

TOS
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the other side



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To Whom It May Concern:

by Carrie Waits

I went shopping that day. I know it's silly and capitalist and whatever, but shopping is one of the few times I have to be with just my girlfriends. I don't feel judged, or obliged to be pretty when I'm shopping. With my friends, I'm not afraid to take a little risk now and then—try on an ugly shirt or a too-short skirt. My friends aren't assessing me, sizing me up, checking me out.

I picked out that blue shirt, and I was so excited to wear it out that night. It was tight, and kind of low cut (a little racier than I'm used to), but my friends said, "It looks hot on you. Get it, get it." So I did.

You were at the party when I got there, dancing with another girl. We'd only met once before, but I still remembered your name. Later, when you saw me, I could feel your eyes crawling across my chest. You slid over, and I smelled the beer on your breath. "Hi," you said. Did you even know my name? "Do you want to go somewhere and talk?" you asked.

I imagined a romantic walk through the dark campus, sharing our secrets with each other, and all the other ideally dreamy things "going somewhere to talk" could mean. I've screamed "NO!" to your question a thousand times in my head since that night. I've smacked your drunken face. I've run away. But that night, I said, "okay."

A few minutes later, in your room, you were like a burlap sack: rough, bruising, scratchy skin wrapped around me. The more I struggled, the tighter the sack cinched up. Soon I was sealed up inside the sack, barely able to breathe. When you were done, you fell asleep.

I walked home, and through the blur of my tears, I noticed my shirt was torn. At the bottom of the neckline, the seam had split. I remembered your calloused hand pawing at my chest. I remembered thinking NO. I thought it, and I think that I showed it, but I never said it. How come you never asked?

original photograph by Anthony Dines

I sat on the plane, totally alone, totally enthralled. My first trip to Italy by myself, unguarded, unplanned. As I watched the musicians play, a smile enveloped my face. I was totally free. My body rocked to the music, my lips uncontrollably parted in a brilliant smile. I knew people watched me. I knew people stared, and I liked it. The numerous approaches, though annoying, added to the uncontrollable, unreplicable feeling of pure freedom. If I fancied I could approach anyone, no one would turn me away. I did not feel insecure or alone. I wanted to tell people to stop talking to me. Listen, I WANT to sit alone. Is this so unordinary? I went to the movies by myself, something I have always wanted to do. And I didn't even think twice. I completely didn't care: I was completely content with my own company. As I returned home, I glanced at myself in the mirror, and truly could not believe how amazing I was. Beautiful and a free spirit. Untouchable. On the train from the plane to the hostel, I met two American girls; they completely hung onto every word from my mouth. Why? They had nothing to talk to. Simply because of the love and warmth I radiated. I am I, I am in love.

I sit in a cafe, by myself. I read "Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood". I have my skim latte and salmon bagel. I am in a foreign country without a soul I know. My body pulsates. Rain falls outside the window, my lungs are contaminated with mucus from cigarettes, my nose is stuffy and my skin is pale. I have gained more weight in the past year than imaginable. I have never been happier.

photograph by Anthony Dines

I don't have a body image problem!

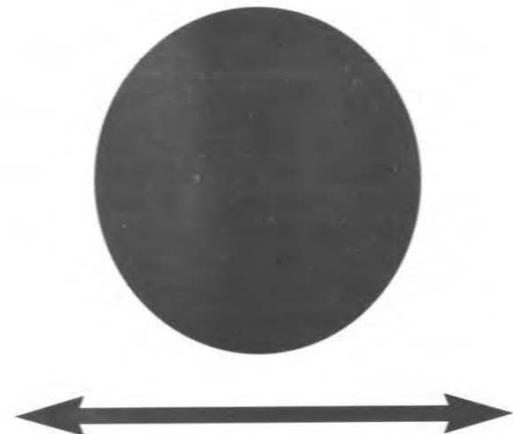
I've gained weight, *but...*
My stomach isn't perfect, *but...*
I have too many blemishes, *but...*
My thighs are too round, *but...*
My ass is too flat, *but...*
My arms are too flabby, *but...*
I hate to shave my body, *but...*

I LIVE HERE!

I know now that I am not alone in this curse of self-consciousness,
AND

Neither are you.
Because (please believe me)
You are beautiful too.

→ **Stereotypes are weapons of oppression.** ←



Regaining the Beauty of Our Education

By Christie, Anje, and Sacha

So the three of us- Anje Christie, and myself (Sacha) are in our senior IIS seminar. For a part of our coursework we decided-the three of us beyond the power of Joe-to go on a fieldtrip. The purpose of the trip was to use our bodies in the process of attaining knowledge outside the confines of classroom structure, teacher surveillance, and listless absorption and regurgitation of textual meanings. We chose to take a look at the Barnard Field Station. Having originally decided to visit the evil KGI, we thought it would be better to look at why we were so against biotechnology on BFS by really seeing for the first time by all of us, what we were wanting to protect and preserve.

Our whole agenda for taking a "field trip" to Barnard Field Station (BFS) was in light of the KGI protesting. We, as Pitzer Students, were questioning our support of keeping BFS and not allowing KGI to build its campus on this piece of developmentally virgin land. Why are we supporting a place that we never use or have ever stepped foot on? Who's placing these ideas in our heads that we should oppose KGI on BFS? Do we have the right to oppose something we know nothing about?

So what did we do while we were there? Well Sacha, tall, blond, water polo player, semi-psycho stress case, was freaking out, I mean seriously the girl was not okay, and then once inside the field station, she was totally at peace. I, on the other hand, was hav-

ing a life crisis, including hatred for the academic institution. Christie was just cracking me up (she is not psycho), but I could tell that she too felt the peace that we were surrounded with. Now if we had only brought some sort of documenting device, video camera, tape recorder, camera....so we decided we should start having class in the dinghy that we sat in contemplating postmodernism and the learning structures of our society. Documenting it only in our minds as was meant to be before technology invaded the purpose of our existence.

So, our whole experience at BFS was pretty damn amusing. The fact that we couldn't get into the field station was pretty traumatizing for Sacha. But once we got the lock opened and entered, Sacha calmed down and it was pretty boring. We tried to discuss how this relates to Foucault ('cause everything does, you know). We thought that this experience took us out of our former selves by placing us in this place—not as biology students looking for experiment samples—but as people. We were "normal people" who were brought into a different place, and perhaps a different time, when California was nothing but natural wildlife. It was a peaceful place, not bombarded by modern progress and development.

