SAVE BERNARD

Don't let the Claremont Colleges pave over the Field Station in exchange for letting the City of Claremont build a trash dump next to Pitzer.

FIELD STATION!

the other side

PRIVATE BRIDGE
OWNED BY
"EL OTRO LADO"
& OTHERS.
USAGE FREE
P.L.S. DO NOT
JUMP OR SWING
¡MÁXIMUM
5
PEOPLE!

march 1999
So, now you've finally had a chance to look over the first issue of The Other Side. How'd you guys like it? Is everything really OK?

We hope that the articles/poetry/art from the last issue made everyone realize the incredible talent we have on this campus, if you hadn't already. And I hope that everyone became a little more aware of all the talent that wasn't included in the magazine last time and that is included this time, and should be next time and every time thereafter. Hopefully, friends have been talking to friends and everyone has been urging each other to contribute. Creativity should be expressed and shared.

But, I ask again, is everything really OK? Or have you noticed some discrepancies? Have you heard or seen anything lately that makes you realize that maybe some things could be better around this college? I am so excited about everyone that is speaking out and using The Other Side to communicate with the rest of the community. But are there individuals that feel silenced? Does everyone have the protection of tenure and tuition? And beyond that, are there issues that have been kept silent that maybe we should all know about? What's going on?

Now before some get angry, I'm not suggesting that everyone race around and make up ludicrous stories about the Man and all the evil He does! But I do want to suggest that we all try and get some good hard facts and figure out what exactly goes on at this school. What's all the talk about Aramark and the workers that serve us in McConnell every day? Could it really be true that our college may take part in abusing workers' rights? And do we have a say in that? ASK. What's all the talk about the Bernard Field Station and what exactly is happening down the line when the Keck Institute starts to want more and more land? ASK. Start investigating issues that you don't understand. Start going to meetings and talking to students about what the hell is going on. Set up meetings with those high-up officials, whom I rarely see, and question them. Tell them your concerns. Ask them what they're going to do about it. Demand answers. When you have the opportunity to speak, use your voice. Tell them that you do not think that everything is OK. And that you are empowering yourself to change things.

Someone asked me what were the most important issues on Pitzer's campus right now. Hmmm... I told him I'd get back to him. And then I started listening and paying a little closer attention. And then I started to hear things, things I didn't want to hear. I started hearing about struggles beginning again that I thought were won long ago. I heard about policies changing and contracts being ignored. It made me realize that maybe people were right to fight so hard in the past. And maybe it was I who was wrong to believe in the compromises and believe in the promises. Sometimes we need to fight harder than we believe ourselves capable. But what can beat us is when things happen without us even realizing it, when we struggle too late. Don't make my mistake.

\[ \text{from two of the editors' desks} \]

zachary reedmond

suzanne foster
Space Team 8— John Searcy
Crosswinds— Sanjay Unni
Untitled— Kentaro Yamauchi
Grrr— Linda Lewis
Aramark & 5-C Administrators— Student Worker Support Committee
To Renee— Miriam Siyam
The Opposite of Romantic— Irwin Swirnoff
All of This— Doug Anderson
Eagle’s Feathers— Link Roberts
Demons in the Bed— Kate Davis
Ian Svenonius Shops at Urban Outfitters, Okay?— Amy Kaufman
Worried, Disillusioned, Hopeful(?), Rant#…?— Eli Hastings
Field Station Under Threat— Paul Faulstich
Every Neurotransmitter— Jen Kunitsugu
Wasn’t it Enough— Meghavi Shah
Velazquez in My Room— Vivian Bermudez
Cesar Chavez Memorial— Jose Calderon
Coatamundi Love— Zach Gordon

There is shame in the night sky, oh reader, shame ten feet on a side, encased in solid walls of brass! There is shame entombed within the furthest depths of Earth’s great caverns and spread thinly upon the surface of the sea. Every petal of the daffodil splits forth the subtle aroma of infancy and every note of the bluebird’s song carries the fragile burden of disgrace. Shame drips hotly from the ice-glazed rings of Saturn and wafts gently through the poison clouds of Mars. Shame hides silent within the tumultuous roar of the cataract and its amber glow illuminates the dark side of the moon.

Remember the time, oh cherished reader, when you stood at the brink of that moonlit painted desert with the whirring world whispering round you and you cried out unfalteringly with the purest most purulent joy of life? Oh, you felt the plants breathe, and you heard the rocks’ immortal song, but soon that hot black sizzle came creeping down your spine like a fungus, and you knew—you knew oh reader—that to be alive was the most devilish of horrors. The stars they shone, and the wind it blew, and the birds cried “heynachurple!” in the gentle morning breeze, but your eyes were clouded by the stuff of nightmare and your cauldron filled eternally with beads.

It is too late, I say! Too late to hunt the burning elf or to hunt the gentle dirge of a cucumber. Too late to turn over a new leaf or to hang your laundry out to dry before that ole sun he go down. Oh yes, my fragrant accomplice! Great thurling segments of Earth burst fervently through the ground, rivers form, volcanoes spew great chunks of molten rock, stars ignite, combust, fuse, dwindle, and die, and you will never know a tenth of it, nor a tenth of a tenth, nor the tiniest fraction of what goes on in this great boundless universe because you simply haven’t the time. This is shame, dear reader, and the twilight of the gods.

Come! Embrace this shame with us, oh patient peruser, I beseech you! Scour with us the heavenly vault for a pungent taste that that disgrace which is your birthright—for we are Space Team Eight, and the shame of the universe is the essence of our lives! Unite with that dishonor that is squeezed like blood from the wavelengths of the electromagnetic spectrum! Fuse carnally with that ignominy that oozes wretchedly from the open sores of God! We orbit serenely the mundane affairs of everyone and trip lightly upon the infamy that spatters the evening clouds like lace. We know what quickens lovers’ heartbeats in the moonlight and we know why painted landscapes bring your aching heart to tears. We have seen the beginning and we will see the end and we have received exhausting and highly reliable accountings of all those phenomena.

