

PROVIDA
FUTURI?

SILENCE KILLED
THE REVOLUTION

Everything

is

OK

February 1999

Editor's Desk

Suzanne Foster

Last summer I learned to be loud. I led chants and marches, wore a protective suit while demonstrating against an oil company, and petitioned EVERYWHERE while interning for the AFL-CIO as a member of Union Summer in D.C. It was one of the most exciting times in my life. I had come to the internship silent and ready to learn, but I left one of the loudest of the bunch. I left feeling that workers united could accomplish anything and I had learned how to make one voice out of many.

Almost immediately after D.C. I went abroad to Ecuador. Some of my fellow comrades in D.C. had encouraged me to search out sweatshops and shout out about labor injustices. Although I wanted to use my voice in Ecuador, I found that I had to be silent for the simple reason that I wasn't fluent in Spanish. I listened to everything and everyone all day every day for about a month until I could communicate pretty easily. But after that month, I realized that maybe I better keep my mouth shut even longer. Although I understood the language and people understood me when I spoke, I was still not a member of the Ecuadorian culture. I couldn't really explain to the family that had brought me under their roof

that they shouldn't buy clothes with the Guess? label. And I certainly couldn't explain labor rights to a country where the unions are usually proven to be corrupt and steal even more money away from the poor. What right did I, a gringa, have to explain anything? This was my time to learn and be silent.

While in Ecuador I learned that *The Other Side* had disappeared. Concerned, I wondered what had happened to the staff. And curiously, I wondered if anyone would start it again. Finally, a revolution! Just what *The Other Side* needed — something to revive what some people considered died long ago. In the end, Pitzer was silent. Things may have been different on an individual and group level, but Pitzer as a college did not speak. *The Other Side* should be a forum for free public speech that focuses an eye on the campus and the world. It should also be a forum of sharing experience, whether personal or collective. But what does it mean if *The Other Side* does not exist?

For some, nothing. For me, it finally means a physical sign of what can rupture a community. If we see that communication is an essential part of a community, then we can also see how necessary it is for *The Other Side* to exist. I don't mean to say that community does not exist at Pitzer (though sometimes I believe that too), but I do want to say that the lack of an *Other Side* may be a warning sign. You don't have to respect a time of silence as I did in Ecuador. We are all members of this community so why be silent when there is so much to share and so much to understand from each other? Why be silent when the only way to construct a community is through communication? Why be silent when you can resist? When something happens that we agree or disagree with, will we speak out? Or will we nod, smile, and say o.k.? I hope not.

The more voices that are in the magazine, the more we can hear the true Pitzer voice. And the only way to build the community that Pitzer idealizes about is to communicate with each other; to share experiences, encourage involvement, talk back against something, say everything you've always wanted to say. But don't forget to listen too. Find out every side to a story, question the opinions of others, and use this magazine as a place to learn. The voices in the following pages are of those who wish to share with their community and they all have loud and clear voices. They have not learned to be silent. Together we are resisting. We are speaking out so that we will never allow anything, especially Silence, to Kill the Revolution.

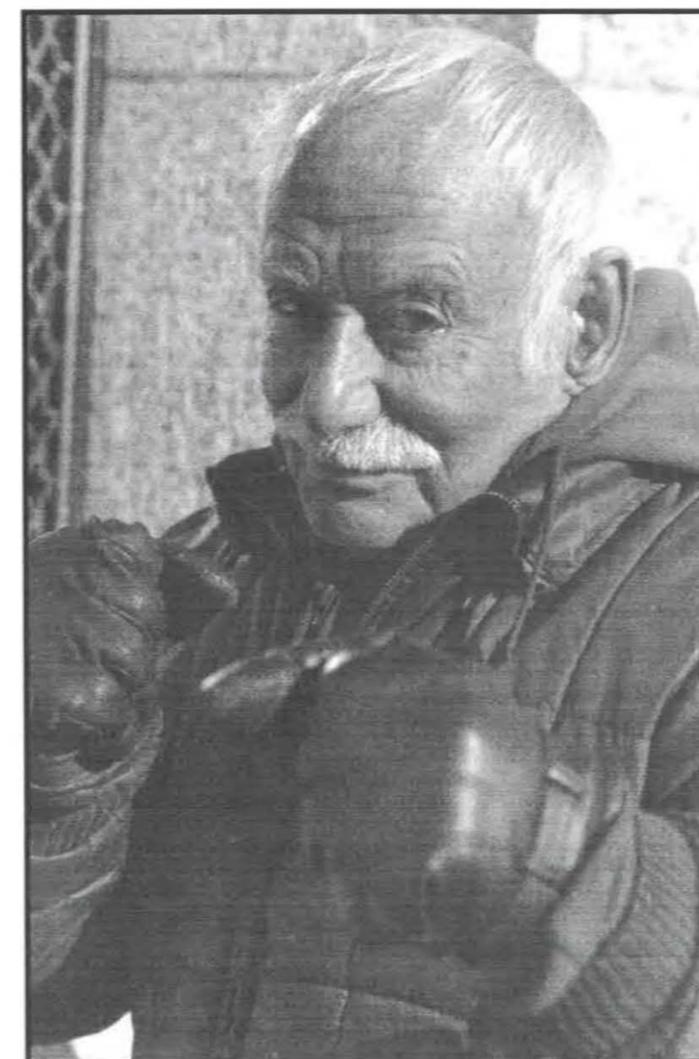


photo by Trillium Sellers

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the other side
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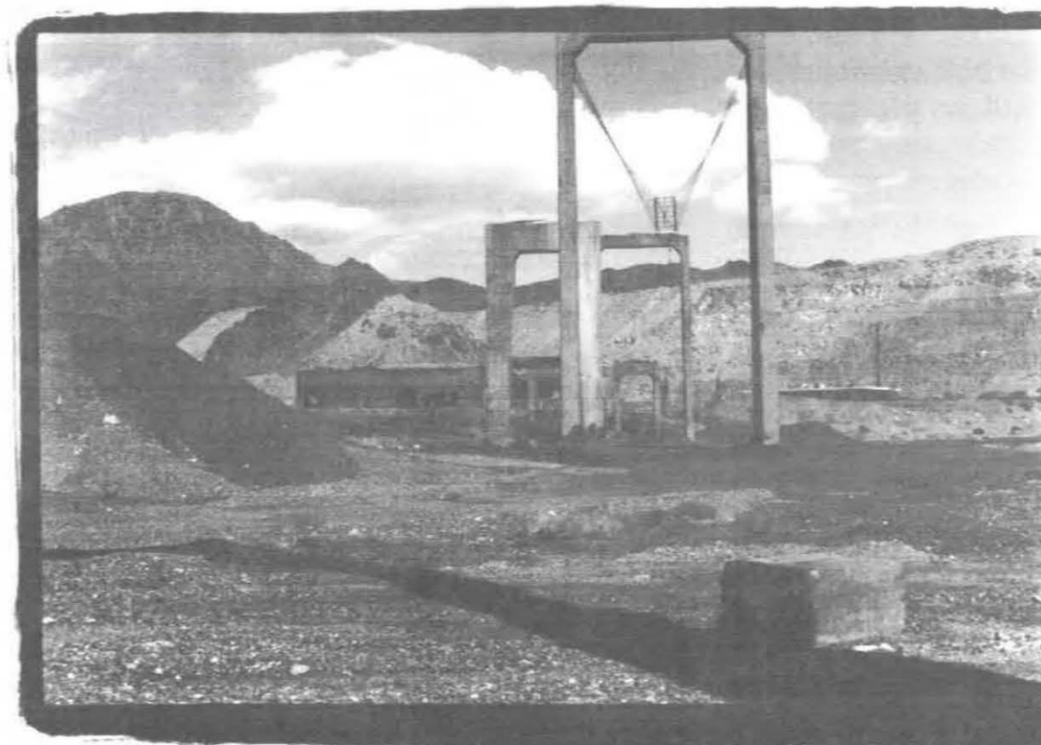
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It will be a great day when the Air Force gets all the money it needs to build a new bomber, and Paramount has to hold a Bake sale to make Titanic.



Sometimes I feel like Charlton Heston after he realized that he was oh-so-wrong and that it was Earth all along. When you notice the monuments. The monuments to excess. The monuments to affluence. The monuments to a regressive form of progress. Damn you! Goddamn you all to hell! I yell. I do, sometimes. I do. How could you blow it up? How could this be it? How could this be all that is left? How could this be the third planet out from the sun? How could Dollywood and digital watches and the drive-thru fast food restaurant have come into being? Moreover, why have we placed so much emphasis on them? Gotten so hepped up about them, fooled ourselves into believing

in our own progress. What will they say, or more importantly, what will they think, what will they make of it? The alien archaeologists, that is. What do you suppose they will suppose when they spy the glass face of the cheap Casio shimmering in the warm glow of the sun's rays, half imbedded in asphalt, sand, and PCBs? What'll they make of the ruins of Gatlinburg, Branson, Las Vegas, and probably even more importantly, Baltimore, Phoenix, and Houston. Will they put it together? That Timex, sitcoms, and power door locks and windows sounded the death knell for early twenty-first century Earth. Or rather, the society that allowed itself to be overcome, and moved by them, caused its own fatality. A society that chose to take the great glass elevator. A society that couldn't walk from terminal A to terminal B, and demanded the people mover. A society that somehow didn't seem to mind that the metal cogs and gears and soft rubber handrails provided for their convenience were bringing them everyday one step closer to the slaughterhouse floor. A society that refused to walk from Holden to Big Bridges, thus requiring the golf cart to leave the country club and take on new and exciting jobs and tasks on the college campus. Will the alien archaeologists put it all together with their wee little brains, so many moons from now, when the wind-scoured earth has yet again revealed the Luxor Hotel and Casino? If so, they are probably doomed by their own power of reasoning to destroy themselves too, and if not, they are doomed, like us, by their own inability to learn anything from the past.

Text & Fotos by
Zachary Redmond

a night like any other

-Irwin Swirnoff

Some nights stay with you longer than others. A building can show you how soul and passion don't have a place in this world. Some small talk become words you will never forget. Six people and a city can remind you of everything you already knew but wish you didn't.

It was a Saturday night in L.A. and we were going to see the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion; but the blues and explosion I would end up feeling inside of me had nothing to do with Jon Spencer or rock and roll. My friend Tim and I were going to meet a couple of Tim's friends outside the Palace, the venue of the show, at around 9:00pm. Tim runs as late as me, so the two of us together isn't the best thing for punctuality's sake.

