates than the U.S. Jonathan Kozol, author of *Illiterate America* estimates that 60 million adults in the U.S. are illiterate.

Rather than frontally assaulting this national dilemma, energy has been diverted toward seeking someone to blame. In the California debate over bilingual programs, many taxpayers have been led to believe that the issue is about those who support immigrants and more funding for language programs, and those who don't.

The value that needs to be promoted is the appreciation of and respect for the diverse cultures and languages of immigrants and minorities, and the desire to bring them into the economic and political mainstream. The State of California, like all other states, has been enriched by the contributions of immigrants through their revitalizing industries, hard work, cultures, taxes and consumerism.

With so much diversity in California, what is needed is a momentum around the need and respect for language rights: i.e. the right to have English pro-

grams available, the right to expanded and improved bilingual programs, the promotion of foreign languages as part of preparing our students for participation in the global economy, and the right to participate in the electoral process through the use of bilingual ballots. The issue of language rights is an excellent opportunity to promote larger structural changes in our country's institutions and priorities (for example, the restructuring of our educational system and shifting federal priorities toward education and away from the military). Such a discussion is necessary if we hope to prevent the dismal scenario for the future of our country's schools and related standard of living from becoming a reality.

The anti-bilingual English Only movement has fooled many people. However, it is also true that many of us as parents have failed to

assert our political strength with regard to education and literacy.

We have not developed a critical mass to advocate changes from national and local political bodies.

Further, there is both the need and the opportunity to build alliances among the varied groups that now comprise the diverse mosaic of Los Angeles.

Today, the anti-bilingual English Only movement continues to be widespread and divisive in its origins and effects. It continues to pit old residents against new immigrants, particularly, Asians and Latinos. Its initiatives give the legal justification for depriving new immigrants of the tools for empowerment and mobility while blaming them for all the complex problems brought by rapid economic and demographic changes in the U.S. and world economies. All those interested in explaining and resisting the sinister goals of these initiatives need to continue to: 1. expose their fraudulent universality and divisiveness 2. work to empower language minorities within a framework of genuine ethnic and cultural diversity.



photo: Eduardo Regalado

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BY RONALD MACAULAY

When I was about ten years old growing up in the west of Scotland I was fascinated by things military: soldiers, guns, battles, tanks and other materiel. I had a variety of lead soldiers including Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders in their kilts and pith helmets. Some were standing, some kneeling, and some lying down but they were all aiming their rifles. I managed to defend many a desperate situation such as a pass or hill by means of these valiant soldiers. I think most of these battles took place in an ill-visualized landscape supposed to represent the Northwest frontier in India.

THEM

I also had various guns, some of which would fire pieces of matchstick or other missiles in the direction of a target but generally falling very short, as their mechanism was not very powerful. I had ambulances, tanks, troop carriers, and other vehicles painted in suitable military colours. These were employed in battles that seemed to be located more in the region (though not the time) of World War I.

AND

My parents had a friend they called George. His name was actually Claude Napier Douglas Jeffries but for some rather complicated reasons we called him George. George took an interest in my war games. I had got hold of a large piece of white drawing paper and decided to map out two sets of opposing trenches on the model of first world war battles in France. I drew one set of these carefully, using a ruler, making proper right angles and including supply trenches and everything I could think of, but it took me longer and was more of an effort than I had planned. So I drew the opposing trenches freehand with curves and that took only a fraction of the time and from my point of view served just as well. When I showed this plan to George, he immediately asked me why one set of trenches was drawn freehand. I told him that I couldn't be bothered to draw them as carefully as the other set. He launched into a diatribe. Didn't I realize that I would never succeed in anything if I adopted that attitude. I must always persevere and do things properly. That was the only way I would achieve any success in my life.

I listened attentively and have often recalled George's words, but I am sorry to say that I have not followed his advice. I have always been ready to compromise. I have since then published several books and a number of articles and I am sure that they would all have been improved if I had followed George's advice, but I am also afraid that if I had taken it really seriously I might not have published anything. Samuel Butler wrote in his notebook: "If you aim at imperfection there is some chance of your getting it; whereas there is none if you aim at perfection." This has always seemed to me a sensible piece of advice for most of us.