Surely we are closest of friends with the rich and the powerful, though few will return our calls, and surely we will someday gain a spacecraft of the finest imaginable construction. We confirm the supremacy of Sir Bucket and Brother Log, and have the fullest possible faith that the check is in the mail, that Disneyland is the happiest place on Earth, and that Jesus Christ, the only begotten son of God, died for our sins and rose again on the third day to sit at the right hand of the Father. We accept these claims at face value. It is not our place to quibble or to contradict. And, for our part, oh beloved reader for whom I have a most intense and violent affection, we ask you to accept only this:

That we are a team, having a membership of at least three or four separate physical organisms, that we hail from the furthest reaches of unseen space, and that we are here on this planet only to serve you, to do for you what we think best. People of Earth! Hear my decree! Know you that even as you eat your meals and walk solemnly from place to place, that there are men from the stars watching out for you, keeping you within reasonable bounds of general safety, and protecting your health and honor by delving into regions of shame where none might otherwise dare to tread! We do this only because it is our duty, oh denizens of the estates of man, and because we love you. With all my heart, I affirm that it is so.

Signed this day the Third of March, Nineteen Hundred and Ninety Nine.

Capt. Crosby Kierkegaard Technosnap
Commander in Chief, Space Team Eight

Many students are unaware that Pitzer College has for several months been home to its very own intergalactic space team, complete with fully-functional attachments and accessories. Thus, to help bring the details of its operations into the light of public awareness, the commander in chief of Space Team Eight, Captain Crosby K. Technosnap (known in civilian circles as sophomore John Searcy) has issued the following statement, to be published in the pages of The Other Side.
Revolutions and uprising, ideals and manifestos; from what are they born? For better or worse, societies are always transforming, and revolutions, through means of social unrest, attempt to define their place in an ever-changing world. It must be disconcerting for a revolutionary to realize that the system he/she so desires to change could someday be the system which others, cut from the same cloth, will revolt against. However, this still does not deal with the issue at hand. Why do revolutions originate? What would it take to make you fight? How bad (or good) would it have to become?

"It will be born out of a clash between two winds, it will arrive in its own time, the coal on the hearth of history are stoked up and ready to burn. Now the wind from above rules, but the one from below is coming, the storm rises... so it will be..."

-Zapatista communiqué

The Zapatista rebellion is rooted in the knowledge that Mexican government has allowed its “companeros” to be yoked with the burdens of a political structure careening out of control. It is a revolution, marketed to individuals well beyond the geographic boundaries of Chiapas, and executed for a people whose culture and history bounds over a thousand years. However, beyond the chants of “basta” (enough), and sound bites from chivalrous revolutionaries, the Zapatista cause provides a unique sense of empowerment for its indigenous followers. Subcomandante Marcos, who is held accountable to a democratically elected Indigenous Council, speaks for a people who have no voice outside of their Zapatista movement. In their use of modern technology, the Zapatistas demand to be allowed to dictate the terms of their inclusion into the all-powerful “global market”. Behind their anonymous black masks, they individually voted to take up arms, to speak with a collective voice.

"The government will have to eliminate the Zapatistas to demonstrate their effective control of the national territory and security policy." - Emerging Markets Group of Chase Bank, February 28, 1995

There is much wealth to be gained in Chiapas and it lays deep underground. With numerous untapped oil wells, Chiapas has the second largest oil reserves in the hemisphere. Just ask Hydro-Quebec. Profits grow from the fourth floor, where International Finance Paper and Boise Cascade replace natural hard woods with environmentally disastrous eucalyptus. Wealth for the exclusive few is reaped from the toils of destitute coffee pickers, whose labor may never earn them more than $2.00 a day. Yet, from what are revolutions born?

In Mexican communes with indigenous populations of 70% or higher, the percentage of individuals who live in poverty greater than 80%. In 1992, the Mexican government repealed Article 27 of the constitution, which had guaranteed the right of communal land to peasant communities. Over the rumbled voices of dissent, the Mexican government declared a war of attrition against the voiceless and the misrepresented. Slowly, methodically, the indigenous and the campesinos alike would be forced off their lands, resigned to rummaging through the vast garbage dumps of Mexico city, or forced into the back-breaking and soulless occupation of picking another man’s coffee. The peasantry of Chiapas already had serious concerns, before the repeal of Article 27. As the indigenous population increases at an annual rate of 46%, many communities are forced to encroach deeper into the forest that has been their means of sustenance for centuries. Over-cultivation has made land tired and weak, as the rains wash away the precious topsoil. The more the land was worked, the less it could produce.

On New Years Day, 1994, the North America Free Trade Agreement came into effect, flooding the Mexican market with cheap, subsidized American corn and flour. Large-scale agribusiness met the Tzotziles, Tzeltales, Choles, Tojolabales, Zoques, (the five main Chiapan indigenous groups) and the other peasant farmers. One group fighting for their share of a multi-million dollar marketplace, another fighting for existence. On that New Years Day, 1994, Ejercito Zapatista de Liberacion Nacional (EZLN) (Zapatista National Liberation Army), took over the Chiapan city of San Cristobal. However, within four days the Zapatistas retreated back to their communities as they began a tumultuous dialogue with the Mexican government about the realities of indigenous life and the political corruption of the Mexican "democratic" system. In the Chiapan paper El Tiempo, the EZLN stated the ideals of their uprising, "...not the triumph of a single party, organization, or alliance of organizations, but to create a democratic space, where the confrontation between diverse political points of view can be resolved. (January 12, 1994)”

"It never crossed your mind that revolution should be for the benefit of the masses. Instead, to keep the people- already semi-free and strong-from taking justice into their own hands, you developed a creation of a novel revolutionary dictatorship." - letter from Emiliano Zapata to President Carranza, March 17, 1919.

The Zapatista revolution was not born out of the revolutionary nostalgia for Mexico’s past, but rather sculpted from historical injustices and the expectation of a bleak future for the peasantry of Southern Mexico. It is important not to characterize the Zapatista movement as intrinsically benevolent, for only time will accurately reveal the moral character of the uprising. Revolutions, cloaked in the maxims of equality, liberty, and democracy have often allowed themselves to lose sight of their established ideals, leaving many with nothing more than false hopes. If the Zapatista Revolution is to succeed, it must be held to the high standards of equality, liberty, and democracy that it has set for itself.
It was a third-grade tragedy, one of those mishaps that scars us for life. I was eating my lunch at the outside lunch tables as usual. Georgine Dickhutte had her same ole 'salami and butter' sandwich. It's all she ever had, since she was allergic to everything else. Georgine was doing what she did at every lunchtime, which was to wave her salami pieces in the air and ask if anybody wanted them. I always did. She always gave them to me. It was our luncheon ritual. That day however had a slight variation. As a salami round waved in front of my mouth, I grabbed it with my teeth. I skipped an important part of the ritual, which was to beg. Georgine was furious and started shouting that I'd stolen her lunch. There were real tears spurting from her, and she seemed to believe in her temper. She told our teacher, Mrs. Rodecker. We all called her The Road Wrecker behind her back. Georgine, who was always sick with asthma, was the teacher's pet.

