“It's better to light a candle than curse the darkness.”

- Hillary Rodham Clinton quoting Eleanor Roosevelt, Bridges Auditorium, April 26
THE OTHER SIDE

Editor's Desk

"Idle speculation is reserved for people who are too rich, too poor or too crazy to get seriously concerned about anything outside their own private realities..."

-Hunter S. Thompson

I spent a great deal of time searching for an epitaph for my final editor's desk. I was looking for something conclusive--a grand finale if you will--and in doing so, I spent hours thumbing through a variety of periodicals: The Great Gatsby, Ulysses, Garfield Gains Weight, Animal Farm, etc. All the while I sought out a phrase or pull quote which could, in twenty-five words or less, sum up my career in Where the Wild Things Are and The Old Testament that I finally gave up as I realized how ridiculous I was being. I concluded that it was foolish to even think that some all-encompassing phrase existed. A couple of days later, however, I was rereading an essay by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson and I stumbled upon the quote which lies a top this page. I figured this phrase was as good as any because Thompson's interpretation of idle speculation, at least in my opinion, is relevant to not only the class of '94, but the majority of the Claremont College community.

We spend a good portion of our time in college speculating. Whether we are attempting to figure out which questions will be on an economics exam or trying to decide which courses will best prepare us for life after college, most of our time at Pitzer is focused towards one end--the future. In order to effectively gear up for life beyond Pitzer, we are forced to prepare us for a career with commencement less than two weeks away, my idle speculation has inherited a distinctly different flavor. This common phenomenon for a college senior, who for the first time in their life is faced with decisions which will, at the very least, have lasting effects upon the immediate future.

Up until this point, the decision-making process has been an easy one: grammar school was followed by junior high, after junior high came high school, college proceeded high school, etc. Now, after twenty-plus years on this planet, we are must choose a path of life. For those individuals who came into college with a self-constructed map of their existence, Pitzer may simply have served as a rest stop along a lengthy highway where--after filling-up on the necessary knowledge and experience--these individuals can continue traveling down the road to their final destination, whatever it may be.

For the vast majority, however, this simply is not the case. We all know that Pitzer is not the optimum university to attend for a student who hopes to pin down a career over the course of eight semesters. As Mikos Stephens points out in his article, titled "Pitzer Graffiti," our school, in the same manner as most liberal arts colleges, is not designed so much to prepare us for our career as it is to provide us with the quintessential tools of critical thought. So don't be surprised if you see a number of Pitzer grads stranded in the road next year without a map or AAA card. Hell, I'll probably be the one holding a sign which reads: "PITZER GRAD--WILL WORK FOR CDS."

I have grown a great deal here at Pitzer. This school has exposed me to a wide array of subjects, people, and situations which I would not have encountered at other universities and I am extremely grateful for it. Hindsight is always twenty-twenty and there is obviously a few things I would change about my college career (i.e. my major), but in retrospect--which is about all I have left at this point--I am quite satisfied with my experiences here at Pitzer. After all, I am one of the lucky few which has actually chosen a direction after graduation.

The last four years have transpired a lot faster than imagined they would. It's almost like, upon my entrance to college, I think senior year went by most quickly. It seems like yesterday that I was sitting at this same typewriter churning out my first editor's desk (which, by the way, was much easier to write). In that first ed's desk I stated a number of goals which I would not have encountered at other universities and I am extremely grateful for it. Hindsight is always twenty-twenty and there is obviously a few things I would change about my college career (i.e. my major), but in retrospect--which is about all I have left at this point--I am quite satisfied with my experiences here at Pitzer. After all, I am one of the lucky few which has actually chosen a direction after graduation.

The last four years have transpired a lot faster than imagined they would. It's almost like, upon my entrance to college, I never had a chance to hit pause and as a result, I have a great deal trouble distinguishing between freshman and junior year, child psyh and social cognition, Kohoutek '92 and Kohoutek '93, etc. I hate to use the age-old cliché, but time does fly when you having fun.

I think senior year went by most quickly. It seems like yesterday that I was sitting at this same typewriter churning out my first editor's desk (which, by the way, was much easier to write). In that first ed's desk I stated a number of goals which we, the editor's of The Other Side, hoped to fulfill over the course of the school year. Our main goal, if memory serves correctly, was to provide "a forum between students and administration." It is quite apparent, based on the reactions of the students and faculty of this school, that we were successful in doing this.

I have seen more progress in the interactions between students and administration over the course of the last two semesters than I have in my previous three years at Pitzer. I attribute this to a number of things, but most importantly to a willingness on both ends to work together. In the past, especially with the onset of the alcohol policy, there has always been an "us versus them" attitude. This year, however, a bridge began to form. Students were inquiring and faculty were answering (most of the time).

I am confident that The Other Side will continue to serve as a forum and inquisitive periodical long after I am gone. This year has been a turning point for our school. In some minor way, we, as the staff of TOS like to feel as though we have helped to facilitate this change. And it is with the utmost confidence that I can state that Heidi, Kim, and Zach (who are returning as editor's next year) will continue to uphold this tradition.

