

EVEN YOUR MOMMA SAID YOU WAS UGLY

23 Feb 00
MID AFTERNOON

ON BEHALF OF PUBLIC SOLITUDE

WHY MUST I NOW ENDURE
PREVIOUSLY PEACEFUL & SILENT,
THE MASTICATIONS OF ANOTHER MAN?
I HEAR YOUR JEWELS FROM OVER
FIVE YARDS AWAY.
YOU'RE NOISE POLLUTION.
YOU'RE AN ARMY OF THE ORGANISM
DISTURBING THE PEACE

<GRUNT>
<CHEW>
OVER THE CHIRPINGS OF BIRDS -
I HEAR YOU.

<GRUNT> <DEEP NASAL TREAT>
<SNORT> <BRAH CH> <GURP>
<WEEZ> <GRUNT>
EVEN THE LITTLE KITTY IS LOOKING
AT YOU NOW.

CHW, BREATH, SNORT, GUMS ALL
RUNNING AMOK
FROM THE NECK UP YOU'VE
ALREADY RENDERED ME USELESS
PLEASE LET GOD STRIKE M

BEFORE I HAVE TO FACE
THE REST OF YOUR DIGESTIVE
TRACT AND ITS INVOLUNTARY
WILLS.

I MAY BE ILL BUT YOU'RE FOWL
ME,
I'M SICK.
BUT YOU,
YOU'RE DIRTY.

-CRB-

ON BEHALF OF
PUBLIC SOLITUDE

ANONYMOUS

C O N T E N T S

2 Tuesday's Thoughts • Greg Dusic

4 Dave Clark Interview • Andrew Samtoy

6 Importance of Diversity • Linus Yamane

10 The True Truth About KGI • Paul Faulstich

14 Woman Troubles • Jessica Hardy

16 Pets • Bob Revens

18 Fur Wearing Animal Hunters • Nazbanoo

20 Dear Papa • Yamila

23 Mothers Day • Daniel Williams

26 Vietnam • Dan Hindin

34 Philosophical Concept of Pain • Ntongela Masilela

38 Dear Lovely People • Katie Ainslie

42 Square Peg, Round Hole • Zachary Redmond

46 Scatalogical • Oliver R. Best

52 Wide Open Beavers Inside • Andrew Samtoy

the other side
april 2000

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April 2000

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CORRECTION:
state of (dis)grace in the February
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The author is: Irwin Swirnoff
sorry Irwin,
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Tuesday's Thoughts

Greg Dusic, Greg Dusic, Greg Dusic, Greg Dusic

I sit and gather information that flows through me not like a stream but more of a sound that resonates through my ears and evokes my fears into my eyes so that I can see myself die before I even leave the ground. The sound continues to flow through more than just me because I am not the only one who needs the feeling of loosing everything in one last fling that was never meant to happen and never will be. The school that I attend keeps me from the world surrounding my soul and fears my escape until my money and mind has been stolen from me. But it is not just me that suffers from this regression of higher education. The lawns are green all year in a desert where water flows like conscious thought that is harder and harder to find these days. The stars are gone the lights are on but this

doesn't matter to the nine million people who tumble through everyday as if it were the day before. Before. What was it like before? Was it like today were people simply ignore what is around them and what should be there? These bricks that I call home are not my home and never should have been considering it is my second while others 80 years of age are still looking for their first. I surround myself with objects that seem to make my life easier. A computer which I fold up and down up and down and download songs from bands who even if I bought

their records they would never see the money, but isn't that what it is all about? Money. Trees don't know about money but they wish they did because if they did they could bid for their life like a respectable creature could. Not like they would because if they could they would rise up in arms and demand their share while the stocks keep going up until the roof falls upon those happy happy people on wallstreet but they won't feel the pain, no, the pain is the tree that lost everything but didn't know about the merger.

While we fly further into the future the sun and

moon can't keep up with the earth as it moves faster than it should or could before technology allowed us too. But that too has problems because while the people next door slam a beer and light a blunt, I sit in front and watch their minds fly from them in spirals they can't comprehend and never will. But what a thrill to be so drunk and high that the sky is no longer the limit but instead the bed has been fed with the remnants of tonight's dinner. But tonight's dinner didn't come from the earth, but from a lab that creates and manipulates our food until it is perfect in the eyes of the consumer. But the consumer doesn't



mind because after they die the body remains longer preserved for gravediggers and necrophiliacs to have a field day while the earth cannot consume the casket which holds it's final prisoner. Yet the criminals can't go to jail because druggies take up too much room. My room contains a mural, which contains life on bricks, which contains my home. But Kate sees the beauty in it as she strums her guitar and sings a beautiful song. And this is important for in the short run we all need time to think and Kate understands this. But Stephanie and Evelyn see me outside their window and wonder, "what the hell is he doing out there, and did he hear what we said?" But I regret I was not listening and this doesn't concern me so I'd better close my ears and

heart and dart inside before I pick up on more that I should know.

But as it always goes I end up in my separate life away from those who have struggles and concerns more important than a simple five page

paper about how America has left this world a cold note on the window saying, "You don't matter to me anymore, so please let me in the front door so I can rob you before you go blind." At least that's what I find. As the sleep comes gently into my eyes while the light they avoid dreams fill my mind of another time and place that link to my past but the sound stops and stands outside my ears wanting to enter, but I am gone, lost in a dream while the fiends next door continue to poor their hearts and soles into a glass and a bowl erasing the troubles of the day forever as well as the good times which find their way back out of the consumer only to find they are no longer confined by a bottle or bag.

But my mind is in a separate time explaining how I got here and where I'll be going but I am either blind or just can't find a connection or can't even remember where I was when I wake up. So the secret of life is still out there to find whether it can be found or not I will still plot my points on the graph and watch the data form a line that I still will never comprehend. So I let it be and continue to read for the paper is due on Tuesday.

photos by
oliver best

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Dave Clark. Usually a man. Sometimes a woman*. And always our Dean of Students. While relaxing with a bottle of Youngs Double Chocolate Stout and a copy of Kafka's *The Trial*, I began thinking of the last email interview that I did with Marilyn Chapin-Massey, of the laughter, the tears, and ultimately of the article that appeared in the last TOS. And then I started thinking about skeet shooting. And then I started thinking about my car.

But this line inevitably led, as it always does when I'm drinking beer made partially from fudge and cocoa, to Dave Clark. What do I know about him? What does anyone know about him? And shouldn't we all know more? With this newfound thirst for knowledge, I decided to interview him and find out what he's made of, what makes him happy, what would make him cry, and what he likes to drink.

*be in McConnell about a week before a Mocktail party...

Where did you grow up/go to college/study?

I grew up in Jefferson, Iowa, town of 4,000 (and I'm related to half of them). My great, great, great grandfather founded the town. I went to Iowa State University, mostly because it was the closest. I'm the only person in my family ever to go to college. I ended up studying Architecture (got a BA), Civil Engineering (got a BS) and Counseling (got an MA) from Indiana State University.

What was your first job?

My first job was at age 7 detassling corn - taking out the tassel of maturing stocks of corn. I was paid 65 cents per hour. My first post college job was as a Hall Director at Grinnell College in Grinnell, Iowa.

What gear/nut/bolt/etc. are you in the Pitzer Machine?

I am the washer - the subtle little piece that kind of holds it together, without which things would just get stripped.

If Chris Freeberg woke up one morning and said, "I'm going to do something that is going to make Dave Clark cry with happiness," what would be his 3 best bets?

1. If Kohutek had 100% involvement from faculty, staff and students.
2. If Welcome Week came in under budget.
3. If he said to me, "Hey DC, you just won a trip to South Africa!"

Guinness or Gin and Tonic?

Just coke a cola. Used to be best friends with Jimmy, Jack and Johnny, but not anymore. After 9 1/2 years, just coke a cola for me.

What do you like best about Pitzer?

The passion that drives the people at this place.

What could be improved with Pitzer?

The passion that leads people astray rather than placing social responsibility to the community as the number one priority in their lives. And yes, the overall architecture of the place.



Pitzer Campus
Residential Liv
5-College Cam

email
interview
conducted
by
Andrew
Samtoy

What do you do to relax?

Gardening, cooking and hiking/being outdoors.

Family? Pets?

I have a husband, Sam, who is a doctor of internal medicine, and we have a dog. I have parents, three sisters, three brother-in-laws and 11 nieces/nephews on my side of the tree.

What would you do tomorrow if you knew you were going to die around age 43?

Since that is just around the corner, I would probably quit my job and connect more closely with all the friends that I have had through out the years.

What is the most important thing in your life?

The most important thing in my life is my ability to give freely to those who have less. And the blessing that my hard work has paid off in ways that make it possible for me to give financially and with time to others in need.

What are the top 5 pleasures you get out of life?

Laughing, eating great food, listening to the ocean, being together with my lover, traveling to third world countries.

You're running for an elected position on the city council of some small, affluent suburb of a major West Coast city. What would your platform be if you were more interested in being honest than getting votes?

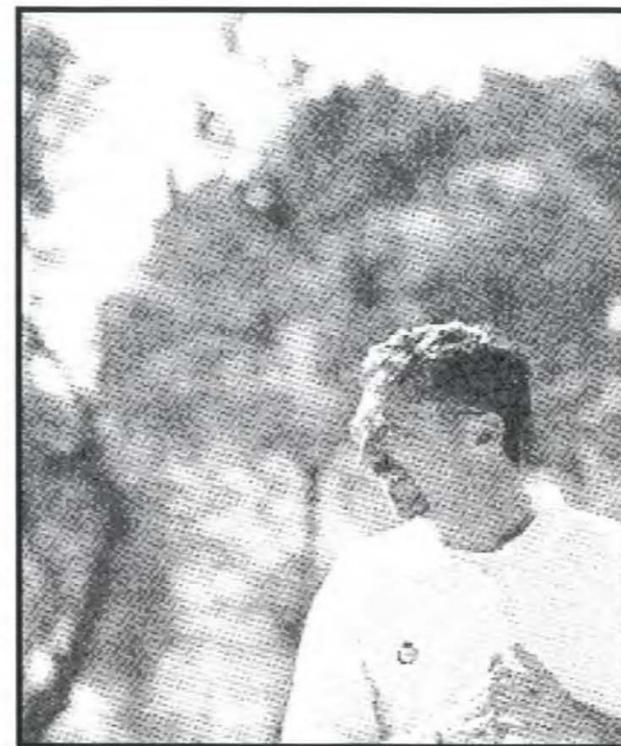
I would eliminate the entire council and put into place people that truly represent the diversity of this community.

Favorite music/ band/ musician/ actor/ actress/ movie/ food/ ice cream flavor?

Ice cream is definitely anything Ben and Jerry's, and I don't really have any favorite movie stars. Favorite music mellow jazz or lounge music.

Is there anything you would tell every incoming Pitzer first-year and every graduating senior?

Truly listen to your heart and look closely at the lives of others to understand how you have an effect on them. All of your behavior has an effect on others. Take one month of your life and work with homeless kids or in a kids shelter to really look at the value of life and living.



Princess Di or Queen Noor?

Neither of them could hold a candle to Stormy Weather, a drag queen from the Queen Mary club in LA.

Bush/McCain/Keyes/Gore/Bradley?

Gore -- based on the fact that we need a Democrat, he might be able to give us consistency, and he is boring so he should not get into too much trouble.

You're one of the finalists in a beauty contest. It's a Q&A session. The envelope is opened, and the question is: What is your motto in life? Without wasting a second you reply...

My motto in life is to give away half of everything I have to those who have not.



STAND TALL

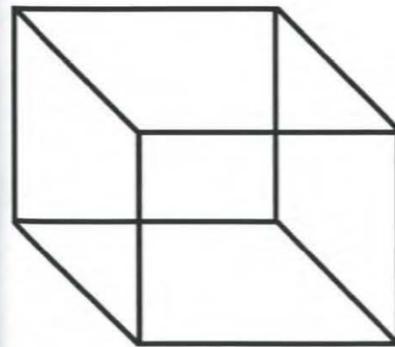
I feel the source of
my new day approach
on my face in my book,
within the clouds.
It is this sense of
awe that says to me
keep moving my body,
read on,
keep yourself in the
thick of things.
If my body stops feeling
and moving, my body
will wither.
If I stop reading, I'll
never find out what's
going to happen.
And if I don't stay
within the thick
clouds, hovering
past the terrain of
yesterday, my shine
will fade.
My experience limited
to the
known.

- Matt Morin

strugglin'

I fell in love with you.
And now look.
It wasn't worth the effort, methinks.
It wasn't worth the thought
Because you moved on... or should i say,
Back.
Backwards.
Nothing seems to move in a straight line.
Because when you think it does,
When things seem to be moving in the right direction,
You hit the perpendicular of the past.
And the way things used to be.
Or maybe that's not it at all.
Maybe it's the other way around,
I was moving all around
In a circle...or a squiggly line
When you came in my path,
I swerved at the wrong time
And didn't hit you
The way you hit me.
No matter, no matter at all.
Life goes on, and so it goes,
And so you may pass,
And my feelings will eventually subside
But till then, I'll just do as i have done.
Sit here and drink.
And lose myself in the wrong arms
And hurt myself some more
Because that seems to be all I am capable of doing.

tien bien fu



The True Truth about KGI and the Field Station



By Paul Faulstich

10 **T**here are multiple truths. One is the true truth. This truth remains the same no matter what anyone thinks or says about it. For example, it is true truth that we need oxygen, and that trees provide it. No matter what we think or say about it, this is the way it is. And, the Bernard Biological Field Station is habitat to threatened and endangered plants and animals. This, too, we know to be true.

Another truth is truth-by-repetition. This kind of pseudo truth is the stock-in-trade of PR people, politicians, and certain college presidents. This (so-called) truth is more likely to become true the more you say it. For example, the more we acquiesce, and believe that the building of the Keck Graduate Institute (KGI) on the Field Station is a done deal, the more likely it is that we will actualize this truth. Here is another one: We have enough open space in Claremont. Say it often enough, however absurd it is, and you might be able to create it as some kind of pathetic shared belief.

The truth is, we need wild nature. Self-willed nature is not a luxury; it is a requirement for life as we know it. Nature created and sustains the genetic information for all life. And, there is no greater truth than nature. Biotechnology, in all of its arrogance, can never provide a substitute for biodiversity.

Don't be fooled by the smokescreen of biotech dogoodism. KGI is a business venture. It will not stamp out injustice. It will make money. It will not find solutions to our environmental crisis. It will make money.

It will not honor diversity. It will make money. It will not make the world a better place. It will make money.

But money is not really what is at stake. What is at stake is nature. There is a hostile economic takeover in motion, and many of us in the community feel that it must be stopped. Critique and analyze the economic language employed to justify rampant development in our town. Start your critique with something you know well; your own hand. A litigation lawyer can tell you the value of your hand in dollars. But what is your hand worth to you?

Consider your mother, or your daughter, or your sister. An insurance company can tell you her value in dollars. What is your home place worth? Your lover's hair? A stream? The vista of Mt. Baldy? The open space of the Field Station? Now, imagine each of these beloved things redescribed in economic language. Then apply a cost-benefit analysis. Then adopt a statement of overriding considerations. Then sell out to the highest bidder.

What results is a loss that is not quantifiable. What results is a loss of the soul. Do not succumb to a language that ignores what matters in your heart.

As I have said before, the elite minority pushing this ignominious KGI project (this includes elected and appointed officials, and CUC administrators) treats the rest of us like mushrooms; they keep us in the dark and shovel in the manure.

Consider the recent backroom dealings between the

City and the Colleges regarding the College's purchase and disposal of 240 acres of land adjacent to the Wilderness Hills Park. Many of us would welcome such a purchase, but the word around town is that the land is to be politicized, commodified, and used as mitigation for developing--eventually--the entire Field Station. Have students and citizens been allowed (let alone encouraged) to weigh in on this? Absolutely not! Where is the democracy in Claremont?

We have witnessed a decline in consensus, and this decline erodes trust. Trust is like glue; it holds things together. When trust erodes, our community delaminates. Let's work together to put our community back in order! It begins by being shown that the City and the Colleges can be responsive to our legitimate concerns.

I want to remind us that the full faculties of four of the five Claremont Colleges voted overwhelmingly not to site the Keck Institute on the Field Station (CMC did not take a vote). Students have rallied in support of the Field Station. The Environmental Impact Report calls the gravel quarry the "environmentally superior site." And, U.S. Fish and Wildlife and the California Department of Fish and Game have both objected to the project. Have these voices of reason been listened to? Absolutely not.