The after-lunch bell rang. We filed into the classroom and there was Georgine, eyes all puffy-red, still breathing with jerks from crying, sitting right by the Road Wrecker's desk. Georgine looked at me like I killed her dog or something. I was squirming inside like something very unfair was coming down. Then the Road Wrecker spoke. "Linda, would you please come to the front of the classroom." Uh-oh. Road Wrecker loved to humiliate her students in front of the classroom. My legs were jelly, my heart pounded in my ears, my face burned, and my stomach had a thousand knots getting tighter with every step. Finally, I made it to the front.

"Linda, would you please tell the class why you steal things?" No words came out. I was shaking so bad that I thought I would surely be flat on the ground any second. "Well, what do you have to say for yourself?" My vomit. I could feel it oozing up my throat. The room turned. I was by the door and ran out just in time to puke on the grass. I heard the kids laughing inside the classroom.

At recess, Georgine said, "ha ha." That was it, "ha ha." My life in the third grade was ruined and all she had to say was "ha ha." I never took her salami again. Actually, I never spoke to Georgine again. Not through elementary school or even high-school. Not until I was twenty and saw her at a gym that I went to every night after work. There we were, both our feet up on the same bench tying our shoe-laces. "Remember third grade, Georgine?"

Her blonde hair fell almost to her shoes. "Sure, I remember. I still crack-up every time I think of it." I couldn't believe that she was smiling, but she was.

"Well, I don't Georgine. I don't crack-up every time I think of it. I think that you were a bitch, a fucking bitch." I was in third-grade again. My body was trembling and I wanted to hurt her. I wanted to hurt her bad, but she turned around, pulled her hair into a rubberband and walked out of the locker room.

She paused at the door. "Bet you haven't stolen anyone's lunch since then."

GRRRR.
of Pitzer College will not turn a blind eye to injustice and exploitation. This understanding did not come about without a fight. A two and a half-day hunger strike took place last year because Aramark and administrators from all five colleges ignored numerous attempts to establish a forum where workers, administrators, Aramark representatives, and students could dialogue. The Worker Support Committee organized two 5-C town meetings in order to create this highway of communication. Workers and students filled Avery Auditorium and the Sanborn Living Room to discuss workers issues and lack of representation. The committee provided verbal and written invitations to all representatives from the bid team; however, only the Pitzer Treasurer attended one meeting. Our own Pitzer student representative to the bid team never showed his face at a meeting. Subsequently, students organized a hunger strike in order to pressure Aramark and the administration to ensure job security, living wages, seniority, and acquired sick pay from the previous company.

After media interviews, alumni pressure, and effective student/worker solidarity, representatives from Aramark and Pitzer's administration met with workers, students and faculty to discuss worker concerns. Aramark offered many verbal promises that satisfied most workers. This meeting ended the hunger strike but not the struggle. Aramark does not provide most workers with a living wage. Our dining halls are understaffed and workers are underpaid. A majority of workers need a second job in order to support themselves. There is no job security, as was demonstrated when a worker was unjustly fired from Scripps College.

because he held a second job that conflicted with Aramark's unstructured and unorganized work-scheduling system. This is not just a Claremont Colleges issue but an issue wherever Aramark does their business. Aramark is the official food service company for Dodger Stadium, and the organized workers there are currently caught in a vicious Aramark union busting campaign. The 5-C Worker Support Committee is not an illegitimate group. We have the support of faculty, alumni, students, and workers. All of our information comes from personal interviews with workers of the Claremont Colleges. We cannot depend on the colleges or Aramark to provide our workers with living wages, job security, and a dignified working environment because Aramark and the colleges are both money-making corporations. They sign contracts that serve their interests as corporations, not the interests of students who pay for these corporations to exist, or the workers whose labor enables these corporations to function. The Claremont Colleges and Aramark are equally responsible for the undignified treatment of the dining service workers. Aramark is anti-worker unity at the Claremont Colleges, Dodger Stadium and wherever else workers demand dignity. It is up to the students and workers to organize and unite. Our alliance will put pressure on these corporations to allow workers their law-given right to organize and unite in an environment free of intimidation.

Our colleges chose this corporation because Aramark offered them the lowest cost-saving contract. Aramark receives $2 every time a
"Aramark receives $2 every time a student swipes his/her card for a meal. The colleges receive almost three times that with each swipe. Our colleges chose Aramark because they would save the colleges money. Yet, our tuition rose another $1,000, food quality and selection is worse than with Marriott, and certain workers with over eight years of service are still earning minimum wage."

student swipes his/her card for a meal. The colleges receive almost three times that with each swipe. Our colleges chose Aramark because they would save the colleges money. Yet, our tuition rose another $1,000, food quality and selection is worse than with Marriott, and certain workers with over eight years of service are still earning minimum wage. Workers and students are being compromised in a race between Aramark and the colleges over who can make more money off of whom. Both sides are to blame for the dining service problems. Students must unite in order to eliminate these injustices. These corporations cannot intimidate students like they intimidate workers because we are their consumers and their source of capital. It is time to go above and beyond them. We have tried to work with them, but they have broken our trust and faith. We should not allow them to ignore us any longer, because injustice at the Claremont Colleges has gone on too long. We should no longer be asking; we should be demanding.

—Contact Joaquin Calderon for more info regarding the Student Worker Support Committee.—

We, the undersigned students of the Claremont Colleges, support the food service workers of our schools in demanding the following principles and we urge the Claremont Colleges, as community and institution, to honor them.

✓ Job security
It should be a practice to respect the service and commitment of the workers by ensuring job security, regardless of any subcontracting relationship the colleges may form.

✓ Reasonable workload
It should be a practice that workers have safe working conditions and reasonable workloads. Work should be distributed fairly and evenly among adequate staff with adequate time for completion.