Finally, before I wind down this ed's desk I would like to thank all of the people who have supported this publication either as a contributing writer, artist, photographer, poet, or by simply offering encouragement, compliments, or criticism. As we are aware, we would not exist without your help and insight. On a more personal level, however, there are a few individuals which I would like to point out and thank individually. Obviously, there are many people at this school who have touched my life and impacted my thoughts, and dreams. Unfortunately, I do not have the space to acknowledge everyone, but specifically, I would like to offer my gratitude to Team Jones and all of its affiliates (including Ross, Mikos, Garret, Alphie, Neil, P. Dolan, etc...), my advisor and good friend, Jeff Lewis, and of course, my guru, mentor, and TOS supervisor, Allen Greenberger.

It has been a great four years and to those of you who are fortunate enough to have time left here at Pitzer, the only advice I have to offer is enjoy and take advantage of it. For my classmates, the ones who are joining me in the great leap of faith, I am as clueless as you are. But as Dr. Thompson would say: "Res ipsa loquitur. Let the good times roll..."

Sincerely,

Jordan Kurland

Cover Photo: Kim Gilmore
Faculty Advisor: Allen Greenberger

THE OTHER SIDE

To the Class of '94

Farewell,
Good Luck, and...

Congratulations

Now go out and find a job!

Good luck, we'll miss you.

Love,

The Other Side staff
**PROVIDA FUTURI?**

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Photo by Kim Gilmore, design by Will Stephens. A picture of the job opportunities board at Honnold library.

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**The Delivery Man**

by P. Dolan

I live in La Verne. I always have. I hold two jobs to pay for my classes at Citrus College. I live near the Pomona fairgrounds with my girlfriend Tammy. We've been going out since high school. We like where we live until the drag races start in the spring. Tammy's brother was in the Army during Desert Storm. We thought it was strange that those oil burning machines roosted on the whole time he was in Saudi Arabia.

This is my daily life. We both get up in the morning and eat breakfast. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays I take the car to class and drop her off at work (she works at an elementary school as a teacher). Her friend drops her off at night while I collect ticket stubs at the new movie theater in Upland. I notice a lot of college students that go there seem to be different. Their ears have plates from all over the country. They have different accents and I'm amazed how much of them wander into the theater stoned to watch flicks and think that no one notices. They always wear flannel shirts and hiking boots and travel in small groups. I never knew where they came from until I took that job as the Sparklets water delivery guy.

I started delivering on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I went to business's mainly; car dealerships and real estate places up and down the 10. They were places easy to get to and they always paid their bills and left the empties bottles out. I liked the job. People were friendly, I had a truck to drive around. I was the Sparklets man. People got out of my way so I could get the water out. I soothed the Inland Empire.

This semester I have no class on Fridays. They put me on the Friday delivery shift. When the other drivers heard this they laughed behind my back and shook their heads in the on the Ten and turned the radio on. The only station that came in clear was something called 88.7 KSPC. The music was clanking metal sounds with a Guru moanin in the background. Every so often someone would get on the air, laugh, and say he was going to see the band in Sacramento. I laughed. I looked at my delivery list again. Pitzer College, get off the Ten at Indian Hill, take a left and follow the signs. No problem. The music got louder the closer I got.

I went up Indian Hill and took a left into the Claremont Village. I proceeded toward what looked like a college. I pulled into a driveway, "Is this Pitzer?", I asked.

"No", came the reply from a student I recognized from the movie theater. "Go up College, take a right at Twelfth and you are there".

I tried to follow this but I always seemed to end up in a dead end street or a blocked off section of road. I kept circling this building with a Bridge in the middle of it. But finally I found Pitzer, and parked in front of Scott Hall.

I climbed out of the truck to the sound of live music. It was about four P.M. I grabbed two bottles and headed toward what the ticket told me; Sanborn Hall. I walked down a walkway filled with people. I decided to follow this crowd. Suddenly from behind me came a strange parade with people blowing horns, carrying big signs that looked like faces, and everyone was in crazy costumes. I followed the parade.

It was an opening among the buildings. There were a ring of booths, some cooked sizzling foods. The aromatic smoke rose into the sunfilled air. Dazed people walked everywhere. I put down my water and asked where Sanborn was. No one knew. An older woman walked up to me. She was dressed as a belly dancer, complete with a belt and a belly dance costume (she corrected me). "Welcome to Kohoutek!" she yelled. "Oh my God," I thought. I wanted to radio back in to headquarters. Was this right? Suddenly some guy in skinny tight black leathers and a painting on his chest of a comet going down his belly walked by. I saw more people I recog­ nized from the movie theater. This was no ordinary drop off.

Eventually someone told me Sanborn was right behind me. I went to the door and spent ten minutes pounding on it until someone opened it for me. I went in and figured out where the room number was. No one was there, no empty bottles existed, just people running around shooting bottle rock­ ets. I dropped my water and left.

