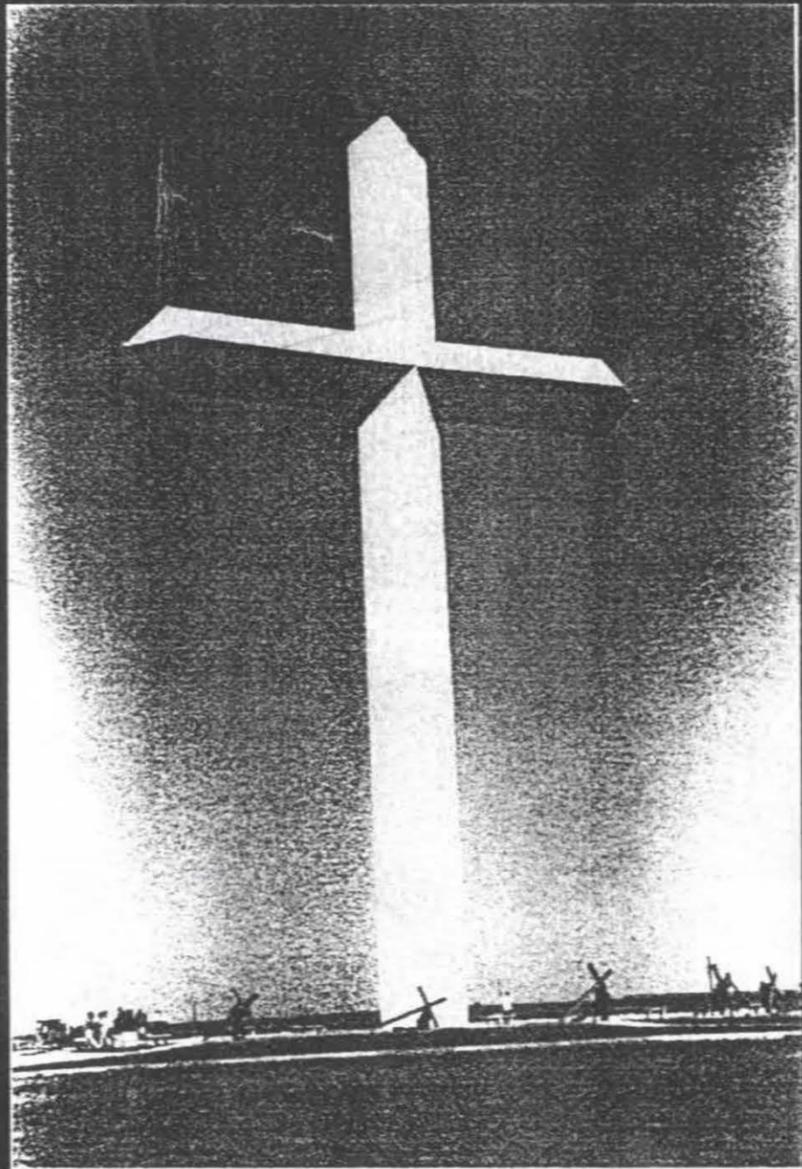
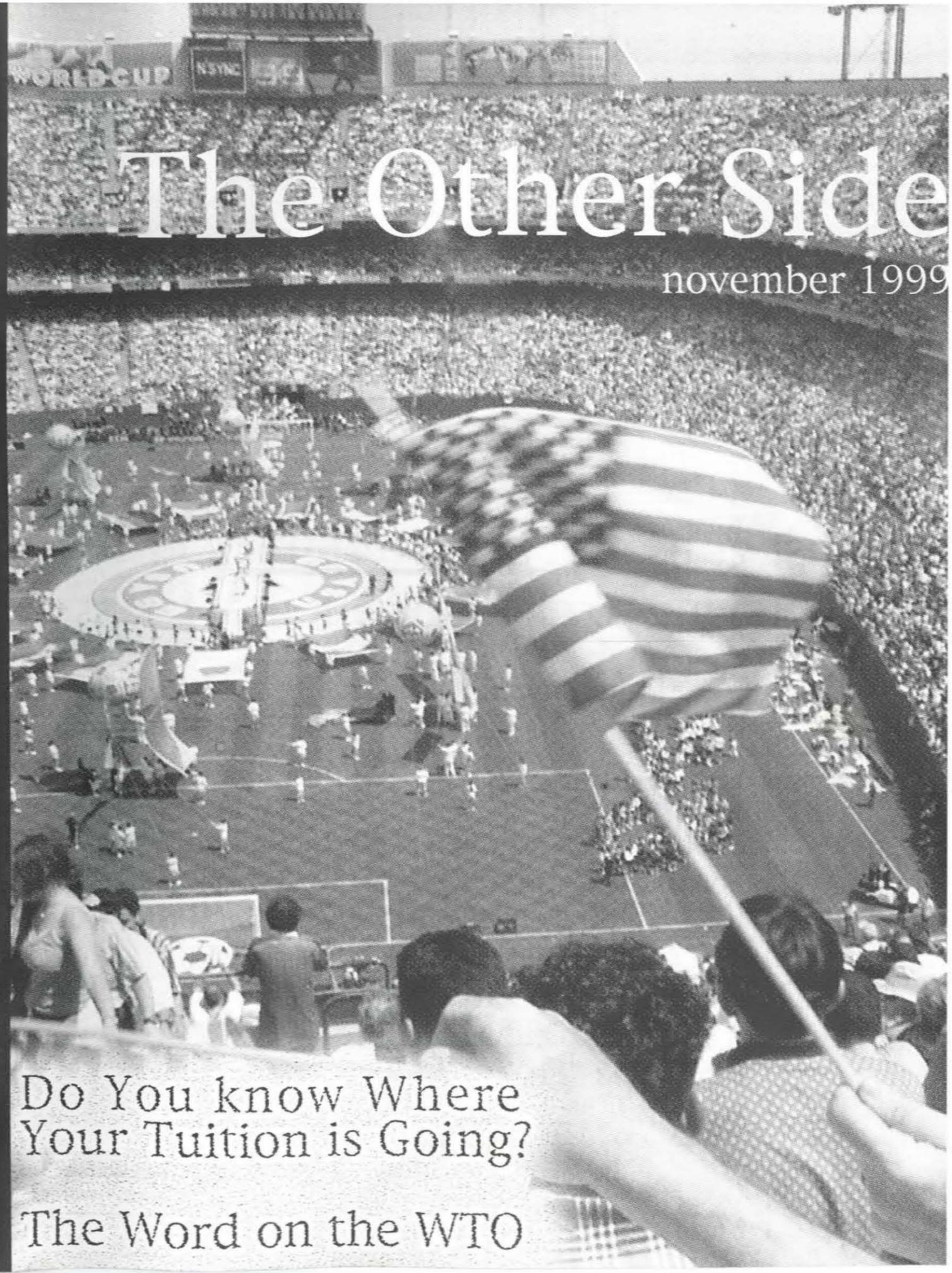


WELCOME



The Other Side

november 1999



Do You know Where
Your Tuition is Going?

The Word on the WTO

the other side
november 1999

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a note to all would-be contributors

many people have expressed concern that subjects they wish to write about seem too large and important for the otherside magazine. they feel that someone else could do a better job.

well...that isn't true. as always, we will take anything. and if you already knew that, but felt that no one would be interested in what you had to say, that isn't true either.

so please, no matter how small or large the issue, consider submitting your work, because we guarantee that *someone will care.*

thank you

back cover by:
irwin swirnoff

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Mmm, fetus!



**FETUS—
IT'S WHAT'S
FOR DINNER.**

contents arte by
ye olde arte director
amy kaufman



Marilyn stood up there and told us about social responsibility. The "Jesse Jackson of college presidents" talked about Pitzer being the college with the commitment to social responsibility. It was quite fitting, she said, that we had Jesse Jackson here today at our teach-in, because we are the ones who care. We are the ones who'll make a difference in this mad world of death blood and fire. About how "examining the ethical implications of the issues they explore, students learn to evaluate the effects of actions and social policies and to take responsibility for making the world we live in a better place." I looked around the crowd at the befuddled looks on the unfamiliar faces. I looked around the crowd at the media huddled together with their telephoto lenses and their funny little yellow scratch pads. Somewhere in there, I thought. Somewhere in there was a spy from the Princeton review. Social responsibility, she said. I knew it was being quietly jotted down, in preparation for the next issue of the top 327 colleges in the country. And there it would lie, as if etched in stone. Pitzer is the four-year liberal arts institution with a commitment to fostering socially responsible citizens of the world. It would never goddamned matter whether or not any students actually followed suit. We could still bandy it about as our badge of honor. Sure, every once in a while we'll come out on the mounds and spend an hour or two hooting and hollering. Maybe even once in a while we'll head into LA and carry our banners and our protest signs. Just enough to ensure that we can carry that weighty title in the guidebooks.

On October 22nd, at the march against police brutality, I saw all sorts of Pitzer people. Hell, I thought. Maybe I'm goddamned wrong. Maybe there is something here. But it was nothing like October 7th. It was nothing like the rally on the mounds. It wasn't that convenient, safe, or easy. There were not teams of socially responsible Pitzer people screaming for Justice. Now. In some ways, I felt proud of all the people I saw; all the familiar faces. But that's just it. They were all familiar. They were all the same. The same people that you see at any event like this. There were no masses, but rather, a few diehard few. Then I missed another rally. For the second week in a row, I got up on Wednesday morning, and with no classes to attend, I worked on some irrelevant paper I have to write. All it would have taken for me to do was to get on my bike and ride to city hall. But I didn't do it. It didn't even occur to me. Like most other people at the October 7th event on the mounds, I must have thought that I've done my part. Done my part for Irvin Landrum Jr. I showed up, I yelled a little, and then it was done. The case is over, isn't it? Serious steps have been taken to ensure that never again will a young innocent person be robbed of their life by a power-hungry police officer, right? Social responsibility.

Social Responsibility in the Age of the Cell Phone Plutocracy

or,

My Ride with Ronnie

(AKA a note from the editor)

Zachary Redmond

The point is, kids, that merely going to the rallies when they are easy, and claiming that you care, is not enough. Jesse Jackson speaking on the mounds doesn't make even the slightest little difference unless we all pledge, and make a concerted effort, to actually work for real change. Social responsibility needs to be more than just a selling point for an institution.

When the institution exists only to further itself no one really gets anywhere. Social responsibility is just another buzzword. It's the hook. On paper, Pitzer cannot compete with a whole host of other institutions around the country. So, we've got our own draw. If we repeat it enough times, we might even begin to believe it ourselves.

But that's really the problem. I don't want to believe it. I don't want to believe something that may not actually hold any significance for myself. I don't want to believe in something that I've done nothing to warrant.

So lets throw the whole pretense out the whole proverbial window. Lets quit the goddamned charade. The way that I see it, we have two options. We can get rid of the whole social responsibility cliché and face a bleak existence of the oprah book of the month club, walmart, nike sweatshops, and U.S. intervention in Latin America. Or we can keep it, not as a slogan or "educational objective," but rather as an ideal. An ideal of what we can do in the world. What we can do for the world. We can forget all the student handbook rhetoric; all the college guidebook propaganda; all the protest march chants, and actually get on to living and understanding the world around us. Don't let them sell your soul; sell your revolution, for a higher ranking in the books.

P.S. I'm sick of writing articles like this. I'm sick of showing articles to someone to proofread, and having him or her tell me that the article is too depressing. That it focuses too much on the negative. That I've got to break out of this paradigm of boring bourgeois nihilism. That I seem so unhappy. That I need to think about things in a more positive light. I'm sick of hearing it, not because I'm tired of the nag, but because it's true. It is depressing. But for every positive thing that I find to write about, I find six different things that I find to be utterly abhorrent. Tonight, at the Pitzer Divestment Campaign (for lack of a better name) meeting I talked to people who do care. We talked about new, exciting things. About stuff that could have an incredibly beautiful impact on our small little world, and more importantly, its larger outside realm. So why don't I write about that? Good question. Maybe if we don't keep thinking, if we don't keep questioning, then, maybe we'll just get stagnant again. Maybe we will just sleep through another rally, another cause.

While at Pitzer, I did a lot of stupid things. A LOT OF STUPID THINGS. Dave Clark can testify about that, as could Emelyn De La Pena, or Ben Godsill. Jose Calderon. Anthony Fucaloro. Asra Abmad...I offended a lot of people. I shocked a lot of people. I was mean.

To all of these people that I have offended, I want to say that I apologize. For everything.

