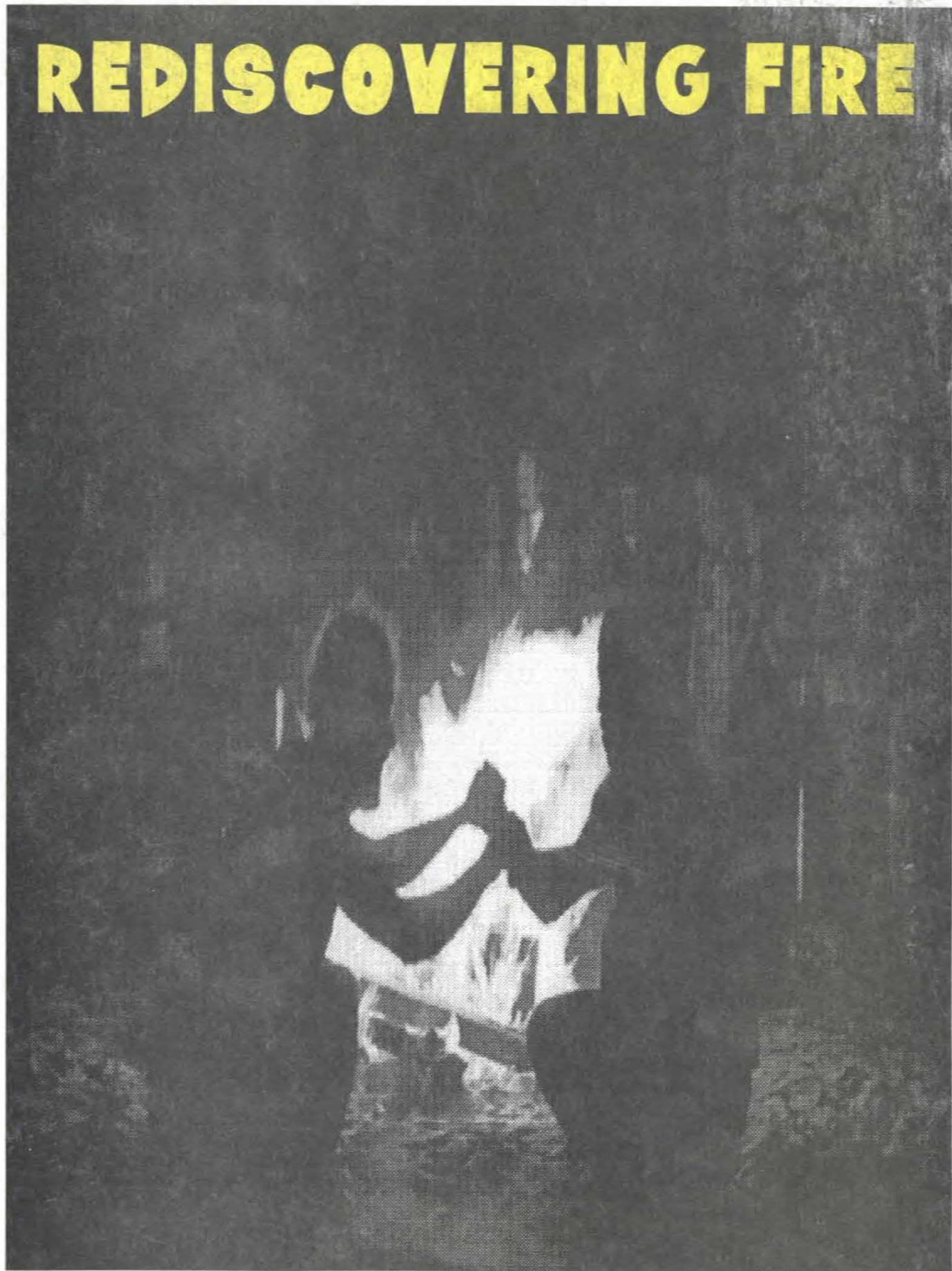
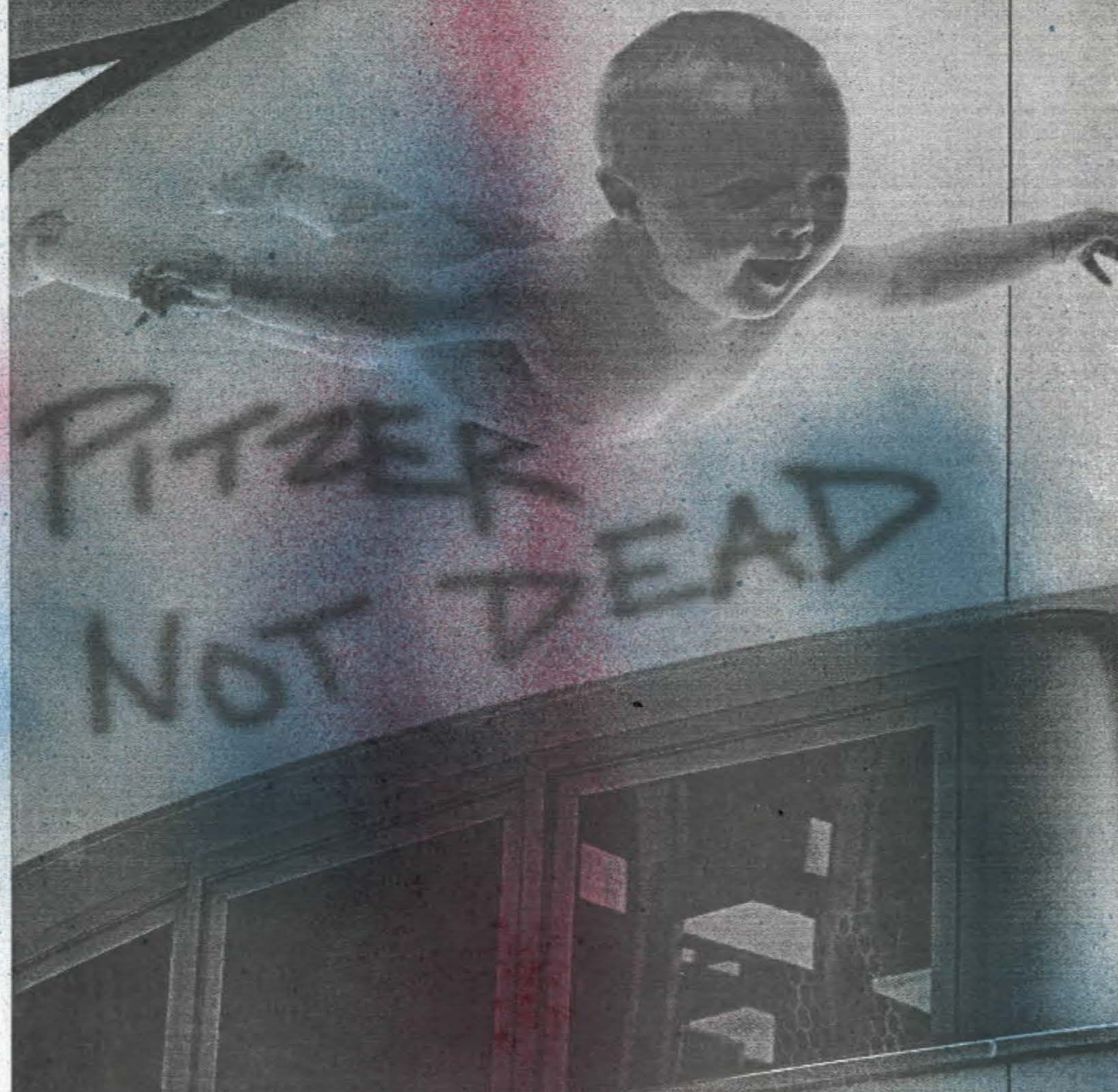


REDISCOVERING FIRE



THE OTHER SIDE

THE RAILING POINT FOR THE SLIPPERY SLIDE



PITZER
NOT DEAD

VOLUME XXV ISSUE #1 OCTOBER 11, 1995

INKINGSIDES

The banners outside Scott hall read, "Pitzer welcomes class of '99." Those banners hung there for almost three weeks. It's hard to discern if they were left there as a sign of authentic appreciation for the new students, or as a symbol of Pitzer's general tendency toward laziness and complacency. Given the things I've witnessed over the past several weeks, I am prone to say it was the latter. Returning to school this fall I expected the usual "hot topic" Pitzer activist uproar over the U.C. Board of Regents attempts to do away with affirmative action. The decision was the topic of discussion from classroom to dorm room, and everybody had an opinion. Pitzer even went as far as to take an "official" position, with President Massey going to the Board of Trustees and working out a reaffirmation of the College's affirmative action policy. The President then printed up this new commitment and proudly disseminated it to the entire College. I thought back to that commitment the other day when I was in a meeting of the Campus Diversity Committee (nee MRCC) and a representative from the Faculty Executive Committee (FEC) came in with a proposal, which went something like this:

In the faculty handbook there is a provision for a "Target of Opportunity" hire. The general idea behind the hire is that the College can seek to employ unique or special individuals who may not fit into the standard criteria for any given position. The benefits to such a provision are multiple, but most often it serves to buttress the Affirmative Action policies of a given institution, and provide more opportunity for different and/or interesting people of color and/or women. However, the representative from FEC approached the Diversity Committee in order to inform us that they had determined that the "Target of Opportunity" position was impossible to enact. According to Mr. FEC, they were unable to determine a manner in which people could become eligible for such an appointment, what type of appointment it would be, and how that appointment would be paid for. He stated that money was a particular problem they had researched and that they were unable to come up with a concrete solution. So, he continued, the best thing to do would be to strike the clause from the handbook, and replace it with a firmer commitment to affirmative action. In short, what he was saying was that we should do away with a concrete opportunity, and replace it with a philosophical ideal.

When pushed on what options they had explored, the FEC representative outlined several choices. He began by telling us that one of the major sticking points was the type of position or positions that could be created. He said that they had wrestled with long and short term appointments, as well as single and multiple hires. He explained that FEC considered taking the money necessary for the position from the money allotted for faculty sabbaticals, but they determined that the faculty would never go for such a thing. He discussed how the committee had approached The Development Office for funding for the position, but that Development was setting aside much of their funds for scholarships. Essentially he presented us with a number of non-options. And since none of these non-options would or could work, FEC determined that it was necessary for us to scrap the provision all together. After all, how could a college say that it provides a service or opportunity without the means to do so. It was his contention that this type of behavior was akin to false advertising.

Well, it's my contention that if we were determined to strike false advertising from all of the literature surrounding Pitzer College, we'd lose more than half the material in all the pamphlets and brochures, and save a bunch of trees in the process. We'd also potentially save a great deal of despair on the part of students who come to Pitzer only to find that they feel as if they've been sold a false bill of goods. It is, in fact, my contention that Pitzer has a chronic difficulty in walking its talk, as exemplified by its outward commitment to Community Service contrasted by the ongoing struggles of both Marriot employees and those in Pitzer maintenance and grounds keeping departments.

The fact of the matter is, as I previously stated, Pitzer has a tendency towards inertia. Why else would the Faculty Executive Committee present us with a challenge that at a minimum fits as much within their auspices as it does with the Diversity Committee's, if not more? Why else would the committee do such a minimal job in finding options? Moreover, the options presented were downright unacceptable because they would serve to foster divisions between faculty and potential faculty, as well as students and faculty. It's this type of dubious behavior that cultivates an atmosphere of mistrust between different factions within the College. I'm not saying that there was some insidious plan embedded in the tabling of the issue by the FEC (although if there is, it's simply those with power and privilege within the institution attempting to maintain and monopolize them). I'm merely stating that, unfortunately, their behavior was well within the standard operating procedures of Pitzer College. If there was truly any desire for substantive improvement, a solution would be found. Creative solutions *have* been found in the past. Where there's a will there's a way.

The time has come for Pitzer to change its modus operandi. The College has a long history of biting off more than it can chew. While I can't ignore the strides the College has taken in the four years I have been here, the new buildings and expanded staff, I believe it is time for the college to step back, and take the proverbial deep breath. Often times the central problem is that the College overextends itself in an effort to do good. My charge to the College is to pick and choose its battles wisely. Public support for issues and subsequent structural failure to follow through with goals can lead to a sense of defeatism. Big contradictions, such as those with Affirmative Action and Social Responsibility only serve to give the College a black eye with all involved. I believe that with work and some much needed self control Pitzer could succeed and achieve many of the lofty goals it has set for itself.

ADDENDUM

Since having written the above column, a new set of issues has come to light which serves to put a different spin on the Target of Opportunity problem. TOS and subsequently the CDC and Student Senate obtained a memo to faculty circulated by FEC. In the memo were several new ideas on how governance at Pitzer should look. Those ideas arose from an ad hoc faculty committee on governance that met over the summer. Several of the issues raised by the committee are still under discussion, but the overall trends are disturbing.

In essence, FEC is determined to streamline governance to the point that it becomes an Uber (super) Committee replacing the entire Academic Planning Committee with only two more FEC members (this was actually agreed upon by the committee). Further, this Uber Committee might consist of only "faculty members on multiple year contracts" (the document states that possibly the voting membership of College Council and faculty meetings should be those personnel). These committee members could also be given an allowance to miss a certain number of class hours per week in order to attend the several hours of meetings required by the committee's new responsibilities. Therefore, these senior, experienced faculty members (after all those are the majority of the ones on multiple year contracts) wouldn't be in the classroom, they'd be making policy. And what policy they'd make. According to the memo, the Uber Committee would be the one stop shopping center for all committees, a "bulletin board" through which all policy recommendations must stop before going on to the faculty. And the student voice in all of this? Forget it. Not only did the committee discuss removing the student vote from FEC on personnel decisions (the feeling was that these decisions might be too difficult for the students to make), the committee discussed the abolition of the College Council, the only body on which Student Senate has real policy making power. Finally, the committee discussed, many of the standing committees should become administrative decision-making committees while others such as "Diversity, for example, might become a sub-committee of FEC." Isn't that a conflict of interest? What smacks of irony to me is that FEC, a committee unable to determine how to create a Target of Opportunity position, wants more power. Why? So they can *not do* even more jobs ascribed to their committee?

Now, while the picture I've painted is quite grim, the possibility of this becoming, at least in part, reality isn't out of the question. As I said before, these are proposals that are still under discussion. The point is, THE IDEAS ARE OUT THERE. There are plenty of individuals who would be happy to take away even more of the student voice on this campus. Don't let them make you mute. The students of this college have been duped into believing they have no power for long enough. As students, we are consumers of the product that Pitzer College offers. If we are displeased with the product, we have the power to change it.

One final note: some individuals reading this issue may view TOS's breaking of this story irresponsible journalism. I'd respond to those critics by saying that allowing the aforementioned anti-Pitzer sentiments to foment and make it into school policy is an example of irresponsible policy making.

Zach Taub



the other side

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Back in the olden days, *The Other Side* used to receive mail and letters to the editor. Not anymore. We would like to get mail once again, not only for selfish reasons, but because letters to the editor both regarding articles written in the magazine and on Pitzer in general provide other avenues for discussion and dialogue. Please write.

The Other Side magazine is a publication of the students of Pitzer College. The editors reserve the right to edit or refuse any material, although it doesn't happen often. The opinions expressed in this magazine do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editorial staff, or, even, in some cases, the writers.

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...PITZER NOT DEAD
 volume xxv issue 1 October 11, 1995

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Pitzer News

Learning How to Learn



by Matthew Cooke

President Massey tells us in the handbook, "You are joining a community that will challenge and inspire you.... you will construct your own path of study and develop your own responses to the social and political challenges of today."

This is a radical idea, one perhaps even too radical for Pitzer. There exists an important distinction between choosing a path and constructing one. Massey says that Pitzer College expects students to create a curriculum, to not only pick a road but to build one. In doing so, we will develop our own responses to challenges and gain the most life experience for our effort.

But sometimes one finds a difference between philosophy and application here at Pitzer College. Sure, we confidently speak about how much freedom we have in choosing which classes satisfy graduation requirements, but how many of us are actually given the opportunity to design courses that recognize our individual needs and talents.

Independent studies are the only tools provided to us for constructing our own path at this time. Some students take advantage of the form but most seem either intimidated by the idea or just don't see the benefit. Actually it's through a customized curriculum that both students and faculty can reap the most reward. I would say it's an area in which Pitzer has the strongest potential.

If you look at other innovative schools around the country you see similar scenarios. For example at DePaul's School for New Learning in Chicago, students regularly participate in designing courses with the faculty. The School for New Learning defines the purpose of a liberal arts education as, "to teach students how to learn." This reminds me of the saying, "Don't give hungry people seafood, teach them to fish." What seems so obvious for solving world hunger is usually completely missed in higher education where we're happy to get a hand-out.