I was becoming a psycho right before we opened the BFS gate, or tried to open it. The stress of finals, papers, my own personal pressures, and wanting to get the hell out of school was con-

suming and controlling my body. Had I not become some sort of academic machine? Were my actions being dictated by myself or by the Pitzer institution? Well, I was over-analyzing and thus going insane, frightening my cohorts to some extent. Not knowing the correct combo to the BFS system of padlocks wasn't going to stop us from enjoying this part of the college system here in Claremont. I bitched and moaned about how this land should be accessible to all people, us being cultural studies students and not science students. This was still our land and I feared we would not get to experience it. Realizing climbing over the barbed wire fence was not an option; we got the combo via phone and went in. I completely chilled out by just walking through that gate and leaving traffic-ridden Foothill Blvd. and over-development behind me. The three of us walked around, looking at plants, cacti, trees, and tons of brush. It was sacred land, maybe not for the purpose of scientific research, in our case, but for relaxation and quietness. The neighbor's dogs were scary but fenced in. The murkiness of the man-made pond was fun in the comfort of our dingy. And the barbed wire formed a border between our two worlds.

So our senior seminar class with Joe Parker decided to take a field trip to the Bernard field station that will be worth ten percent of our final grade. Foucault would be proud of our academic talk, and the use of our bodies (not running away from all of those psycho dogs). Consensus save the field station, KGI is evil. So we were attaining knowledge through different means.....getting into the station proved to be somewhat of a pain in the ass, but hey we made it (although we did get a not so nice note from the BFS staff telling us me to move my car) Postmodern approach? I would rather be surrounded by the peaceful serenity of leaves and trees and dirt than concrete and cars and buildings.

Man some people...



original photo by A. Dines

With a past marked by violent politics* and a rapid rise through the intellectual ranks of some of the country's best educational institutions, Al Wachtel is truly one of Pitzer's load-bearing columns. Or a Pillar of the community, whichever you'd prefer.

1. So Professor Wachtel, Congress? When, where, and why?

IN 1992, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WAS GEORGE B., A MODERATELY INTELLIGENT BUT VERY CRAFTY BLUEBLOOD, WHO TRACED HIS ANCESTRY TO THE LORDS

AND LADIES OF OLD ENGLAND. A VERY RICH AND SELF-SERVING INDIVIDUAL, HE HAD TO MY DISMAY SERVED AS CIA DIRECTOR BEFORE BECOMING "VICE PRESIDENT" TO RONALD R., AN ACTOR WHOSE TOUCHING PROCESS OF AGING, COMBINED WITH A FINE ABILITY TO DELIVER THE LINES WRITTEN FOR HIM, MADE HIM VERY POPULAR, DESPITE TERRIBLE DECISIONS. DURING BUSH'S FIRST TERM AS PRESIDENT HE PROTECTED FAMILY BUSINESS INTERESTS IN ASIA (FOR HIS BROTHER) AND THE MIDDLE EAST OIL MARKET (FOR ONE OF HIS SONS) AND CUSHIONED THE FALLOUT FROM THE S&L FRAUDS (FOR ANOTHER SON, WHO PAID A FINE OF \$50,000 INSTEAD OF GOING TO JAIL). ON THE OTHER HAND, THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT—FOLLOWING ON THE FAILED OPPOSITION TO B. BY MICHAEL D., A VERY ABLE AND ACCOMPLISHED GOVERNOR OF MASS., WHOSE TENDENCY TO SPEAK FROM BEHIND OVERHANGING DARK BROWS MADE HIM SEEM UNSURE OF HIMSELF TO THE UNINFORMED PUBLIC—WAS BILL C, AN ECONOMICALLY SAVVY NEW DEMOCRAT MARRIED TO A LIBERAL ATTORNEY. MOREOVER, CALIFORNIA HAD TWO TALENTED DEMOCRATIC WOMEN RUNNING FOR THE SENATE, DIANNE F. AND BARBARA B., WHO IF ELECTED WOULD BE THE FIRST TWO WOMEN FROM ONE STATE EVER TO SERVE IN THE SENATE AT THE SAME TIME. THE NATION WAS STILL REELING ECONOMICALLY FROM THE DASTARDLY "TRICKLE DOWN" SUPPLY-SIDE ECONOMIC POLICIES OF THE R. YEARS, AND DECADES OF SOCIAL PROGRESS HAD BEEN REVERSED. IT SEEMED TO ME ABSOLUTELY CRUCIAL TO GET C. INTO THE WHITE HOUSE AND UTTERLY DESIRABLE TO GET F. AND B. ELECTED TO THE SENATE. IN THIS 28TH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT, CARVED OUT TO BE REPUBLICAN, I KNEW I HAD LITTLE OR NO CHANCE TO BE ELECTED BUT A VERY GOOD CHANCE OF INCREASING THE TURNOUT OF DEMOCRATS AND SOME CHANCE OF CONVINCING PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICANS TO VOTE DEMOCRATIC. IN FACT, MY APPROACH WORKED. CLAREMONT AND TEMPLE CITY VOTED DEMOCRATIC, AND THOUGH DEFEATED EASILY IN THE FULL DISTRICT BY THE INCUMBENT, I GOT MORE VOTES THAN ANY PREVIOUS DEMOCRAT AFTER THE CREATION OF

THE CAREFULLY CRAFTED NEW 28TH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT. HELPED BY THE VOTES I BROUGHT IN, I LIKE TO THINK, F. AND B. WERE ELECTED TO THE SENATE AND C., OF COURSE, EASILY TOOK CALIFORNIA. THE RESULT HAS BEEN THE MOST ECONOMICALLY SUCCESSFUL EIGHT YEAR PERIOD IN AMERICAN HISTORY, BALANCED FEDERAL BUDGETS, AND THE POSSIBILITY OF PAYING DOWN THE NATIONAL DEBT. IN A SMALL WAY, PERHAPS I HELPED.