Yet, there are those rare individuals who achieve per-

fection or close to it. Bix Beiderbecke producing pure tones on his coronet despite the tawdriness of the music or the mediocrity of his fellow musicians is one example. The faultless shape of some A.E.Housman's poems or the design of some of Vermeer's paintings are other examples. Perfection may not be characteristic of the highest forms of art: Beethoven, Shakespeare, and Rembrandt all have glaring lapses. Yet there is something very satisfying in contemplating something done supremely well.

It is the hope of experiencing this kind of emotion that underlies the fascination with performances of various kinds, including professional sports. Just occasionally, a Jack Nicklaus, a Walter Payton, a Magic Johnston will do something with such grace that it is impossible to imagine it being better done. Similarly, there are occasions in the concert hall that stand out from the others. The most moving experience I have ever had in a concert hall was hearing the Busch Quartet play Beethoven's first Rasoumovsky Quartet on a dull Sunday morning in Edinburgh. Although that was forty years ago, it remains the standard by which I have judged all subsequent performers.

Very occasionally we less talented individuals may also experience what it is like to do something well. I am a wildly erratic golfer with what someone once called "the fastest swing in the west" but on very rare occasions when for some odd reason the timing must have been right I have had the satisfaction of feeling that I have hit the ball as well as I could possibly have hoped to do. Similarly, sometimes after teaching a class I have felt the exhilaration of believing that I had performed to the top of my ability. Such moments are rare and they are usually followed by deflating experiences that bring a rapid return to humility.

The great performers, however, are those who can do it well not only on rare occasions but with some consistency. The story is told of the Irish playwright J.M.Synge that he was once at a concert given by the celebrated Irish tenor John McCormack. At a brief pause Synge is reported to have shouted from the gallery: "That's right McCormack. Always so bloody clear!" In the end, that is what makes the great performers different from the rest of us. They are always so bloody clear. They are there to remind us of what is humanly possible, even if most of us will never rise to that standard.

Sorry, George, I'm grateful to you for trying, though with hindsight I wonder if you lived up to your own standards. Perhaps you were like Samuel Johnson who admitted "I have, all my life, been lying till noon; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good." Johnson was one of us, and so I suppose was George.

US

Results of The Other Side's McConnell Dining Hall Comparative Bowel Movement Survey

We at The Other Side are concerned about the health and well-being of our fellow students. With this in mind, we were shocked and dismayed to hear a recent complaint from a student that she had not had a solid bowel movement at Pitzer until she got off the meal plan. Even before the recent termination of Mariott's contract with the five colleges, we set out to discover if other students were having the same problem that she was. Were students spending inordinate amounts of study time in the porcelain throne room due to shoddy dining services? Were they spending too little time there? Could excessive use of Pitzer's one-ly be causing students to seriously consider transferring to their second choice? With decades of hard-hitting investigative journalism experience to draw from, The Other Side set out to uncover the solid (or not) facts on this matter. Here are the results: [Our criteria for judging a "normal" bowel movement comes from something one of us had heard a long time ago from a friend who had talked to a doctor once. They said that a "normal" movement should be banana-shaped, light brown in color, and should be accomplished once a day. So we set out a student survey that judged the regularity, consistency (we assumed that consistency would determine the shape), and color. We also split the respondents into vegetarian and non-vegetarian, because those people are weird and should be kept separate. We feel the results speak for themselves...]

	Vegetarian	Non-Vegetarian
Meal Plan	Frequently despondent and rebellious lower intestine causes abnormal amounts of gas and stools in a variety of colors. Recommend: regular coffee enemas followed by brisk walk in Outback.	Stools often still moving, indicating poorly cooked McConnell meat. Recommend: Follow every meal with a large amount of alcohol to kill off living organisms.
No Meal Plan	Charismatic but loose stools, indicating disproportionate intake of tofu to granola. Recommend: increase consumption of blood sausages. Avoid flan.	Very little available data, indicating that non-meal plan meat eaters are too lazy to cook for themselves. Warning: if you encounter one of these hungry students, toss them cole cuts and donuts until the humane society arrives.



What is your name?

Byron Gardner.

Where were you born?

I was born in Robesville Indiana. On Wheeler street. When I was five, My family moved from their mobile home into an old farmhouse that wasn't fit for a rat. I gave a name to this house. I called it Gilbert. I don't know why I called the house gilbert, I suppose it might have been the gilbert like squeak which filled the house every time the front door opened. My father made a "Gilbert House" sign which I proudly but unsuccessfully nailed to a rock in the front yard.