The School for New Learning, which orients itself toward the corporate world, has done studies which show that large corporations seeking to fill upper management positions look for people with a liberal

arts background, the more experimental and diverse, the better. DePaul's research found that graduates who were most accustomed to designing curricula in accordance with their own learning style were also the most creative and innovative in a corporate managerial setting. Those who learned by rote, spoon fed by their professors, were not as likely to perform well under the more demanding leadership positions.

So far, the idea of customizing courses hasn't really played as serious a role as it should on our campus. Even the term "independent study" neglects a crucial aspect of a custom designed curriculum, i.e. dependence upon the ideas and direc-

Please turn to **LEARNING** on the next page ...

Marriot Watch

For the first time in years, the five-college Dean of Students have decided to begin accepting bids for a new food service to cater to the Claremont Colleges. Currently, the Marriot Corporation has been working under a year-to-year contract at the Claremont Colleges with little threat of being replaced. In light of growing student dissatisfaction, however, the decision was made this summer to begin looking at other catering services. A five-college committee has formed to begin looking at both local and national catering services.

Back at Pitzer, members of the Community Involvement Tower have been working on a proposal to replace the Marriot Corporation just at Pitzer. Among the ideas being considered is an in-house catering system that would be operated by members of the Pitzer community. Driven by Pitzer's philosophical commitment to Social Responsibility, the proposal pays close attention to labor issues, especially to the increasing volatile issue of subcontracting, which it would hopefully eliminate from practice at Pitzer College. Among other ideas being considered are food recycling, student employment opportunities, and a wider selection of foods.

Pitzer News

Is Pitzer a money-making machine? Other Side correspondent MAHESH RAJ MOHAN takes a peak at Acting Treasurer Chuck Martin's pocketbook and finds out.



The Almighty Dollar

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHERE ALL OF THE MONEY SPENT ON OUR EDUCATION GOES? Yeah, me too. The question bothered me so much that one day I picked up the phone and called, for lack of a better source, the Student Affairs office. Empathizing with my quest, they referred me to the Financial Aid office. The kind folks over there helped me out with a little information, but told me that the Treasurer was the one I should really be talking to. So I made an appointment.

The next day I met with Chuck Martin, the Acting Treasurer. I asked him, "Where does all of the money Pitzer students and their parents pay go?" He said, "[We do not] take student dollars and spend them somewhere and then take investment dollars somewhere." He told me that all of the money that Pitzer receives is lumped together except for money primarily set forth for scholarships. That is the only time that a specific amount of money is spent for an intended purpose and it is in the form of an annual gift or an endowment. Mr Martin went on to say that Pitzer has revenue and it has expenses and outlined the revenue sources that Pitzer has. I will replicate the (rounded) revenue sources of last year for all of you fine folk to see, because the public will be informed!

REVENUE!

- Tuition and fees—\$14.7 million
- Gifts—\$800,000
- Total investment income—\$19 million
- Federal funds, all sources—\$690,000
- Special programs (PACE, conference program activity)—\$1.7 million
- Miscellaneous—\$35,000
- Dorm charges—\$1.9 million
- Board charges—\$1.3 million
- Facilities fee—\$700,000
- Grand Total —\$23 million for 94-95

Pretty impressive for the youngest Claremont College, huh? Well now let's get to the nitty-gritty, shall we? (Cue scary music)

Here come THE EXPENSES!

EXPENSES!

- Instructors—\$7 million
- Research—\$50,000
- Public Service (the expenses for the conference programs and PACE)—\$1.2 million
- Academic Support—\$900,000
- Student Services—\$1.7 million
- Institutional Support—\$2.3 million
- Plant Maintenance—close to \$1 million
- Scholarships—\$4.8 million
- Transfers (mandatory and voluntary funds spent to create reserves or debt service) \$700,000
- And there are costs that are the other side of what was earned.
- Things like,
- Dorm costs—\$2 million
- Board—\$1.3 million
- McConnell Center—\$200,000
- Gold Center—\$42,000
- Transfers—\$454,000
- Grand Total —\$23 million for 94-95

LEARNING

Continued from previous page

tion of faculty and peers. This is perfectly appropriate for the student who is completely sure of what s/he wants and how to get there but for the rest of us?

This year a group of us took the basic concept of the independent study and tried to put it to proper use with the guidance of the new and incredibly inspiring Pitzer film/video professor, Alexandra Juhasj. Four students met, designed a course, developed a syllabus, and went to work.

In the new course, "Film Production," we set up a film studio/lab, taught ourselves how to use equipment, went on field trips, solicited advise from strangers, argued, etc. They learned how to do it themselves, how to screw up, how to ask for help and how to have incredible fun the whole time. We've been learning how to learn. As usual we have individuals to thank and a system to wrestle with.

Often we look at a place like CMC or Pomona and scoff at their more rigid, traditional approaches to learning (amongst other things) and with our egos inflated we march off to an identically traditional lecture class on Whatever 101. After an hour and a half we go back to the dorms to smoke opium. Not much different than a CMC or Pomona. This isn't the way it has to be.

Of course, none of this implies that we don't already have some great programs and projects. We have classes, especially in the sociology department, where students actively participate in the communities which they are studying. For example, a California Education class has students doing part time tutoring as part of the course requirement. This is certainly a fantastic thing, and something to be patting ourselves on the back for. But on the whole, we don't live up to the words in our own handbook. We can, and should be more serious about the educational objectives we set for ourselves at Pitzer.

As a matter of fact, we could probably loosen up the graduation re-

quirements even more while at the same time strengthening the integrity of the Pitzer program. This can be done by providing more tools for customized curriculum besides the independent study.

Between 100-270 independent study projects are done each semester mostly in the fields of English and Art, but spanning every concentration. Faculty and students strongly support expanding a program like this into the Pitzer curriculum but according to some faculty the school just doesn't provide enough support yet for creative projects. I spoke with Jack Sullivan and Jeff Lewis who both commented that a great way to implement a program like this would be to add a customized curricula course to the faculty workload as if it were a regular class. This would alleviate the stress placed on faculty to teach five full sized courses and direct independent/customized studies. The role of directing a customized course could rotate amongst faculty members so as to alleviate equal workload issues.

Whatever we come up with should be incorporated into the graduation requirements of each concentration. We could eliminate two of ten general education courses for example and ask that those credits be devoted to a customized study with a professor; suggested student to teacher ratio, 4:1 or even 4:2. This would give us the means to really explore an idea in an interdisciplinary manner. Reed College demands a thesis be written during the senior year of the undergraduate program. Other schools send their students to work half a semester in their field of interest. Why shouldn't Pitzer students design their courses? That way, after we graduate, we'll be able to catch our own fish.

Quinn Burson and Chris Trinacty are the student reps currently on the Curriculum Committee which decides on matters such as the one discussed in this article. Jeff Lewis and Peter Nardi are two faculty members on the committee. If you are interested in joining or just want to share ideas, please contact one of the above or myself.

Matthew can be reached by e-mail: MCooke@Pitzer.edu

Now before you look incredulously at both grand totals, as I certainly would, you must understand something that Mr Martin told me. He said that Pitzer is "not a money-making machine." He also said that in a not-for-profit institution you hope that you break even or have a little left over. Now, since the figures I replicated for you were rounded, you didn't see that, in 94-95 \$7,300 was, indeed, left over.

Mr. Martin also told me that eighty cents of every dollar earned in revenue by the college is from tuition/fees and room and board, which comes from the students, of course. Which makes sense, since we are the major "clients" here, right?

In addition to where student moneys go to, I also queried Mr Martin on how much the administrators and faculty at Pitzer make. He said that the Pitzer faculty's goal as far as salary increase is inflation plus 2% real growth, which allows retirements to provide salary growth along with the rate if inflation.

He couldn't, of course, tell me the exact figures as that would be a breach of privacy, but I did acquire some median figures. This information comes care of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) publication, *The Academia*, which our Dean of Students office gets every spring. It is a nationwide comparison of faculty salaries in public and private institutions of learning.

A Full Professor at Pitzer receives approximately \$68,300; them mean of the top 25 is \$68,814; Pitzer ranks 14th out of the top 25.

An Associate Professor at Pitzer receives about \$45,800; the mean of the top 25 is \$50,000; Pitzer ranks 22nd out of the top 25 in this respect.

An Assistant Professor at Pitzer receives about \$39,950; the mean of that good old top 25 is \$41,000; Pitzer ranks 18th out of the top 25 institutions.

I was a little disturbed at the amount of money that assistant and associate professors receive because it doesn't look like a lot. It scarcely looks like enough to live on, especially if they have children. But they agreed on their 2% increase as well as redistribution of a retiring professor's earnings, so they must know what they are doing.

Administrators, I found, are a different stripe of animal altogether. "The fiscal goal for administrators," Mr Martin said, "is to base their salaries on maintaining a competitive market for quality people." An average mean for an administrator, like a Vice President of Admission is harder to obtain because of the nature of the job and competitiveness for it. The Association of Independent California Colleges and Universities (AICCU) has a list of administrators across the nation, but we didn't have that information with us there, though is available.

Mr. Martin also stressed that this information is not "super-secret" or "confidential" He said that all of this information is published every year. In addition are the budget guidelines which are presented mid-way through the year, the planning assumptions, assessments of the external environment, and the operating budget. The Budgetary Implementation Committee receives the above information and cross the path of our Assistant Convenor. So, go bug Adam Block into showing you this year's budget guidelines and operating budget next year and see where your money is going to.

I am certainly glad that I found out about all of this information. I shall sleep easier at night. Now, if I can just figure out why it costs \$150 to have ACUS put in a private line when it costs half that for a house. Well, there's always next issue. Thanks for your time folks and remember that "a person with a thousand friends doesn't have a friend to lose" (Ralph Waldo Emerson)

DOES PITZER HAVE A PURPOSE?



Pitzer News



EXCLUSIVE.....

PROPOSED CHANGES IN GOVERNANCE SPARK CONTROVERSY

by Aaron Balkan

On September 29, 1995, an ad-hoc summer faculty committee, designated to research and discuss possible changes in Pitzer's governance structure, submitted its proposals to the Pitzer faculty. The memo, composed by FEC [The Faculty Executive Committee, which is comprised of six faculty members and two student members and votes on issues such as hiring faculty and tenure] chair Jack Sullivan, and circulated exclusively amongst faculty members and student FEC representatives, presented areas of both agreement and disagreement in proposals for possible changes. Amongst the areas of disagreement, which were submitted for further discussion, were ideas such as limiting voting membership at College Council to faculty with multi-year contracts, eliminating student voting power on personnel cases on FEC, and centralizing and increasing the influence of FEC itself.

Sparking controversy within the Pitzer community, the memo was pushed to the forefront of discussion in Student Senate, which immediately issued a statement pledging its opposition to the proposals. Interpreted as part of a growing movement, amongst the small contingent of faculty members, to remove student voices from the governance decisions of Pitzer, the memo was

viewed as a frightening representation of the growing anti-student voice sentiment at Pitzer. "The fact that these ideas were even tossed around scares me the most," said student FEC representative and Senate member Juan DeLara, "the fact that there are actually faculty members walking around Pitzer who want to take away student voice is very serious."

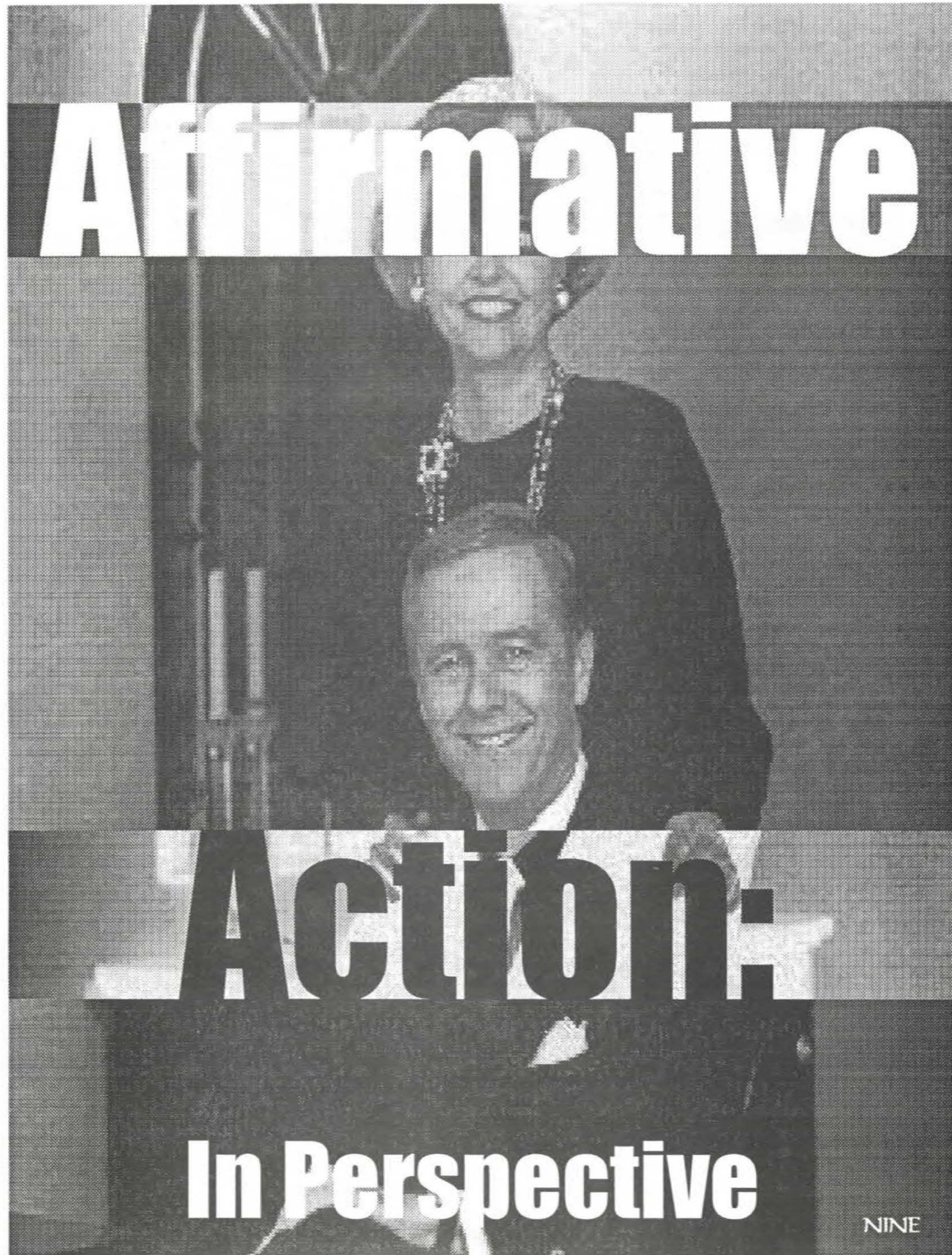
To be submitted as a formal proposal, the faculty's ideas were only to be one of three separate proposals for changes. The ad-hoc committee, while not designated to submit formal ideas, was created to facilitate discussion amongst the various faculty members, and to create a platform of different ideas which would then be discussed and eventually scaled down to fit a formal proposal. At the end of last semester, FEC had requested proposals from the Student Senate as well as an organized group of staff members. The summer group's proposals, were the first to be submitted, and in comparison with the other proposals, the most radical. Despite the fact that they were submitted to the entire faculty, the ideas contained in the memo were only composed by a small number of faculty members.

The memo itself actually lists a large number of faculty as members of this summer ad-hoc committee, which met eight different times this summer. However, most of them only attended one of two of the meetings, and when asked to comment, knew little or nothing about the specific proposals. Curiously enough, the memo does not specify which faculty members were responsible for the individual ideas, nor does it specify which faculty members were in disagreement with the proposals. Pitzer professor Jose' Calderon actually attended only the first meeting, and was not included in the discussion of the most radical changes. Yet his name appears amongst the rest of the faculty as an equally contributing participant.

Listing his name and taking responsibility for the final version of the memo, was FEC chair Jack Sullivan, who insists that the memo was only meant to serve as a kind of catalyst for further discussion. However, the memo appears to submit areas of "agreement" as if they were actually final proposals—and not just recommendations. In this sense, the memo has been viewed by many as taking on too strong an influential role in the process of

Please turn to Exclusive page 34

Affirmative



Action:

In Perspective

Affirmative Action and economic realities

by Ali Hangan

Since its inception, the legislation of Affirmative Action has helped disadvantaged groups gain greater access to economic opportunities. Proponents of Affirmative Action claim, "It [Affirmative Action] opens up doors for groups that have been traditionally shut out of the economic mainstream." Opponents argue, "Affirmative Action gives unfair advantages to groups with set aside programs, quotas and inherently breeds racism. However, both sides can agree it is not a panacea for the broader socio-economic ills of our time. Moreover, if we proceed to approach Affirmative Action in isolation of the changing economic landscape we may overlook some pressing issues that should be addressed.