The Palace is everything terrible about Los Angeles in one convenient venue. As you approach the Palace, you immediately notice it's obnoxious marquee, and you can feel and smell the stench of entertainment industry scum and shady promoters with fake smiles that match their fake hair and forced fashion sense. You see a row of military style security guards, creating the us vs. them hierarchy that creates the wall between performer and audience, and takes away the internal and feminine feelings crucial to art and replaces them with muscles, machismo, and football mentality. This is not a building for the sake of art, these four walls are used only for profit, and reinforcing that passion and caring are passé and out of place in this city and in this world. It's the type of place that could care less about music and art and emotion, but cares so much for money, mediocrity, and starfucking. Just being there makes you feel sad and ashamed for the world and yourself. Just being there makes you see that you're made to feel weird and uncool if you

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care about things like expression and music and creativity, instead of getting a pass into the loft above the bar where a & r reps can do cocaine with models, and talentless sitcom actors who once spent a night with Leonardo Dicaprio can have their ass kissed for their 15 minutes of fained interest fame.

Usually, places like the Palace reserve their stage for bands that fit their no soul—no passion format. Usually, the people on their stages are the people who aspire for the loft above their heads, where one day they hope to have group sex with Courtney Love and someone who was in *Scream*. But on this night, these hideous walls would be filled with the sounds of music that meant so much to me.

For some reason the show started really early, so by the time we made it to the entrance I could hear

You're reminded that we're so far from having public spaces that promote creativity and individuality over greed and conformity.

the sweat of the Blues Explosion, and I started to get really excited and anxious to see Jon Spencer and block out Los Angeles. In a few minutes I knew I was going to be seeing a band whose records I'd listened to so many

times as I locked my door, jumped up and down in my room as I sang along into the marker I held in my hand. I could feel the goose bumps start to grace my arms, I could feel butterflies in my stomach, the good kind. This is so much of what I lived for. What else is there to care about besides music and art in a world where you're not supposed to care about anything. What else is there but screams of passion and energy in a world where art is ridiculed and people are trained to love Titanic and read the USA Today.

Driving earlier in the night, I got to numb Tim's ears with my talk of how excited I was to see the Blues Explosion and how excited I was to see Jon Spencer up close and personal. Jon Spencer isn't just cute, he's super sexy. He's the best kind of sexy. His body matches the raw and urgent sounds that come from his guitar and mouth. Most peoples' sweat disgusts and grosses you out, but when Jon Spencer sweats you want to smell and taste every drop of sweat. The sounds that flow from his lungs to his tongue and off his lips make you feel primitive and progressive at the same time. It's good to feel fourteen again sometimes.

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When we finally got to the Palace Tim had to go across the street to use the rest room, so as I waited for him I got to eavesdrop on conversations people were having right in front of the club. I wasn't alone in my crush on Jon Spencer; I heard lots of girls talking about him like I had done earlier to Tim. Then to the right of me, I heard a guy around my age agree with one of the girls he was with as he said "Yeah, he is pretty sexy." It didn't take more than six seconds for one of his friends to unleash his macho insecurity and shout out "You going fag on me, Ryan?" which was met with the sounds of loud laughter and awkward smiles that I've memorized all too well by now.

When Tim got back and we made our way into the front doors, we were met by two large security guards who informed us that the doors had closed and even if we had tickets or were on the list it was too late and we wouldn't be allowed in. Arguing with two guys five times your size with shaved heads and permanent growls on their faces is futile. We wouldn't be seeing the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. We wouldn't be getting any salvation from a city where soul was murdered a long time ago.

In our defeat and let down from not getting into the show, Tim decided that it would probably be a good idea to drown sorrow in alcohol, so we went to a couple of bars. The first one was the kind of place you don't want to go to when you hate LA more than you ever have. It was bright red and the music was super loud and the egos inside were even louder. I watched as guys went up to girls and talked about the studios they worked for and the production deals they had in the works. I stood and watched as phone numbers were written on crumpled napkins, and guys bumped into one another as they rushed to put the moves on girls they had been eyeing all night, or at least for the last five seconds. Tim and I had gone to this bar with his friends who we were going to go to the show with, and as they lost themselves in conversation about what girls they thought were cute, I sat down and remembered how often I feel out of place. Luckily the loudness and unappealing vibe of the bar wore on them after awhile as well, so Tim's friends went home and Tim and I decided to go to a cool, relaxed bar near his apartment.

When you walk inside the HMS Bounty, the bright lights and loud sounds of the streets you came from are replaced with subdued lighting, burgundy leather booths, and old unattractive waitresses who

are more drunk than any of the customers they are serving. This is the kind of place where, when famous people walk in, no one turns an eye. You're far more interested in the bowl of pretzels placed on your table, and the confused look of your waitress, who brings you totally different drinks than you ordered, but you know better than to correct her.

After we had our first drink, Tim noticed that the booth behind us was filled with guys with whom he had gone to high school. He went over to say "hi" and then we ended up joining them at their table. As we sat down with them, they seemed like nice enough guys. They all introduced themselves and asked where I was from, how I knew Tim, and what I was studying in school. The six of us began to get lost in small talk; jazz records, that film that opened last night, how great the waitresses are in this place. Just like it usually happens, it's so in passing and subtle. But you feel every letter in every sentence. The guy sitting next to Tim looked up at the TV screen and mumbled something about fags. The guy to my right asked me if I had a girlfriend, then he looked at the good-looking guy at the booth across from us and nodded his head and proclaimed "total fag, no doubt." Then two of Tim's other high school pals went on a back and forth routine where one of the guys hinted that the other guy really liked him and that was supposed to invoke cries of protest and laughs and giggles. Because guys liking guys are called fags, and that's something to laugh about and make fun of, that's the word the table I was at was using ad nauseam. Tim could only look at me with regret and sympathy, and I could only look inside the glass of my rum and coke and wonder when there would ever be spaces where I would feel like I belonged.

When there's only a few miles in one of the largest cities in the world where you're sexuality is accepted and respected, there's reason to be depressed. When the world has no place for passion and screams of raw energy you're left with Titanic and television shows called *Cops*. You're reminded that we're so far from having public spaces that promote creativity and individuality over greed and conformity. When you try to battle the big city you learn quickly that maybe you should have just stayed inside your locked doors and put the needle on the record one more time. Because inside your own four walls you can jump up and down, sing along and feel the sweat pour down your entire body.

Photo by Zachary Redmond

That last embrace. Those bittersweet tears arcing across your stricken face. The final smell of her hair as you bury your nose in it. The rich sound of your friend's now-familiar voice choking out comradely advice. That painful instant when eyes connect, screaming words your throat is too constricted to voice, your mouth too dry to form. What if things had been different? We could have been friends. Were you the one? You felt the same way, didn't you? Will I ever see you again? Or will time bury my memories like solitary footprints in the snow. Why did we waste so much time!

And then it's over. You are in a cab, it's five o'clock in the morning, and depression grips your entire being. A fantastic kaleidoscope of faces and moments explode before your tired eyes, the colors of those times shifting by the quality of each given instant. You are horrified to realize that only at the very end do the faces of those from your former world materialize to color your vision. But they are flat, dull. . . faded.

This would horrify you if your mood would allow it. However, your thinking is clouded by the past -- not the distant past, but the one still staining your cheeks, filling your nose. You remember the days when all you saw in this foreign place were the familiar faces and sounds of home. That face in the club you swore was your friend; the figure on the street your father. And now the idea of home is more alien than the bizarre feelings overpowering your senses. You try to imagine the familiarity of the house, the friends, the family, the routine -- and it terrifies you.

So you dwell on finer things. You savor the farewells, embracing the sweet lament that they so inspire. It is painful, but good; wrenching, but it helps make you feel. . . whole. All that can fill that vacuum left by those who burst into your heart so suddenly is their memory. And all you are able to do is remember.

Eventually you arrive at the airport and the sun is rising, its colors no different than any other. Just as red, just as orange and every bit as blue as any other morning sky. It may not even be as beautiful as others you have seen. But none have ever been as powerful. Paying the fare and gathering your luggage, you stare off into the lustrous sky, losing yourself in its radiant glow. You are inspired. And you know that you will never, ever forget this sunrise.

Farewells

Eliot Baker

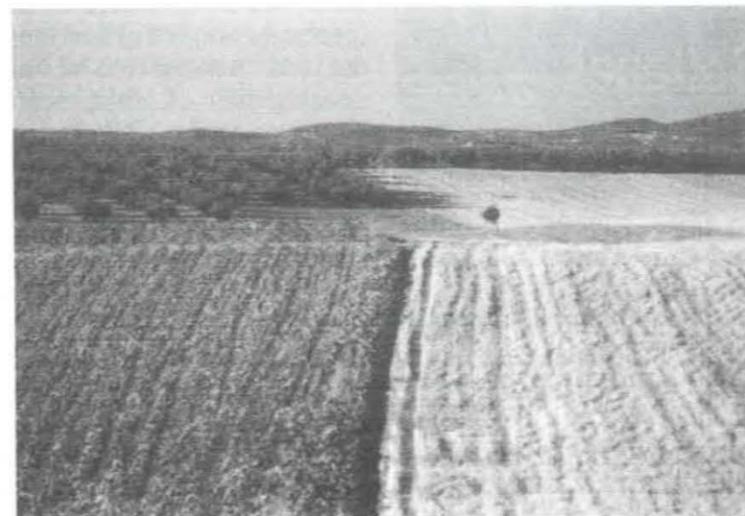
ceramic

mask

by

daniel

williams



Oblivious

I want to be on a swing right now, belly rested on the black rubber seat soaked in heat, arms stretched out like

airplane wings, knees bent and soles of my Birkenstocks facing up toward the sun, and I want him, HIM in the swing next to me, watching me and laughing that laugh that I know by heart and could pick out in a room full of people, and I want him to see how much fun I'm having, to see how much I'm loving life, to watch my hair fly every which-way and my t-shirt stick to me more and more as the summer temperature rises, and as my swing moves back he'll want to swing back too, he'll try to catch up to me but we're never quite in sync and I SO wish we were, I wish we could mirror our senses of timing, I wish he would just GRAB THE CHAIN on my swing and say "HEY!!!!!! Wait for me!!!" And I wish he would catch up to me, I wish it would occur to him that all he'd have to do is close his eyes

-Miriam Siyam

photo by trillium sellers

Land Development and Biotechnology at the Claremont Colleges

Paul Faulstich

Founded on the Oxford model of a cluster of institutions, the Claremont Colleges has periodically established a new school. In the Spring of 1997, the Board of Fellows of the Claremont University Center—charged with policy-making for the consortium—voted to establish a seventh college; the Keck Graduate Institute of applied life sciences, or bioengineering. Despite other landholdings, including a golf course and a non-operational gravel quarry, the Board of Fellows voted to site the New Venture on a portion—approximately eleven acres—of the Bernard Biological Field Station. (Pitzer's vote was cast against building on the Field Station.)