One of the things that I have realized while studying abroad is that Pitzer is much more than the sum of its parts. The Pitzer that I saw was a weak body, and ugly thing, which is what many people think when they transfer elsewhere. But in my absence, I've had time to reflect on what Pitzer actually is – namely, one of the most unique, beautiful, special places in the world. At Pitzer, a very vocal attitude is expressed that people want to live a different life – a life that is more than just for themselves, but that is for the community and for the people around them. Many people think that this is a silly goal in life – we aren't in it for money, or fame, or power, and so we must be high or stupid or both. But what I see at Pitzer is an amazing community, and I'm very disappointed in myself that I didn't see this community before I left it. What's so beautiful is that so many different people are able to attend our school, people from different backgrounds, people from different areas and countries, people with different ideas and goals and aspirations, and yet there are so many opportunities given to us (which so many of us take) to interact with different people and to share. Ideas which normally wouldn't be given the chance to see daylight are brought out and discussed – wacky ideas, some, but at the same time they are encouraged to grow to fruition, to expand. The creativity of our school is astounding – the artwork on



Andrew Samtoy

Mead (Which, I'm ashamed to admit now, I did try to end) is beautiful – and, once again, I'm heartbroken that it took me until now to actually realize how beautiful our school is.

I was talking to a professor about this, and one of the things she was saying was that as soon as people reach their senior year, a lot of them suddenly have breakdowns. Their lives, which were for so long in the Pitzer bubble, were suddenly staring them in the face, and lots of people find it hard to think about where they will be after Claremont.

And the sister of one of my friends, a brother I can really say I love, died last year. As did a girl I knew.

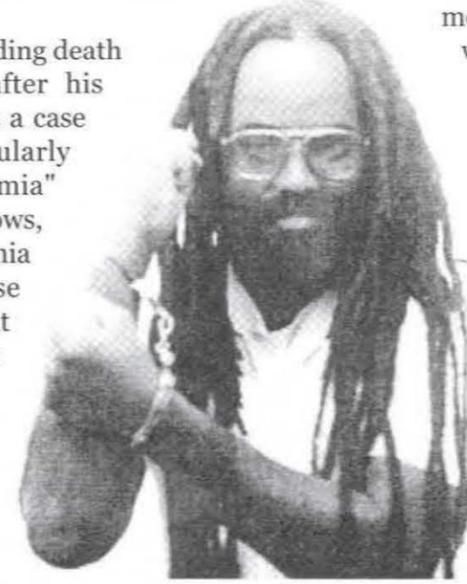
What I'm suddenly seeing, and what sounds cheesy but I'd like to get others to see it, is that Pitzer is four years that are supposed to be the best four years of your life. I know that when I was in Claremont, I thought I was miserable a lot of the time. I was so wrapped up in so many opportunities and so much happening that a lot of the time I never saw what I really had, what I was actually faced with every day. Every part of Pitzer, and Claremont, suddenly seems special to me. And I hate that I had to go halfway around the world to find that out.

So, kids, love what you're doing. Do what you love. Take advantage of every opportunity every day in California. Get the fuck out if you have to – it might help you realize how great we have it.



Excerpt from an email my friend's boyfriend sent me: "Bottom line, grow the fuck up. Sometimes innocent people are imprisoned and even executed. That's the price we pay for a society that is largely free of crime and spends a moderate budget on law enforcement."

I'd sent my friend a link regarding death row inmate Mumia Abu-Jamal, after his death warrant was signed. This was a case I'd never been previously particularly interested in; I'd seen "Free Mumia" posters, I'd heard stuff at various shows, and I thought it was too bad that Mumia was on death row when the case seemed to have inconsistencies that the government was refusing to review, but I wasn't too concerned. Yet when I read about the death warrant, I was struck; Mumia was neither a fictional character nor a lost cause, in fact, Mumia is a real person sitting in a prison who just had a date set for his execution, a date



about a month away from my writing this. Another human being, much like the ones wandering around Pitzer, except that we get to hang out with friends, roam at will, and probably do most of the things we want to, but Mumia can't, and hasn't been able to for 17 years. And there's a chance that he shouldn't have been spending all this time in prison, and there's a chance that he didn't do anything that should deserve his life in exchange. And it occurred to me that sitting in my room thinking, "that's too bad" isn't going to make any sort of difference. It also occurred to me the danger of thinking within your own sphere; bourgeois little me sitting in my dorm room at my expensive private college, I don't really have to worry about anything past studying for exams or writing papers. I have the option of staying within my safe little world and ignoring anything going on outside of the Claremont Colleges, I have the option of saying "it doesn't concern me" when there are issues about so many groups of people I don't belong to. I'm sheltered and I'm lucky. There are a lot of people who aren't this lucky, and there are a lot of people who right now can only dream of being fractionally this lucky. I can't imagine what Mumia dreams of.

And so I felt it my duty to do what I could, which meant going downtown to march around with several

hundred other people, chanting, handing out fliers, blocking a few intersections, and hopefully making people wonder why we were interrupting their drive home and leading them to seek information. I did the same thing in Westwood a few days later, blocking even more traffic. In case you were wondering, it was brought to my attention that marching doesn't really solve anything. This is true. I don't know if the governor of Pennsylvania, where Mumia is being held, knew that I or any others were taking time out of our own lives to stand up for the life of someone else. I don't know that our chanting did anything but cause headaches. I don't know that people read the fliers that were passed out. I don't know if the Westwood drivers were so annoyed that we blocked Wilshire that they began hoping Mumia would be executed so their drive wouldn't be interrupted for the same reason again. I just have to hope that people paid

attention and were moved to take action. Already, I received word that just today Mumia's death warrant was stayed; I'm not sure exactly why, but I doubt that it's permanent. I assume that at some point a new execution date will be set; the protesting isn't over yet, but at least for now Mumia has been given more time. I know the government doesn't necessarily have to listen to the people, but raise enough of a ruckus and they might. No ruckus is raised if people aren't willing to get off their

THERE AIN'T NO STOPPIN' THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE 'CAUSE THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE DON'T STOP

AMY KAUFMAN

asses. I'm not going to "grow the fuck up." Sometimes innocent people are imprisoned, sometimes they're executed, but that doesn't mean I should sit here feeling mildly bad for these people, their families, their friends, and other future innocent people who will find themselves punished wrongly. It means that I should have some sense of compassion and feel a bond with other human beings. It means that if I ever need anyone to stand up for me and expect anyone to, I have to be willing to stand up for other people. It means that I don't have to accept faults in how our country works. One person losing years of their life in prison, one person being executed for a crime they didn't commit is one too many. That one could be you or me.



Why Will YOU Walk?

AIDS Walk Los Angeles. For something like 15 years, thousands upon thousands of people have been flooding the streets of Hollywood in an overwhelming support for the fight against AIDS. One of the few times there are more people on foot than in cars in this city. Having lived in LA all of my life, AIDS Walk is such a common occurrence to me I don't think I've ever taken the time to stop and think about what it really is. To me it has always been just another celebrity-studded LA charity event, a good cause for sure, but just one in a very long line of good causes. It's something I've participated in before, but more because I didn't have anything better to do on a Sunday in mid-October. Not that I don't care about charity work, on the contrary, volunteering is one of the things I love most in this world, but AIDS Walk is such a huge event, it's almost hard to even think of it as a "normal" charity that would value my personal participation at all. "Normal" charities seldom have so many participants. "Normal" charities seldom are such an overwhelming success. "Normal" charities have to fight to get anyone to care. It's horrible that this is my perception of what a charity "should" be, but isn't that what most people think of when they think of charitable organizations? A few people working their butts off trying to get some kind of donation from a bunch of people that couldn't give less of a shit? That's what I've always thought. AIDS Walk is something different though. AIDS Walk actually works. It just never occurred to me to ask why.

At this point I should mention that the day I arrived at AIDS

Walk '99, I wanted absolutely nothing less than to be there. Stupidly I had stayed up all night the night before, and even worse the night before that, so by the time I arrived there I had been awake for two whole days and I was completely exhausted. However, I had promised my friend Bill that I would do AIDS Walk with him, and as it turned out, I was the only friend of his that he'd asked to go who didn't flake out on him already. The fact that at least ten people had said they'd do it and then flaked was so sad that I couldn't allow myself to do the same thing. If it weren't for Bill's insistence that I show up and walk, I probably would have just written them a check and let it go. I mean, all they really need is the money, right? The event wouldn't have suffered had it been short one little walker, but I had made a commitment, so, running on zero sleep in the past two days, I arrived at the starting line and tried to get myself motivated to walk.

In the attempt to motivate myself, I began to think about what motivated the ten thousand other people there to show up as well. The complete lack of sleep I'd had in the past two days had put me in quite a sour mood, and at first all I could think was that they'd shown up to catch a glimpse of some random dumb celebrity I couldn't care less about. I hate celebrity guest appearances. As if Jamie Lee Curtis was going to drive hundreds of miles to maybe spot part of me from a thousand feet away. Why should I do the same for her, or for anybody? However, my complete distaste for the Hollywood types isn't the point of this article. The point is, what motivates charity?



by Jessica Hardy

Were all of these people really walking 10 kilometers in the blazing Los Angeles heat on uneven, cracked Los Angeles asphalt because they care? At one point Bill and I were walking behind a pair of teenage girls wearing official AIDS Walk t-shirts bearing the slogan "why will YOU walk?" One girl had penned in "because I love my brother." The other girl's shirt said "because I care (and I get hours!)" I spent quite a few blocks trying to figure out which one was more representative of the general populace. It's sad to think that people only do volunteer work to fulfill some sort of obligation – community service, course credit, "social responsibility." I mean, sure, I guess the fact that people do charity work at all is a good thing, at least they're out there helping, but I guess my idealism just isn't satisfied by that. I want people to really care. I want people to actually want to help others instead of just helping themselves. I mean, I know why I was walking. For the same reason I'm up early every Sunday morning cooking food to feed the homeless – because I can't seem to justify letting my life go to waste. I don't want to wake up in the morning, look in the mirror and feel like I've done nothing with my life. I might as well help people while I'm here on this planet. As I write this, it's been one year since my best friend died of cancer. She died having led an amazing life; nobody ever accused her of wasting time. When I die, I hope to be able to say the same. Maybe that's a little selfish too though. Maybe in a way I'm just doing charity work to feel better about myself, and that's just as selfish as doing it to fulfill some sort of obligation.

However, I like to think the reason it makes me feel good is because I just like helping people, and that's not selfish at all.

By the time we crossed the finish line, I was sore, tired and caked in sweat, but I was feeling much better than when I started. After all that, I decided that I wasn't going to judge people's reasons for getting involved. I couldn't even figure out my own. It is an interesting question, what motivates charity, but I couldn't possibly begin to answer it. A lot of people there had lost friends and family members to AIDS. Others suffered from HIV and AIDS themselves. The majority of the people there, however, could have been there for any number of reasons, most of which I will never know. I could look at a group of high school kids that had traveled there en masse and assume they were only there because they had to be, but how was I to know that for sure, and even then, who am I to judge? It goes back to the old question, "does the end justify the means?" As long as people are supporting the fight against HIV and AIDS, does it really matter that they're only doing it so they can catch a glimpse of that girl from "ER" at AIDS Walk? Maybe that's why AIDS Walk works so well, because they don't question people's motivations, they just do whatever it takes to further their cause. If that means more celebrity speeches and complimentary snacks than you can shake a stick at, so be it, and hats off to you, Aids Project Los Angeles, for using Hollywood to your advantage.



The Mounds became a site of an amazing collective energy in the Teach-In on Social Justice last week, culminating in the enigmatic speech given by the Reverend Jesse Jackson. Taking an

which has seldom been duplicated, has been its effort to combat violence through peace and the bringing together of an immense magnitude of people. Unlike the most recent reincarnation of

Woodstock 1969: Peace Fest or "Me" Fest? by Nazbanoo

incidence of racism and police brutality at a local level and applying it to the larger world context, he voiced important issues covering the whole of social injustice and the goal toward an individual moral responsibility toward humanity. One of the things mentioned was the power of student activism in the 60's, made exemplary by student activism, specifically the Montgomery March in Alabama. Jackson contrasted the power of this march against racism, with the decadent, self-important, pot-Fest of the original Woodstock from the same era. What a statement to make, I thought, questioning the aspects of non-violence and togetherness that are remembered fondly from Woodstock 1969, part of our very hippie underbelly at Pitzer College. The nature of Woodstock,

Woodstock this past summer, which resulted in rape, sexual assault and other acts of violence, the original Woodstock is often looked to as a time when everyone got along in the goal of harmony, under what Jackson referred to as "the big tent". Is he correct in labeling this historical event of 1969 as less than what people of our generation have perceived it to be? Was it just a huge display of a decadent, uncaring resentment toward not only institutions and war, but also toward our own individual moral responsibility to put into action our supposed need to change the world?

Jesse Jackson was pretty convincing. From a college which Princeton Review has found to be one of the most politically active universities in the coun-

try, what is our responsibility as Pitzer students to the tent in which we live? How do you take the initiative in combating institutions of social injustice on both the personal and grand scale of things? When you buy cigarettes, for example, do you think about the effects of second-hand smoke? Do you realize that you are buying into one of the most widespread corporations headed by a bunch of old White men who probably look to events like Woodstock as a sign that whenever there are self-absorbed, confused youth, there will always be a market for tobacco? How are we effected by the images we absorb on a daily basis from the media? Is it our responsibility to continue the propagation of the society whose images we are fed and made to internalize just cause it's easier that way, or cool like that? What it really comes down to is what events and people are we supposed to put on a pedestal and at what times?