Affirmative Action emerged out of and was linked to, the Civil Rights movement. The political motion of African-Americans was tied to their economic and social disenfranchisement, i.e. the Jim Crow laws. In the early twentieth century, southern agricultural industries introduced a new mode of raising crops. Shifting from the sharecropping system to the use of mechanical means of production such as, the cotton picker. This phenomenon created vast unemployment for African-Americans in the south. Contemporaneously, three large expansions in the economy would occur in the urban industrialized regions of America. World War one, two and our involvement in East Asia would be the major causes. Therefore, these economic shifts in the rural south and urban north would lay the material basis for the great migration of African-Americans to America's urban centers. All of this, played a pivotal role in transforming the black populous from peasants to proletariats giving rise to the battles for: equal access to jobs, housing, education voting and unfettered consumership.

Today, there is a new shift in the economy; it is high-tech, global and is no longer based on war production. American industries, once at the helm of the global market place, have historically pushed for expanding their markets through out the world embodied in policies such as: GATT and NAFTA. Paradoxically, American companies are now facing stiffening competition from abroad. Indeed, one of the great contradictions of the free market system. In light of these developments, the new words in the corporate lexicon is "downsize, merger, and

cut costs, cut costs and cut some more costs."

These new developments and their effects on the American worker have been devastating. American companies have laid off millions of workers in the past 20 years in order to adhere to the inherent law of capitalism, the less overhead one has, the more profit one is able to make. The large industrial section of the job market that yielded jobs that paid a wage to provide a "middle class" standard of living has decreased and involuntary part-time jobs have increased significantly. U.S. News published a survey by the U.S Department of labor, and found involuntary part-time jobs rose since 1970, 178.1%, while full time jobs have risen only 51%.

Technology plays a dual role in the rapidly changing economy. On the one hand, advanced communication and distribution technologies are laying the foundation for a global infrastructure that allows corporations to access cheap labor pools and uncharted markets for American products and services. The slow but increasing use of cheap labor for production by American companies has become an necessity to compete with foreign or rival companies in the global market place. At first, this trend only effected low skilled workers which help foster the impoverished urban regions we know of today. Yet, the demand for cheap labor still exist and it has carried over to skilled workers as well. Case in point, a computer programmer in China is paid only \$400 a month; a vast difference in comparison to what a wage a programmer would command in the United States. Also, the Wall Street Journal reported Boeing is investing \$100 million in china for training workers.

On the other hand, technology is also being used in the American factories

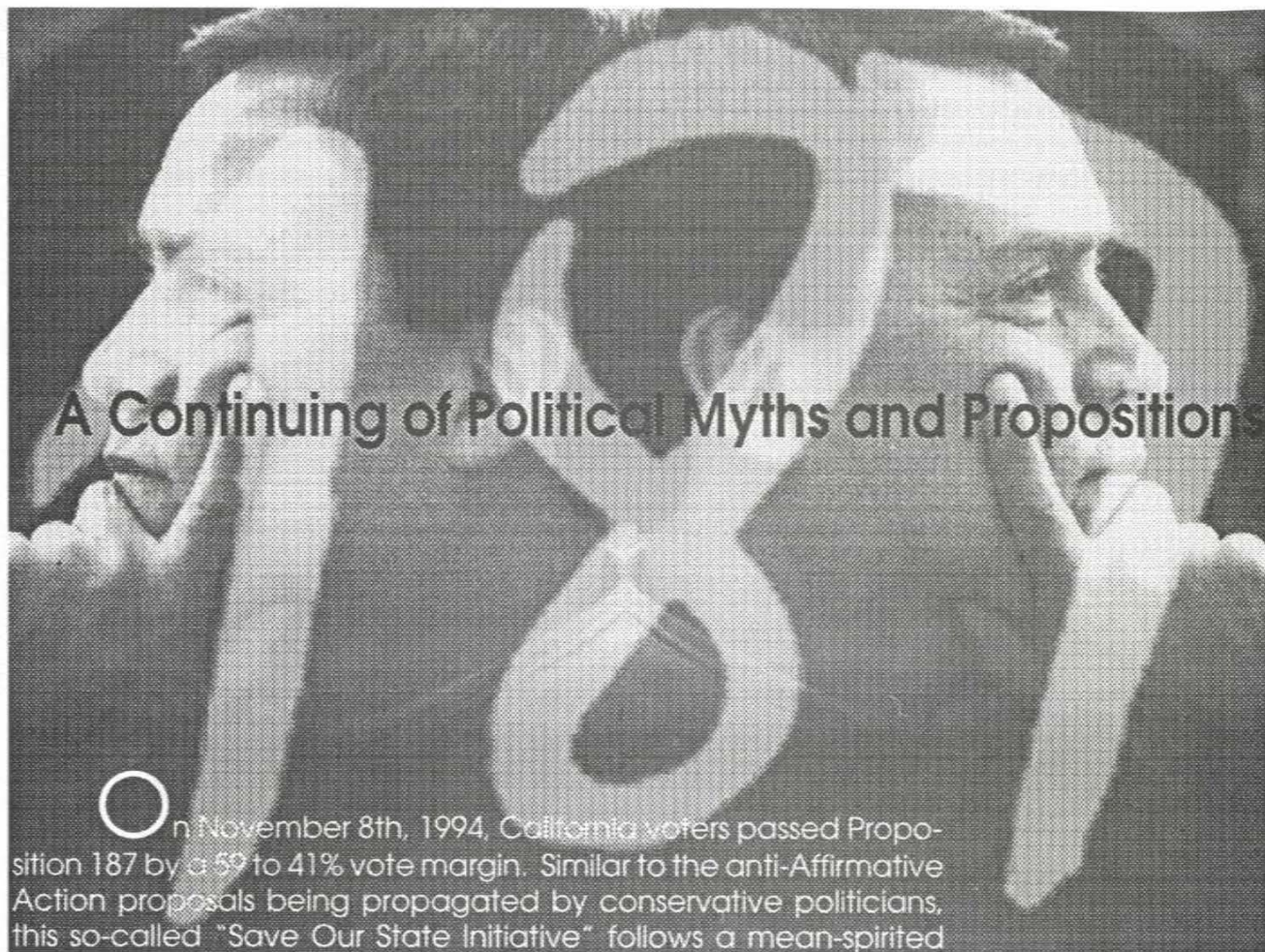
"The slow but increasing use of cheap labor for production by American companies has become a necessity to compete with foreign or rival companies in the global marketplace."

to cut the cost of production. This was seen in the late 80's as millions of middle management positions were cut from corporate payrolls. American companies implemented emerging information systems allowing them to shorten the time it took a product to go from research and development to the production floor. Making the necessity of a mass bureaucracy of middle managers, once synonymous to industry, no longer cost efficient.

The argument has been made that technology and the new economy is creating jobs and indeed it has. there is no doubt, that American companies are actively seeking computer literate technologists to work for them. However, Edith Hollerman, counsel to the house committee on Science, Space and Technology noted in the Wall Street Journal that, "There are some high-tech jobs, but they are not reserved for you in the first world...as international corporations move their facilities to cheaper locations jobs in product design, process engineering and software development are moving with them."

There have been jobs created in industries besides in the area of technology; health care, transportation and retail industries have shown trends of rising employment. Yet, it is not a question of jobs, it is a question of how much do they pay. One wage indicator may be Wal-mart. Wal-mart is the second largest employer in the private sector. The first is Manpower incorporated, a temporary employment agency. Wallmart employs over 600,000 people with an average wage of \$6.50 an hour. Of course, that is part-time and without any benefits. Thirty years ago, the largest employer was General Motors which paid a union wage of \$15.00 to \$25.00 an hour, and included benefits. So it is clear, the value of the American worker is becoming less and less and the economic opportunities for him or her is decreasing.

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A Continuing of Political Myths and Proposition

On November 8th, 1994, California voters passed Proposition 187 by a 59 to 41% vote margin. Similar to the anti-Affirmative Action proposals being propagated by conservative politicians, this so-called "Save Our State Initiative" follows a mean-spirited tradition which, in various parts of history, has targeted Irish, Jewish, Italian, Chinese, Mexican, Japanese, and other immigrants. The initiative mandates that anyone "suspected" of being undocumented must prove his or her residence status. School administrators, teachers, doctors, nurses, police officers and social workers must decide whom to "suspect" and report to the INS all people who cannot prove their status.

There are two important myths that Proposition 187 is propagating that are related to the state of the economy. First, that immigrants are taking jobs and reducing the wages of natives. Secondly, that immigrants are a drain on social services and that they are using more in services than they are paying in taxes.

Contrary to these myths, recent studies by both the Urban Institute and the Rand corporation show that, in times of growth, immigration actually increases U.S. citizens' economic opportunities in labor market where immigrants are concentrated because their spending and investing has a ripple effect. In 1989, immigrants earned and recycled through the economy \$285 billion. On the issue of taking social services and not paying taxes, the Urban Institute study concluded: "When all immigrants who arrived since 1970 are examined, it appears that immigrants generate a net public-sector surplus of \$25 billion to \$30 billion annually" Similarly, a RAND Corporation study concluded: "Overall, Mexican immigration has been an economic asset to the state, in that it has stimulated employment growth and kept wages competitive...although immigrants' use of services appears to be increasing, their contribution to public revenues exceeds the costs of their service usage." This study, also found that immigrants pay from \$70 billion to \$90 billion in taxes and receive less than \$50 billion in services annually.

by Jose Calderon

Those who support Proposition 187 claim that it will reduce undocumented immigration as if the undocumented are drawn here simply for the use of public services rather than the push and pull forces of immigration. The reality is that this economy has historically needed a cheap labor pool that it can use (particularly when there is a war or when the economy is doing well). Proposition 87 will do little to discourage those companies which exploit cheap labor and will do little to discourage immigration from countries where there is high unemployment and poverty.

If proposition 187 is fully implemented, the undocumented and their children will still be with us but with no education and health care. The result of Proposition 187 will be to deprive an estimated 300,000 children of an education, including English-language skills, that are necessary for this society's future work force.

On December 14, 1994, a federal District Court judge prohibited most of the key provisions from taking effect until a trial determines the constitutionality of the initiative.

Although this was a temporary blockage of Prop 187 it has touched off a trend to scapegoat anyone that can be targeted for the economic ills of the society

There is a national trend developing that is anti-affirmative action and that is raising the specter of political correctness. Alongside Governor Pete Wilson in California, Ward Connerly, on of the African Americans on the Board of Regents got his wish of putting an end to race and gender-based affirmative action in the UC system. Bernie Richter, a Republican Assemblyman from Chico, introduced an amendment to the California State Constitution to end affirmative action in hiring for state jobs and in admissions at state-run colleges. Although legislation to abolish affirmative action policies for minorities and women was defeated by Senate Democrats, proponents are now gearing up to pass the California Civil Rights initiative, that is meant to produce the same outcomes as Richter's constitutional amendment. As a result of the politics of scapegoating, there are many Californians who have ignored the legal injunction against Proposition 187 and taken the law into their own hands. For example, special Prop 187 hot lines that were established from Los Angeles to San Francisco, reported numerous acts of discrimination. In one example a Mexican-American mother called to say her sick two-year-old was left waiting five hours on two successive nights at the Kaiser Foundation Hospital in Hayward, California. Limp, dehydrated, and near death, the child was finally admitted on the third day and immediately attached to an IV. As the mother sat by her child's bed, the mother, who was a legal resident, was asked for immigration papers.

With the loss of jobs and down-sizing aimed against the middle class, it is easy for conservative politicians and the government to shift the blame for these problems on undocumented worker.

It is understandable, however, when we look at the statistics that show the rich getting richer, the middle-class as shrinking, and those at the bottom increasing in numbers. Census figures show that while the top 40% of the population is controlling 93.2% of the wealth, only 6.8% of the wealth is held by the remaining 60%. Under these conditions, we are being forced to compete for the dwindling services—and in the process aim our anger at each other rather than against the systemic sources of the problem.

There are things that we can do to defeat the effects of Proposition 187 and the politics of scapegoating.

1. Support the legal challenges that are taking place against cutbacks, anti-affirmative action measures, and Proposition 187.
2. Be a part of naturalization and voter registration efforts to build political power blocs.
3. Connect the resources we have on our campuses with the needs of our surrounding communities.
4. Continue organizing the youth in our schools since they have been a very strong force in fighting proposition 187. This was particularly evident in the role that youth played in organizing high school lies, our campuses, and our communities.

WHAT DOES SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY MEAN?



Pogo had lived on his island for as long as he could remember. The weather was always warm, the trees were always swaying from the gentle blowing of the sea breeze, and the ocean was always teeming with fish just waiting to be caught.

The sky and the ocean are blue, and these are infinite. Pogo sat on his rock pondering his islands saying... Each of the islands in the near vicinity had their own sayings, which often followed the name of that island. His was the Blue Island. His wives island was the Storm Island and their saying was: The storm which blows the sky and fills the sea, makes these infinite.

ISLANDER

AN ALTERNATIVE HISTORY

Now that Pogo thought about it, all the islands had the word infinite in them... It seemed like the ancestors of the various islanders were all one people and they separated into the different islands. All the sayings were all pertaining to the ocean and the sky and all of these sayings gave their reasons as to why these two things were infinite. Infinite seemed like such a huge word, Pogo thought, and he wondered if there was anything at the other side of this infiniteness. He would have to find out some day, he thought.

The days of his life passed and the occasional typhoons that Allah created seemed to lose their excitement value... Pogo finally made his decision to go across this vast infiniteness... Perhaps he may discover something great. He gathered his eldest and strongest son and they paddled to the nearby islands. He traveled from island to island, telling the head of each about his marvelous idea about going across the infinite sea. Each head of each of the islands nodded their heads in agreement and decided that it was Allah's will.

After another moon, the twenty islanders were assembled on the Blue Island. There, they praised and implored Allah to bless their trip, and once that had been done, they began their preparations for the great voyage of discovery.

The largest tree was cut down and carved into the largest canoe any of them had ever seen in their lives or dreamt possible. It was long and sleek. It was broad in comparison with other canoes but in proportion to its length, the new boat was narrow and seaworthy. A giant sail was fashioned out of the same cotton that made their clothes, only this sail was three times as thick and very

strong. She had twenty benches with more than enough room for one man. There was a compartment under each bench where each man could store his personal belongings. At the tail of the boat was large storage which was reserved for food and fresh water. At the bow was another compartment for all the other things like extra paddles, a folded sail, ten fishing nets, bows and arrows, wooden scimitars and other trade goods made up of spices, gold and precious stones.

Each man brought with him two of his most finest paddles, three extra changes of clothing, his own personal good luck charms and a packet of sand from his own

island. The night before the trip, each of the departing men were tattooed with a solid ring around their right forearm with a crescent above it, symbolizing that they belonged to Allah, wherever they went, even across the vast infiniteness.

The men shoved away from the Blue Island at dawn and made their way towards the rising sun. They were going on a voyage of discovery, to find the birthplace of the sun, the Great Maw in the Water that was supposedly the source of the exciting typhoons and to spread the word of Allah to anyone they should find.

Each man rowed his two paddles all day and all night for the first two days before all of them became exhausted. Without a doubt, they had gone farther than anyone had ever been from the islands. Pogo was their navigator and leader and he realized that they could not go on like this. He started making shifts for each man, when they should sleep and when they should fish and when they should row. The islanders became happier with this arrangement and so they continued on.

Ten days have passed since they last saw their families, surely they must be somewhere near something, but alas, there was nothing but blue infiniteness in every direction. The food stores that they had brought from home had been depleted. The limes, coconuts and bananas were all gone and the only thing left were the dried fish caught just before they left. They were in no way near starvation though, in the ten days that they were journeying, they had

caught enough fish to fill their food stores to the brim.

The islanders paddled on, they seldom tired before their shift was over and they seldom got bored because they were all such good company. The men became greater friends than they had deemed possible and the days of journeying went by in rapid and happy stages. The food stores only dwindled twice but they were always replenished with even more fish.

The boat never stopped and they carried on. There were always six or more people rowing at any one time and during the middle of the day, all twenty of them would be rowing the boat. The sleek vessel sliced easily through the waves at good speeds.

One day, a typhoon appeared at the horizon. Pogo recognized it immediately and ordered each man to tie himself down to his bench. The islanders did as they were told and tightly fastened themselves to the canoe. They brought down the sail and kept their oars. The wind and waves of the infinities slapped against their canoe, always threatening to capsize the little insignificant speck. The islanders grinned at the excitement of the giant typhoon for none of them had ever experienced such a fury, and not on a boat either. They enjoyed the tossing and turning about, not knowing or caring that they had been blown off course.

