

Polycleitia sitting at the steps of the Parthenon

2006

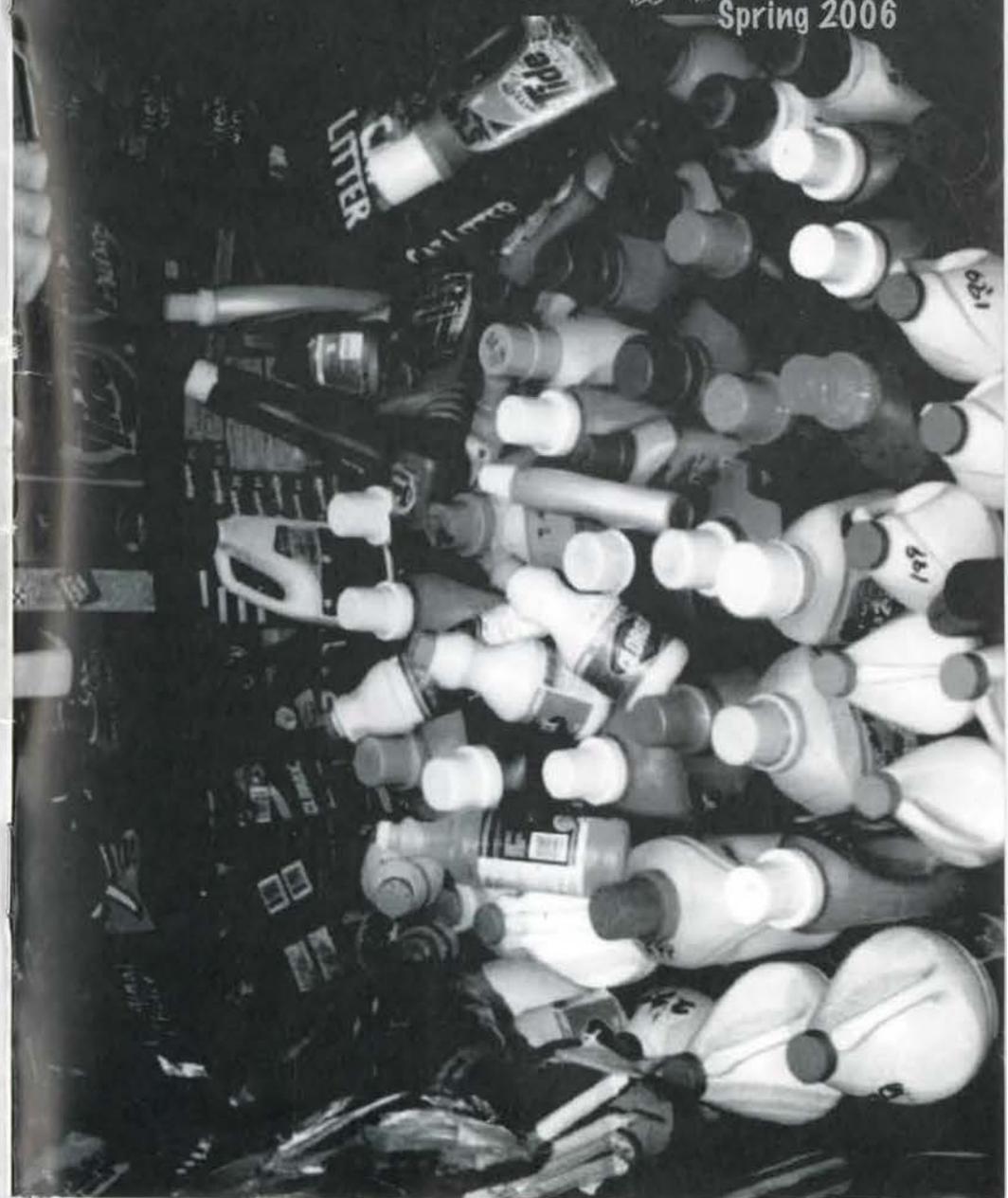
pencil on paper

Using the same techniques as the artist Polycleitos, the figure's limbs have been drawn using proportion. The ratio between the lengths of consecutive body parts is that of the ratio of the side of the unit square to its diagonal (one to the square root of two)



The Other Side

Spring 2006



Letter From the Editor

To my lovely, devoted, bright eyed readers,

Don't say you didn't know this was coming. You've known it, i've known it, we've both known it, since that time you asked me if I would always be there to butter your bread and I hesitated before answering. I needed you in the beginning in a way I didn't understand, in a way that I haven't felt for quite some time now.

I froze some stew; it's in the clear Tupperware with the blue lid in the freezer. That should last you a week or so. I know it's your favorite, with lots of carrots, just the way you like it. I'd be lying if I said I won't miss you, and I'd be lying if I said I still love you.

I'm off to do things, and the taste of a love affair so intimate, experimental, and letter ridden will always linger sweet and sour in my mouth. It hurts me to hurt you like this, to snap your heart like a crisp pickle, but maybe you'll find someone who likes broken pickles, and the two of you can lie stagnant together in a dark corner that serves as a breeding ground for hurt little animals like you.

I will never see you again unless I visit next year, so this inside cover is our last goodbye.

With much love yet biting disdain for what you have made me become.

Yours Truly,
The Professor

Front Cover by Emma Rosenbush
Back Cover by Sebastian Hann

May

I
The child is perusing the
cereal aisle
His head cranes up, he
reaches to the top
He is practicing growing up

II
Ring ring ring ring ring ring ring
banana phone
ding dong ding dong ding dong ding
banana phone!

III
Here are some things to pray to at home:
never ending water, sitting, watching, hoping, Albert Einstein's reincarnation on top of the world, the soft glow of the evening, eight o'clock and lights are out, gnarled, magical coral trees, the phallic nature of Saint Mary greeting us as we reach the ocean, jay-walkers, sanctuaries in the middle of everyone, coyotes, children who think their parents have no clue, Christmas palm trees, pretending to sleep, anchors, permanent addresses, the speed of boredom, the bedroom, the blur of a road to everywhere, cleaning sand out from here and there, cleaning sand out of here and there at three am, people we will never see again, and not care to, and street cleaning days.

IV
There is always something
there is not always
inspiration

V
One of the most fascinating aspects of development is its apparent order and simplicity. A continuity exists at all levels and at all times. Nothing leaps into existence, unheralded and without apparent precursors; differentiation and increasing structural complexity occur hand in hand.

VI
The dangers are everywhere. Mischievous creeks, evenings without a chill, chain-link overpasses daring you to climb, lies, approval, simplicity, beautiful views, getting comfortable, feeling uncomfortable, corners with candles and bouquets, truth, pre-nuptials, boredom, fascination, pleasure, notebooks, long long days, long long nights, dinners, one-hour developing, children who think their teachers have no clue, pretending to sleep, the speed of boredom, and

hoping. The worst dangers are those that are invisible.

VII

In the summer there will be
tears and smiles.
In the winter, Los Angeles
cries for summer.