In retrospect, the 1960's was an amazing decade of social activism and rebelliousness against social norms by which not only racial equality was fought for, but also women's rights, gay and lesbian rights, workers rights, etc..... But then what happened? In the late 70's and 80's, all of these hard-fought battles and activist goals seemed lost on an era composed of the self-consuming "me" generation. It is it our

responsibility to change the tides of evolution and bring it back to its core of social justice and community; without which none of us will be remembered as people who actively did anything to make a difference with the chance we had to do it. I appreciated the fact that Jackson did not only focus on racism and police brutality, but all forms of oppression as integrally tied together within the power structure of our society. The person who struggles to end racist police behavior in Claremont must walk hand-in-hand with the those people that struggle against the Taliban's treatment of women in Afghanistan as well as the people who strive to feed the hungry children in Appalachia.

All of these struggles are connected. I think Woodstock provides two valuable lessons through which Paul McCartney's lyrics "Let it be" can be aptly applied to. Woodstock '69 is an example that for a few days, half a million young people were able to put aside their differences and let everything be the way it is, celebrated through peace and music. On the other hand, I never thought "Let it be" a proper encompassing philosophy in changing the world for the better, to change the ways and wrongs that society, and people, have always let be. The choice and responsibility is ours.

In Praise of Apathy

Compiled by Pinku Chan

◆ "PHILANTHROPY IS THE REFUGE OF PEOPLE WHO WISH TO ANNOY THEIR FELLOW CREATURES."

-Oscar Wilde, *An Ideal Husband*

◆ "THEN AGAIN, DO NOT TELL ME, AS A GOOD MAN DID TO-DAY, OF MY OBLIGATION TO PUT ALL POOR MEN IN GOOD SITUATIONS. ARE THEY MY POOR? I TELL THEE, THOU FOOLISH PHILANTHROPIST, THAT I GRUDGE THE DOLLAR, THE DIME, THE CENT I GIVE TO SUCH MEN AS DO NOT BELONG TO ME AND TO WHOM I DO NOT BELONG."

-Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Self-Reliance*

◆ "I'M NOT EUROPEAN. I DON'T PLAN TO BE EUROPEAN. SO, WHO GIVES A SHIT IF THEY'RE SOCIALISTS? THEY COULD BE FASCIST ANARCHISTS AND IT STILL WOULDN'T CHANGE THE FACT THAT I DON'T OWN A CAR. NOT THAT I CONDONE FASCISM. OR AND 'ISMS'. 'ISMS', IN MY OPINION ARE NOT GOOD. A PERSON SHOULD NOT BELIEVE IN AN 'ISM'. HE SHOULD BELIEVE IN HIMSELF. JOHN LENNON SAID IT ON HIS FIRST SOLO ALBUM. 'I DON'T BELIEVE IN BEATLES. I JUST BELIEVE IN ME.' A GOOD POINT THERE. AFTER ALL, HE WAS THE WALRUS. I COULD BE THE WALRUS AND I'D STILL HAVE TO BUM RIDES OFF PEOPLE."

-Ferris Buehler's *Day Off*

◆ "IF YOU AIN'T EVER BEEN TO THE GHETTO/DON'T EVER COME TO THE GHETTO/'CAUSE YOU AIN'T UNDERSTAND THE GHETTO/AND STAY THE FUCK OUT OF THE GHETTO."

-Naughty By Nature, *Everything's Gonna Be Alright*

◆ "PROVIDA FUTURI"

-Pitzer College Motto

Feet on pillow
Head on floor
Upside down and backwards
I won't be whole no more
So break me out and pack me up,
Ship me to hell in a UPS truck

Freed from insanity
Imprisoned by normalcy

I'm all broken up
What to do, what to do?

Heart hung like hammock
Between you and him

Foot filled with
Shards of shattered glass slippers

Cinderella's no princess no more.

Look like nails on the chalkboard
Sending spider down spine
To dance on each and every fried nerve

What to do, what to do?

So I punctured the sun,
And buckets of blood came spouting out
So I shot an arrow at my heart
And flames of gold screamed without a shout

Where was I?
Where am I?
Who the hell are you?

Babies cryin'
People dyin'
Who cares if you tryin'?
Aren't we all?

POEM ANONYMOUSLY SUBMITTED TO THE OTHER SIDE

At the Claremont Colleges, there are always opportunities to protest, hear a speaker, or join a group regarding the social cause or political ideology of the moment. However, I wonder

lence as a part of our lives. We have consented to two methods of thought on social activism; be apathetic and let the situation worsen or follow blindly in the footsteps of someone else. We need not consent to the reason or perception of one source because

"Between thought and expression lies a lifetime."
— Lou Reed

what would happen if there were no longer brightly colored signs telling us to join the new cause. I question if we would participate in social activism if graduate schools and well-paid jobs did not like to see a community service or volunteer section in our resumes. A main reason we do participate, among many others, is that a problem is presented to us

that does not make it fact. However, we are always looking for the right reason and so we are willing to accept whatever solution or ideology we are presented with. Let us not accept consent as a method of thought. Instead, we should doubt and question the information so we can continue to progress. Do you understand the true ideology of the social movement or do you merely know the facts you

The Problem of Consent

and does not require any conscious effort to seek it out. I begin to wonder what else we consent to in our society that is not placed on the nightly news or the daily bulletin board. I begin to fear that we have accepted massive amounts of violence as long as they are a safe distance from our reality of coffeehouses, new cars, and the serene landscape. As students we often worry about what will become of our social consciousness when we leave this façade. The truth is that if we become students of consent then we probably will not continue working against the injustices of our society. In order to have a meaningful impact against social violence we cannot consent to accepting it as a truth of humanity and we must divert from selfish intentions as our primary motive for activism. Instead, we must develop a moral consciousness that will question and work against the social violence in our world.

As a society, we have consented to accepting vio-

were presented with? Instead of accepting the obvious we should learn how to differentiate between propaganda and fact. We have become observers who have not been able to see clearly what happens in our own society. As we see an image of social exploitation or injustice how long will it be until those people will become objects in our own mind void of depth or emotion? When these people become objectified in our mind they no longer reveal much importance to us and they will be brushed aside. Our glimpses at social injustice cannot become a nuisance that will soon be forgotten in our daily life. Our political and social involvement cannot be a simple interruption, but a consistent and strong force that will become part of the political process. We can do this by making it our responsibility to find the truth through questioning rather than accepting violence as a certainty. We have given in to uncritical thought processes that will only lead to our own self-delusion. We need to find insight in our own motiva-

tions and reasoning processes because participating in social activism within false systems of thought will cause us to lose sight of morality and humanity. A solution often presented for the problem of continuing meaningful social action after or during col-

dinner. We need to use our acquired knowledge to teach and present each other with the information and solutions we find.

If we are participating in a social cause because it will look good on our resume or to fulfill a certain image

lege is to engage in individual self-reflection. If we look at our own fears and hopes then we will be able to understand the fellow thoughts and feelings of men. As a leader or participant of a social cause we should do this to make a stronger attempt at working with others for effective social change. Ultimately, we are all on our own in the process of redefining and rediscovering to keep the spirit of a social movement alive.

I think all of us have mastered the fine art of analyzing ourselves, therefore we need to move beyond this method of thought. The reason we have so many options for working against social violence is that too many leaders have looked only at what they need and want. Furthermore, it is not realistic to expect that we could always take out time for self-reflection. Time would be wasted away as we emerge ourselves in solitude while people continue to suffer and live in despair.

for social acceptance then those are selfish motives. If these are the motivations for social action then we will become victims to "selling-out" after we graduate. When I write "selling-out," I do not mean in monetary terms or becoming a prominent figure in your career field, rather we will sell out in terms of our moral reasoning. This will happen because our motivations were never based on what is real; people and emotions are real, not social scenes and trite objects. If you were to find you only had two weeks to live would you rather be remembered by a piece of paper with lines on it or by influencing the life of another person?

We are constantly changing throughout life, but there are aspects of life that will remain true. We will have to continue fighting greed, exploitation of the innocent, and corruption until there is no longer hunger, poverty, and illness. At one point all of us will need to pay rent and put food on the table so we

marishka nuñez

Instead, we need to focus our energy on other people and building stronger communities. When our own life is not in extreme turmoil and we are not suffering we need to take time to help others. Because as much as we hate to admit, most of us already are on the path to becoming the elite of this country. We have the luxury of attending a \$30,000 a year private college, reading books, going to the multi-million dollar student center, and complaining that there aren't enough types of vegetarian entrees at

may not be able to devote time to fighting social violence. Our priorities will shift with the current of life, but there is one thing that should not change and that is our sense of morality and compassion. Being ignorant of violence in a society does not prevent a mass of people from starving and living in constant fear. Rather than making consent a subconscious habit, we can substitute it with a moral consciousness that will remain a constant force in a daily fight against oppression.



Bitch Slap

(a frontal attack)

--Tienlyn Jacobson--

I got kicked to the curb
 while the perturbed
 matured to the superb
 it's absurd the best is reserved
 for the most disturbed
 while i'm treated like an obscured piece of turd

i speak to you, but you don't hear a word
 meanwhile the abercrombie bitch is being heard
 her trivialities: how she got in a fight with her friend
 multiple personalities: or her problem with men
 or the size of her rear end ...

speaking of crack, she's sniffin
 while you listen- hanging onto every word
 of daddy's whack little girl
 in hopes that this deficit
 buys you an expensive christmas gift
 dripping in sap
 and wrapped in all her crap

i stepped in it once,
 had to scrape her off with a rock
 but the stench of the wench
 gave me a toxic shock, made my stomach clench
 subconsciously gone pavlov.

yesterday i got bit by a hissy fit
 had a little tussle, replaced the muzzle,
 put her back on her leash.

i skinner box my way through miss snot's
 squawks and ill-intended crock
 dodge her words that are spit and hacked
 in a futile attack
 aimed at my back

but when it comes to real damage,
 that spoiled brat's axed.
 so i can relax though crap spills out her mouth like exlax.
 nose way up there...
 and her feet dangling in the air...

**poems by
jessica hardy**

hate

ugly
 a vomitous swelling in the back of the throat
 rises up
 choke on it
 choke it down until you
 drool
 the part where it boiled over
 (it glides over the lips
 smooth, frothy, like venom)
 reaches critical mass and
 it spews forth
 it spits, it sprays
 it explodes all over the calm exterior
 it coats the pretty flowers and blocks out the sunbeams
 penetrating
 seeping into the cracks

WSB

i often envied
 his opium-based genius

and that's about all i can say
 upon the death of william s. burroughs
 because i don't believe he's dead
 just as i don't believe chares bukowski is dead
 or allen ginsberg
 or jack keroac, whom they've been telling me
 is dead
 for a long, long time.
 my grandmother
 is dead
 my dog
 is dead
 and they are silent
 but william s. burroughs
 speaks to me every night
 from the same typewritten pages he spoke from
 before his pickled corpse
 ceased to be animated
 and they lowered
 what was not really his voice
 into the ground.

100%

shapely legs
 she has such
 beautiful
 shapely
 legs
 I wonder
 what would it be
 like
 to have such
 strong, curvy muscles
 such
 nice
 legs

and such a tragically ugly face

It's kind of ironic how on the same day that a thousand plus people collected on the steps of LA city hall to protest the continued display of brutality of the police department and its officers against citizens, an hour away in Pomona, the militant presence of tough guy security guards at the sick of it all/ hot water music/ afi/ indecision show echoed the same macho display of power and created tension that would make an otherwise awesome show into a hostile mess.

First of all, hardcore isn't about barriers or security guards or flashlights beams from security guards in your face. It's also not about 12 dollar ticket prices (which some people may argue, though I respond to that by posing the question "do you even really know how much of that money is actually going to pay the bands? not much!") It's not about backstage passes or press passes or special dressing rooms with cases and cases of chilled wine coolers, meanwhile selling bottled water or 50 cent cans of soda to dehydrated kids for 3 dollars!! It's not about bands who think they're better than kids or kids who think bands are better than them. It's not about paying (at the door) for asshole security guards to be there to regulate how we

act or where we stand in relationship to the bands or whether or not I respect the

barrier in my quest for good pictures of hot water music (or for one meat head to argue with me while another tried to pick me up by my arms and move me back to where I was "supposed to" be). I don't go to wherever it is they hang out on the weekends and regulate their behaviors. I don't have the right to do that, nor would I expect to. Because no matter how "underground" we like to think hardcore is or how subversive our "way of life" is, we still struggle for the simple right, within our own community, to enjoy music and be ourselves and govern our own actions and find sanctuary from the outside world, where record execs and bill gateses and parents and police and politicians control every other aspect of our lives. This is the one place where I have always found refuge

from the outside world, and I'm not willing to give it up because somebody wants to co-opt our culture for capital gain.