Where did you go to school?

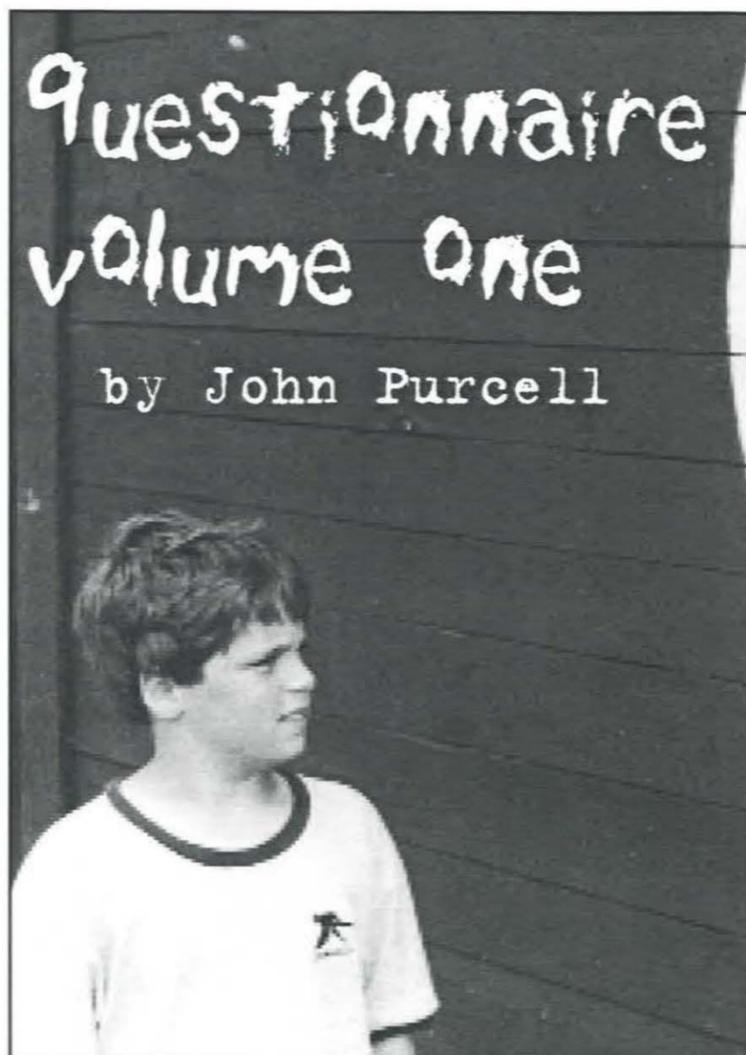
Robesville only had five children at that time, so they used a room in the Danforth Sanitorium for a classroom. One day a naked man came barreling down the hallway shrieking about the condition of his shoes, which was irrelevant for he had no shoes to speak of. This event, however, affected me in powerful ways. From then on I always made sure that my shoes were in good shape, and safely on my feet. I also checked routinely under my bed for raving naked men. Our teacher, Miss. Vine shrieked a lot, and she might have been a little mad, but was never naked, and wore perfectly well groomed shoes. Miss Vine had the curious habit of calling roll three times during each lesson. As if any one of us would have dared to leave the classroom for fear we might be eaten by one or several of the other "Students".

What were your classmates like?

I had a best friend named Bud. Bud could put both legs behind his head, a feat he exhibited a tremendous amount. More often than not if asked to stand up, it would either take him a while, or Bud would be quite a bit shorter than the rest of his peers.

As our years of schooling went on Bud antics began to border on lunacy. One day he managed to glue his arm to the floor. Miss Vine's reprimands went unnoticed by Bud as he was occupying himself with biting a good chunk out of her leg. I was later told by a rather sour Miss Vine that Bud had been transferred to a different classroom in the same building. I never saw bud again. Zed Weaver had no hair, but he told an occasional good joke. His favorite joke was one that amused only him. I think it was a little abstract for the rest of us. Zed would begin the joke by raising the collar on his shirt in vampire like

fashion. He would then proceed: "How do you make a faucet stop dripping?" amidst the choruses of "How Zed" he would climb up on his chair and announce "Close the window!" At this he would drop to the ground, and in the bewildered silence emit peals of maniacal laughter until someone expressed their wish for the joke to be repeated. Zed was not a funny boy. Marcie weaver was Zed's older sister. She was quiet and well behaved. I liked her. Darcie Weaver was Zed's younger sister. She was loud, and had the despicable habit of chewing on the corner of her desk in class.