The rest of the day was easier. I like sticking to places right off the Ten.
The lights went out in the middle of her speech. It was a power failure.

It was an interesting coincidence of events that the First Lady’s visit to Claremont landed the day before the funeral of the first publicly fallen President of the United States. It was apt, too, that the power failure marked the most newsworthy portion of the event. Walking through the entrance, you may have noticed shirts that were a local favorite (the importance of any event seems measurable in direct proportion to the number of shirts sold), through the thicket of people wearing the specially made buttons holding the words “Reagan” and “Nixon” emblazoned on them.

As journalist Marc Cooper laments in a recent issue of Spin magazine, looking back on recent American history from this perspective is disheartening. “Against a backdrop of inner city combat zones, record youth unemployment and teenage pregnancy, rising illiteracy, and homelessness, the white-and-black film clip of Kent State and the disgusting mug shot of a black teenager with a knife in his hand,” he says, “go after the idea that you can ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country’ looked ancient and irrelevant.” With these things in mind, it is surprising that anyone cares at all what the President and First Lady can do.

Still, for some reason, I was hoping that Hillary Rodman Clinton, not the President but a vital public figure, could have a last minute change. “It is not to say that you should care about the President,” she said in a last minute speech, “but that you should care about the country.”

The First Lady is certainly reason for pulling out all the stops, and Scripps College was sure pulling them for this event. The whole proceeding was put together very nicely, despite a last minute location change. These objects were reminders, though, that today’s political figures are surrounded with show, and that the spectacle does not always stand for something more profound.

The pre-Nixon generation remember a time when the government wasn’t necessarily mostly show, when the President and his aids were not subject to character assassination, and when the goal of the press was not to detract them from their positions. The death of Abraham Lincoln had such an impact on people wearing the specially made buttons holding the words “I am not a doctor but I do know how to live.”

It wasn’t that Hillary Rodman Clinton said was wrong or reprehensible, or totally boring. She talked about how today’s young people (particularly young women, she said) have a long and hard road ahead. She spoke of lofty aspirations, the need to “follow your heart” and the need to persevere in hard times. Blah, blah, blah.

I don’t know what Hillary Rodman Clinton said which was that the year the gold standard ended and the position of women in society suddenly changed.

The purpose is not to call for a move back to agrarian society, only to call attention to the impossibility of what we expect of our public figures.

To us for now we’ve come from this kind of relationship between community leader/performer and public, we’ve come to the shadow of the death of Kurt Cobain by the press and fans. On one hand the continuing success of mass production affirms the impossibility of popular heroes. Now there is such distance that we have reproduced so many, so interchangeable, that can be resurrected and murdered within weeks at the callous and unpredictable whim of the consuming public and for adventuring counterparts. Because of this, we cannot really be disturbed over the death of Kurt Cobain, as the ethos of being famous, of “making it,” the machine that produces “stars” is based on the very distance consumers have from them. There are no supposed to know

...how it seems inadequate. Because of that spectacle, the things our leaders do seem all the more elusive, more distant.

In fact the 20th century political figure has much in common with the popular musician. In his book About American blues musicians entitled Lost Highway, author Peter Guralnick discusses the performer before the onset of mass commercialization, was a community based experience. shortly before that the musical blues musicians came from a small community, “a community which by and large was able to entertain itself. Oh, there may have been ‘stars,’ but the stars were local heroes, heroes who had developed a widely admired skill to a degree that made them...worthy portion of the event. This is not to say that you should care about the President, but that you should care about the country.”

No more, however, should we believe that corruption is excusable or should be overlooked, and there are certainly some forms of corruption that are more worrisome than others (the Whitewater offenses seem a little petty). But the sheltered qualities are weakening over time, and maybe this nation is more mature for it. To ask for a leader, a rock star, any one person, to singlehandedly uphold our vision of justice or democracy denies the diversity we so often ask for. Part of the acceptance of diversity, I think, is to acknowledge that no one person, however admirable, doesn’t gel with our concept of ethics.

In some ways we have no choice but to accept it, but to accept it gracefully without losing our own sense of ethics is sometimes hard to do.

When Hillary was speaking, I was wondering how she wanted the audience to interpret such broad reaching concepts as justice and democracy. And I was also wondering what the elimination of corruption is sometimes hard to do.

We have had such a trend through the proceedings of the Nixon funeral to rewrite the American political history. Maybe this is just the need from other politicians to create the Whitewater aside, Nixon, like all presidents, do something. Eulogies, after all, are just supposed to live out our own fantasies of fame through imitating the President's counterparts. Because of this, we cannot really be disturbed over the death of Kurt Cobain, as the ethos of being famous, of "making it," the machine that produces "stars" is based on the very distance consumers have from them. We are not supposed to know them, we are just supposed to live out our own fantasies of fame through imitating the President's counterparts. Because of this, we cannot really be disturbed over the death of Kurt Cobain, as the ethos of being famous, of "making it," the machine that produces "stars" is based on the very distance consumers have from them. We are not supposed to know

that individual people matter. But at the same time the resurrection of Nixon is a real one, a deeper realization, that our leaders are vulnerable, and that much of the time the public figures today is eventually to be let down.