The Bernard Biological Field Station, used primarily by Claremont Colleges' students for field research, is currently an 85 acre parcel where the ecological interactions of plants and animals can be studied under natural conditions. Operated jointly by the Colleges, the Field Station has played an increasingly important role in the education of our students. It contains an unusual variety of habitats: a constructed lake, a riparian zone, oak woodlands, vernal pools, and coastal sage scrublands. The station also includes a number of sensitive southern California native species including the coastal western whiptail lizard, coastal cactus wren, Cooper's hawk, olive-sided flycatcher, southwestern pond turtles, Riverside fairy shrimp, and San Diego woodrat.

Fragmentation of undeveloped open space is a serious threat to existing biodiversity in California. This fragmentation results not simply from large scale development, but also from smaller scale land conversion. Hence, while the Keck Graduate Institute is slated to occur

only some eleven acres of the 85 acre Bernard Biological Field Station, its effect, cumulated with the general pattern of land development in the area, will be significant.

The Field Station is well positioned for exploring the interface between the urban and the wild. Book learning alone is insufficient when attempting to assess or ameliorate human impacts on the natural world. Learning about nature from direct contact is important not just curricularly, but practically: as remaining natural areas decrease in size and complexity, we need to learn how to manage better our remaining fragments of wildness. We need to learn how to mitigate the effect of urban and suburban areas on natural areas, how to restore disturbed areas, and how to re-introduce the wild into the urban. We need more, and more passionate, conservation biologists, ecologists, and environmental educators.

Outdated models of land development cannot work—ecologically or pedagogically—in southern California, given the dwindling of biological diversity in this region.



PHake Lake, Bernard Biological Field Station of the Claremont Colleges.

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Proponents of development on the Bernard Biological Field Station note (probably correctly) that the donor of the land intended it to be used for the development of additional colleges. The deed to the land, however, indicates that the land be put to "educational use," and does not specify future colleges. I believe that a field station is the best educational use of this land, and that in evaluating land use options we must balance the original vision with evolving priorities. (It was, for example, not all that long ago when there was a bounty on wolves in this country; now millions of dollars are spent on wolf introductions in some areas.) The educational and ecological value of the field station lands goes up as the ecological integrity of surrounding lands diminishes.

Coastal Sage Scrub is an endangered ecosystem due to the accumulated effects of urban sprawl and other human activities such as ranching and farming. Nearly surrounded by development (housing tracts, thoroughfares, commercial areas, and colleges), the island effect of the Field Station provides a valuable study opportunity, as does its mixture of relatively disturbed and undisturbed areas. The field station provides a secure (fenced) work area, where long-term experiments can be conducted, and where equipment

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security and personal safety are enhanced. Because of its proximity to campus, the Field Station is readily accessible for science labs and independent studies. The Station serves about 950 students a year directly through classes at the Claremont Colleges, and more than 50 students have written senior theses based on field research conducted at the field station since its inception.

The Claremont Colleges own other land that is, in my view, more appropriate for the development of a new college, for example a 35 acre golf course and an 80 acre non-operational gravel quarry. None of these parcels currently have much educational value. Additionally, they all have low biological constraints, requiring no mitigation if they were to be built upon. These are the properties that I believe should have been prioritized for development by those seeking to establish a new institution. An additional concern lies in the nature of the institution added to the Claremont educational consortium; a graduate school of bioengineering.

Biotechnology and Environmental Justice

As Jerry Mander has noted, all new technologies are introduced in terms of their utopian possibilities. The parameters of the debate over the appropriateness of future technologies are usually set by the people who benefit from a positive outcome, corporations for example. It should be noted that the Keck Graduate Institute is slated to have close industry ties. Biotechnology is now a major industry, with more than 1,300 U.S. companies, nearly \$13 billion in annual revenues, and more than 100,000 people on its payrolls. In the

context of higher education, universities are increasingly utilizing public funding to conduct research which then benefits corporate partners before the work ever becomes public. In cases such as these, the ethics of mingling public research and private enterprise are at best problematic.

Genetic engineering is concerned, largely, with intervening in and altering life on Earth. Bioengineers often strive to re-create life forms according to industry needs and consumer

New life forms are now being legally patented. It seems we're intent on reducing life to the status of a manufactured commodity, making it indistinguishable from other commercial products.

ideals. Consider some of the recent applications of biotechnology: Israeli researchers have reported advances on creating featherless chickens; the birds don't use up precious energy producing their plumage, but so far, in addition to looking grotesque, they don't function normally. In Australia, sheep were injected with a genetically engineered hormone that produces breaks in the wool fibers as they grow, facilitating simple shearing; among the unforeseen side effects are severe sunburn and heat stress. New life forms are now being legally patented. It seems we're intent on reducing life to the status of a manufactured commodity, making it indistinguishable from other commercial products.

Consider, too, issues of environmental justice as they relate to pesticides. We know that pesticides are dangerous in many ways; dangerous to people who eat pesticide residues on their food, dangerous to farmers

the other side

and farm workers, and dangerous to wildlife. But the agrochemical corporations are more persuasive than the activists, and pesticide use has continued to increase in the U.S., and is rocketing upwards worldwide. Farm workers have heavy exposure to these chemicals and suffer high incidents of poisoning. Each year there are an estimated 1 million poisonings among farm workers. These workers suffer the highest rates of occupational illness of any group because of their exposure to pesticides. Many children, too, work in the fields.

What does this have to do with genetic engineering? Biotechnology is being used to create genetically engineered herbicide-resistant food crops, which will lead to increased use of herbicides. More than 700 field tests of

genetically engineered organisms and plants in the United States have been conducted to increase herbicide tolerance. Monsanto Corporation has developed seed varieties (largely soybean and canola) that are "Roundup ready," meaning they have been genetically engineered to withstand dousing with Monsanto's herbicide, glyphosate, which is marketed under the trade name Roundup. Monsanto's engineering efforts and marketing strategies are designed to boost agricultural sales of Roundup, Monsanto's best-selling and most profitable product.

What we put into our bodies cannot be disassociated from issues of human rights and environmental sustainability. Pesticides are poisons, and as we poison ourselves biologically, so too do we destroy ourselves socially. The U.S. is the largest user of pesticides worldwide; we use about 1 billion pounds each year. The use of some chemicals, such as

DDT, has been banned in the U.S.; yet we continue to manufacture DDT here and ship it to developing countries which use them on produce being grown for the U.S. market.

Some insurance companies use genetic screening to refuse coverage to people with so-called cancer genes. In a 1997 Georgetown University study, 47% of those who mentioned the inherited condition on their insurance policies were denied coverage. Not only are we creating new opportunities for discrimination, but we are not addressing the full source of the problem, which includes human-created toxins. And the effort to predict diseases without striving to prevent the use of disease-causing toxins is questionable.

Together we can strive to make the institute of genetic engineering that is now a part of our consortium work for social and environmental justice.

Consider, too, gene-line therapy and designer babies. Who, for example, decides when it is ethically permissible to alter the gene structure of future generations? As humans and other organisms become subject to preplanning, less popular characteristics will drop out of the gene pool, and human and biological diversity will diminish.

There are troubling concerns with biotechnology that may serve to partition society and create a kind of genetic aristocracy. Sure, we want to better our children's lives and improve their possibilities for prospering in this world, but to do this by gaining control over genetics will give some people even greater control over other people than we already have.

This is not to suggest that biotechnology per se is inherently wrong, just that it is inherently dangerous. Biotechnology most probably does have some benefits for humans. In any event, what benefits humans in the short run is not necessarily what benefits humans or the planet in the

long run. And, in relation to biotechnology in Claremont, I have trouble seeing the value in building on, and thereby eliminating a portion of, an educationally important field station in pursuit of this cause.

The Nature of the Problem

The issues that I address in this essay—environmental justice, land development, and biotechnology—are interrelated inasmuch as they conform to, and shape, our experiences of social and ecological diversity. Social diversity and ecological diversity are correlated; as we diminish one, so too do we diminish the other. All Homo sapiens need contact with nature, with the non-human

'other'. The notion that urban dwellers, or people of lower socioeconomic status have less need to affiliate with nature is misguided. Nature's potential for fostering human fulfillment may be less immediately apparent among the urban oppressed, who are rightly concerned with issues of equity and material well-being. However, this represents a challenge to our society; not evidence of the irrelevance of the natural world to an entire class of people. Our challenge and opportunity is to make the positive experience of nature accessible to all rather than to dismiss it as relevant only to an elite minority.

Our current environmental crisis is symptomatic of our fractured relationship with the natural world, and with each other. We are unlikely to succeed in appreciating and restoring the natural environment if we lack the knowledge and passion to restore human communities. Revitalizing communities is key to ecological health and social harmony. Institutions of higher learning are

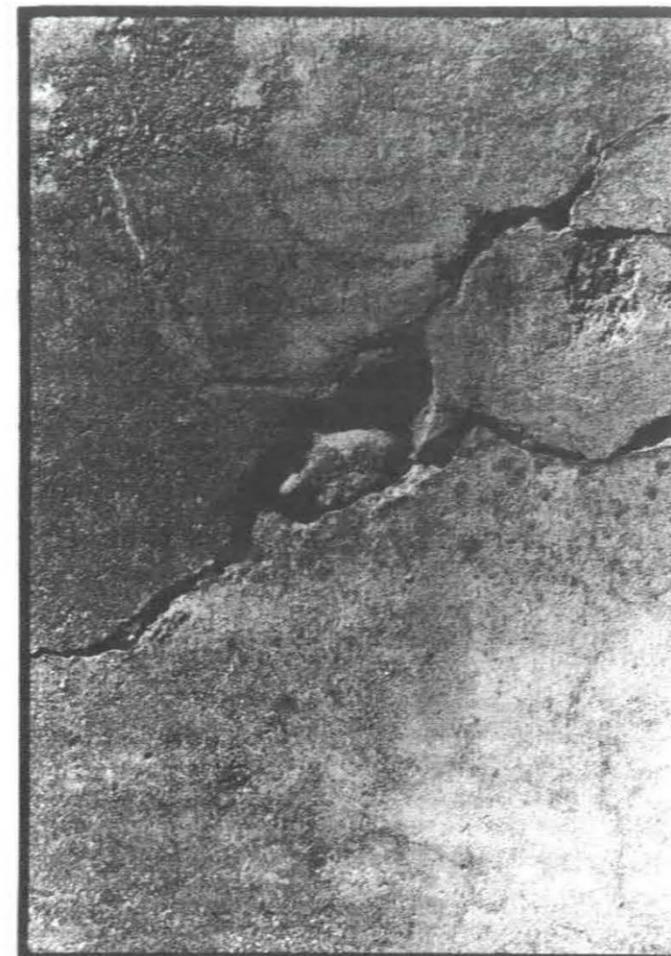
February 1999 sometimes perceived as providing the vision for society to move in socially and environmentally sustainable directions. Given this charge, it is especially troubling to witness our own unfortunate land planning decisions. At a time of increasing need for training in the field sciences, a need reflected in a 16% national growth rate for the educational use of biological field stations, it seems shortsighted to reduce the size of an already small station.