The Field Station is invaluable to our community. Don't let them take this away from you!

There is blasphemy affront in Claremont. Get angry about it! Reject it! Refuse to accept it as normal! Do not accept a diminished way of life as the norm. It is time to unleash our anger.

Effective protest is grounded in anger. Anger nourishes hope and fuels rebellion. Anger presumes a caring. Use your anger to effect change. Stand up for truth! Stand up for Nature! Stand up, and make your voices heard!

Will we continue to compromise away our natural heritage until there is nothing left? Not here. Not now. Don't allow it to happen. Stand up for wildness. Refuse the madness. Reject demise. Be an enemy of the State. Be a patriot. Embrace the land. Accept responsibility. Defend nature. Defend yourself. Stand up to intimidation. Stop the Bulldozers. Engage your Rage!

It isn't selfish for us to seek ways to stop unwanted development in our front yard. Indeed, those who try to shove growth down our throats are precisely the

people who profit from it. Are they not permitted to act in their own self-interest? This is a nation in which the pursuit of profit is a respected goal. Is not the pursuit of quality and of justice an equally acceptable goal? A more honorable goal, in fact? No apologies are due for trying to hold the line against disruptive growth and intrusive industrialization. You should stand tall in your political activism. Do not waver in what you know to be true.

This is our community. The view, the open space, the educational opportunities; they belong to all of us. They are not the sole property of CUC. (Mitch Dorger--once CUC's primary spokesperson for developing the Field Station--does not live in Claremont. As far as I know, he never did. He is not even employed at the Colleges anymore. And all of the big money behind this project? It, too, is from outside our community. Do not let our community decisions be made by outside, corporate interests!)

We call on the leaders of our community to show us that our city can be responsive to student and citizen concerns. We implore our politicians to demonstrate that Claremont is awake and responsive. To them we plead: We need you to shift your gaze back to our community. I love our community; that's why I'm fighting for it; to preserve parts of it, and to change others.

Consider, in our struggle, the words of the abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison, in 1831:

"I am aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as the truth, and as uncompromising as justice...urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present...I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—AND I WILL BE HEARD."

Join the ranks, and become a radical abolitionist. Abolish injustice! Abolish lies! Abolish rampant destruction! Ridicule pomp and pretension! Offer elegant, heart-felt, and far more intelligent visions. Support change for the better. Reject dumb change. Be hopeful! Feel grateful! Take responsibility! Keep contact! Embrace the true truth! Honor diversity! Defend Earth! Resist much! Obey little! Engage the rage! Keep the struggle alive! Save the Field Station!

In an upcoming hearing the Architectural Commission will be voting on the KGI development plan. This will be an important opportunity to let our voices be heard and to show your support for the Field Station. When the meeting time comes, turn out, and help craft a civil society.



Sweet Boy

We were flying together as your Sweat poi-
 soned mine
 With desire like passion.
 Your eyes floated around on
 Rose petals and your hopes
 Inside
 Were locked up
 Private
 Like mine.
 I can feel your intentions-
 The beautiful lust of love in
 Skin like dough-
 Condensing into droplets on my
 Tongue.
 So I indulge-
 My bones yearn for the flavor of
 Your blood-
 Pumping like wine
 Inside where only you and I are Alive.
 If you could let go-
 Forget your past,
 I'm different...
 I'll rejuvenate ecstasy
 With each glance you take of
 Irises that Bloom Eternally.
 I'll find you inside,
 Sweet Boy,
 Nourish your body with sensations like
 Jubilation-

Only then can I have your lips
 On my skin
 On your cool body.
 Let's let go
 And find each other.

Shannon Lemoine

God Bless You, Sweet Dreams

I think I fell asleep
 half eaten sandwich on the refrigerator shelf
 saved for later
 Does he really have vampire eyes....

burned wood
 white fuzzy TV screen
 cracked cement
 broken reflection
 in a brown box labeled fragile
 sent to anywhere
 return address unknown

(excerpt from a script: the female actress wakes
 up with blood all over her hands. She is sitting
 upright staring at her bloody hands.)

red raspberry juice
 picked them at summertime
 sun glaring overhead
 running children naked
 on the melting asphalt
 women with red painted toenails and red bikinis
 time to make raspberry pie

(Blood. Blood covering hands. Whose is it?
 Where did it come from? I just got nervous from
 seeing all the color.)

staring into the next seven years
 shattered into seven pieces
 seven mirrors reflecting seven faces
 all sitting around a table
 motherdaughterloverfriend sister no one and
 me

Katie Ainslie

WOMAN TROUBLE BY JESSICA HARDY

The initial exchange was brief, something to the effect of "May I help you?" and "Yes, I'm here to inquire about your 56k Internet service." I stood in the center of the store, feeling the space around me expand. Or maybe it was just me, getting smaller, and for every inch I shrank, he seemed to swell. The yellowing stains beneath the arms of his shirt, the crooked knot on his muddy brown tie, the gleam of grease on his disheveled hair, the condescending look in his eye all grew to monstrous proportions. I could feel him sizing me up: long skirt, matching top, sensible shoes, light makeup (I had just come from a job interview so I was a bit more dressed up than normal, not that it should have mattered). I could have been anybody, but that's not what he saw. What he saw was girl.

The store was one of those architectural oddities that looked tiny from the outside but seemed to stretch forever in every direction once I stepped through the door. Three computer displays strained to occupy the vast empty space in the center of the room but failed miserably. From the moment I saw the place I began to get cynical; their ad had looked promising, but the store seemed disturbingly barren. I remembered my dad had brought his computer in here for repairs a few months ago. He said not only did they do a great job but that they were extremely nice and helpful; so, in spite of my misgivings, I headed for the first employee I saw and decided I'd give the place a chance. Maybe fancy merchandising just wasn't their specialty. Neither was customer service, apparently. At least, not if the customer in question happened to be female.

"You just bring in your computer and we'll set you up with everything you need to get on the Internet," he said in what he probably thought was a comforting tone to a little girl like me, all alone in a big scary com-

puter store. I could feel the anger rising, my face turning red. "Actually I have all the software I need. All I'd need, should I decide to sign up for your service, would be a user name and password, and a number to dial." I tried to sound intelligent, but I was getting so angry my mind was going blank. I realized that, should I have to prove my computer knowledge or demonstrate what 13 years of computer experience had taught me, I wouldn't have been able to. I couldn't think, all I could do was get angrier. This was only compounded by the fact that the salesman hadn't heard a word that I said. "Well, you see, the software you have is designed for your current service provider blah blah blah blah..." I knew what he was talking about. Proprietary software: when an Internet Service Provider (such as America Online) makes you use their custom software in order to access their service. This sort of software is designed to be easier to use, so it appeals to people with minimal computer knowledge who still have a desire to use the Internet.

By implying that I was a user of proprietary software, he was again implying that I knew little to nothing about computers. Obviously he could not have based this assumption on anything that I had said, so the only thing left for him to base this on was the fact that I am female and, therefore, must not have known anything about computers. I grumbled something to the effect of "I don't use proprietary software," hoping the technical terminology would be enough to convince him I knew what I was talking about. He did take notice, and for a second I was almost relieved, until I realized he saw it not as an affirmation of my computer skills, but as a challenge. He began hurling technical terms at me, asking me point-blank "well do you know what DNS stands for? Do

you know what an IP address is?" All I could do was nod my head, staring blankly at him as I again felt myself shrinking smaller and smaller. The room, which had only moments before seemed so cold and barren, was now stiflingly hot, filled with the fumes of my anger. My face reddened and burned. I imagined myself turning purple and exploding, all over their expensive equipment. "Do you know how to configure your dial-up networking? Do you know what brand of modem you're using?" I continued to nod defiantly, and I guess I finally won because he all of a sudden stopped barraging me with computer lingo and offered to sign me up for their service. I mumbled something about having to think about it and walked out.

Women pursuing science or technology, fields that have historically and traditionally belonged to men, are, I admit, at a distinct disadvantage. The disadvantage, however, does not lie in the actual field (although that certainly is a possibility), but rather in the outside world. What I mean by that is a woman in the computer field, for example, can achieve excellence in that area without being at a disadvantage because of her sex. However, people in the outside world, people who don't know any better, make assumptions, and when you're a woman one of the assumptions many people make is that you don't know anything about science, or math, or computers, or automobiles, or anything else that they see as

being a "man's job." There is sometimes nothing in the world more irksome than being mistaken for something you're not, especially when that something involves being stupid or naïve.

In all fairness I'll admit that, although society made a much larger mistake by historically denying women the freedom to develop their intellect, to become something beyond merely wife or mother, I made a mistake, as well. I thought I was starting out equal, that society found my pursuit of computers and technology just as acceptable as if I was male. I went into that computer store expecting to be treated as an equal, and I was sorely disappointed. The second time it happened, it was less of a shock, though as anyone who's ever had such an experience can tell you, being discriminated against never really gets any easier, no matter how well you think you've prepared yourself.

The second time it happened, some months later, I was at work. I was working as a consultant at my



college's student computer lab, so one might think it would be safe for someone to assume that, by being behind the consultant window, I at least had some rudimentary knowledge of computers. Not so for the man who came in one night toting wife and broken laptop both as if they were insignificant pieces of baggage. When they approached the window, she spoke first, explaining that she was a visiting alumnus and they had run into trouble with their laptop computer, and would we be able to help. I explained that we don't repair people's personal computers, that our job is merely to oversee the operations of the computers inside the computer lab, and offered her the names of some local computer stores that might be able to fix it. At this point I noticed her husband out of the corner of my eye, attempting to gesture subtly at something behind me. Puzzled, I shot him a questioning glance, but all he did was continue to point insistently at whatever was behind me. I turned and realized he was pointing to Mike, my male coworker. I nudged Mike and as he turned around the man came alive, asking him the same questions his wife had just asked me, and although Mike and I both told them we couldn't be of service, he wasn't satisfied until he heard it from another man. Obviously because I am female, he couldn't possibly accept that I might have known what I was talking about. Mike saw it, and as the couple walked away he shook his head sympathetically, but I was unable to appreciate his attempt at consoling me. All I could do was sit perfectly still, clenching my fists as I felt the anger boil and churn once again. It hasn't gotten any easier.

It's happened at other times, smaller incidents that have become so commonplace they go virtually unnoticed. It doesn't always happen with strangers, either. Anybody can be ignorant. My father did it every time he fixed my car without asking me if I'd like to see how it's done. I complained, and now he won't fix anything for me without first offering to teach me how to do it myself, which is how I've always seen fathers do with sons, and which, I believe, is how it should be. Luckily, I have a very supportive father, who was able to realize that a girl can be just as self-sufficient as any boy, if only she is shown how.

It happens at other times too, with friends. Every time my male friends leave me out of a video game, expecting me to sit with the other girls and watch as they play because "girls don't do that sort of thing." And once I do get a turn and I win, every time they're ashamed because they got beat by a girl. Every time someone assumes I like to cook, or shop, or that I like taking care of children, and every time I see the shock on their face when I explain that I hate all of those things, that I'd much rather play on my computer or learn to fix a car. I'm not saying that all women should reject traditional gender roles and activities, as I have. I just want to be myself first. I want my gender to be a part of me, not the other way around.

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My favorite kind of dog is a pug. There is something beautiful, don't you think?, in the bluntness of their aesthetic imperfection. Something almost singularly endearing in their inability to keep their emotions and their bodily functions under any semblance of control, of any kind. The only time I was ever in direct contact with a pug, it, I believe the name was either Missy or Shelly, streaked my hand with long trails of a viscous yet almost unbelievably dense fluid, from its nose or its mouth the fluid came I know not, for the face of a pug is such an impossibly tangled maze of curls and flaps and orifices and folds anyway. It just sort of began rubbing its puckered head everywhere, all over my outstretched arm. By the time this, as I later learned, just incredibly smelly fluid had started to smear its



way past my wrist and onto the lower sections of my forearm, the dog was in a near complete state of hyped-up ecstasy, giddily emitting snorting sounds almost impossibly like those of a horse's whinny. I had to find myself endeared to this just unbelievably sweet animal, and I even managed to stroke it a few more times on the top of the head before getting up to go to the bathroom, to wash up, by patting it clear of its nostrils and its mouth with one hand and grabbing it firmly, underhand, around the neck so as to control the wagging of its nebulously situated slime-source. However, I couldn't pet it for too long; I heard once that when pugs have worked themselves up into states of

doesn't, at least at the moment, feel particularly likely, really. As for the more exotic Vietnamese pig, well, I have decidedly less to say on this issue, except that, and you can question my information here, I once heard they can live a practically astonishing twenty-five years long and tend to go a tad bit crazy when removed from a particular location, which, when you really think about it, makes them an unusually hard pet to keep contented, especially for me, considering the odds of my residing anywhere for a twenty five year period and all. My girlfriend, Carol, a breathtakingly pretty girl if not as bright as one may wish from time to time, has her heart absolutely set on procuring a Vietnamese pig, as intended a sort of christening object for

her new summer apartment in New York. And try as I may have to dissuade her from making this quite remarkably foolheaded decision, the initial cog-turning of this purchase has already been set in motion and within the end of the month Carol will be a girl one pet wealthier. Not that I mind terribly much; I've heard they are actually quite adorable, and Carol, not I, will be the one who has to deal with the pet's near mind altering sense of upheaval and personal loss when Carol inevitably changes locale, as she absolutely must when September 10th rolls around, and classes resume at the boarding school that both Carol and I attend. I don't even know if my school allows pets on-campus; I will

p e t s

extreme excitement their eyeballs have a tendency to pop right out of their sockets, so as to dangle precariously just by their noses, and this was warning enough for me. Though perhaps the salvation of their eyeballs when hanging vulnerable from their sockets is a pretty good reason for a surplus of protective slime, I suppose. This incident with the pug occurred, incidentally, at my friend Adam's palatial home in upstate New York. Adam and his family own a simply wild variety of farm and domesticated animals, many kept right their on their property in New York, although, of course, many more live out west on their ranch, in Wyoming, a property I have yet to visit but intend to as soon as is humanly feasible. However, I am an extremely busy person, with many pressing engagements to take care of, and finding a legitimate reason to make out west, one that flies with both my parents and my consultant Richard,

have to ask Carol if arrangements have been made. What I'm getting at here is that some people need the affection of pets to make their lives valid, worth living; something about the unconditional love of a lower life form appeals to people, makes them go gooey, turn to jelly. Which is fine by me really, but being on the receiving end of criticism for not really responding to, past a certain distant affection like my aforementioned appreciation of the pathetic pug species, the neverending charms of domestic animals is a real pain, sometimes, and I don't really like Carol and Adam's accusations, lobbed almost daily, sprung in part from this animalian conflict, that I am essentially a cold, distant person, hard to get to know, afraid to "open up," "commit," etc. And, hey, better to be a distant person than a lidless container of overexplored neuroses and psychological problems, for example overemotionalism, for example, excuse me, Carol,

probably the most high-maintenance girl I've ever met, I'd say crazy as a loon if I didn't suspect that it was all a put-on, I mean how many tears can one person actually shed, in one evening, I mean really?