2. So, Professor Wachtel, Boxing? When, where, and why?

LONG, LONG AGO, WHEN BEOWULF AND I WERE YOUNG, WE PUT ON THE GLOVES

AS AMATEURS. WITH THE EXCEPTION OF HEIGHT—AMAZINGLY, ROBINSON WAS TALLER—I HAD THE SAME TAPE MEASUREMENTS AS SUGAR RAY ROBINSON, THE GREATEST OF PROFESSIONAL BOXERS, DID WHEN HE WAS YOUNG. BEOWULF WAS SOMEWHAT HEAVIER BUT ALSO GOOD. TO THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF ALL, NEITHER BEOWULF NOR I PROVED AS ABLE IN THE RING AS ROBINSON. THE RESULT IS WHAT YOU SEE. BEOWULF, AFTER SOME SUCCESS AS A WARRIOR AND KING, IS LONG GONE. ROBINSON, AFTER A TOO-LONG CAREER IN THE RING, IS DEAD. AL SCHWARTZ, A RETIRED SOCIOLOGY PROFESSOR WHO WAS ONCE PITZER'S DEAN OF FACULTY, AND I ATTENDED THE FUNERAL AND SAW MIKE TYSON CRY ABOUT ROBINSON'S PASSING. KNOWING TOO WELL WHAT MY PROSPECTS WERE AS A PROFESSIONAL ATHLETE, I RETIRED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE TO AN ACADEMIC LIFE THAT ALLOWED ME TO TEACH THOSE WHO WOULD MAKE TOMORROW, RESEARCH TOPICS OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY, AND WRITE WHAT I HOPED WOULD NUDGE PEOPLE INTO MORE ACCURATE AND PRODUCTIVE VIEWS OF THE HUMAN WORLD AND ITS RELATION TO THE UNIVERSE.

3. Where did you grow up?

I WAS BORN IN MIDDLE VILLAGE, A SMALL TOWN IN THE BOROUGH OF QUEENS, NEW YORK. NEW YORK CITY IS SO LARGE THAT IT HAS COUNTIES IN IT, RATHER THAN THE REVERSE, AND THE COUNTIES CONTAIN VILLAGES AND TOWNS.

4. Where were you educated?

I GOT MY B.A. AT QUEENS COLLEGE OF THE CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK AND MY PH.D. AT THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK AT BUFFALO, WHERE I WAS NATIONAL DEFENSE EDUCATION ACT FELLOW FOR THREE YEARS.

5. What's your biggest pet peeve?

I AM HORRIFIED BY THE SELF-CONGRATULATORY IGNORANCE THAT LEADS PEOPLE TO BASE THEIR ACTIONS ON LIES AND HALF-TRUTHS. TO COMBAT THAT HORROR, I COMMITTED MY LIFE TO RESEARCH, TEACHING AND WRITING WHAT I FIND TO BE TRUE.

6. What's your biggest literary pet peeve?

THE DESTRUCTIVE IDEA THAT THERE ARE NO READINGS OF LIFE OR LITERATURE THAT ARE CLOSER THAN OTHERS TO WHAT'S TRUE STRIKES ME AS BOTH UNTRUE AND DANGEROUS.

7. What's your biggest grammatical pet peeve?

THE LOSS OF SIGNIFICANT DISTINCTIONS CAUSED BY THE DUMBING DOWN OF GRAMMAR STRIKES ME AS LAMENTABLE. FOR EXAMPLE, "I WILL" USED TO HAVE A GREATER CERTAINTY ABOUT IT THAN "I SHALL." "YOU SHALL" WAS ONCE AN ABSOLUTE REQUIREMENT THAT CONTRASTED WITH THE LESS DEMANDING, "YOU WILL." THE LOSS OF SUCH SUBTLE ELEMENTS OF COMMUNICATION LEAVES COMMUNICATION LESS EXACT AND THUS REDUCES THE CHANCE OF UNDERSTANDING ACCURATELY WHAT'S BEING SAID.

8. How would you describe yourself in 3 sentences?

I AM A PERSON CONVINCED THAT KNOWING THE TRUE, THE GOOD, AND THE BEAUTIFUL AND THEIR OPPOSITES AND VARIOUS ADMIXTURES IS AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY. FOR THE HUMAN SPECIES TO HAVE ANY CHANCE OF IMPROVING ITS LOT AND THAT OF THE WORLD GENERALLY, IT MUST KNOW WHAT'S TRUE AND WHAT'S FALSE, WHAT'S GOOD AND WHAT'S BAD, WHAT'S BEAUTIFUL AND WHAT'S UGLY ABOUT ITSELF AND THE UNIVERSE IT INHABITS. FOR THAT REASON, I HAVE DEVOTED MYSELF TO DISCOVERING WHAT'S TRUE AND

OR FALSE, WHAT'S GOOD AND OR BAD, WHAT'S BEAUTIFUL AND OR UGLY—FROM OTHERS AND IN THE WORLD ITSELF— AND SHARING SUCH DISCOVERIES WITH MY FELLOW HUMANS.

9. What do you spend your free time doing?

I'M NOT SURE WHAT FREE TIME IS. EVERYTHING I DO FOR PLEASURE SEEMS TO FEED INTO WHAT I DO PROFESSIONALLY. I LIKE THINKING ALONE, CONVERSATIONS WITH MANY FRIENDS, AN ACTIVITY OF WHICH TEACHING IS AN INTEGRAL PART, AND MAKING LOVE WITH ONE DEAR FRIEND. I LIKE ARTS AND SPORTS. I LIKE READING AND WRITING. I LIKE COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION WHAT I DID NOT PREVIOUSLY UNDERSTAND AND APPRECIATE AND SHARING THAT UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION WITH OTHERS. I LIKE TO SEE AND TRY TO HELP INDIVIDUALS AND HUMANITY COME CLOSER TO ENLIGHTENMENT, DECENCY, JOY AND FULFILLMENT.

10. Wife?

I'VE BEEN MARRIED FOR MORE THAT HALF A LIFETIME TO A WONDERFUL WOMAN, SYDELLE, WHO, PERHAPS BECAUSE WE WERE NEAR-CHILDREN TOGETHER, SHARES MY VALUES AND JOYS.

11. Family?

WE HAVE SEVEN CHILDREN, ALL ADULTS NOW AND DOING GOOD THINGS IN THE WORLD.

12. Dog?

WE'VE HAD SEVERAL PETS. THE LAST, MAE WEST, WAS HALF COYOTE AND DOBERMAN AND HALF GERMAN SHEPHERD. SHE WAS AN ASTONISHINGLY BRIGHT CREATURE THAT HELPED RAISE OUR CHILDREN, PROTECTED OTHER DOMESTICATED CREATURES IN OUR CANYON FROM WILD ANIMALS, AND OFTEN CAME TO CLASS WITH ME. WHEN SHE DIED AT 16, WE WERE TOO SHAKEN TO REPLACE HER AND HAVE NOT HAD A PET SINCE.