VIII

star six seven seven two one zero zero zero eight

IX

She said let's move
He said no
She said to San Francisco
He said my grandparents are coming up this weekend
She said maybe the new place will let us bring the dog
He said do you want to get something to eat?
She said we will have to go to Ikea and get new dishes

X

The sayings of Nanny:
Paid a nickel to shit
and only farted

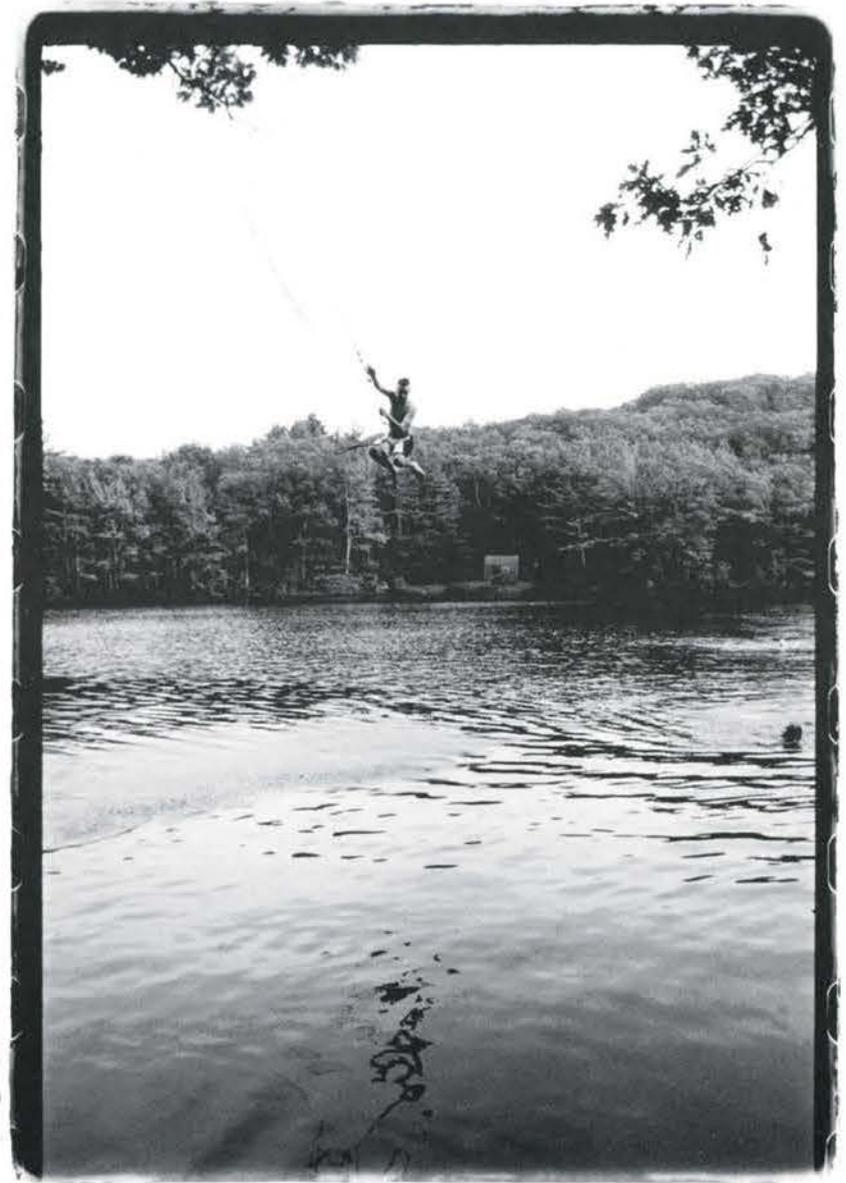
XI

The mother reaches below
checks for high-fructose corn syrup
and sighs

XII

And so spring gives over--
Seafoam green and babies
are magenta and born
Mondays are Fridays are
Tuesdays are anything but Mondays
And so spring gives over--
a little apprehension
a little carelessness

-Genny McAuley



"Untitled"
-Hannah Fox

The Skin I'm In
(In the Spirit of Lani Guinier)

I am an African American lady. I am not black. I am not white. Black is not the color of the skin I'm in. Black or white, not black nor white not gray nor mixed. Black is not the color of the skin I'm in. I celebrate Independence Day, but the date of the Emancipation Proclamation eludes me. July the fourth, and eighteen hundred...and something.

I am an African American lady whose grandmother couldn't sit at dime store counters with whites. White is not the color of the skin they are in. I was educated in a predominantly African American public school in Chicago. At school I grew to respect Dr. Martin Luther King's civility, and at home shun Malcolm X's militancy. I grew up knowing too much about drugs, and too much too soon, from the struggles of my fallen parents. I grew up in the shade of my grandmother's forearm.

I grew up on the street dedicated to the most peaceful man I've learned of. But, why is Martin Luther King Drive filled with drugs, violence, poverty, and bodies lining the gutters? Black is not the color of the skin I'm in. Black is the color of so many of my brothers' and sisters' future. Black is the color of dirt lined streets, the color of darkness, the color of everything dirty. Black is the color of a bruised eye, the color of unconsciousness. I am awake, I wash twice a day, I will prosper, and black is not the color of the skin I'm in. I am an African American lady. I am an African American lady.

- JOAN ROMARA STEELE

Purity

Something never lost
It's like the first time always
Even after each new encounter
Still a bit more of her innocence lost
Her eyes are opened more and more
More and more to her body's pleasure and pain
Its spasms of acceptance and expulsions
It's like the first time always
No matter the loss of that thin strip of tissue
Or the blood that trickled down onto the white sheets
Each encounter different from the first
But so similar that
She takes him into her body again to completely close herself
And loses nothing at all
No matter the loss of that thin strip of tissue
It's like the first time always

- JOAN ROMARA STEELE

Do Fences Make Good Neighbors?

An abridged guide to some of the issues surrounding the immigration legislation on the Mexico-US border, the potential walls we may create and how to educate yourself and get active for May 1, International Labor Day.

"My grandmother would come out of her grave and slap me if she thought I was against any sort of immigration," said a friend of mine during a brief discussion of the immigration legislation. A descendant of a Russian immigrant, he was under the impression we were all immigrants.

Last time I checked, the only people who have a valid claim to this land, the Native American (Indian) population is not even represented in the national legislature. Us immigrants (and by this I mean everyone besides the Indians who have for the most part been pushed onto reservations) have already taken over.

Saul Williams, spoken word artist recently featured at the Claremont Colleges, said, we need to do whatever we can to stop the immigration bill from getting passed. Described as one of the most powerful voices of the hip-hop nation, why should he have such an opinion?

One may wonder, hidden beneath the ignorant bubble of the Claremont Colleges, shut off from newspapers and radios (discounting the news read en route to the mail room): "What is going on?"

Why now?

According to the BBC, there are thought to be about 11.5 million illegal immigrants in the United States, an addition of 500,000 to a million more entering the country each year.

The only thing agreed upon by almost all within the debate is that "at present - the US system is failing all its stakeholders: foreigners who want to enter the country, citizens who expect it to prevent illegal border crossings and employers who look to it for workers to fill jobs," according to the BBC.

The Legislation

Legislation on immigration, has been passed by the Senate and is on the floor of the House. On December 16, 2005 the House of Representatives approved the Border Protection, Antiterrorism, and Illegal Immigration Control Act. Sponsored by Rep. F. James Sensenbrenner Jr. (R-WI), the bill would "make it a criminal offense to be in the United States illegally, impose criminal penalties for those aiding illegal immigrants, and call for construction of a 700-mile-long fence along the U.S.-Mexico border," according to Media Matters.

On March 29, 2006 the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee approved an immigration bill on including guest worker programs, allowing up to 12 million undocumented workers to become legal while also increasing border patrol. The bill would double the current force of 11,300 Border Patrol agents to prevent more undocumented workers coming into the country. This bill will now come to the floor to be debated further in hopes that compromises are made.

While some do not believe the current plan will be able to pass the House

of Representatives, such as Rep. Tom Tancredo, R-Colo., who is the leader of a conservative coalition that opposes legalizing undocumented aliens, "It's miserable public policy," he said in an article in the Bay Area's Mercury News. So far, Senators have been unable to come to a compromise and they disagree on giving millions of undocumented workers an opportunity to become US citizens. At this point, whatever legislation comes out of the Senate will have to be reworked with the House bill before it is tossed up to the president for his final signature.

The Fence or Wall

In part of the legislation past by the Senate includes a 700 mile long fence. In the NPR report "San Diego Fence Provides Lessons in Border Control" on April 6, reporter Ted Robbins looked at the 14 mile fence in San Diego. He said, "To those on the U.S. side, the fences in urban areas between Mexico and the United States are a symbol of security." While to many Mexicans, "the fence is either an insult to be covered up, or a business opportunity."