✓ Consistent hours and scheduling
It should be a practice that all workers have fixed hours of work each week and consistent schedules. Workers should not be subject to unjust cuts in hours of work.

✓ Living Wage
It should be a practice to ensure that workers have a living wage which includes fair raises each year, as well as appropriate cost of living raises.

✓ Health benefits
It should be a practice to ensure that all workers have affordable health benefits for themselves and their families.

✓ Seniority
It should be a practice to respect the seniority of each worker. The worker's years of service should be considered when determining work assignments, hours of work, scheduling and vacation, et cetera.

By respecting these principles, the Claremont Colleges will enable the workers to offer the best service to students, faculty and other university staff, while upholding their dignity and respect.

sign this petition created by students and workers to show your support for workers' rights.

To Renee

We started out in the September earth the roots of our third grade pigtails searching for a place to plant themselves for the next 14 years they didn't really take hold until 11th grade when we ate lunch together every day and talked about our weird dreams by senior year, our foundation was set

you gave me the best advice for even in the strongest of windstorms you never let me sway too far and for a while now, I've been fighting those storms on my own perplexed at first but I've come to grips with the fact that you moved on to a different branch when I wasn't looking there are so many things I would like to tell you so much fruit I have to share but I'm okay I understand now and even though we're growing our own separate rings I still have hope that we'll one day meet in a freshly formed pile of autumn leaves.

-Miriam Siyam

nobody could chop us down working with you two years later was so much fun we acted like professionals and never managed to lose any of our leaves and people knew that we were inseparable they couldn't take our fruit without getting our seeds too
MISSING!

I AM: Hollywood star who conforms to the mainstream perception of beauty

LAST SEEN: As a real person, sometime in the late 80s

--> by sam sunshine
I went to school with Julie Hagland from fifth grade all the way through high school. We had at least a class or two with each other all of those eight years. I never said more than two sentences to Julie during those eight years, and she never said more than two sentences to me. But she also never said more than two sentences to anyone.

Even in the 5th grade Julie had the body of a 35 year old lady. Not in any gross "she's so old-looking for her age" way, but just the way pink blouses and tight Jordache jeans fit her so awkwardly, and yet it was the only thing you could ever imagine her wearing. Even though she never talked, everyone knew that Julie was really smart. She got A's on everything, her handwriting was immaculate, and she ruined the curve for so many science, math, history and spanish tests. Julie was the girl who got 115% on spelling tests in 5th grade, and could speak Spanish fluently as a sophomore. Julie was quiet and shy, but I don't mean it in the typical "she doesn't like school and high school and jr high" way. I mean it in the most extreme way. Julie never talked. When she would be called on in class, she would hesitate to answer, her face would twitch slightly as it turned an off shade of red, and finally after badgering from the teacher she would barely mutter a word. The teacher would have us read out loud and then call on someone of our choice to read after us. It never got old for people to call Julie's name after they read. It never got old for people to spit pieces of paper Julie's way. It never got old for people to run up to Julie outside of class and ask her who she was going to the 8th grade dance with, or her homecoming, or prom, knowing very well she wouldn't be going. It never got old for people to say mean things to and about Julie in front of her face.

Julie had everything going against her. She was extremely tall and large, she wore clothes you only imagined Christian house wives in the middle of Nebraska to wear. She never talked, she got perfect grades, she took in-depth notes, and often you could find her whispering to herself as she walked the halls or as she sat eating lunch by herself.

Everyone became familiar with the large maroon Buick that dropped off and picked up Julie from school every single day from 5th grade to graduation night from high school. Everyone became familiar with the sight of Julie's mom. The one who drove that Buick and dropped off and picked up Julie every day for 8 years. I almost felt like I knew Julie's mom, and I would often wave and say hi to her as I walked right by Julie.

Even though you know kids can be cruel and fucking vicious, the lengths that cruelty went towards Julie was numbing. In 8th grade it wasn't until the principal of our school ordered our yearbook advisor to make us change the final proof of the yearbook that Julie's picture was

The opposite of romantic

by Irwin Swirnoff

So as much as I hated the way people treated Julie right to her face, I found myself resenting and wanting to understand Julie, not for the sake of empathizing or caring about her, but for the selfish sake of just figuring her out. I needed to know why she was the way she was.

People who had been to her house to work on school projects became fodder for people's voyeuristic curiosity. "What does her room look like?" "What does she have on her walls?" "Does she have a dad?" Depending on who you talked to Julie's room was either entirely filled with creepy looking stuffed animals and unicorn crystals or it was just four white walls, a white ceiling, no windows and a small eene quote from the bible on a mounted board on her white desk. And she had a bunk bed but no siblings or she had eleven sisters and no bed in her room, or something else. And for some reason all these rumors and petty depictions seemed important and o.k. to talk and laugh and speculate about.

Myah Evers was a girl I knew and she was maybe the closest to what Julie could call a friend. So I would drill Myah with questions as I tried to figure out Julie. Was she sexually abused? Did she have brothers and sisters who had died? Was her mom really abusive? My questions and inquires were sick. People who had been to her house to work on school projects became fodder for people's voyeuristic curiosity. "What does her room look like?" "What does she have on her walls?" "Does she have a dad?" Depending on who you talked to Julie's room was either entirely filled with creepy looking stuffed animals and unicorn crystals or it was just four white walls, a white ceiling, no windows and a small eene quote from the bible on a mounted board on her white desk. And she had a bunk bed but no siblings or she had eleven sisters and no bed in her room, or something else. And for some reason all these rumors and petty depictions seemed important and o.k. to talk and laugh and speculate about.

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All Of This

The moist smell under the willow trees.
Water which has passed through pines.
Old bottles baked blue in hot sand.
In the time I have been alive.
We don't come with souls, we make them up.
Out of our ripening and our going to seed.
The burnt musk of a lightning-struck oak.
The way women are borne up when they walk.
Even as the earth pulls them down.
The last cedar log and the water.
Far from over. The way.
The willow turns pale gold in autumn.
The smell of love on my fingers.
Coyotes who amble through town.
The dry season to drink from sprinklers.
The owl I surprised in the old ice house;
Tall as a ten-year-old, widening its wings as it flew.
How someone I loved long ago shows up in my cells.
Speaks through my mouth.
The way memory keeps safe under the wing.
Of forgetfulness. And the way.
Death is kinder to me now that I know his name.
All of this, and the longing that runs like a jackal.
Over a plane of mind so empty.
It can hold everything, even as I forget myself in it.