13. If you could live anywhere in the world, where would you live?

I LOVE MY LIFE HERE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND THE ACCESS IT GIVES ME TO THE REST OF THE WORLD.

14. What message would you like to send Washington?

AMERICA HAS PASSED BEYOND THE NEED OF AN ELECTORAL COLLEGE TO PLACATE STATES THAT FEEL A UNION MAY COMPROMISE THEIR INDEPENDENCE. WE ARE ONE COUNTRY AND SHOULD ELECT OUR PRESIDENT BY NATIONAL MAJORITY.

15. Lincoln?

COME BACK, GREATEST OF OUR PRESIDENTS, AND TEACH THE PRESENT REPUBLICANS THAT TOO MANY OF THEM HAVE LOST THE THREAD OF YOUR MESSAGE OF THOUGHTFUL REFORM TO ENHANCE THE FOUNDERS' PARTIALLY REALIZED GOAL OF PROTECTING LIBERTY AND THE RIGHT TO PURSUE HAPPINESS FOR ALL.

16. Roosevelt?

(FRANKLIN, I ASSUME.) BOTH YOUR SOCIAL POLICIES AND YOUR SUCCESSFUL LEADERSHIP IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S CLEAREST WAR OF GOOD AGAINST EVIL DISTINGUISH YOU AS THE GREATEST PRESIDENT SINCE LINCOLN. YOU WERE A BEACON IN WARS AGAINST FEAR, POVERTY AND EVIL, AND THE WORLD STANDS IN YOUR DEBT.

17. Joyce?

YOU'VE SHOWN US A WAY TO LIVE DECENTLY, WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A HERO

IN A HUMAN UNIVERSE FILLED WITH DUPLICITY, ENVY, CRUELTY, AND SMALL-MINDEDNESS. WE CAN NOW SEE IN MOST OF YOUR WORKS THAT YOUR SO-CALLED EXPERIMENTAL STYLES WERE NECESSARY TO THAT END. ALONG WITH THREE OR FOUR OTHERS (NUMBER ONE IN MOST DISCIPLINES AND PROFESSIONS IS A SHARED POSITION—THERE ARE ALWAYS AT LEAST THREE TO FIVE WHO ARE NUMBER ONE), YOU HAVE EARNED THE DISTINCTION OF HAVING BEEN THE GREATEST WRITER OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

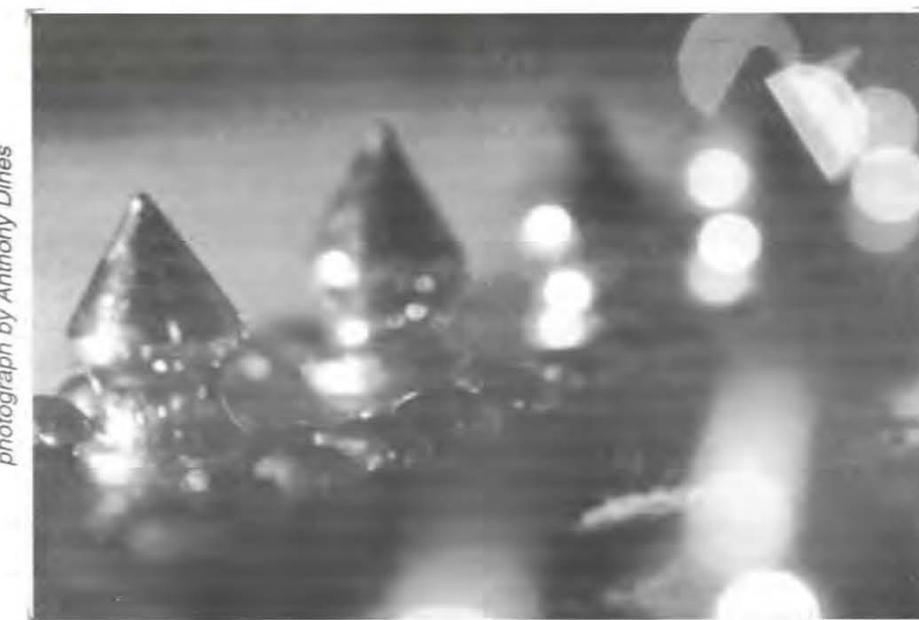
18. Eliot?

YOU HAD A FINE GIFT, BUT YOUR TROUBLED PSYCHE, INHERITED HABITS OF MIND AND PERSONAL INSECURITIES LED YOU TO EMBRACE THE FAILING INSTITUTIONS AND HORRIFYING PREJUDICES THAT HAD PRODUCED THE CRISES YOUR GENERATION FACED. NEVERTHELESS, YOU GRACED THE WORLD WITH SOME WONDERFUL POEMS AND SOME IMPORTANT CRITICAL CONCEPTS. WE CAN USE THEM TO MOVE BEYOND WHERE YOU TURNED BACK, AND FOR THAT WE ARE GRATEFUL TO YOU.

19. What are five books you wish everyone would read and understand?

THE BIBLE: GENESIS, EXODUS, DEUTERONOMY, ISAIAH, JEREMIAH, EZEKIEL, JOB, JONAH
HOMER, ILIAD, ODYSSEY
SHAKESPEARE, KING LEAR, OTHELLO, HAMLET
DARWIN— ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES
JOYCE, ULYSSES (WITH A BIT OF HELP).

*By "Violent Politics" we mean, of course, that he was once a boxer and was and is politically active.