For those in support of more fencing the San Diego model seems to make sense. According to an assistant chief of the Border Patrol's San Diego sector, apprehensions are down 95 percent, from 100,000 a year to 5,000 a year, "largely because the single strand of cable marking the border was replaced by double -- and in some places, triple -- fencing."

It all sounds great, the US builds a wall and we have no more immigrants, however, aside from the exorbitant cost to construct a fence/wall Claudio Smith, an attorney and border activist, argued that the toll has been much higher in human lives. According to Smith the fencing has simply forced immigrants to take more dangerous routes through the mountains and scorching-hot deserts. An estimated 3,600 people have died crossing the U.S. border since the fences went up.

Smith also said the fence has actually created a "sort of perverse and unintended consequence: It is keeping people in the United States who used to go back to Mexico."

Response to Legislation

In response to the legislation the tenth of April was declared National Day of Action to defend immigrant rights by the AFL-CIO leadership, U.S. Hispanic Chamber of Commerce, and other organizations.

According to an email sent out by the Coalition to Defend Affirmative Action, Integration & Immigrant Rights and Fight for Equality By Any Means Necessary (BAMN) "The mass marches, high school walkouts, and strikes across America are a declaration by the Latino community of the birth of a new mass, civil rights movement. The demonstrations stand for the highest and best principles to which people in America aspire - equality, justice and freedom."

Local Resistance

In March 2006, hundreds of thousands of activists marched in L.A. and around the country to protest against the above mentioned legislation. However, the sentiment on-campus, aside from LSU (Latino Student Union) and a few others has been generally apathetic for the most part.

LSU member Sara Hinojos said she was, "very disappointed at the lack of

action," or as she saw it "complete disregard of the issue" at the Claremont Colleges.

Looking at the impending immigration legislation from a student perspective, Melissa Macias, a Pitzer sophomore active with the Latino Student Union said "I oppose the immigration legislation because it gives police officers the right to act as immigration agents and I do not feel that police officers should have that right." Macias added that, "there will be repercussions because the police will begin to hassle anyone and everyone they feel may or may not be a legal citizen." The legislation could potentially add a whole new side to racial profiling.

Hinojos is also against the legislation passed by the Senate because "the people that come to this country are here to work hard." According to Hinojos they may even have a stronger work ethic than most Americans and "They do the dirty work that Americans do not want to do."

As Hinojos recalled the march just weeks ago in downtown Los Angeles, she said "My parents (who are both citizens), know exactly how difficult it was for them to become legal and the constant fear of being deported when they did not have any documents. They started a family without any legitimate documentation and every time they went outside they were afraid they were going to be sent back to Mexico without my sister, who was born here."

Even without an actual relative in the family, "no one can deny the great importance and need of the immigrant population," Hinojos said.

"What should I do?" you ask.

There is still time to take action as the Latino Student Union and the other Latino organizations of the 5 Colleges are planning a boycott of classes and shopping and in it's place will be a rally on May 1st, the International Day of the Worker. "People across the nation are doing this to show the power, support, and importance of immigration, and to fight against HR4437," Hinojos said.

For the rally LSU and other clubs/organizations are inviting community members, high school students, faculty, and staff to come out and support this event.

Do good neighbors have good fences?

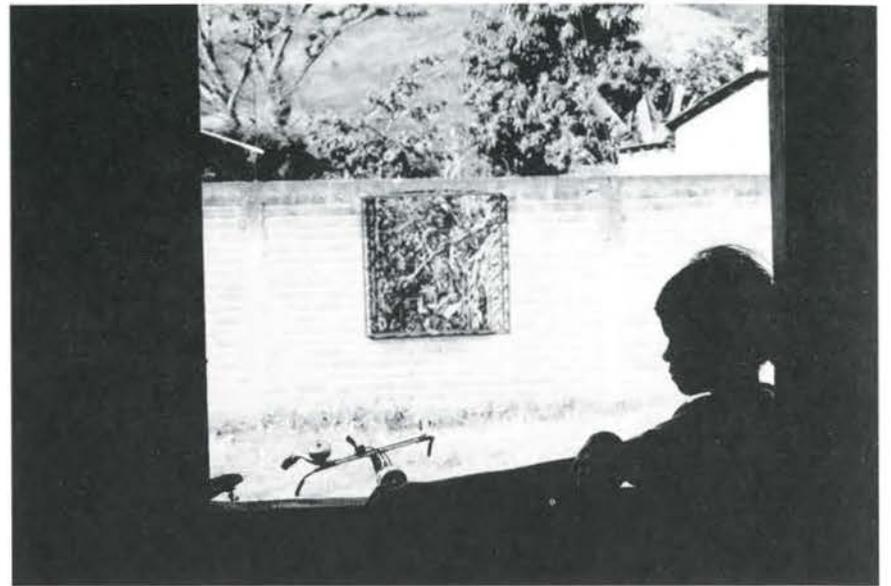
How far do 'our' freedoms go? When we say 'we' the people, do we need to be more specific and say 'we the citizens'? Or even 'we' the non-hispanic/chicano looking people? The aim of this article is to bring to light some of the issues surrounding the immigration debate, where we are now and where we go from here.

This article is not designed to cover the whole story. This is a jumping off point, a beginning, a plea if you will to get off your ass and do something or at the very least think and talk about it. If this is indeed the civil rights struggle of our generation, our apathy is abhorrent.

—Lakshmi Eassey, Pitzer 2007



- Aaron Berman



- Caitlin Pierce



- Hannah Fox



- Aaron Berman

Lust, Love, and Limbs

"Bite my shoulder!"

"Wha...?"

"Bite it! Bite it like you mean it!"

Harold stumbled off his wife and zipped up his pants. Sandra laid spread on the bed, her tight bun ruffled just a bit. "Now Sandra," he began, straightening his glasses, "this has gone just a bit too far." She noticed his knees were shaking.

"Shake for me darling! Or I'll shake for you! Let's shake, my god lets shake!" With this exclamation she ripped her blouse open, exposing a red negligee that Harold had never seen before...had he ever seen one?

As her husband darted for the door, Sandra wondered if she should have known this is what would happen when she tried to force sex on Harold in the morning. She strolled to the window and placed the back of her tanned hand on her forehead in a sweeping motion, "I'm just...so sick of it all. I'm a woman, I must be embraced. Oh the agony of my life"

A rap at the door interrupted her pensiveness. Remembering the cable man was due to fix the television, she threw off her sensible blouse and trousers, draping a silk robe over the negligee. The silk exaggerated the smooth contours of her supple buttocks...oh, her supple buttocks was like a fresh blossom.

The final touch was a pair of black heels that tensed her calves as hard as rocks. She strutted, hips first, to the door, "Why...hello, may I help you?" When she asked this she held her robe closed with her hand, pretending to be surprised.

"Yeah, I'm here to fix your..." Overcome with lust Sandra grabbed his hair and pulled him into her bedroom.

Showing no surprise the cable man flexed his chest, thus popping all the buttons off of his scanty uniform.

"Come to me darling!" moaned Sandra, "Lay next to me and I'll tell you everything I want you to do. Come to me you sexy man of all that is so wrong and is so right!"

"You crazy and sexy!" The cable man agreed, unable to wipe the anticipatory smirk from the corner of his face.

He dug his tongue deep into her neck, feeling his massive member grow harder and larger. She pushed his head away from her neck with gentle force, and grabbed a marker from the bedside table. She began drawing something that he couldn't make out. The cabled man began to twitch his knee, getting anxious, ready to be inside the sexy and willing older woman.

Sandra turned around and raised her elegant hand in front of his face, revealing two eyes and lips she had drawn around the inside of her fist.

"I want you to have me," she said, or her hand said. The hand voice wasn't the same as Sandra's former throaty, yearning voice. It was croaky and high.

All was still.

"I said I want you to have me you hunk, I want you to rub cocoa oil

on my apple breasts and lick whip cream off my taught stomach. I want you to have me like you want me." The hand croaked this slowly, sensually.