What was your classroom like?

It was square, and painted a chalky green color. There was only one poster on the wall. It showed a contortionist making the letter G with his body. I assumed that this was part of a series of contortionist posters depicting every letter of the alphabet. The carpet made me think of algae.

What were your best subjects in school?

I had a lot of fun with blocks. Miss Vine was an eccentric woman, and even as we moved from fractions to algebra and Johnny Tremain to Shakespeare, she still had us playing with blocks. Once, our assignment was to create an architecturally feasible zoo out of blocks. My zoo was magnificent. Its greatest feature was an aviary which extended into the upper reaches of our atmosphere, thereby allowing the gulls and eagles to fly as high as they wanted. Fortunately we had no blocks made out of bird netting, so I never had to undertake the tedious construction of my fabulous aviary. Zed made what he called his "Kooky Zoo". The primary



resident of the "Kooky Zoo" was a half eaten plastic hippo who, according to Zed, was a member of a species called "Gigolope". This name was a combination of the two words in the English language Zed could be overheard saying with alarming frequency: "Gigolo" and "Antelope". Bud affectionately called his zoo "Where The Dismembered Things Are Zoo". There were countless fights over the Gigolope. Bud was sent home one day after attempting to rip Darcy Weaver in half with the intention of adding her to his section of his Zoo entitled "The Land of Hopelessly

Mangled Reptiles".

What is your most vivid childhood memory?

Falling into Patterson's creek and being swept about five-hundred miles downstream. Patterson's creek would have more accurately been called Patterson's Out of Control River. It was directly behind Gilbert House, and one day as I was making a rather unsuccessful fort out of tadpoles, the creek swelled and I was carried away for what seemed like days. It was in fact more than days, it was weeks. I attempted to avoid starvation by taking in mouthfuls of water and filtering out tiny animals with my teeth as I expelled the water back into the river. This technique was based on a previous study on the behavior of whales. Unfortunately, however, this method was abandoned after about a half an hour due to my lack of whale teeth. I was finally washed ashore at a gas station somewhere near the town of Slemp, Kentucky where a man in a Buick drove me home.

Whom have you looked up to most in your life?

Either Hugh Hefner or my older sister Paul.

Why Paul?

She was just a head, but she got along quite nicely in the world, and I admired that.

No, why the name Paul?

Well, Paul was an "it", so my parents compromised by giving "it" a boy's name and referring to "it" as "she". Is there anything else or may I go?

May I ask where you have to go?

I'm an assistant to an important executive over at Pratt Sanitation Corporation, and I have to pick up a crate of paper towels. Truck ran into his office this morning.

You are a freak.

Thanks a lot, take it easy.

No, thank you.

Untitled
 There will come a time, I think
 when I must finally accept
 that I cannot trust any greater,
 or feel any safer with
 one because she wears my color.

One time, I remember
 some event;
 one of those things
 intellectuals are supposed to go to.
 And sitting, surrounded by they
 whom I,
 with my sad and shameful
 (but righteous, I imagine)
 bitterness,
 assume to be my opposition by virtue of their skin.

Next to me sits
 a stranger with my sameness,
 my yellowness.
 And I think stupidly,
 as I hide my intellect behind hers,
 "We are in this together, sister."
 Against them. Against our enemy.
 Against they who do injustice to us.
 Until she turns,
 and with such supreme confidence
 undermines my own
 like they never could.

I stop
 and realize
 how desperate I am
 to believe in battle
 and alliances
 that do not exist.

-Joon Kim



photo by Jonathan Hedstrom

la corriera
 early for the bus, alone
 9am and frozen
 november the thirteenth,
 a thursday.

gelateria closed, *al bar's* neon shining pink,
 persimmon orange squared apartment building *traversame*
 slatey sky still, preparing for rain.

olive-skinned woman— *forte*, standing straight—
 approaches me.