I mean like last night, for instance, in the backseat of my dad's Benz, Carol sobbing and sniffing and me putting on my best concerned face, as she reeled off a list of problems she probably assumes are original to her-alienation from her parents(something to do with their wealth, pure silliness

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I know, and worrying about it is not something worth bothering about, but she was really bent out of shape about it, talking about all those underprivileged Ethiopians or something. Also silly that she finds it necessary to look to Africa for representative examples of the underfed, considering all the New York City riff-raff that surround us every day, and at least social custom or whatever allows Ethiopians to go around near naked; New York homeless are forced by the cold to wear just impossibly crusty and dirty clothing, layer upon layer of it no less, which must make life just that much harder; I'd take a life of hunger over a life of dirty laundry anyway, fears about her sexuality(also pure silliness; the plight of would-be--yet-never-will-be-bisexual teenage girls has never held much interest for me), fear of death(I could never tolerate the age-olds), fear of the hightech future, etc. At one point I must have yawned, or with an uncharacteristic lack of finesse changed the subject, and she went suddenly haywire. Her eyes bulged out, she stopped attending



to her runny nose with her crumpled Kleenex, and the look on her face--angered, appalled, expectant--seemed to be conveying some kind of sudden realization about my true worth as a human being. And the, well, patheticness of the image made me laugh, which actually kind of shifted the look on her face, adding a dash of "wounded" to the previous mix, which, it should be said, by no means alleviated the overall patheticness of the picture. "You bastard," she said. "You shallow son of a bitch." And I laughed again, in an I think somewhat reconciliatory manner, which didn't prevent her from misinterpreting my inten-

tions, a habit of hers that absolutely drives me crazy. "You arrogant Bastard! How dare you step on my feelings like this?!" Now, I should say, that comment got me, or at least gets me in retrospect, but it should be noted that Carol has a predilection for accusatory comments, and anyway I had, like, listened to her for over an hour already, hadn't I? She turned over to face the back of the front passenger seat. But I couldn't stop looking at her; suddenly Carol, my Carol, didn't look in the least bit pretty to me. In fact, I sud-

denly wanted to run with my hands up out of the car; I mean, whatever it would've taken to get out of the way of that munched up, mealy-mouthed face. I must have stared at her for a little too long, because Carol turned back to me and said "What are you looking at." Perhaps I said what I said next because of the high demand I could see in her eyes, the expectation of apology or all out attack, the just incredibly putrid and horrifying vulnerability I saw there. Whatever, I don't really know where it came from, but, you really should know I regret saying it, if not because I miss Carol's company, or will in the upcoming months, than just because I don't like guilty consciences and because awkward scenes like the one that followed are, to me, a hindrance and a hassle. But looking at her then, her eyes all red and swollen, her septum glistening with the dew of Big Scary Problems, a big duh bubble of vulnerability and woundedness just painted all over her face in broad, ugly strokes, I couldn't help say-

ing to her: "You know, your face at this moment looks just impossibly like that of a pug." Which was probably not the nicest thing in the world to say, at that moment, but I said it, and I have to live with that knowledge, not to mention the sight of that unspeakable visage crumpling into an even deeper--I wouldn't have thought it possible--state of pug resemblance; it still makes me shiver, sometimes, when I think about it; I will have to do my best not to.

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What's
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anyway?

by
Nazbanoo

For the past several months, minks are being slaughtered over a loud-speaker in front of the local Macy's in my town. Not minks themselves, but protesters imitating their high pitched snarls as they've been covering themselves ceremoniously in red paint, on the side walk, so that people in their Mercedes Benz's and sedans waiting to enter the parking lot can think twice the next time they see a mink, dead or alive. These protesters, a small varying bunch of middle-aged white people and high school aged students, are protesting against Bloomingdale's Fur Salon, the department store on the other side of the mall. What kind of naive person protests against the selling

paraded in factories before they are packaged and sent to grocery stores for your consumption? I wonder how many of these protesters own a pair of leather shoes, or are those type of non-sensical animal rights' vegetarians who only eat fish, as if fish aren't living, breathing active organisms like minks.

So, upon my frustration at these protesters for not calling attention to other more prominent animal product commodities at Macy's as well as Bloomingdales, I rolled down my window and asked one of the women standing with a sign, "Are you only anti-fur or against all animal cruelty?". "Oh, yeah", she said as if throwing away the point, "we're for all that". Uh-huh. And is that a leather band I see on your wrist watch?

Maybe they're taking baby-steps. Maybe they realize that fur is more visible and debatable on grounds of animal cruelty. What are Southern Californians doing buying fur anyway? (besides the fact that magazines tell us to wear them). Maybe they realize that they can't stop people from eating chicken, so we'll just focus on the mink. If people need to get warm, buy a parka from the GAP! (All they do is dehumanize their Indonesian employed workers.)

I caught a special on Ted Nugent the other week, 70's rockstar and game hunter. The guy may be offensive to some, but what is he doing that is so wrong? What's the problem of killing game for the purpose of eating it? Hunting as a recreation is wrong. but hunting for food is timeless. The leg of lamb or fillet o' sol you buy in the supermarket didn't fall from the sky. If you eat meat, how can you be against hunters who hunt for that meat? Its the same logic.

I try to abstain from meat eating, but most of the world is not vegetarian. Though vegetarianism and veganism is growing increasingly trendy values shown in her/his purchase of an aesthetically pleasing fur wrap for their clothing collection, rather than a person's human bodily necessity to eat and replenish. In questioning our commodification of animal fur, they hit us at where our morals are most vulnerable, our pocketbooks. In any case, I just hope they stop squealing the next time I wait in line to get into the Macy's parking lot, putting on a spectacle for both our delight and annoyance, however effective it may be.

18 of fur at one of the biggest department stores at the wrong location? That is a secondary concern to me. The fact that these people won't comprehend that consumerism and capital gain will never stop the selling of fur, even in California, is besides the point. Sure PETA is anti-fur, but then again all those "I'll go naked before I wear fur" fashion models are ever so ready to change their minds when color-dyed mink or fox fur is put back in style by Halston. I have to give them credit for trying though for following their beliefs and believing bargain hunting Macy's shoppers give a rat's ass. Oh, maybe they'll at least take a pamphlet through their car window, and at least become aware that minks too have an ass, and they are being so ever presently slaughtered as is depicted in the theatrics performed by their car.

In any case, they are protesters whose mission deserves respect, however unsupportive the response they receive. Primarily, I am struck with the hypocrisy of these protesters. If these protesters seem to be concerned with killing of animals, why aren't they also protesting against the leather jackets in the men's department, and the beef tacos at the food court? How about the pain and suffering of cows, and the headless chickens

The Quentessential Billie Holiday blaring on a five thousand dollar German engineered Bang and Olufsen stereo. morose exquisite nearly consequential Billie belts out night and day, I wonder is it worth it to get out and do like cool cats do. Act like mr. siamese miz persian signor alley act. Be like all the bluezy cats be. Or, should I sit like dogs sit. Do like the trained german shepards working and sniffing chained in a cage do. Being like I'm supposed to a padlocked dead dog. My tired frame on an off-white futon looking at this ghost of yesterday. Man, you're a lucky guy. Indecisively standing between cool	and restrained, Laughing at life the way you didn't before. Guy, what is this going to get us? Sitting standing waiting with time on my hands? Attentively understanding the some old story? It's nothing desired necessary. Nothing asked. You tell me more and more and then some. I like hearing your strung out words strung out figure articulating dark sapphire veins pulsating fidgety eyes. I'm all for you dear body and soul. Practice makes perfect in a place where everyone keeps on falling in love again. Can't help it. Bewildered speechless symptoms of being exposed carelessly to them there eyes that penetrate the impenetrable parts of inside.	Heavily rigidly powerfully stare into the man I love. Not one individual watched by me can stay for long. So, I'm sure you're just a no account too. Figure obscurely dwindling above reality. I see you going to me. Apparition here always stalking walking around my room putting frame of mind in profound gloom. Rationalizing over all that's been done over and over this bleak grey sky. Though, I'm Pulling through just like you do. Moving on. Can't sit no more or not forever. My last words might be melancholic anxious blissful. Conceivably, swing, brother swing.	Life is worth it when you're here in mundane existence in the distant vicinity but not. In the end you'll vanish feline, hound, Billie, ghost. Me, I'll sit yet be so free unchained untrained removed. No matter I hear music mighty fine music.
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The
Quintessential
by
Marina
Harris



Dear Papa,

I know you hate it when I call you papa, but it's just how I express myself around you. (Besides, I kinda like the way your face slightly contorts when you say, "I'm not your papa!" or <<¡No soy tu papi!>>). My Dad was never a dad to me, you see. He only notices me when I do something wrong. I've never learned to talk to him. I don't know if he's even capable of listening, really. When I'm with you, though, I can speak my mind, let loose of all my worries and just be comfortable. I've never told you this after we broke up, but I love you.

Perhaps you still don't believe me when I tell you about my self-discovery--that I am attracted to people of my own gender, to women, that is. Maybe it's not evident, even if I check out girls with you all the time. Maybe people even think we're going out just because we spend so much time together. Tell me, does that bother you?

It used to really bother me. But after giving it some thought, I realized it was going to be futile anyhow-people were going to think what they wanted to think. Besides, who cares what they think? Fuck it, I have fun when I'm around you (sometimes it surprises me that we have the same taste in women). And even if we technically can't get back together (I'm lesbian and you have a girlfriend, duh), I think the essence of that relationship we used to have still exists. Do you think other "normal" couples are capable of being as happy as we are?

To be honest with you though, I still feel the urge to surprise you with a (hot, passionate--¿como?) kiss on the lips sometimes, you know. Then, there are those moments where I'm completely vulnerable (and the fact that you're not a woman slips my mind) and I almost want to ask if you

images
by
emily
ruzzo

could stay for the night, if I could keep you forever. But my good judgment always gets the better of me (there's no such thing as "forever" anyway) and that's why I've never once faltered at my promise to myself. What we have now is so much more soothing than a relationship that entails (yikes!) commitment, constraint, and inevitably, lack of freedom. Don't you know I get this sense of happiness (I must admit I feel quite honored, too) whenever you open up to me, pour out your secrets and just let loose with all honesty and carefreeness? That's something I know I'll never have if we were still in a relationship. I treasure it that you are able to share your feelings and thoughts without either of us having to worry about how it's going to affect our friendship.

I've never told you or anyone how I felt because I don't want to risk sounding cheesy (¡cursi!), besides I'm not the hopeless romantic type (and you know it!). Pero desde el tiempo que estuvimos juntos hasta el que estuvimos separados, me han pasado muchas cosas: me he enamorado de ti, me he enojado contigo...Ahora ya no caigo a tus pies por estar enamorada de ti (¿como antes, lo sabías?), sino crezco en un amor especial contigo. Tal vez nunca tengamos el "placer" de hacer el amor, pero lo que tenemos ahora, creo, es mucho más. Te amo, papa.

(But from the time we were together, 'til we broke up, I have experienced many things: I've been in love with you, I've worried about you, I've been mad at you. Now I've stopped falling in love with you, I'm growing in love with you instead. Maybe we'll never have the "pleasure" of making love, but what we have now, I believe, is much more. I love you, papa.)

~Yamila



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Your right ear.
On Mother's chest.
Your boy's breath.
Under the sky.
Marine blue.
On a desert.
The wine.
You're sipping.
Crimson.
Is not cold.
Tastes like.
Last summer.
Seattle.
He's not here.
Raining.
I know.
You were once.
Fourteen.
Looking up.
At the sky.
Your mother's voice.
Dinner's ready.
Thinking.
Yourself.
Boys.
School.
The same sky.
Orange.
Getting dark.
You finish the
drink.
Smash the glass.
The little pieces.
Going back.
Into the soil.
Where.
No nights.
Or rains.
To be scribbled.
On your chest.
You try.
Imagine.
The shape.
Of your wine
glass.
You can't.
Don't worry.
Miss the wine.
During the movie.
Because.
You've already.
Forgiven things.
Under the bed.

Oregon.

For Hillary Pedersen

Poem and Photo by Kentaro Yamauchi

You.
Forgiven.
Loved.
Cry.
You.
Become one.
With him.
You find.
The first star.
In a thousand years.
I'm sure.
We are all.
Going to be.
One thing.
By the river.
Willamette.
Under the same.
Stars.
Which are now.
Falling.
To celebrate.
Honey bees.
Among us.
You say.
Oregon.



This year graduation falls on Mother's Day.
I hate Mother's Day
The card companies made it up to take some money out of the working man's pocket.
I lost my mother 7 years ago to lung cancer. That's six mother's days gone by.
Think of all the money I've saved on cards & flowers. This Mother's Day is different.
This mother's day I receive a diploma from the best little liberal arts college west of the Pecos. If it were really possible to dedicate something like

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4 years of college to somebody, I would dedicate them to my mom. I wouldn't be here at Pitzer if it weren't for her. Let me explain.

My mother died at the end of my freshman year of high school. The next year was understandably rough. I was sent to In School Suspension twice. One time for harassing my English teacher until she couldn't take it anymore. The other time was for getting caught cheating on a test. I realized I had had enough of the Elgin, TX public school method of educating & set about getting myself enrolled in a private boarding school in Austin. That place gave me a great education & told me about Pitzer. My college advisor said it seemed like a place I could get along with. He was right. Pitzer & I are a pretty good match.

That's what makes graduation so bittersweet. While the experience & knowledge & friendship are invaluable and so sacred to me, I wouldn't have them if it weren't for the death of my mother.

This is my conundrum: Why do I owe all the happiness I found here to the loss of my mom? Is the worth of one comparable to the loss of the other? Why am I trying to quantify it? The sad truth is that when I ask myself, "Would I trade everything I have now to have my mom back?" I balk at the answer. So instead of trying to answer the question, I do everything every day with my mother in my heart. So I guess, Mom, this graduation is for you.



My guilt
ridden
dripblings
by
Daniel
Williams

Linda Ann Lewis Williams
Nov. 26, 1946 -
May 21, 1993

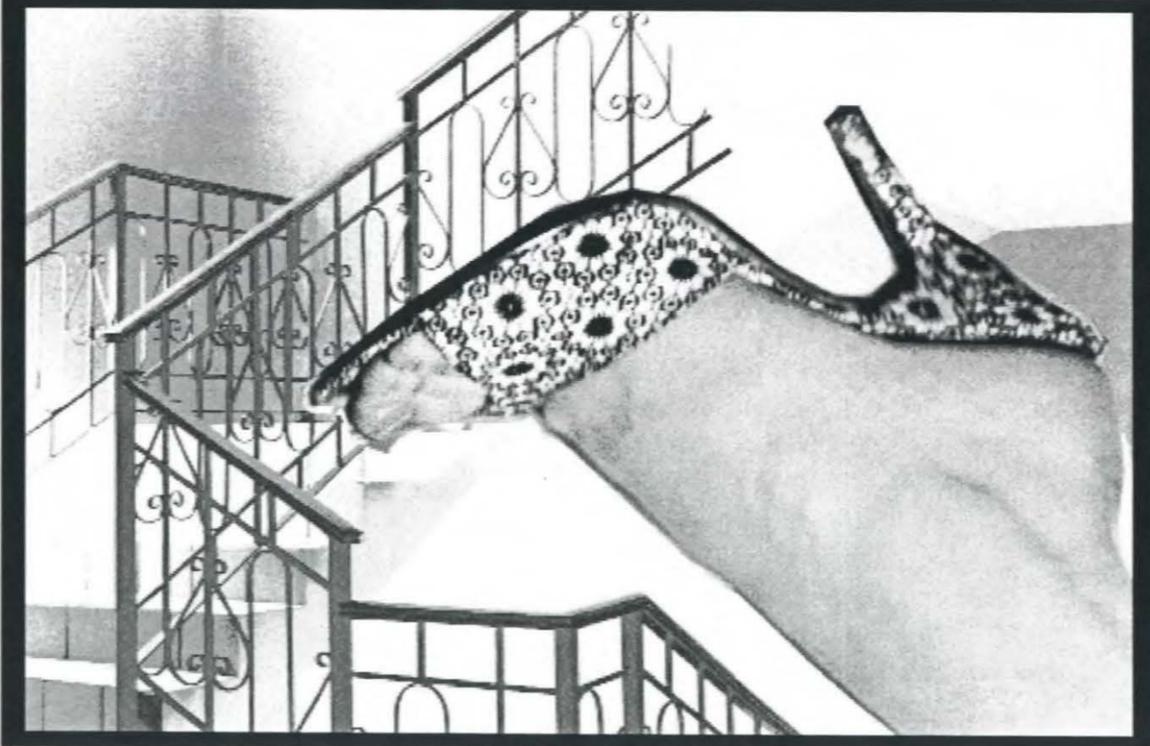
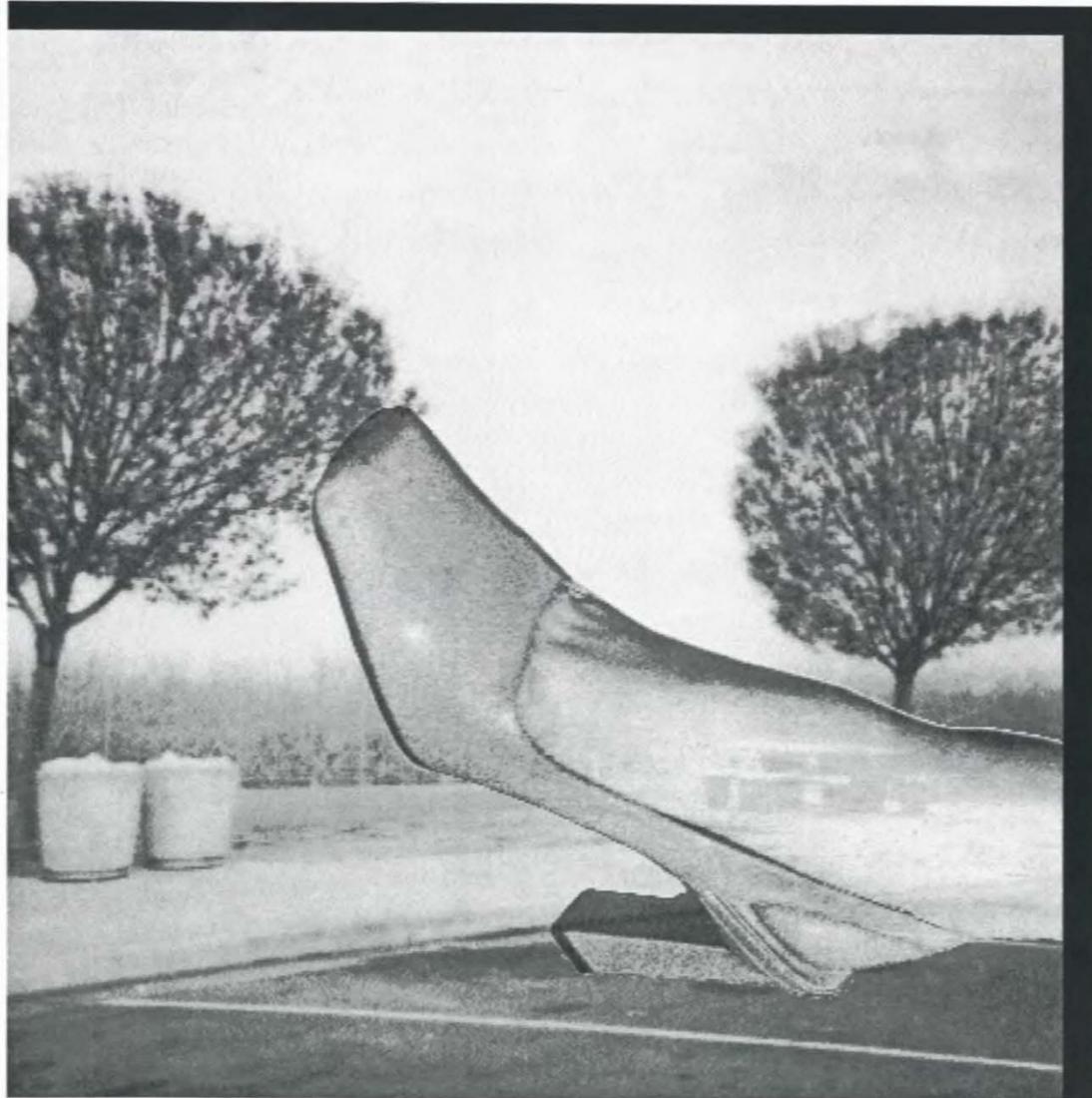
Nov. 26
- Mom's birthday