What You Can Do

The Keck Graduate Institute has mindful, concerned individuals involved with in its planning, and they will carefully listen to thought-

ful input. We at the Claremont Colleges have a challenge and an opportunity facing us, but we have yet to fully seize it in the fostering of appropriate values, the nurturing of ideals, and the envisioning of a healthier future. Together we can strive to make the institute of genetic engineering that is now a part of our consortium work for social and environmental justice.

The draft environmental impact report (EIR) for the Field Station plan will soon be released by the City for public comment. By law, all public comments must be considered and responded to in the formulation of the final EIR, so it is important to comment in writing. It is the City that will make final decisions in response to the recommendations of the EIR and the conditions placed on building permits. When the draft EIR is released it will be available at City Hall and the Claremont Library. It will then be time to tell the City of Claremont about your hopes for the long-term preservation of the Bernard Biological Field Station.



Photos by Rena Grice

Left: "Minute Landscape"
Bottom: "Layers"



'YOU MIGHT DIE' b/w 'TO THE ENEMIES OF POLITICAL ROCK'

Bye, brian f schoeck



I saw my first dead body over Winter Break. It was my sister's.

On Sunday 1/3 she was hiking in a forest with soulmate Shawn and three others. While they ate lunch, a pinecone dropped out of the canopy and knocked Heather on the head, hard. She cold stood up to announce, "Ow, that really hurt!" Later, when walking on the trail, some twigs fell from high above and rained lightly on my sister. Shawn tells me the trees were swaying that day, though with no discernible breeze. Heather, Miss Curiosity, scrambled ahead of the crew, up around the bend and into a dry, sandy, creekbed. At that same moment, on this crisp, sunny Oregon day, a 150-foot cottonwood tree broke from its roots, towering, crashing through its comrades' branches on the way to the forest floor. Rocketing onto the scene up ahead of him, Shawn found my sister pinned under a branch. Her eyes were open. He put CPR to work I guess, but got only blood, not air so much. He had to run for help over a mile of rocky trails with his dead girlfriend's blood all over the place, the face, the hands.

Meanwhile, I was at the downtown library researching scholarships. I didn't feel anything odd.

I was at their apartment alone, when Shawn came in with his mom. He crossed the room with a face drooping threatening to slide off, and whispered 'Heather's gone' as he embraced me. I screamed for a bit, then I called my lama, Ani Gilda, and hysterically told her the scenario. She in turn contacted HH the Sakya Trizin in Dharamsala, and his sister, Jetsun Kusho, in Singapore. The three of them proceeded to do phowa and prayers for Heather, and if you've studied Tibetan Buddhism to a certain detail, you may know why that is supremely excellent fortune.

* * *

The good Tess Schoeck went to see 'the body' first, pre-embalming, pre-make-up, pre-whatever it is that gives death a pretty face. She took a freight elevator into the basement of Zeller's Chapel of Roses, to see her daughter's naked body lying on a gurney in a blank hallway. For an hour Mom stroked her baby, that body she used to diaper and bathe, sang her some of our childhood songs, read aloud "Goodnight Moon," the seminal text, and wept a lot.

With four others, I went to peep Heather's body the next day, when it was dressed, in a casket, and made up a bit to conceal bruises. We filed in with

Shawn first and in front of me, blocking my view as he bent down to gather up his love into his arms. A terror urge to flee pierced me, Shawn is kissing and hugging a corpse, fervently whispering something, you're about to see a dead sister/ you don't understand, an icy panic as Shawn's howl went up. You feel your body, it's flooded with UNexpressible, unreal, completely aconceptualizable, and certainly more than a bodymind can shoulder. You fear that you're about to have something that will throw you over some edge, you've heard a lot of shit and sometimes a great notion but you are preparing to scream.

Gulping air, closed eyes, I composed myself; I couldn't deal with the abyss otherwise.

Her neck was swollen, the face seemed to be drifting, inexorably, down the skull. I fearfully poked her cranium right below the scalp, a slinky line of skin between the hair-line and blotchy base makeup. I poked that muscular part of the hand between the thumb and forefinger, formidable when flexed with life. Felt so goddamned cold, like, like, like no model, it is what it is. Placed my hand on her hollow cardboard chest, to find it exuding a radiant chill like a dynamic whispered question you might ask if you wanted a stupid answer. I felt the way little kids act when they watch their mom giving birth to a kid sibling. You're curious, you're scared, the fundamental groundlessness makes you dubious. This thing...somehow it's not my sister, but the association is so strong. But Heather was never about the body for me. I experienced 'her' as embodied in it, but...No response. It just lays there. I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop, feeling the others in the room looking at my back, waiting for something to hit me. So I dive to the floor and scream bloody hell! And it was great!

A while later, having left the room with the group, I return to have some time alone with Heather. Push aside the vinyl accordion door, and peek inside. Still, a corpse is ensconced in a pine box at the opposite end of this surreal living room. I walked over to stand by her casket again. Eyes dart to her closed lids, to the hair, the primly folded porcelain hands, the



slightly frowny mouth. Swollen cheekbone, crusted with foundation applied by a mortician, a man I've met, I signed his forms permitting my sister's body to go into a furnace, I wonder what he does at the end of the day.

I sit down on the low couch and talk to Heather, talk to myself, must look like the nervous man hooking a finger into his collar "Is it hot in here?" Sighing a lot, air hissing and rushing out through raspy dry teeth. Heather and all things of her are silent. I'm fixin to puke. Then the room is silent. Then I look around the damn place, and say something to see if I'm the only thing going on. Seems like a clock should be booming out an eternal tick, tick. I do a bunch of Buddhist things, like recognize impermanence and wonder where the self is, was, or ever has been.

* * *

Oh man, the funeral was crazy! 600 people, baby! I was delirious, exhausted, and tormented, muscles aching and contorting, sitting between my mother and father, two folks who have not seen each other in ten years. Wow, the whole family, together again, mom and dad and son sitting with daughter lying in a casket ten feet away. Dad keeps shifting, crossing/uncrossing/recrossing his legs, those tweed pants are riding up his ankles I can feel his bulging eyes expectant darting about and boring into my skull as I try to listen to whatever the present eulogist is saying.

But damn, about 30 people must have stepped to the open mic to tell stories about Heather. It was sweet, no doubt, but somehow I was not so enthralled. Finally, my mom got on the mic and mothered the whole crowd. She told 'em about the positivity, the gratitude, the joy that Heather brought. Then I hear "Teach Your Children Well" by Crosby, Stills, etc come up on the chapel PA; my mom is bringing everyone to their feet! I wince, I'm a rag doll sliding off the couch; I can't imagine fucking dancing right now; uncles Mike and Gerry lumber over me and shout over the din of rocknroll and 600 people, "Come on, Brian—" as they try to haul me bodily haul me up. I shoo them off and get up. I'm still delirious, but manage to half-heartedly shake that ass, the least I can do for my mom.

* * *

All this is definitely sad. Yet, it's also kind of alright. The cut is clean, an assertive brightness somehow at ease. That is, Heather died instantly, in her element, with friends. We had just returned the night before from four days in a Washington forest with a

gang of friends. She spoke with Mom a week earlier, one of those phone calls where you say how glad you are to have them as your parent. Heather quit her job five days before. She was set to return to college the following day. And it was death-by-ecology. Think of all the horrible, unjust, and brutal ways someone can die.

But I notice an aggression arise, within me, when I hear complaints about the trials of being a highly privileged, mostly healthy, \$30,000 liberal arts college kid. I'd rather struggle with calculus than have a dead sister.

But this gets intriguing when you consider the myriad other situations far more painful than mine. I could have a dead mother, too. My family could have been murdered a year ago in Acteal. I could be a toddler chained to a bed in a Romanian orphanage. I could be working in a maquiladora. I could be a street kid, addicted, abused, prostituted. I could be paralyzed. Do you feel me? Please consider and develop on this issue; it may hold important insight into the nature of, the texture of, our suffering, and how it changes in relation to other kinds of dissatisfactions and upset.

You, too, might die. Even if you're a healthy 24 year old kid. Death alone is certain, and the time of death, uncertain. Adamantly, cuttingly, this requires a broad consideration of what our lives are to be about, what we are cultivating, and what of our deeds are of any lasting value. Reflecting viscerally, and vividly imagining our death, an alarm may arise, throwing all our activities into question. Sometimes, it's painful for me to see people busting antics that range anywhere from 'frivolous' to downright 'demonic'. The time is brief, please use it wisely, please don't squander the opportunity for greatness by creating only the causes of suffering. Please study and contemplate whatever skilled teachings you have access to.

* * *

It was in that same forest where Heather died, Oxbow Park, that I first had sex, 8/12/95. Is that ironic? I can't tell. Sex and Death in Gresham, Oregon. If you're from that area, you may know why that's funny.



Can you recall the desert in winter? Images flow through my mind as I try to bring back the feeling of Death Valley in December. Visions of solitude kept our spirits high as we drove past Federal Prison Work Camps, and suburbia transplanted countless times in little dollops of concrete and plastic. We passed through the "Gateway to Death Valley" and ate donuts from Albertsons and burritos from Taco Bell. Chocolate donuts with lemon filling aren't very good.

Enter Death Valley. A steep climb followed by a steeper descent. I'm sure it has been dubbed a descent into hell countless times before. The desert is what people picture hell as. Funny, I think of it as heaven. The Taco Bells fade; the sun settles comfortably behind us as we rocket across an empty land. Tumbleweeds compete with the car for the road. We enter the park, a so-called preserve, and quickly stop at the visitor center/grocery/giftshop/trailer-park/4-star hotel/bar to experience the wilderness in the form of hypercolor Death Valley t-shirts. We drive further to find a suitable place to sleep. We find a deserted parking lot after passing the third trailer park/campground. This large plane of asphalt will be our wilderness for the night. A sign calls attention to the fact that this might be considered a scenic overlook. True to form, there is scenery, and it stretches out for miles. A dark canyon looms above the parking lot. We decide to explore a bit. At one point in time the canyon floor was paved with asphalt to make things easier on people. The canyon didn't particularly like having its bottom

make it ours.
words & pictures
by
jonathan hedstrom

coated in hot tar, so it ripped most of it out, and to get back at the silly people, it chewed some of the asphalt into large obstructions that must be climbed over. Not to be bested by something as minute as nature, I'm sure the Park Service has plans to install a high-tech series of escalators. We wander into the darkness. The stars frame the canyon's walls high overhead. Side canyons shoot off, promising access to the larger canyon's rim. We explore these, climbing higher and higher, through narrower and narrower passages; striving for the stars. The night is cold and dry, but none of us ever slept better.