Despite this fact, and the continual alienation we feel when public officials or leaders continue to make decisions we feel wrong, the U.S. press corps still respond to the Whitehouse debacle with surprise. Only a sheltered and foolish country could be so shocked—of course they're not. That corruption is excusable or should be overlooked, and there are certainly some forms of corruption that are more worrisome than others (the Whitewater offenses seem a little petty). But the sheltered qualities are weakening over time, and maybe this nation is more mature for it. To ask for a leader, a rock star, any one person, to singlehandedly uphold our vision of justice or democracy denies the diversity we so often ask for. Part of the acceptance of diversity, I think, is to acknowledge that no one person, however admirable, doesn’t gel with our concept of ethics.

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"We Came to Build"

Traces and Places

Carl Hertel discusses Art, Environment and Community

One of the greatest joys of my time here at Pitzer was collaborating with Carl Hertel during my final semester. By returning to an actual tradition—the Kohoutek parade—the InterArts Seminar recreated through a cyclical project. We realized that Professor Hertel, as a person who has graced this space since our college’s genesis, lives with a real sense of cycle, of the degrees to which transformation—in body and spirit—means growth.

Some of my concerns upon graduating are the impact of Pitzer’s new buildings, the idea of moving on, and the impending transnational arts revival of the next century. What better person to consult than Carl, for whom the end of the academic year signals retirement from his position as Pitzer’s resident arts guru? The following are selections from a chat in the Grove.

— Amy Champ

AC: How does one develop a relationship with a place, an institution, or even a person, over many many years?

CH: A lot of younger faculty would ask that same question. They have a different relationship with the institution. And this isn’t a criticism, but they’re more careerist. People like Warmbrunn, Marquis and Macaulay—men and women—who built the college we came to stay. Look at Claremont. It’s very tidy and secure. Some people would say you get trapped, but to be fair—there is a sort of unconscious element that goes on.

AC: It seems like “place” is a really important thing for you.

CH: That’s what I’ve taught here for thirty years. We had a course early on, easily 25 years ago, called “The Communal Organization of Space.” I taught it with a sociologist. We talked about the importance of a sense of place. And in some way, what we used to call “the charisma of destinations.” It really means something to go from one place to another, even if it’s from the profane into the sacred. That’s an important shifter.

Russ was from Fontana. At the end of it, he said, “My god. You’re teaching sociology and I’m teaching art.” And that’s the way it used to be in the early days of Pitzer. There was a lot of fluidity around disciplines. It’s a tradition here. I think part of the struggle we saw at the College Council meeting yesterday was about disciplines. And how do we deal with appointments that are responsible, but not totally constrained by the idea of a discipline. The students—I disagreed with their tactics—but I thought the point of view was an important one. I would have liked to have had a more philosophical discussion about it. The point-of-view is you and I have just said it—how are you going to change things if you keep doing things the same old way? It’s a tautology, but in order to change, you’ve got to change.

AC: I think there’s a big misconception on the part of students that there’s this “system” they’re fighting, or there’s this “institution” called Pitzer, or there’s the faculty and administration against them. It’s not exactly like that. There’s so much pull here for students. All you have to do is just talk to people.

AC: If you work together, you’re going to get a lot further. It’s really the students and the solutions are all there, and the way to arrive at those is without trying to. But all the other stuff keeps getting in the way. If you stay in war mode, you’re not going to change. We have to consciously go from that mode to the other.

CH: We have to consciously go from that mode to the other.

AC: When you do that, you lose the community in South Albuquerque or South Central? I’m not going to sit here in this beautiful garden and say that it’s easy.

Traces

CH: My personal life is balanced to the degree that I have time to make art. If I’m not doing something that I feel is making art, then I’m not happy.

AC: What do you perceive within your lifetime, as far as the kinds of art you’ve gotten into, and how things are changing?

CH: We were socialized to think that you could be an academic artist. That’s not entirely clear. When I came to Pitzer, I had been at Harvard. Ben Shaw was the first artist who’d been invited to be a Norton lecturer at Harvard, because there was a real stigma against people who got their hands dirty. He said—and this was our generation—There is no natural environment for the arts in America, but maybe the academy can become that environment.

Before that, it was very separate. The arts are always considered dangerous. And in some ways, the idea of a discipline. But all the other stuff keeps getting in the way. It’s very post-modern, in social terms. There’s no present. The present erases, because there’s too much attacking you so rapidly. So, for somebody of my generation, it’s very important to go to some small place in New Mexico where there’s not that many people and get in touch with the land. It sounds so corny.

What this busy-ness and the electronic thing does is it de-natures us. The notion that the only way art is judged is by the creation of knowledge. Selling knowledge, period.

AC: Selling knowledge, period.

