

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



march 1999

I can move through
solid matter.



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 renegotiations with Aramark without the input of workers or students? ASK. What's all the talk about the Bernard Field Station and what exactly is going to happen 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. Hmm... 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.

suzanne foster

from two of the editors' desks

That's what this place is all about - learning from each other, learning from our surroundings, and not necessarily from some stodgy textbook. So, let us know. Let the Pitzer College community know, what you think, how you think, and why you think it. For those of you that have submitted your feelings to *The Other Side*, - I love it, and please keep doing it. For those who have not yet felt that spark to share your ideas, I encourage you to do so. We encourage you to do so, because, as I said, we still fucking care.

zachary redmond

The whole point of the last issue, at least to me, was to combat apathy. I know that this is not an apathetic campus, I know that people here still care, because I still fucking care. So let us know what you care about, what you love, what keeps you up at night, what makes you cry your damn eyes out at three in the morning on the swingset outside Sanborn. No matter what it is, there are people out there that want to hear it, that want someone to empathize with.

Well, then respond to that! What is wrong? Come on, I know all of you have hearts and brains. I know that you did not all totally love the last issue and think that it was not in need of improvement. Sure, we got plenty of verbal comments, and even a few short emails. But, none of it was more than the obligatory "nice job," or "I liked the issue." About the closest thing we got to a critical comment was "it needs color." Nothing about how it let the administration, or The System, off the hook too easily, or went too hard on either of them. Was there nothing in the issue controversial enough to elicit a response?

So of today, March eleven, nineteen hundred and ninety-nine, *The Other Side* has received exactly 0 "official" replies to the last issue. Not one angry letter, answering machine message, or email. We've also received far fewer submissions for this issue than expected. The plan had been to make the first issue, and when people saw it, they would decide to start sending us their stuff. Well, so much for that. What we do have for this issue is mostly from past contributors, or those whom the editors hounded into submitting their work.

c o n t e n t s

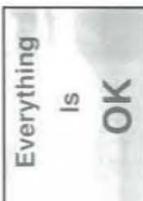
- 3..... Space Team 8- John Searcy
- 4..... Crosswinds- Sanjay Unni
- 6..... Untitled- Kentaro Yamauchi
- 7..... Grrr- Linda Lewis
- 8..... Aramark & 5-C Administrators- Student Worker Support Committee
- 11..... To Renee- Miriam Siyam
- 14..... The Opposite of Romantic- Irwin Swirnoff
- 16..... All of This- Doug Anderson
- 17..... Eagle's Feathers- Link Roberts
- 20..... Demons in the Bed- Kate Davis
- 21..... Ian Svenonius Shops at Urban Outfitters, Okay?- Amy Kaufman
- 22..... Worried, Disillusioned, Hopeful(?)Rant#...?- Eli Hastings
- 24..... Field Station Under Threat- Paul Faulstich
- 28..... Every Neurotransmitter- Jen Kunitsugu
- 29..... Wasn't it Enough- Meghavi Shah
- 30..... No Hay Esperanza, No Hay un Futuro- Tim Jones
- 31..... Velazquez in My Room- Vivian Bermudez
- 32..... Cesar Chavez Memorial- Jose Calderon
- 36..... Coatamundi Love- Zach Gordon



cecil banuelos & long nguyen!

inside front cover by john searcy

corrections



It has come to the attention of *The Other Side* that the February 1999 cover statement, reading "Everything is OK," is false. Everything is *not* OK. Furthermore, we here at *The Other Side* would like to take this opportunity to officially acknowledge the fact that problems *do* exist in the world. We apologize for any confusion this may have caused.

the other side march 1999

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THERE IS SHAME IN THE NIGHT SKY! THE SPACE TEAM EIGHT MANIFESTO BY JOHN SEARCY

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*.

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 spits forth the subtle aroma of infamy 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 whirling world whipping round you and you cried out unflinching 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 "hey-chirrup!" in the gentle morning breeze, but your eyes were clouded by the stuff of nightmare and your cauldron filled eternally with beans.

It is too late, I say! Too late to hunt the burning elf or to hum 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 thrusting segmentations 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 of 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 everyman 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 in between.

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 personal 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

Crosswinds: a storm brews in Chiapas

by Sanjay Unni

Revolutions and uprisings, 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 that 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 coals 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 communique

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 forest floor, where International 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 communities with indigenous populations of 70% or higher, the percentage of individuals who live in poverty is 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 mumbled 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 4.6%, many communities are forced to encroach deeper into the forest that has been their means of sustenance for centuries. Over-cultivation has made the 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), overtook 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 the 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.

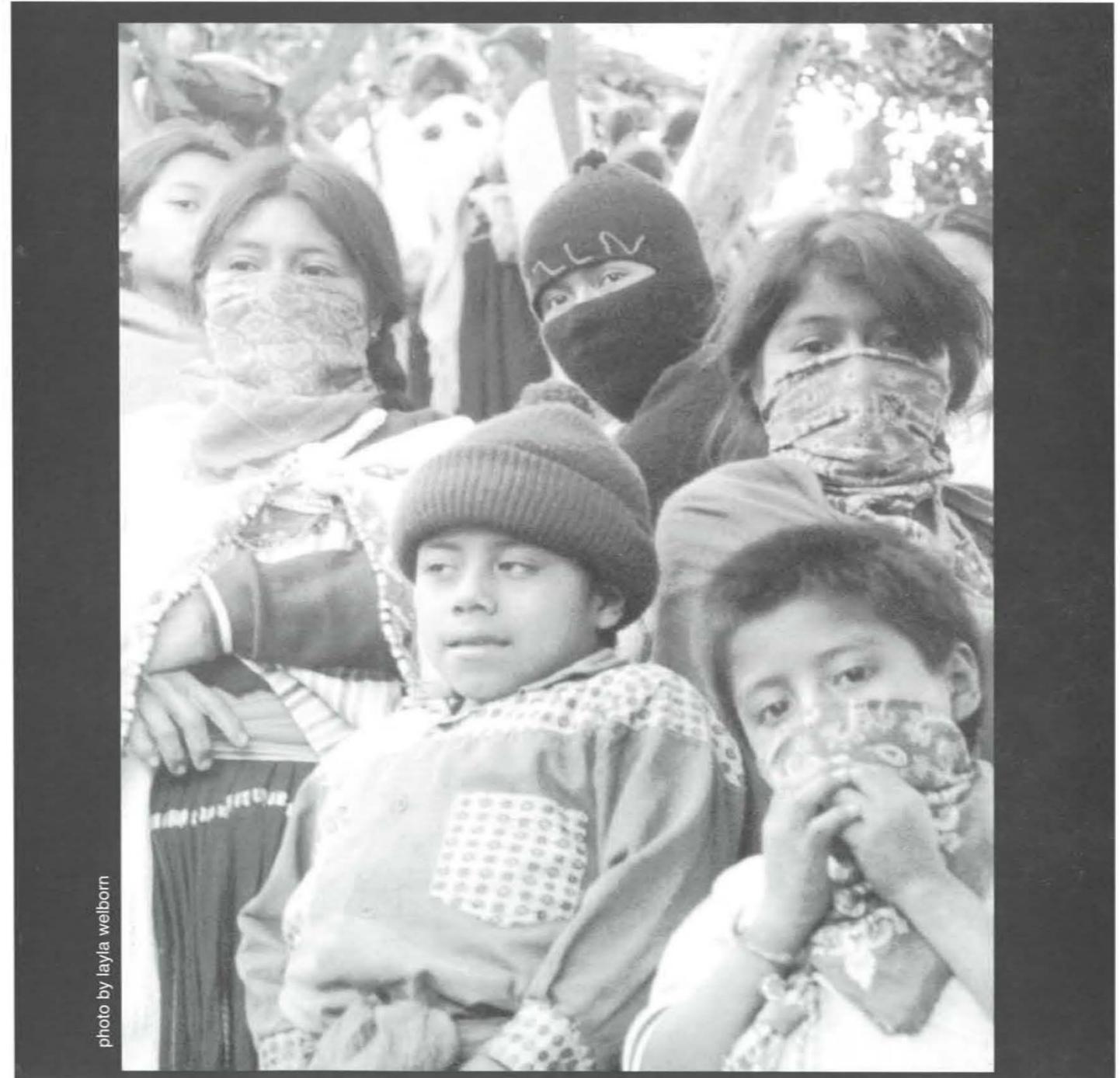


photo by layla weilborn

Untitled

Holy
 Like the last breath of this world
 I want to make my howl, holy
 This is my night, baby
 Soon to be yours, sorry
 It's raining in your brain, hot, damp in summer
 I keep crawling inside, unfortunately
 My hands look so good in red, yes
 On Friday nights, especially