Morning. Sunrise. Beautiful. My words can only detract, so I won't try to explain. Another jaunt up the canyon. It is even more beautiful than previously imagined. When we return to our asphalt wilderness, we find the people. Like us, they are experiencing the desert. Cameras. Minivans. Couples. Children. Food to the animals.

The truck to end all trucks descends upon the parking lot. I had been trying to take a picture of a crow perched on a stop sign. While I was waiting for the backdrop to clear of an entourage of passing motor homes, the truck rumbled off the main road and the crow took flight. At first I was mad, but then I realized that this truck would make for a better picture. After all, this is more natural in Death Valley than a silly crow. The horns from a bull are mounted on the massive grill. The four-door pickup truck, came complete with the extra air and noise pollution feature that now comes standard on most models. Two

motorcycles caked with fresh mud in the back. The driver: cowboy hat, 9 am, finishes one beer, cracks open another and trudges up the canyon. He glares at us as he passes. Time to go.

We move on. Our destination: the lowest point in the United States. But first, devils golf course. A field of salt pillars about a foot high, and spaced very closely. It's easy enough to walk on, but apparently only the devil would want to play golf here. We decide golf will have to wait.

Bad Water Flat. Elevation: negative 282 feet. High overhead on a cliff, looms a rotting wooden sign, reading "sea level." Salt flats stretch out to infinity. Mountains descend from the sky to catch the flat earth. A small puddle sits on the salt. A sign explains that this water is filled with life, various salts, and toxins. It tells us not to drink the water, and also, out of respect for the native inhabitants, we shouldn't play in it. I guess we'll have to wait until we get to the Death Valley Resort before we can go swimming.

This place is holy. Or at least hot. A line of cars appears on the horizon. From so far away, they all look identical. When they get to the parking lot, they are all identical. Ten cars. Ten drivers. Apparently Audi

wants their cars Death Valley tested. Charles Bowden once wrote that the desert "is the place where they hope to escape their pasts—the unemployment, the smoggy skies, dirty cities, crush of human numbers. This they cannot do. Instead, they reproduce the world they have fled. I am drawn to the frenzy of this act." So are we. We can't resist the urge to take the silly pictures, play the stupid games. Take a picture of the bare essence of Zach as he strips down and streaks across the salt flats, something that can be done in any Wal-Mart parking lot anywhere in America, but for some reason, we need to do this in the desert to make it our own. Now it's time for a group photo. Sanjay and

Zach take their positions by the elevation sign. I grab my camera. One last look around. So many people. Such a nice place. The pants drop. The shutter opens.

On our way out, we pass through yet another town that proclaims to be the "Gateway to Death Valley." A steep climb, and a long descent. A descent into our world. Our Taco Bells. Our lemon-filled chocolate donuts. We descend upon Interstate 15 and settle back into the routines that make the desert an escape.



When I was asked to write an article for *The Other Side* about my experiences during Hurricane Mitch in Nicaragua, I didn't realize just how difficult it would be. Sitting here in front of a two thousand dollar computer, listening to music, as my roommates play video games, I feel like I am in some sort of fantasy world. What's happened to me? Three months ago I was ready to drop out of school so that I could continue to help the people of my village. Where is the burning passion that nearly consumed me when I was evacuated from Nicaragua following the devastation and destruction left behind in the wake of this century's worst natural disaster? How do I find it again?

I remember when, not so long ago, I thought that the fire burning inside of me would never be extinguished. That was before the evacuation, however. That was October 27th – November 5th, when I was out in the town helping people flee from their homes and feeding hungry children who hadn't eaten in days. That was when I felt like I was part of the community. To them it didn't matter that I was an American, or that my country was partially responsible for the deaths of 50,000 Nicaraguans during the eleven-year Contra war. Those things weren't important.

It was life or death; people didn't have time to worry about trivial things. It rained four feet in four days, and none of us knew when the torrential downpour would come to an end. Some thirty homes were evacuated in my town, including my own, and we were constantly trying to accommodate the incoming refugees (some of whom had spent three days on rooftops or in trees waiting desperately for help that would never come). There was no electricity or water and people were forced to drink out of the same dirty creek that had flooded their homes. Children began to get sick and par-



It Was Armageddon One Pitzer Student's Experience With Hurricane Mitch by Tim Jones

ents started to worry.

Though cold and wet, I at least possessed warm clothing and a roof over my head. The majority of the town wasn't so lucky. They were barefoot, shirtless, and forced to sleep under plastic tarps throughout the storm. Radio reports confirmed that the town of Posoltega had been completely obliterated when a nearby volcano exploded, blanketing it in mud—two thousand people died instantly. Closer to home, only two miles down the road, four hundred people were reported missing from the town of Sebaco where, before the hurricane, I worked three days a week.

It was Armageddon. In many cases there was nothing left but walls of water where homes had once stood. Most crops were completely washed away, including those of my family. It was a community that had just lost everything, and yet people did not give up. Instead, they pulled together. My host mother, who was the most active member of the community, formed a disaster committee to handle all of the requests that were coming in for food and shelter.

After making a monetary donation to the efforts, I was asked to be part of the committee. For the next week I was involved in the purchasing, cooking, and serving of basic foods to the children of the community and refugees who had come to us after losing everything. The first day there were 50 children to feed, the next day 100 kids, until finally 250 children a day were regularly showing up for coffee in the mornings and a hot lunch of beans, rice and a tortilla in the afternoon. We also served pregnant mothers and those with small babies who had to breast feed. Everyone over ten years old was turned away as there just wasn't enough to go around.

The first day that 250 children showed up, there was not enough food prepared to feed such a large number. I had the job of going up to the 36 kids that were

left and telling them that I was sorry, but there just wasn't anything else. The dejected looks in their eyes and the pangs of hunger that I knew they must have been feeling in their bellies tore me apart.

Their government had failed them and an unfair system had made them vulnerable. It was about this time that I began to realize that Hurricane Mitch was more than just a natural disaster. It was a human disaster too. If those who were the most impoverished had not been pushed off their land so many times and forced to set up villages next to rivers they would not have been washed away when the waters rose. If the people were not so poor they might have had provisions of food, medicine and water that could have helped them during the storm. Maybe if Arnaldo Aleman, the president of Nicaragua, had not been such an incompetent and ruthless bastard, fewer people would have died.

Then one day, out of nowhere, the news came that along with seven other students, I was being evacuated because malaria, dengue, cholera, and a number of other deadly epidemics were expected to break out soon. This was four days after the rain had stopped. I was given 36 hours to go around and tell all of the people that I had grown to love that I was leaving. It was without a doubt



the most difficult thing that I have ever had to do. I couldn't look people in the eye, because I knew that I was selling them out. I thought about dropping out of my program and staying, but I would have lost an entire semester of credit and tuition, and in the end I crawled out with the rest of the Americans, with my tail between my legs. It destroyed me that no matter how involved I had gotten or how much I thought I had been accepted by the community, my leaving showed that I was not really one of them.

The Gringo with the most resources who was probably in the best physical condition was packing his things and leaving. Every single person that I talked to knew just as well as I did that a lot of people were still going to die—and because I was running I wasn't going to be one of them. I was destroyed! I had built a special relationship with the people in my village and then a higher power yanked me out. There was absolutely no time for closure. It put a distance between myself and the people to whom I had grown so close. I shouldn't have been the one leaving. If anyone, it should have been those hungry children, or the weaker senior citizens, not the American.

I was in shock! It took about 24 hours before it hit me. I was sitting there with the friend that had shared

broke down in tears and could not stop crying, no matter how much I tried. Sitting here right now, tears are coming to my eyes. I left them, when they needed me most. I left without ever knowing if one of my friends in another town died. In the end, there were over 11,000 fatalities, 15,000 disappearances and 2.3 million displaced from their homes, across Central America.

When we got back to Costa Rica, a psychologist came to see us and she thought we might be suffering from post-traumatic stress syndrome. Whatever it was, it shattered my confidence in myself, and the world around me. For nearly two weeks I cried every time I saw a special about Nicaragua on the news, or someone asked me about "my experience." I just wanted to get away from everyone and be alone to process my thoughts. I didn't want it to be my experience. It was never my experience. It was and is Nicaragua's; I was nothing more than a foreign observer who had a way out. They had to stay there.

Along with the other students, I did as much as I could to help my community from afar. In the end, we raised over 15,000 dollars, but for me it wasn't enough. I didn't like feeling that the only thing I had done for



Nicaragua was charity. I felt like I should do something more. When I got back to the United States, I tried to talk about it with people but very few people showed any interest. The same when I got back to Pitzer. There are those with whom I have shared a little, but I have come to feel that what happened in Nicaragua is something of the past.

That is exactly the opposite of what I wanted to happen. I would give anything to have that passion back again. Here at Pitzer, my biggest worry is whether or not I will have enough money to pay tuition, or how my grades will be at the end of the semester. It all seems so trivial after Hurricane Mitch, but here I am just as apathetic and complacent as everyone else. The most difficult part of the entire experience has, without a doubt, been coming home. Every day I think about Nicaragua and the people that I left behind there, but so far that hasn't translated into anything substantial that I have done for them since I have been back. I am hoping that with time I will be able to come to grips with what happened and finally begin to share it with other people. I am hoping that this article is a step in the right direction.

How Good Is This?

Have you ever woke up with it all over you?
Weighing you down
Preventing you from leaving
The safe and comfortable confides
Of your egg crate cushioned
Bed
With Los Angeles Lakers' blanket

I can feel it . . .

Life

Not the life of
Kissing someone you love
Scoring the winning basket
Admiring a perfect sunset
And definitely
Not the life of
Creating and performing
But instead
The life of
Too many drugs
Not enough money
And the pathetic attempt
At being Great
In a world of
Shit

This is the life of
Fighting everyday for a reason to exist

And how could they know?
How could anyone know?
And why do I insist
On trying to tell them?
How do I tell them that
They know nothing
I know everything . . .
How could I let anyone
Ever read this
Bullshit?

"I like your poems," they say
"They're really good . . ."

Are they?
Are they as good as
The four screwdrivers I downed
At 3:30 in the afternoon?
Are they as good as
The stench of vomit
Fresh on my breath
From 7:30 until God knows when?
Are they as good as
The retching
The depression
The loneliness

The fact that every time I take a piss
I look at the issue of Cosmo
On top of the toilet and . . .
Stare
At the beautiful model on the cover
Seducing America
With luscious lips
And full breasts
And all I can think of is . . .

Why can't she be mine?

And I wonder
Are my words
As good as
That one night stand?
That cheeseburger?
That episode of Melrose Place?
Are they as good as
All the pot I smoked
Just to inspire me to write
This type of crap?
Are they as good as
My shower this morning?
I doubt my words
Can treat me better
Than a plain white shower curtain
Hot water
Stealing me from the real world
Allowing me
To do what my words could never do . . .