"Okay, I'm confused lady. Do you want me to stick my dick in your hand, or do you want me to pretend like that's your face? Cause I'll do it, I just gotta know. Ya know?"

Sandra widened her eyes at the cable man expectantly, waiting for him to make the next move.

Reluctantly, he raised his rippling arms and held his hand out to hers, "Yeah, I want you too. I want you with whipped cream, and buttah and awl that." His hand voice was similar to hers, like a large man imitating Marge Simpson.

Sandra put the marker to the cable man's hand, making two eyes, larger than hers, and lips that were just a bit thinner. And then, after they both had faces and voices, the hands kissed. They kissed and then they held each other and nuzzled and then they spooned until sleep took them into a land where husbands and house chores didn't exist.

The front door slamming woke the hands up. "Oh no!" exclaimed Sandra's hand. "We must have fallen asleep! My husband's home!"

"I will come back for you. I will come back for you and we wills embrace and make awl the love that we should. I'm your man now, lady." The cable man's hand croaked this quickly but meaningfully, before he grabbed his shirt and darted out the window.

Harold stammered in, not surprised to find his wife in a seductive position. He immediately observed the face drawn on her hand, "Sandra, geez. Not this again."

They ate dinner quietly, Sandra's hand staring at Harold, Harold avoiding its gaze at all costs. When he got up for a second helping the hand followed him with its eyes. He ignored it, even when it croaked, "All I wanted was tenderness, for god's sake, TENDERNESS!" Then the hand and Sandra stormed to bed. Harold didn't have to be told to sleep on the couch.

The cable man snuck in the next day with the hand of prince charming. It was wide eyed, and drawn not just with one black marker, but had red lips, green eyes, and purple curls around the border for hair. "I missed you, and I want to ravage you in a way no one has before." His hand voice was a little more practiced this time, as if he'd been rehearsing it. It was lower and manlier but still had its signature croak.

"Oh, I've been waiting. I have the cocoa butter we talked about." Girl hand croaked back.

Boy hand rubbed cocoa butter over his lover's wrist and forearm, he stroked it in a way he had never before stroked another. When they were done, boy hand gazed at girl hand. Both their eyes twinkled at the love they were basking in. Girl hand draped a cigarette out of the corner of her mouth, letting the ash fall onto the bed.

Girl hand disappeared into the kitchen and came back holding a bottle of champagne in her mouth. Boy hand took it from her and when girl hand

opened her mouth he poured it in, a lavish stream of sexy bubbly liquid. When they felt dizzy they napped and when they awoke they made love, they made love on the fresh rose pedals boy hand had brought.

I looked at him, I looked at him and had a sense of contentment I had never had before. I hoped he had the same for me, but who's to tell? My eyes focused hard into his. Those green abysses, those windows of his soul. Then She took a swig of champagne and my gaze was forced to the ceiling. But when I came back to him, he was waiting, green abysses and all.

Feeling wild I crawled onto him, "I'm a tiger...I'm going to hunt you, and when I find you I'm going to eat you all up." I straddled him now, and could tell he too felt the calling of the wild, of our natural yearn for lust.

"I is going to run, but if you catch me it's gonna be hot."

Oh how I love his voice, low, the way a man's voice is supposed to be. I couldn't resist, I jumped on him, I tore him apart with my teeth.

"Hold ons a sec," my lover boomed at me while He rolled over on his back from his stomach to better support my lover. Aahh! Then I lost it! I lost it and we grabbed each other and bit each other and didn't say any words but made noises, "Roar!" "Ay yay yay!" "Eeep! Eeep!"

And once we were done, oh once we were done She brought me to the bathroom and I had a chance to touch up my face. And then we lay, palm to palm, like two lovers united. Palm to palm, like two sleeping babes. Palm to palm like two walruses sunning on the beach.

"I think we should escape. She's asleep. Is He?"

"Yeah"

"Okay then, let's do it."

"Here, I gots a knife."

"Alright then, one, two three!"

- Grace Nicklin



- Genny McAuley



"Happy Guy"
- Jeff Bandler



- Poppy Pulitzer

American Politics: A Legacy of Idiocy



- Harris Weinfeld

Yes, even you the pragmatic liberal idealist, or righteous champion of the conservative paradigm, have been potentially victimized by the prowling doppelganger we deem “retarded politics”. See, you winced. Not that we don’t care about the retarded, or their contributions to society, we just wanted you to reflect for a second on your “Superman Complex”. Superman, or Clark Kent (a surreptitious alter-ego) is a prime example of an idealized public defender. Clark Kent, the starting point of our metaphorical mumbo-jumbo, is intrinsically non-confrontational, bumbling, humble, and unimposing. A look characterized all by the addition of thick-rimmed glasses (a disguise with only the cunning of a kryptonian mind). But once danger is afoot, Superman never falters to identify how to dismantle a doomsday plot, while protecting the defenseless populace, and bringing the perpetrator to justice. For example, Superman can take the observation that an increase in train derailments (all intended destruction prevented by his inhuman might of course) and conclude the dastardly Lex Luthor is using ultrasonic generators to cause mini-tremors in an attempt at economic manipulation via deglobalization. Coming to this conclusion in 30 minutes (commercials included) is most assuredly astounding; however dismantling similar situations has become a self-characterizing element in many liberal minds, and for this school these “posed-dangers” galvanize a significant portion of the student body to take action. However, these actions inevitably fizzle into nothing more than another flavor of the week activist movement, which is soon as memorable as the last edition of Pokemon cards.

Luckily Pitzer’s students have recently sprung into a jumbo telephone booth in an attempt to foil yet another mass scale conspiracy, and in doing so have predictably provided yet another affirming example: Pitzer’s large-scale criticism and boycott of the Neo-Nazi Red Cross. The attack on the Red Cross exemplifies poor planning, ignorance of the issue, misconception of the problem; but for the sake of brevity: what makes many of you idiots. The situation (for the uninformed) began when a number of students objected to the Red Cross’s practice of screening for past homosexual relations since the mid-70’s (1977 for you exacto-philiacs.) Rather than attempting to find out why such a question would be asked, perhaps too distracted in pulling blue spandex over their heads, students decided that conspiracy must be afoot. E-mails shot out at the pace of a speeding bullet, with conspiracy afoot there’s no time to waste with nitty gritty details, remember we only have 30 minutes to defend the helpless homosexual population (minus commercials of course). Petitions were drafted and booths assembled with the righteous momentum of a locomotive. The tides of oppression were rising, gay men were in dire peril; the populous needed homosexual blood, and they needed it now.

What happens next? The heroic conclusion to the superman story has been postponed. “To be continued” episodes are the most gripping, but the resolution makes the wait well worth it. But when will the follow up

episode air? The situation is one that can never really be resolved. This lack of resolution is based in the total disregard of viability in the situation's outcome. Was the Red Cross to be exposed and toppled? Of course not, but how can such injustices live on? Because the injustice was a fabrication that could only be perpetuated by "group-think", it's tricky business arguing against something when one has no clue what the issue of contention is.

The issue was not the Red Cross' perceived prejudice against homosexuals. In actuality, there was no issue whatsoever. However, in the flurry of muck racking and inflammatory emails, an issue can be identified. The issue is that the "Red Cross Conspiracy" and many similar happenings on the Pitzer campus are indicative of a larger problem. Acting in this manner, liberals are providing roadblocks to the advancement of their own philosophy while simultaneously discrediting themselves in the public eye.