"*la corriera e'passata? che ora e'?*"

i stall and answer,

"*non, ancora. verso nove e un quarto*"

it is nine-fifteen
 she begins to speak, laughing.
 she is relieved.

i am going to visit my parents she says
erranno muerti, they are all gone
 i go once a week
 these flowers are okay?
 they are from my garden
 i picked them just now, they are still wet.

soni belli, i respond,
 glancing at the shiny skinned wrinkled hand
 clutching that morning's paper
 wrapped around the stems.

i live over there, she points,
 the squared apartment building.
 it is small
 my husband was sick
 i am still healthy.
 we were married forty years,
 he was sick for twenty.

her grey hair still has black in it
 her coat fits impeccably
 her jaw is straight
 her fingers on my shoulder

mi dispiace, i say, not knowing
 where to go.
 i touch her shoulder too,
 think of my *nonna*.

my son and i used to ride the *bici* she says
 even in the snow
 he is gone too now
 i take the bus
e'tropo difficile adesso.

i get up in the morning,
 make a coffee,
 eat an apple,
 dress myself and then i go.

e tu, come stai?
 her eyes are liquid,
 so are mine.

i am okay, i find myself saying,
 staring at the tortoise shelled buttons of her
 fitted tweed coat
 a little tired, kind of sore
 her legs are well-formed,
 she is wearing wedge heels

my leg hurts, she says
 my hands are all wet
 this paper, *sporca*.
 she isn't wearing any rings,
 her face is shining, no loose skin.

now i live alone, she says
 these people i say *ciao* to,
 i
 don't know who they are.
 she laughs again,
 soft hand runs down my face.

tu sei bella, she claims
anche te, i respond.
 i am old, she says
ma, tu hai una vita ancora, i reply.
solamente dopo she says
 i am seventy-eight she says
 my husband is dead.

little tears.
 my hand goes to her shoulder,
 her eyes like shiny brown leather i breathe.
 i want to scream
 i love you i see your life.

instead, i look at her
 slightly smiling, eyebrows raised, squinting
tu sei forte, i reply.

she laughs.
 we climb on the bus.

-Maryam Hosseinzadeh

Liberty or Death

By Sebastian Merino

To quote William Cooper, former member of Top Secret Naval Intelligence Briefing Team and author of *Behold a Pale Horse* - the book in which he denounces every world power, from the CIA to the Vatican, for being evil entities run by secret societies like the Illuminati and Masons:

"Like it or not, everything is changing. The result will be the most wonderful experience in the history of man or the most horrible enslavement that you can imagine. Be active or abdicate, the future is in your hands."

Mumia Abu Jamal:

"The choice, as every choice, is yours: to fight for liberty or encagement, liberty or slavery, life or death. Spread the word of life far and wide. Talk to friends, read and open your eyes - even to doorways of perception you feared to look into yesterday. Hold your heart open to the truth."

Mumia Abu Jamal, activist for the Black Panther Party

since his adolescence, has been a political prisoner of the USA since a certain ghastly night in December, 1981. The year started out optimistically for the African-American Journalist, who had been elected president of the Philadelphia Association of Black Journalists, named one of Philadelphia Magazine's "People to Watch", and called the "voice of the voiceless" by the Philadelphia Inquirer. A prominent figure, Mumia told stories of the people without money or power, and his hard-hitting investigative journalism challenged police brutality, especially against the black community.

Freelance journalism didn't earn Mumia a steady salary, so he also worked as a taxi driver to support his family. He had also been fired from black radio stations for his vocal support of the revolutionary MOVE organization in their armed confrontation with police. Driving the mean streets of Philadelphia, a city undergoing hard times along with growing racial tensions, he came upon a chilling sight: a police officer beating a black man. Responding as he had his whole life when encountering injustice, Mumia rushed to protest the beating. Shock turned to anguish when he realized the motorist being beaten for a traffic violation was his brother. In the fateful and obscure moments that ensued, the police officer was killed and Mumia was shot in his chest. Near dead, Mumia was then beaten at the scene and at the hospital by the police that had come to the scene. Police at the hospital testified that Mumia exclaimed, "Yeah, I shot that motherfucker and I hope that motherfucker dies." Yet the doctor who attended Mumia and others nearby maintain that no such thing had been said. Mumia was arrested and charged with the murder of a police officer.