Forget

Fuck the real world
I'd rather be naked
As there is something very
Liberating
About being naked
Nothing to hide
No pockets
To put your car keys in
No wonderbras
To make your breasts look bigger
No flannel boxer shorts
To conceal your small penis
No time
To think quick
Or act fast
Always telling the truth
Naked

I woke up
Naked underneath my clothes
I ate breakfast
Naked underneath my clothes
I wrote this bullshit
Naked underneath my clothes
And I realized . . .

They know nothing

I know everything

And
I'll let them all read it
And
I'll hear them all call me a
Conceited prick
And
I'll tell them . . .

Sometimes
When I wake up
I can feel the claws of Life
Around my neck
And gasping for air
As my dreams seem more real than Life
I dig into my pockets
And . . .
My arrogance
My depression
My despair
My rage . . .

Is all I have got left

-by Beau DeLang

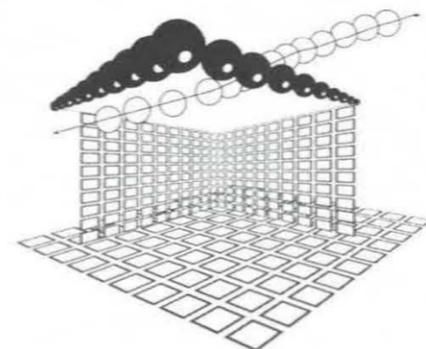


Image by Ricky Anderson

Dirge for the Death of L.A.

On the afternoon before the day Los Angeles died
 a woman vomited twelve cigarette butts into the toilet
 in a bathroom of a crowded sushi place,
 and a man noticed a WalMart sign while contemplating himself,
 and some children were fasting in somebody
 else's backyard among a festival of dry weeds.
 On the night before Los Angeles died,
 several assorted strangers abandoned their cars
 and gathered in a small theater to choreograph
 a dance that expressed it all perfectly.
 On the morning that Los Angeles died
 the whales breathed their deepest and sang
 in the same pitch as the sunrise
 and all the newly smog-filled graves
 that were marked with Golden Arches
 were happy just to finally listen.

Phil Zuckerman

2/6/99

photo by

Sun-E Sadana

**"You Know"**

For Alpha-Amanda-Debbie-Donna-Elizabeth-
 Emily-Jessica-Jocelyn-Marisol-Molly-Omegam

When I'm a businessman, forty,
 With a two-car garage,
 I wonder if the cli-click of heels will be
 What makes me start thinking.
 Probably.
 Even now the seeds have been sown.

But at this age, it's the rustle
 the friction,
 the rubbing

The girls herenow have the energy, the sheer presence to turn me
 around, and to see their hair flow is
 straight bliss.

I confess. I love the sway
 of hips, the sound
 of sandals, their laughter and their voices, I love the smell of their
 necks, the way their legs can spread

unhappiness thin,

the way they can make their lips part perfectly,
 The so many ways that they can walk, a proud and strong strut or
 a dainty, sexy skip, the bounce
 they can put in the simplest stride,
 whether it's on sand or stairs.

How their eyes can
 sparkle green/blue/grey/brown/y, the outside
 arc of their ears, the inside
 angle of their arms,
 the way a small silver watch looks on a
 wrist, the casual elegance
 with which they can use their
 shoulders, I love sundresses and skirts, overalls and spaghetti strap
 shirts,

the way orchids look in their
 hair on their arms, their legs, behind their ears,
 in their eyes and lips and on their breath, the curl of their
 toes, the arc of their feet, how their ankles
 bob when they're waiting/talking/giggling/flirting,
 the cross of their hands,
 the cross of their attention,

and God, how easy it is to
 sit here, see her, and say that,

and God, how hard it is
 to sit here, see her, and say.

"Gee"

All I did was smile
 and all she did was shake her
 head
 and all I do is think about it.

poems by andrew samtoy

"Criticism"

Calvin and Tommy, Sittin' in a tree
 Costuming the Bourgeoisie.

Yeah, I've been called a Greasy Thug before, Too!

- Daniel Williams

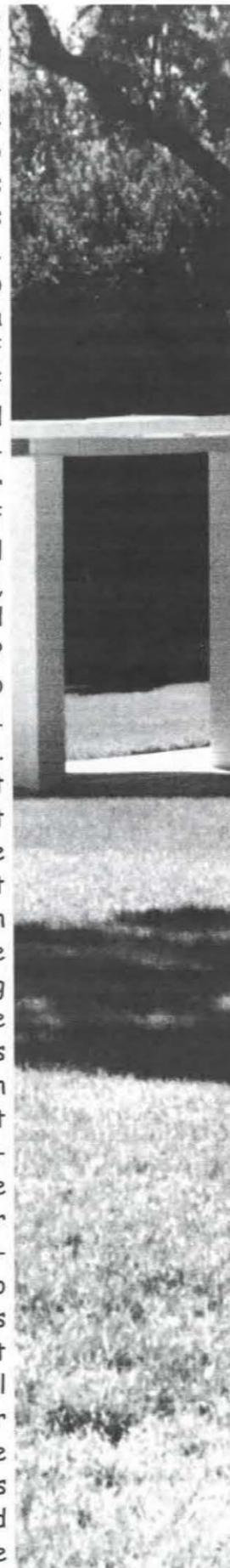
Recently, I was studying abroad in one of those small Latin American countries whose jungles we pillage to find new chemicals to combat scabies and whose indigenous tribes we displace so we can drill oil. Their economy is suffering daily from superhyperinflation while the United States waits patiently for their 70 billion dollar budget surplus to be put into action. Our government is taking time off to impeach the president while their government is still trying to make the transition to democracy after ousting the military dictator the United States probably helped put into power. While I was over there trying to incorporate all of this knowledge into my worldview, I started to forget that there was a place called Pitzer College way out here in the urban wilderness. I had vague recollections of firing water cannons at the cops from our dorms and stealing large cardboard cutouts of Count Chocula from the dining hall. I could only remember the essence of what my Pitzer College experience was and remembered nothing of the day-to-day details. I remember the classes above me being very interested in saving the

world, as long as they didn't have to admit they ever went to Pitzer. I remember my class being much less interested in saving the world and more interested in trying to figure out what was so bad about Pitzer, why it was shameful to be here and who actually listened to any of the ego deflating anti-Pitzer statements made by the two percent of the CMC or Pomona student body that actually believes you can rate a student's worth by the college he or she attends. I remember the freshmen being like I was as a freshman, drunk and infected with a horrible tapeworm. Now that I'm back I'm confused. All I know is that the Pitzer I knew is gone.

Having just combed through the 348 unread messages in my Dogbert account, been to a few Mead Hall meetings, reading the student-posted propaganda, and basically just listening to people, I have an idea of what the new Pitzer is. A lot of energy seems to be focused on personal attacks concerning old debates over issues that I thought had long been resolved. Apparently some unnamed person or persons in Mead feel the new P i t z e r philosophy/motto/creed/what-have-you has "evolved" from "Provida Futuri" to "Uber Alles" "Death Is Imminent" and "Live Free or Die". I know that those statements and all the other artwork were created to try and undermine the Mead art policy. I



have no problem with trying to undermine policy. Keeping alive the debate over how we govern ourselves is one of the most important things we do here. My only complaint is with the way the policy was supposedly undermined. Usually at Pitzer we come up with a better alternative to a disliked policy in some sort of public forum or act instead of exploiting the lowest and basest potential of the existing system. The reason Pitzer has murals on the walls of walkways leading to McConnell is because someone once said, "Hey. You know what would look really good right there? A mural. Let's paint one." So they did. In broad daylight. With everyone watching. Many joined in to help. It didn't matter that they didn't have permission. They were making their statement, but more importantly doing it in such a way that everyone knew what they were trying to say. In response to the debate our unnamed artists stirred up, we now have an unnamed liberal who doesn't like the new, more conservative, student body. I share his/her fears. I want Pitzer students to be Pitzer students because they want to be Pitzer students. This place shouldn't become a rest stop for people who are still trying to get into Pomona or CMC. But that's beside the point. I'm more afraid of us hiding behind propaganda and not welcoming the response



to what we have to say.

I admit that there are many other things about Pitzer that changed while I was gone. The campus is almost deathly quiet at times. There is no loud music, no random screaming, no sudden explosions. The food actually got worse but the card swiping person got way more interesting. Many of the girls I used to have crushes on are now bisexual. There isn't that lingering odor of marijuana smoke floating across the mounds. At least the drum circles seem to have stopped. This is not to say Pitzer is now a festering cesspool of negative energy that lashes out at itself and doesn't have the raw courage to admit it. I still love this place, but it has changed and, in my humble opinion, not for the better. There is one change on the Pitzer campus that speaks to all I have just ranted about. Just off the Mead courtyard on the outside wall of W tower is the mural of the fallen Pitzer tree with the words "Silence Killed the Revolution" written under it. While I do not agree with the clandestine nature in which it was painted, my sources tell me that those responsible were and still are "interested in anonymity". I do wholeheartedly embrace its message that the Pitzer community has to be vocal and visible. We have to know who we are talking to and why. If we say nothing we destroy ourselves, and if we do speak, but fail to be responsible for our words, we completely undermine our intentions and make our goals unreachable. But hey, we still have a whole semester left to change things. I just hope that when we do we stick around to take credit for it.



Title, yo

Amy Kaufman Originally, I'd intended to

write about how irritated I am over the lack of Pitzer students' involvement in campus organizations. As the head of a five-college organization, I've become rather bitter over the involvement rates of the students of all the colleges; I'll send out an email about a meeting to seventy people, and about five people show up, and one other emails to say they want to participate in whatever's going on. So, I was going to generalize and say I didn't think anybody really cared about anything, as I've heard about low attendance rates to other organizations' meetings, but then I decided it wasn't fair to make a blanket statement and decided to actually find out if Pitzer students do care.

I'll admit, my research into the topic was pretty informal; I went to brunch and walked around asking people if they took part in student organizations, so I did leave out anyone who lives off campus or just wasn't at brunch at that time. Out of the forty-five people I asked, twenty-five said they were involved, twenty said they weren't. Twenty-one organizations were named when I asked students what they were involved in, most of which were organizations exclusive to Pitzer students.

I was partly wrong, then. Maybe people are involved, although almost half of the surveyed group said they weren't. There is a huge variety of Pitzer and five-college groups to get involved in, and even if your interests are not being represented, if you can get a couple of people together and think up a name for your group, you can

probably get funded. In a community as small as Pitzer and the colleges in general, I think it's important to get involved in something; even if it isn't an organization which wants to make changes or has some political-type purpose, but which has the purpose of bringing somehow similar individuals together. Organizations are essential to the colleges, because they represent the diversity of the students as well as their interests. It's a way to be connected with other students and with what's going on in the school world you live in.