In context, Pitzer has only managed to discredit liberals in the eyes of a holistic organization that has no motives beyond benevolence. The truth behind the matter is that The Red Cross helps anyone at any time. Upon closer research, approximately five minutes with Google and a couple of working neurons revealed the truth. By screening homosexuals the Red Cross only seeks to protect the integrity of its blood supply, and the health of the individuals they serve. Numerous studies prove that HIV infection had its origins in the homosexual population during the mid-70's. Thirty years later, homosexual populations still have significantly higher rates of infection than that of heterosexuals. This does not imply a negative attitude towards the homosexual lifestyle. The Red Cross is not functioning on the assumption that homosexuals are sexually promiscuous by nature, nor that they are unaware of or do not care for proper safe sex practices. Rather they are responding to a statistical reality, by asking whether or not one has had homosexual relations, they are attempting to assess possible risks. How could a volunteer organization, which undoubtedly contains more than a few liberals, accept a discriminatory practice, and manage to maintain the secret for 30 years. Also, the implementation of such a practice is questionable. If The Red Cross wanted to exclude the homosexual populations why would they prevent them from giving blood, but allow them to receive?

It seems far-fetched that The Red Cross would implement a discriminatory plot that at once allows homosexuals to receive blood while simultaneously harboring the potential to completely discredit the organization if one of the thousands of volunteers mistakenly divulged this secret. How do you suppose this idea was proposed to head committee members? "How about we ask men if they have been sexually involved with another man since 1977? They would really be uncomfortable for a few seconds, just long enough to feel such disgrace for their shameful act that they never give blood again." Of course the notion would raise the question: "What if the homosexuals lie, and what about donating blood to them." The reply would have to fall along the lines of "A homosexual never lies, they're a bit like George Washington in that respect, hiding something is against the gay agenda. Also, not donating blood to them would be too obvious. We'll draw up an organization-wide oath of loyalty

and trust in the fact that no one will ever break it." The last question could probably be: "If a homosexual joins the organization, they would of course tell the world, or any sort of sympathizer." The logical response of course: "They would have taken the oath, and homosexuals, as you remember, never lie. A sympathizer is nothing but a homosexual in disguise, so they are trapped as well." This resolution would then be adjourned with much sinister cackling, and the good-natured pinching of secretarial ass.

True liberal philosophy is not an amalgam of ideological righteous campaigns concerning the protection of the weak and voiceless, combined with strident and dramatic rhetoric. Such an approach has resulted in the formation of common pathological stereotypes of liberals. Many conservatives view liberals as lovers of bureaucracy, defenders of special interest, as well as the advocates of rights without responsibility. The Red Cross "conspiracy" underwrites and preserves these stereotypes.

The Red Cross has the right to help anyone in need, but in doing so, they assume the responsibility to ensure the integrity of the services they offer i.e. blood donation (rights with responsibility). Homosexuals, similarly, have the right to help anyone in need, but in doing so, assume the same responsibility as the Red Cross (rights with responsibility again). The issue is in regards to the problems inherent in blood donation. The Red Cross has recognized that the homosexual community has a higher incidence of HIV infection, and acting responsibly take measures to counteract these risks. The homosexual community, in the same spirit, needs to cooperate with the Red Cross to avoid the danger inherent in the blood of their demographic. Working mutually towards the end of helping the population at large relieves the pressures posed by the responsibilities they assume. Rather than recognizing the mutualistic relationship between the two groups involved, the so-called activists decided to invent a narrative in which they cast themselves as the champions of the oppressed and the Red Cross as the oppressor. There was absolutely no concrete evidence for this; homosexuals were in no way having their rights challenged.

Generally speaking, what are the flaws associated with an approach like this? Collectively, an issue was invented, blame was attributed to a group with no rationale or research concerning it, and then the activists proceeded to slander the "perpetrators". Hitler did this also by the way. To top it all off, the issue was totally forgotten about within a week and a half, a nasty little habit similarly observable in goldfish. In essence, this crusade was carried in the hands of people with a mental capacity equivalent to that of Hitler-goldfish mutant hybrids.

The fact that this even occurred testifies to the widespread ignorance of the central tenets of liberal philosophy. Liberal philosophy, at its core is about addressing issues from an empathetic and benevolent point of view, as well as understanding, appreciating and incorporating all points of view concerning contentious issues. Liberal movements make cases for equality, not for inferiority. The primary goal is an equal playing field. No aspects of liberal ideology promote or even suggest seeking out unlikely, grandiose conspiracies.

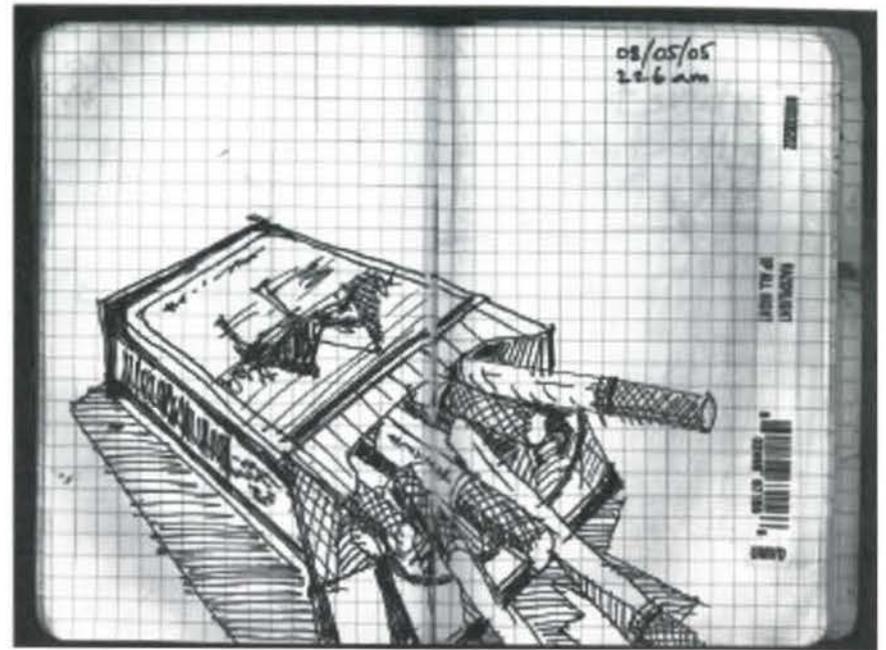
Trying to discredit an organization for what is perceived to be a discriminatory policy is not leveling the playing field, it is muck-racking.

On the greater scale, behavior like this grants conservatives the ability to advance their own agenda by pointing out examples of frothy uninformed activism. So many similar examples help generate a pathological stereotype of liberal ideology, one that ironically stems from liberals acting upon the stereotypes of conservatives that they hold. Assuming that all conservatives are selfish, abusive fascists, and tools of the rich, their plans are consequently oppressive. Stereotyping serves self-righteousness and propaganda, but precludes a practical comprehension of the issues. Without having an issue, liberals accomplish nothing and do little more than embarrass themselves. U.S. citizens are constitutionally ensured of their right to argue and champion their own ideology, with that they carry the unstated responsibility of being aware that their rhetoric and actions reflect on the ideology as well as its supporters.

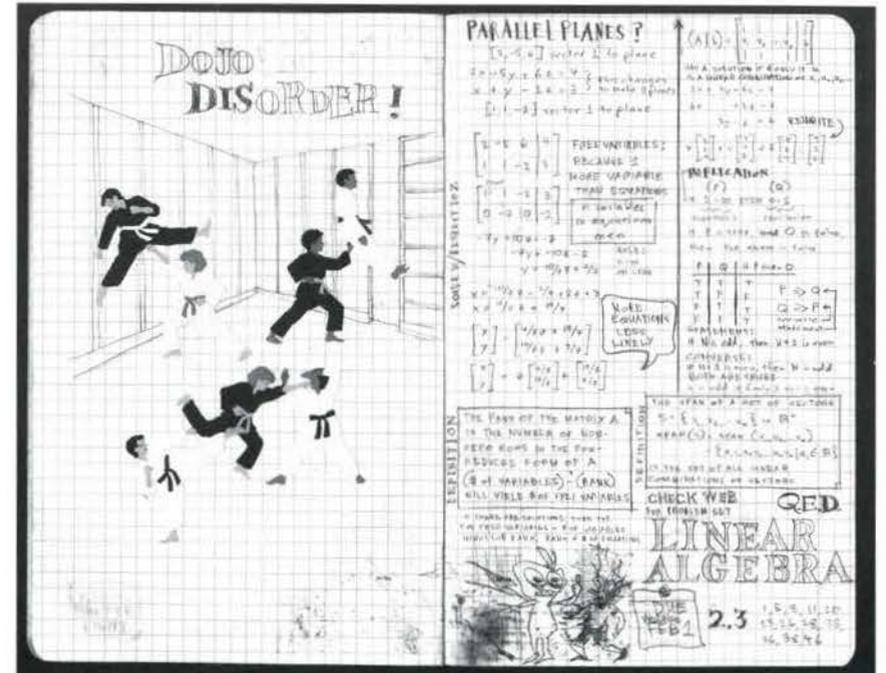
Our viewpoint is not from a conservative standpoint. We are both very liberal in outlook. The opinion stems from the log of stupidity that swirls and disintegrates in the toilet of Pitzer liberal ideology. If you disagree with our opinion, we are willing and glad to debate with open minds. We have set up a joint email account – in which you can throw any and every reaction you have at us. Praise is also appreciated.