When the typhoon ended, all twenty of the men knelt on their benches, praising and thanking Allah for the grand excitement that he had given them. They paddled happily on. On and on they went, the canoe slicing through the waves ever so steadily, they didn't realize it but they were going northeast and not towards the rising sun where they had originally intended.

Pogo had been making marks on his bench with his whale bone knife. For every sunrise on the boat, he made a notch. He had on his bench nearly seventy notches on his bench and his tongue was feeling the effects of eating dried fish for nearly sixty days straight. Fish had become tasteless and some of the islanders were actually getting weaker although all of them were well-fed. He finally decided to tell them about his fears.

On the seventieth dawn Pogo woke up the sleeping islanders for their shift but then prevented the exhausted ones from taking their well earned rest. For the first time in twenty days, since the typhoon, the rows on the boat stopped.

Pogo stood up on his bench at the aft of the boat and showed the notches to his friends. They gasped at how long they had actually spent at sea. Some of the men scratched their heads, others nodding. Some of them felt like they had been in the boat all their lives and they truly missed the smell of land and their families but as men, they were not allowed to show their emotions. They discussed the problem for a while and the men agreed to keep on going, for they should be close to something by now. Pogo was thankful for he honestly had no idea of how to get back, all he knew was that his home was in the direction of the sunset.

Ten more days passed by and it had been nearly three moons since they left the Blue Island. The weather had become cold and the men were wearing all four of

their cotton tunics at once. There was now a mist every morning, and it covered the blue horizon. Undaunted, they pushed on and then finally, the miracle happened.

Pogo woke up from his deep sleep to see the night shift still rowing despite their exhaustion. The mist was behind their backs and he could see something behind it. His eyes widened as he saw structures of some sort and a black silhouette behind the fog. The rowers looked at him queerly and then turned their bodies around towards the eastern horizon. Their, to their surprise and relief, lay land. The other islanders quickly rose up from their slumber at the sound of the happy shouting of their mates.

Before them lay a huge village of some sort, strange and odd. They paddled harder, all twenty of them, towards the alien harbor. The islanders could see people coming out of their mud houses. The people were strange in dress, (if they were dressed). Half of their bodies were like grotesquely hairy apes and the other half was as pale as the white sand from the beaches back home. The white half-apes looked with goggled eyes at the strange black visitors. Pogo straightened his triple-layered cotton tunic and was the first out of the canoe. He swayed a little bit, for he had lost his land legs.

Pogo's companions followed their navigator to the strange new land. For a moment, the islanders and the natives stared at each other. The natives then saw the crescent on Pogo's forearm and they immediately knelt, touching the ground with their heads. It was then that Pogo realized that the hairiness of these people was nothing more than the hides of animals... Suddenly a richly dressed native arrived with an entourage of retainers, all of them also richly dressed. Upon seeing the crescent on Pogo's forearm, they prostrated themselves. The natives were on their knees for the longest time, some of them quivering in fear.

Pogo and his companions looked at each other and were embarrassed at the honor given to them. Pogo decided to communicate with the natives. He raised up the richly dressed native and produced the packet of sand from the Blue Island.

We have journeyed for many moons to discover. Now, we have discovered your land, and with your permission, we shall join our lands to make it one land, under the glory of Allah, Pogo said in his own language.

The native chief's eyes widened when he heard Pogo say Allah and he immediately broke from Pogo's light grip and knelt again, lowering his head to the ground. Pogo shrugged and opened his packet of sand. He sprinkled it on the bare ground of the new country, thereby linking the two nations, almost three moons apart.

The native chief rose up but kept his head low and faced his people.

We have despised our masters the Moors but we did not see how correct they were. Clearly, here are Allah's messengers, they have traveled from beyond the edge of our flat world and have come now to bring great messages. They are divine prophets the chief said in Portuguese then knelt again.



COLOR
BY TODD SCHOOLER

It seems that once you become a senior at Pitzer you feel a need to write an article in the Other Side giving your two cents about what needs to happen at Pitzer for it to be a better place, for me it is art, new names and revolution. I came to Pitzer for internal reasons. I saw the educational experience as unlimited and the faculty and staff as genuine and concerning people. Today this is still true, but now that my majors are being squared away I look across this campus and say to myself 'externally this campus is drab'. To put it frankly this place looks like a prison built by Rubix, it has a stench that reminds me of my grandma's basement and the only color I see around here is in the desert-garden

that is. There are two reasons for my critical outlook. (1) I hate the fact that the only art in my life here at Pitzer is produced by Marriot. (2) I hate the fact that the only color on the walls here at Pitzer is produced by my suite mate throwing old fruit against the walls.

Therefore I have three ideas that I would like to share. The first concerns the mural campaign that has been rejuvenated by some students who feel the same way about Pitzer's aesthetic nightmare. I would also like to suggest renaming the halls in Mead. The third idea is at a deeper level, it concerns revolution and is related to the first and second ideas.

I highly advocate the mural cam-

paign. I think it is exactly what is needed to add some color to Pitzer. By splashing some paint on the walls here at Pitzer I think we may see some positive effects. For one it will turn what is seen by many, including myself, as very pathetic expression of creativity into a creative atmosphere (imagine that a college campus with a creative atmosphere). Isn't it creativity and that which leads us to be creative a very important element of education? Plus, who knows, art on some of the walls here at Pitzer may even ignite a spark in a damp brain.

My other suggestion for Pitzer is to re name the halls in Mead. I realize that changing the names of halls in Mead is up-rooting some of the deep heritage

Please turn to COLORS on page 35

FESTIVAL OF LANTERNS

by Emilie Kamick

Flashes of every color imaginable. Colors dancing against the night sky, emanating from intricately cut images of a tradition. People, noises, smells, all around me, all of them so foreign, so unrecognizable.

One of my first nights in China, I experienced a celebration of a world, of a culture, a celebration so joyful that it illuminated each face that made up an indistinguishable mass. Like nothing I had ever seen. So deep and so rich that they were united, each and every one of them knew what it was like to feel that way about something that they shared with generations of people. A celebration that extended beyond that night, that fueled their souls and their hopes and dreams. It was contagious and completely unreachably at the same time. I was an outsider looking in, yet I too could feel it even if I could not identify exactly what it was. Overwhelming in its intensity, yet all it was was a part of them. I began to wonder when it was that I had ever felt that way about my world, had shared something like that with so many people. But my world isn't like that. The focus on individuality rebels against the unity of tradition.

People always say that experiencing another culture will change the outlook you have on your own, but when I went to China I was experienced a culture for the first time. I live in the land

of opportunity, where shining faces and beautiful things are what make up the myths and fairytales of a land with streets paved with gold. Hopes and dreams can only come true in a place like this. This is not what I know about my world. We all live our separate lives and subsist on a drive to make our own lives what we want. The fables and traditions that make up my world exist merely to channel each individual focus. The land of the free, the home of the brave, the freedoms that our forefathers fought to attain, were created so that we could become, as individuals, what it is that we want to be. Yet I too believe in individuality, and the freedoms that we are all so lucky to have, it's just that there is

something so beautiful in a world that celebrates the things that they share and will do anything not to lose. I could describe to you the atrocities of it, a government that discourages the attainment of individual aspirations, the millions of people that have had their homes and livelihoods taken away from them for the good of the whole. But they believe in it because they feel they are a part of that whole. The people who went to Tiananmen Square six years ago went with the knowledge that defying their government could cost them their lives. They were not fearful for they felt that they were doing something to change their world for everyone. They asked their government to change, to follow through on the promises it espoused so that others may live better lives. The disdain survivors felt was more than the death of their loved ones, it was the knowledge that those who died did not achieve what it was they gave up life for

In America we have a mass culture of materialism, idealism and head strong individuality. We each have our individual cultures and if we are lucky we may get to share them with others. What does my culture consist of? My mother's British origin that comes out in her vocabulary her tea and the Christmas dinner we eat every December My grandmother's immense pride in everything Italian that has made its mark on me through the only Italian word I know, Nonna, which means grandmother My father's love for his hometown of Washington, D.C., a place that his family has had roots in for generations, a love he has passed on to me. These are my roots. While they are important me, they do not delve deep enough to tie me to any one place or any one tradition.

We strive to be so different, to diverge from the past. In China the past fuels the future. They revel in it and go on, never forgetting what it is that ties them to their land and their people. This love has been a part of them, heart and soul, ever since they first began to be, passed down to them from the others before them. There is something so beautiful and comforting in this. I am in awe of the images and tradi-

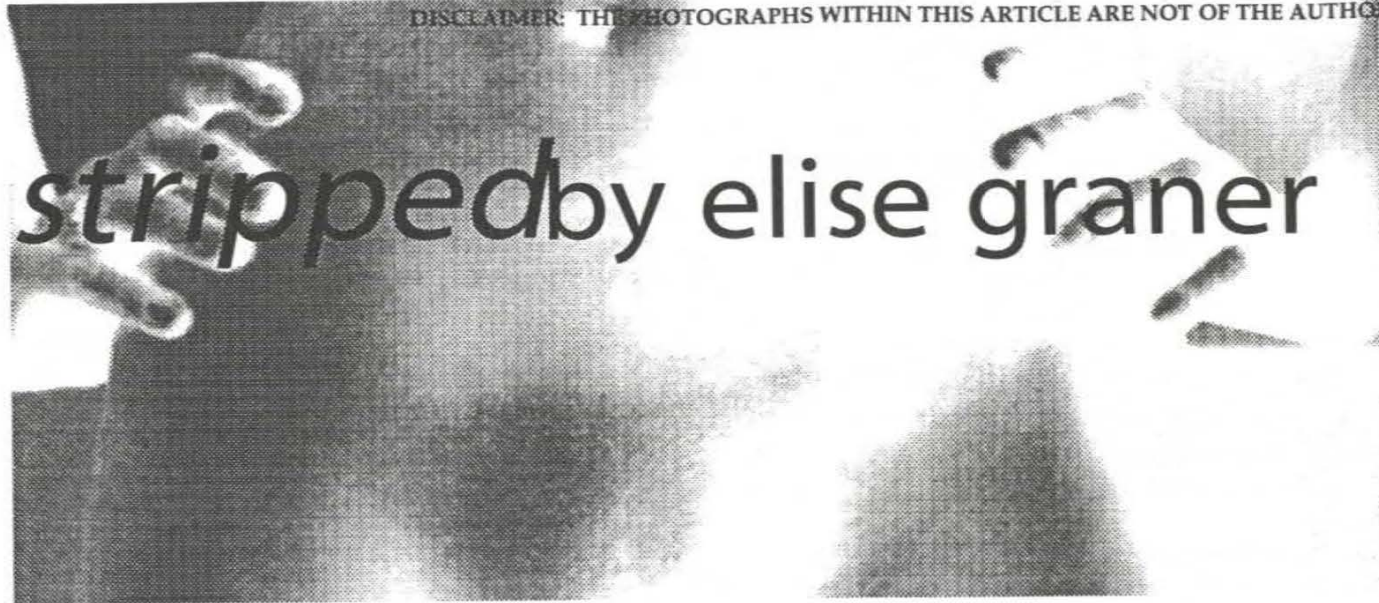
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OCTOBER 11, 1995

SEVENTEEN

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stripped by elise graner

"Come on, I wanna fuck you," he told her she squirmed from underneath him.

"Why not?" he asked.

She looked at him but did not respond. He rolled his eyes at her.

"You're so beautiful," he began to stroke her breasts with the tip of his index finger. He traced her body down to her vagina. He slipped his finger slowly firmly inside of her.

"Come on."

He began to kiss her neck as his finger moved in and out of the edge of her.

"I want to give you...whatever you want."

"Like a bladder infection," she mumbled to herself.

He looked at her and took his finger out. He asked her.

"Are you attracted to me? Cause I'm attracted to you."

"Yeah," she answered.

"Do you ever think about sex...ever?!"

"Yes."

"Do you ever think about us having sex?"

"Sometimes."

"Do...do you like men?"

"Yes."

"Let me fuck you."

"No."

"You're so damn fickle! Maybe you have some weird problem with men or sex or something."

"Sure."

He laid on his side and stared at her naked body.

"Dance for me. Please," he asked.

She shook her head sideways. He pleaded with her again.

"Let me see you touch yourself. Please, I love that. I really love that."

"Why?"

"It's a fantasy. It'd be so hot. Don't you have fantasies? Come on, be my fantasy Please..."

She leaned on her back, her hands remaining at her side.

"I love the smell. I love the smell of a penis after it's cum. I love the smell of a man's sweat. I love the way you smell. That's what I like."

He rolled onto his back,

"Look, do whatever you want to do Helen, all right."

"Do you think you have really lived?"

"What?"

"Have you ever really lived?"

"I don't know," her friend answered, shoving her cigarette butt into the ash tray, "I...I don't know. Why?"

"Do you think we ever will?" Helen said, staring straight ahead.

Her friend started to fidget in the booth.

"Waitress, some more coffee please."

"I should drop out of school."

"What? Helen, why?!" her friend replied stirring sweet and low into her freshly filled mug o' coffee with her index finger.

"Beuase, what do I do here?"

"You...I don't know, a lot. You're taking a lot of classes. You take pictures for that year book thing. You hang out with people. You hang out with that one guy...he's an asshole...but I don't fucken know," she finished then cautiously sipped her coffee, "gross what's happened to Denny's coffee? It used to be good. Try this Helen, do you think the cream is bad?"

I'm tired of that fear of having to walk outside and face them. They judge and they talk and fuck up. They're critical in what they do and see and say. I'm scared of them but even more so, of myself. I'm afraid to be alone. I'm sick of the fear. I hide, I run, I fail. I don't live; I breathe in and out and that's it. That's all it is.

"How tall are you?" the manager asked.

"5'6" Helen answered.

"Eyes?"

"Green."

"Hair?"

"Long...blond. Obviously. You're looking right at me."

"This is all just routine."

"What do you want to dance to Helen?"

"Missionary Man by Eurythmics."

"Missionary Man. All right. By the way what name would you use on stage. it's up to you but a lot of the girls like to use a stage name."

"I'll stick with Helen."

The music started and Helen began to move. Her pulse circulated through her body following each stroke of each quickened drum beat and guitar chord. Helen leaned her head back letting her hair fall down her spine. She swished her shoulders to feel her hair slide across her skin. She turned to face the men and women watching her, but still kept her back to them. She lifted her eyebrows slightly and stared at them, into them. She placed her hand firmly on the bar and swung around it, extending her long legs. She stopped with the bar aligned with the center of her body. She crept down, her hands still on it and her knees facing outwards. She hid only one part of herself to them, her vulnerability and her passion lay behind the steel bar. They could see her thighs, her stomach, bare back and breasts but they would not see where it all lay, between her spread tight thighs.

She stood straight up now, backed away from the bar, turned to them again and bent over. She stared at them candidly through her legs and placed her hands

Please turn the page

THE OTHER SIDE

on her ass, smoothing the material of her bikini bottoms along her skin. She placed one finger, her index finger, under the material, pulling on it slightly. She stood up, erect. The song had finished. Her pulse reached then settled back into its natural pace once again. She smiled turning her head away from them to walk off the stage.

She fell into a chair off-stage and pulled the straps of her platforms off from around her ankles. She massaged the soles of her feet within the palm of her hands. She reached into her bag and searched for her clothes. A woman stood by her, in front of the mirror trying to get the tassles straight-

out of the club, the management called all the girls out onto the stage. Helen grabbed her bag and clutching onto it with both hands timidly walked around the other girls. The older woman who she had watched from off-stage came to her side and smirked,

"Don't worry darling."

"All right, we've made our decisions. The women we call out will start doing shows tomorrow night. To the rest of you, thanks for coming out. Come back to our next open auditions. All right Miren, get out here!" the manager called out. The older woman smiled at Helen then replied,

"That's me doll."

"Help us out here Miren. Miren is the pro here. You should take some tips from her."

"Tassles: they're a bitch to put on and take off but they look good and they're fun to dance in," she mused to herself. The manager handed her a list

of the chosen women's names.

"All right," she started, "Coca and Cola, the twins. Welcome. Stephanie...what's the last name, Kariasp?"

"Stephanie Karilis," a young woman said stepping forward excitedly.

"Yeah you, welcome doll and...." she read out more names. Helen began to look around oblivious to what was being said.

"La Claire Benetique...interesting name and well...that's it," she finished. She scanned over the sheet then across the remaining girls. She looked at Helen, then bent down to whisper something to the manager.

"Ah, Helen," the manager said.

Helen looked up,

"Yes?"

"Can we see you dance again for us please? Something quick."

"Sure," she replied softly.