I spanked your sanity, today
 Until your malice tastes sweetest, yummy
 As what you did to me, damn it
 Did it hurt? Was that good?
 The cigarette butts of your pleasure, still wet
 Watch your step, hon

I heard your faith being dumped dead in the river, today
 The sound of your liver, into the water, silence
 The jingle of your kindness, down the drain, go

I saw your sweetest mom, today
 I told her you'd be okay, no worries
 Because I'm with you, taking your hand, already

I saw your dad, drunk, today
 I told him you'd be back, later
 Because I'm in you, acting like a good girl, already

I found your dead faith in a frilled dress, under your bed, today
 Trying to dance out of there, what a fool, let me kick you back
 I caress her back in there, with my spit, saying

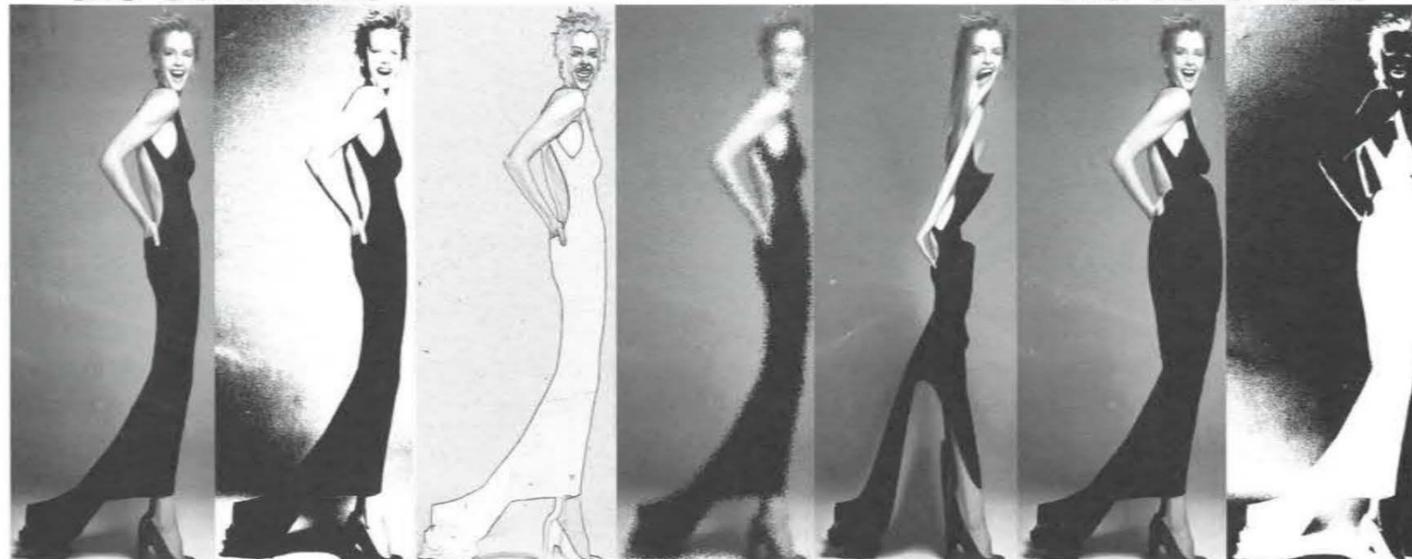
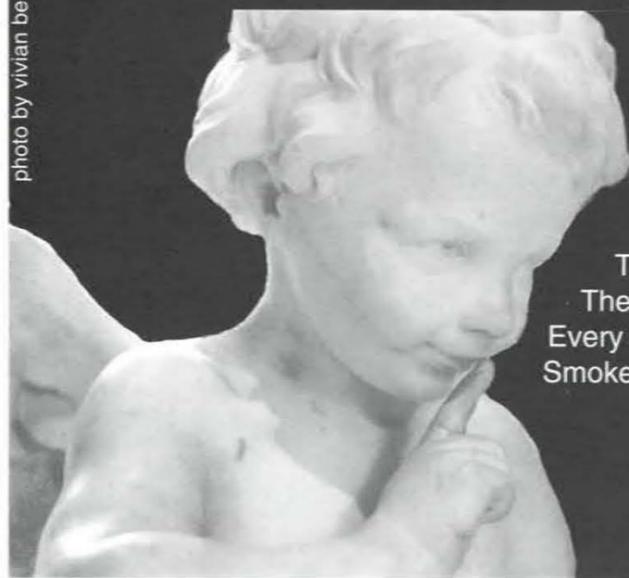
"If you want to spit, spit with me," spitting

She says,
 "We gotta go where we dare," gasping in
 "Let's go where we dare," gasping out

Where I don't remember
 The place full of smoke, that you exhaled
 The place I dream through
 Every night, in the
 Smoke

-Kentaro Yamauchi

photo by vivian bermudez



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 everytime 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 everytime 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.

GRRR
 A Story by
 Linda Lewis

ARAMARK & 5-C ADMINISTRATIONS: Why Workers and Students Must Unite

By the Student Worker Support Committee

The 5-College Workers Support Committee is an organization comprised of students who are serving as a support base for worker unity. The committee was formed last year as a result of the food service company change

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

“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.”

from Marriott to Aramark. Students formed the Worker Support Committee because dining service workers were left uninformed and without representation throughout the negotiation and dining service selection process. Numerous workers began to ask reliable students about the food service change; however, many of the students were not informed as well. The "5-College Bid Team" consisted of students and administration who kept most information within the confines of their immediate group. The "Bid Team" never approached a worker, or attempted to recruit a worker representative to their organization for worker input. Last year, Worker Support Committee representatives tried to attend a "5-College Bid Team" meeting in order to address the lack of worker representation during the company selection process. Unfortunately, these students were asked to leave the meeting because they were not considered "official members" of the committee. The students were told that all questions and comments had to go through the designated student representatives. The student group informed a bid team representative from Harvey Mudd that they wanted to ensure proper workers representation at these meetings. After much debate the student group complied with the bid team's wishes, with the understanding that administrative and student representatives would eventually meet with the Worker Support Committee.

The Worker Support Committee did not appear out of the clear blue sky. The committee consists of students who have continued the worker-organizing efforts of past students. Efforts to establish student-worker unity began well over six years ago. The student worker bond is very strong, especially at Pitzer College. Pitzer College workers appear to be treated better than workers at the other colleges because the dining service company and the Pitzer administration understand that the student body

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



February 22, 1999

Dear Fellow ARAMARK Employee,

In the past few days, several of your fellow workers have told me personally that a Union has been visiting ARAMARK employees at their homes requesting that they sign an Authorization Card. The card they are asking people to sign authorizes the Union to represent ARAMARK employees at The Claremont Colleges. If you have not yet been approached by someone from the Union or received any information in the mail from the Union, you will probably be contacted in the coming weeks.