CH: And restricting knowledge, controlling knowledge, and making it inaccessible. The arts are right on the edge in that regard. In the academy, you should have the freedom to say, “Yeah, it’s in the marketplace, but it’s not exclusively that—that is the art.”

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The Other Side

Where Diversity Lies

by Elise Graner

With ripped bags as their only protection from the rain, a group of Chicanos worked to create the perfect atmosphere for Hillary Rodham Clinton's speech. I watched them as they meticulously straightened each row of chairs. It was not until later that I found out that people with green cards were not admitted to the First Lady's speech. This is quite ironic, especially on the same day that most administrators will likely be trying their damndest to impress Mrs. Clinton with the intellectual, socially conscious, and diverse aspects of the student body of the Claremont Colleges. Regardless of what our "liberal" school may look like to outsiders, how diverse is it really? When I look inside I find separatism, a false universality, rumors, and above all, contradictions.

It is true that Pitzer, more than most colleges, has a reputation of attempting to represent many different minorities in each class. But, why is it, for example, that even though a large voice of the Pitzer population is Middle Eastern there is no Middle Eastern studies program or Middle Eastern professors? Why is it that when one walks into McConnell dining hall one sees, for the most part, African-American students eating with other African-American students, Chicanos with Chicanos, and Whites with Whites? Why is it that there doesn't seem to be any interracial dating and if there is, it is extremely well-hidden? Or why is it that there is so much talk and speculation when two people from different ethnicities or races are hanging out or talking to each other at a party? If a White man is seen with a Chicana once at a party it's said that he only "goes for Chicana women." Or if an African-American is dating a blond haired woman that he must "have a thing for only blond women." There are even rumors that White women only date Black men here because it is the trendy cool thing to do. It is a way to rebel against their rich mothers and fathers who are infuriated by the thought of interracial relationships. Why is it that a Black man or woman speaks out against the European cultural pressures that forces them to swallow their Black pride or sense of unity then they must be militant? Who was that Black militant leader everyone feared? Not the one that was nice and peaceful named Martin Luther King, Jr. Oh, that's right, it was Malcolm X, the one who has been immortalized in a Black made Oscar nominated film which is watched by millions of people all over the world.

There is no hiding from one's identity here at the Claremont Colleges. One is unable to hide from their race, religion, or ethnicity, but it seems that the differences are more often expressed than the similarities. There is skepticism concerning the "diversity" here. Some feel that there is a feeling of universality at Pitzer that alienates those who feel that we can only overcome our prejudices and differences by being aware and actively conscious of them. Possibly, some students feel that by focusing on the similarities that transcend diverse cultures they are denying the individual traits of their culture and denying the fact that race still does affect one's opportunity status in society today. And there are some who are too intimidated to approach or befriend those who put separation before the blandness of universality.

There are problems here. But due to the size of this little "liberal" arts school we must interact daily on some sort of level with people we might have once hated, feared, or misunderstood. Supposedly, U.C. Berkeley is the epitome of diversity yet there is hardly any intermingling or socializing amongst the students of different races regardless of the similarities that transcend diverse cultures they are denying the individual traits of their culture and denying the fact that race still does affect one's opportunity status in society today. And there are some who are too intimidated to approach or befriend those who put separation before the blandness of universality.

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"At Pitzer there may be separatism, but at least one is able to walk down the hall and ask a woman of another race or background why she thinks there is no real diversity here."

Social norm was considered weird, abnormal, and different. Definitions are powerful thing. In order to be "diverse" the Pitzer community cannot try to define what each race or Ethnic group should be and what they should be doing. Who cares which Black man is dating which White woman? Who cares if the few African Americans, who we can recognize by face, sit together in the dining hall? We need to start looking at why these things stand out to us. Why do these actions bother us so much? Why do I still hesitate to eat dinner with that woman down my hall and her friends? How diverse would that be? How diverse are we?
The Other Side

by Mikos Stephens

With graduation quickly approaching I find myself reflecting on the "Pitzer Experience." I have no idea what that means, but it was a term that was casually thrown around when I first arrived at Pitzer (pronounced Pee-tzer). Anyway, now that four years have come and gone it's hard to say what I got out of my experience. Sure there is the degree, a two year hangover, sixteen grand in student loan bills... Oh yeah, and an education.

I don't mean to sound solipsistic, but personally the experience is fairly irrefutable, as long as you tell the truth. But in these days of relativism, even that truth is debatable. Back to school.

As graduates of an extremely expensive institution, how can we claim this? Seriously, after the rehab which half the graduates must seek out, most alumni of good ol' Pitzer should be ready to take on the world. For all the political studies majors there is always the CIA (Maui). History majors can take their place in law schools. O.S. majors can try to get a job, but if you were an employer and had to choose between a CMC business major or Pitzer O.S. major, who would you choose? -- No offense. The point is, college is less a preparation for a career these days and more of an experience in critical thought. If you can think for yourself by the time you leave, then you are a step ahead.