By Doug Anderson

Eagle's Feather

looking for words
floating in the sky
to answer the questions why
they're all around
from the highest ground
sink or swim
on what has been
don't forget bout yourself
preserve memories on a shelf
add a little funk
'feeling lucky punk'
to put it all together
power of the eagle's feather
to fly off from your head
who's livin'; who's dead
instead...
change your ways
to make interesting days
search for new knowledge
lessons not taught in college
grasp the why in your eye
floating diligently in the sky
"Sacred Ground of Acteal, the place where a new Mexico was sown, a just Mexico." These were the words of a Tzotzil elder at the one-year commemoration ceremony of the massacre. "This mass is a huge celebration of the truth," he said. "Never again will we accept another Acteal, not in Chiapas, not in Mexico, not in any other corner of the world. The hope of resurrection is before us. Madre Santiamé de Guadalupe may forgiveness grow in these communities so artificially divided by a government that lives off the misery and death of the poor."

From the Mexican Southeast, the Zapatistas have arisen 500 years of colonial repression to challenge the reigning world order, to reclaim their cultural and economic rights, to remind the world of their existence and of the right of all people to live in dignity. The call of the Zapatistas is not just a call for indigenous rights, but a call to everyone everywhere to show that injustices are being committed, to create un mundo donde quieran todos los mundos; a world where all our worlds have a place.

"All those fighting, students and workers, we are not against those fighting, those who are in struggle. We are the same. This path of justice and freedom and peace is the one we take."

"Many of the soldiers are also poor, and they only join the army to have work and to earn money, but we have heard that when they are made to oppress other people, they desert the army. This is what we have heard."

For the visitors at the Acteal mass, there was a special message: "We ask you to keep dreaming of a better world and to make other people around you dream. To keep talking about Acteal. Our martyrs are an open wound that won't go away. We ask you to talk about a great love for the roots of the Mayan people. For 500 years this tree has resisted, despite enormous efforts to uproot it. Make your hearts strong, keep walking to the edge of the clouds. We have a word that is the strongest in our language: coloval-gracias-thank you. We want to thank you for your hearts, your eyes. Your solidarity has given us strength. You've given us your word, your presence, your "no" to the military conflict. We want you to open the hearts of others to keep resisting."

"From the Mexican Southeast, the Zapatistas have arisen 500 years..."

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"From the Mexican Southeast, the Zapatistas have arisen 500 years..."
DEMONS IN THE BED

art and poetry
by kate davis

Let’s bring the demons out to play;
let’s coo and ooh and purr.
I’ll tell you why I ran away,
you tell me why you fucked her.

Don’t be nice and don’t be coy,
please bang me in the head.
You’re not that slowing little boy,
now pain me in my bed.

Now burn my ears and slice me deep,
you rightful owe to me.
Plant your teeth and there then keep
for love is blood and she

is rich behind your feline eyes
and tapping in your dirty sighs,
the birth of all your lonely lies,

but sick in love are we.

---

Ian Svenonius Shops At Urban Outfitters,
Okay?

So, my friends and I are walking back to the
car after seeing Fugazi and a SUV-type thing drives by and
a guy sticks his head out the window and yells, “poseur” at us. Poseurs? What were we pretending to be, Mr. Oh-So-Punk-Rock in a SUV? Perhaps he somehow sensed that neither before nor after the show could I name a single Fugazi song! Does it matter? What was the point of him going out of his way to yell at us? Was it a big problem that some of us weren’t following the punk rock dress code? The only thing he knew about us was the way we looked. Is that all there is to being part of a scene? I never claimed to be anything, especially punk. I don’t even think I did that in ninth grade (hey, foaming at the mouth who’s at a show and doesn’t look like they belong there. Don’t get me wrong. I’m not advocating Hot Topic selling counterculture or anything, but maybe we’ve all become a bit too preoccupied with who belongs and who doesn’t when the only thing you have to base your decision on is superficial. Maybe some people have better things to do than putting 300 studs on a jacket and sewing on patches with thread they found in the trash because it’s not cool to buy anything new except for albums.

Maybe I’m not the right person to write this because I am definitely no one’s definition of punk or, for that matter, much else. All I wanted to do is point out that there’s a lot of pettiness out there. This includes myself, laughing at people who are taking tiny steps in gargantuan shoes that shorten your calf muscles, and then fretting over what shoes to wear to Sleater-Kinney. I imagine there’s much of the same stuff in scenes I don’t know anything about, and it’s pretty ridiculous. Maybe we should stop wondering why people are where they want to be wearing whatever makes them happy, and mind our own damn business instead. Stop worrying about whether the scene’s cool enough for your sweet self or too cool for someone else and just have fun. And leave “poseurs” alone.

by Amy Kaufman

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march 1999
My college choice was so arbitrary that I haven't the right to really whine over how 'twas Supposed To Be or my shattered expectations. Shit, I visited Pitzer when I was 16 and finally enrolled when I was 19. I was so wrapped up in the maitliquoreststoned games of danger and life! in high school that the idea of higher education was nothing more than a decision to be rolled in the party campus.

I had a vague ideology that made me gravitate toward Pitzer's supposedly clear ideology. I was raised by a diehard activist mother and had more or less had my exposal to harsher realities macro and micro. Progressive education, hands-on learning, diversity, and involvement versus the soul-sucking prospects of mainstream culture. PC-ness has coincided with the full commodification of the same in much of mainstream culture. PC-ness and social "awareness" have become the trade-marks of hip in so many ways today. However, the title of socially conscious and responsible, in my eyes, requires a mixture of blood, sweat, and tears and there is no room in my definition of it for those who don't Walk the Walk. Unfortunately, as has been historically true with any trend, this one is marked with as many (or more) bandwagoners as true blue soldiers. The tragedy of Pitzer as I see it is the safety it provides for this element that chooses to trot. Now I'm not saying that membership in some vague group of rebels requires attendance at a protest or even a common ideological underpinning. Shit, to be honest, I'd rather see the admissment of stilly-opinionated conservatives than - CMC. The opportunities to LIVE at this school are created by the increasingly marginalized students and professors who truly give a shit about discussion and change and the fact that it all flies in the face of and presents a challenge and even a threat to the administration who are clockin' the dollars derived from the perception of the school that the same minority keeps alive and true. I feel pimped. I guess with all the angst that I'm catalyzing in the general direction of Scott Hall, I should provide some credibility for my stance. One really needs only to take a glance at occurrences like the S-C wide cessation of funding for the Chicapas Delegation this year. Reasoning? The State Department's official word on the danger of travel there. I say if Pitzer College's actions and inactions are to be dictated by the Official Word that we best take up a collection for the handful of faculty that are soon sure to be out of a job. Or perhaps the Powers That Be just want to keep the focus off the fact that our investments are tied up in corporations whose objectives clash just a little with those of the Zapatista rebellion. How about the fact that a vast majority of the nonwhite and/or low-income students - that I know at least - have felt nothing but scrutinized, if not demonized, and certainly not made to feel welcome in any way by the giants of the bureaucracies WHILE violent egg-throwing bigoted full tuition payers escape with a slap on the wrist and a special spot under the rug (if you're a freshman or sophomore and lost, ask any junior or senior for details).