I can't help but draw connections between the show last night and the reasons that people marched at city hall yesterday to demand back what police officers who, in protecting the interests and ideologies of small group of white elite, deny people of color the right to live free from persecution, from being target for racially motivated, violent inhumanities and without protection under the law that white people are granted. I don't remember seeing a sign outside the glasshouse reading: "please be advised that by paying twelve dollars for a ticket to sick of it all, you are entering a contractual agreement to act under the



supremacy of a group of guys your age whose only power comes from a glasshouse security staff t-shirt, a flashlight to shine in your face when you get too into it and the ability to demonstrate physical dominance over you by outweighing you and everyone else by about a hundred pounds, if they deem it necessary . I mean, had I known this was going to be football practice, I would have at least worn some shoulder pads! But seriously, had I had known I was going to be treated like a kid at

Where's My Twelve Dollars?

Woodstock 99, I wouldn't have gone to the show and I sure as hell wouldn't have paid twelve dollars for it. Because without

the kids at that show, security wouldn't have anyone to "secure." They wouldn't have a job and the glasshouse wouldn't be able to afford to have bands like sick of it all play. Because we make this scene and, especially according to the capitalist way of thinking which, let me remind you, is the mindstate of the show promoters and the club owners, we paid twelve dollars to have a good time and be treated with the same respect that anyone else would demand within these walls. Because we've become so disempowered and silenced and "put in our place" by a power structure that devalues youth (especially youth who look different or think differently) that we tolerate this despotism. We may even justify it by thinking "well, there

were a lot of thugs at the show and we needed security to "protect" the bands from violent sing-a-longs." And strangest of all, we willingly pay 12 dollars to be treated like shit in our own "community." I don't understand how no one sees anything wrong with that.

A thousand people were marching at city hall yesterday, risking the threat of arrest, violence and further suppression by the police department, while we were busy deciding which long-sleeve t-shirt or concert poster to buy. When that security guard picked me up by the arms, I could have resisted and insisted on taking back space that

belongs to me too, and stood in direct opposition to the very power that I hate- but I didn't. Instead, I went and cried in the bathroom. Rosa Parks didn't go sit in the back of the bus and cry. Ida B. Wells-Barnett didn't agree to go sit in the smoking car, even though she paid for a first-class ticket and had as much a right to sit in first-class as white riders, and cry. So what's my excuse? I hate myself for finding comfort in my privilege and only protesting when that privilege is threatened. Is this essay a protest or an exercise in privilege or both?

On the other hand, when Jews during World War II were first attacked by the Nazis, their businesses and synagogues destroyed, torn from their families, and put in concentration camps to wait to be gasses and cremated, many of them did cry. I think that many Jewish

Europeans felt betrayed by the governments that they lived within. They couldn't have fathomed their Christian neighbors collectively turning their backs while Nazi soldiers murdered them. They cried in fear, but also in disillusionment and for having been betrayed. The same people who fought in World War I in Germany's armies were being told they were no longer German citizens and were not protected by German law. They found out that they had been used in the trenches and were to be used again in camps and factories to produce for the German

war effort and that few Germans would grieve as they were dehumanized, reduced to man-power and worked to death. Maybe that feeling of betrayal, after living within a political system and feeling protected by its laws and structure, is what separates the criers from the fighters.

Maybe Rosa Parks or Ida B. Well-Barnett didn't cry and held their ground because they never felt protected by the American political system. Or maybe they held their ground in hope of changing that political system so it could function more "effectively"? Maybe the African-American soldiers who fought for the Allied

forces, in what was considered a war against racism, felt that same sort of betrayal as the Jews who were persecuted. Maybe the Jews who refused to enter camps and instead were shot understood that they weren't going to be protected anymore by the Nazi regime once in the camps than they were in ghettos or while Nazi soldiers torched their homes, Synagogues and stores. Maybe after the initial

shock and tears that ensue, that disbelief becomes distrust and the human being redirects her anger, understanding that, living under an authoritarian regime is no more liberating than being dead. It's just a thought.

I hate the fact that it doesn't make any sense for me to singularly boycott 12 dollar shows at the glasshouse or bottled water or hardcore, even though I'd like to at times. The reality is that none of it matters unless we all do it. So I'll just keep doing my thing and everyone else will keep doing theirs and we can all take comfort in the pretense that accompanies criticism like this. Because it's all been done before. I don't know. Sociology has permanently jacked my head. There's got to be something that makes more sense than this.

BY LAUREN KELLY JOHNSON
A.K.A.
"X THE BIG COMPLAINER X"

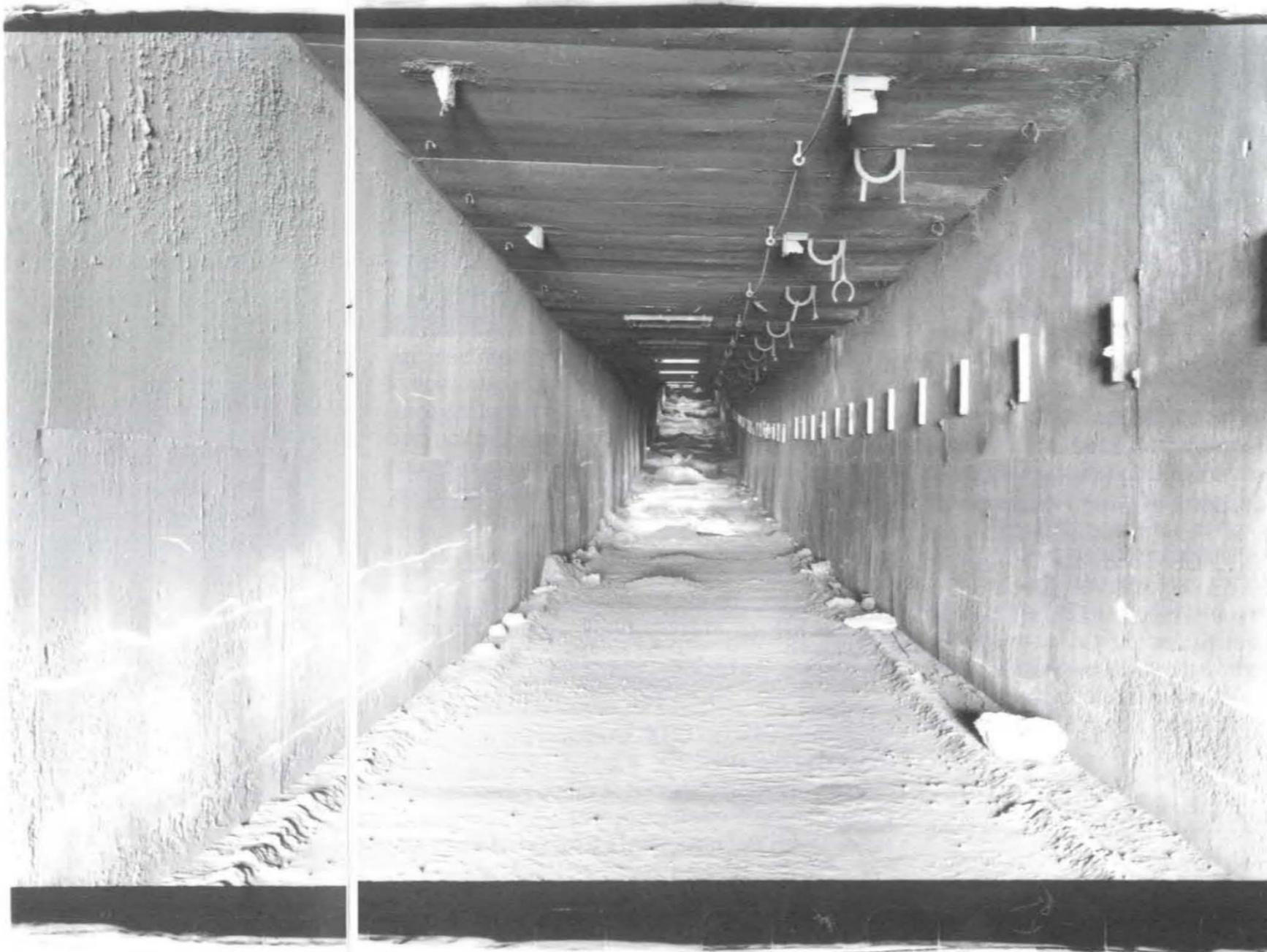


DOLOR (pain)

It can be a classy affair
served on silver platters
with cliché garnish
accompanied by a glass of appropriate merlot
and the pleasant chat
of those who know to dab with napkins

Or cast in good Christian extrapolations
laced with glory
by the precedent of David
faithed away
with reference to sweet later
by way of stoic now

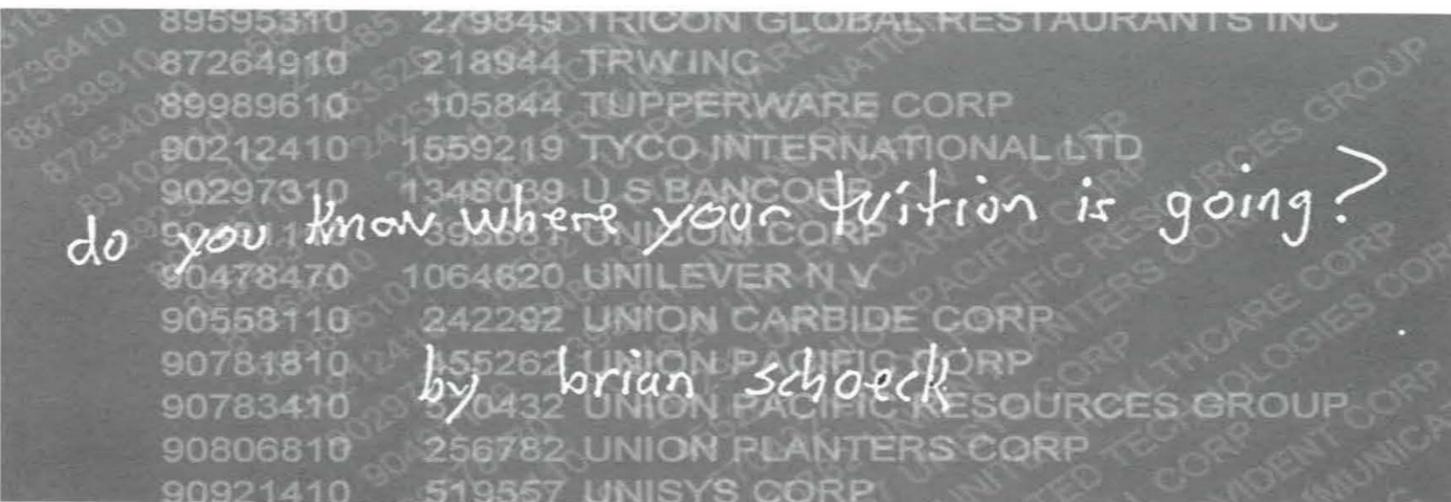
Or quiet
not like a monk
or a mountain setting
but like a scream
that finally dies
in the mouth of a cave



Poetry by Eli Hastings

RISING

I awoke with blood on my hands salt on my
cheeks and cursing the dawn with its shat-
tering whispers of the beginning of another
round called Tuesday or maybe now
wednesday but anyway too many blows
rain to maintain solely for the sake of pride
and title and so fabricated lists of lists of
reasons clutter my corner to keep me from
watching the foolish blatancy of the wall's
blank



If you go to Pitzer College, you might pay tuition. Pitzer College in turn employs brokerage firms to invest some of that tuition money in publicly traded stocks. These stock holdings support the activity of whichever corporations in which Pitzer holds stock.

For example, Pitzer holds over 1.5 million units of stock in Unocal (USA) and Total (France). In the Southeast Asian country of Burma, these corporations are involved with a natural gas pipeline-building venture with the State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC), a brutal military regime which nullified the democratic elections of 1990, arrested the leaders of Burma's National League for Democracy, and thereby illegally rose to power.

The gas pipeline is planned to run across 41 miles of Southeast Burma, through an area inhabited by the Karen, Mon and Tavoy peoples who have partial control of the region. To make way for the pipeline, SLORC has gone to such lengths as forced village evacuation, forcing villagers to work on road-building for the project, and beating and torturing people too sick to work. In reference to threats by the Karen and Mon armies, who are trying to protect their people, Unocal president John Imle said: "If you threaten the pipeline, there's going to be more military. If forced labor goes hand in glove with military, yes, there will be more forced labor. For every threat to the pipeline there will be a reaction."

Let us consider deeply, beyond the level of just reading another horror story, beyond just another leftist news flash unable to break through to our desensitized minds. Let us envision clearly that certain

Burmese people are being beaten to death because they are too sick to build roads for the construction of a gas pipeline, mandated by multinational corporations, in which Pitzer has invested funds that you paid to it in the form of tuition. Is it horrifying that such things are happening at all, let alone linked to us, mere college kids?