Odd's we'll all end up as cogs in the wheel of life. So what. The warm confines of Pitzer have allowed us to watch the Rodney King beating, the riots, car-jackings, fires and floods from a safe, convenient distance. We fear what lies beyond, partly because starting over is nerve-racking, but also because we just don't know what's out there. Recent incidents of violence on the campuses have brought to light the protective, but penetrable confines of the community we live in. We see in these events images of a world we have actively avoided for the last four, or three, two... whatever years. The real world is out there, and its not going anywhere. Scary, isn't it?

A fond farewell to Pitzer.

The Other Side

CUBA, CAPITALISM, AND CONTRADICTION

by Scott Stolzman

The Pitzer experience is something that is not easily labelled as a preparation for the students who attend our school. Any attempt to boil it down to just a few key elements would, in my opinion, be both incomplete and shortsighted. At the same time, however, these are certainly themes stressed at Pitzer which connect with us on a deeply personal level. They transcend being merely aspects of what we've learned while in college, and become ingrained into the ways we interact with the world around us. In my time here, two such values, exemplified in the trip I took to Cuba, have repeatedly impacted the way I approach life. I have learned the importance of taking into account perspectives which might seem foreign to our own system of beliefs, but retain validity nonetheless. They represent not simply a thought process, but a distinct cultural conception of what is or is not significant. More plainly put, their in an undeniable truth in maintaining an awareness of the viewpoints held by other groups of people, because they add insight into why people choose certain courses of action. There

is no inherent truth in what can accurately be labelled as perception. I have also come to understand that few things are as simple as we would be led to believe. As mainstream media becomes increasingly focused on sound bites and stereotypic imagery, we must either learn to identify the bias' present in their reporting, or resign ourselves to accepting preconceived notions as the only "real" viewpoint. Pitzer has always stressed the value of a multicultural education. Regardless of how successful you feel the college has been at bringing this home to us, the fact remains that we are given opportunities to expand our understanding of the world around us in a way that is particularly rare in today's highly formatted undergraduate education system. I have been fortunate enough to take two trips abroad while here at Pitzer, one to Southern Africa, and more recently, as part of the Claremont contingent to Cuba. Both of these experiences have left lasting impressions that no classroom education could hope to duplicate. In traveling abroad, you are exposed to ideas and ways of life that

have either been filtered out of the educational curriculum or reduced to a level of severely limited understanding. Discovering that the contrasts between societies are not a matter of being better or worse, but merely one of being different, is a revelation. You can't help but receive pause for thought about how different societies have evolved based upon internal needs, and how indoctrinated we are into thinking of certain values in absolute, rather than relative terms. Cuba, in particular, offers a great many challenges to what our society has come to accept as the root of human desires and happiness.

When one thinks of Cuba, it is usually in negative and distinctly political terms. Information given to us by most media sources.

Our government paints a picture...
of a poor, oppressed people, ruled by a dictator, and fleeing to the U.S. at the first chance they got, hoping only for the same freedoms and opportunities guaranteed to all our citizens. It may be true that their economy is in deep depression, and many of the freedoms we so readily espouse in this country (speech, press, political assembly) are restricted in Cuba. However, to be fair to the stability of a nation, regardless of how popular its current government may be, freedom has not prevented Cuba's most powerful nation from persecuting Cuban airspace with Radium March, which continually bom­
bars Cuba with messages of condem­nation for the Castro regime. Regardless of personal opinion about the appro­priateness of the tactics employed by
the U.S. most people consider them­selves free to speak and act with politi­cal autonomy. These freedoms are openly welcomed in schools and most media sources as being absolute. There are, however, systemic obstructions to these freedoms which confront many of our citizens, but are rarely discussed.
Some of the more obvious cases occurred during times of war.

"Sir Imperialist, We Absolutely Refuse to Fear You!"

one must take these limitations in the light of their situation. Since the revo­lution, Cuba has been under an obsti­nate state of economic and political siege by the most powerful nation in the world, which lies a mere 90 miles off its coastline. The Cuban government's claim of fear regarding the ability of the U.S. to manipulate a more open political system can not be discounted as mere political rhetoric. One need only look at the impact which U.S. foreign policy has had upon other nations, even notably Nicaragua, to realize the threat posed by foreign backed opposition groups

In contrast to Cuba, where institutional restric­tions on freedom are open and acknowledged, limitations on freedom also exist in the U.S. The differ­ence, though, lies not so much in scope, but in our ability to perceive them. In

"In contrast to Cuba, where institutional restric­tions on freedom are open and acknowledged, limitations on freedom also exist in the U.S. The difference, though, lies not so much in scope, but in our ability to perceive them."

series of cooperative exchanges took place in which each country, using its comparative advantages, received more in the exchange than could have produced domestically. Cuba is generally regarded as being assessed in these transactions because the U.S.S.R. was trading goods that had a higher global market value than those which they received. To examine the exchanges in this manner, though, slants ones perception by putting what was potentially a socialist swap of goods through the prism of a capitalist market system.