The circumstances under which Mumia received his trial are dubious. He pleaded to defend himself, in protest against the incompetence of the attorney assigned to him, and was consequently barred from the proceedings. Presiding over the case was Judge Sabo, a member of the Fraternal Order of Police (a group actively lobbying for Mumia's execution). He has sentenced 32 prisoners to death (only two whites), more than twice that of any other judge in the U.S. There was only one black left on the jury by the end of the trial. The bullets that killed the police officer were not identified with Mumia's gun that he kept in the taxi. Witnesses at the scene of the crime testified that they saw someone else shooting and fleeing the scene. These witnesses were silenced by police while others were coerced to testify falsely against him. The whole case is marred with inconsistencies and untruths that have lead many to believe Mumia was framed by the FBI, as have been countless other political dissidents.

Protests around the world prevented Mumia from being executed in '95. We are still waiting an answer to his final petition for an appeal. Meanwhile, those in power are trying more than ever to squelch his cause for justice and the release of all political prisoners. His radio program, "Live From Death Row" has been forced off the air, amidst criticism from the likes of Bob Dole and the National Fraternal Order of Police. Journalists have been banned from access to the Pennsylvania prison population, in what inmates have labeled "the Mumia rule".

"I speak from Philadelphia's death row, a bright, shining, highly mechanized hell. In this place, a dark temple of fear, an altar of public ambition, death is a campaign poster, a stepping stone to public office. In this space in time, in this dark hour, how many of us are not on death row? From death row, this is Mumia Abu Jamal."

How is Mumia Abu Jamal such a threat, that when he speaks of the reality of life in prison or hell, he should be censored? The simple truth is that his words, if heard, would threaten the smooth and orderly function of both state-sanctioned murder and modern slavery. His perspective is a serious threat to the hegemony of the "corrections industry". He represents the humanization of over one and a half million prisoners in America, the country with the highest rate of imprisonment per capita in the world. Disclosures of torture and human rights abuses would slow productivity and expansion in the nation's biggest growth industry: human storage and slave labor. At the current rate of incarceration, by 2010, the majority of all African-American men between the ages 18 and 40 will be in prison: the state their captor and their labor on the auction block. Unbeknownst to many, slavery was never completely abolished. In 1865, the 13th Amendment barred slavery, except for "those duly convicted of a crime". There are allegations from conspiracy theorists that the U.S. already has massive concentration camps in Alaska for political prisoners and prisoners of war. Indeed, Nazi concentration camps were modeled after Native American "reservations" of the 1800's; also during World War II, the U.S. detained many Japanese in concentration camps on our own soil.

As Noelle Hanrahan, Director of the Prison Radio Project/Quixote Center put it: "Whether Mumia Abu



Jamal's voice will reach the airwaves, and ultimately whether he lives or dies, will be a true test of whether freedom of the press exists. It will also depend on our independence, the depth of our courage, and our will to organize."

If interested in supporting the fight to free Mumia, there are numerous websites that extensively cover his story and provide information on upcoming protests. A Claremont band, Man is the Bastard, has an album dedicated to the cause, with spoken word from Mumia, Assata Shakur, Bob Dole, Allen Ginsberg, Jello Biafra, and four of their own songs. (Musically, they are somewhat tripped out, yet very heavy. Their lyrics are powerful, strongly influenced by the teachings of Buddha and Christ, while decrying the system's evils and injustices in an ultra-radical voice. Their death metal-like vocals might be a deterrent to some ears, however.)

Jesus of Nazareth on the end of the age:

"Nation will rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. There will be great earthquakes, famines and pestilences in various places, and fearful events and great signs from heaven.