So, it seems to me it's up to us. I don't say to think like me, or feel what I do. I say dig me if you do, tell me if you don't. We don't all have to keep saving the world from going to hell at the forefront of our minds, but let's not sit on the lid of the hambasket. Let's create, express, disagree, engage, BELIEVE. Because we all have opportunities here and to turn a much-loathed (and much-loved) phrase on it's head, we can pull our community up by it's bootstraps and be a real-deal community, there is an Other Side. We still have potential, we still have power. Or maybe I'm just not ready to succumb, get-mine-and-get-out, and conform before the massive machine AKK "the way things are". Like the veteran voice of dissent Irwin Swinroff wrote not so many moons ago, I guess I'm still a sucker. Till I die.

photo by doug anderson
Field Station Under Threat
by Paul Faulstich

As reported in the last issue of The Other Side, the Bernard Biological Field Station of the Colleges is slated to be the site of the Keck Graduate Institute, the newest (but yet unbuilt) addition to the Claremont Consortium. With Pitzer casting the sole dissenting vote, the Claremont Colleges approved construction of the Keck Institute on eleven acres of the 85 acre Field Station. At the time (1997), the Policy Council of the Claremont University Center acknowledged that the Field Station's "role as an important contributor to the academic programs of The Colleges is now clearly recognized," and that "the field station has been assured of increased emphasis and resources by The Colleges." This sounded like an unfortunate but realistic compromise; the Keck Institute would sacrifice eleven acres of the Field Station, but the remaining lands would be preserved as a working biological field station with greater support from the Colleges.

That was then. Now, the threat of losing the Field Station looms large. At first, things looked hopeful: A draft version of the Environmental Impact Report (EIR) listed as its number one biological recommendation that the remaining field stations be preserved in perpetuity. This was a sensible recommendation, but one that appears to have been met with resistance by the presidents of the Claremont Colleges and/or the Policy Council (made up of the College's presidents and the chairs of the boards of trustees).

The public version of the Environmental Impact Report was not available as this issue of The Other Side was going to press, but by the time you read this the final EIR will have been released. According to the City Manager's office, the EIR available for public scrutiny will list NO recommended mitigations! According to the City, they found the development unmitigatable (meaning that there is no way to lessen its impacts), so they "will have discussions with the College's about other lands that might be set aside in compensation." This means that if the EIR is approved as it apparently reads (I have not seen the final draft version), preservation of the Field Station will not be mandated, and the Claremont Colleges will be free to recommend future development on the land. This, of course, is just what the College's (save for Pitzer) seems to want; unmitagable development!

So, has it been lip service all along? Was the College's promise of "optimizing future viability of field studies on the field station" insincere? It appears so. It seems as though the Presidents and the Deans are reneging on their earlier confirmation of the importance of the Field Station to our students' education. After all, it sounded almost too good to be true when the Policy Council issued the statement that "Additional discussions will be held with the field station faculty directors...on how to minimize any direct adverse impact of development and how to enhance the management and operation of the remaining lands to support the academic mission of The Claremont Colleges." This is the rhetoric, but where is the action? Since the land set-aside was the only significant biological mitigation in the draft that I saw, there is nothing left that protects the Field Station. There's no way the Colleges can get away without mitigating the habitat loss, but this can be in the form of agreeing to set aside other land holdings. Not only has the recommendation to preserve the remainder of the Field Station been deleted, but the draft contains NO mitigation recommendations at all. Apparently, the thrust of the new EIR is to set aside lands elsewhere in compensation. Needless to say, this is rather unsettling, and the community needs to formulate an appropriate response.

The time to act is NOW! The public version of the Environmental Impact Report was not available as this issue of The Other Side was going to press, but by the time you read this the final EIR will have been released. According to the City Manager's office, the EIR available for public scrutiny will list NO recommended mitigations! According to the City, they found the development unmitigatable (meaning that there is no way to lessen its impacts), so they "will have discussions with the College's about other lands that might be set aside in compensation." This means that if the EIR is approved as it apparently reads (I have not seen the final draft version), preservation of the Field Station will not be mandated, and the Claremont Colleges will be free to recommend future development on the land. This, of course, is just what the College's (save for Pitzer) seems to want; unmitagable development!

Pitzer College Council adopted the following resolution at its May 2, 1996 meeting:

"Pitzer College opposes development of the Bernard Biological Field Station (BFS). As a community, we are advocates of ecological preservation, especially of the threatened habitat and fragile ecosystem of the BFS. We affirm that the fullest educational value of the BFS lies in the use, preservation, and restoration of this undeveloped land.

This was a bold and visionary statement, but unless we reaffirm our commitment, the Field Station will likely be available for future development. At a time of increasing need for training in the field sciences (a need reflected in a rapid growth rate for the educational use of biological field stations), it is terribly shortsighted to reduce the viability of an already small research station.