It is also interesting to note that the yardstick with which people judge Cuban trade and economic growth to be subsidized is that of the U.S. and Europe. These Western powers are said to have gained their wealth fairly (i.e. through the market), but might not slavery and nearly 500 years of theft, from mercantilist to neo-colonial practices, be considered some form of economic subsidy?

At the moment, it is true that in terms of material goods, times are very difficult in Cuba. Their economy has shrunk by over 80% in the last 4 years, and most people now live on a daily diet of rice and beans. At the same time, Cuba is one of the few well educated countries, with an understanding of the world around them, and not brainwashed ideology, that leads the majority of Cubans to continue supporting their government. Most Cubans feel that a move to cap­italism would more likely result in con­ditions similar to those found in the neighboring states of Jamaica and the U.S., which, in their eyes, have lost their wealth fairly (i.e. through the market), but might not through the prism of a capitalist market system.

Ultimately, I have tried to use the example of Cuban American relations to illustrate larger truths which I have discovered while here at Pitzer. Namely, that situations are rarely clear cut, and that to judge someone else's situation by your own values is often an act of injustice. Most important is­sues in this world are so complex that we can not hope to fully understand all of the relevant thoughts and informa­tion surrounding them. The sad part of this realization is that to some degree or another, we are all forced to wallow in our own ignorance. The key, though, is to accept the limits of our ability to understand both peoples and events, and not be so quick to lay judgment upon them. Achieving a complex and well-rounded grasp of any situation is not merely a process of talking to some­one, or reading about it, but rather an on-going search for increased enlight­enment. Pitzer has taught me to accept this fact, and to celebrate the differ­ences in perceptions as a gift and not an obstacle. Instead of being a threat to be imposed upon others, one should see diversity as a perpetual op­portunity to heighten our understanding of all that surrounds us; because in the world we live, there is always an­other side.
We were somewhere around Barstow on the edge of the desert when my professor spotted a Diet Pepsi all by itself on the dashboard. I remember saying something like “You idiot, control yourself...” Ah, but it was too late; he was already leaning forward and reaching for the bottle. We had been the two beer drinkers back in Claremont. There I was, wide-eyed yet stagnating. Stuck behind the wheel of my car at 2 A.M. with my sixties throwback prof nodding in and out of consciousness by my side. "Best the only thing that was keeping me awake was the mirror. Kort Cobain always had that effect on me. It was time to get serious, however, this trip to Vegas wasn’t merely a spectacle, and signed for pleasure, we were on a mission.

Thompson made this trek twenty-five years ago, but his outlook was a little more skewed. For us, there was no need to indulge in lust-all the qualities which make this country the wonderful place that it is to be in the depths of an acid trip. We were, for the most part, clean and sober. We had a few beers before leaving campus, but neither of us wanted to face a night in jail for driving under the influence. I remember thinking how funny it was that most people who hop behind the wheel after a few stiffs are more concerned with being caught than injuring themselves or others.

Yes, we were out to find the American Dream. As the times have changed, they certainly have stayed the same. Las Vegas remains the place where all people—of all races, ethnicities, sexual preferences—come together and fight towards the same end. In this day and age when we have to worry about anti-semitism and the midst of a come-back it is hard to believe that anything has this type of drawing power. But as my dad always says, “Money makes the world go ‘round...” Our country may not have been founded upon this principle but certainly it has been built upon it. Enough of my incessant rambling, let's get back to the mission. So there we were shooting down the 15 freeway strapped into the front seats of my Honda Prelude (all cars are foreign these days, pretty damn

Facts and Fallacies

A TREPID JOURNEY INTO THE HEART OF THE AMERICAN DREAM

by Jordan Kurland

MAY 5, 1994

The Other Side

Circus-Circus. Yeah, right, you must be having a flashback. I was in control, and spending my morning at a washed-up casino with an overdue idealist wasn't on the syllabus. Fresh blood was in order and the Luxor was the jaggier of this hideous town filled with thieves, whores, and slugs. First your money and then your soul, what next? Anything to cure a fix and lord knows Vegas is overpopulated by junkies of every flavor and style. We pulled off the freeway and headed straight towards the Luxor. Silence enveloped us as we realized the drastic implications of the triangle looming before us. Who could have been twisted enough to design this gross
A Title Would Only Cheaper What I've Done Here

--- by Tobin Steers ---

Sorely cracking piece of sky
Overtown, overhead
Badly holding stars above
From the house, from the barn, from the child
Who will fix the sky, something must be done
Mr. Councilmember pay taxes in this district and demand that responsible action be taken.

Sir, I guarantee that everything that can be done is being done. Plans are being implemented, the newest technology is being utilized, your tax money is being spent with the greatest care and discretion. How'd you get my home phone number, anyways?

I understand you're up for reelection so you better get your ass in gear Frank or you'll be washing windows at the capital.

Sir, you have my word that the sky will be back in working order by next month. Now, if you will excuse me, I'm going to go back to sleep. Goodnight and Godbless.