-Rob Cudd & Will Kine-Hunt

The most erroneous stories are those we think we know best - and therefore never scrutinize or question.
- Stephen J. Gould



-Sebastian K. Hann



-Sebastian K. Hann

Model Minority by Linus Yamane

During the summer of 1977, I was getting ready to go off to college. I got together with my high school friends in New Jersey quite often. Occasionally we would imagine what college would be like, and express our fears and hopes. I was going off to MIT, because I did not get into Harvard. For my Japanese parents, there was Harvard and then all the rest. On one occasion I mentioned to a friend that MIT had a reputation for being a pressure cooker, and that they were rumored to have the second highest suicide rate in the country¹. My friend said that, if things ever got that bad, she would just get on a bus and go home. For some reason, that thought stuck with me.

My first year at MIT was spent mostly trying to adjust to college life. Since all courses are pass/fail for first year students, I wasn't under enormous academic pressure. I was mostly trying to figure out what college was all about. I was generally unhappy with the social life, and I missed home. So I tried to transfer to Princeton, which had more women and was less than an hour from home. But I did not get in, and returned to MIT for my sophomore year.

The fall of my sophomore year was much more academically challenging. Since I liked science, but cared a lot about public policy, I was double majoring in chemistry and political science. But that fall I spent every afternoon in a chemistry lab, and soon realized that I did not want to spend the rest of my life in a chemistry lab. And while I enjoyed political science, I had no idea what a political scientist did for a living². So I didn't see the point of studying either chemistry or political science. I had no idea what I was doing with my life, and thus was not motivated to study and was not doing well in my coursework.

By the middle of the semester, I decided to drop out of college. I told my Dad that I wanted to go home and just work at McDonalds. But he said the only thing I would learn by working at McDonalds was that I did not want to work at McDonalds. I ultimately decided to finish out the semester mostly for financial reasons. If I dropped out in the middle of the semester, all the tuition my parents had paid would be for naught. It made more sense to finish the semester, gather as many credits as I could, and then take some time off.

As it turns out, I was enrolled in an introductory economics class that fall semester. I signed up for the class because I needed an elective and a bunch of my friends had signed up for the class. But I was not paying any attention to the class because I was mostly thinking about what to do with the rest of my life. It was in early December when I decided that I should start doing some of the readings for the class because we had final exams coming up. I remember reading some stuff about anti-trust regulation, and having a sudden epiphany. Since I loved math and cared about public policy, all my interests came together

for me in economics. I realized that I wanted to become an economist!

After I discovered my love for economics, academics became much easier for me. I had direction and motivation in life, and so my grades went up. During my junior year I became a research assistant for a professor, and set my sights on getting a PhD in economics. I eventually decided to complete all my requirements for graduation during the fall of my senior year, and spend the spring of my senior year studying in Tokyo.

But these plans made my fall semester of senior year an extremely difficult one. I had to write a senior thesis, finish up my coursework, apply to graduate schools, take the GREs, and set up my study program in Japan. And so by the middle of the semester I was just completely overwhelmed. I dropped out of the MIT Symphony Orchestra to give myself several more hours every week. I abandoned any pretense of a social life. And when I had to go for a couple days without eating or sleeping because I just didn't have enough time, I knew I had been pushed to my very limits. I didn't know what to do.

I remembered the conversation I had had with my friend about just going home. So I pictured myself walking down Mass Ave to Central Square, and taking the T to South Station. Across the street would be the Greyhound terminal. From there I would take the bus to the Port Authority in Manhattan, and then get on a Lakeland bus to my hometown in New Jersey. I would call my Mom from the phone booth, and ask her to pick me up. I wondered about what my Mom would say about having me show up at home in the middle of the semester just out of the blue.

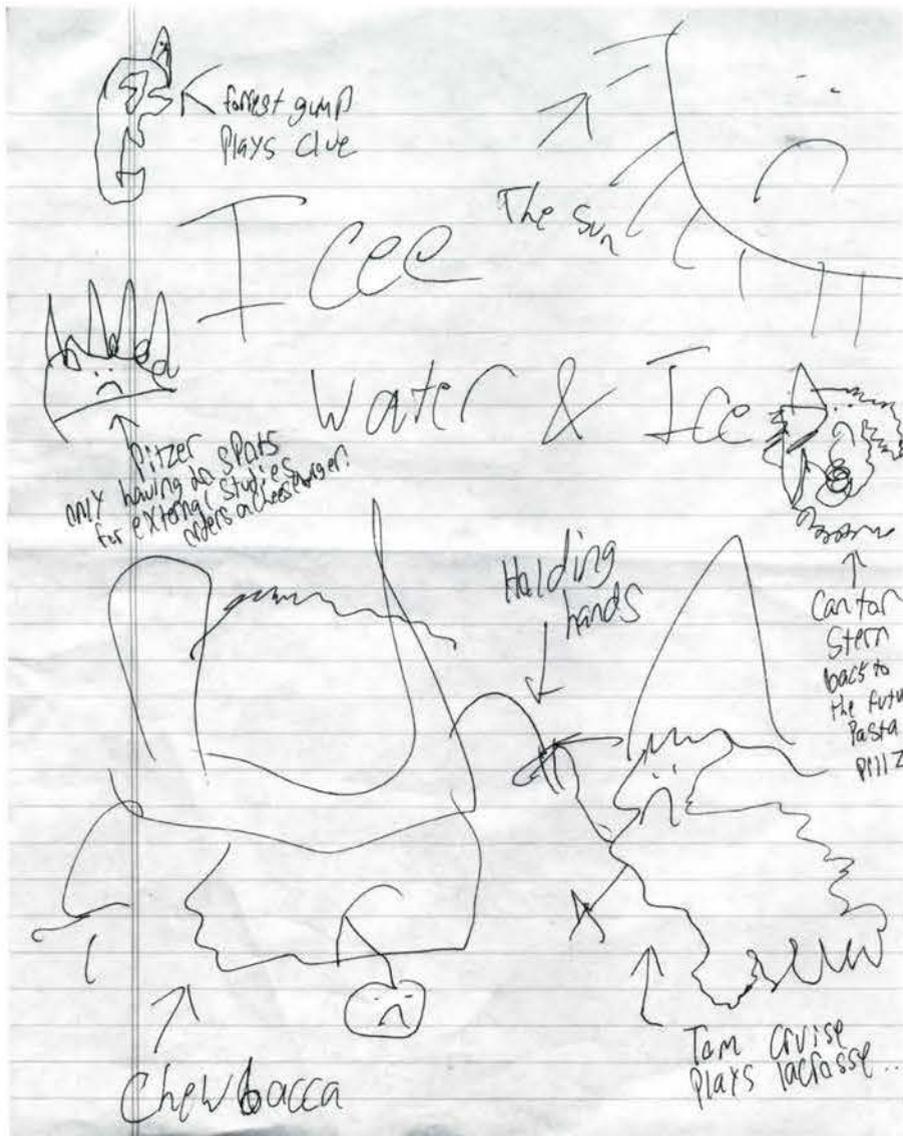
For reasons I don't understand, I never went home. I just stuck it out and managed to get through it all somehow. But for the first time in my life, I was forced to look over the abyss, and I didn't like what I saw. Nietzsche writes that "what does not kill me, makes me stronger." But I didn't feel any stronger. I felt scared and scarred. And for years I hated MIT for putting me through all that, though I am not sure exactly where the blame really falls.