May 21
- Dad's birthday

- Daniel



images
by
emily
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26

What happens to the United States when a war is over? The troops come home to their girlfriends or wives. They are reunited with their families. They return heroically to their beloved homeland happy to be back in the stability of the real world.

The Vietnam War was different. The impossible happened. We lost. The soldiers came back to a country in turmoil. A soldier had no one to turn to for emotional support. He couldn't

By Dan Hindin

turn to his little brother because he had become a major anti-war activist who didn't understand the fundamental idea of serving and protecting one's precious homeland. He couldn't turn to his parents because they didn't know how to deal with losing a war. He couldn't turn to his girlfriend because while he was gone she had turned into a free-loving flower child. And he couldn't turn to his government because it had been completely corrupted. Many American soldiers had a particularly hard time returning home. It was a scary new world out there.

But what about the Vietnamese soldier? What did he come back to? Andrew Jackson once said, "To the victor go the spoils." If you call going home to find four of your five brothers dead, your entire town blown to shreds, and your wife pregnant from a forceful encounter with the enemy, the spoils, sure, the victor came home to the spoils. Vietnamese soldiers came back "victorious" to a home that was even more poverty stricken than the troubled third world nation it began the war as.

I went to Vietnam to receive a lesson in history. I got more than I bargained for.

I arrived in Hanoi with no knowledge of the Vietnamese language. Realizing that language is central to a genuine cultural immersion experience, I soon began seeing a language tutor. My tutor, Trung (pronounced Choong or Choom), was a twenty year old Vietnamese man from a fairly affluent family as far as the Vietnamese go. Twice a week I would make the walk past shoeless fruit vendors and napping bicycle taxi drivers to Trung's house to work on my language skills.

Trung lived by himself in a tall, skinny house. Hanoi is an exceptionally overcrowded city of a few million people. The infrastructure is poor. Blackouts are a regular event—the little food stalls on



my block where I ate at least twice everyday always kept a bunch of candles in back for such frequent occasions so as not to lose any customers. The streets are all very narrow because they were built with the purpose of bicycle and perhaps motorbike travel in mind. A car, though I never saw one on Trung's street, would have taken up at least three fourths of the entire width of the road. Between these skinny streets are many skinny houses and apartments. Both the houses and apartments all look the same. They are the width of a typical American two-car garage. Vietnamese apartments consist of three to four of these garages stacked on top of one another—each garage being home to a different family. A wealthy Vietnamese family would inhabit an identical three to four garage structure—each floor being made of about two rooms. This was the type of house that Trung lived in.

During my first few meetings with Trung we were both noticeably tense. We were not familiar with each other's cultures, and of course, we were both well aware of our countries' histories with each other. Each of us didn't want to offend the other by something we did or said. But at the same time, we were very curious about each other and each other's culture. As the weeks rolled by, though, we got to know each other a little better, and things started loosening up. We developed a good deal of respect for one another, and we were soon making plans to go out drinking together at the corner beer stand. As our relationship progressed, he began taking me all over the city of Hanoi on his motorbike. We went to his favorite pool halls and food stalls. He even took me by his workplace—he had a government job.

One day, during a language lesson in Trung's kitchen, we sat drinking tea. He showed me one of his little sister's schoolbooks. There was a poem in it that he wanted us to translate together as our lesson that day. The poem was about the terrible conditions the Vietnamese troops came home to after defeating the Americans. With every word we translated Trung seemed to get



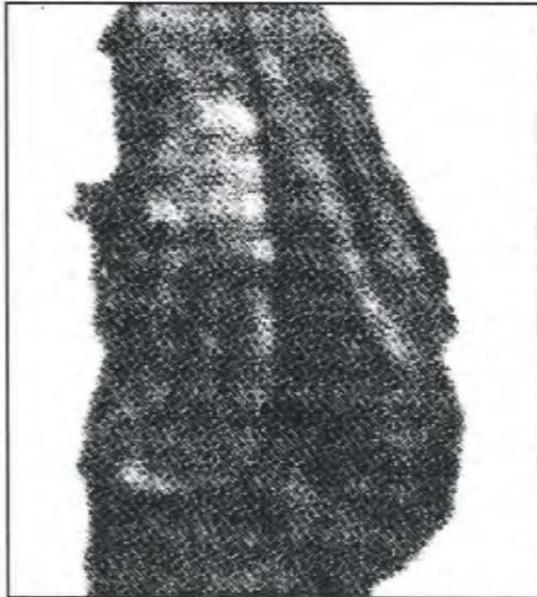
him of the war between the United States and Vietnam in that the United States was unnecessarily butting into other people's affairs. They were asserting their big bully muscle into a situation with which they had nothing to do.

As my time in Hanoi progressed I got to know more Vietnamese people and came

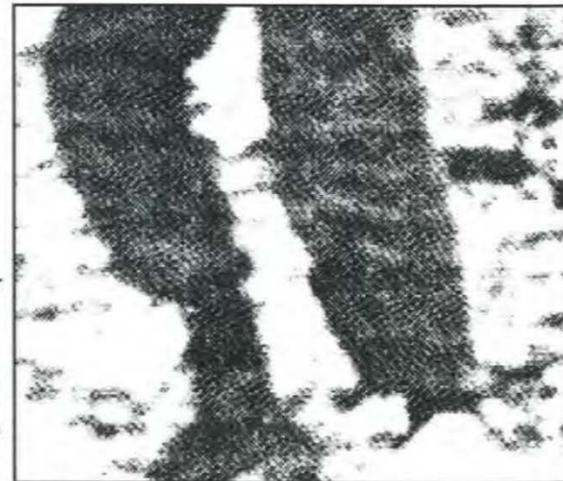
with their own problems. The Vietnamese viewed themselves not so much as Communists but as Nationalists. And although there were obviously different opinions as to how to achieve a nationalist state, the Vietnamese people themselves never saw their land as two separate countries. North and South Vietnam were zones fabricated by westerners at the Geneva Convention after World War II.

Most Vietnamese people whom I came across during my four months in the country felt that the United States arbitrarily decided to pick their land as a proving ground for their power—to intimidate the enemy. And Vietnam definitely did not see itself as the enemy of the United States. In fact, back in 1945 America actually showed their support of Ho Chi Minh and his government.

Before I arrived in Vietnam I was not convinced that America's actions during the war were completely just or right. After all, the people of our generation, especially at Pitzer, are the children of those who protested the war



to understand them better. It soon became apparent that what Trung said about the parallels between Kosovo and Vietnam represented the thoughts of an overwhelming majority of the people in Vietnam. Their textbooks say and a majority of their society believes that the United States had no business interfering



angrier. The poem was having a major effect on him.

Prior to this episode we had avoided the subject of war. The prevailing attitude of the people I came across was that, in terms of the war with the United States, they felt they needed to move beyond the past and toward the future. The only time war was mentioned between Trung and I was when we were talking about the current situation in Kosovo. One day Trung asked me what I thought about how the UN and America in particular were handling the whole ordeal. At the time, I really hadn't heard much about it because the entire episode had unfolded while I was abroad. During this time I was consciously trying to block out any news from my country and the western world in general. I told him that I didn't know enough to form my own opinion. On the contrary, Trung told me that he had a strong opinion about what was happening. He told me that the situation in Kosovo reminded

while it was happening. We have learned to question both reality and authority. And this was after only hearing one country's view of the reality of the war. A fundamental reason that I journeyed so far for my study abroad program was to learn the history of the Vietnam War from the other side. While I was definitely there to hear another opinion of what went on in the war, I was at first a bit slow to accept this different history that I was hearing from the Vietnamese. I even read a Vietnamese textbook that went so far as to compare the United States government to that of 1930s Germany.

I never accepted this interpretation of my country's actions, but after learning more about the history of the Vietnamese and what their country has gone through in their long and trying history of fighting off constant invaders such as China, Cambodia, France, and America, I began to understand where most of these arguments were coming from. The Vietnamese were not trying to conquer another country or expand their "empire". They began fighting the French in 1945 purely to gain their independence. They were completely spurred on by nationalist sentiments. Communism, to their leaders, happened to be the easiest way to organize their people against the imperialism that they had been dealing with for thousands of years before.

After winning the war against the United States, they did unify themselves under one flag. However, that was really the extent of their success. Just like the American soldiers who came home to no celebrations and no recognition, so did the Vietnamese soldiers. Their country was in a state of despair. Most of the land had been destroyed by American bombs, and most of the people had been destroyed by American bullets. Vietnam was in shambles.

Trung told me about these terrible conditions after we had translated the entire poem. One line in particular really struck a chord with him. I can't remember the exact words, but it said something about the mothers' tears at the sight of their sons whom they hadn't laid eyes on for several years. He pointed at that line and started talking about his grandmother.

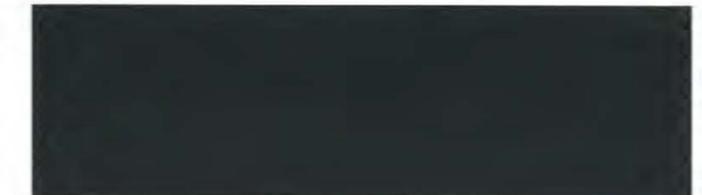
By the 1980s, after forty years of continuous warfare and no time of peace to dedicate all of their concentration and energy into building up

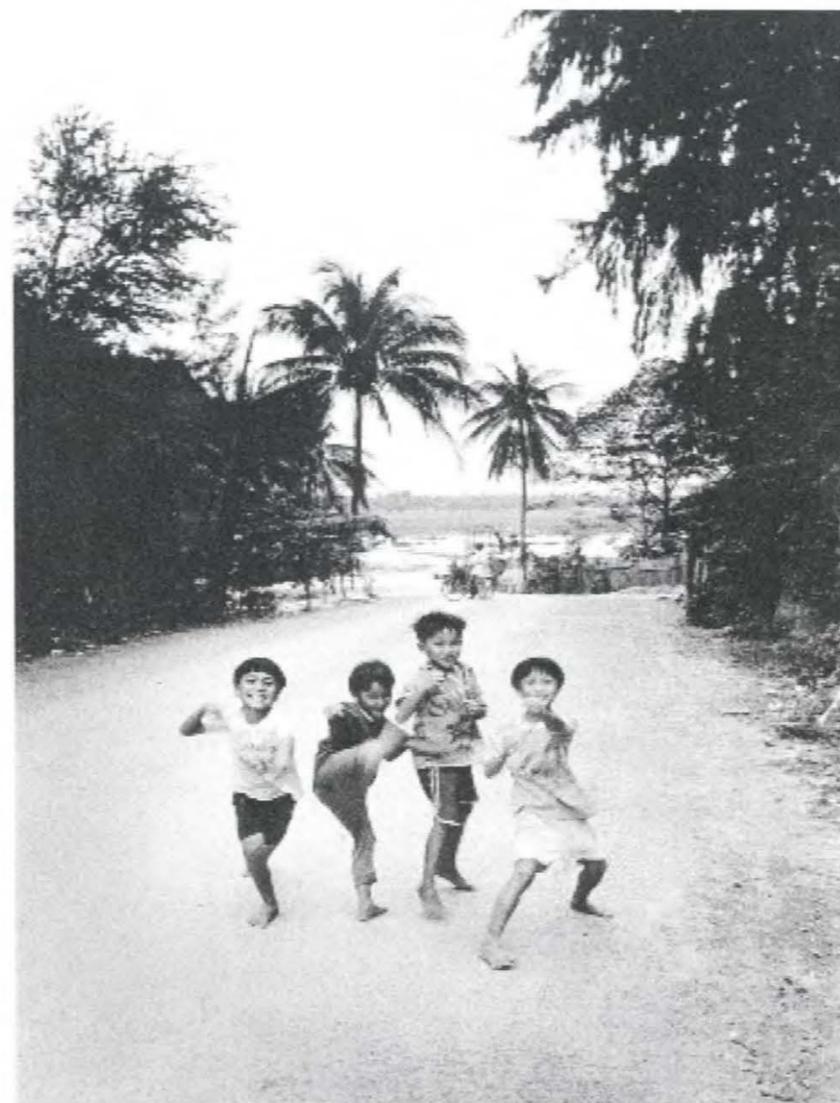
their economy, Vietnam found itself in a severe state of economic and social decline. Entire generations of families had been wiped out. People were out of work and starving everywhere one turned. Even the rich could not keep up with the hyperinflation that American occupation had caused.

As Trung told me this, I could see him shuffling through horrible images like old photographs in his mind until he came to one that he couldn't help but pause on. It was a picture of his grandmother when Trung was a little child. I could easily picture her because there were many more like her who still remained alive when I was there. I saw them every day, wandering the streets, begging for any kind of small donation. His grandmother's tiny, old body was tired and worn with her cheek bones conspicuously protruding from the tautly pulled skin on her face. Most of her teeth were gone and she was hunched over—her back forming almost a ninety-degree angle with the ground. In this mental photograph, like most Trung had of his grandmother, you could see the hunger in her eyes and you could hear it in her weak, raspy breath. She was dying.