"Shark, can you play something light for her?" the manager instructed the D.J. The singer's voice began to sweep across the room, into each crevice, into each movement of Helen's body, hair and eyes. Inside the waves of sound she was alone on stage, naked but free without restraint or control. She was free to move her hips however she desired, free to slide, swing look and feel. She moved to a feeling. Slowly with each sound, taking her time.

"Thank you," the manager replied at the end.

"Thank you."

The wind blew through her long hair, holding it back along with the slit of her long skirt. Her face and legs were exposed. She took long student steps, firmly placing the soles of her feet down. Her arms swung freely. Santana came on her walkman. Her lips slid apart, showing a slight glint of teeth as she revealed a smile proudly, amusingly.

"Helen, come on! We're gonna be late for class."

Helen nodded to her friend in the distance and kept smiling to herself and continued on towards the classroom. Without fear and only herself.

Her eyes would close then flirtatiously dabble into the crowd to meet each man and woman's wide eyed expression.

ened on her nipples.

"What a bitch. I hate these tassles. Hey do you have a smoke?"

Helen shook her head.

The woman looked dissatisfied then continued to fix her tassles,

"So you trying out?" she asked.

Helen nodded.

"Yeah, you're really pretty. If you got rhythm that's even better," the woman said then paused, "You seem kind of young. Virgin like. I'm sorry. You just look younger than our old veterans here. You got a boyfriend honey?"

Helen shook her head sideways again. The woman seemed flustered,

"You ain't got no boyfriend? You gay or something?"

Helen shook her head no again and smiled.

"Are all the men you know gay?" the woman asked.

Helen laughed.

"Ah, it's time," the woman said, "Well sweetie good luck. It's time for me to go on. Bye."

"Bye", Helen replied. The woman put her hand on Helen's shoulder as she passed by. She was older definitely. You could see the lines of maturity and some sagging in her face below her eyes, around her mouth and right below her underarms and the curves of her ass. But it seemed that overall she was in pretty good shape.

Helen crept to the side of the stage to watch her perform. She moved effortlessly graciously without hesitation or fault along with the groove of her chosen music, Santana's "Black Magic Woman." Her face radiated. Her eyes would close then flirtatiously dabble into the crowd to meet each man and woman's wide eyed expression. Then she would close her eyes and a smile would seep out across her face and her breasts would move in sync with each quick footstep. She was alive. The woman jumped onto the bar, and kicked her long legs up, one at a time, taking her time with each. She was letting the sexuality of the music come through her. Helen chuckled as she glanced at her own thin girlish legs compared to this woman's thick, curvaceous worn alive body.

The night wore on with different music, costumes, wigs, shapes and stunts. At the end, after the crowd had filtered

TWENTY

Student Inventive Tradition

Aaron Rhodes ON HOW STUDENTS NEEDS TO VISIBLY EXPRESS THEMSELVES

I am a transfer student for a reason. Bennington, my previous college, had nothing, which was the exact reason I loved it so much. The reason I transferred was because of the 26 tenure faculty members that were given less than six months notice. But that is an entirely different article; my next perhaps.

It's paradoxical isn't it, what I most loved about Bennington was that exact quality of nothingness. Nothingness meaning the lack of fences, red tape, mine fields... Hell, we were in the middle of nowhere: Southern Vermont isn't exactly a metropolis of regulation and structure. The lack of things that were installed and the freedom of possibility was an excellent combination, although risky at times. Self motivation was a requirement for sanity, and boy were there a couple of insane members of the student body. Either you were a) self motivated and utilized the freedom of the system, b) you were a follower and a contributor of the self motivation and lived out other people's visions of tradition (*tradition will be defined and talked about later*), or c) you sat in your New England Town House dorm room and watched the leaves fall while sipping down a So-Co highball. Those that took the initiative ran with it. Those that didn't, didn't.

Allow me to use myself as an example to illustrate a person that took advantage of Bennington's system. As a Freshman I was new to the idea of college. It took me a couple weeks

to find a circle of friends, and actually I found several. As soon as I understood that anything was possible, in that there was little restriction, I let my ambitions go. I started up an improv group, I helped start up a new newspaper, and put out the first Bennington yearbook in ten years. This was my contribution, the rest of Bennington had just as much to offer if not more.

I look to the theater to provide a paradigm for this kind of inventiveness. There were always play productions that were going on which embodied for me student invented tradition. Each play was a brand new student directed, student acted invention, a tradition that will last and never be exhausted in its creativity. It not only allows for the creative invention, it allows for it to be viewed and supported publicly.

"All of this without 500 committees?" you ask, "You betcha!" All of these things and more grew from student inspiration, not a school curriculum or committee. The fact that these activities and projects were student initiated makes them even more special to me. The tradition of the newspaper will live on and remind the students, the administration, the faculty and staff of what the students can do. But it's more than just the ends, it is the process of finding out new ways of doing things. Working with other people and experimenting in itself is the essence of what I am looking for here at Pitzer and have found after much looking. Now I want others to find it and realize this potential. This is the tradition I need to express and hopefully will.

As I made my transition to Pitzer, the air quality definitely changed. When I received the hand-

Please turn the page
TWENTYONE

OCTOBER 11, 1995

book I was overwhelmed with the number of activities that were going on. I was looking forward to really doing things at Pitzer. I saw an ultimate Frisbee team, choirs, and outdoor clubs as well as a plethora of classes and subject to study. I was excited.

When I saw the potential for really getting involved at Pitzer I reflected on Bennington. I was sad to leave but felt that the change would do me good, plus the similarities of potential as well as the comparable size made the transition easy. The real difference for me was I was transferring to a place where so many of these activities and groups already existed. I was excited.

As time moved on in my Pitzer history I did get involved. I sought out the subjects I was interested in and threw myself into them. Point being these things already existed. Not that this lessened their impact, but it might have given some people the sensation that nothing new is necessary. Since we already have an improv group, there's no need to make a new one (*right?*). Since there's a curriculum already planned out, why should we change it (*right?*).

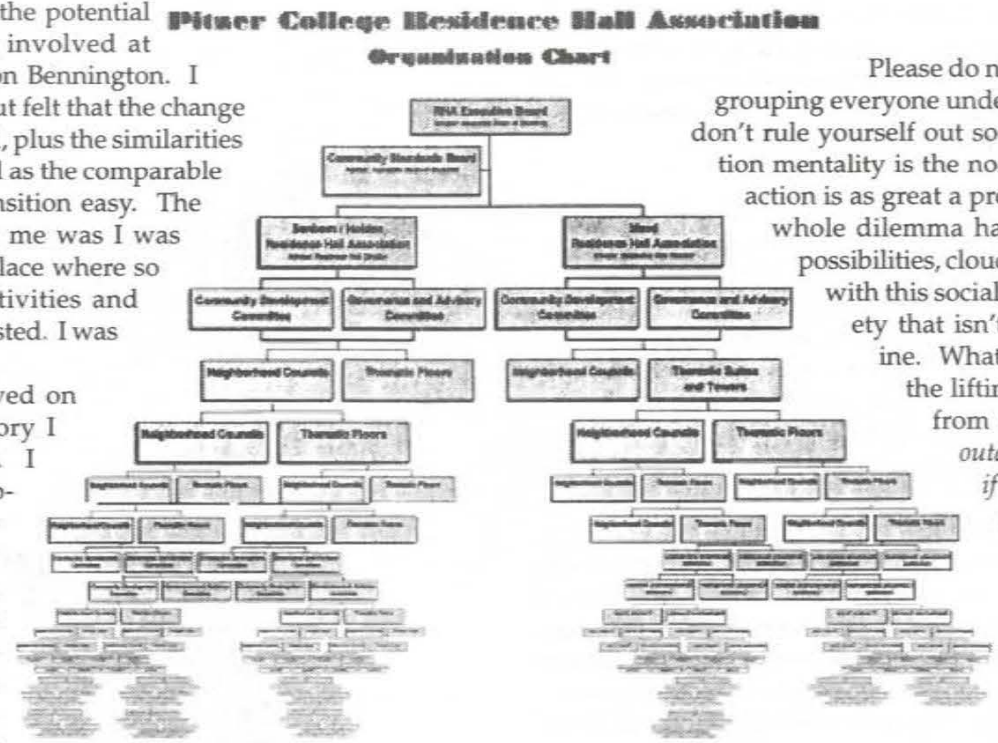
Since The Other Side exists and there are already writers why should I write for them if it will still come out without my help (*right?*). This bring me to a turning point of theory. It is hear that I need to state my theory of Social Responsibility, what it means and the reactions (or lack thereof) it has on Pitzer.

.....
 Please do not believe that I am grouping everyone under this category, but don't rule yourself out so quickly...

An Abstract statement of theory:

Being praised gives rise to nothing. For change to happen things must be less than praiseworthy. If a mother gives you praise (and this is the paradox) the praise will strengthen you - that is the young self. As time passes, praise still works but in reverse for political issues, especially in high school and college. Take for instance Pitzer. I see the college as a place of labels -we are socially responsible- (page 11 section 2 of the Guidelines for Graduation section in the 1995 Catalogue) hence our non-action. What I'm arguing

is that if the phrase "Socially Responsible" had never been used in our hand book to illustrate the Pitzer student body as a whole, the reactions to issues on campus might be much more flammable. But it is much more than just the words I am talking about, it is the mentality that needs to get flushed. Stop the praise cause we are not praiseworthy. This falsity needs to stop so that change can start again.



Please do not believe that I am grouping everyone under this category, but don't rule yourself out so quickly. A non-action mentality is the norm and less visible action is as great a problem. For me this whole dilemma has adumbrated the possibilities, clouded everyone's eyes with this socially responsible society that isn't completely genuine. What I am calling for is the lifting of the sheepskin from our eyes (*to use an outdated, but humorous metaphor*) and to invent new traditions to reclaim Pitzer. I believe that no one should be able to pin down a definition of being

involved or being socially responsible, but I do think that people can make an effort to make their contributions known. Be more visible with your contributions so that others can tell there are people that *are* involved. If you are a dance student, yell to your friends to yell to theirs about your dance recital. Scream about your play. Shout about the protest marches you have planned. Whatever it is you do, make sure others know about it so that they can get inspired to get involved in different way than they might have thought about before.

Also sharing what you've done can make the process easier for others to invent using the same process. The only way to learn how the process works is to listen, experiment and push.

If anyone needs an example of how "THE SYSTEM" works here at Pitzer, look at the RHA (*Resident Hall Association*) program that was adopted over this past summer (*summer meaning a time that usually students are not in school*). It is a fact that no students were involved in the decision process of creating RHA, and it is a fact that the system is not only new and confusing to many students, it also seems to disperse the student's voices within the RHA system since the committees are hierarchical. This leads me to wonder who the system is working for: The administration and Debra Rogers/Michael Tessier, or the students (*the ones that the system is supposed to work for*).

However, the new RHA system in my understanding seems like it might be more approachable than the previous design since one can feasibly contact the particular level of committee needed instead of contacting one committee representing all of the students.

For me the new system has become more bureaucratic and definitely more institutionalized. Since the program RHA is part of a national association I can see why it was adopted. It was one of many things that Tessier and the administration wanted to check off on their Institutionalizing Pitzer check list.

But even if RHA works it does not excuse the fact that the students did not have any say in the decision to adopt it in the first place. True, the time it would take to listen to everyone and their ideas about what the new system should be would have taken a much longer time. This is in comparison to how easy the option was for Michael Tessier to sit down with a pad a paper and come up with a new way of doing things. Of fucking course it's simpler to tell people how things are going to be; but is it justified?

Why couldn't Michael Tessier, or anyone for that matter, at least have called a town meeting telling the students about what was about to happen. If anyone had said that the government system at Pitzer was going to be changed I think there would have been a large turnout and support. But when it's done behind backs it nullifies any progress for me. If the students had had a say in the decision making, just think how much stronger and more student oriented the system might have been... As it is now RHA is changing daily. Really RHA hasn't really gotten started yet, and the particular interest seems to be coming mainly from the Freshman and Sophomores. RHA might not be a bad system, but can we forget about how it was created. And it is true that RHA is changing daily, but changing what and for who?

This brings me back to my original thesis of student invented tradition. When anything is given to you on a silver platter it's gonna look good, but it still doesn't mean it's not rotten. If the students invent for themselves and their peers, the invention is going to mean so much more than a pre-designed, institutionalized, processed, pre-discovered (*fill in the blank*)! So I ask you, Pitzer, to really look at yourself and your role in this community (if it is one). Invent if you haven't already, and whatever you are inventing or participating in, share it with others so that others can share back.

--This article was not meant to bash RHA, but rather to concentrate on its origin. I also did not want to take the time to explain RHA in full, so please take the time to learn and decide for yourself what it is and whether it will work.--

WHERE IS
 OUR
 COMMUNITY?
 ?



All along the clocktower ...Pitzer, the apocolypse, and you

by Quinn Burson

Thursday afternoon. 4:06 p.m.....



The clock tower on the mounds strikes the hour just like it has every hour since I've been back this fall. *Our clock works*, I think to myself, *I guess we're as good as Pomona, now*. The notes continue banging down with institutional precision. They make me feel anxious, as if I'm running late. I don't like that feeling. I hate those damn chimes. Every gong that comes down from that tower hits me in the center of the spine, recalling the voices of the people who keep telling me that Pitzer is Changing. I liked that clock a lot better when it was broken.

Even as I sit here promising myself that I'm not going to write about how things are changing here at Pitzer, I realize that I'm doing exactly that. I, like everybody else, am tired of hearing about it, tired of thinking about it, but somehow, now, I find myself writing about it.

...So the other day I'm in the dining hall walking past part of a conversation that didn't concern me—one that I'm sure I wouldn't recall at all if my stream of consciousness hadn't snagged on two words that had come out of a first year student's mouth: *Low key*. She was saying that she was glad that the students here at Pitzer are pretty low key. Could I have heard correctly? I didn't think that Pitzer students were supposed to be *low key*. I was under the impression that we were downright uptight. I started to wonder what impressions the first year students had about Pitzer coming in. I wondered what was in those expensive packages that had gone out last spring to the students that were accepted here. Could it be that they were not privy to the Pitzer myth?

I take a quick glance at the new catalog for 95-96 (gone is the tree that we knew and loved—replacing it is a picture of one of the new buildings—which I, personally have far less affection for) and I compare it to the catalog from 93-94. I look at the first few pages, where it tells about what kind of a place Pitzer is supposed to be.

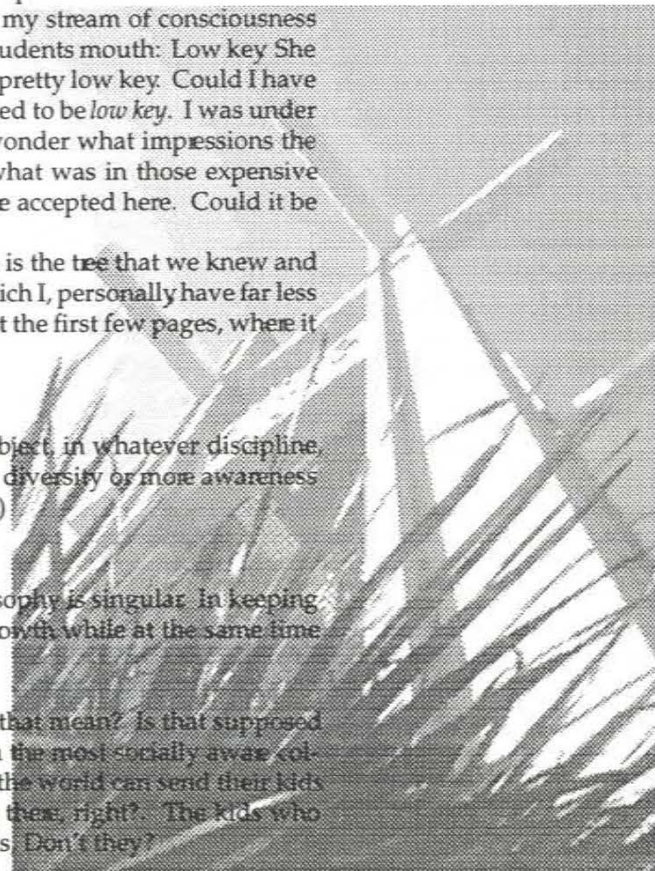
Pitzer Catalog 1993-94:

"...at no other college will the study of any subject, in whatever discipline, incorporate a greater commitment to an appreciation of human diversity or more awareness of the social consequences of human acts." (Low key my ass!!!)

Pitzer Catalog 1995-96:

"Within Claremont, Pitzer's educational philosophy is singular. In keeping with its 1960's heritage, Pitzer strives to enhance individual growth while at the same time building community."