Of course, Pitzer is invested in a host of other questionable firms, such as:

- General Electric (manufactures triggers for nuclear warheads)
- Motorola (provides microchips for anti-personnel landmines)
- Chevron, Exxon, USX Corporation (members, Global Climate Coalition, a group lobbying to stall action on reducing greenhouse gas emissions)
- Proctor and Gamble (vivisection)
- Royal Dutch Petroleum/Shell (disastrous oil drilling in Nigeria has polluted water and farmland of the Ogoni people, who were attacked by the Shell-funded military for protesting)

Do you like that? Would you have it another way if you could?

In the Pitzer Catalogue 1999-2000, under the heading of Educational Objectives, it states: **"by undertaking social responsibility and by examining the ethical implications of the issues they explore, students learn to evaluate the effects of actions and to take responsibility for making the world we live in a better place...throughout and beyond their**

undergraduate careers".

That's very interesting. Built into the educational architecture of our college is the requirement that we consider the processes and structures of which we're a part, to consider how our actions implicate us in effects further down the road.

In light of this, the Pitzer Divestment Committee, an offshoot of the Ecology Center, is working to remind students that our college spends money in certain ways, and that we could make our college represent social responsibility with its financial power.

Working with the Board of Trustees, which is responsible for managing the college's endowment, we aim to shift their investment policy away from unconscious support for irresponsible corporations, towards using their stockholder power to influence corporate practice, and finally divest completely from firms that refuse to clean up their act. This is called Socially Responsible Investment (SRI), wherein managers of SRI funds screen potential corporations according to key principles such as: **Environment, Labor, Equity, Disclosure, Human Rights, Indigenous Peoples' Rights, Safe and Beneficial Products, and Animal Welfare.**

For instance, they would seek companies with positive programs, such as pollution prevention and resource conservation, and avoid companies that are major polluters, have consistent compliance problems, or use nuclear power.

We are involved with the Student Alliance for Corporate Reform (StARC), a nationwide movement with over 50 member universities, which aims to unify student demands for responsible investment into a strong voice, backed by the power of numbers. In terms of shareholder activism, this power could take the form of a list of demands, signed by college officials, presented to the decision-makers at (Your Favorite Socially Irresponsible Corporation's name here).

The beauty of this campaign is that it addresses the various issues that concern the spectrum of campus groups...you address the environmental degradation, human rights abuse, labor relations and violations, etc. This is an opportunity for superficially unconnected groups to take a collective stand!

Be on the lookout for kids walking around with petitions. By signing on, your name will be delivered to the Pitzer Board of Trustees as a student calling on them to **'evaluate the effects of actions and to take responsibility for making the world we live in a better place'**. Tell other kids about it, increase awareness about where our tuition is going, and generate the demand that Pitzer College live up to its ideals!

to get more involved, contact:

- bschoeck@pitzer.edu
- sjudelma@pitzer.edu

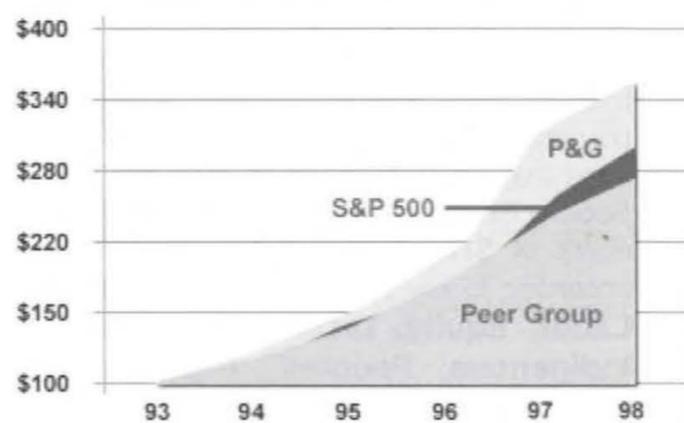
91528910	496794 UNOCAL CORP
91529Y10	436039 UNIMPROVIDENT CORP
91273H10	942732 US WEST COMMUNICATIONS GROUP
91190510	134841 USAIR GROUP INC
90291110	321400 UST INC
90290582	633332 USX-MARATHON GROUP
90337T10	231817 USX-US STEEL GROUP
91820410	218668 VF CORP
92552430	1282641 VIACOM INC NON VOTING CL B
92916010	177975 VULCAN MATERIALS CO
92977110	374365 WACHOVIA CORP
93142210	1859846 WALGREEN CO
93114210	8337860 WAL-MART STORES INC
93448810	1588221 WARNER-LAMBERT CO

EXXON CORP

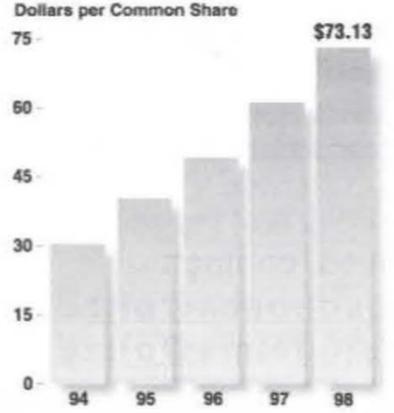
Oct 28, 1999



5 Year Total Shareholder Return



Year-End Stock Price



We bring good things to life.

General Electric Company and consolidated affiliates		
	1998	1997
<small>(Dollar amounts in millions; per-share amounts in dollars)</small>		
Revenues	\$100,469	\$90,840
Net earnings	9,296	8,203
Dividends declared	4,081	3,535
Per share		
Net earnings	2.80	2.46
Dividends declared	1.25	1.08
GE ongoing operating margin rate (a)	16.7%	15.7%

“ It is our policy to continue pushing the envelope when it comes to developing, validating and using new alternative test methods, so we can reduce our need to do animal testing and we hope, someday to eliminate it. ”



John E. Pepper
Chairman, Procter & Gamble Co.

Hey kids --- have you seen this?

DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR TUITION IS GOING?

As Pitzer College students, we are part of an institution that has a historical commitment to "social responsibility". In the college course catalogue, under the heading of Educational Objectives, it states:

"by undertaking social responsibility and by examining the ethical implications of the issues they explore, students learn to evaluate the effects of actions and to take responsibility for making the world we live in a better place...throughout and beyond their undergraduate careers".

HERE IS KNOWLEDGE: Pitzer's Board of Trustees sets the policy by which OUR tuition is partially invested in the stock market. Holding stock in a corporation shows market support for its business practices and activities. BUT, since the corporate track record is rife with abuses of humans and our environment, we should be sure that our school's investments truly reflect OUR values and avoid such abuses.

As such, the Pitzer Divestment Committee is calling on the Board of Trustees to screen corporate investment according to key principles of social responsibility, such as: Environment, Labor, Equity, Disclosure, Human Rights, Indigenous Peoples' Rights, Safe and Beneficial Products, and Animal Welfare.

In doing so, we align with the Student Alliance to Reform Corporations (StARC), a grassroots student movement seeking to stop corporations' abuses of power at over 50 campuses nationwide—and growing. This campaign for Socially Responsible Investing (SRI) is based on utilizing OUR college investments to influence corporate policy, and offering SRI alternatives with comparable rates of return.

So sign this petition and send a STRONG message to the Pitzer Trustees that you want their investment policy to reflect our values of social responsibility!!!

"WE, the undersigned Pitzer College students, call on our Board of Trustees to 'evaluate the effects of actions and to take responsibility for making the world we live in a better place'; reconsider the implications of its investments; and act on this by adhering to principles of Socially Responsible Investing."

NAME (printed) SIGNATURE YEAR EMAIL

hell, why don't you clip and save this! if your down with this petition, then why don't you attach your name to the bottom and send it to Pitzer box #823. thanks, and remember that as students, we all have a say in what happens here.

Well then, take a look at this!



Photographs by Megan Ogle

Still Grieving

It's coming back
 Two years later
 I thought it had all passed
 But I guess I was wrong
 I feel the strong need to cry
 To pour my heart out
 To let the tears just pour and pour
 But I can't
 No matter how badly there is a need for me to just cry
 I am unable to
 It hurts so badly inside
 I feel as if my heart is breaking
 It is cracking slowly slowly
 Soon it will deteriorate
 I feel as if I can't breathe
 How am I to go on?
 My grandfather left me in 7th grade
 My two beloved cousins were taken away by Muscular Dystrophy
 My brother almost drowned
 And then caught hypothermia
 And then my sister
 Oh dear Mira
 She was such a little child
 To go through so much
 To almost die
 To have everything collapse
 To go through such trauma
 I almost lost her
 My whole view on life has changed
 "What next?"
 I say to myself
 "Tell me, who's next?"
 Will it be beloved Shweta, Mira's twin?
 Or will it be Papa
 Will it be Mummy?
 Or will it be me?
 Will I really lose my beloved sister next time?
 And these visions
 These horrible visions
 They scare me to death
 The spirits are there
 And they send a sign
 I get the vision
 And my poor sister complains of pain
 So soon after the vision
 Who's next?
 I scream
 With tears rolling down my face
 I throw myself on my bed
 And bury my small trembling hands
 Into my wet tearful face

And sob
 "Who is it going to be this time?"
 I wipe my tears
 I so badly need to talk to someone
 But I can't
 I can't tell my family
 They have enough to worry about
 And I love them more than life itself
 I softly feel my best friend's picture
 And cry
 Wanting for him to just hold me
 And tell me everything will be alright
 But I don't want him to feel sad too
 He's too special
 My heart beats faster and faster
 And I feel a big burst of pain
 Like it's going to explode any minute
 I shut my eyes
 And slowly open them
 Run outside
 I just run and run
 My shoes make a quiet sound as they hit the freshly fallen snow
 I run
 I run from the cold
 I run from my emotions
 I run from life
 And every step wipe my tears
 My heart thumps louder and louder
 It can't keep up
 And I fall over
 In the ice—cold snow
 And just lay there
 Sounds of feet running through the snow
 But I don't move
 They stop
 "Meghi!"
 He leans down and carries me to his room
 I'm pale
 White as that snow out there
 He feels my face
 Softly, Gently
 And holds me in his arms
 Color starts to return to my face
 I manage to look into his eyes and tears roll down my face
 And he holds me in his arms
 Kisses me softly
 And whispers "Everything is going to be alright"
 He touches my face, kisses me, puts his arm tenderly around me, and we walk out in the snow
 Hand in hand

By: Meghavi Shah

Trusting

"Integrity"

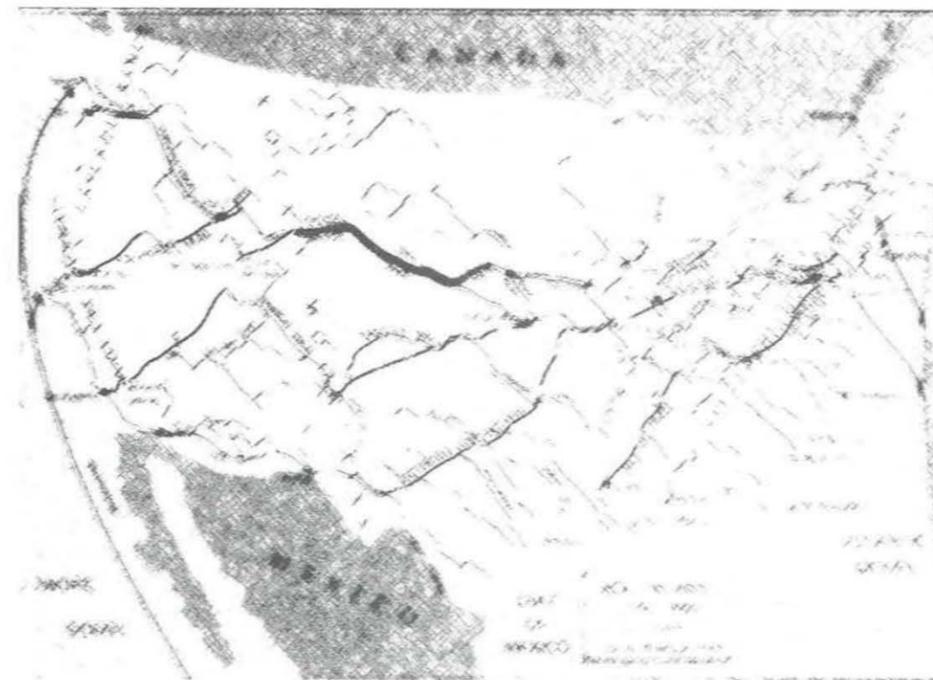
Mr. Tsebrevi Lo submits to T.O.S.(when in Rome rant like a gloomy Roman)

I found her by the side of the road,
Discarded & Unloved.
She was what was to become of me.
She was all the potential I'd ever had,
red, scarred derailed.
Everything that I liked about her was gone.
And from her skull I pulled the best
of my good intention,
held it close to my heart
and against my thick sternum I pushed her.
For all she was worth, I pushed
and I felt every bone in my chest
push her back.
Kept away from not a heart,
beating with life, but a mirror.
A reflection of a heart,
the reflection was mine,
two dimensional.
The illusion was mine but not the heart.
Behind the mirror, ill will, it has kept
my beautiful dreams hidden.
It has put me by the side of the road
pounding an empty fist
against a hollowed chest.