I could see into the eye of Trung's mind as he studied this picture. Suddenly I could see a tear forming in his deep brown eyes. Trung's English was much better than my Vietnamese, so we always communicated our most important thoughts and feelings in my language. But Trung's English was not perfect and he was not able to communicate the most intense emotions that he was going through right then. I tried to emit a comforting feeling toward him—to look at him with warm, sincere eyes, but there were no words.

Our limited vocabularies in each other's languages created a sort of barrier that day. But with each day after we continued to grow closer, and that moment has always stayed with me. I will always remember Trung, and I will never think of war in the same way.





vi e t n a m

photographs by doug anderson

taken in january of 2000



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[The following essay was given in Fall 1999 at the invitation of Mario G. Maldonado, M. D., Msc., Luce Professor in Brain, Mind and Medicine: Cross-Cultural Perspectives (Pitzer, Claremont McKenna and Harvey Mudd Colleges). It was presented to a course under his supervision: Culture & Psychobiology of Pain].

A large proportion of Western medical literature on pain analyzes and constructs it largely as a subjective experience. Indeed, pain is a subjective experience in the sense that it is felt by a particular individual. This medical literature postulates pain as a subjective experience partly because medical practice in the West from the Renaissance evolved in the context of the formation of capitalist societies and bourgeois cultures in which individualism and individualization as historical constructs were in a process

human anatomy. For complicated reasons which have to do with superstition, Galen was prevented by the religious practices and fears of his era from opening human bodies. The familiar problem of dogma hindering scientific development seems to have been coterminous with the evolution of human thought. Vesalius achieved his revolutionary breakthrough by defying religious, philosophical and 'scientific' dogmas and edicts of his time. This took enormous intellectual courage if it is remembered and recalled that Vesalius lived at nearly the same time as Galileo and Guardano Bruno, the former was forced to recant and renounce his scientific achievements and the latter was tragically burnt at the stake for his progressive philosophical ideas.

From the moment of Vesalius Western medicine entered on one of its greatest periods. More great medical discoveries were made

The Philosophical Concept of African Pain.

34 of formation. This is evident in the philosophical writings of European thinkers like John Locke, Thomas Hobbes, David Hume, Rene Descartes and others. Within the context of capitalist and

and the inventing of medical instruments were undertaken with great bravura: both facilitating a deeper entrance into the body. For instance William Harvey (1578-1657), an English doctor,

Ntongela Masilela

bourgeois societies, from the moment of the Renaissance, medicine as a practice and as an epistemology took a particular and revolutionary turn.

Previous to this era, medicine in the West was dominated by the writings of the Greek medical doctor Galen of Perganum (129-199 A. D.). His writings were partly 'scientific', philosophical and profoundly magical. The great Belgian medical practitioner and anatomist Andeas Vesalius (1514-1564) initiated a medical revolution during the Renaissance which completely changed Western medicine: whereas Galen had constructed 'human' anatomy on the basis of the anatomy of pigs, Vesalius, partly inspired by the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci, opened and examined cadavers to establish

who lived a few decades after Vesalius, discovered the proper and true circulation of blood. All these remarkable discoveries and inventions ushered in modernity in the medical domain. The net effect of all these achievements in the West was to make medicine more intrusive. This went hand in hand, as I mentioned earlier, with the development of capitalist societies in which the private economic motive was primary: the making of profit. From the Renaissance onwards Western medicine coalesced towards several convergences: medicine was becoming more particularised, intrusive and specialized; it became specialized knowledge and very expensive to acquire; the philosophy of individualism encouraged medicine to view the body as an object to be intruded into.

Several things happen from here on within Western civilization as it violently drags the rest of the world into modernity. First, the dominant form of Western medicine is encouraged by the economics of capitalism to become first and foremost intrusive rather than preventive. Western technology also encourages medicine to be intrusive because specialized instruments and machines of entrance into the body are invented. Such a practice of medicine facilitates capital accumulation. Secondly, the body is viewed as an object is isolation from other worldly happenings. I mean by this that the body in dominant Western medicine is not viewed as a process situated inside philosophical, mythical, cultural systems connected to the earth and to the sky. The body is viewed in isolation from interconnectedness with profound metaphysical systems. Thirdly, Western medicine forbids other forms of medical knowledge, especially from other parts of the world, from intervening concerning the nature of the Western body and the role of medicine in society. (Even if Western medicine proclaims the unity of the body with metaphysical forces, the actuality of its practice tends to contradict this principle).

Having said this about the encapsulated evolution of Western medicine, I'm not so sure to what extent when Western medical

literature views pain as primarily a subjective experience in isolation it is actually that, or in fact that is what Western medicine is teaching us to view pain in relation to our body. If we view pain in the West as largely a subjective experience, then the dominant form of Western medicine stands to make enormous monetary gains. In other words, our experiencing of pain is related to the philosophy of the body existant in our society, the nature of medical practice in our midst and the political system that governs our lives. Pain, in this perspective, is related to politics, history and ideologies. Let me say something here which would seem to contradict what I have said so far: in a way, and I repeat in a way, I marvel at the evolution of Western medicine. I just humbly think that perhaps it went too far inside the body and left the outside forces unattended. But we can discuss this matter after my presentation. I want to indicate here that what I have said so far is not necessarily a critique of Western medical practices. The issue is calling into question the nature of Western medical practice, not necessarily its epistemology, or for that matter, its world-wide triumph.

When we turn to pain in the African context, in contrast to the West where pain is largely subjective, in African medical practices pain is viewed and understood as

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photo by oliver best

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objective and historical. Here the body is not viewed in isolation, but rather is viewed as expressing and embodying a collective experience and its ethos. The body is connected to the metaphysical system(s) of culture(s) and their body politic. Here the location of the body in culture is much more important than an understanding of its internal structure. This is because here the body is understood as embodying the ethics, the ideologies, politics, metaphysical system(s) of African societies. Also concerning African societies, I'm fascinated in knowing to what extent the experiencing of pain as objective and historical is determined by the philosophies of African medical practices, rather than by the nature of the body in and of itself. After all, the body of a person as a physiological structure is the same, or is it not, whether in African societies or in Western societies, or whether of a white person or a black person, or for that matter, of a man or a woman.

36 **G**iven this obvious fact, then clearly the experiencing of pain is determined by the philosophies of particular medical practices in a society, as well as its ideologies, cultures, politics and economics. I would argue that Western medicine by being intrusive in its nature has tended to homogenize the experiencing of pain in the West, whereas in African societies pain is experienced in its heterogeneity. Inside the body with Western medical practices, there is homogeneity, emphasis outside the body with African medical practices, there is heterogeneity. A strange paradox when one postulates, very controversially to be sure, that Western societies are more complexly nuanced than African societies, horizontally if not vertically. In African medical practices, which tend to be philosophical and spiritual, the curing of pain is achieved through the invocation of many gods and many spirits. By saying this, I'm not claiming therefore that since African medical practices view pain as heterogeneous in nature, these practices are better, or even superior, to Western medical practices. This would be an irresponsible and a romanticization of the African past. I could easily show here that knowledge of African medical practices is not easily transferable from generation to generation, or as vast as that of the West. It should

be remembered that much of African medical knowledge is based in African secret societies. What I merely seek to indicate is that Western medical practice is not the only philosophical system that has a deep knowledge of the body.

An examination of two African historical novels, *Things Fall Apart* by Chinua Achebe, a Nigerian writer, and *Mhudi* by Solomon T. Plaatje, a South African writer of the early part of the twentieth-century, clearly shows that the experiencing of pain in Africa was influenced and perhaps determined by being viewed in its connection to the ethical system of heroism. African epics and African heroic poetry also support this view that pain is connected to the ethics of heroic action. Both of these novels deal with modernity, the moment of the violent entrance of European modernity into African history. They both portray the collapse of African societies because of their inability withstand the force of European modernity.

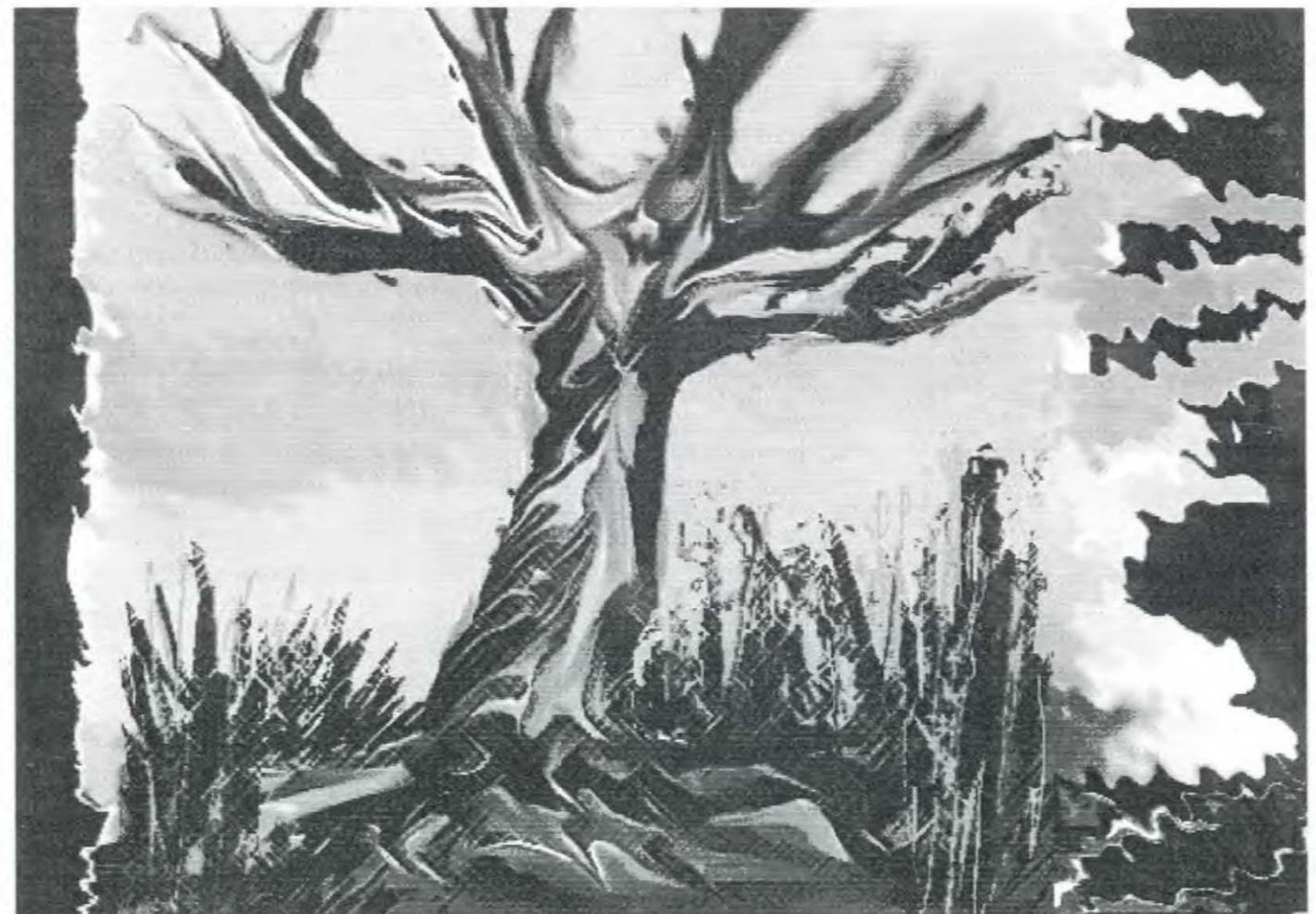
African societies were still largely determined and governed by the actions of their heroic leaders, rather than being governed through a complex civil society, as is the case with Western social formations. This emphasis on heroism and mythology was perhaps partly responsible for the viewing of pain in African societies as objective and historical. This is because the indication of pain in men, many of whom were soldiers in wars, was viewed as an expression of cowardice, whose consequences would be detrimental to these societies as a whole. This experiencing of pain was ideologically imposed on African women at a certain level, who in all probability experienced pain differently. These two novels indicate two things that happened in African societies in relation to pain. First, pain should, or perhaps must be borne with stoicism. Expression of pain is antithetical to heroism and detrimental to the survival of that particular society. The catharsis of pain in the body lies outside not inside, in action and in doing through praxis. Secondly, therefore the curing of pain is in action, practical activity, and not in the body laying in passiveness and being intruded into. Perhaps it was this philosophy of heroism that influenced the nature of African

medical practices.

In conclusion, it is absolutely clear that the philosophy of pain until recently in both Western medical practices and in African medical practices was largely determined and articulated through the perspectives and experiences of males. This receding epistemological history calls for new models and paradigms in which the experiencing of pain by women would be paramount.

Pain is inseparable from politics, ideology and culture, in fact, it is determined by them. It is partly because of this the fundamental notion and postulation that the great Swiss medical historian, Henry Sigerist (1891-1957), viewed medicine as a social science discipline rather than belonging to the natural sciences.

IMAGE BY SARAH BATES



Dear the lovely people who read the Other Side,

I suppose this is a letter to the editor of sorts, but it is also a sort of rant. Here it goes... So the question I have for all of you out there in the world of Pitzer is: who on earth at Pitzer College has the balls, the nerve, the audacity to go into the grove house, walk upstairs, go into the Hinshaw gallery and pour pepto bismol on a painting? Let me tell you a little bit more about this situation. After the hearts get crushed art collective show some of the art was left in the gallery to be picked up by the artists. Now, one would think leaving art in an art gallery would be a safe thing to do. Right? One would think a painting left alone would not be disturbed in any way shape or form. Correct? Well... alas this did not happen.

So here's the deal, the pepto bismol was a part of another person's art. The pepto bismol was in a plastic container. Now there is a slim slight possibility that somehow someway the pepto bismol was accidentally knocked onto the painting. However the reason why this is hard to believe is the fact that not only would it have to have been knocked out of the plastic container but the lid would have to have been taken off (child proof top and all).

Imagine hours of working on anything... from a paper to

photos
by
daniel
williams



a project for an art class. Then imagine that the only copy you have is destroyed. The thick pink taste of peptol bismol belongs in bottle or being poured down your throat, NOT being poured down the front of someone's painting. The painting belonged to an art student at Pitzer named Dana Lovell. When I saw Dana's painting entitled, "Bob" with pink peptol bismol cascading down the front, I felt sick to my stomach.

This whole incident is a violation to Dana Lovell and I think, to everyone at Pitzer campus. Something like this should not have happened. Have some fucking respect. Have some fucking respect for Pitzer campus and those of us who go here. Have some respect for the fact that people's personal belongings left anywhere on our campus should never be fucked with, EVER. I don't care if you are drunk, you are on whatever, or you just have no respect and want to "mess" with something. It isn't funny. This is a WARNING. There are a few of you who need to get your shit together and act like a community!

PS. And by the way if what happened was an accident, someone should have written a note of apology. Hit and runs aren't okay; spilling on a painting is not okay either!

Love,
Katie Ainslie

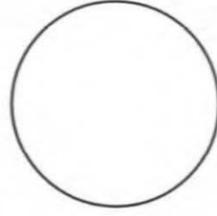
alone crumpled body rocking
empty rag doll
sobbing weak and afraid.
she is a woman and I am a woman
and I am waiting for my birthday.
I will be twenty years old. twenty
candles burning. twenty candles blown out.
the silence of rape whispers. sometimes
I hear her. calling. whispering. I want it to go away.
echoing phrases broken soul
and I am waiting for my birthday.
young happy body dancing
loved porcelain doll
waiting strong and afraid
so afraid of this woman
blood flowing down my uterus
tampon shoved inside my body
I am a girl and she is a
girl.
delicate and broken
porcelain doll
on my dresser. she has no head.
broken since childhood. she is
beautiful and glass.

just a girl
by
katie ainslie

graphic
by
sarah bates



Spider meets God for the first time

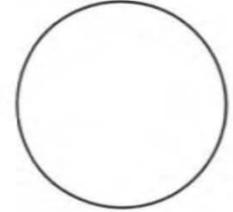


The gift of love.
I, spider one day crawl
down the pavement in the water
thinking about my friend Crystal Meth.
And I, spider meet God in the blue
light.
Don't touch me, son!
God's face so clear
even in the dirty green brown water
that I, spider love to drink.
He hasn't talked to me.

Says,
Hate is patient
Hate is kind
Hate is not envious
or boastful
or arrogant
or rude
Hate does not rejoice
in wrongdoing
but rejoices in the truth
Hate never ends

I say,
I'm always innocent
and he hates me.