In Keeping with its 1960's heritage? ...What the hell does that mean? Is that supposed to make Mom and Dad nostalgic? We seem to have gone from the most socially aware college that exists to a place where the hippies-turned-yuppies of the world can send their kids to "build community." Still, the legend of Pitzer must be out there, right? The kids who come here know what a radical and daring college that Pitzer is. Don't they?



Sunday
Morning.
1:34 Am.....

CAN PITZER
REALIZE ITS
POTENTIAL??

As I sit typing this article into on my computer keyboard, a drunk kid outside my window Yells: "PUSSY...I want your PUSSY!!!" I don't look out my window to see who it was; I don't want to know. Maybe he has the wrong window. I don't know. I am certain, at least, that whoever it is has some pretty false ideas about my anatomy, and I leave it at that. But a few moments pass and I realize that I can't just leave it at that. I am finally struck by the offensiveness of what had just been shouted outside my window. I shake my head and frown, That wasn't very Pitzer of him! I remember a time when a Pitzer Student could expect to be shunned and verbally abused for an outburst like that— It wasn't that long ago. I think that's the way it should be. And if whoever shouted those words outside my window is reading this—May you find yourself trapped at a NOW convention wearing a button that reads: "PUSSY..I want your PUSSY."

So Pitzer is changing. What are you going to do about it? I've heard plenty of talk about how the admissions department has been pressured to recruit students that can pay the bill rather than fit the bill here at Pitzer. I don't know how true these rumors are. Even if it is all true, there must be enough of the Pitzer idealism hanging around here to get some things done. The Pitzer Press from August 31, 1995 raves that "...this years entering class is made up of 201 of the finest students from 22 states and eight countries...many have volunteered to deliver food to the elderly, tutor poor children and work on teen hotlines, and many have participated in environmental concern groups." There must be something akin to that social awareness that Pitzer used to brag about in these students. I doubt that the admissions department coaxed all of those kids over here with the promise of shiny and inviting new buildings, a four-foot-deep-swimming-pool, or a working clock atop a tower. There must still be some of that ridiculous Pitzer spirit alive on this campus.

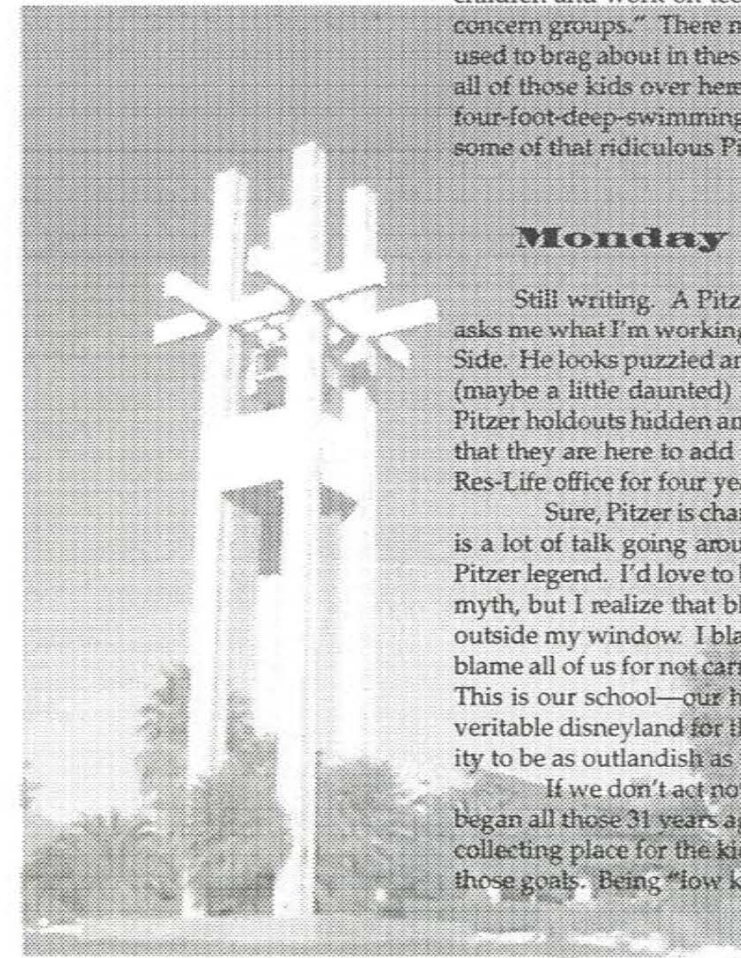
Monday afternoon. 4:13 p.m.....

Still writing. A Pitzer sophomore walks by my room, peeks his head in, and asks me what I'm working on. I tell him that I'm working on an article for *The Other Side*. He looks puzzled and asks if anybody actually reads "that thing." Undaunted, (maybe a little daunted) I keep working on my article. There must be a group of Pitzer holdouts hidden amongst the student body who believe in Pitzer; who believe that they are here to add to the Pitzer legend; who aren't here to be babysat by the Res-Life office for four years.

Sure, Pitzer is changing. Nobody is stopping us from changing it back. There is a lot of talk going around about an administration that is out of touch with the Pitzer legend. I'd love to blame the administration for the assassination of the Pitzer myth, but I realize that blaming *them* wouldn't make any sense. I blame that guy outside my window. I blame myself for not making him feel like an idiot about it. I blame all of us for not carrying the torch like we should. The thing to do is take over. This is our school—our home. This is not the real world. This is Pitzer College, a veritable disneyland for the idealistic. We have every right—indeed the responsibility to be as outlandish as we like.

If we don't act now, though, the Pitzer ideal may be lost forever. Our college began all those 31 years ago with ultra-idealistic goals. I don't think that becoming a collecting place for the kids that didn't get accepted at Pomona or CMC was part of those goals. Being "low key" will get us nowhere fast. Everybody who is complain-

Please turn to *APOCOLYPSE* page 36



An Image of Counter Culture by Aaron Balkan

Here's an image:

Sitting across from six of my contemporaries, observing all of their spectacle from a self-ascribed distance, my mandatory distance. And they're smoking and drinking and talking and looking and looking and looking to each other for a kind of affirmation only they could request—and only they could receive. An orgy. An orgy of affirmation, compliments and sex are in the air. Six fully clothed sex fiends dry humping and jacking each other off—mutual masturbation for those who know nothing of guilt.

And there I sit. Observing; desperately searching my subconscious for the same kind of affirmation—it comes so easy to those. And I think about about a pedestal, but I know they don't care—and what do they know of pedestals? And what do I know of pedestals, really? I know of obligation—maybe a touch of destiny for posture; but that's about it. And I observe a little more and I can't find any reason for a pedestal. And do I really even have a pedestal to stand on anyway?

"In the '60s and '70s, the world was still slow enough for many kids to recognize their own misjudgments and recover. But what will become of those kids that are economically disenfranchised from the high-speed technological future...Their radiance will be perverted, turned in on itself. As society speeds along at a vertiginous pace, moral boundaries become so subjective that they are no longer binding?"

-Jim Carroll on the film *Kids*

Jim Carroll is a very smart man. He's also a lot more like a kid than a real adult, so I guess that makes him all the more significant, or threatening, depending how you choose to exploit him. Either way, he's one of the few contemporary authors that really seems to have a grasp on the unique form of counterculture that permeates our generation. For that he is deserving of my title "Generational Anomaly."

Another generational anomaly is a kid by the name of Harmony Korine who, this summer, transcended the mainstream notion of New York City street culture, by writing a film [*Kids*] which has images that are so fucking vivid—they were actually described as "anomalous" and "armistice fiction" by the straight corporate press. As with any significant film, or really

any significant commentary of a given cultural phenomenon however, it's those most distant from it all who seem to maintain the most influential platforms. And the rest of them, well, they can't even see the film...unless of course they're over 17.

Vivid images. *Kids'* images are so vivid and so swiftly presented, that the average viewer has no choice but to consume them—and at the same pace in which they are presented. When I saw the film this summer, I was taken by the fact that I was not only consuming these images, but actually digesting them, and managing to keep them down. Even the most difficult scene in terms of vividity—the rape scene by far—for by the time it was presented, so many images had transcended the screen, and the audience had been digesting them for so long (beginning in the first 30 seconds when Telly deflowers his first virgin—of the day) they were really no longer viable. The film kind of presented everything in a bell curve manner; by the time the film was over, the audience had consumed so much, they could no



longer be expected to respond.

And it took me. And I sat and watched the entire rape scene, flinching little in the process—feeling uneasy on the account that I didn't feel altogether uneasy. And it didn't even hit me, until I was outside the theatre—my friends and I absorbing the mandatory denial that sat hovering over our heads, kind of waiting to swoop down and hit us at any given moment. And then we started arguing about whether or not to go to coffee shop A or coffee shop B—and it hit us, and it hit us all at once; and we all kind of looked at each other; and then we got into our cars and went home. There was really nothing much to say.

I remember talking to my mom about the film—she had actually taken my sister to see it, with my dad, and was anxious to talk about it with me. She enjoyed it, in a Social Worker/mother sort of way; at the same time however, she

found the same vividness that I saw as so powerful, to be, in a way, frustrating—obtrusive to extrapilating any kind of "moral" message. I was not really surprised. In terms of consumption, it actually made more sense to me that she found many of the scenes indigestible. Consequently, my sister, who understandably refused to talk about the film with my parents, recongnized the same vividness as I. She's fifteen years-old.

It makes sense to me that most young people could consume the images; more importantly, that most of them probably never even considered trying to extrapilate any kind of moral message. Because kids not only don't know how to extrapilate messages; they have little use for them. And what is a moral message to a fifteen year-old or a nineteen year-old but a kind of arbitrary slogan—packaged and delivered by some arbitrary hero? In *Kids*, there is no hero—there's not even a character that resembles a hero. In fact, *Kids* goes out of it's way to give us an Anti-Hero—Jennie, who spends most of the film aimlessly scouting the streets of New York, looking for Telly the Virgin-Surgeon, the film's run away antagonist, the kid who gave her HIV. And she finds him, in the end, in some kid's vacated parent's bedroom fucking, and probably infecting, his latest virgin. And of course, she shuts the door—saving no one, not even her conscience—if she ever had one. For the film's makers the anti-hero was truly the only option.

And it makes sense to me. In fact, the characters are so totally devoid of any redeeming qualities, even those most morally-insistant would be hard pressed to find anything but a token glimpse of morality. But even those "glimpses"—in one scene Casper gives his spare change to an amputee—are undermined by the reality of their inner-city destinies. Casper ends up raping Jennie in her sleep, so does it really matter if he gives some amputee spare change? Whatever it is these kids believe is right, it exists in a fucking vacuum; and it means nothing.

For a middle-aged Baby Boomer who spent his or her most formidable adolescent years protesting the Vietnam War or fighting for Civil Rights, this doesn't make sense. Therefore, the film is for kids, and more importantly, for kids to *make* their parents understand. In terms of subculture, the late '60s and early '70s were not a whole lot different

Because kids not only don't know how to extrapilate messages—they have little use for them. And what is a moral message to a fifteen year-old or a nineteen year-old but a kind of arbitrary slogan—packaged and delivered by some arbitrary hero?

than today. The only difference is that in 1968, subculture was not being distributed by Excaliber Films (a subsidiary of Disney by the way)—and there was actually something more important than subculture itself—like a fighting a war. And there was a sense of who was who and who was moral and who was not moral—and it was pretty easy to tell, but today, well, we find ourselves fighting so many wars—moral wars—

Please turn to *KIDS* on page 36



...So I get this letter the other day from Lorrie McHugh, Bill Clinton's Media Affairs Director telling me that the president wants to tell students about his plan to strengthen education and oppose Republican proposals to cut access to higher education. I tell her that I might have time to do a short interview with the president, if he can make it brief.

OS: If you don't mind, Mr. president I'd like to get started with this interview; I'm pretty busy.

BC: This is a busy time for you. But while you are choosing classes and making the decisions that will help you build a good life for yourself, the Congressional majority is working to make drastic cuts in education—in your student loans, in national service, and even in your scholarships. And the cuts will jeopardize the future you and your generation are working toward.

OS: Gosh! The Republicans are trying to jeopardize my future?! That sucks. What are you going to do about it?

BC: Quinn, I want you to know that I oppose these cuts. I will do everything in my power to fight them and to see to it that the dream of higher education remains real for all Americans. I will do this not only by defending the opportunities of those of you who are already in college, but by opening the doors further to make sure that even greater numbers of deserving Americans have the chance to stand where you stand today.

OS: That's a relief, but what about the deficit?

BC: For the first time in a long time, leaders from both parties are resolved that we must balance the federal budget. From the day I took office, I've been committed to this goal—to getting rid of the budget deficit that quadrupled our national debt in the 12 years before I came to Washington. So far, we have made great progress. In three years, we have cut the deficit nearly in half, from \$290 billion to \$160 billion.

OS: Nice work, Bill.

BC: Now we are ready to eliminate the deficit entirely. On this, the Congressional majority and I see eye to eye.

OS: I guess it's all smooth sailing on capitol hill then, right?

BC: But just how we get rid of the deficit is another matter. The majority in Congress wants to balance the budget in seven years, and do it while giving an unnecessarily large tax cut.

OS: Sounds good so far.

BC: But in order to do these things, the Congressional majority would make enormous cuts in education.

OS: Those bastards!

BC: Quinn, My balanced budget plan would take more years than Congress' to eliminate the deficit, but that's a small price to pay to keep your scholarships, your student loans and national service safe and well. It would also preserve our ability to protect the environment and the integrity of Medicare for our older citizens.

WHITE HOUSE
CORRESPONDENT QUINN
BURSON STRADDLES THE
FINE LINE BETWEEN
CLEVERNESS AND
STUPIDITY - AND BRINGS
OUR NATIONS TOP
OFFICIAL ON HIS
SOJOURN.

OS: To hell with our older citizens! I wanna know how I'm supposed to get money for school.

BC: Balancing the budget is about more than numbers. It's about our values and our future. Education has always been the currency of the American Dream. When I was your age, it was assumed—based on our long history—that each generation would have a better life than the preceding one. More than anything else, a good education is the way we pass this vision on to those who come after us.

OS: Please spare me the patronizing American-Dream tirade, Bill, let's just stick with the facts.

BC: Quinn, the facts speak for themselves. Earnings for those with no post-secondary education have fallen substantially in the last 15 years. The only people for whom earnings have increased steadily are people exactly like you—those Americans with more education. Every year of higher education increases your earnings by six to 12 percent. Those years also mean a stronger overall economy and richer lives for those who have them.

OS: I guess we'll need to make all that money so we can pay off the 80's.

BC: Balancing the budget will be good for our economy and your future if it's done right. But simply balancing the budget won't do us much good in the long term if your generation does not have the education it needs to meet the challenges of the next century.

OS: Man, that's only five years away, isn't it?

BC: Quinn, just think over what the Congressional majority plan, if it went through, would do to you, your classmates, and any of the one out of two college students who receives federal aid. It would:

-Raise the cost of student loans by \$10 billion over seven years by charging you interest on your loan while you are in school. This would increase the cost of a college education by as much as \$3,100 for undergraduates and \$9,400 for graduate students.

-Deny up to 360,000 low-income students desperately needed Pell Grants in 1996

-Shut down Americorps, our national service initiative, which gives thousands of young people the chance to earn and save money for college while serving their country.

OS: That sucks!!...well everything except the Americorps part, anyway. I suppose you have a better plan, Bill.

BC: Quinn, by contrast, my balanced budget plan builds on the national consensus that we must help people help themselves, through the power of education. It eliminates both of our deficits: our budget deficit and our education deficit. My plan cuts wasteful spending by more than \$1 trillion, but it also increases investments in education by \$40 billion over the next seven years.

OS: That's certainly food for thought.

BC: Quinn, think over how my balanced budget plan would help guarantee your future and all the hard work you're about to put into it. It will

-Increase funding for Pell Grants by \$3.4 billion. Almost one million more students would benefit from the scholarships. And we would raise the top award to \$3,128

by the year 2002.

-Expand Americorps to let even more young Americans serve their communities and go to college.

-Protect our direct-lending program, which makes student loans more affordable, with more repayment options, and saves taxpayer, parents, and students billions of dollars.

OS: Well Bill, it looks as if you've put a lot of thought into this.

BC: Quinn, I just returned from Pearl Harbor, where I took part in ceremonies marking the 50th anniversary of the end of the Second World War. In the late 1940's, when the veterans we honored left their loved ones to go off and serve their country, they were the age most of you are now.

OS: Bill, didn't Lorrie tell you that we were supposed to keep this brief? Get to the point.

BC: When they came home, the country recognized their service and their potential, and it responded with the G.I. Bill, which guaranteed a college education to every returning veteran. Those who served weren't given a handout, and they didn't want one. They were given the opportunity they needed to take responsibility for their lives.