This is a very serious issue, and I hope everyone will think carefully before becoming involved. A union authorization card is a legal document. Signing the card, is the first step in turning the future of your job over to the union. You need to ask yourself whether you are willing to do this and can the union be trusted.

A union card is an application for membership. By signing the card, you are applying to join the union. Signing the card can also lead to union dues being withheld from your paycheck. No matter what anyone tells you, signing a union card is not just a way to get more information or to have an election, it is a serious step that may not be in your best interest.

Unions do not work for free; they charge member dues and initiation fees. Union dues range from \$15 to \$30 or more per month depending on the Union and you will have to pay these dues whether you are working part-time or full-time.

A union can also cost you your job. As non-union employees, you do not have to worry about the possibility of a strike. At Union Companies, strikes are common place. Employees who are on strike receive no paycheck and are not allowed to collect unemployment compensation. Worse than that, employees who go on strike can be permanently replaced.

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



The Student Worker Support Committee and 60+ other students face off with Scott Parry, of Aramark Human Resources, to win back a worker's job.

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

I am writing this letter to you so that you will know your rights.

1. I want you to know that you do not have to sign this Authorization Card or any other card. If anyone tries to pressure you into signing a card you should let me know immediately.
2. If by chance you have already signed a card, you have the right to request it be returned to you.
3. You should be aware that the union will make you promises, which they cannot keep. Therefore, you should ask them to give you a guarantee in writing that they will deliver on their promises.
4. Question the Union representative about monthly dues, initiation fees, fines and other assessments.

I believe that after you have given this matter the kind of thorough consideration it requires, you will see that you do not need the union and therefore, will not sign the Authorization Card.

A union does not solve problems, it creates them. You and I working together can continue to make this operation a better place to work. As you decide whether or not to sign a union card, I hope you will think about how much there is to lose and that the union can guarantee nothing to gain. I hope that you will decide not to sign the Union Card.

Yours truly,

Scott Parry

“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.”



Students demand jobs with dignity for Scripps dining service worker, Neza Silva (centered in doorway).

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, etcetera.

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

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

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

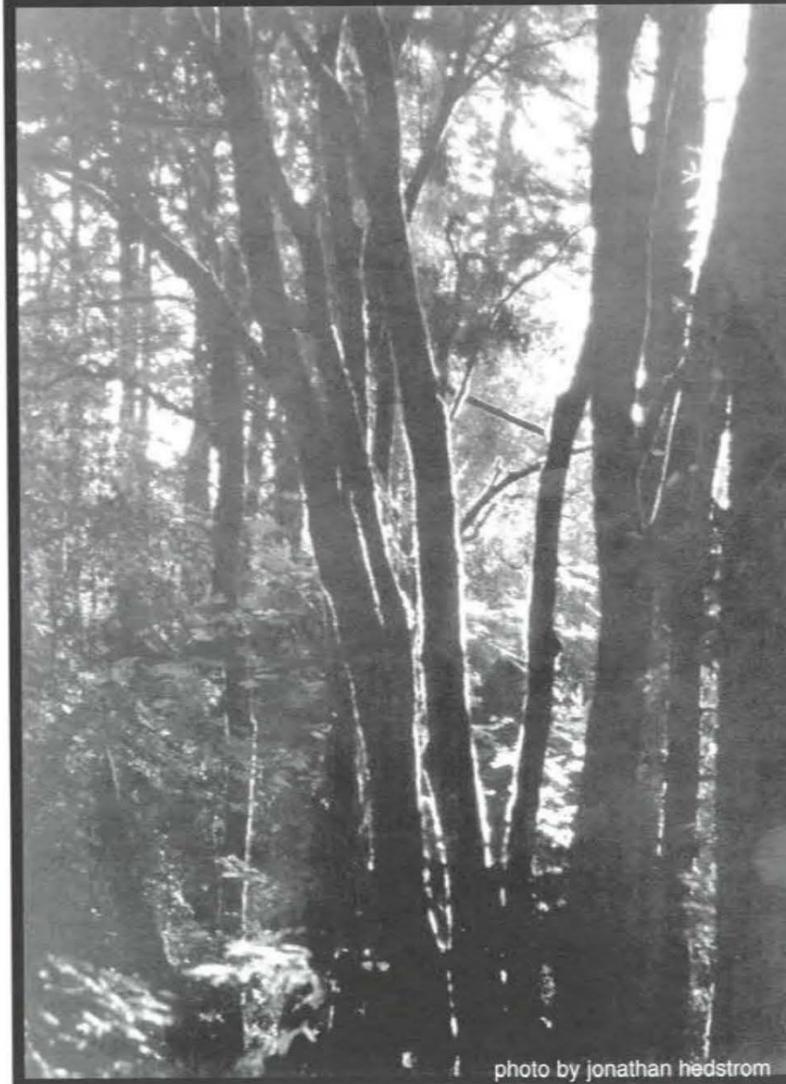
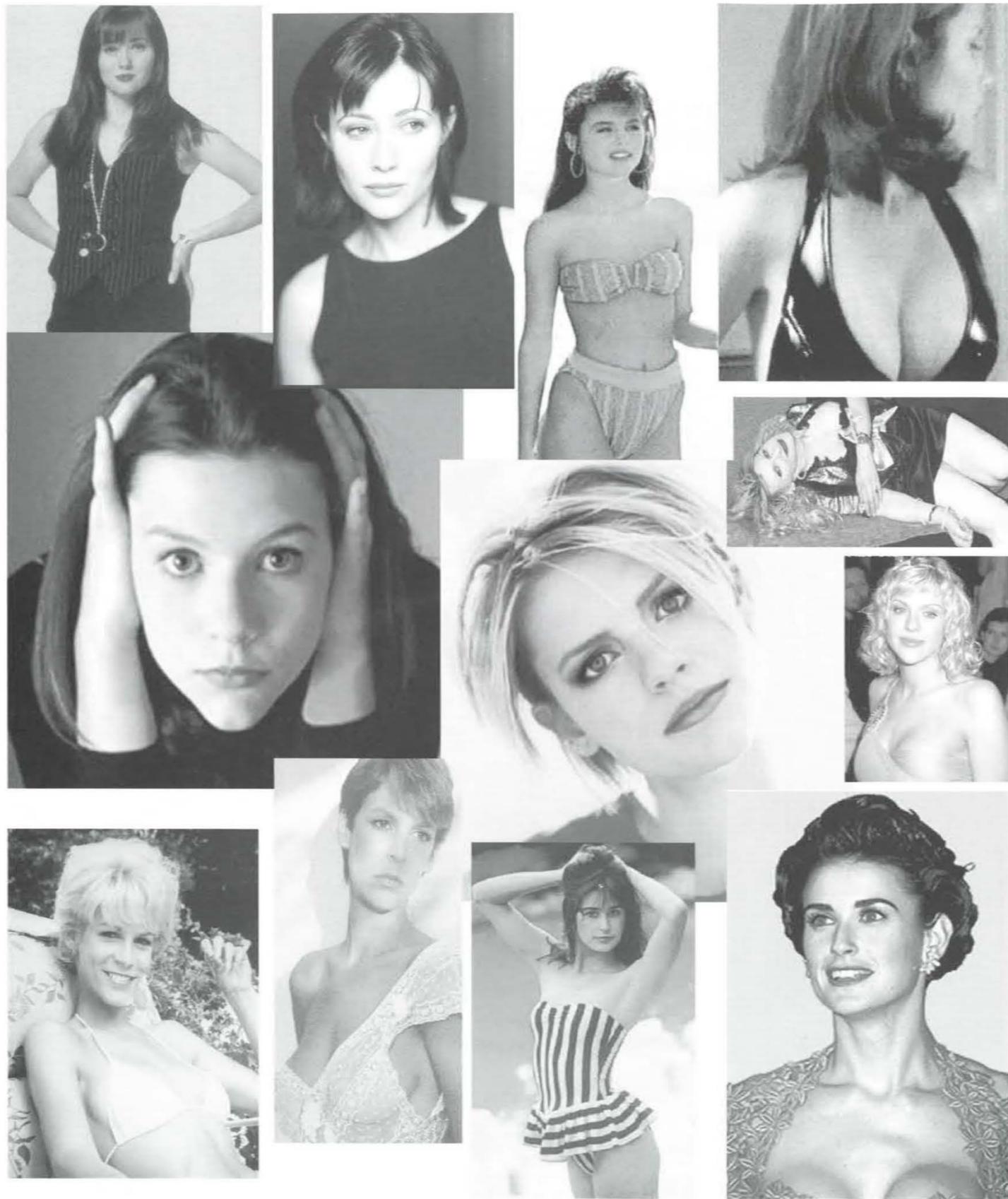
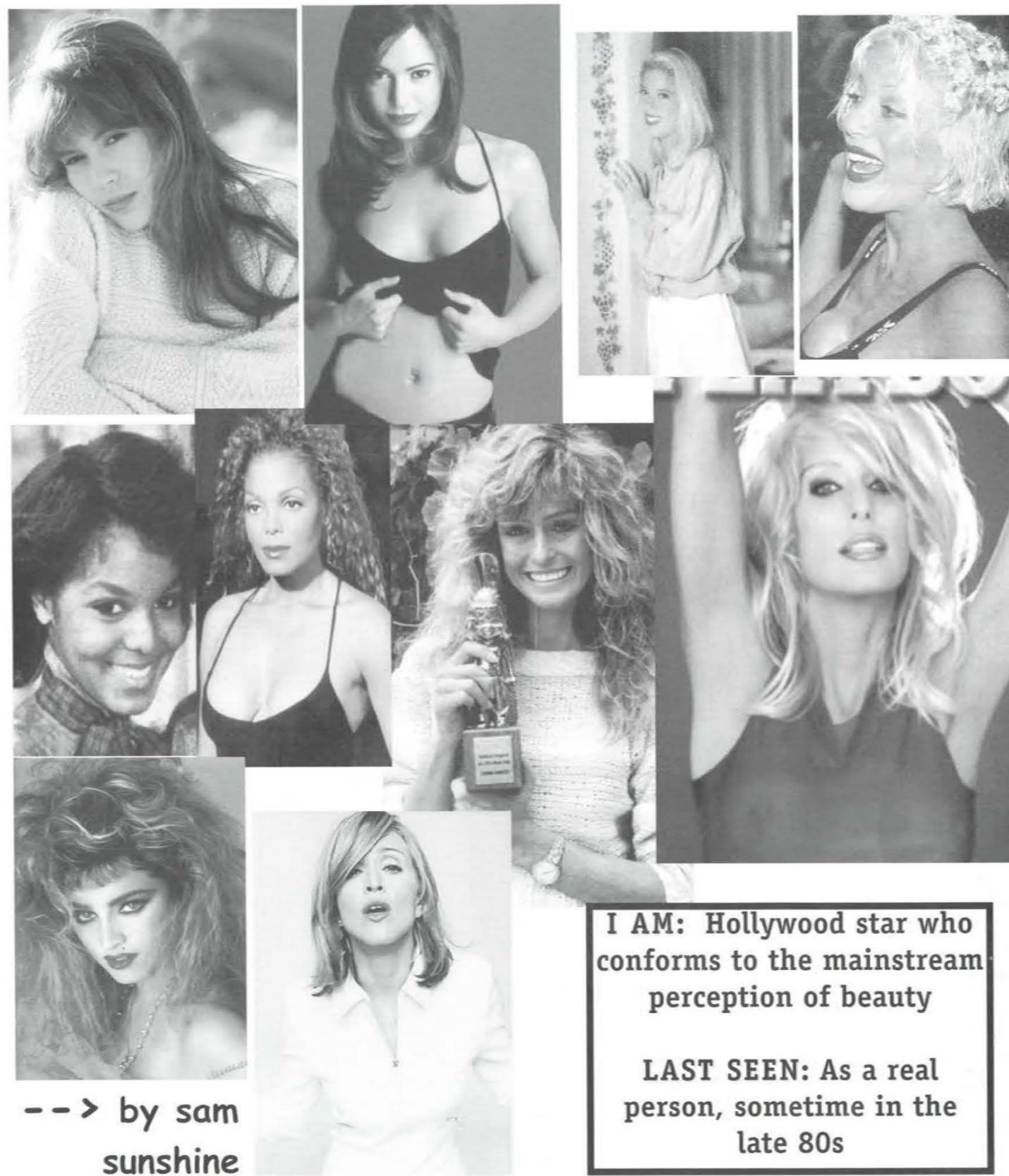