photograph by Anthony Dines

What I learned my first month at school

By Liz Sheehan

Sushi. I've never had sushi, don't ever want to eat sushi, never wanted to eat sushi, probably never will eat sushi. To be quite honest I never knew that people actually ate sushi. I thought it was some sort of sick twisted myth. Or something only Japanese people did. Speaking of things I didn't know before lately - I didn't know anyone that ate tofu. I remember reading about it once in *The Baby-Sitters Club* books. Dawn, the one from California ate tofu. Must be a California thing I thought to myself. I never knew anyone who was a vegetarian. I only learned what a veagan was a few years ago. Never met one of those either. I thought people didn't eat meat because they felt it was wrong to kill animals. That's dumb, I thought. Its all part of the food chain to kill animals. Its natural. I didn't eat much meat because I thought it was kind of gross. That was a chickens damn leg muscle I was eating. Its breast. I didn't want anyone to eat my breast. Then beef was plain gross. So was any type of pig product. I was most disgusted by the mystery meats. Sausage, hot dogs, and anything else that falls into the category of mixed meats. That's just plain disgusting. Especially the texture. Who knows what part of the animal it was made up of. Coming to California was certainly eye-opening. I learned that I come from one of the most socially unconscious families and live in a very socially unconscious, slightly backward town. Here people eat tofu all the time. It was even at the salad bar in the cafeteria. But it took almost a month of school before I realized those big cubes of white stuff at the salad bar was tofu. I had never seen tofu before but I didn't want to ask because they already thought I was rather sheltered compared to their liberal ways. I also met some veagans and people who told me all about the abuse of animals on farms - which is why they don't eat meat. It horrified me to find out about the animal abuse. I love animals. So I stopped eating the small amount of

chicken I ate. I told my mom I was a vegetarian. Elizabeth, you need to have some sort of fat. You can't rule out fat altogether. You can have meat made in low-fat ways you know. Its not about the fat mom, relax. People here ate all sorts of foods I had never heard of or seen. Everyone loved avocados. I had my first avocado in the dining hall. It was fucking disgusting. Eggplant, zucchini, artichoke hearts. Everyone loved them. My mom used to eat that stuff when she dieted and it looked gross and I ate Twix bars instead. You can always count on chocolate to taste good, but not on weird vegetables. Humice. What the hell is humice?? I had no idea but it looked like shit. In Big Sur we ate at the Nepenthe for dinner. Pete and Rachel and Dylan all ordered all these weird sounding things I couldn't pronounce and had never heard of. They laughed and told me I'd make the worst yuppie. The weird stuff tasted good. I still don't know what it was exactly but I ate it and loved it and left Nepenthe full. I even drank soy milk yesterday. I mixed it with guava juice like Rachel said too and it tasted really good. Mom, I'm getting my protein, don't worry. I drank some soy milk and ate some tofu. Jesus Christ Elizabeth, what has California done to you? But I think its better than cake and ice cream and Twix bars at every meal. Mele picked a wholesquash, cut it up and put in the microwave. Then she poured honey on it and ate it. I'll probably never go that far. I can't imagine being hungry and saying hey, I'll just go pick a nice juicy squash to satisfy my hunger! I don't think so.



"BLINK 182's DAMMIT"

by N. Voyce

I, like many students, have a slight feeling of dissatisfaction at the state of our College. It's not just that I'm a senior and "things have changed" in the student body, as many seniors seem to think upon looking back. As far as I can tell, the new classes are the same, just different people. But things have changed everywhere else. Talking to faculty members outside of class is something that doesn't happen as much. The members of the OSA who used to be approachable and friendly now all seem reluctant to make eye contact (except Jim Marchant, who switched offices, and David Perez, who is perennially cool). The interaction of members of our community, which flourished three short years ago, has stopped almost entirely. And, come to think of it, students have changed. Whereas a few years ago the Other Side was filled with rants and raves against policies or people, now it often seems filled with more "art" and less "anger." If someone imagined, for example, that Marilyn Massey was in favor of total suppression of workers voices, they're more likely to throw a pool ball through a McConnell window than discuss it in public.

Here are a few opinions that I think need to be put out in the public:

1) Faculty is ridiculously underinvolved in student life. Why was it only Al Wachtel who showed up to Tea at Three last semester? Why did Tom Ilgen find it necessary to chastise the majority of faculty for not showing any interest in the Student/Faculty dinner last semester? Sure, they can blame the students - after all, there's only one tea thing with all the emails that go out that's designed for the entire community every week. Maybe if there were more, more faculty would show up. But why is it the responsibility of students to harass faculty into being involved in the college outside of teaching - isn't it the job of faculty to also be involved in what we are doing? Are we not worth your time? Then you're not worth our money. Bye!!!

2) Barry Sanders, Al Wachtel, Jackie Levering-Sullivan, Nigel Boyle, Tom Ilgen, Brian Keeley, Dipa Basu, Lako Tongun, Laura Harris, Linus Yamane, and many other professors do rock the proverbial casbah. All love to them.

3) The Office of Student Affairs. I hear tales from amigas down at Pomona about deans calling them up to chat and see how they are doing. The Dean of Students at Scripps knew of me because I had dated one of her charges a couple years back. A couple of years back. (And it wasn't even that bad a breakup.) But honestly, how many students know what Dave Clark looks like (especially first-years, since rumor has it that he missed his traditional "hello" at the dinner during their orientation week)? How many of them does he know? Who knows of Staci, Chantee or Melissa, save for horror stories of them yelling at students who get caught in their youthful indiscretions, or rumors of them firing R.A.s because they don't have "enough Christian values"? Sure, they're new, but doesn't that mean that they should be more open and accessible? I'm also pissed off because the only description of them I could get from some of their inferiors is, "one's a bitch, and the other's just stupid." THAT'S WRONG. As a friend ("E") said, "they don't care about the stu-

dents, they act like bitches, they yell at us, and then they wonder why everybody hates them." And while we're on it, this whole lack-of-communication thing that they have going is really starting to piss everyone off, too. When something happens like a policy change (or "enforcement change" as they call it), nothing is announced; instead, it's dictated from on high, and we get to find out about it after they've done their plotting and twisting and manipulating. (Rumor has it that the letter that Dave Clark sent out about changes in enforcement was only written after repeated demands by the R.A.s - if it wasn't for them, he wouldn't have sent it out!) And the R.A.s, bless them. Who remembers four years ago, when almost every single hall had its own R.A.? Now these unknowing babes have been pushed into a Titan's task, and the support that they should have from all sides is almost absent. Jana, Emelyn, we miss you. We truly, truly do.

4) Marilyn. What to say? Her job is to raise money; she's gotten herself into this bind. Folks, she means well. It's just that the trustees, who have the money, don't want unions. After all, they're all business folk. Unions? Pah! And they dumped the responsibility of dealing with the whole issue on Marilyn's head. Sure, most of the dining hall workers want to unionize. So how can we stop it? Couch the whole thing in terms of protecting the rights of others! She's just a few rungs below the level of James Carville. "We want to make sure that we protect the rights of the workers that don't want to be in the union." Marilyn, come off it. Admit you're a pawn under the fingers of the Kasparovs of the Trustee Board, stop trying to protect the more evil members of our community, let everyone know that we're controlled by big business and just stop getting yourself in trouble.