I'm not asking that everyone join every organization available, all I'm asking is that everyone be willing to take a little time to do something which can only improve the environment they're in. Attending one meeting a week-or less-isn't going to severely cut into study or leisure time. I have yet to meet one person who doesn't have some sort of complaint about Pitzer or the five-college community, so rather than sitting on your ass being unhappy, why not go do something about it? Go to Student Senate or go to the Food Committee or ask the Gold Center Activities committee to hold an event you want to happen but don't see anyone planning. Write about what you see going on for *The Other Side*, and if you think this magazine sucks, why don't you write something you think is better than what you're seeing and submit it?

Joining up with one organization really isn't going to take up that much of your time. Take the initiative, then get out of your room and walk the five minutes to get to a meeting, or if you can't make a meeting because of class or if it's your reading night or something, I'm sure you can still volunteer to help out. Make an effort to see what's going on and what's available to you. The community is only as strong as the dedication to it by its members.

FAST!!!

"The strongest act of humanity, is the struggle for justice."

- Cesar E. Chavez

Where: Pitzer College Mounds

When: Tuesday April 21, 1998 - until workers demands are met.

Why:

- *For the support of the food service workers whose livelihood is under negotiation!!!
- *For threats of being fired from their jobs for working with students.
- *For a lack of cooperation by Aramark.
- *We expect that the Pitzer Administration commit to the unconditional support of their students and workers in every way possible.
- *We demand that Pitzer College honor the mission proposed in the petition signed by students, faculty and workers of the Claremont Colleges.
- *Pitzer College must present in writing their plan to represent worker's issues in the formal negotiations.

We are extending an invitation to all students and faculty of the Claremont Colleges to join us and show their support for their dining hall food service workers.

"...and to all those who died, scrubbed floors, wept and fought for us."

By Jose A. Burciaga

In Response to the Recent E-Mail Debate

There was recently a debate on the students@Pitzer network over the actions of Pitzer students in a Strike last spring. The strike was part of a state-wide day of action to protest Proposition 227, which proposed to end bilingual education in the state of California. In conjunction with the strike there was a fast to support dining hall workers' rights during the transition from Marriott to Aramark. The demands of the fasters are listed on the side photo.

These demands were not unreasonable or misinformed. These demands were based on the workers' concerns, which were expressed to numerous students involved in the fast. It's not about facts and figures, or private meetings between Pitzer and Aramark; it's about communication with workers and making sure that their jobs and benefits are secure. We're talking about human beings, with human rights, not pawns in a corporate game.

-Joanne Forster

Nocturnals

- kate johnston

Chris is softspoken. Especially at dawn, when the night is tired of us and grows pale and clean to illustrate its difference from our listless bodies. It sifts us out of itself this way, carefully distinguishing and then extinguishing each star, leaving us blinking and out of words. We have to go to sleep then, in order to define ourselves as existing in this tomorrow that crept up on us knowing full well we were unprepared to be in it. And so in the hours before this moment we speak less and less, saving our conversations for a cigarette on the balcony: quietly initiated and quietly put out.

Chris tells stories to keep the cold off. We have to stand with our feet touching to hear him, but we do so without thinking. He speaks with the accuracy of someone who has spent more time on this planet than could fit in his nineteen years, and each one of his words can be individually trusted.

Once he told us about his dreams, how he sees things days before they happen. How he saw us, and these nights on the couch before we even conceived of stealing it and burning ourselves into it with unchecked cigarette tips until we belonged to it. We belonged to each other then too, and so we don't have to talk on mornings like this one (although we need another name for it, because a morning is supposed to be something to wake up on, but I have yet to see one that didn't wake up on me).

photo by zachary redmond

A Day in the Life.
by Mary Jaramillo

11:15 AM TWENNY TWENNY TWENNY FOUR HOURS AGO-OHHH I WANNA BE SEDATED NOTHING TO DO NOWHERE TO GO-HO-OHH I WANNA BE SEDATED

The scary clown in my dream stops chasing my little brother and my right eye pries itself open. Time to get my sorry ass out of bed. I manage to hurl my arm at the nearest shape that resembles an alarm clock, then proceed to hit all the buttons until the Ramones in my head have stopped dancing around and banging on drums.

The music is gone and I sit up in bed.

I get back in bed.

11:49 AM Who the hell is frickin lazy enough to oversleep and almost miss her frickin NOON class? Shoes, shoes, for the love of Lewinsky, where are my damn shoes?!!

I strap on some Spice Girlish make-you-three-feet-taller-than-you-actually-are sandals because my regular boots are lost forever in the vortex of papers, books, clothes, and Whipper Snapple bottles under my bed. I glance in the sink mirror, call myself a pretentious twit, grab keys, run out door, slam door, and now that girl down the hall probably thinks I'm a crazy little bitch who wears Spice Girl shoes and slams doors for no good reason.

12:00 PM I know I'm late, stupid Brandt Tower bell! Shut up!

12:07 PM There are no seats left when I walk into Avery 203. I stand in the doorway to show that yes, I am a pretentious twit who somehow managed to get here much later than all you other people who actually have a concept of time. I could sheepishly grin and mumble something meaningless to defend my lateness or lack-of-seatness, but I awkwardly spin on my heel (which does really look awkward in these shoes) and, without a word, steal a chair from a classless classroom.

12:49 PM Where did I put my paper?

12:52 PM Shit, I bet it's under my bed somewhere.

1:06 PM I try to pay attention to what the guy with the Tori Amos shirt and scruffy hair is saying because I like his shirt, but I know if this class doesn't end soon, I won't make it to my next class in time. I hate walking out of class early, because when I do, I feel like a pretentious twit, as if I were walking out of an Adam Sandler movie. The guy stops talking and I jump out

of my seat, then try to play it off by strolling oh-so-casually out the door. I trip down the stairs.

1:08 PM Almost forgot my bike lock combo. Remember it for some reason after humming "John Jacob Jingle Heimer Schmidt". Speed down to Pomona College faster than O.J. ever could in a white Bronco.

1:12 PM You! Yeah, you, throwing the frickin frisbee! Get out of my way, dumbass! Frickin pedestrians!!!

1:12:25 PM I run over some dumbass' frisbee.

1:17 PM I pull into the back of Pearsons Hall, where there's no space left to lock my bike because this must be the most popular damned place in all of Pomona College to park your bike. I chain my old Huffy to a skinny tree. I try to run to class as fast as I can (but you can only go so fast in Spice Girl shoes), and up that endless twisting flight of stairs in Pearsons. Some tall goatee guy is walking behind me and I make some lame comment about being out of shape inbetween incoherent whining. He laughs good-naturedly and I feel better until I turn the corner and see more stairs.

1:19 PM Room 204, 206, 208. I walk in and breathe a sigh of relief, as the professor isn't there yet. Rebecca waves to me and I trip over three people and their bags to get to a seat behind her. She asks if I read Chapter Three on Non-Cognitivism. I tell her I read most of it, which means I spent fifteen minutes reading the introduction and then I drew cartoon martians in the margins of the book for almost two hours.

1:58 PM Mental note: Call Mom tonight.

2:34 PM Class is over, Professor reminds us we have a paper to do over the weekend and I can hear the little naked man pulling out his hair, running around in frenzied circles and screaming, "Work?!! Work?!!! More papers?!! Pah! Shmeeee!!!" The little man kind of looks like Woody Allen except the thought of Woody Allen naked kind of makes me want to dry-heave. Rebecca and I head downstairs.

2:36 PM Rebecca says "bye" and "I'll call you," and I say "have fun this weekend in Atlanta," because that's where she's going this weekend. I unlock my bike from the tree and ride back to Pitzer.

2:44 PM You ever notice how CMC's dorms kind of look like motels? Dammit, I can't pedal in these frickin shoes.

2:47 PM I decide I can't ride my bike anymore in these shoes, so I walk my bike into Pitzer. These two blonde girls who wear Roxy and probably know every Third Eye Blind song and probably snowboard every weekend look at me and seem to wonder why would I

have a bike if I wasn't going to ride it. Well, look at these shoes, for cryin' out loud. I lock up my bike next to its other little bike friends.

2:50 PM Sanborn smells like cheese and cigarettes again. Sign on the wall says Pitzer Tea at Three, Pitzer Tea at Three, Pitzer Tea at Three. I say it out loud, then start to make a song out of it. Kind of sounds like "Brickhouse". I bust a move up the stairs to my room. Unlock door, no roommate. Time to take a nap.

4:48 PM Screw this, I'm going back to sleep. Nothing's happening.

4:50 PM No, you should get up. Really.

5:20 PM Stomach growls, sounds like Marge Simpson when she's upset. I remember the Simpsons episode when Homer sold his soul for a donut or something like that. This makes me hungrier. Mmm...donut.

5:33 PM Rosemary is the goddess of Pan Geos. No onions, please. Take-out. Thank you. I take my Pan Geos peanut butter thingy and a German Chocolate Fudge Whipped Bananas and Cream Swirl frozen yogurt on a cone back up to my room.

6:01 PM The Simpsons are on. Monorail, Monorail, Monoraaaaail! My feet are cold. At least they're not strapped to those shoes anymore.

6:42 PM Call my mom. She says something about the cat ate my sister's lunch and when am I going to schedule to retake my driver's test and I better practice my driving when I come home, especially changing lanes, remember to 1) signal, 2) look in your mirror, 3) look over your shoulder, 4) then go. I tell her Huntley's charged me \$462.68 for this semester and she makes and unidentifiable noise, something between Minnie Mouse on crack and Eric Cartman passing a stone. Mom says she made meatloaf tonight, I would've loved it. I say no I wouldn't, I'm a vegetarian. I love my mom.

7:21 PM Oh, I need to go to the Computer Lab to type my submission for The Other Side. Kinda want to watch Seinfeld instead. Deadline's tomorrow. Eh, I'll just turn in something for The Other Side next time.

7:23 PM No, you won't. Go type that story, you pretentious little twit.

7:56 PM I copy the finished story onto a floppy disk and print out a copy for myself to read later. I always feel weird when I have to staple my paper at the Computer Lab's front desk. The person behind the window looks at you like you're going to go stark raving mad and run off with the stapler and scream maniacally, "I have it! Oh most beateous stapler, you are mine at last! Oh, rapture!" But I won't.

8:49 PM Okay, I've had enough of playing with the Internet. I can always visit the Ferris Bueller's Day Off web site another day.

8:51 PM Sit down and talk to/pet the six-toed cat for awhile. I promise to bring it a hot dog back from the Goldmine next time I go. The six-toed cat looks at me and yawns.

9:29 PM I missed Dawson's Creek again. I bet Joey's still pissed at Jen for something. I heat up a vegetarian corn dog in my microwave. It tastes like glue and corn meal because it needs mustard. DO DO DO DO DO DOO I DON'T WANNA WAIT FOR OUR LIVES TO BE OVER...