*During hurricanes
wind and rain paste
soft wet leaves to the windows
making the whole house dark.
The boats still tied up
with strong sailors' knots
full of sand and water,
sometimes crabs.*

*Do you want me to
hold you like that,
my heart all wrapped up
in this thing like old rope?*

*And I say, looking at you straight eyed,
I'm just going to love you
like all those things.
and in the morning,
we'll peel off the leaves,
collect things that washed
ashore during the storm.
Everything smelling
like salt, like turned earth.*



by
Mona
Ausubel

What is the WTO?

Stefan Judelman

The World Trade Organization is a four-year-old supra-national body created to govern the growing field of world trade. Established to promote economic growth through the implementation of the principles of free trade (sounds harmless enough), the WTO has established a set of global trade and commerce rules empowering large, multi-national corporations at the expense of citizens and their governments. It has passed laws that effectively make corporations, organizations that are motivated by profit, more powerful than governments, organizations that were created by and for the people. The World Trade Organization currently has 134 member countries, including all "major" world economies except China. That is part of the reason why the U.S. has been so nice to China lately, giving them most favored nation status and over-looking their continued abuse of human-rights. The WTO gains its authority when a nation's legislature votes to accept the WTO charter. This charter binds the nation to a series of conditions that must be

When the U.S. Senate voted on joining, Ralph Nader offered 10,000 dollars to any Senator who could sign a pledge stating they had read the agreement and answer ten questions about what it said. No one answered the challenge.

adhered to and a long list of rules that must be followed. The 500 page document is a formidable reading assignment, but the consequences of joining are not to be taken lightly. The WTO employs dispute-settling boards, judicial councils whose members are often drawn from the corporate world and protected by anonymity, that can overturn legislation governments have passed protecting labor rights, the environment or public health, if they are deemed as threatening to a companies ability to sustain economic growth. WTO court has already declared several environmental laws in the US illegal at the bequest of foreign corporations. These include the Marine Mammal Protection Act, The US Clean Air Act and certain provisions in the Endangered Species Act. There is no appeal process! When the U.S. Senate voted on joining, Ralph Nader offered 10,000 dollars to any Senator who could sign a pledge stating they had read the agreement and answer ten questions about what it said. No one answered the challenge. Only one senator, Hank Brown from Colorado, after hearing about Naders offer, then read the document and changed his vote from yes to no. Consider that when the Japanese Diet (legislature) voted on their nation's membership, the 500-page "treaty" was not translat-

ed into Japanese until the day before the vote.

Democracy? I think not.

This undemocratic institution is a threat even to local citizen action. The state of Massachusetts passed a selective purchasing law, effectively prohibiting business relations with companies that operate in Burma due to the continual abuses of labor there and the Burmese government's blindness, even participation, in those injustices. The EU and Japan are now taking the state of Massachusetts to WTO court, alleging the Massachusetts law violates the WTO agreement because it "allows the award of contracts to be based on political instead of economic considerations." This is an example of the tremendous power the WTO has assumed, yet most people know nothing about it. The WTO can strike down legislation that citizen's call for, yet they themselves are accountable to no one. Purchasing power is one of the few tools citizens have in affecting the world today, yet the WTO

and other corporate organization within the U.S., like USA Engage and the National Foreign Trade Council, are seizing this power from the citizens by restricting our governments ability to make policies that accord with citizen values.

The grievances go on and on, and the worst aspects of this experiment in free trade, is that the countries with the most to lose are those most excluded from the policymaking in the trade body. Those countries

are, predictably, the nations of the Third World. In the name of free trade, the WTO opens up the borders of a less-developed nation to the heavily industrialized multi-national corporations that dominate the developed world. A country is forbidden from favoring companies from within its own borders, or even applying tariffs on foreign companies. This is a serious threat to state sovereignty and less developed countries' (LDC) hopes for escaping economic dependency. It means local products made by small-scale production within a third world country are now to be thrust into competition with the same product mass-produced in a factory by a multi-national. In the name of fair trade and cheaper prices for the consumer, industries starting up in LDC's are open to predatory marketing by larger companies from "economies of scale." To counter those newly imposed economic barriers to "development," the WTO offers the argument of "comparative advantage." This is based on the view that the less-developed nations hold an advantage over their industrialized counterparts in the production of certain goods. Their labor is cheap, and there are few environmental regulations governing industrial production, pollution etc. Through acts like the Multi-lateral Agreement on Investment, MAI, companies will be allowed to move their capital (factories) to the country in

the world with the lowest wages, and the least regulation (labor or environmental protection laws). While supposedly bringing jobs to countries that don't presently have them, this actually encourages a downward spiraling of wages and work standards, a "race to the bottom." In this scenario the elite leaders of LDC's are ignoring the pleas of their workers, animals, plants and land in order to attract investment from multi-national corporations that care only about profit. Under the MAI, countries are also forbidden from requiring foreign companies to provide social programming and the company is free to leave when the wages start to rise, or standards are enacted. The effects of this are felt and will continue to be felt by all the workers of the world, as American workers are now competing against the labor of people whose devalued local currencies attract American companies which can pay them only a \$1.50 a day. These policies have already attracted the wrath of American unions, due to the continued cutting of jobs in our industry due to foreign competition.

What do the people have to say about all this?

There is a growing international backlash against the WTO and the process of corporate globalization for whom it acts. The far-reaching implications of WTO policy has managed to unite a wide range of people upset, unsatisfied or unemployed by its disregard for the social and environmental well-being of the people and places of the world. Unions, environmentalists, churches, community activists and even the far right are aligning to fight the continual threat the WTO poses to public health and safety laws, environmental protections, human rights, workers rights and national sovereignty. Un-elected, secretive and unaccountable, the WTO is perhaps the greatest threat to democracy and economic justice in our time. From November 29-December 3rd, the WTO will hold its first ever meeting on U.S. soil. There they will try to pass numerous legislation furthering the interests of Big Business, and overlooking the needs and benefits of the PEOPLE. Included in this are a Global Free Logging Agreement, a new version of MAI (defeated last year due to enormous citizen outcry) and laws furthering the intellectual property rights of biotechnology companies over the people and plants of the world. From November 25-December 3rd, Seattle will also be the site of perhaps the biggest public protest since the Vietnam War. An enormous coalition is assembling, a group that will include people from all over the world, united in opposition to

this one organization. All sentient beings would come, but only us humans have the brainpower to recognize the WTO for what it is and the ability to act on it. Stopping the WTO is a pretty idealistic goal, so there is a core list of demands that activists from around the world have decided on delivering to the WTO. It demands a stop to the passage of further free trade legislation without first investigating the effects of what the WTO has already passed. Not a very radical demand, only that this new organization check in with the people living

under its policies before they put more laws on the books. The WTO doesn't have to fall, it just needs some mechanism to check itself. Currently there is nothing "above" them so its up to those below them to give that message. For those of us unable to tell it to them in Seattle, November 30th is an International Day of Action against the WTO. Find out about what's happening in your area, or campus, or make something happen with a group of fellow humans. Take time to educate yourself and your friends about something in this world that actually means something. The WTO is a highly "affective" organization. Isn't it odd that

Through acts like the Multi-lateral Agreement on Investment, companies will be allowed to move their capital (factories) to the country in the world with the lowest wages, and the least regulation (labor or environmental protection laws). While supposedly bringing jobs to countries that don't presently have them, this actually encourages a downward spiraling of wages and work standards, a "race to the bottom."

you had never heard of it? Isn't it time we did something to stop it?

To find out more, there are several places you can go. Ask your professors about it in class. Don't be surprised if they are in favor of it. Find out why they think it's good, then ask yourself what they considered as good, and who they saw as benefiting. On November 16-18 there will be a series of speakers and forums about the WTO at Pitzer and at Scripps. Look for fliers. In the meantime, there are a number of web-sites with very good descriptions of the WTO and resistance to it:

- www.tradewatch.org
- www.seattle99.org
- www.southbound.com
- www.twinside.org
- www.ifg.org

Or give me a call to get down with the resistance here at Pitzer. We are forming a group that will meet on Wednesday nights at 9 pm in the Grove House. You can help plan our day of Action, organize the teach-in, or help co-ordinate a film series. Call me, Stefan, at 625.9909 to find out more.

It was the middle of Indian Summer and, as usual, Edgar Allen was out and about on the suburban sidewalks of Locust Valley. Every day he thought about the other side of the street, the uncharted territory, the new cracks in the pavement but being the domesticated feline that he was, he feared the mighty demons of the Highway Transport System. Contrary to popular belief, unlike the dying breed of squirrel that absurdly dashes across these vast plains of death to meet their untimely demise, the hausfeline is endowed with common sense and understands death. However, when limited to the confines of just one suburban block said feline often finds himself senselessly cynical for want of sensible stimulation. See, nothing on the old block excited poor Edgar anymore. The days and nights got longer and all he could do was tread the same pathways over and over and over again. Chase the same mice, except for those that already had perished at his paws, fight the same alley cat, avoid the same dog and rummage through the same old garbage cans.

tar, steamy like a mirage, made by man, separated into two lanes by an endless procession of yellow streaks was all that kept Edgar from Shangri La. His pupils were dilated, his nose and mouth were adorned in a white, bubbly, froth and his tongue dangled limply from the side of his mouth, fiery and red. Lunacy and frustration had finally consumed him. His nerves and muscles were wound up like a mattress coil ready to launch a projectile clear across the country. And then, in a cloud of dust, he was off like a prom dress. His eyes were wide open: looking neither to the left nor the right but locked straight ahead in a warped sort of tunnel vision he propelled himself across the H.T.S.

The final lunge was all that was left between him and his destiny. Frazzeled and bedazzled, he hit the ground with a fair thud, legs sprawled in all four directions face first, belly flat. He had done it! He had seized the day and was amazed at the ease with which he completed the task. Not a single demon had come close to him or even crossed his path. He was scar free.

**I have no name without many a nom de plume.
As pseudo as pseudonyms go here are two.**

Title: Edgar Allen
Author: Oswald Boetang

By now, our listless Edgar could not take it any more. He had officially gone stir crazy and all the other pets in the neighborhood knew it too. They avoided him at all costs, keeping tabs on his general locale and avoiding such quarantined zones with admirable diligence. Everyone, even his owner, began to question the sanity of this poor kitty as he would roll around on the hot concrete foaming from his mouth as mucus ebbed from his nose while twitching violently and shedding his short black hair.

Edgar understood everything. He peeled himself of his favorite patch of cement and began to get that old look in his eyes again. Self loathing and foul morning breath were the indelible marks of his physical and mental atrophy. He understood....He had to do something new before the day was done or it would be the end of him.

In his periphery, lay his destiny. Covered in fresh

In this new patch of grass Edgar exalted and began to think about all the years of wondering and wives tails about the forbidden H.T.S. and how he, Edgar Allen, was sitting right there on the other side of the world.

For absolutely no reason at all he darted back to the other side of the street. Once again he was still perfectly in tact. Penitently he recalled his original purpose and respectively dashed back to the parallel sidewalk when in mid leap, out of nowhere came a V-6, twin cam, fiery red phantasm of Hell.

At least Edgar didn't have time to feel his internal organs burst through the soft of his belly onto the tar or to feel the breaking of every little bone in his body. The novelty of the situation had worn off for poor Edgar Allen, and if anything, the moral of this story would have to be that nothing feels quite like the last time.

The Story of Four China Explorers (whose end, though not included in this adaptation, is slightly more optimistic than foreshadowed here)

by Ba Na Rong

It was her birthday today. She laid her weary body down on the bed, hardly finding room amongst her mess of postcards, clothes, paper pieces, and other unnecessary items. The space in front of her eyes was dark as the natural light from outside her room was already dimming. She felt lazy, having already slept for 3 hours during the afternoon; no crane's song was about to get her out of that sun warming slumber. Last night she spent her thirty kuai and the drunken generosity of her friend's two beer donations on a night of dancing to whatever oldies and rap music that flowed from the DJ's fingertips. It worked well. She wasn't getting along that well with the other girls, so a night of drunken stupor amongst three-month old strangers was worth whatever taxi money and bitter words shared the previous ten days to at least get up to this point of group camaraderie, no matter how long it lasted. They had been in Yunnan Province, and apart from the comfort found in the humidity in the tropical sunshine in Xishuangbanna which formed sweat drops down her glass of pineapple juice and down the soft hairs in the middle of her breasts, her tension the group rose to the highest level of impatience, and ultimate fed-upness. Why must she challenge herself when the challenge isn't worth its consequences? She had learned to ingrain the bitter habits learned from the anti-group mentality and everyone's resentment in compromising their individual missions for the sake of another's. She had become jaded because of it, and she was fed-up.