photo by jonathan hedstrom

MISSING!



HAVE YOU SEEN ME?



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 was a shy girl in middle 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 and laughs from the other kids in class, her lips would begin moving and what sounded like baby whispers would leave her mouth. Often in English classes when we would be acting out plays or reading aloud, 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 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 single school day. Julie's mom was really friendly, and always would say hi and even make a little small talk if you ever ran into her. She had a very warm and comforting demeanor. In a weird way, after seeing her drop off and pick 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

taken away from the pages of "best personality" and "best looking." A joke almost everyone knew was cruel yet almost everyone went along with. I remember in freshman Biology Julie got a perfect score on a really hard test most of us bombed, and Mrs. Gertsen was dumb enough to tell the class the curve wouldn't be used because someone got a perfect score on the test, and then she walked over and handed Julie her test back. We may have all failed that science test but it didn't take science or even math to know that it was Julie who got the perfect score. It was Julie who ruined the curve. It was Julie who never talked, and never wore cool clothes, and worst of all never seemed to care what we all thought. I remember when Scott Walker went right up to Julie's face after that Biology class and told her, "You may get perfect scores on lame biology tests, but the funny thing is you can't even fucking talk and you don't have any friends, and we both know that you'll end up working for me someday, so in reality your perfect scores mean nothing, your perfect scores still leave you a freak." Julie stood there and fidgeted with her hands and looked at the ground and mumbled some words, but as usual they

were barely audible or recognizable. A circle had now formed around the spectacle, and Scott seized his time in front of an audience and smiled and laughed as he looked right at Julie one more time as he loudly said, "OK Julie, if you're gonna talk, you need to speak a lot louder and eeee-nunnnnciiaaaate, because when you mumble and whisper to yourself we can't hear you. It's called communication, it's what we do as people." Scott got the cheap laughs he was looking for, Julie fidgeted with her hands a little bit more and then turned and walked away. This wasn't the first time something like this had happened to Julie, and when you looked at her fidget with her hands and look at the ground you knew that she knew this wasn't going to be the last time either.

We have a way of romanticizing the notion of an outsider in youth culture in our society. Usually, when we think of the kid everyone picks on we think of John Hughes' movies from the 80's and we think of Anthony Michael Hall, and Ducky and Molly Ringwald and we know that everything will be OK. Because we idealize the outsider as the the one who is misunderstood and out of place in a mean world, but who, when all is said and done, is actually the one who has charisma, charm and is cool. Julie Hagland wasn't a cool outsider. She didn't wear all black and sit in the back of the class. She didn't have dyed hair or like a weird kind of music. There was nothing romantic or charming in an off-beat way about Julie. She could never have been in a John Hughes movie. Julie dressed and acted the same way in 5th grade as she did in the 12th, and you had a pretty good idea that if you ran into Julie twenty years later she would look and act the same then, too.

Julie made me uncomfortable because as much as I hated the way people treated her, I wanted her to have the same aspirations and fire inside her as I did. I wanted her to hate the kids who made fun of her the same way I hated them. I wanted her to prove them wrong and show how pathetic they were the way I wanted to. But it was clear Julie didn't want those things. Julie didn't have any interest in one day being the person with the last laugh. While I thought I was rejecting their world, my world was still so dependent and attached to theirs. Julie's wasn't.