The time to act is NOW! We must rally together to ensure that the remaining Field Station lands are preserved. Talk with your friends about your concerns, and keep your ears open for notices of town meetings (one will be sponsored soon by the Ecology Center). Go to City Hall or the Public Library and look over the Environmental Impact Report. Protest. Rally. Write letters. Testify at public hearings. The dates for the public hearings have been set, and it is critical that concerned citizens show up in mass to express solidarity on this issue, and to ensure that ecological, social, and educational justice be served. The first public hearing will be with the Planning Commission (scheduled for April 6), followed by the Traffic Commission hearing (on April 22), and the Architectural Commission hearing (on April 28). Information on times and locations will be announced, but mark you calendars now, and make the commitment to attend and to raise your voice! It is the city that will make final decisions in response to the recommendations of the EIR. Acting on our ideals, we must encourage the City to not be co-opted by development interests within the Colleges. The future of the Field Station is up for grabs; our actions can help preserve this little gem of coastal sage scrub. As the semester heats up, and as deadlines for papers and exams approach, consider the words of Edward Abbey: "Sentiment without action is the ruin of the soul."

Let us stand in our commitment, rooted like a tree; let us meander in our perspectives, fluid like the waters. Let us find justice for all. And long live the Field Station!
Welcome to Pitzer's Art Collective

We have received funding from Student Senate!!

Now what should we do with the money?

We will have four more art shows this semester. We like the idea of shows having themes. For example, the disposable camera show, where we supply cameras, pay for developing, and display the work. What themes do you want to see come to fruition?

We have money for field trips. We could sponsor a cheap trip to the Van Gogh show. Where do you want to go? Read the weeklies, let us know. Fun free field trips are in your future.

Do you know of someone who can give a great speech? We could arrange special interest speakers on campus. Basically, we have funds now we want your input. This is a fabulous opportunity for all of us.

"faith" from "the seven cardinal virtues"

dress and photo by

michael mouris

emily ruzzo

carrie sandler

Pitzer Art Collective contacts: Carrie 399-3906, emily 621-6083, Irwin 76171, Michael 621-9564
(Every Neurotransmitter has its day.)

Go sliding into the notes you choose to park awhile in. (Free will is a wonderful thing!) Be sinusious & all, but don't lose Ornette's rough edge. A little bite, weight... crunch!- but manic just as often as you get into a good droning groove. (Variety is the spice of life!) Sun on your shoulders, play with pathos. Be sleepily sweet.

wonderful thing! Be sinuous &

A little bite, weight... crunch!- but manic just as often as you get into a good droning groove. (Variety is the spice of life!) Sun on your shoulders, play with pathos. Be sleepily sweet. With their ear canals with honey. Long drippy strings of dissonance. White noise. White light. White heat. Standing there swaying & stomping your feet like a drunken ass.

From the Panel of Inner Critics:

ELDER

MEMO: Ego Maniacal Snitch.

CAMPHONY:

Panel

(From the Afternoon Light, more-&-more mammoth wop meets, whole "villages" appear overnight, low whine of background millions all popping on their TV sets as the sun goes down.

3. Caught & bedsprings & planes overhead.

4. Parched mouths & thirstier plants.


6. And thanks to Wm. Steig, we can all imagine hats for ourselves. Thanks Bill!

words and drawings by Jen Kunitsugu

Observations

1. Sometimes the swallowing muscles resist the awkward horse pills they are presented with.

2. (the motions of swallowing), the inaccessible mtns. taunting me in the red afternoon light, more-&-more mammoth wop meets, whole "villages" appear overnight, low whine of background millions all popping on their TV sets as the sun goes down.

3. Caught & bedsprings & planes overhead.

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words and drawings by Jen Kunitsugu

Wasn't it Enough?

What's going on?

Something is very wrong
Nothing is going the way it should
As soon as things start to go right,
As soon as they get better,
Some other serious condition appears
From out of nowhere

Wasn't it enough for me one close grandpa to die?
To die from pneumonia

Or to at least kill my brother from hypothermia
Because that killed him

Because that HEARTBREAKING home association

Didn't give a damn

Didn't give a damn that the pond had turned to quicksand
The children are the majority of the whole neighborhood
They play
They were in danger

The association didn't give a damn!

Wasn't it enough to kill my beloved cousin?
Because of MD.

Or to give me a condition

A condition making it seem I'm ill
Making me suffer dizzy spells for life
Suffering shortages of breath
And in fact weakness so often

Wasn't it enough for the condition to be undiagnosed?

I'm frightened!

So no one can diagnose it

I guess not!

I guess it wasn't enough

I guess life just isn't fair!

So almost kill a little girl

My own sister.

A little girl who had so much going for her

A smart, sweet, and innocent child

She's just a child

But my life

Yes, she's in severe hospitalization

She has lost her summer

She comes close to death

Hallucinations

"The Shaggy Dog" comes on television

"No—No—the Shaggy Dog will kill me," she screams!

She's put back into a coma

Things don't look good

"It must be me," I think

The world must be against me!

My sister—my life

She's disappointing

I'm holding away

I can't go on without her

A miracle

She survives

She comes home

But she's lost her hearing

Not even a teenager

She has to go through too much

Especially for such a little girl

She hates that high squawing

Such a high-pitched squeak

"My hearing aids hurt," she complains!

She cries

"I want to die," she says

She's just a little girl

She's ready to give up on life

She's so young

She was once so cool and collected

In August

Almost time for me to leave

I almost don't

She starts to grow

She makes the best of life

"I could be in a coma still—I could have died for the fourth time. Those 13 surgeries I've been through in my life wouldn't have been worth it! I could have not come back this time."

But one thing

"Don't mention she hospital—They killed me. It was all their fault!"

How could a hospital make a mistake?

And almost kill a little girl

I will never know

What I was unanswered—is

What is wrong with my family?

Something had to always happen

I can only hope that things will get better soon

Wasn't it enough?

What is going on?

-Meghani Shah
The following is an excerpt from a letter that I wrote to my grandmother when I was in Cuba seven months ago. It is the story of a gentleman that affected me so profoundly that I still get chills when I think about him. He is a constant reminder to me that all is not right in the world today and that there is much work left to be done.