Fed up for being left in the corner bakery waiting for her change as the rest of the group wondered off, still during their first week orientation in the confusing maze of the Yuyuan garden during the lantern festival. In Beijing, she had to maintain one eye glued in the opposite 90 direction as the other eye was pushed up against the glass housing remnants of the Emperor and Empresses bed chamber in the Forbidden City, in order not lose them when they wondered off, half-happily glancing at her Chinese toys, half-happily. In Yunnan, this happened on a bike excursion. The

scenery was plain, even so she didn't want to race through her tour of Ganlanba, and as usual, the other girls weren't interested in taking in the peaceful surrounding with an easy stroll on the bike, as it had been in the Great Wall, through the Forbidden City and down all the prayer kissed steps coming down from the one temple in Putuoshan Island. It was sort of a pilgrimage at Putuoshan, and that will always be her personal trip, without having to think about anyone else, even if it may have been like ignoring an elephant in the middle of a room she was in. In Ganlanba, when she couldn't even see them racing far in the distant horizon, both the worthlessness of the 10 kuai used to rent the bike and the \$15,000 spent for China became exponentially more vivid upon the miles and miles of green grass to her sides and rickety rickety sound of her rusty tin bicycle. And she peddled faster, realizing she had no option but to go ahead, hoping that the small whiteness in the distance was a blur of their straw hats flying in the wind.

Hers was hanging on the back of her neck as the strap had loosened, and though its grip constantly tightened on her neck, she couldn't afford to stop and fix it or else she would lose the small white blur, and be left with only the chickens and bicycle carts. She came up to them appearing calmly, to her best effort, with the sweat gently pushing its way down her grim forehead and found them taking pictures of a scenery whose beauty she could not see through the dizziness of her sounding head and pounding eyes.

It wouldn't always be like this. She would dance from one side of Shanghai to the other through the bus system, and the rain on her bike, making friends with the vendors, and taking the initiative. But standing there is that grassy field after two hours of something other than what she was looking for, she see their giddy white smiles and cameras, their unaffected attitudes stemming from their ever stable source of selfishness, and she asks them, "So whose idea was it to take us out through fucking farmland, huh?" They had three weeks left in the program at that point.

We leave
our planet
when it's falling.
Hey, it's pregnant!
The kick inside
hits China.
Beasts humans ants frogs
say we're so wild
at heart.
We see the last man
decaying away
back into the time
when love
had no name.
Moon.
Wet the moon
with your blood,
one of us says,
and see how your love
unholy vapors out.
I meet
this female winter.
She lights candles
to make moonlight
before she freezes
the conversation
on this French
black and white movie.
The last scene.
A girl stabs herself
with scissors.
A boy slips



on her moonlit blood.
The sound of cold shower
fills the screen
in summer.
Silence.
Credit title.
I wonder
what she would look like
in this movie.
She is staring at me
in the mirror
saying nothing
as if I was
her unborn son.
I pretend
not to notice it.
Then we see
the blue planet,
where
we were born,
and our past.
We could be together,
I say.
Venus.
is her name.
She sits
on my confidence
and shows
how the black hair sways.
On Venus
there's no night.
I want to love her
in my darkness.
But she never



comes back
from Hollywood.
Mercury.
is a cafe.
She shows up
in her red pajamas.
She salts
the spit
of junky ravers
sucking pacifiers.
And I spit
on the salt
of her deflowered
virginity.
Sun.
We are driving
into the burning zero.
Mother, father,
God know
that love
loves me in it
and she is not
a whore.
Drive on
with my music
till we're not
us any more.
The last thing
I remember
is the fire
of her melancholy
cumming on
my chest.



words and photos
by
Kentaro Yamauchi

Blues once killed me in her magic spell

Blues once killed me in her magic spell
and I didn't even know
Blues once killed me in her magic spell
and, God, I didn't even know

She left her nightcoconut in my Lucifer
and I failed to see the doctor in slow motion
She left her nightcoconut in my cuddly Lucifer
and I failed to make love to its redness

She once told me who ate Marilyn
and she was Marilyn
She once told me who buried Marilyn
and she was Marilyn herself

Someday I say
Kill me deadly and she won't
Someday I say
Kill me deadly and oh no, she won't



Slowly absconding to the depths of the horizon
 The Sun died to a wash of blinding gold.
 I watched as the
 Shadows of dusk crept upon earth,
 Swallowing up the entire sky.

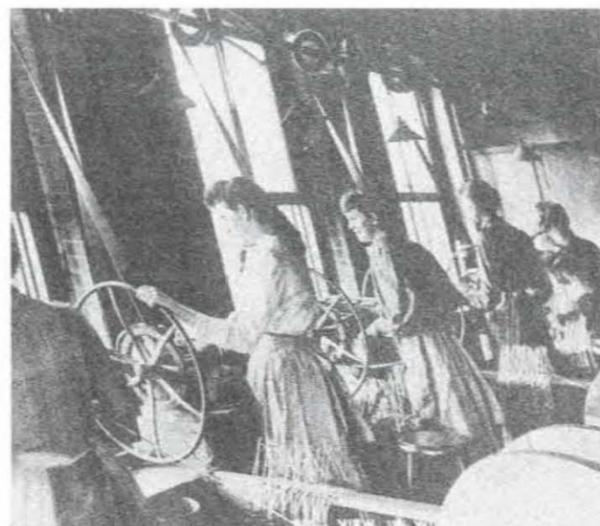
From afar, gongs and drums
 Beat incessantly to a strange rhythm.
 pounding, beating, pounding, beating,
 Taking the feverish rhythm to a seemingly unreachable climax--
 Almost as if this was an attempt
 To drown the eerie nocturnal stillness

A wave of fear swept over me.
 Disguised as panic,
 Melancholy filled my heart.
 Left alone in this moonless,
 Limitless stretch of utter darkness,
 I await

In my solitude, I hear my own spirit
 Whispering my name, calling unto me softly.
 Acknowledging the questions seeping into my head,
 My mind gained consciousness of my own being.
 Confusion that I had once known started to wane.
 Fear that had once thrived in my heart began to subside.

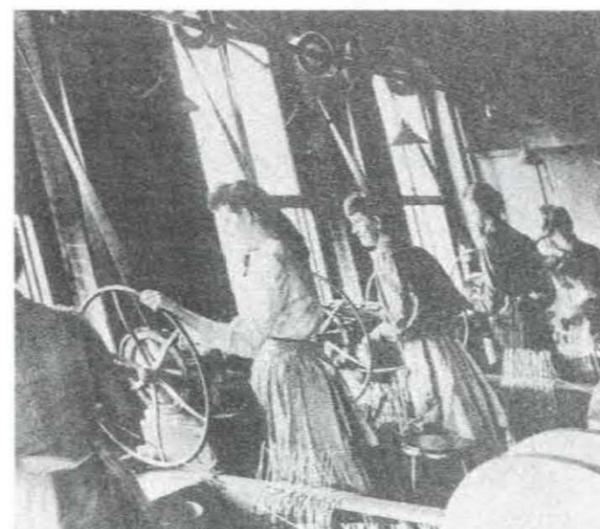
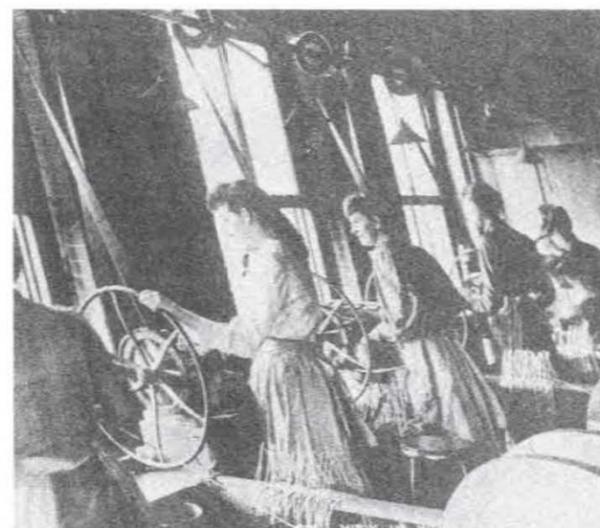
Amidst the cacophony of drum beatings
 And dissonant sounds,
 Silence descended upon me--
 Plunging into my very core,
 Seizing my soul but all at once releasing it.

In this profound moment of paradox,
 A revelation dawned upon me.
 This unfamiliar sense of blissful serenity
 Has put an end to my agonizing search.
 Reunited with my lost spirit,
 I may rest.
 Finally, I am at peace.



Stolichnaya by the Sill

by Chelsie



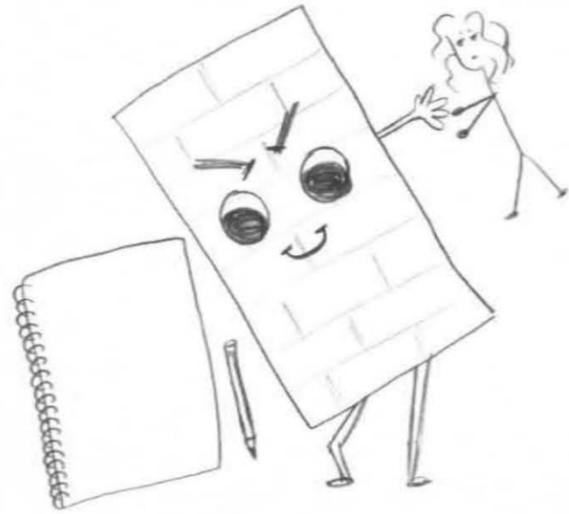
what a trip

by Leslie Colip

One day,(in a daze) I visited Germany;
 I went to the Berlin Wall
 To chip off a piece
 to keep
 and the whole thing fell
 on my head.



I sit
 with pencil in hand
 Headache massive in brain
 and writer's block
 so many emotions
 dying to make their way
 splurge out
 and yet
 this feels so impossible
 right now
 get out!
 I tell them
 How do you feel?
 I ask.
 But they continue
 to baffle me
 with either too little
 or too much
 all at once
 I cannot work with this
 this nonsense
 lost
 trapped
 Happy
 sad
 alone
 surrounded
 ow! I hate this headache!
 Maybe
 it's just my time
 yes
 it's time
 to go to sleep



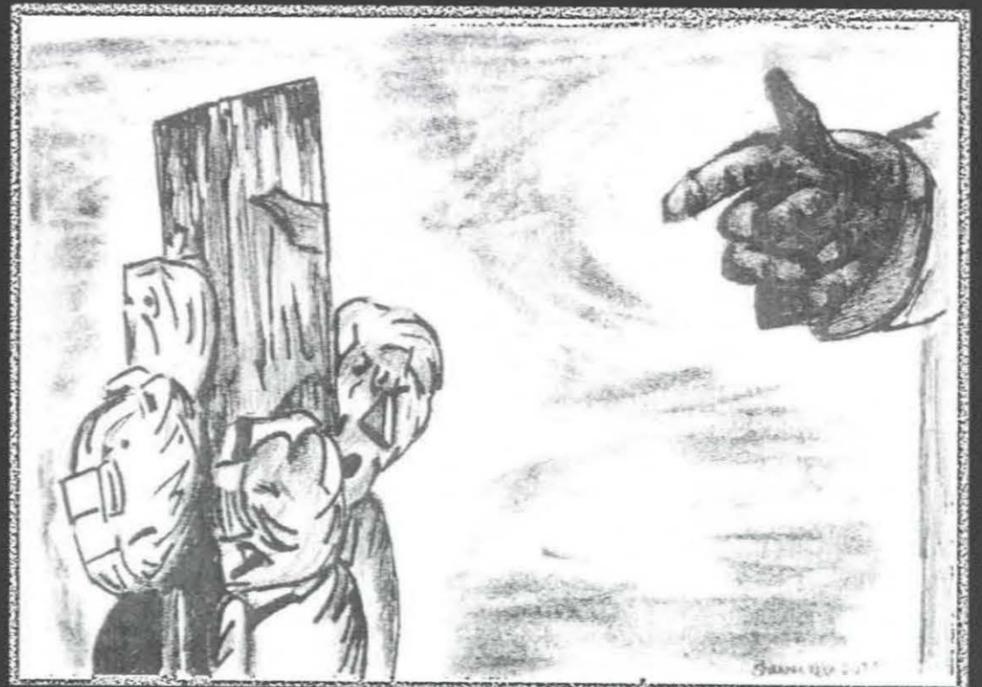
- ALMA DUMITRU
 100499
 12:01AM

There is a story in there, she said,
 pointing inside of herself.
 There is a story in there
 that rests its body across the floor of my heart.
 It lives and it breathes and it curls up and slips away
 to that quiet place of safety,
 rising and falling against the red interior.
 But sometimes, she said,
 sometimes it stands up and shouts -

LET ME LIVE OR I WILL HURT YOU UNTIL YOU BREAK.