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 eerie 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. I didn't truly care about Julie. I didn't really have true compassion for her. I just wanted to know why she was the way she was. I just wanted to know that there was a way to figure her out, and that there was a button that explained it all. I just wanted to know that there was something dark and dirty that made her the way she was and that's why she didn't have the same aspirations as me. And that's why she didn't care about the last laugh. What I didn't want to find out was that maybe there isn't one answer. Maybe there were a million or none at all. I didn't want to know that maybe my aspirations and fire weren't everyone else's. Maybe what I found noble and real wasn't what Julie Hagland found noble or real. Maybe her true rejection and ability to live in her own world, as awkward and deemingly uncool as it appeared, made me realize how much a part of their world I still lived in. I saw that Julie had no interest in them or me, and that to her, them and me were the same.

All Of This

The moist smell under the oleanders.
 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 lightening-struck oak.
 The way women are borne up when they walk
 even as the earth pulls them down.
 The last cedar log and the winter
 far from over. The way
 the willow turns pale gold in autumn.
 The smell of love on my fingers.
 Coyotes who amble through town
 in 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 at me.
 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

photo by jonathan hedstrom

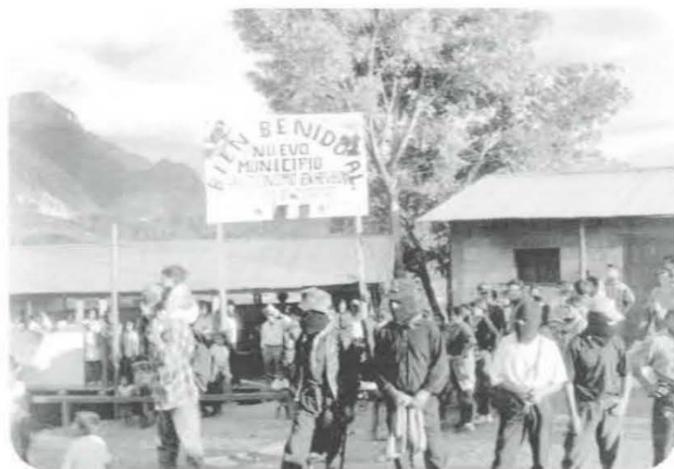


photo by zachary redmond

Eagle's Feather

by Link Roberts

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



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 queran todos los mundos*; a world where all our worlds have a place.



"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: *col-val-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."

"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 Santisima de Guadalupe may forgiveness grow in these communities so artificially divided by a government that lives off the misery and death of the poor."



"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."

These photos were taken by Layla Welborn & her mom, Sarah Salisbury on December 22, 1998 at the anniversary of the massacre at Acteal where 45 Campaneras/os were brutally slain.

All text by Layla or quoted from the ceremony. Noted & translated by Cindy Forster.

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,

O k a y ?

by Amy Kaufman

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, "poseurs!" 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 over 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



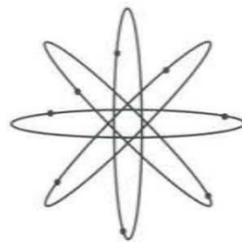
photo by sam sunshine

and I wore a spiked collar), and going to a \$30,000-a-year college certainly isn't my definition of punk now. But who gets to say who's a fake? I'm assuming this guy was covering up his own punk rawk insecurity, like he'd been listening to The Offspring or something and wanted to make himself feel better by judging and yelling at some kids he didn't know.

What a load of shit. It's really boring in high school to be the all-knowing poseur detector. I figured at this age we could all get the pretentious punk rock (or whatever else) stick out of our asses and maybe enjoy ourselves without

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 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.

Worried, Disillusioned, Hopeful (?) Rant #.....?



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 maltliquorsexstoned games of danger and life! in high school that the idea of higher education was nothing more than a decision to be put off, then a decision to be made, then something to be put out of mind entirely until fall '96 rolled around.

I had a vague ideology that made me gravitate toward Pitzer's supposedly clear ideology. I was raised by a die hard activist mother and had more or less had my exposition to harsher realities macro and micro. Progressive education, hands-on learning, diversity, and involvement versus the soul-sucking prospects of Just Listen and Regurgitate sounded great. Although, I can't honestly say they sounded better than So Cal sunshine and a notoriously wild party campus.

Now these two trends began to mix - I can't say equal parts - within my first months and I found myself enraged and tearful by day, appalled by the genocides clearly carried out with our loot and in our name, and stupendously smashed, forgotten, saturated with social and chemical distraction through the nights. But by the middle of freshman year I felt I knew what this joint was all about for me: UFW retreats, nonstop critical discourse EVEN WHEN stoned outta one's gourd at 4:25 on the mounds or supporting oneself on a slimy Mead balcony banister, blurry and twisted, the ability to float from punks to hippies to B-boys to jocks to radicals without noticing labels and sharing quite a bit. The hypocrisy and bureaucracy of the administration technocrats paled in comparison to the diversity and various forms of passion

that I encountered at almost each bend. This was two years ago.

Now I'm sure that this is the point in the essay when I'm supposed to mix the rant up, flip the script, juxtapose my idyllic (and surely idealized) memories to the sorry, sad, frustrating, and silent place Pitzer seems now. I'm not sure I can do that coherently. Besides, it's been done ten times more articulately at least ten times before by kids more rightfully discouraged than I. I know not how many well-versed articles in this magazine I have had the pleasure of nodding and exclaiming along with by people who feel let down, taken for a fool and their 29K. What I will say is that I think I know, for me, what's changed, what hasn't, and what's wrong.

At least since I've been here, the administration has consistently behaved as the antithesis to the image they get rich off of. The primary change has been the desire and success of these people in attracting a new type of student. The purported image of Pitzer has coincided with the full commodification of the same in much of mainstream culture. PC-ness and social "awareness" have become the trademarks 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 front. 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 admittance of stiffly-opinionated conservatives

willing to engage in critical discourse than the ranks of trendy kids who oftentimes snortokechugfuck their 29K away, stumbling towards a BA and an honorary Pitzer Graduate ID. I don't mean to demonize or judge anyone, I lay much of the blame at the feet of the shameless propaganda pushers that slang the minority (or quickly becoming so) image like a skimpy dime bag. What I am attempting to say is that there must be a genuine impetus to be genuine, unique, and to hate apathy as much - NO, more

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 bureaucracy 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, 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 AKA "the way things are". Like the veteran voice of dissent Irwin Swirnoff wrote not so many moons ago, I guess I'm still a sucker. Till I die.



photo by doug anderson

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 is 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 catapulting 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 5-C wide cessation of funding for the Chiapas Delegation this year. Reasoning? The State Department's official word on the danger of travel there. I say if Pitzer College's

the other side
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 station lands be preserved in perpetuity. This was a sensible recommendation, but one that appears to have been met with resistance by the presidents of