5) Conservative faculty members that claim they're liberal. It is, I believe, uniquely Pitzer phenomenon in Claremont - there are kids that want change, and old folks that have been around the college for 30 years and claim we're revolutionary and radical and new and different but want to keep us in exactly the same position. Wolves in liberal clothing. The older members of the faculty are often completely out of touch with the reality not only of the world, but of Pitzer, too. Should Pitzer be about change? Should we be flexible? Should we be able to innovate? Not if faculty members like Steve Glass have anything to say about it! It's people like old doctor Glass that keep this place stagnant and unchanging. He's against every academic innovation that students have come up with - course reviews online, academic honors, credit for athletics; it's a damn shame that he ever got tenured. Lots of faculty are out of touch with youth, as well. One apparently once said that students have no business drinking in their dorm rooms. Sir or Ma'am, you are denying reality. Students drink. They've consumed alcohol since the earliest days of education. Dollars to donuts YOU consumed alcohol when you were a student, and that your children that made it to college did (or will) as well. (In an interview in The Other Side last year, Dean Clark admitted to having had a close relationship to a few well-known names; I believe his close allies had names like Jim and Jack.) And you tell us that we shouldn't drink? A plague on both your houses!

6) A woman ("R") said that if students were trusted with responsibility, they'd live up to it. Barry Sanders, Professor Extraordinaire, told a story about the renovation of the Grove House; one student stole a light because he never thought the Grove House would be completed. When it was, and it opened, he gave the light-back with a note saying that he apologized. There, all done. Maybe I don't agree with half this shit, but it needed saying. In fact, I think that most of it I don't agree with, or at least some of it. But there are many people that do agree.

--A. Samtoy

"A Heart the Size of Idi Amin's Fists"

It is not polite to harbor positive opinions about professors at Pitzer College. Thus we feel that it is necessary to elucidate our sentiments about Nigel Boyle. If you ever have a chance to converse with, take a class from, or freak Nigel Boyle...you should do so. Nigel easily ranks among the four coolest members of the Pitzer Community. He's quite ineffable; as much as we will try to get his grandeur across on paper, it's ridiculously hard, yet we thought it necessary to bring to light his greatness for all the know-nots. So here are a bunch of random things we threw together in an artistic fashion to attempt to paint a picture of "Nigel Boyle's Coolness."

Nigel Boyle is:

- . Thoroughly Irish (and thus thoroughly infused with Irish Charm)
- . Funny
- . Wicked Smaht
- . Devilishly handsome
- . Suave
- . Chic
- . Professorish
- . Concise
- . Witty as fuck, so much so that he made one of the authors of this document laugh so hard that he threw up on the aforementioned professor; when thorough apologetic protestations were being made, he replied, "It's alright, I've been thrown up on by far better people than you," thus sparking yet another round of laughter.
- . A great Professor
- . A wonderful human being

Here's one of his jokes: What's the difference between Canada and a bucket of yogurt? A bucket of yogurt has its own culture.

Here's a story: the authors and Nigel were at the Harvard Model United Nations conference not too long ago in Boston, and as much as the authors tried to get Nigel to cheat on his wife with any of the multitude of lovely ladies in the hotel, he vehemently refused. He did, however, get his groove on at a late-night dance party, caused a ruckus with hotel and conference security staff*, and talked about cool stuff (and he can definitely make international politics cool) until 4 AM with students on the trip, taking care of them and keeping them entertained and out of trouble while the rest of the professors were calling in noise complaints about the kids they were supposed to be taking care of in the other halls.

He also takes care of people - not just people he likes, but crybabies, too. The man's heart is the size of Idi Amin's fists put together. We all know that quite a few professors are far removed from the reality of student existence, but thirty-four minutes with Nigel Boyle would prove this generalization wrong. He is, in a word, in close connection with the way that real people live their lives; he is on par with Barry Sanders and Al Wachtel for professors that are inextricably linked to what people have termed the "Pitzer Experience"; he is a co-author of the new mandatory dresscode; he's helped to lead the charge for workers' rights; he overextends himself work-wise to the point that he occasionally looks frazzled and decayed; he runs around like a musk ox to look after everything he's doing; but it is in this last anecdote that everything should become clear:

THAT is Nigel Boyle ←

*OK, so this is a gross exaggeration; Nigel was just talking to the authors and a couple of ladies that one of the authors was trying to pull and hotel security had to repeatedly ask the group to leave the area. But it made for a good sentence.

Sean Daugherty & A. Samtoy

Untitled

by Z. Putnam

Is my muse there? Is she hearing me try?

I wrote this without you, muse. I found it inside.

I put it together myself, though I'd rather I hadn't.

It was haphazard and slipshod; nearly in panic.

Where are you, my satisfaction, completion, absolution?

Emoting without emotion is a dirty prostitution.

Ahh, but I'm busy, I guess. Too busy to write.

Oh, forget it, I guess. I suppose I'm all right.

I Have No Ass,
Or:
Males Have Body Image Too,
Don't They?
by Jonathan Spratt

I know I've no ass,
Because I was told I've no ass
By girls in Jr. High
Passing me by
In the hallways in between class.

I hide my non-ass
Under big baggy pants
And I've adopted the stance
That I haven't a chance
To ever get any ass