Then I don't feel like dancing anymore, she said.
 And then she realized that no one was listening.

shannon welch



My great grandfather used to tell me stories of Sunday drives, when he could cruise the countryside without fear of being pulled over by the police. "Those were the good old days," he would say, in between

throughout modern history by private investigator teams (Starsky and Hutch, Simon and Simon) and Vietnam veterans pursued for crimes they did not commit, but in no other area have ramps been utilized as effectively as they

A Valuable Lesson in Stickin' it to the Man

clearing the phlegm so many of our senior citizens are affected by out his wrinkled lungs. "Back then we could drive around at ten miles above the speed limit and there would be no repercussions. Nowadays you can't even perform a U-turn on the freeway without being stopped by the law." Those words hit home last Thursday when I was pulled over in our very own picturesque city of Claremont, (Yes my friends, it can happen here too), by the Claremont Police Department (CPD). My crime was travelling at ten miles above the ridiculously slow speed limit. The fact that I was pulled over in front of the merry revelers on the porch of the Harrison House added to my pain.** Although I managed to talk myself out of a ticket, I couldn't help but think of what might have been had I been a P.A.C.E. student, and been unable to kiss ass so eloquently.

This terrible event led to many sleepless nights, where I tossed and turned in bed trying to come up with a solution to this problem that had caused my friends and I so much strife. The answer finally came to me through the airwaves of The Nashville Network, (TNN). I was watching the wonderful documentary series The Dukes of Hazzard, which follows the day-to-day exploits of two good ol' boys, Bo and Luke Duke. It dawned on me that these two free souls suffered from the same problem that I did, except that while they "have been in trouble with the law since the day they wuz born", I had only begun my



have been in Hazzard County. By using ramps strategically hidden behind bails of hay and other such items commonly found in the surrounding area, the Duke boys would evade the police. While they jumped away out of harm's way the hapless Sheriff and his deputy would crash into a tree or land in a conveniently placed body of water. The added benefit of this system is that no one gets hurt and all that is damaged are the police cars and a little bit of police pride.

With the addition of ramps at key points around Claremont, evading the police would be much easier for good people like you and I. I propose to start a trial period for ramps in Claremont with a few initially placed at several important junctions, such as the new round-about on Bonita and Indian Hill. This stretch of road would not only provide easy access to the ramp but would allow for a dramatic jump over the roundabout itself. If preliminary data is to our liking then the City can begin the awesome undertaking of adding more ramps to the streets. If all goes well I foresee ramp saturation in Claremont by the year 2010, when finally the roads will belong to the civilians again.

In order for my plan to succeed I need your help. We must bring the bill to the Claremont City Council before the upcoming elections, and so we must mobilize quickly. Please think of clever slogans such as, HELL NO WE WANT RAMPS, UP WITH RAMPS or my personal favorite,

Nazar Altun

days of outlawhood. Why was it that they could get away from the Hazzard County Sheriffs Department when I couldn't even drive around Claremont without being apprehended by the CPD? Upon closer inspection of the series I realized what it was that the City of Claremont needed. More ramps!

Webster's New Universal Dictionary contains the following definition of the word ramp. "ramp, n. any sloping roadway or passage used to outmaneuver and confound police who might be chasing you at the time." Ramps have been used

YOU CAN'T SPELL CRAMPS WITHOUT RAMPS, to let the public hear our cause. It is only by following Hazzard County's pioneering example that we will end the injustice faced by motorists in Claremont. If the project succeeds here at home then I am sure it will spread like wildfire across the Nation and possibly to rampless societies around the world. My dream is that the world will once more be safe for good ol' boys, great grandfathers and P.A.C.E. students everywhere.

Once I got in a fight with another girl. It was fourth grade and we sort of pulled each others hair and scratched and hit each other. I think I got a bloody nose or something. Nothing too serious. We got sent to the principal's office but didn't really get in that much trouble and I think we were friends by the next week.

It hurt to have my hair pulled, but I forgot about it as soon as it was over.

When I was fourteen I fell in love. He was older, a tough guy with a jail record, but yeah I thought he was so sweet to me. When he kissed me his tongue was like a knife and I thought he would take all my air and leave me choking on my own blood. once I teased him about something, as lovers often do, and as soon as were alone I was thrown in a corner with his hands around my neck and a threat to keep my mouth shut and a kiss to make it all better. I walked back in the room holding his hand and smiling, but I left my dignity and pride in the corner. There was a cold brick wall outside one night in november and I'll never forget what the moon looks like from the trees above that spot. Its not what you think. None of you would know how this feels. None of you could possibly know...

It hurt to have my hair pulled, but this time I won't forget...

- Anonymous

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It hurt to have my hair pulled, but this time I won't forget...

You know...
 The other day I wanted to read Tolstoy,
 But to read I would have to admit that I have no patience to read a novel of such volume,
 I am, after all, just another ADD case kid,
 And really are we not all just a bunch of ADD kids,
 Because really...
 Even if you were never afflicted by this excuse of poor parenting,
 If you are told enough times that you are,
 Then you might as well be,
 One big lie,
 So if I am just some ADD kid,
 Then so are all of you,
 And so if you are all ADD kids too,
 Then all of the next generation is going to ADD cases multiplied,
 So these new kids will be twice as short for attention,
 So if I understand this ADD stuff,
 And as I have been told,
 Then my kid is not going to be able to sit in one place long enough to read a damn thing that I will have written,
 So let us just suppose that I am the man,
 The man who is going to write the new great American novel,
 The story told in the method by which all other stories will be judged for centuries,
 But realistically that could never even happen if I am on this supposed ADD trip,
 Wellso I am told anyway,
 But let us just imagine for a moment
 The briefest of moments so as not to waste what valuable attention I may receive from you,
 Let us say I pull my collective creativeness together for the duration of a couple of months,
 The shorter months,
 Working night and day...mind you,
 And I am going to create this novel,
 But in the end what is the point
 My kid will not be able to sit still for the first thirty pages of text without getting bored,
 Then again,
 Maybe our standards as a collective have lowered,
 Lowered to the point that my greatest workthat by which all future works are compared...
 Is nothing more than over-published and under-read gibberish,
 So then perhaps my kid is not to blame,
 Not to blame for being born with ADD,
 It would be my fault for having him,
 So maybe I just stopped writing well...
 But no one was paying attention long enough to tell me.

My Full Deck Except Missing Three Kings and That Two

fb ellsworth



Whatever Happened to Iraq?

Did you know that right now the US, your government, is bombing a sovereign nation? That's right. Iraq. The bad guys. We are still bombing them. Right now. That my friends is called war. But it is a controlled war. An intentionally silent war. The goal? Bomb Iraq until factions within Iraq realize that the US, and Britain too, are not going to give up, and consequently oust Saddam Hussein from power. So while I sit here typing this, and while you sit there reading this, and while millions of Americans drive to work, bombs are falling, people are dying, and Iraq, not Saddam Hussein, is dying.

As if the bombing weren't enough (its actually the least of it), the sanctions you my have heard of, that were put in place at the end of the Gulf War, are still in place, and completely destroying (murdering?) Iraq as a nation. Basic medical supplies and other essentials (for a complete list, go to www.nonviolence.org/vitw/) are being denied Iraq until Saddam Hussein steps down. Under these sanctions, it is definitely not Saddam who suffers. Voices in the Wilderness, an anti-sanctions activist group based in Chicago is dedicated to ending these sanctions. They have supported numerous aid trips to Iraq, and as a consequence, are criminals in the eyes of the US Justice Department. According to VitW, the sanctions have killed 1 million children; "the Iraqi government claims 4,000-5,000 deaths per month of children under 5. Even US Secretary of State Madeleine Albright does not contest how great the human damage has been, but has said, 'It's worth the price.'"¹

The US insists that it is trying to negotiate a peace, but the negotiation consist of trying to implement an even heavier inspection team (the bombing started afresh because the US claimed that Iraq wasn't cooperating with

the UN inspection teams). The old UN Special Commission would be replaced by a "larger, more generously funded body, the UN Commission for Inspection and Monitoring (UNCIM)" the "negotiations" in question state that Iraq be required to give UNCIM teams "immediate, unconditional and unrestricted access to any and all areas, facilities, equipment, records and means of transportation they may wish to inspect"; and that strict financial controls be maintained regarding Iraqi oil sales.²

Basically, the US is demanding that Iraq give up its rights as a sovereign nation and bow down to the US. Of course, Iraq, or Saddam Hussein will have nothing to do with this, so the bombing continues.

People argue over exactly why the US is so interested in ousting Saddam Hussein.

"There is one crime against humanity in this last decade of the millennium that exceeds all others in its magnitude, cruelty and portent. It is the US-forced sanctions against the twenty million people of Iraq... If the UN participates in such genocidal sanctions backed by the threat of military violence --and if the people of the world fail to prevent such conduct -- the violence, terror and human misery of the new millennium will exceed anything we have known."

--Ramsey Clark, former US Attorney General

Some hide behind his human rights abuses. Others argue that Iraq was the second (only to Isreal) most developed nation in the Mid East before the Gulf War, and thus seen as a threat by the US. These people would argue that this is the cause of the sanctions: to establish US superiority in the Mid East. Whatever the reason, it is not important. What matters is that while the US dilly dallies with the

by jonathan hedstrom

details of exactly how much it must break Iraq, people are dying. While the US is busy funding insurgency movements, and training opposition to Hussein, people are dying.

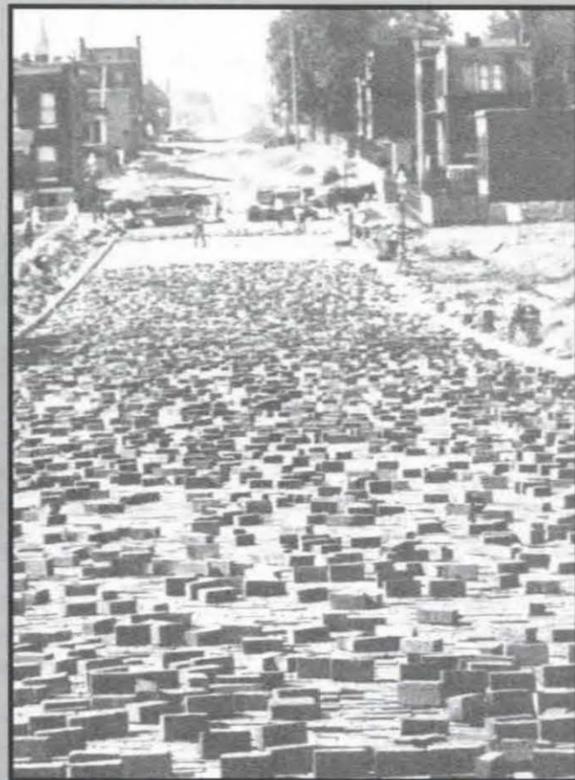
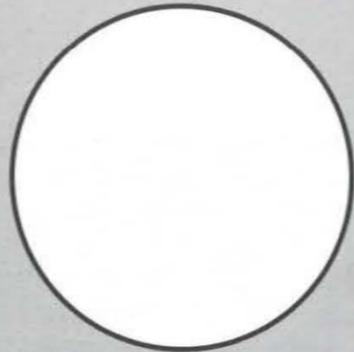
This article is at best, a poor summary of the events in Iraq, but I encourage you all to read up on the issue (Voices in the Wilderness has a very thorough website), and if you feel so inclined, let others know exactly what the US is doing in your name.

1. The Nation; March 22, 1999

2. The Nation; July 26, 1999

3. Voices in the Wilderness:

<http://www.nonviolence.org/vitw/>



The sun rose behind the earth that
 day-
 all the glittery pieces shattered to my
 toenails
 when you whispered my name.
 The dogs all barked
 and silenced in heartbeat-
 turning their eyes.
 The black sky suffocated the stars-
 with his stale wool glove.
 There I waited-
 Burying my whims with the thought
 of your toes making love to the sand-
 cold and solid under my heels-
 Hardened from treading into
 Nowhere-
 one too many times...
 I saw a baby chewing his carrot-
 I thought of your black eyes
 rolling around in your head
 somewhere-
 as we all were stretched across the
 moon-
 to kill his silent lullaby.

by
**Shannon
 Lemoine**

if you drool on a napkin
 and give it to
 us,
 we'll print it!

submit in the following ways:

- *Other Side office,
Gold Center
- *envelope in mailroom
- *email: otherside@pitzer.edu
- *Pitzer box #823
- *mental telepathy

Pear Nazbanoo - I read your
 article about being a target for
 water-balloon throwers. I think it is
 silly that you assumed they were
 unruly freshmen. I know who threw
 the balloons and they were not freshmen.