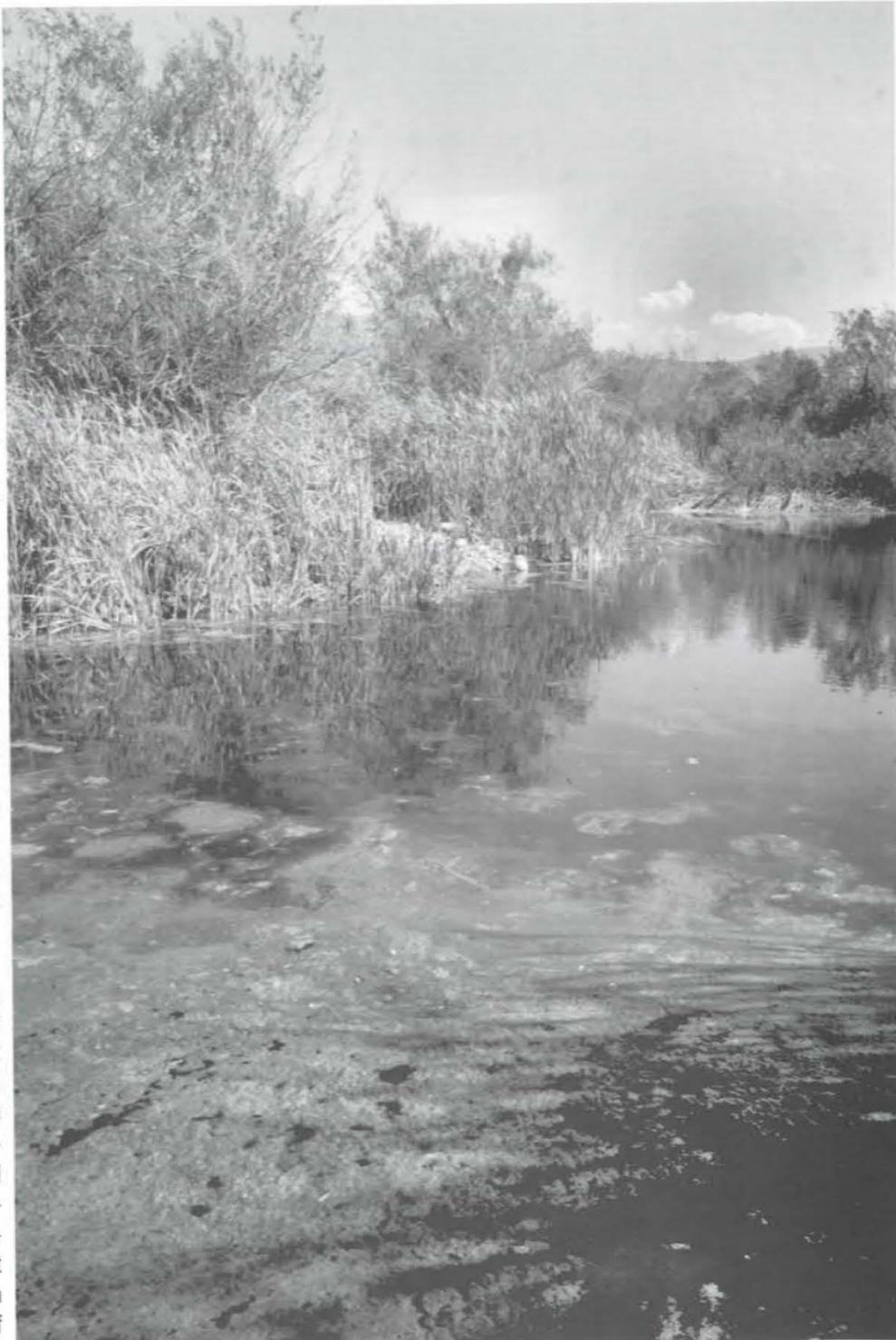


figure 1. pHake Lake at Bernard Biological Field Station

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; unmitigatable development!

So, has it been lip service all along? Was the Colleges' 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 renegeing 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 other side
Pitzer's 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!**

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 your 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!



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.

Pitzer Art Collective contacts: Carrie 399-3906, emily 621-6083, Irwin 76171, Michael 621-9564

"faith" from "the seven cardinal virtues"

dress and photo by

michael mouris

emily ruzzo

carrie sandler



(Every Neurotransmitter has its day.)

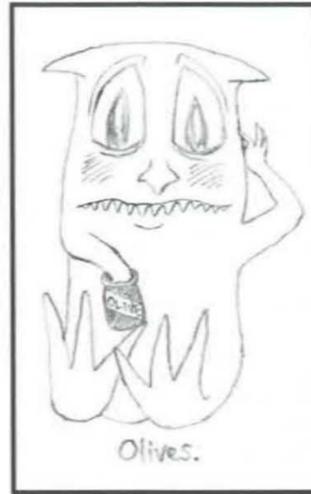
Go sliding into the notes you choose to park awhile in. (Free will is a wonderful thing!) Be sinuous & all, but don't lose Ornette's rough edge. A little bite, weight.. crunch!- but manic just as often as you get into a good droning groove. (Variety is the spice of life!) Sun on your shoulders, play with pathos. Be sleepily sweet. Or sloppily sarcastic. Cap your outbursts, moderate them with a sudden can of sap. Be mellifluous. Coat 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 CAMPHONY: Melodramatic chit.

Porky Memo: Egomaniacal snit.

Nikko Tails: (hands planted authoritatively on motherly hips) What have you given your sister to play with this time?



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 wap meets, whole "villages" appear overnight, low whine of background millions all popping on their TV sets as the sun goes down.
3. Coughs & bedsprings & planes overhead.
4. Parched mouths & thirstier plants.
5. The bird doesn't really like Schnitke. What. Too German? Too discordant? But a sort of dialogue anyhow. Restless. Interruptive. Not to register as a cacophony or nothing.
6. And thanks to Wm. Steig, we can all imagine hats for ourselves. Thanks Bill!

Wasn't it Enough?



photo by vivian bermudez

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 my one close grandpa to die?
To die from pneumonia
Or to almost kill my brother from hypothermia
Because that ill fated
Because that HORRIBLE 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 cousins?
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 shortness of breath
And to feel weakness so often
Wasn't it enough for the condition to be undiagnosed?
I'm frightened!
No one can diagnose it
I guess not!
I guess it wasn't enough
I guess life just isn't fair!
To 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!
Yet, she's kept in severe hospitalization
She lost her summer
She comes close to death
Hallucinating
"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 disappearing
I'm melting 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 squealing
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
So young
She was once so cool and collected
It's 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 the 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 want answered is---
What is wrong with our family?
Something bad is always happening
I can only hope that things will get better soon
Wasn't it enough?
What is going on?

-Meghavi Shah

NO HAY ESPERANZA, NO HAY UN FUTURO

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. I feel fortunate to say that I have had the opportunity to meet with and talk to a fair number of persons of this sort and have even been lucky enough to call some of them my friends. The most recent member of this extraordinary group of individuals, (extraordinary because I believe they have truly changed my life in some way) is a man I know simply as Mario.

Mario is an angel living in a 72 year old body. He is a man of incredible strength, who has lived, in his esteem, a less than remarkable life. My quick exposure into his world, however, has left me in a state of humble silence. Even if I knew the words to express my feelings right now, I could not possibly hope to ever give justice to the life this amazing individual has lived, and is still living. I know, however, that if I don't record his story now, as I grow older his memory will slowly begin to fade and someday might completely vanish.

To understand Mario you have to understand the place he calls home. Less than 100 meters from the beautiful and awe-inspiring capital building is where old Mario has lived for some 20 odd years. On the 7th floor, up seven disgustingly dark and damp flights of stairs reeking of feces in apartment 710 is where Mario spends his nights, and most of his days. The inside of this small one bedroom apartment, smaller than a college dorm room, is enough to bring shocked disbelief to even the most stoic and callous of persons. One wonders if it is all just some kind of joke or does a 72 year old man really live in such a place.