The Southern Preacher Speaks:

People, I must ask you! How have we angered the Lord so as to provoke this awful and dangerous occurrence? The Heavens have cleft in twain and we must ask our Lord Jesus Christ what have we done to bring this horror to our world. Have we not loved our neighbor enough? Have we averted our eyes from the sick and down-trodden one too many times? Have we let the collection plate pass under our chins without notice? Well now I'm just kiddin' on that last account. I think the real question is, what can we learn from this?

"Oh," you might say, "this isn't my problem." "I'll let the others worry." Those without shelter will tell you, "You're house ain't made of stone. You're not immune from this celestial oddity and the havoc it may imbue into your soul. The future's not set. the past ain't even cracked like an egg but it's your sky."

Once you learn to worry. "This isn't my problem." "I'll let the others worry." Those without shelter will tell you, "You're house ain't made of stone. You're not immune from this celestial oddity and the havoc it may imbue into your soul. The future's not set. the past ain't even over yet, and you may begin where I left off. Cold, hungry, and in need of love, care, and help." You know, it's their sky! They're your comrades people. Fuck that "colleagues" stuff. Save that shit for your 9 to 5. It's time for the real labor to begin.
Getting out. Three years after ar­
ri v in g here in Claremont, I'm doing it. No,
not graduating, I'm leaving. Abroad. If every thing comes to­gether,
I'll be in Osaka, Japan, this fall, going t o

Parting Shots

by Zach Taub

Sausage
Riddles Are Abound Tonight
Prawn Song/Interscope

Sausage is not a new meal for Primus front­man and bass playing
dey, Les Claypool. As a matter of fact, the men have been busin est as a

Enigma
The Cross of Changes
Charisma Records

Enigma. The name itself conjures up several images. For many people,
Primus's first disk MCMXC A. D. car­

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Getting Out (continued from page 20)

The politics of these institutions is re-
ally stirring. Is it to make me down. It's true. It's still.

South African leader, Nelson Mandela. (left) A news clip from
Pitzer's decision in 1986 to end

middle. It's still.

investments in firms with money in

South Africa. (below)

The politics of these institutions is re-
ally stirring. Is it to make me down. It's true. It's still.

Pitzer Changes South African Investment Policy

by Kim Gilmore

During the academic year, 1985-
86, Pitzer College decided to divest

college funds from corporations in-
volved in the South African economy.

According to the Participant of Summer
87, this process "involved faculty, stu-
ents, administration, and the board of

trustees in a process of examining
issues of apartheid, and in determining
what stance the College should take
against the oppression in South

Africa." The year long debate led to the

final decision. Pitzer, along with many other U.S.-based corporations and

institutions, used this action as a protest

against apartheid and as a call for po-

litical change.

With free elections taking place in

South Africa for the first time in that

nation's history last week, U.S. compa-

nies have been examining the conse-
quences of lifting this ban. After a

panel discussion on Tuesday, April 26th
with Pitzer Professors Ntongela Masilela and Lako Tongun, and other
discussions about the issue there was a

motion brought to College Council by

administrators. The motion as passed
reads, "Be it Resolved that the College
suspend its South Africa free invest-
ment policy given the potentially posi-
tive political changes in South Africa.

If the political situation in South Africa
changes to warrant reimposing sanc-
tions, the College will move expedi-
tently to divert from funds identified as

South African investments." There was
discussion over the difficulty of obtain-
ing funds that were South Africa free,

but it was decided that, in the spirit of

the original decision to divest for po-
litical reasons, a statement to this effect
would be left out of the final motion.

At press time, it was recently an-
nounced that the ANC party won the

elections and that Nelson Mandela will

become the new president. About

twenty three million voters partici-
pated in the election, which marks a

start to the integration of the South

African government. This is just the

start of a long political and social pro-
cess which in the long run will hope-
fully bring an end to the racially based
imperialism that has hindered the ma-
jority of the South African people.

As stated in the passed resolution,
should the political situation change,
the school will change this policy as

College Council finds appropriate.

Enigma (continued from page 21)

Middle Eastern, in some ways like

something from Gabriel's Passion. The

percussion is borrowed from Gabriel's
"Kiss that Frog," but Enigma's usage is

far more appropriate. The overall pack-
age is tight, percussive and moving,
much like their previous pieces. There

is even the trademark Enigma classi-
cal-musical syncretism, this time it in-

cludes a choral interlude. The other

enjoyable track is track7, "Age of Lone-
liness (Carly's Song)." It too displays

certain Enigma-esque mysticism, and

again there is the Middle-Eastern

theme. The Enigma flute is there as

well. "Age of Loneliness" in many

ways is similar to "The Eyes of Truth,"

and this is consistent with the thema-
tic nature of their first disk.

Basically, if you like New Age, Enya,
Enigma, or any of the other artists

and musical styles I've already

mentioned, you'll probably find this

album entertaining. I did. However, I al-
most certainly that The Cross of

Changes will not have the staying

power of its predecessor. That

album still remains as some of the

best background music around.

~Max Z. Jacobs

Fallacy

(continued from page 17)

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