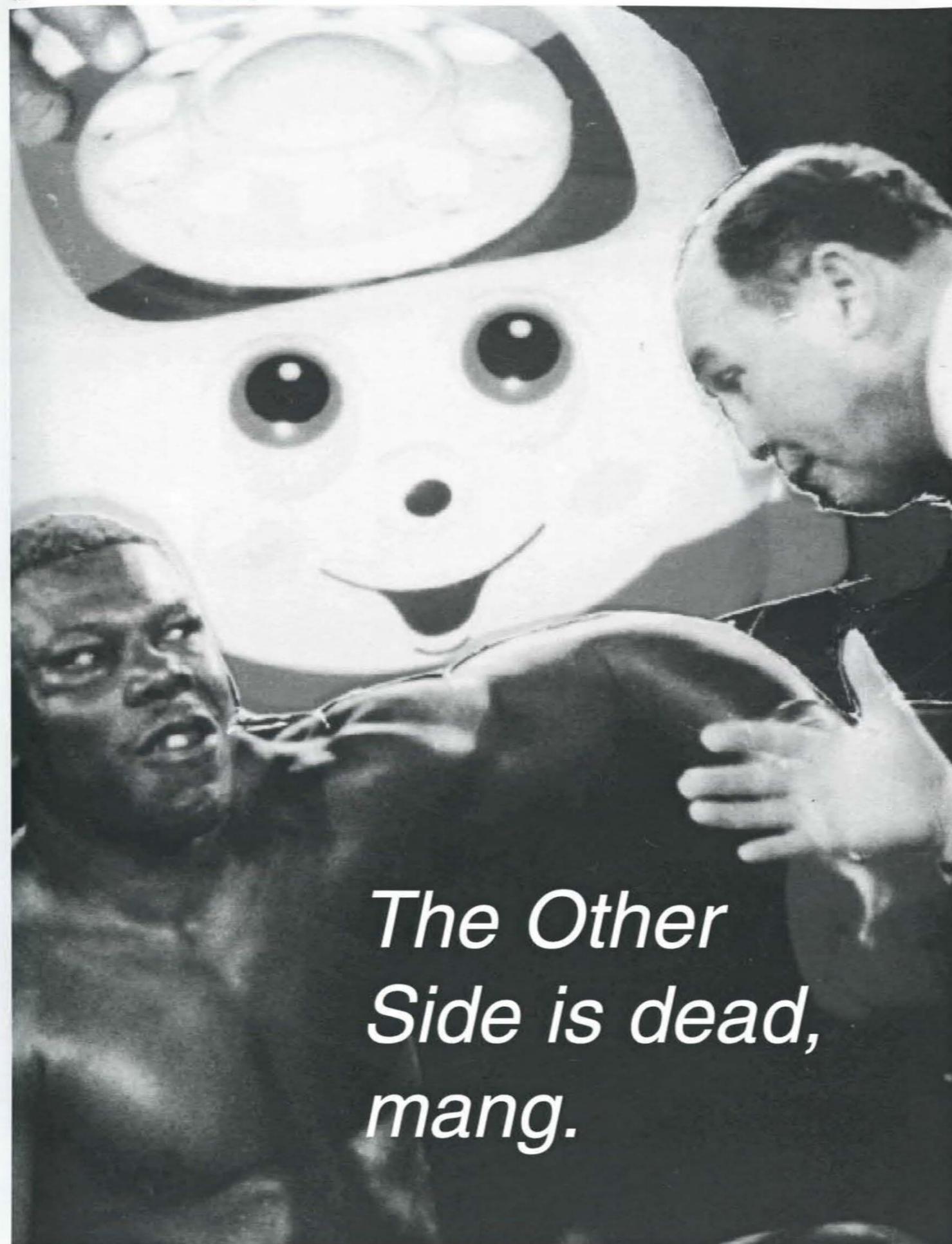
But before all this, they will lay hands on you and persecute you. They will deliver you to synagogues and prisons, and you will be brought before kings and governors, and all on account of my name. This will result in your being witnesses to them. But make up your mind not to worry beforehand how you will defend yourselves. For I will give you words and wisdom that none of your adversaries will be able to resist or contradict. You will be betrayed by parents, brothers, relatives, and friends, and they will put some of you to death. All men will hate you because of me. But not a hair of your head will perish. By standing firm, you will gain life."

-Luke 21: 10-19

mos-def

Fully Automatic Pencil

I want to buy
a fully automatic pencil.
I don't mean one that does it
automatically for you.
I want a pencil that can fire
a dozen words per second.
Put a cluster of ideas
inside the circle
at 500 yards.
(Wouldn't you like one?)
Spray more lead than the A-Team.
I want to find
a fully automatic pencil
Do you know where to buy one?



*The Other
Side is dead,
mang.*



photo: Carrie Sandler

photo: John Delsing