OS: Are you trying to tell me that you want to send me off to war? If that's the case, I'm heading for Mexico! I'm not getting my head blown off in exchange money for college. I won't even mention the fact that the current G.I. Bill is for around \$30,000—about enough to go to Pitzer for a year and a month.

BC: Your generation has its own battles to wage. You face the choice of doing something right and difficult—or something easy and wrong.

OS: What are you getting at, Bill

BC: Well Quinn, in taking on the responsibility of educating yourselves, you have chosen the right and difficult path. You did the work you had to do to get into college. You may be working now to pay your way. And your family may have worked long hours and made great sacrifices to help you get where you are today.

OS: I'm glad you support my decisions, Bill.

BC: Quinn, you deserve the nation's support. And your future success will likely repay our common investment. I do not accept the arguments of those who condemn irresponsibility in young Americans and then seek to deny the nation's helping hand to the millions of you who are doing the right things.

OS: That sounds good to me, Bill, what can we at Pitzer do to help?

BC: I hope you'll support my efforts to protect education and balance the budget. The fight for education is the fight for your future. In my life—and in the lives of countless Americans—education has meant the difference between the impossible and the possible. It should be true in your lives, too. With your help, we'll keep it that way.

OS: We'll do our part, Bill. See you around.





A lesson from Shanghai

As cold as the city was new to me I shivered in my triple fat down for the half of it. We thought it would never come the humid sun rumoured about every day the end of march searching for new buds. But still the dismal grey of the broken curbs the pushed around dust by the ladies sweeping every day as sure as the courtyard held the university staff practicing Tai Chi at dawn below my balcony dirty if I leaned on it from the particles of development swirling about the city like a mad storm everyone is extatic to be caught up in - even us condeming at first the city struggling to modernize to mimic our infrastructure our romanti-cism mourns the turn a thought we have time to afford. But we leave it for the remaining time. Finally the rivers are overcome with algae and we couldn't imagine when the trees didn't have canopies. The rush and lights welcome us our friends walk us around the foreign concessions their tainted history even beautiful to us in the newness the modern world too strong to fight the currents of an empire of course its a shame, I tell my chinese friend that a four year old in Shandong province rallies for America in the echo of his parents in the echo of the TV. But I welcome the city I can walk around in at midnight only at the brink of moral decay rather than in the mire of it. I still cringe at the demography of the engine which lights the city which brings a floating millions tearing them from their farms, their families, their culture in the prairies the world phenomenon the rural sector shrinks and the corporates grab the abandoned land everything soon to be mechanized and profitized in a world where Newton was proved wrong by the mystics and physicists alike; it is not empty space which separates us from the world around us whirling, it is the world which courses through our veins.

Nicole Lamphere



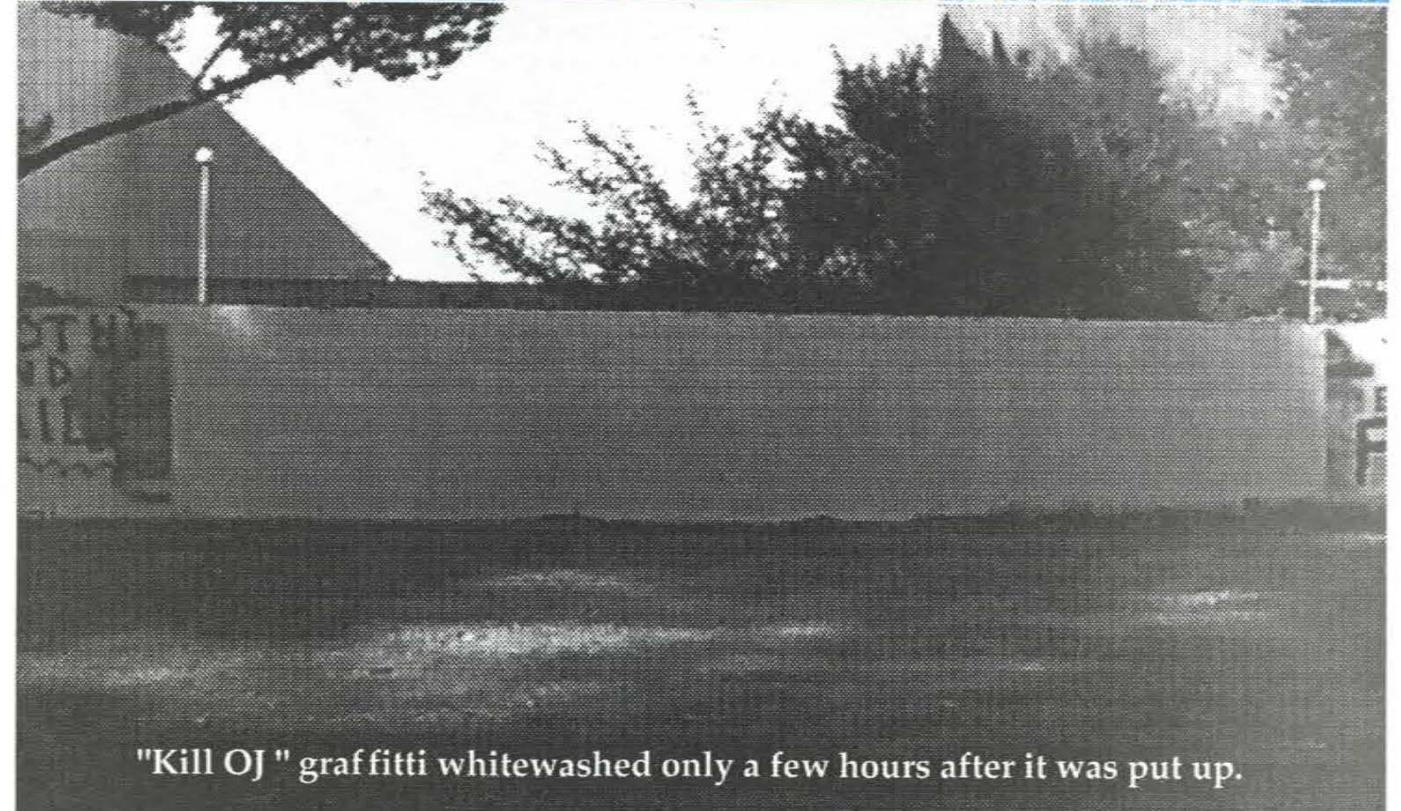
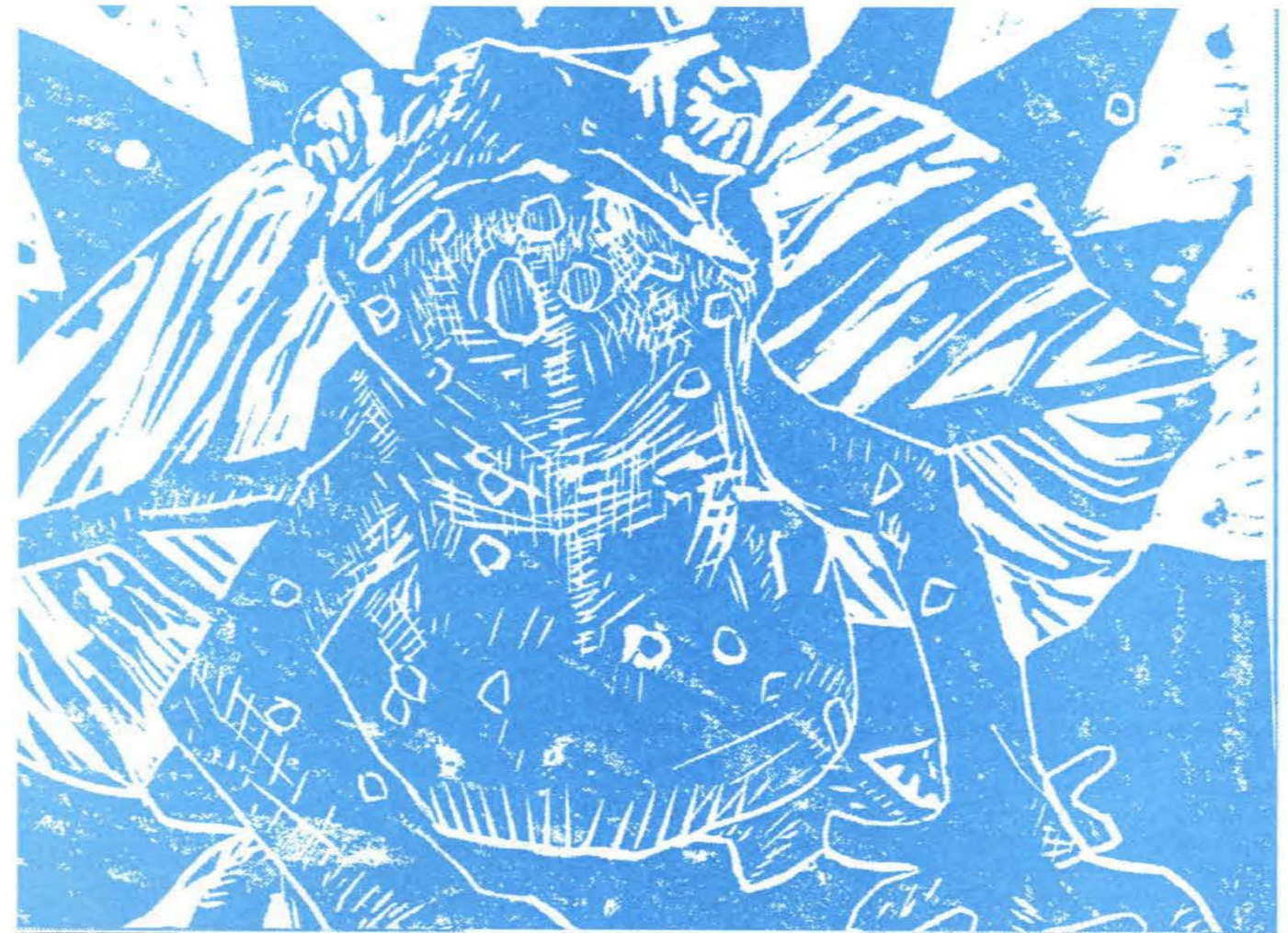
the swallow flew by
the sound of a train
consuming prototpical thoughts
of independence (lonliness)

your glasses caught the light
and pushed back against me.
two spirits of the moon
whispering the thuds of punches.

yet i thought i saw him today
stumbling through grass
(stained osh-kosh overalls)
wonder of 4 yrs. old.

the swallow builds a nest of mud
i destroy it with the hose we bought together

Chris Trinacity



"Kill OJ " graf fitti whitewashed only a few hours after it was put up.

'Alterna' guy Zach Pall plunges ass first into the fluffy depths of Japanese noisecore...and lives to feedback...

Making Noise

Last year, when I began writing this music column, I went off on this long tirade about how much music critics suck. By this I didn't mean to say that all other music critics suck but in fact that all music critics suck regardless of being me or not. Still, the question should be raised once again "Why do music critics suck?" and secondly, "why am I a music critic if, in fact, they suck."

Well the first question is a bit easier to answer. Music critics exist only to pass judgment on music which they haven't and in all probability couldn't make if they tried. They ultimately don't do anything. Instead they sit around like cultural vultures and try to get the general public to accept their bland and useless judgments judgments which are more often used to outrage people who have come to the opposing view. Not only do they not do anything they aren't taking any part in the music and probably couldn't. Both of which are not only good enough reasons

for the entire profession to be abolished but good enough reasons for all music critics to be sent back to the pig farms à la Mao. In addition to these otherwise heinous crimes the commit the ultimate sin of being boring. When was the last time anyone saw a really interesting review? The kind of review that would make you want to go out and listen to said record regardless of one's normal musical tastes? I'm not sure that I have ever seen such a review.

I have of course only been dealing with popular music critics. Academic music critics suck too but for totally different reasons.

But saying that music critics suck is easy. It would also be easy to say that I am trying to revolutionize the industry and provide radical change from the banal present, but that's cheesy and it really isn't why I started writing here in the first place. But most importantly I guess I am trying to deny the fact that this column has made me a music critic and consequently into a position where I suck. I suppose ultimately that I revel in this position of self-



loathing. I suck, I like music, what the hell else am I going to do but be a music critic? I suppose that really doesn't answer the question of why I am here doing something for which I have professed a hatred for but then I guess ultimately it gives me a place to spout off about nearly anything. (Please note that I have spent a goodly amount of time in this "music column" spouting off about things which are not music.)

I will try to keep the babbling about all the music I have heard this summer to a minimum and concentrate on things which have come out more recently so as not to bore people with information about albums which have already faded from view. Nonetheless, probably the most interesting album to come out this summer was the new album from the Young Gods (the name comes from an old Swan's song and is coincidentally the name of the Swan's record company, a fact combined with the fact that the Young Gods are actually more popular than the group which spawned them which must caused Michael Gira <lead singer of the Swans> to be a little bit irked).

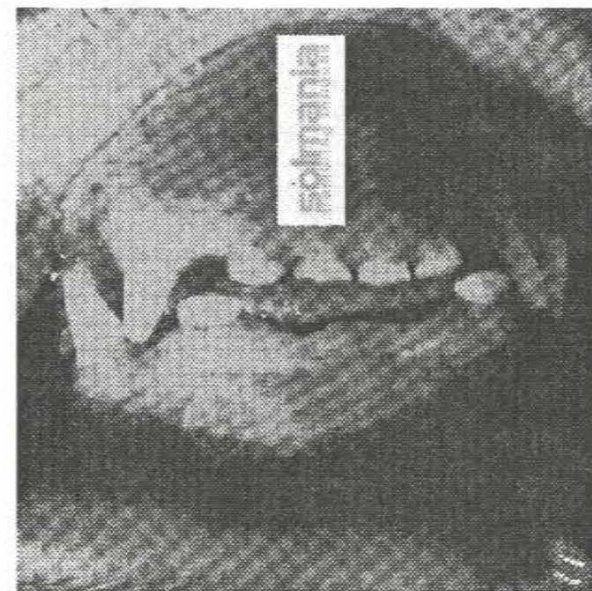
The Young Gods album is called "Only Heaven" and is super hip (it is on Interscope and shouldn't be too hard to find). Each of the previous Young Gods albums has been markedly different, ranging from "L'eau Rouge" which had lots of eastern European folk melodies throughout it to "TV Sky" part of which appeared on the Sliver soundtrack and spewed out gobs of straight up dance industrial rock 'n roll. Still each of their albums was held together by some distinctive sound which I would lay at the feet of the sampling patterns which they use.

This new album does nothing to change this pattern and yet, they are probably at their single most innovative stage. They have learned something which seems just too damn obtuse for the vast majority (I mean like more than 90% here) of "industrial" bands still have to get ahold of. And that fact would seem very simple: it is not 1988. Things have happened in the music world since Ministry's "Twitch", Skinny Puppy's "Rabies", and anything by Front Line Assembly and most industrial bands, even famous ones, seem to believe that they can get by on the same ideas it took to get things out in 1988 and this is sad. Even if they do change most of them get caught in the metal-industrial trap thinking "gosh, we should use guitars to sound dark and pessimistic" not realizing that bands like Napalm Death have now been able to spawn ambient dub bands like Scorn which are far, far more interesting.

My point there is that in fact the Young Gods have learned from music which has come out since 1988. In "Only Heaven" one finds lots of ambient techno, a good deal of guitars (without even being dark), and who knows what else without sacrificing the fact that they are an industrial band.

And it works. It is great let the sound wash over you and listen to the French lyrics combine with the English and sink into the music.

Similarly Daniel Menche has come out with a new 7" on Banned Records which means that since it is both fairly obscure...okay, very obscure... and on vinyl most of you will probably not hunt it down and check it out. Which is too bad because it really is incredible. Menche works with found and organic sounds to create something which he describes as music which affects not so much the nervous system as rock music would like to do (it is designed to get alternately your toes tapping, your feet dancing, or you head banging depending on what type of rock music you are listening to) but Menche instead strikes for the psyche. It wants to get inside your head and, at its best moments, it can and does provide an almost physical experience. His last CD entitled "Static Burn" worked in a similar manner, lifting you up with sound and then shaking your body through the pure sound which it lets loose. One of the other great things about Menche's work is that the packaging matches the music and the "Chrome Homicide" 7" is no exception. The cover of the 7" is a black cloth with a face and other things silkscreened onto it in silver and then more silkscreening with a clear and shiny material over other parts of the cover so that when you touch it it feels both soft, fuzzy smooth and hard at once- very much like the music.