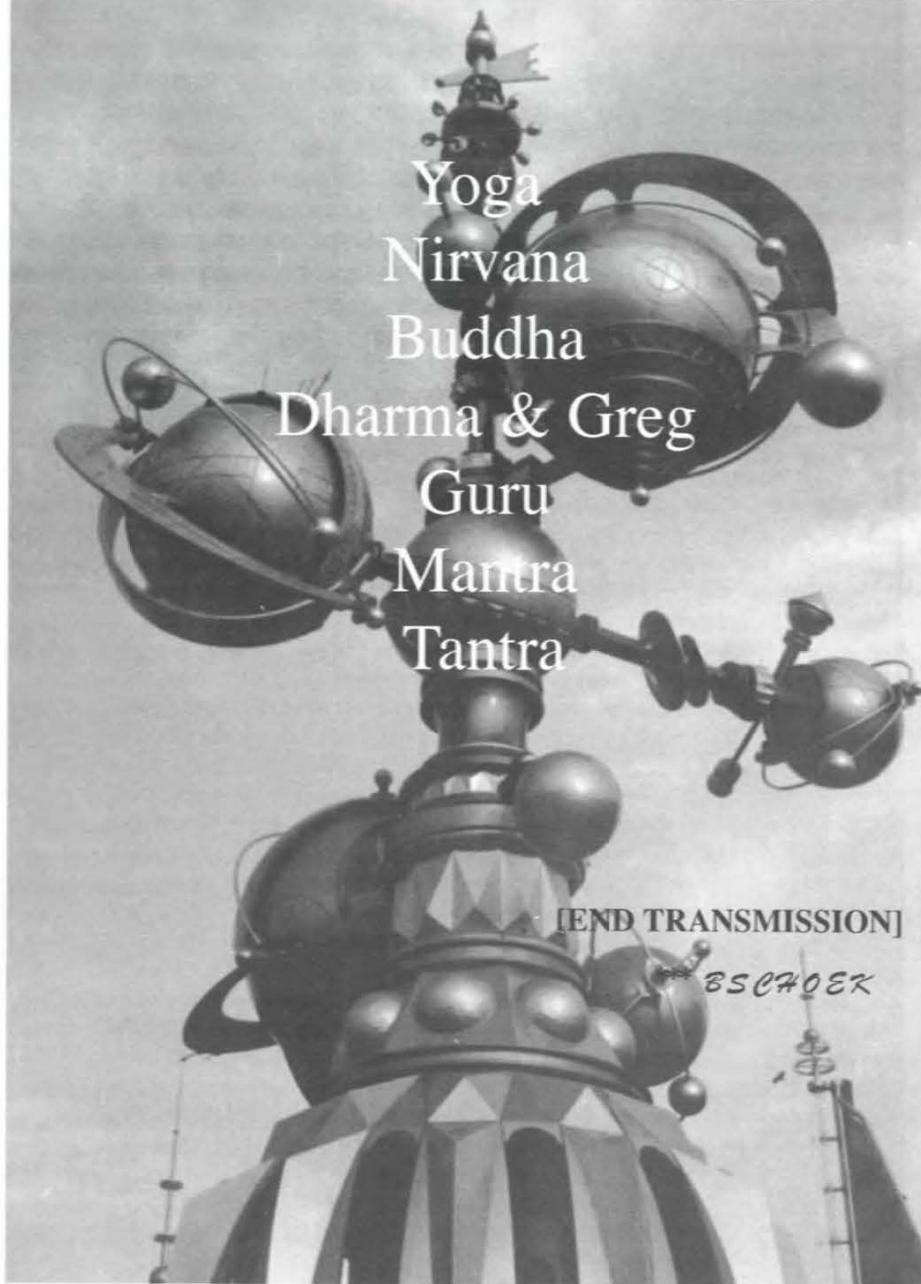
(I know it sounds crass)
(But who wants a non-ass?)

How long will this last?
When will this pass?
This silly, superficial,
Very artificial,
Obsession with my ass?

-anonymous

[START TRANSMISSION]