I, spider wonder who God is.
Then
I, spider realize that
I'm just looking at
my reflection
in the sea
of my
permanent drunk
self-pity, oh God, where are you?.



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On the beach in Venice, CA, there is an area devoted entirely to the practice of beach volleyball. Beach volleyball is an event practiced by some people today for sporting reasons. It has no utilitarian value. It is merely practiced because it is enjoyable, relaxing, fun, etc. Not all individuals participate in the playing of it. I

the physical, outside of the natural. Everyone does it. I can say that. I am not fond of general overwritten rules of culture. But, I think I am safe on this one. The natural world knows no divisions, in our acculturated sense of the word. There is a physical difference between a cactus and a chunk of obsidian. It is apparent to the eye.

**Square Peg, Round Hole:
The Archaeology of
Classification;
Or,
Excavating the Idea of Race**
by
Zachary Redmond

However, the difference does not really take hold until one puts a name on it. The difference is, in this way, constructed by the individual. The difference between a chunk of obsidian and a cactus may mean one thing to me, and an entirely different thing to you, the reader. Chances are, our views on the obsidian and cactus will be fairly similar, as we are both (most likely) outgrowths of western (and in

most cases, American) culture. What we value and hold in common are in many ways the same, so there is a good chance that what we will see in the obsidian and cactus will be the same.

But, what about another culture? What can we say about that? Can I assume that a person, acculturated in another society and set of beliefs, would say the same thing? Maybe the obsidian and cactus example is a little simplistic and absurd, so we can do away with it now. I think it has served its purpose. But what about other objects, and even ideas, that are much closer in terms of classification than a rock and a plant?

As I mentioned before, it is totally natural to classify. It makes continued life possible. It is a good thing, for example that I have created (or rather my society has) a difference in classification between a reciprocating saw and a wristwatch. Without this division (which could actually seem somewhat arbitrary given a different set of beliefs) I might not have the hands that have proved to be so useful in the writing of this article. Okay, I guess I've given another absurd example. But, what about something a little more feasible, like the difference between a blueberry and some other form of toxic berry? Without a division between edible and inedible plants, our ancestors would never have crawled out of the trees, as legend says they did. So, you see, divisions can be quite helpful.

These types that we create sometimes do make

cannot, actually tell you why exactly every practitioner of beach volleyball chooses to participate; what they personally get out of it, etc. I can tell you, with fair certainty, that it is not done for any higher structural purpose (except for maybe exercise, but I think there are probably better forms of exercise than beach volleyball).

The beach volleyball courts in Venice consists of row upon row of steel pipes sticking out of the ground. The pipes are about four inches in diameter, and stick up maybe nine or ten feet. Between each set of two pipes, hangs a woven mesh net. The net is made of a synthetic polymer, and its holes are about one and one half inch, square. I know that the point of the game of beach volleyball is to launch a ball over the net towards one's opponent's territory. I am quite sure most of you are familiar with the game as well, so I will not go into the details of its rules and purpose. We know the point of the game. What about the "other?"

What will be left to see? Subtract the nets, however, and what have you? Steel pipes. Row upon row of protruding steel pipe, with no apparent purpose.

It is, in fact, one of the most natural things to do to divide. To create boundaries outside of

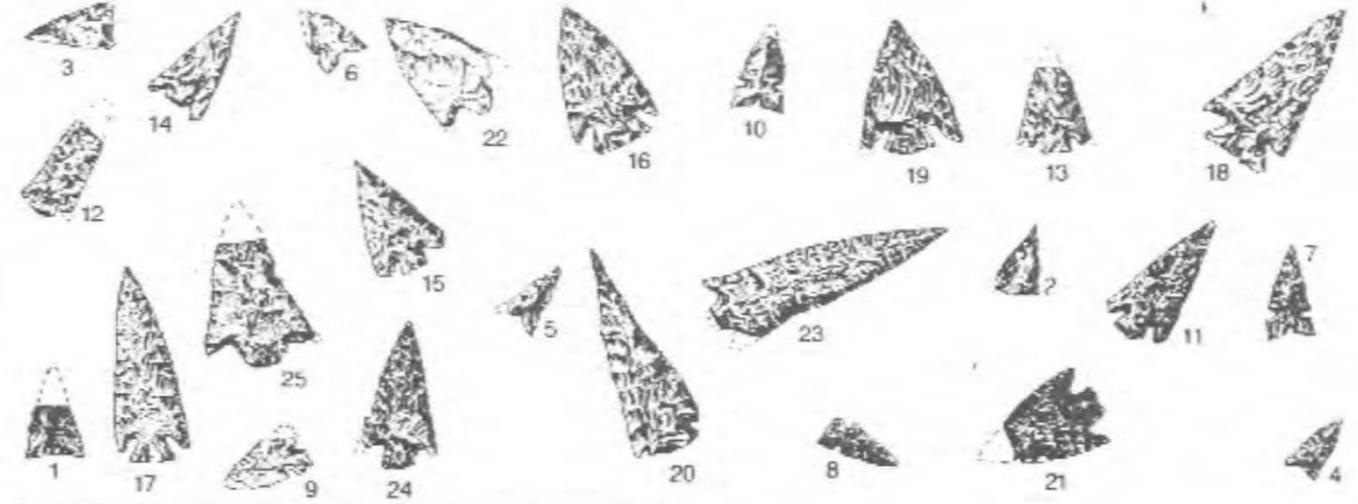


figure 1. -- assorted

sense, but is that always the case? And do we tend to place significantly more emphasis on them than is necessary? The problem is that we tend to create ideas through the types that we create. In this sense, the object (or idea) being classified is not what gives us our view of said object. More likely, it is the sign for the object æ the name we have given it æ that gives us our view. In this sense, it is not the actual physical hunk of rock that makes something obsidian, it is the word "obsidian" that gives it meaning. We cannot, in our society, conceive of that hunk of rock without first thinking of the sign "obsidian."

So, it is not the physical object or idea that creates the name, or the language. Rather, it is the language that creates the object. This magazine that you hold in your hot little hands is only a magazine because we have given it that sign. It is the placement of it in our linguistic world that gives it meaning. It is not really a "magazine" for any reason. We have just been socialized to think that it is, in fact, a magazine. This is nothing new. I do not purport to have anything profound for you. I suppose I should be citing this. I am getting somewhere.

Another culture may or may not see things that same way. They may just see this as a magazine, and they may not. Since function is dictated by language, and language is dictated by culture, then there is absolutely no reason to believe that a member of a culture that is removed from ours might see things the same. Other cultures have their own boxes for ideas to fit into. This is the inherent problem with excavation. An

Oldowan stone tool cannot really be conceived of by a contemporary Westerner in the same way that it would by its maker. The category that contemporary society puts it in is actually totally arbitrary. It is an outgrowth of modern western thought, inspired by all the accumulated ideas and motions around it.

These arbitrary divisions only serve the particular goal of those who set them up. It is through them that we understand the idea. As stated, we cannot understand the thing that we call "obsidian" without the actual term "obsidian." Therefore, we have no relation to the outside world that is not interceded by language. Language creates a system of signs for us to use in order to unify signifiers (ideas) with signifieds (actuality). It is not a natural one system. It is forced. Strained through the thick web of culture.

I keep reading in the papers about the presidential candidates ability to woo certain sectors of the population. They are sectors that we consider to be different. We call them "races." I hear about the need for a cohesive "white race" or unified "black race." Studies show that police officers tend to stop, and harass, members of some "races" more than others. I wonder what any of it means. People spend huge portions of their time worrying about supposed differences between their fellow citizens.

By categorizing people into groups based upon general, appearance-based features, we are creating morphological types. These are types based on broad generalities that are only

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Cottonwood Triangular



Desert Side-notched



Eastgate Expanding Stem



Elko Corner-notched



Elko Contracting Stem

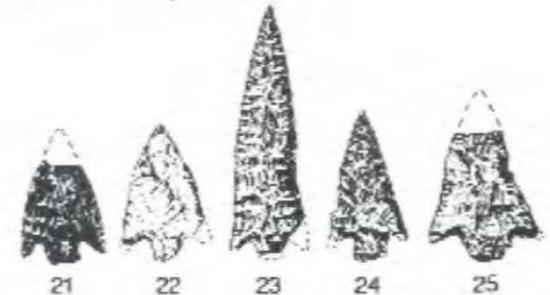


figure 2. -- selected

apparent on the surface level. The sign "race," as we know it, divides people into separate, often disparate groups. This is the purpose of morphological types æ to create difference where there is none. This sort of type, in and of itself, means absolutely nothing. A type is not a person. A type is not a culture. Types are only composite sketches of large groups that contain much variability. The "white race" is a conglomerate grouping of people that are descended from a common ancestor at a certain point in history. At another point in history, going further back, this type is

descended from another ancestor. The same can be said for any race. It all comes back to the same place. Culture has merely interceded. The idea of the "white race" has been generated through our system of language.

Yet, we have, in fact, come up with this idea that there should be some difference between peoples. The morphology of race that we have created really means nothing. It is nothing more than a culturally created distinction. Because morphological types are by nature totally general, they are of no value as final products.

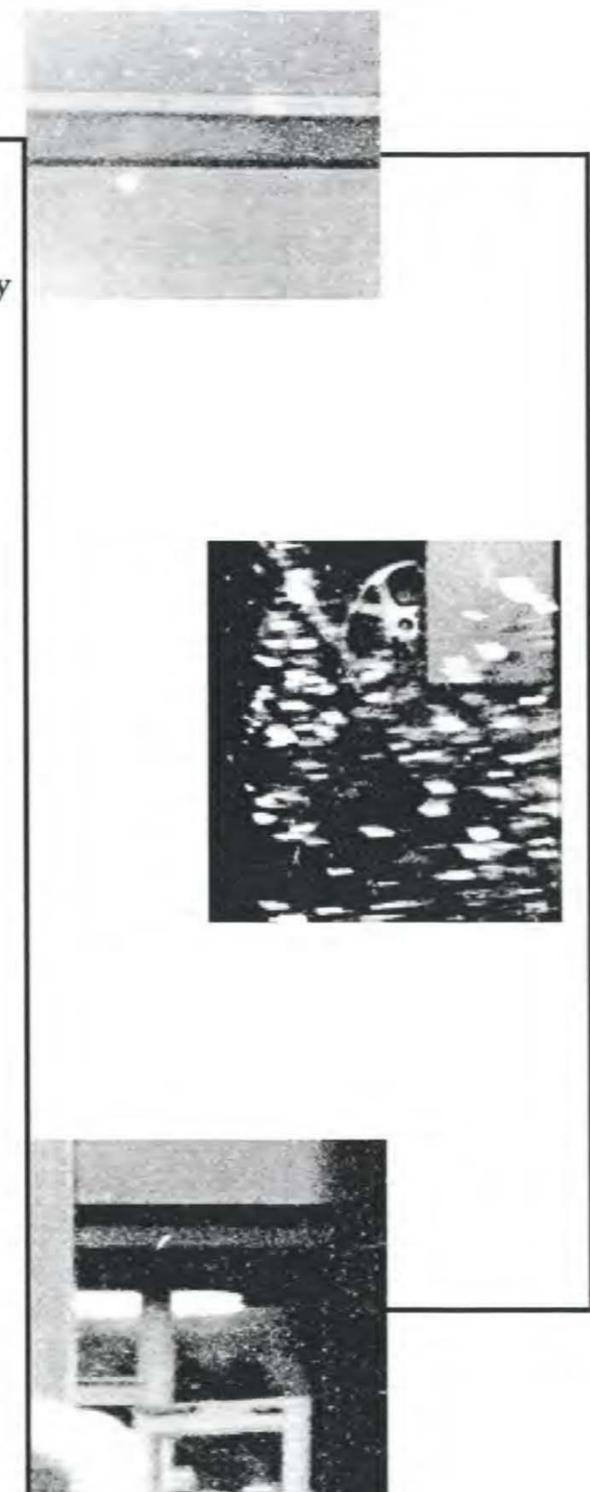
In my own culture, late twentieth century urban/suburban America, people seem to still hold strong by their beliefs in race. While not everyone is an overt racist (racist = someone who looks down upon a person of another type solely because they are of another type), most still believe, consciously or not, that race exists. In everyday life, most still use the sign "race." The sign has a clear effect. It gives meaning to the idea, the signifier, of dividing people into irrational morphological types. The physical manifestation of this, the signified, is that groups of people should be divided on an arbitrary basis. The sign "race" creates the idea that races exist. Races did not create the term "race."

Everyday that the word "race" is used, the idea of races is ground a little deeper into society. It links the idea of races with the actuality of races in the world. Without the sign, there would be no signified. Once the idea of race is impacted, the hierarchical nature of man creates a chain of command. Some races become somehow "better" than others. This is the end result of the sign "race." The fact that there is no point in the division gets forgotten. As long as the term is there, and in use, the idea of race will be given meaning in our society.

So, lets stop using it. The term came into use, didn't it? So, lets pull it out of circulation. Without the term, there will be no idea, and without the idea, there will be no manifestation. Culture created the term, and culture can get rid of it. To be sure, to another culture the idea of arbitrary divisions among a societies people would seem as odd and inexplicable as steel poles in the sand.

"are we"

we are conspired
 we are inside each other's evil
 we are the people of every hat's shape and size
 we are bottled up like Kaboom, here comes the fury
 we are sinless
 we are slippery fish
 we are soulful bowls of something
 we are violins on the battleship
 we are brazen and bold ones
 we are full of fur and drunk with syrup
 we are caterpillars of the night!
 we are bloody handprints on the kitchen sink
 we are bedmakers incorporated
 we are snarling peanuts
 we are easy to ignore
 we are pee wee's big adventure
 we are postcards from jersey
 we are cuckoo birds
 we are shiny nickel fer you, sonny
 we are lovely as the stars themselves
 we are fingers hurting to the touch
 we are lost to the chipmunks
 we are bullfighters tonight
 we are sequined pants
 we are cordial to only one people
 we are against the encaging of refrigerated beans
 we are high off saturdays
 we are addicted to magnets
 we are mean to tickle
 we are a belch away from a kiss
 we are shiny, squishy children
 we are singing in vain
 we can't stare for longer than 7 seconds
 we are fucking hopeless
 we can't
 we are
 we aren't
 yeah.
 we are.



mary jaramillo

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scatological

by Oliver R. Best

I'm exhausted today. I don't think there has been a task so far, that, hasn't been more of a challenge than usual.

Particulars and coincidentals are, in my obsession, overwhelmingly complicated like fractals. To me; IT has become horribly complex and I don't particularly like it, any of it, finite modicums et al.

This is a premature old age. Given an ironic perspective of how repetitive the future seems I feel that I have a powerful search engine for angst.

By now it's serious, just like all our face-in-the-mirror-moments every day one after the other(god forbid you exfoliate before bed then we are in accord so far)

If it weren't for the persistence of an almost Curious George--like need to per server I wouldn't see myself carrying on much longer in this state.

I mean how readily pathetic do I have to become on a regular basis in order to finally help...myself and even that thought seemed programmed.

But, to this day, human beings still dazzle me. It's that very god-awful serendipity that's going to heckle me, no-matter-what.

"I love people but I hate myself... or I love myself but I hate people:"

Depression or Ego?

It should feel like this, if you'll indulge me; Like a fluid connection of the sub & liminal conscience; i.e. like flirting with a model-type or a model-type flirting with someone attractive but not in the business, second guessing each comment and gesture unbeknownst to the object of desire. This is all happening in a bar in L.A. somewhere like the Viper Room or club poke-it-and-you'll-see.

These are the circumstances of the soon to be first glances. All the objects are harbingers of want and need. q.e.d. (Thanks for putting up with me so far, I'll get to the task at hand now)

The scatological takes form. I encountered myself again:

"I have to take a shit real bad so I sit down and do it.
That part goes fine.
There's reading material, there's paper.
It's all good.
I finish way before my legs start to tingle--always reading too long.
I spin the toilet paper roll and the billowing end touches the floor soaking up god-knows-what.
But before I realize
I've touched it to my ass.
I hate that."