The third and final review for this issue of the other side is from the Japanese guitar wizard, Solmania, whose real name is Masahiko Ohno. Ohno is interesting in that he was originally trained as a graphic designer so that he not only writes his own music and designs the logos for the band, his T-shirts, and his albums but he also designs his own guitars. The guitar which he has been playing recently and plays on his most recent CD entitled "Trembling Tongues" (Alchemy Records) has a total of four pick-ups each of which stretches through a number of effects pedals to four separate amps. But that isn't all folks there is also a microphone plugged directly into one of the pick-ups and there are two necks to the guitar, one where one expects a guitar neck to be and a second 180 degrees around from the first.

Ohno takes this beast of an instrument and creates music made to sonically assault you. The sounds which

WHAT'S YOUR ROLE? ?

Sports Like Me

BY SHANTI WEBLEY

The nice-looking professor approached me. We exchanged small talk for a few minutes, California, weather, classes; and then,

"So, what sports do you play?"

What!?

It's strange to me. In the four weeks and some odd days I've been at Pitzer this question, the "sports" question, has been posed to me countless times, by countless different people, in countless casual conversations. An hallmate's "How 'bout them Knicks?," and an administrator's "Are you going to need to cut some classes for sports?," make me believe that this assumption that I know about sports, *anything* about sports, is just the tip of the iceberg.

Back home (Portland, Oregon for me) this question wouldn't have been so awkward. I was often pigeonholed as a sports player, a dummy, a crook. Stereotyping and even blatant racism in my city, and in most cities, isn't hard to find. But, when I came to Pitzer I had some other expectations, some *higher* expectations. Call me a little naive.

July thirty-first. First day of classes. The students all walk into the classroom, we introduce ourselves to each other, a little uncomfortable, we're mostly freshmen. Class begins. The professor walks in and takes a quick roll call. He starts going over the syllabus, explaining class procedures, objectives, and so on. He then gets to talking about additional help, he looks *me* in the eye and tells me, "You can come to me when you need help." Class hasn't even begun. Over the next few days I begin to feel patronized in that class, treated like the delinquent child who isn't quite going at the same speed as the others. And this continues. And it continues today.

A few days later I am walking with a couple of friends (they're black males also) back from a *kegger* (colloquial: a party with a keg of beer). We round a corner and come up behind a group of girls. They move out of the way looking a little scared. Understandable, if I was a woman a group of men coming back from a drunken party is the last thing I would want to see on a dark night. Next corner Mixed group, four guys and two girls. The group huddles at the same spot for a second, but then quickly moves to the side, and starts to walk the opposite way from us, throwing glances back at us as they go.

My friends and I talk a little later. They tell me that no, this was not the first time something like this has happened, and yes, they thought it was probably racially motivated. I know, for me, this certainly was not the first incident of its sort, and I also know that since then it has not been the last.

I decided to come to Pitzer, in part, because I liked the numbers. According to the view book we got in the mail last winter, Pitzer has a thirty-five percent minority population. Impressive, most of the other schools I looked at (all small,

liberal-artsy types) paled in comparison. Pitzer looked like a haven. And in some ways I have found that it is. However in the four weeks and some odd days that I've been here, I've found that those numbers - the thirty-five percent - can be somewhat deceiving. Race relations on campus are not what I thought they would be. There are still a lot of problems. But, when I walk around campus, am in class, or am in my dorm, I hope I can do so with there being one tacit understanding among everyone: that I don't play and know *absolutely nothing* about sports.

EXCLUSIVE

Continued From Page 8

discussion. The fact that the faculty's ideas were not submitted to the students an attempt to limit the discussion to a particular set of ideas—the faculty's ideas. "The nature of the process was ultimately exclusive," says DeLara, "if you had a single process that included the ideas of students and staff



and faculty members, than you would have a more diverse and more inclusive set of proposals. The way it has been thus far, basically frames the discussion around one group or one person's ideas.

In addition to excluding students from the governance process, the ideas submitted in the memo, fail to include

staff members—whom, historically been under represented in the most important structural decisions of Pitzer College. However, the proposals submitted this year were asked to be more inclusive and allow for more staff involvement. Represented by mainly minorities and women, Pitzer's staff, (which includes maintenance and service workers) has yet to be included in the most important decision-making process in the Pitzer Community.

"The memo shows the kind of authoritative voice the faculty has," said DeLara. "For instance, when Student Senate discussed the memo, there were two faculty members, but when the faculty discussed it, there were no students present. Instead of a mutual decision-making process, you have this virtual contest between the perceived different sides." It is not a contest, there are some ideas that are actually agreed upon by students and faculty members."

The memo is still being discussed by the various faculty members. As for the students, and the staff, their proposals have already been submitted. FEC plans to take all proposals into account and thus restructure Pitzer's governance structure accordingly. It has not been decided whether or not the final decision-making process will be made public to the Pitzer community.

realities

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Amid the shrinking opportunities for "good jobs" the competition for them is intensifying. The Anglo section of the American working class, which is the most employed section of it has become extremely reactionary, anxious and overwhelmed by their changing circumstances. In other words, to be white and male no longer holds the same significance in the economy as it once used to. Their political response: attack Affirmative Action, immigrants and other legislative fetters that seem to inhibit their ability to gain the "American Dream" for themselves and their children.

Based on these facts, I can honestly say Affirmative Action is not the answer for whites or people of color. It does not empower the people to deal with the changing economy by its eradication or its incumbency. The battle lines for our future should not be drawn across race or gender but between the corporate elite and the working class. We the people need to form an Affirmative unity to fight for the control of the technology that will raise the standard of living for the general population. We the people need to fight for a greater distribution of wealth and an increase of leisure time to develop ourselves culturally, spiritually, and intellectually. We the people can not let the politicians and bourgeois academics reduce the issue of Affirmative Action to jobs and education. The people must raise the issue on how we can affirm an increase in the standard of living for all of our children. After all, one can train a monkey to work.

So while the liberals fight for diversity, multiculturalism, and champion Affirmative Action and the conservatives preach family-values, morals, and anti-quota rhetoric, AT&T just announced it will be laying off 20,000 more workers.

The author welcomes any comments. Please send them to: Ali Hangan, Pitzer College Box #675, or E-mail: Ahangan@email.pitzer.edu

COLOR

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here at Pitzer. In addition, changing the names of a few dorms is not going to get Pitzer's name in to the University News (we have two new buildings and a new student center to do that). But I think that stamping out Pitzer's original identity was done along time ago when the Yert was taken away to some far way Island and the ground was broke for a four foot pool.

All I'm trying to say is that there are some very obvious, but unidentified, problems here at Pitzer and a lot of the blindness is due to the fact that the students creativity is being suppressed. Is adding a little spice here and there hurting anyone? If not then change w,x,y,z p,d,q. (I would suggest naming the six halls after my suite mates: Amy, Amanda, Chris, Andy, Yoko and my plant Loupe, but I think

someone can do a better job).

The third topic in which I wish to write about is revolution. This is related to murals and new names for Mead in that all upheaval is initiated by innovation. If at least one unique thing happened each day then it should be considered a successful revolution and a good day. Yet, what gives a revolution the punch to overthrow tradition is its level of uniqueness. One only has to look back at history to see what uniqueness has done for revolutionaries. (The Art of War inspired Mao to initiate the people's revolution, that one painting motivated many patriots to up rise against Britain etc).

I'm not saying that murals and renaming little 'x' is a new idea that is going to place Pitzer at the top of the list of radical colleges or even send Pitzer bump'n through the night. What I'm trying to draw out here for you is that if something (such as a mural), or someone with a touch of uniqueness is put forth, then the chains that hold the dullness over Pitzer may be broken - releasing the crimson tide of creativity that lies beneath.

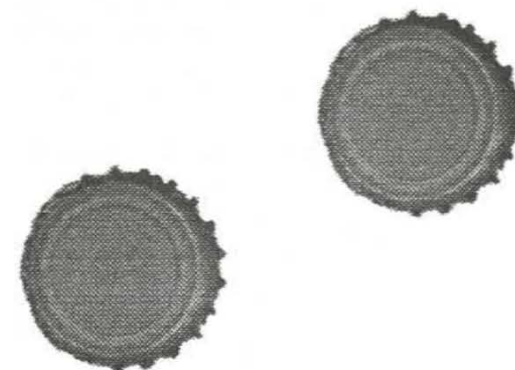
If there was one thing I would like to see happen before I leave is a highly unique revolution. So either put some color on the our walls and change the names of the Mead towers or watch out, my suite mate has a deadly accurate arm and composting is almost in effect.

LANTERN

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tions even though I may not see them. Their fables and myths are built on the beauty of their reality while ours are built on dreams.

The glimpse I saw, will remain in my mind forever. The world that belongs to them, is so different from the world I know. I guess that is what it means to have a culture. It is a part of you, it is something that is intimately yours. For the Chinese culture means much more than shared similarities, it makes up their place as a whole.



APOCOPLYSE

Continued From Page 25

ing that Pitzer is changing had better be able to walk the walk, so to speak. We've got to lead by example. We've got to give a shit. We must not tolerate idiots (or, to put it another way: people who don't act as if they are attending a college whose aim is to "incorporate a greater commitment to an appreciation of human diversity, etc..."—idiots for short) here at Pitzer, and if we should encounter one, we should make every effort to educate him or her about our commitment. We've got to be uptight and unreasonable when it comes to the things we believe in. Students at CMC should wince at the mention of Pitzer just as we wince at the mention of CMC (you do, don't you?). There is no room for apathy. No room for blurred lines. There should only be one side here at Pitzer: The Other Side (my side). And we should all be on it.

Kids

Continued From Page 27

way)—so we assume that nobody is moral. A safe assumption in a world where assumptions are rarely safe at all.

I think this film really shows the limits, the constraints, of counterculture—of what it means to actually rebel in 1995. Your parents have longer hair than you do, they smoke more pot than you do; and this was the generation that almost figured the whole rebellion thing out. And how do you even rebel against your parents when they're not even home—when they won't even look at you—when the world won't even look at you? So we shoot each other in the back, or rape each other, thus creating our own version of rebellion and dissonance within our own ranks. And this is acceptable—just as long as we stay in the ghetto, or in Washington Park—drinking forties and smoking whatever it is we smoke these days. To document this culture though, presents the most threatening scenario—a mainstream film like *Kids* injects these images into all areas of youth culture—allowing all parties to see the reality of a particular cultural phenomenon.

For a young person, what makes a film like *Kids* so important, is the reality it presents—New York City street culture—New York City street culture *only* for that matter. This was really capitalized on by the mainstream press—the fact that it might have been a legitimate documentation of New York street culture—but it wasn't a legitimate documentation of any other aspect of youth culture. Essentially, this is correct, although, again it misses the entire point of limiting the spectrum of the film's commentary. *Kids* stares right back in the face of the most self-denial tendencies our generation possesses—we are purposefully presented a culture that is so extreme, complete with a set of images that are so utterly incomprehensible—yet they're not fiction, they maybe extreme, but to some kid in Moab, fucking Utah, they're not fiction. Somewhere, they make sense.

They're images that are so powerful and so real that they not only transcend the screen, but transcend the differences that exist within youth culture; because everyone knows

THIRTYSIX

a Telly, or a Casper. Kids maintain the ability to transcend the images fed to them—to apply them to a greater world—their world—a world that for kids in New York City and Moab, Utah is probably without parents, without guidance, without morals. We've done it our entire lives; be it the rock star-sex-and-violence persona of MTV culture, or the anachronistic suburban images of sitcom culture. We are a generation built on images. We've digested these images, ensconced our identities in them, created a cultural phenomenon around them. For unlike our inexperienced predecessors, we are no newcomers to digesting images. That's why we're the same.

Our duty as a generation just might be to understand ourselves—and to identify with ourselves; as the rest of the world denounces ourselves. Understand your counterculture, however wrong that counterculture may be.

Noise

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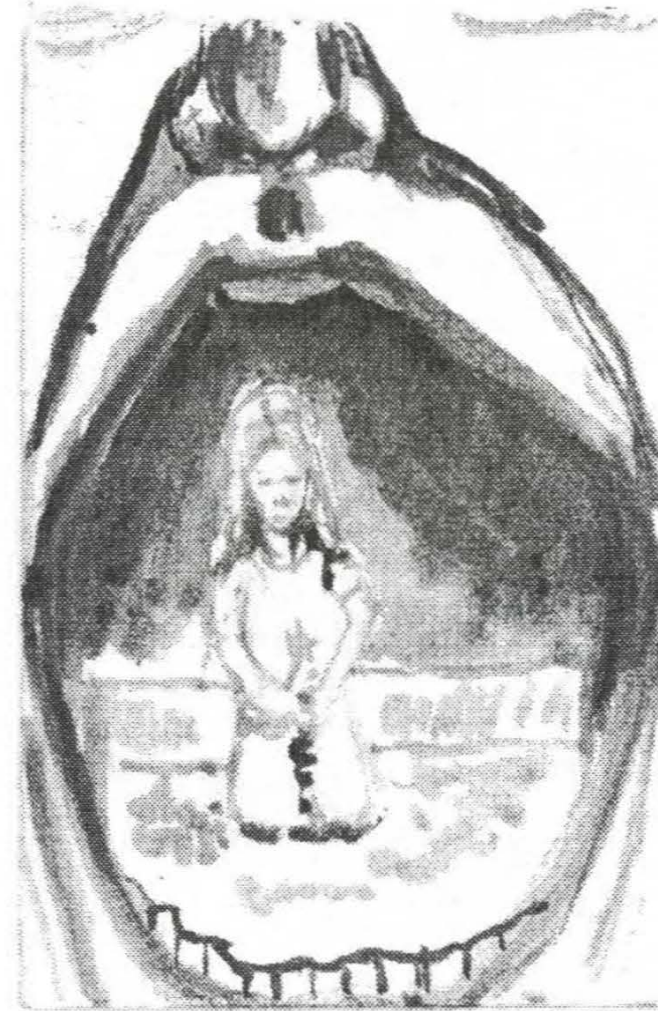


emerge from your speakers shake you and hit you until are just kind of dazed by the whole experience. Of course sonic assault is not for everybody. It is a distinct and fairly unusual musical taste which one become accustomed to listening to not unlike the way one might watch Artaud's Theater of Cruelty: with care and knowledge of the beauty which lies within. Good lord, that was a cheesy and pretentious comparison but then at least I realize it and know when to say that I'm sorry.

One final note on noise musicians and Ohno in particular: most of them are the most polite great people you will ever meet. At a recent show here in LA, Ohno was approached after the show by a guy whose friend had had his amp blown up by Ohno at some previous show and from the outset the guy never seemed upset at all that his amp had been blown up and yet Ohno was so incredibly apologetic about everything. He also kept apologizing about his show that night which was, admittedly, plagued with technical problems but instead of copping rock star attitude which most rock musicians might, he was quiet and apologetic. One theory which I have heard to account for this is that playing such music is so emotionally and physically draining that there is really no energy to be spent on being uptight about anything but I have no real idea whether that is true or not.

And on one final note which has nothing to do with a music review at all: when I returned to school I was trying to scout out free food by going to a theater department tea but when we got there there was no tea, my roommate who had brought his own Arizona™ had the most tea in the place. This is wrong. This should not be. I urge the campuses to take action against future wrongs of this type.

In the next issue: more reviews, more ranting on little or nothing, and I take cheap potshots at KSPC.



My recurring nightmare when I was 3-10 years old. A little girl playing in a sandbox with a daisy in the middle of a wall street type sidewalk. No faces around her and she doesn't care. Everything is dark from movement, but she is lit up and happy in her sundress. A big black almost shadow more of a presence looms over her and I wake up screaming everytime

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OCTOBER 11, 1995

THIRTYSEVEN

GROVE HOUSE EVENTS

RICHARD TILLINGHAST

READING
FROM HIS
LATEST BOOK
OF POEMS:

OCTOBER 18
@ 7:30 PM

IN THE GROVE HOUSE
LIVINGROOM

(COME FOR LUNCH!
IT'S YUMMY!)

PRIMUS ST JOHN

READS POETRY
OCTOBER 25
@ 7:30 PM

MAKIKO HARADA

SHOWS SLIDES
AND
PHOTOGRAPHY
OCTOBER 31
@ 9 PM

CALLING ALL STUDENTS!!

5-COLLEGE AND NATIONWIDE
PROTEST AGAINST THE ATTACKS
ON AFFIRMATIVE ACTION!
Walker Beach, Pomona College
October 12th @ 11:00am

WHAT'S YOUR ROLE?

WHAT DOES SOCIAL
RESPONSIBILITY MEAN?

The Other Side feels that the entire student body should be participating in the changes that are taking place at Pitzer. Look for the survey in your mailbox.

DOES PITZER HAVE A
PURPOSE?

WHERE IS OUR
COMMUNITY?

CAN PITZER REALIZE ITS
POTENTIAL?