There are certain people in this world who just seem to radiate goodness; it's as if they have an aura about them that works like a magnet to draw in others. Mario is one of those people. He has a kind of magnetic quality about him that draws people in. He's a man of incredible strength, who has lived, in his esteem, a less fortunate group of individuals, an extraordinary one, in Cuba. He is a man who has truly changed his life. He is a man who has lived, and is still living, a life in a place where it's hard to imagine that there could ever have been hope. But there was still more; guess what old Mario gets from the state each month? —the equivalent of $6.00 to go along with 3 grams of beans, 3 pounds of sugar, 6 eggs and 6 pounds of rice each month and a half dozen products that couldn't feed someone for even half that time. That's how this "Socialist" country treats its senior citizens—it leaves them to fend for themselves in an unlivable environment. That's why Mario has no hope. It's been like this for 10-15 years and he has no reason to think that it will change any time soon. All is not pessimism and sadness for old Mario, however. He still has an award-winning smile and a great sense of humor. He still has hope for people like me. He says education is the way out. He wants me to get my degree and come back and show him proudly what I have earned. "You're young," he says, "and you are Cuban and I am an American or that you are 52 years old. Old Mario, you've shown me what surviving is, you're an example of strength and perseverance to be admired and respected, not to be neglected and left alone to survive the elements. I agree with you, Mario. We are all a part of the "human race" and it doesn't matter that your skin is the color of night and mine is white as white can be. It doesn't matter that you are Cuban and I am American or that you are 52 years my senior. What matters is that people like you and people like me can be friends, "amigos para siempre" as you say, and we can learn from and help each other. You've opened my heart to your friend, and I hope someday I can put faith in the human race back in yours. Thank you.

Velazquez in My Room

standing naked in front of the mirror
I catch a glimpse of Velazquez in the corner of my room

words by Vivian Berzudez

Painting by Diego Velazquez-1651
The annual Cesar Chavez Memorial will be held on Tuesday, March 30th from 3 - 6 P.M. at the Pitzer Gold Student Center Multicultural Room. The Memorial has become known, not only as a day to remember and celebrate the life of Cesar Chavez, but also as a day when professional musicians and "teatro" actors share how they connect their art and music with the contemporary social issues facing the Los Angeles region.

This year, the group Sabia, teatro Mal Ojo, and singer Gaby Villasenor bring their acting, music, and song to the Pitzer and Claremont Colleges community. The group Sabia is a Latin American singing group led by Cincy Harding, Libby Harding, and Mari Riddle. The group has various cds and albums including one where Holly Near wrote of the group: "Sabia, inspired by the bird that announces the spring, ride the wind that blows through the Americas -- and on the journey they gather poetry, old and new songs of Mexico, Central and South America. Sabia is a shining example of solidarity. The spirit of their voices, their instruments, the songs they write bring us hope and courage. Their music can be heard all the way from their home town to the barrios of Central America. We are sisters, building bridges of solidarity between our peoples. We all have this potential. Sabia calls on us to celebrate it and act on it. I'm glad to have found Sabia."

Also performing, will be the performance collective, Mal Ojo (formerly the Chicano Secret Service). Mal Ojo is a collective of experienced, multi-skilled performers who come together to deliver outrageous, rapid-fire comedy sketches in a show that puts multimedia teatro on the map. Tomas Carrasco and Elias Serna have been bringing cutting-edge political satire performance as members of the Chicano Secret Service to audiences around the nation since 1988. The Mal Ojo show features the talent of an additional intense performer, Susan Carrasco, who collaborates with Tomas and Elias to take comedy theater one step further through edge and topical material blended with their innovative use of stage, projected video, and film imagery. Mal Ojo presents Zeta who will liberate all oppressed peoples in the City of Hate to Baby Chuy who must dodge the realities as a poor inner-city child to Aunt Bunny who rides the RTD from South Central to Pico Union. This is a silly and multi-media sketch comedy presentation that intermixes the thriving issues of the day with the absurdities of life in L.A. In addition to performing as part of the Memorial, the group will carry out a workshop at 12 noon in the Broad Center Performance Space.

The Memorial will also include songs from twelve-year old Gaby Villasenor, known as the teenage version of Salina. Gaby performed for the Pitzer community when UFW co-founder Dolores Huerta drew over 200 people to her presentation in the Fall of 1997. Since that time, Gaby has produced a CD and has appeared on Univision nationally. Recently, she performed on the popular Spanish TV show "Sabado Grande."

Finally, either Dolores Huerta or a representative from the Cesar Chavez family will be present to receive a plaque from the United Farm Worker Student Organization. This year's artists for the Memorial have been funded through the Academic Events Committee's Salathe Fund.
harmless
by mary jaramillo

HA, HA! SO I GUESS THAT LEAVES US WITH ALL OUR AS PRESIDENT! BACK TO YOU, HAL!

THANKS, BEV! AND IN LATER NEWS, THE MOON TURNED RED AS BLOOD AND L.A. CRASHED INTO THE MODERN...

BUT NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR...

march 1999
Coatamundi Love

Words traveled like water across the canals and creased her lips,
A steady, reassuring current.
"Let's go to the zoo next weekend. We can feed the Coatamundies soft pretzels."

Coat-a-Mundee: a desert animal often described
As a cross between a raccoon and an aardvark.
The end result of one of God’s week-long booze binges.
Long Island Ice Teas and Southern Comfort
Working overtime to create Platypi, Mongeese, and Kamodo Dragons.
"I don’t think they’ll want Pretzels."

Her brow contorted into sharp ridges of pensive confusion.
She wanted everything to be just right for the Coatamundies:
Full moonlight bathing their confined hunk of desert, her hair slicked back
With fresh spit, her tail moving seductively across his.
He slipped a finsky to the peacocks outside to work the hi-fi for the evening,
And to top it all off, a warm soft hunk of pretzel, kindly donated by
A caring couple earlier in the day.
"Sweetie... everyone loves pretzels."
I kissed her again.
"I don’t say to that chump."

"I worked my ass off, 24 hours a day, rain or shine, to make people like you happy. And how do you repay me? With salty bread."
We watched each other separate.
She waited by the door as I headed toward my car,
Buried in the shadows of the grapefruit trees.
I could hear her laugh as I stepped on a grapefruit
Hidden in the shadows.
The pulp squished beneath
My sole and exploded onto my shoes and jeans.
Her laugh humbled me,
Reminded me that "people in love often think they are more interesting than they actually are."

by zach gordon

contrary to popular belief, this magazine does not come together by itself.

since our automatic magazine-making robots exploded, we need you, the reader of this fine magazine to send art, poetry, prose (fiction, nonfiction), bananas, photos or pajamas.

If you would care to do so, send your submissions, or advice on how to fix robots, to one or more of the following:

1. The Other Side Envelope in the Mailroom
2. otherside@pitzer.edu
3. The Other Side Office in the Gold Center

OR, Send your hate mail to:

Pitzer Box #823

photo SUBMITTED by Sam Sunshine

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