The ceiling, like all of the ceilings in the building, is nothing more than a crumbly mess making it hard to believe that one ever existed in the first place. Standing under it, I expected some of it to fall down into my eyes causing me to quickly shift my glance downward. Down to the wall in the corner of the room next to the window that offered such a beautiful view of the capital. Down to the large hole that allowed bright sun to shine into the room, the hole that obviously didn't belong. It was this crack that captured my attention moving me to speak, "how...what...why...when...who?" All questions that Mario began to answer for me in his strong Cuban accent. "Eight to ten years it's been like that. No the state hasn't done anything about it. Yes, it leaks when it rains, you see that plas-

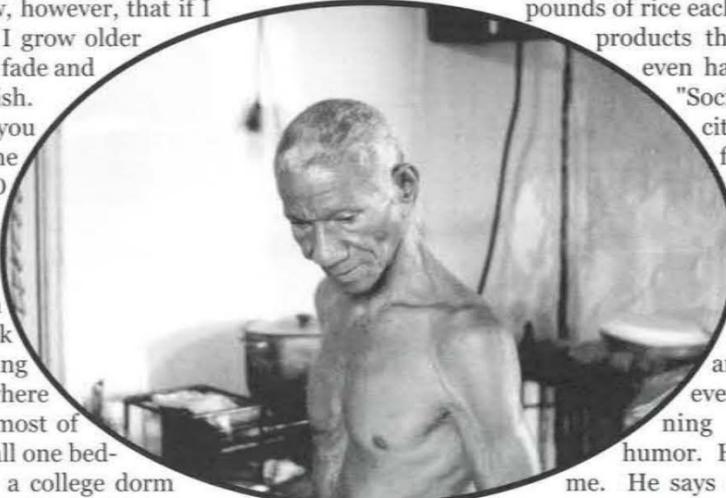
by tim jones

tic over there that's to cover my bed." I thought maybe I didn't understand correctly, but Mario repeatedly echoed his first powerful statements. I was in complete shock that this man, my grandfather's age, could not only live in such a state, but be so matter of fact about it, almost without caring.

However, Mario did care; he had just given up hope long ago. When asked if he thought his living situation might improve, that the future could be brighter, Mario simply and plainly responded "no hay esperanza, no hay un futuro" (there is no hope, there is no future). You can't imagine the power of such a statement at that place and that time; I almost gave up hope myself.

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 other 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, "there is still time, I am old and it's too late for me." You know Mario, I hope I do it, I really do. I want to come back to you and pull you up with me and show you that it's never too late, one is never too 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 an 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 my 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

wanting to capture
the curve of my hips
on his canvas
if he could not capture
them with his hands

he knows I know he's there
but we pretend that I don't

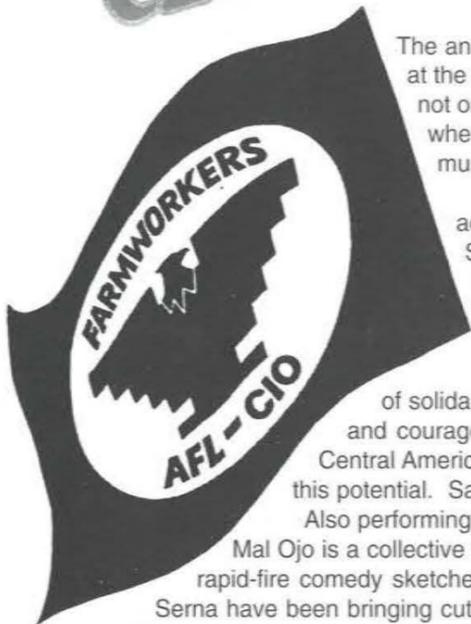
I pose quietly
while he takes me in
shadow and light
lines and curves
and curves

I stare blankly in the mirror
and yawn
as he sketches furiously
shaking his head in disbelief
and whispering over
and over
"You have no idea, do you?"



Words by Vivian Bermudez
Painting by Diego Valazquez-1651

CESAR CHAVEZ MEMORIAL



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" actois 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).

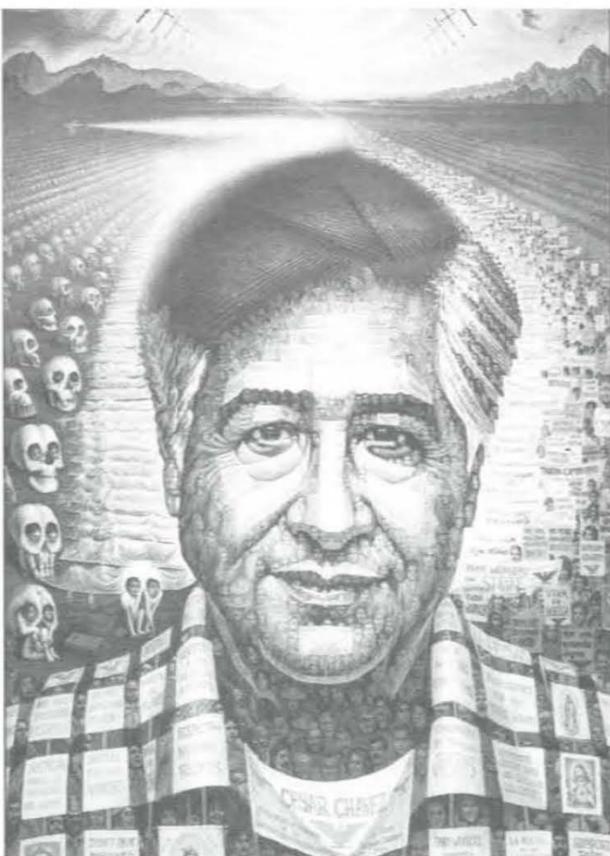
Mal Ojo is a collective of experienced, multi-skilled performers who come together to deliver outrageous, rapid-fire comedy sketches in a show that puts multi-media teatro on the map. Tomas Carrasco and Elias

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.

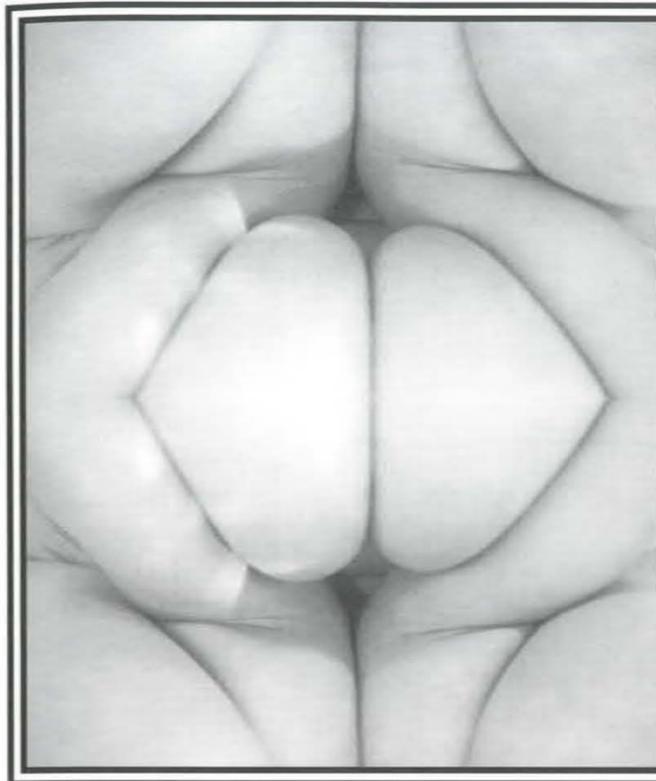
The Memorial will also include songs from twelve-year old Gaby Villasenor, known as the teenage version of Salina. Gaby performed for the Pitzer community when UFW co-founder Dolores Huerta drew over 200 people to her presentation in the Fall of 1997. Since that time, Gaby has produced a CD and has appeared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