10:35 PM I try to read 118 pages for Sociology tomorrow but the girls down the hall are really drunk or something and they're playing freeze tag and singing "Love Shack" really loud. I don't think it's annoying, but they keep making me laugh and I can't concentrate.

11:23 PM My roommate comes in. Kumiko's cool. She says she was out with her study or discussion group. She goes to take a shower. Kumiko's shampoo bottle has all this Japanese writing on it. I pretend I'm an international archaeologist and try to read the writing, thinking maybe if I read this over and over, the words will just come to me.

12:17 AM I can't read anymore Sociology. I draw some cartoon martians in the margins.

12:49 AM Conan O'Brian's got some funky-ass hair. How can Max Weinberg look that damn happy while he's playing the drums? Oh no, it's the chihuahua commercial.

1:52 AM Take a shower. I think somebody's been using my razor. Ewwwww.

3:11 AM Read some Philosophy and Spin magazine before turning off the lights and snuggling into the bed. Hmm, Ol' Dirty Bastard got arrested for something again. Well, shiyaaat. I try not to think about things, like work-study and driving and whatever happened to Mr. T and Sociology and love shack baby love shack and Fox Mulder licking a lollipop, but I can't. I'm going to wake up late tomorrow again if I don't fall asleep NOW.

3:42 AM I have to fall asleep NOW.

4:11 AM Okay, seriously. This is getting out of hand.

4:13 AM NOW.

4:31 AM Goodnight.

Exploration of the Floor (AKA an insignificant poem)

10/25/98

writing gray linoleum is like immaculate conception
bypassing all the dirty work
an end without the means to justify
gray linoleum slips beneath your feet
without noticing your presence
not at all like a lover
only black flecks on surface worn shiny
dull pattern forever
insignificance exemplified
yet still i'm writing gray linoleum
scratching my pen along the surface
cuz i'm the dumb buddha
thinking donkeys like diamonds
linoleum like love
the word itself
the syllables
a brief tongue tip to the roof
breath from a closed throat
teeth together, humming
lips rounded in cartoon surprise
back to a familiar beginning, noticing a gap
almost smiling halfway through
mouth wide, air over the chords like organ pipes
the note cut off, cracked lips brought together dancing
until the sound fades into gray
an adjective like a guttural attack
or a warning
or a feeling i once had for you
but that would make this poem about grief
and joy
and a love left unfinished
the grunts and fluids that must come
before the birth of anything believable
the great pain and pleasure that great art suckles from,
tugging hard

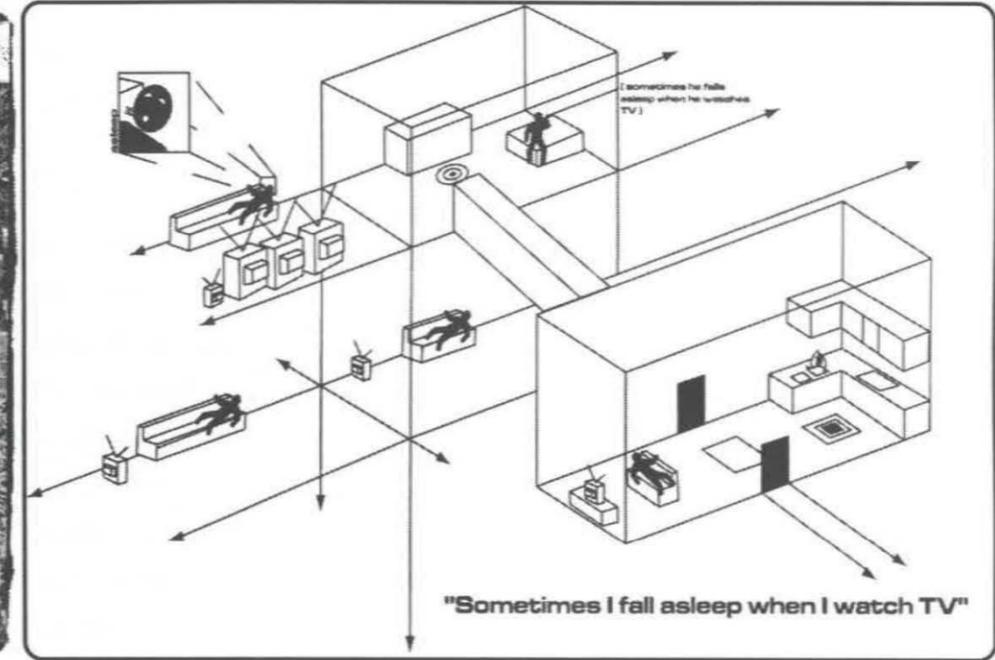
but this poem is about gray linoleum
flat fearlessness
devoid of blood, sweat, tears
bereft of milk and succulent secretions
just the seed of god come down to mary
clean, without a fuss
like my shoe scuffing over the indifferent tiles
and i hear mary didn't feel a thing

by arjuna greist

Photo by Jonathan Hedstrom



above: Painting by
Cecil Banelos
left: Image by Link Roberts



Images by Ricky Anderson

untitled

If every woman deserves poetry and
 Romance is what spews forth from the quill,
 Don't wait for gray whales to beach themselves and
 Speak upon their collapsing lungs in the sand
 For only your ears, before you grasp what might have
 Been saved from passing through the tender
 Impressions on the fingers of your very own hand.
 Caress what enters your scope of vision, narrow as
 The cross of love it hangs upon. Soon it will
 Escape your sight and, once it's gone it's just
 Another graying area on your growing blindness.
 Tug firmly on each link of chains that bind you, for
 Every pull is another chance at the pure air and freedom
 From repressing master of your learned fears.
 Each check of the binds that tie is weakening a point
 Of stress that you could crack to release your spirit
 From bondage of pain that's been heaped upon you
 Like fresh dung in the thick, humid air of your ego/heat
 This obnoxious cloud you breathe without success,
 Gasping from the second-hand sky that's eventually
 Inhaled by each one and all of us.
 Choking on the impure pleasure of dissatisfaction, and
 Then you scream out that "Ya love it!"
 American dreaming again, oh please wake up before
 The imperfect ending nears and disappoints your
 Restless flesh. You've been scarred, scared and
 Screwed so many times before that it becomes
 The truth that binds that badge upon your heart.
 Raise the flag upon your pole, waving the colors of
 Bread, White and, Bruised. Fly that sucka' honey, while
 The gimmick band plays your tune, and don't forget
 To croon or else!

11-1-98 AE.

doug's arte



art(e) by doug wein



F This Place.
by sammy
sunshine

JANUARY 26,
1999

last weekend i went with american boy to san diego, which generally was pretty awkward. besides the fact that my mom and my roommate and his parents and his entire family all thought

that we must be a couple may have made the weekend an uncomfortable experience. i don't know. we went to a show at the che cafe, and i ended up getting a phone number, of whom i was sure that i liked but unsure of the "rules" of phone calling. none of this "when should i call him/her" crap, because shut the fuck up, call them when you want, but my situation was more along the lines of whether or not i should try to be as positive a person as i can, because i am the most cynical person in the universe. in fact, some dumbbo told me that i actually owned that title when i said that i wanted to punch the pomona card swiper in the face. i was dumbfounded by his response to that, because for some odd fucking reason, he decided to ask *what it would solve*, and i had no idea which gun i should pull. anyway, the drive home from san diego was what really made the whole weekend especially baffling. when we started to leave san diego, american boy said he had to go to the bathroom, which i agreed that we should stop a.s.a.p., since i also did. we decided to stop at the next taco bell, which i guess he forgot about or something, because he ended up waiting much longer, in fact, until we were in the middle of nowhere, and on the side of the highway he pulled over to take a piss. if not barbaric enough, afterwards, he shot a deer, shoved it in the trunk, skinned it and ate it raw. we got into a small argument over the peeing incident, which actually is a considerably large argument since i am never wrong, and american boys never lose. i wondered if he thought about how i also had to go to the bathroom, but i didnt stick my ass out the car window. as a potty trained individual, i held it until it burst, and then i peed all over the seat like a dog. in our

February 1999

argument, i made it clear that i found his behavior quite odd and somewhat rude, which may sound un-punk of me, but me saying fuck it evens out the punk into neutral. so we drove home in silence for 2 hours. 2-2-99

i guess american boy and i aren't talking, judging from the fact that i saw him for the first time today since the piss incident, and also his walking back and forth in front of me several times during lunch and dinner, pretending not to see me. oh jesus i hate fucking people. and the rules. the status of my relationship with the boy who gave me his phone number is, at this time, unknown. back to my theory of the rules. don't tell me, let me fucking guess what you're thinking.

THURSDAY, 2-4-99

my birthday is in 4 months and 2 days, but my birthday party is tonight. my fuckin cool dog lunch crew is throwing it for me, as a birthday party, but more of a reason to get drunk. i refuse to drink anything but champagne, thank you very much. only of the \$3-5 price range. i never thought that there was such a thing, until i participated in the "5-C tough guys" party, which consisted of me and 3 other guys from pomona, drinking \$3 champagne, and beer with a weird tootsie roll aftertaste. we all got super drunk, toasted every sip of every drink to "oi not jobs," and then ran around throwing popcorn balls at each other. i was a tough guy that night, and it was the best drunk ive ever felt. until i barfed. barfing had never been a problem for me before college, but now that i'm here, it's just about the only reaction i have to anything. food and drink of the dining hall and of parties at pitzer seem to be rejected by my purity. i am too pure.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1999

i just got back from seeing the locust and rocket from the crypt, the latter being the band who attracts the most fat drunk assholes i have ever seen in my life. i don't get why these people are into good bands. you would hope they would just stick to the frat rock but i guess it runs dry after a while and eventually they have to get up off their lazy fat asses and kick the shit out of everyone at shows. at this point, there's no use in going to any parties, cause everyones already drunk, and besides that, i hate everyone here. i told some hot topic that i'm a morning person because im happy when everyone else is miserable, to which she aggrievedly replied "that's horrible, samantha! that's nothing to be proud of!" yeah right! i got an award for that. bitch of the year.

Hey you!

Yeah, you, the one with all the complaints, criticisms, whiny comments, or other such praise. Send your informed letters to: **The Other Side, Pitzer box #823.**

Or you, the creative one in need of an outlet. Did you know that you could have your very own poems, artwork, fiction, nonfiction, photographs, or even napkins printed in the very magazine that you currently hold in your grubby little hands. Stick your submissions in **The Other Side envelope in the mail room, the Other Side office in the Gold center, or email to:**

otherside@pitzer.edu

submit submit submit submit submit submit submit

my golf cart
i got golf cart.
i drive my golf cart.
walking.
i dont.
i got golf cart.
golf.
i dont like it
but i got golf cart.
golf cart.
i got golf cart.
i drive my golf cart.
- Hank Golfcart

Or, if none of these forms of delivery work for you, do what H.G. did, and pin it to one of the esteemed editors' doors.