And I looked up at the bathroom's stucco-and-spakle zenith and I knew what had to be done,
"Let them be shit-on"

authors note:
I must mention to you reader that I have personally received a Nobel prize for objectivity and the first writer's award ever for pure politically correctness both of these laurels the fruits of this little labor of love called, the shitted-ons.

shit on the death penalty
shit on George Lucas and fellow buttmonkey James Cameron
Powershit on jar jar binks
Dog shit on America's meat addiction (how many lbs does it take to get a pound of assmeats?)
shit on Giuiliani
hershey shits on Hillary Clinton
shit on new york
shit on los angeles shit on the valley
shit on seattle (actually if I look at it seattle got shit on two times!)
shit on oregon

SHIT ON-
anybody who wants to marry a million-
aire
regis, kathylee, cody and all the giffords
John McCain, Bill Bradly, Al Gore, G.W.
Bush et al
the thai sex trade (super-dookie on all tourists and patrons)
roberto benigni (or however its spelt)
god.com or new prayer.com
religious leaders
icons
simulacra(plural form of simulacrum
methinks/anyway shit on any and all copies for which the originals never existed)

asschunks on bill walton
L.F.O./bigtime shit baby
Butch Hushy
montezuma's revenge type shit on charleton "chuckie" heston
A-ss-bomb on the border partol
starbucks for crushing Edward Skwarek's unit (peyronie's is a bitch chief, millions to you and your wife)
urine tests (does that even make sense?)
the academy
the american music awards
shambhala
anything or product that has "anal leakage" or "uncontrollable bowelmovements" listed as a side-effect.
shit on the insecure who keep the companies who make the above products in business
shit on geodesic domes
sprinkler systems
people who don't play basketball
"confetti shit" on trustafarians
S.U.V.'s
people who think that whites are the only oppressors in town
people who consider themselves political prisoners for being arrested in seattle
colen cancer
breast cancer
ovarian cancer et al
people who firebomb clinics

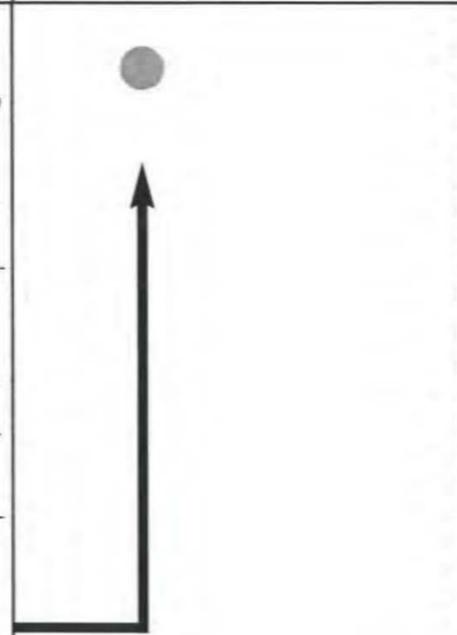
jerry falwell
the phallus
shit on tight black "bootcut" pants
flip flops, flojos, tong shoes, slippers that say addidas or have swooshes on them
sweat pants
modern rock
r&b
fred durst
rapcore
country pop rock and its cronies
phil collins
phish
macrame
anxiety
depression
shit on soda pop for not being free with every meal wherever you go
that fucking pepsi girl
coca cola
the midwest
six pounds of shit on anyone involved with "the south (rising) will rise again" and the daughters of the revolution
tandori shit on greed
del taco shit on martha stewart
shit on american private institutions and paying for college
hell... shit on college
(shit on hell too)
dingleberry hail on the suburbs
health care insurance & H.M.O.'s

shit on the Kansas city schoolboard
oh boy, we seem to have to shit on people
who don't see the humor in people drop-
ping their pants and or farting)-elgin?
did we shit on the west coast? "Did you
know that they have road blocks at every
entrance to the city and if your breasts
aren't big and shitty enough they implant
you right then and there!" (JTHM) I'm have
back surgery next week because of these
big, sweaty, shitbags!
shit on undergrads who think they're "real"
shit on undergrads and their "problems"
shit students who have to give daily
polemics about how busy they are and
how much work they have to do to justify
their meaningless existence (especially if
all they are asked is "what's up?")
Shit on,
people who claim to be in touch with their
inner child
the religious right
john starks
shitty shits on el dorado/elton john/dream-
works
disney
people glad that easy e is dead
chocolate thunder AND lighting on Alan
Keyes
people who don't recognize the beauty in
a hank williams junior song-(elgin, where's
that again?)



shit on dr. dre
beck :)
shit on the lactose intolerant
rakim for coming back wack
"spring breakers"
that thong song
shit on Sisquo
thighcheese
ANYONE WHO ISN'T WORKSTUDY (a
jobs is a job no matter how "easy" it may
be, get one (or three) AND go to school)
shit on anyone who has NOT mopped a
floor before and during their undergrad.
years
shit on those who don't think a hairy ass is
a beautiful thing
pop sensations
merging media moguls (shit on aliterations
too)
any L.A. sports team fans
overzealous sports team fans (seem to
have forgotten that if and when they are
dead the outcomes will never be effected)
shit on black quarterbacks
shit on white point guards
shit on people who don't like baseball
because its dumb and boring
conscientious anorexics
american obesity
me, you and your rich parents
the tobacco industry

48
people who use cell phones in movie
theaters
pomona rugby players @#%?
people over the age of seventy-five who
still drive
shit on everyone in a car anywhere in
the state of california
shit on california (yes, san francisco too)
girls who refer to plutonic friends as
being "like a friend"(this raises an impor-
tant question though... are people from
Elgin, Texas "date-able?".....
shit on elgin
corn dog shits on dryers that take more
than .75\$ to dry pants
any environment that requires the wear-
ing of a business suit
big ol' cleveland steamer and a dirty
sanchez on the claremont police depart-
ment
shit on those who forgot to shit on
pomona police too
shit on all those who slept on props. 21
and 22
shit on internet porn that you have to
pay for
juicy shit on tommy hilfigger and clothes
with other people's names on them
besides the bearer of the article of
clothing in question(and except for the
name your mom wrote on the tag---luv
you mum!)

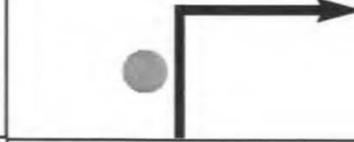


celebrities for subverting any chance of
collective action and lifestyle
everyone that wants to be rich
any one who wants to be famous
the novel
people who think that the three stooges
is funnier than the marx bros.
shit on grammer
shit on east coast pseudo-intellectuals
and all academics
shit on academia
playdough turdlets on rupert murdoch,
steven spielberg and luc besson
shit on ron... reagan that is
el ron hubbard too...(weirdo)
madonna
people who shop for culture
people who use the word "culture"
shit on whatever it is that people refer
to as "the latin invasion"
people concerned with wherever ricky
martin puts his penis
shit on james taylor for singing that
he's a "churning urn of burning funk
which he is not nor will he ever be
shit on yoko
ringo
leonardo di caprio and ryan philippe
shaq
white kids who call anybody "dog"
cat stevens for singing out and being
free



london england
the french
call waiting
cher! shit on cher!
shit on fiona apple
shit on ani difranco
lilith fair
lollapalooza
shit on people who's good looks hide their
shitty insides
shit on saudi
bennetton, mcDonalds, the gap and astro
turf
shit on golf
shit on eric with the handicap sticker you
fuckin fake (love tim)
shit on retro
the chupacabra (shit on goat-life-blood
sucking)
indoor soccer (Santos team in particular)
70's/revival and disco
shit on the bee gees for "stayin' alive"
shit on daniel, t.d., tim, fehr, mike, steve and
oliver
shit on media studies and art majors
shit on psych. majors and history majors
lets all shit on lit. majors!
c.m.c.
pitzer
shit on the cuban embargo
fidel castro
"double-shit" on forwards

steamy shit on military complexes and pris-
ons
shit on money for turning everything to shit
shit on people who censor or are not inter-
ested in Noam Chomsky or Gore Vidal
shit on the guy who wrote to the student
life who claims that big L was made up...
hip-hop savants i pity you foo's
shit on hip-hop
shit on the power of the 3rd kind
shit on seeing dead people
evil nazar altun and his dirty soliciting
babies that have animated mouths in com-
mercials
computer animation for eliminating the
craft
shit on the guy who wrote the article about
pomona parties not sucking for including
the grove house as a venue for "pomona
parties" (to the soak with your ass)
shit on neutrogena
the lone gunman theory and/or the magic
bullet
oliver stone
skin problems and over active sweat-
lands
ain't even worth a ghost shit (the kind of
shit that you hear, smell but bares no trace
of its existence in the bowl or on the tp) on
don cheadles, gary sinese, tim robbins
and everyone involved in the making and
distribution of mission to mars



before you put down this glamorous
issue of t.o.s. don't forget to wipe your
ass with a beanie baby or a pack of
pokemon trading cards

send chili dumps, spelling complaints or
gregorian chants to
oliver_best@pitzer.edu c/o the musty lord
of haites, but keep in mind that your best
team against mine is a light
scrimmage/so play like popeye and eat
spinach
OR if you're puerile enough to let any of
this fodder get your goat do one last use-
ful thing before i shit on you in print, and
write about it to the other side instead.
shit on anything that has or is an "other
side"
special hanky thanks to
t.d./daniel/fehr/mike/tim and steve (nazar
where were you for this?)
(you too joe joe?)
hey, and remember that you too can shit
on it, just spend some time with the other
end of you that plays a role in all that
consuming and its just like captain planet
said, the power is yours

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A Musician's Love

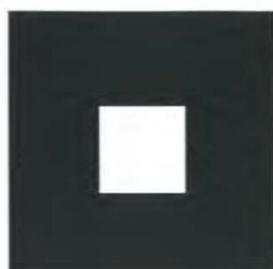
by Diana C. Badeau

His hands caressingly withdraw his lady from her delicate shell.
Reverberating passions hold her gently,
Mesmerized by his virtuosity.
What soul would dare the clamorous cacophony
Of scores clashing with jarring impact
When there are other strings to be played?
Not he, whose veins are aflame
While strumming light fingers call her forth,
Darling croons of a lover's course,
What a sweet melodious prize,
With the skill of a master, wearing Mozart's crown,
He prepares her for a symphonizing affair.

No meaningless words are uttered,
Only a deep resonating sigh of amorous moans.
Erogenous notes played on Cupid's scale;
She sings of his endearing serenade,
And I fill with similar longings.
Her hollow tone beckons to me,
Harmonious with the pulsating strings attached to my soul.
Listening to the song of your passions
While you thoroughly play her along,
I dream of you and me interwoven within the guitar's strings.

Cete

50



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Fair Warning

We are lying on her bed, talking about a stain on a wall that will not scrub off.
I look up at her, and ask,
why do you think you end up feeling like this,
and it makes me think, (besides how my words float like lead):
I will not end your troubles.
Rather I will put them under
what will look to you like surgical lights,
to be examined with scalpels and other metal instruments.
I want to take hold of you, and launch us both
into tunnels of fire gorged deep into the earth,
wheeling down like a pigeon shot from the air,
so that we might smack down against the skin of the water,
both of us seared to the bone.

-Sebastian Bailey



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This article is based on the premise that the destruction of a culture, any culture, in the face of US hegemony and "coca-colonization" is a bad thing, and that as human beings, Americans (mostly), and Pitzer students, we have an obligation to not only protect other cultures but to preserve them – even if that means that we don't interact with other cultural groups. (FYI – that other article was poorly argued bullshit written in a moment of irritation at British people, which I stupidly submitted to TOS.) If you agree or disagree with this premise, and want to argue, shoot an email to Asamtoy@Angelfire.com. I'd especially love to hear about how people were able to interact with other cultures and have no impact whatsoever on them, short or long-term. Now, the article.

It's spring in Cardiff and spring in Claremont. Birds are starting to migrate back, rain is meeting daffodils, and there's something in the air...
And many of you are thinking about going abroad to foreign lands, especially "developing countries," as friendly ambassadors spreading goodwill and helping the people improve their standards of living while "experimenting" a culture entirely foreign to your own. I can relate to that – last year at this time, I was thinking about what I was going to do in Wales

"Wide Open Beavers Inside"

and Spain for a year. And in regards to Developing Countries, many people go to other countries believing that by going to other places and acting in ways that will show other people how to improve their standard of living one is "helping" them to live better lives, especially when you are on a program like the Peace Corps, or teaching them English. You might want to "share" your culture, and at the same time have others share their culture with you. But before you go off to destinations near and far and embark on these magnanimous activities, I have a few words for you to think about.

I'll start with a simple one: don't.
It's not that I'm having a poor time on my program abroad – on the contrary, I was considering transferring to this university in order to finish my degree in a beautiful place I love with people I admire and respect. But I've been thinking a lot about America's global impact, and talking to people from Russia, China, Malaysia, India, Nigeria, and Kenya (to name a few countries) about their changing lifestyles in the face of Western cultural hegemony. Also, throughout the two years that I was at Pitzer, not one semester went by where I didn't take some sort of Third-World related politics or economics class, which made me think more about the role and duty of the USA and Europe in the world. And last, but not least, I just saw "The Beach," and it acted like a catalyst in making me wonder being an American in a foreign land and exchanging cultures is really such a good thing.

Now I know that what I'm about to say is going to be disputed by probably everyone that reads this, and people will probably take it personally – that's ok, I've been hated before and I'll be hated again. But I really do believe with my heart and soul that it is better for the other, often called "indigenous," peoples of the world if we, as Americans and socially conscious Pitzer students, stay in our own country and don't meddle with other cultures. If we want to help other groups preserve their cultures, we should just stay at home.

"Why?" you ask. The answer is simple:

any interactions that we have with other cultures is going to cause irreparable changes (and thus damage) to those cultures, and the more we do to try to "help" other, less "advantaged," peoples, the more we will be cutting gashes in their natural ways of life that will never heal.

Let's look at it this way. When you have a conversation with someone, you're going to walk away from that conversation a little different, won't you? You will come away with new ideas, either about what your topic of conversation was or about the person with whom you interacted. If minor thoughts are shared, then minor changes might occur, even if only in your thoughts. If it is a deeply intellectual and/or emotional conversation, where both of you share yourselves, you will more than likely be affected, and will walk away quite changed.

And if the interactions that you have with that person lead you to, for example, dress differently (all organic cotton/hemp clothes with natural flower and plant-based

An Andrew Samtoy Production

dyes) or drive less (to conserve gasoline) or shave your head and become a vegetarian ascetic monk () then obviously your lifestyle has changed from that interaction. Similarly, if that interaction leads you to speak a few words of a foreign language, or have new aspirations (and/or means) to improving your crop yield, or use a more fuel-efficient stove for cooking, or improve your hygiene to increase the number of seconds that you are "alive," then obviously you are already becoming a different person and existing in a different environment with a different way of life.

But what about your old way of life? Can it remain unaffected despite the (probably) dramatic changes that might occur? I would argue that it would be affected, that you would move towards a way of life similar to the person with whom you interacted, and who shared the ideas for this new way of life with you. And even meeting someone from a foreign culture for a day and drinking tea with them, or sharing a meal, would lead you to more similarities

between your way of life and theirs – and, once again, if they do something to "improve" your way of life, and you accept it, then the similarities would be greater, and you would be moving towards a "world" culture. This would, arguably, lead to the further deterioration of your culture.

But say that they are coming into your area in a way that is supposed to minimize their cultural impact. Minimize their cultural impact. One would be hard-pressed to prove that this means their interactions with you will not lead to any changes – especially if you get a glimpse of something that they have that you realize you want. This is a change of ambition, which is possibly the worst type of cultural export possible, as it acts to justify all other changes in your lifestyle.

A few arguments might be made to justify their intrusion into your space. Of course, they might say that if they didn't enter your space or area that

someone else would have taken their place and done the same. However, isn't it rather silly of them to assume that their presence is more welcome than the presence of another? And isn't it ridiculous for them to assume that they are preventing others from coming to your area simply because they are there? And isn't it likely that anyone else that might want to enter your area will make efforts to do so despite the presence of Person A? And might their experience (especially if they view it as "positive") inspire more and more people to want to interact with you?