During the fall of 1998 Elizabeth Shin began her first year at MIT. She was a Korean American who grew up several miles from my home in New Jersey. And at MIT she lived in Random Hall, the same small dorm I had lived in two decades earlier. So I knew her life pretty well. But during the spring of 2000 Elizabeth became depressed and set herself on fire in her dorm room. She died several days later. When I heard about Elizabeth, I thought "there but for the grace of God go I."

(Footnotes)

1[1] Cornell was rumored to have the highest.

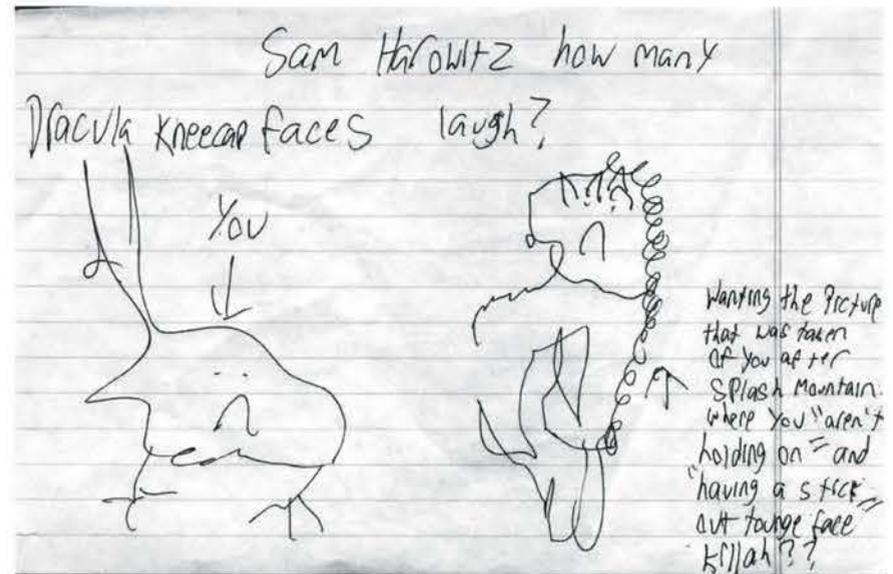
2[2] The thought of eventually becoming a professor never entered my mind.