by Jose Calderon

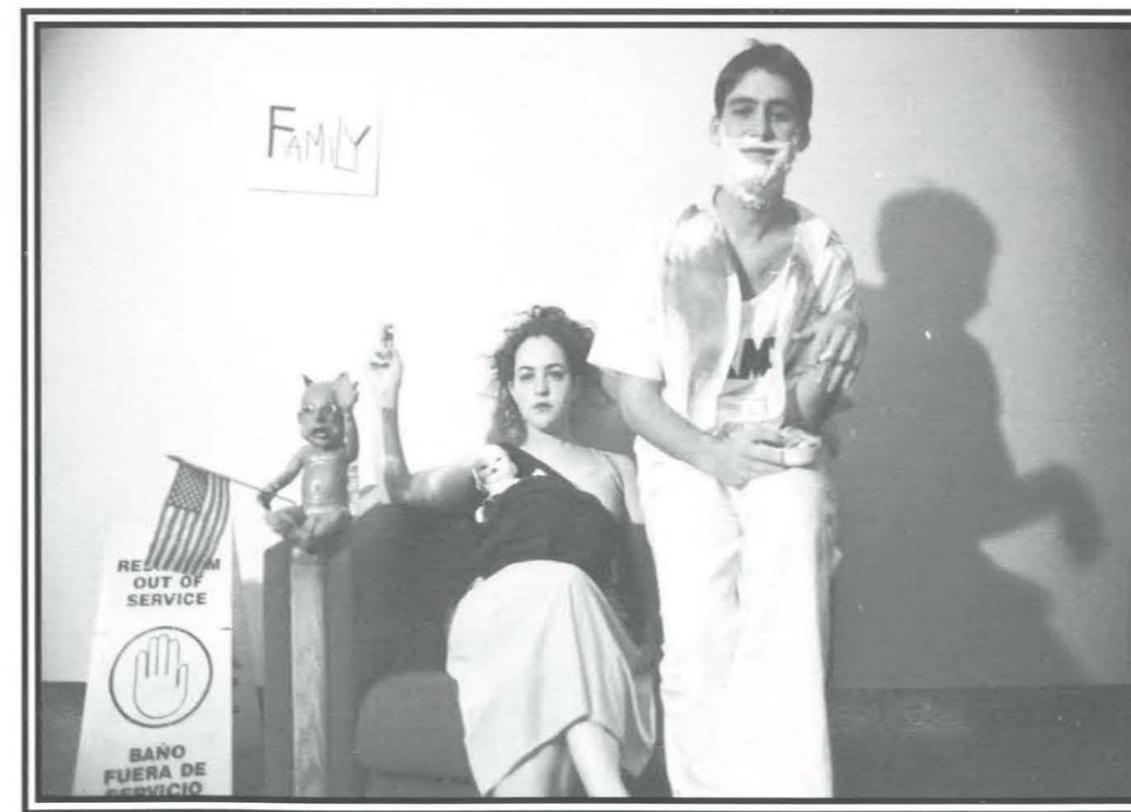


Cesar Chavez
1927-1993

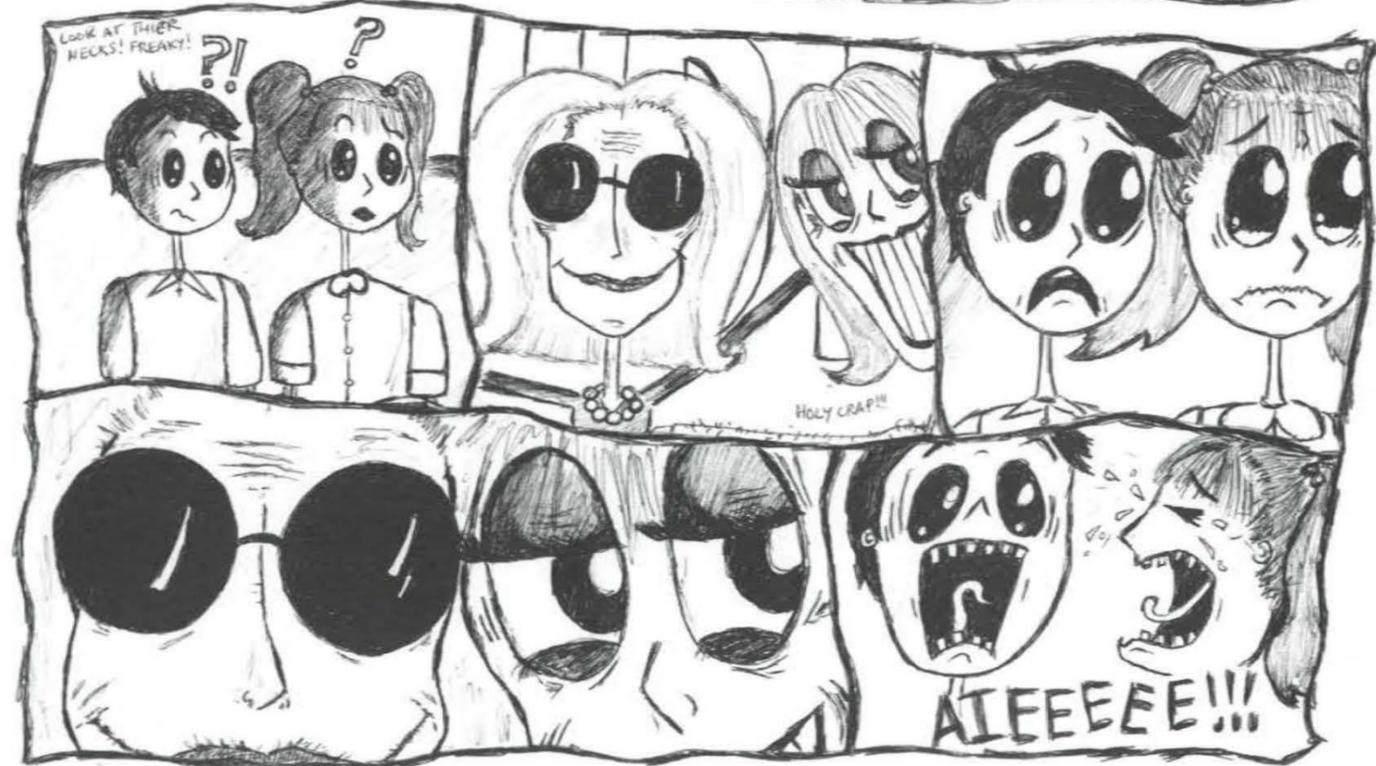


"Untitled"
BY CARRIE SANDLER

"Family"
BY MICHAEL



harmless
by mary jaramillo



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, his 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.

Lemon Chapstick felt smooth and warm like a coat of MSG.

Monosodium Glutimate: makes the taste buds more sensitive,

Flavor enhancer, woozy after an hour of Dim Sum.

"I don't know. If I were locked up in a zoo in 112 degree weather,

Sun cooking me up like an egg on asphalt, and there was a

Concession stand outside which had popsicles, ice cream, sodas, and pretzels,

I'd be pretty fuckin' pissed if some chump tossed me a pretzel."

She smiled.

How can you not love someone who tolerates your rants?

"I'd say to that chump, 'You ungrateful sonuvabitch! I entertain you and your damn kids.

I keep your family from becoming completely dysfunctional.'"

She slid her hand through my hair,

And they still smelled like the grapefruit blossoms she crushed between her fingers.

"I may be locked in a cage, but I'm no different than you. I have a family,

Kids running around, like a bunch of crazed **humans**,

Screaming 'why can't I have this scrub' or 'we had beetles last night.'"

Her hand left me and fell to her side,

Patience slowly eroding.

"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

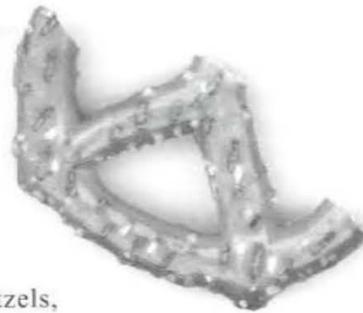
My sole and exploded onto my shoes and jeans.

Her laugh humbled me,

Reminded me that "people in love often think they are more

Interesting than they actually are."

by zach gordon



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photo SUBMITTED by Sam Sunshine

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