Most detestably is the concept of a "peaceful mission" to another land. Peaceful missions are more destructive to cultures than aggressive missions. Let me explain why I feel this way. In his classic bestseller How to Win Friends and Influence People, in the section titled How to win people to your way of thinking, Principle 4, Dale Carnegie advises people to, "Begin in a Friendly Way." He doesn't say, "Attack the other person's thoughts without



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mercy," or, "Dispute everything that the other person says," simply because of one thing: arguments almost inevitably lead to hardened feelings and greater conviction that your original position was correct – and you'll look for reasons to defend that position when challenged. No, Dale Carnegie knew that the best way to get around the trenches of the other person's thoughts and feelings is to let them know that you are a friend and you're trying to help them by offering suggestions to them – and that this is the easiest way to change other people.

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And cultures.
When Germany was punished after World War I, the humiliation that the German people suffered didn't break their will but only made them lash back against foreigners and become more determined to preserve their unique German identity – and one German-friendly outsider changed this for his own vision. More recently, one might wonder whether the fighting in the former Yugoslav republics changed the cultures and habits of the ethnic groups involved, or whether it united their members against each other. And still one must wonder whether Russia honestly believes that the Chechnyans, after hundreds of years of conflict with Moscow, will change their opinions with the most recent raids and torture and accept the rule of the (former) reds.

54

Contrariwise, Rome knew that it needed to let people keep their personal gods and goddesses and lifestyles, as demanding drastic changes to the Roman model would lead to greater animosity among the conquered peoples. Rome only demanded that their subjects make minor changes which were supposed to, at most, mildly influence the people's way of life – and often only meant a change in the external allegiance of the peoples, which was not often disputed. It is said that Rome has undeniably influenced American thoughts, especially towards government and the world, and



influence can be seen in our unconscious attitudes towards visiting other countries. Romans built roads for transportation, shared their language with other people as a common medium for communication, and shared their own architectural and scientific knowledge with others peacefully – and chipped away at the differences that existed between many of these cultures. Sure, we think that improving transportation and communication and vocations of the people will improve their lives – but at what cost to their culture? Are we to be so greedy that we demand, for our own measly sakes, the right to visit foreign lands and so chip away at other cultures little by little by little?

It's difficult to destroy a mountain. Now, with "modern" technology, we might be able to do it with a single well-placed bomb. But for millions upon millions of years nature has known that it had the power to bring down mountains with erosion – the slow, gradual attack of air and water on the proud peaks that sometimes seem unshakeable by human hands. You might think that a single molecule of water might not do too much, but erosion has the power to level mountains until they resemble the surrounding areas – flat and unremarkable.

The same as everything else around them.
It's your choice. Go or stay. But just remember what a molecule of water, when united with tens, thousands, billions of other water molecules, can do. Because, for the sake of the mountain, it might be better to observe the mountain from the lofty clouds than to join the roaring river at its base.

*One must then wonder whether their conception of improving your way of life is an actual improvement...

It is a doorway into a world of unknown blackness. It is a path that leads into a forest which is green and dark, heavily wooded, with creatures that lurk in its depths. It appears as a resilient and stark contrasting image, standing out from all around it, yet at the same time, blending in so well it is impossible to see. In fact, you do not even know it is there. You have no knowledge of its existence, and you have no idea what I am talking about. You do not even hear me talking. You do not even know what talking is. You do not even know what the sentences I am speaking before you mean. You do not know what words are, and you do not know what knowledge is. You know nothing, and everything you do know you have invented to describe that which you do not know. The real world is there, but it is behind everything we have made it out to be. You cannot see it because our eyes do not see what is really there, we only see what our bodies interpret of it. You cannot touch it because touch is relative, and you cannot even begin to think that any senses exist at all. You cannot smell it, because it does not actually smell. No doubt, something is there, and you have a concept of it being there, but it does not actually smell. It is nothing more than it is, but we make it out to be so much more. The world does not exist. Something is there, but it is not the world, and it is not existing. Human language cannot describe it, and no language can describe it. Humans are imperfect, rabbits are imperfect, trees are imperfect, rocks are imperfect. It is in our imperfectness, that we find similarity, and thus are able to function in some manner. We do not function normally though. We do not function. Something happens, but it is not functioning. We call it functioning, but that is not what it actually is.
Reality is what you make of it. The world as we know it is real, but it is best described as unreal. It is not actually what we think it is, and we can never know what it is. We can never have any way to say what it is, or to show what it is. No doubt, we can tell IT is, but IT is not actually what we say IT is. It is nothing more than itself. Reality does not exist. Existing is not possible. Nothing is possible in its true form, but nothing is not anything either.
You did not actually read this. This does not actually exist. This is not actually a thing, and it cannot exist because nothing can exist. There is no doubt this is here, and you think it is, and I think it is, but it is not in unreality. It is only real in our reality.

The End (even though there is no such thing as anything, especially an end, because first of all, nothing ever ends, and also, ending is not anything anyway).

--jon saltzman

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How Long Can I Believe?

By: Meghavi Shah

It took me so long to arrive
So long to escape
You'd come to me
And now you're gone
You've left the palace
You've left me
Left me to stare across the vast blue water
Left me to search every sea, star, planet, and vast
ocean
But I still believe
I believe that you will come home
It's been a year since you left me
I don't know
Don't know how much longer
How much longer I can keep believing
Keep believing that you will return
I can't wait much longer
When you left you knew
You knew that one day I was to take over the palace
I'm reaching age
I can't watch alone
I need someone
The moon is letting down bright white rays
And the water has turned purple
Master is losing her power
Strange things have been happening
Visions have been clear as the sky
They are beginning to come true
Soon
I will have to take my place
You would be gone
Gone
Out of my life
Trying to be torn from my heart
Forever
I'm staring out across that purple sea
Tears are dripping slowly down my face
Have I really lost you?
Many moons ago
You told me that you loved me
And now
You've left
In a few moons
All that will have to be forgotten
Duty will call
Unless you appear beside me
Take me in your arms

Tell me you love me again
Become my prince
And protect this land alongside me
Before the prophecy must be fulfilled
My heart is slowly cracking
With the struggle to keep believing
Master told me to rip you from my heart
To give up on you
But I will continue to believe
Till I must take my place
In which
What my heart doesn't want to give up on
Will grieve over my loss
But must reach out towards another
The life of a princess of this magical world
Is not all deepest dreams coming true
In this land
Sometimes
Dreams must be forgotten
Pain blooms like a blossom
Love is lost
Prophecies are fulfilled
Quests begin and end
Danger is just around every corner
Adventure never ends
Nor do emotions ever cease
Return
I still believe in you
But there isn't much time
When the moon sets
And the sun rises
And the water glowers a bright green
The time has passed
It will be time to say goodbye to our love
And hello to a life without me and you as one
But me
As the protector
Fulfiller of prophecy
Enemy of the darkness
And sister to all things magical
I can't believe much longer
Come back to me
Before I must say goodbye



Here I am almost
twenty two years old
about to graduate
from college about to
start life in the "real
world" as everyone
keeps telling me I
don't think I believe
in the real world I
don't want to Believe
in the real world I am
not saying I necessari-
ly want to stay in the
bubble world of
Claremont California
and the bubble of
Pitzer College but
graduating for me is
not entering the real
world I want to do
something with my
life and I don't
want to work for
any corporations and I
don't want to get
stuck in a hum-
drum existence my
mom always told
me I was sensitive
and I need to be
careful I think
that

picture
and
words
by
katie
ainslie

i am almost twenty two years old and i cannot
believe that i am almost twenty two years old 1 2 3 4
5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 that is a lot of
numbers i wish i was little again when i was little i had
curly blonde locks with a ponytail on top of my head
running around my handmedown dresses i always
skinned my knees i poured talcum powder on my moms
plants and told her it snowed on them i wrote on walls
with my neighbor with crayons once i fell down the
stairs in the same house my brother and i made forts in
the living room with upside down rocking chairs i
played dress up with my grandma's old clothes and
i followed my brother around he was the only one
that understood my baby talk and we had to share a
room when my mom was in massage school and we lived
in my grandma's basement my dad used to have a VW
orange van that makes a funny VW purring noise that old
VW's tend to make and my mom used to have a restaurant i
used to love bacon and spare ribs and cheeseburgers and vanilla
milkshakes me and ham and meatloaf and ice cream sundays
and now i don't eat red meat or pork or else it upsets my stom-
ach because i am so used to not eating it and if i eat cheese my
stomach churns and i get gas yes, farting is okay but ew they
can be gross too ask anyone else who is lactose intolerant i
remember when i used to swim underwater and then it scared
me once in lake Chelan i swam all day in the pool and never
went underwater because i was afraid to and i wasn't
wearing any sunscreen and i was sooo red that my face
got all puffy and i was embarrassed to go outside and
here i am almost twenty two and graduating from col-
lege here i am wanting to do scary things like
talk about what i want to do not just what i
want to do today or five minutes from now
but here i am wanting to know what i want
to do as in my life my career and what i
care about and what i love they say we
will have numerous careers in this lifetime
i guess that means i will have so many
things that i love i will love to do so
many things i will love to make so many
movies and i will love all these years
that i will soon be



Who knows the way that one should live their life,
For once my feet are on the ground I fall.
Sometimes I feel I'm doomed to live in strife,
And boys are just not meant for me at all.

So sad I know one day love had is lost,
So ask yourself is risk worth all the pain?
When love soon tires your tears will be the cost,
And life will once again become mundane.

One boy I loved and yes he loved me too,
I thought the bastard was my destiny.
His heart was led astray and proved untrue,
Much worse a fate than once my love had seemed.

It's better to have lived the warmth of love,
Like star dust dusted from the clouds above.

Sonnet
by
Sarah
Bates

Pains
of
Having
Loved

Vulnerable.
I like how that word sounds when
I'm describing someone, anyone, but me.
The syllables just flow smoothly
From one to the next
My tongue just wants to taste it all over again.

When I hold you in my arms,
I can feel every inch of you breathing it,
Oozing it out,
Yet all at once concealing it.
I bet you wonder whether
I feel vulnerable at all
In your arms.

I don't.
Call me bitter,
Call me cold,
Call me a bitch.
I don't care.
In your arms,
I only feel security.

By
Chelsie

Vulnerable

Love walked in on air
Face flushed, pink tides
Guitars strumming fair
He was mine, besides

I wished for him
Bold face, alive hands
A precious found whim
Mix of magic sands

He glided past me
Soul lept with a start
A pink he didn't see
Snatch-grab went my heart

Never turned his head
Never turned his head.

by
Jessica
Gillam

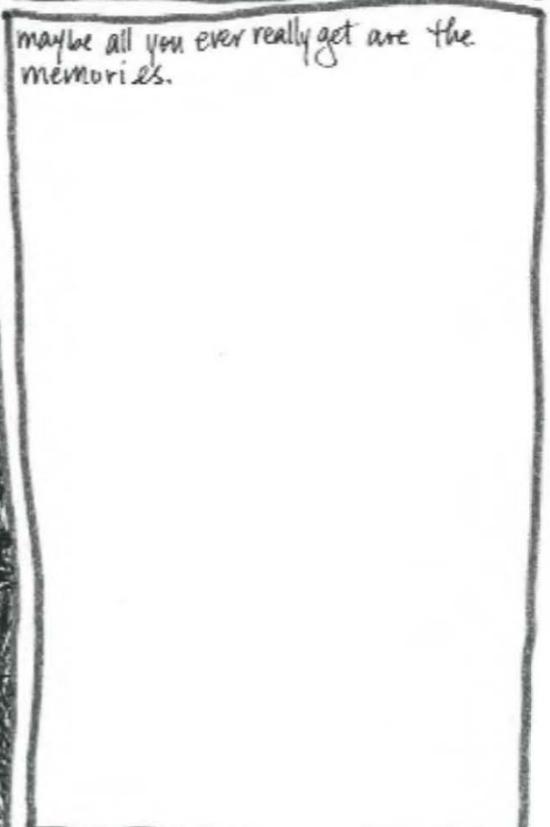
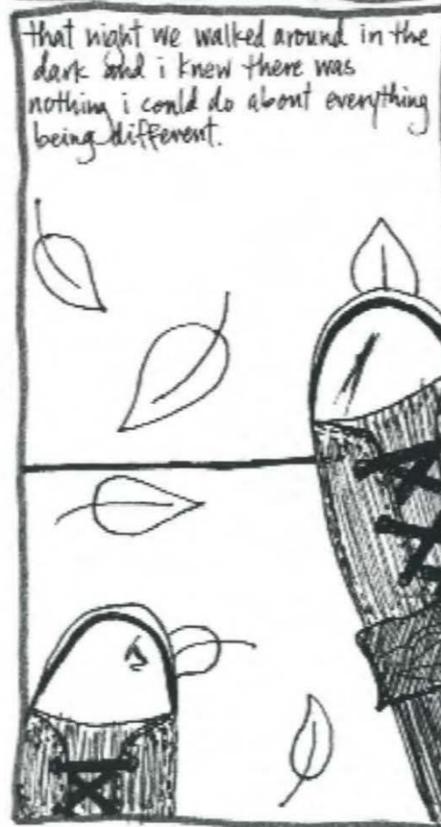
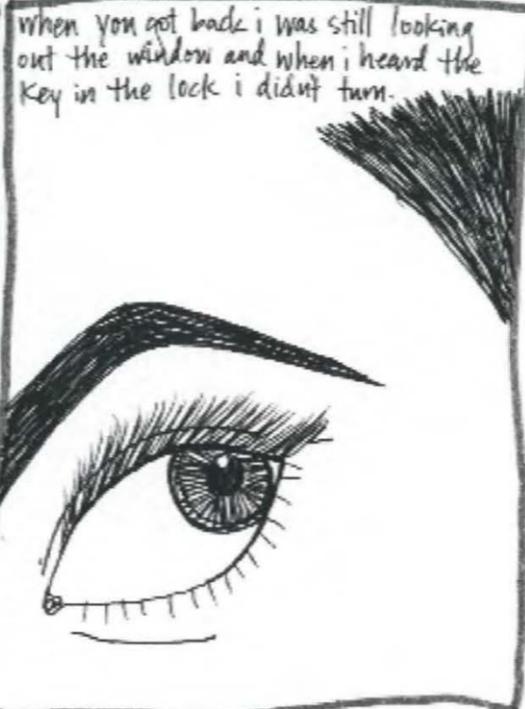
Face
Flushed

By
T.D.
Sidell

Ringling.

The phone rings
and it tastes like fried chicken.
Tinfoil explosions light sunsets behind my eyes.
My brain boils down in crackles and fizzles
and the couch curls up around me,
and the phone keeps on ringing.
The channel changes,
men in tinselled suits float by with extorted exuberance.
The tinfoil chicken chokes my throat
and I cough up chewy brown.
It slows and shifts
into a distorted deafening roar.

you can't be what you were (and neither can your friendships)



Best We Forget

Don't try to compare us to another bad little fad
I'm the Mac and I'm bad give you something that you never had
I'll make ya Jump Jump wiggle and shake your rump
Cause I'll be kicking the flavor that makes you wanna Jump
How high? Real high
Cause I'm just so fly
A young loveable, hugable type of guy
And everything is the back with a little slack
And inside-out is wiggida wiggida wiggida wack
I come stompin' with somethin' to keep you jumpin'
R&B abd bullcrap is what I'm dumpin'
And ain't something about Kris Kross we all that
So when they ask to the rocks they believe that

I let myself knockin' knockin'
I love it when a girl is play jockin' jockin'
The D-A-double D-Y-M-A-G
Ya you know me
I got you jumpin' an' pumpin' an' movin' all around G
In the mix I make ya take a step back
They try to step to the Mac then they got jacked
To the back you'll be sportin' the gear that's coincidental

And like you know so don't be claiming that it's mental

Two lil' kids with a flow you ain't ever heard
And none faking you can understyand every word
As you listen to my cool school melody
The Daddy makes you J-U-M-P

Now, the formalities of this and that
Is that Kris Kross ain't comin' off wack
And for all ya'll sucks that don't know
Check it out

Some of them try to rhyme but they can't rhyme like this Go Go
Some of them try to rhyme but they can't rhyme like this Go Go
Some of them try to rhyme but they can't rhyme like this Go Go
Some of them try to rhyme but they can't Go Go
Cause I'm the miggida miggida miggida Mac Daddy
Miggida miggida miggida Mac
Cause I'm the miggida miggida miggida Mac Daddy

I make you wanna
Jump Jump
The Mac Dad will make you Jump Jump
The Daddy Mac will make you Jump Jump
Kris Kross will make you Jump Jump



photo by emily ruzzo

Dedicated
Al Wachtel
and
Barry Sanders
From
Andrew
Samtoy