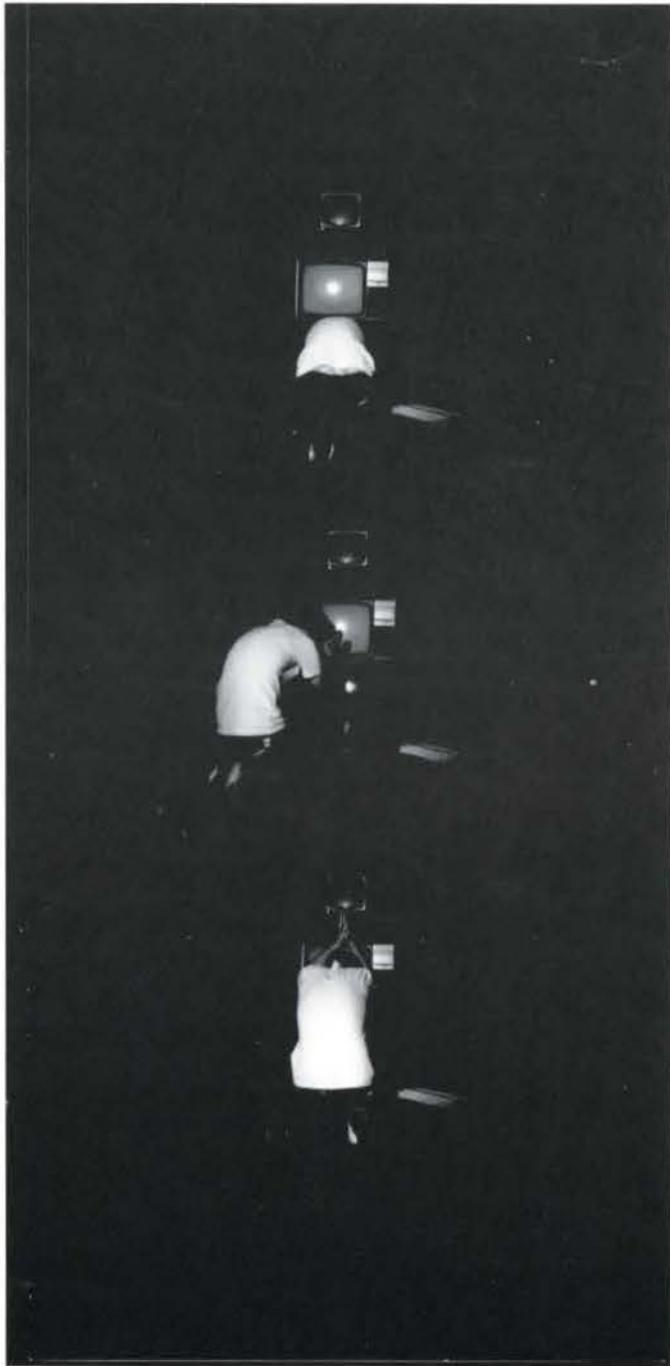
- Jordan Passman



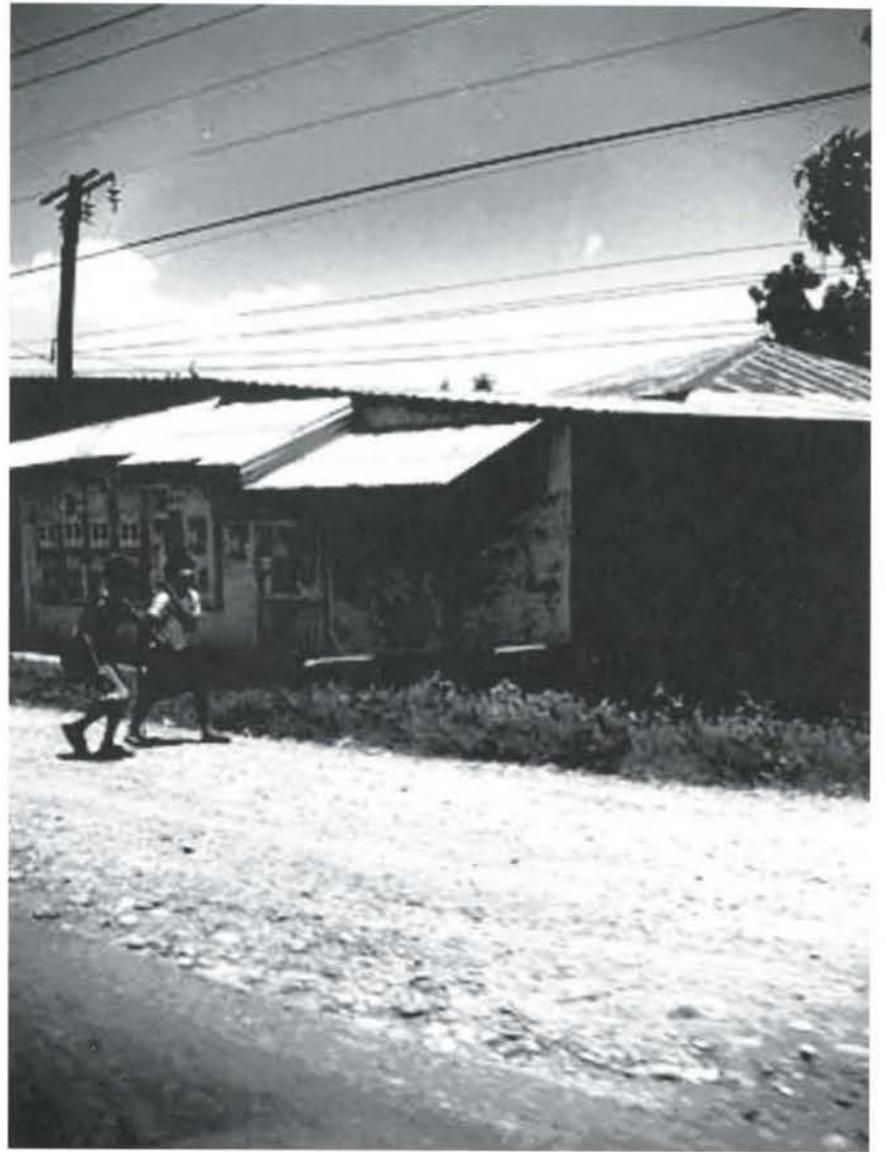
- Alice Mollo-Christensen



- Jordan Passman



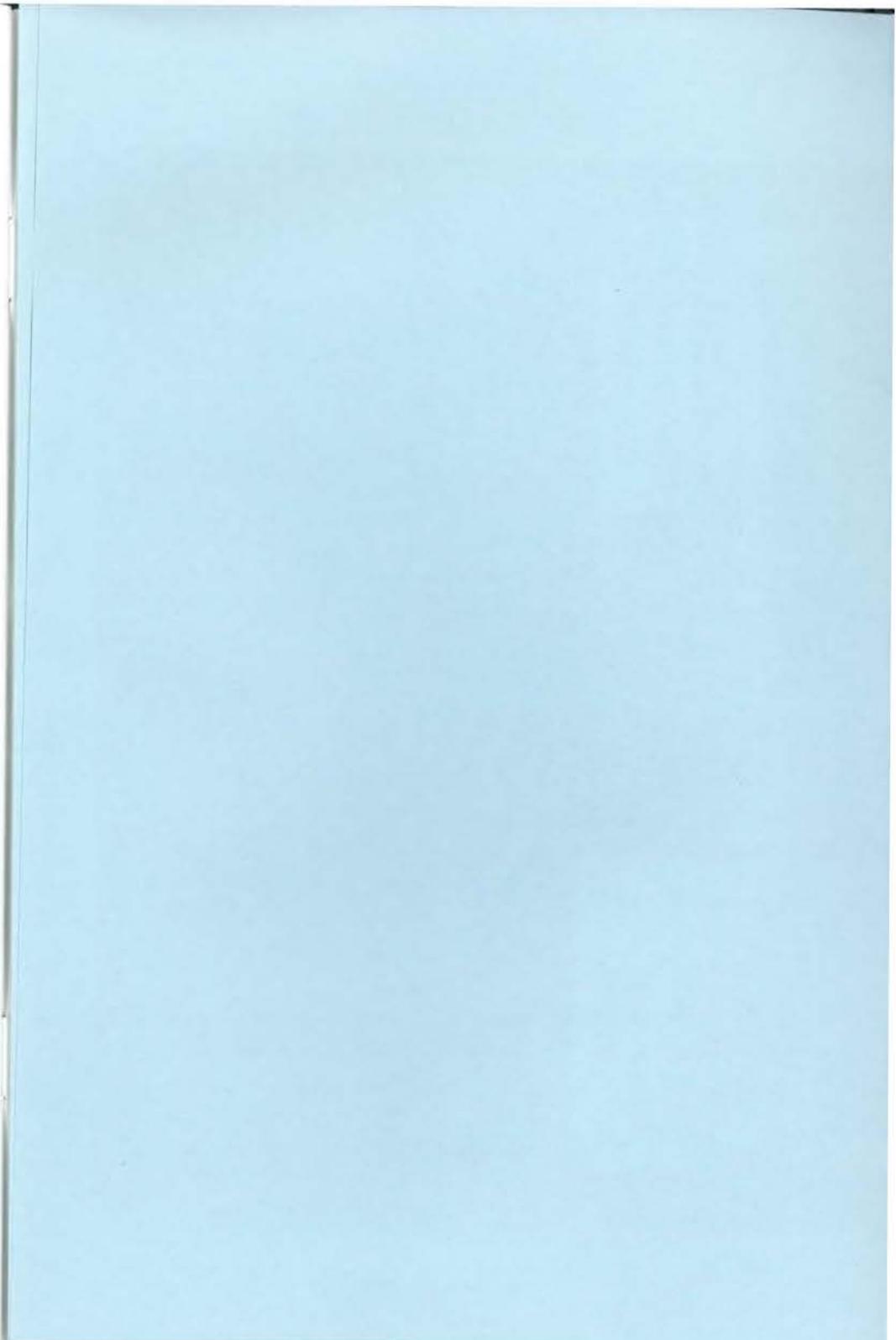
- Fred Beebe



- Andie Sobrepeña



- Emma Rosenbush



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RALLY IN SUPPORT OF IMMIGRANTS
RIGHTS!

IMAGINE A DAY WITHOUT ...

SCHOOL, WORK, SHOPPING,
POLLUTION, CORPORATIONS,
GENOCIDE, HATE, RACISM, CLASSISM
PATRIARCHY, HOMOPHOBIA ...

BOYCOTT ALL OF THE ABOVE!
JOIN THE DEMONSTRATION!

Procession Walk

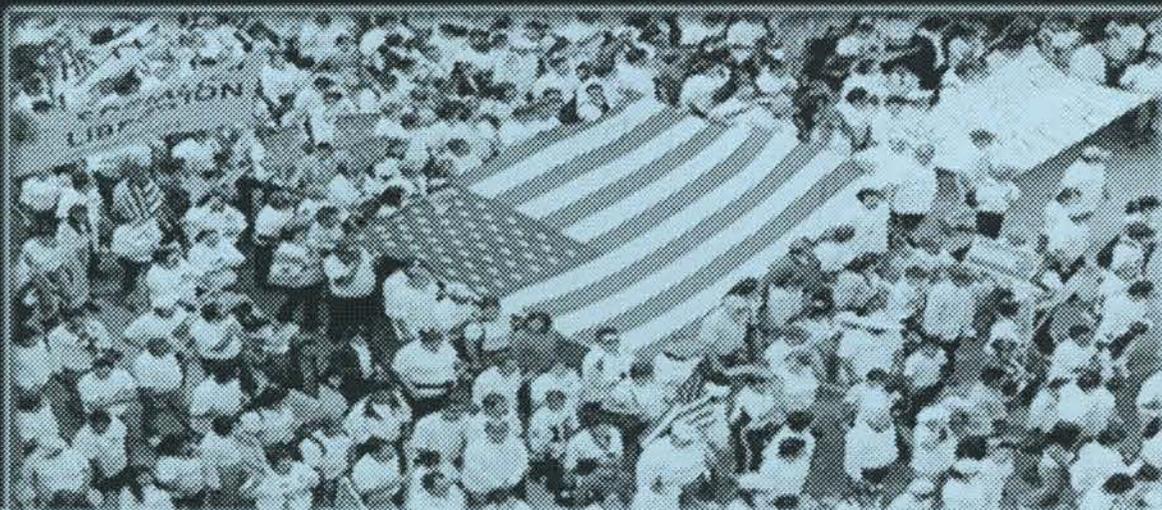
Pitzer Pellisier
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11:00 am
Pitzer College
1050 N. Mills Ave
Claremont, CA
91711

A Day of Peace

May 1st

Rally/Teach-In

Mudd Quadrangle
Behind Library
12:00pm
Corner of
10th Street and
Darthmouth Ave
Claremont, CA



Fill: sdomis@pitzer.edu or (909) 607-6167