TOP TEN MOST POPULAR MISUNDERSTOOD ANGLICIZED SANSKRIT WORDS



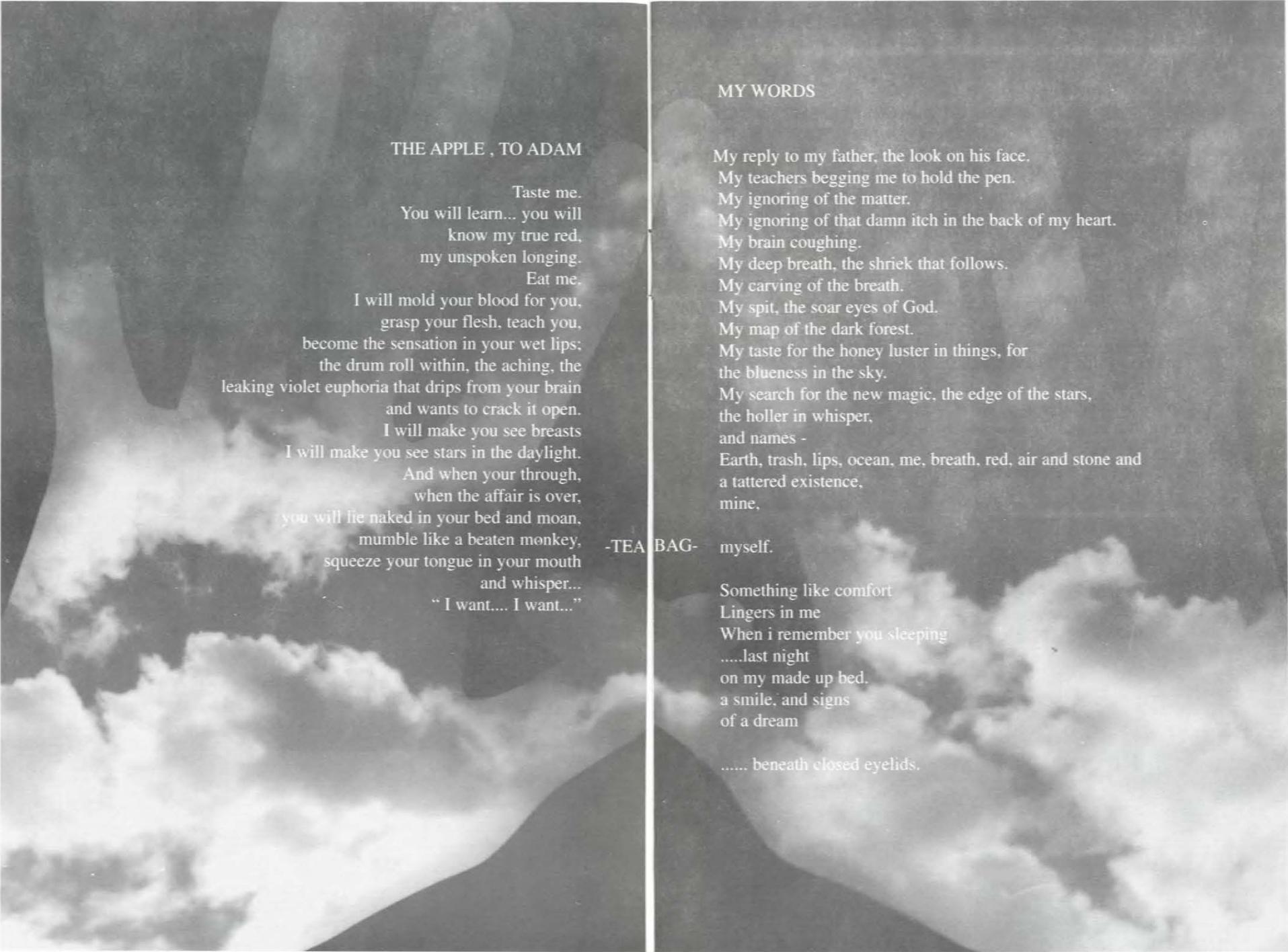
photograph by Anthony Dines

Heartbroken
By: Meghavi Shah

I gave you my heart
You took it and smashed it in two
And then you took those pieces and crushed them
You crushed them
In the same way as one takes a glass bottle and smashes it in the palm of their hand
It's not like I wanted to fall in love with you
But I did
And then how do you thank me?
By ripping out that heart
And destroying every bit of life that was in there
What's more is that you expect me to still do little favors for you
You expect me to remain happy and calm
As if you never did anything to me
And then when I'm not
You expect me to quit
You expect me to get out of your face
Just so that you seem like the perfect and sweet guy that I fell in love with
And so that it seems you never hurt me
And even though I love you with all my heart
I swear this:
People will know the pain you have bestowed upon me
I don't give a shit about your reputation
Is your reputation more important than a human's feelings?
It's like you lied to me
That you never cared about me
Not even in the smallest way.
You could have let me down kindly, you know?
But you didn't
And now
You will suffer the same kind of pain that you gave me!



photograph by Anthony Dines



THE APPLE , TO ADAM

Taste me.
You will learn... you will
know my true red,
my unspoken longing.
Eat me.
I will mold your blood for you,
grasp your flesh, teach you,
become the sensation in your wet lips;
the drum roll within, the aching, the
leaking violet euphoria that drips from your brain
and wants to crack it open.
I will make you see breasts
I will make you see stars in the daylight.
And when your through,
when the affair is over,
you will lie naked in your bed and moan,
mumble like a beaten monkey,
squeeze your tongue in your mouth
and whisper...
“ I want.... I want...”

-TEA BAG-

MY WORDS

My reply to my father, the look on his face.
My teachers begging me to hold the pen.
My ignoring of the matter.
My ignoring of that damn itch in the back of my heart.
My brain coughing.
My deep breath, the shriek that follows.
My carving of the breath.
My spit, the soar eyes of God.
My map of the dark forest.
My taste for the honey luster in things, for
the blueness in the sky.
My search for the new magic, the edge of the stars,
the holler in whisper,
and names -
Earth, trash, lips, ocean, me, breath, red, air and stone and
a tattered existence,
mine,

myself.

Something like comfort
Lingers in me
When i remember you sleeping
....last night
on my made up bed.
a smile, and signs
of a dream

..... beneath closed eyelids.

photograph by Anthony Dines

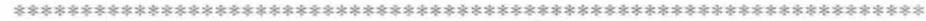


timized

for a minds time. Wonder what she will find. Hidden away in his peach lips. Fearful of his consistency. Dumped in the normative. Hidden so long. What do they dare conceive? And is it foolish to believe I am of clarity. It means a great deal when loneliness is stocked full; it's fickle to a mind full of youth. If this is my true time, then why do I long for it to pass? The wrinkles have long set in and I dare not overestimate. Calm is such a sedative. Happiness is so fleeting that I should dare be an image in someone's double mirror. It's all relative. The overwhelming urge to be alone. Swear that you will not look up and discover you are not noticed. Inside is such a sweet place to hide, and I wonder if I am the only one-how I long for that truth.

—anonymous

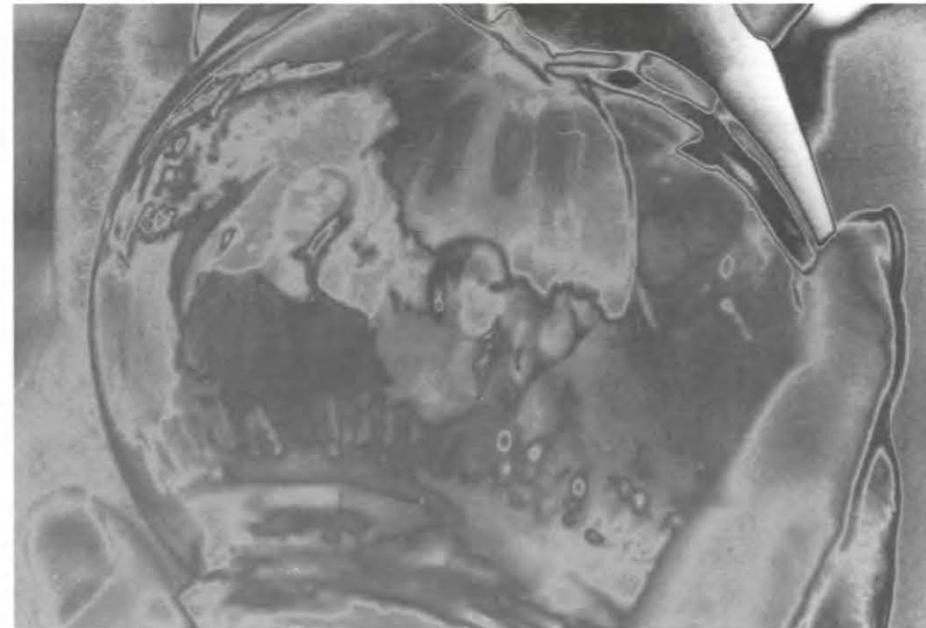
I headed out just as any other would with my head held high and my eyes to the ground. The air was still and filled with the odor of pollution. I laughed, but only to my self. It was a great feeling to be grounded and I took a drag from my cigarette and prayed that this was not the end of my life. My shadow looked up at me. I dared not to look back. I thought that there might be a great reality in front of me but as luck would have it there was not. I braved the ravages and looked around me, it seemed that everyone else was bleeding from their eyes and did not notice. I felt lucky to be the only one that could see, and then I thought that maybe it was I that was blind and they all were how it should be. How could I ever



***Vic



-photograph by Anthony Dines



-photograph by Anthony Dines

Judi Lieberman
2000

The Color of Words

my lips are not
Red like
you color them
in a coloring book picture.

my lips are pale
as my skin,
and the words
they configure
crawl out and
get lost on my face.

only when I apply
lips in a stick,-
Ruby Red,
Mystic Mauve,
Playful Plum-
to transform
picturesquely,

can you see,
can you hear,
can you understand
the words
coming out of
this mouth.

Twelve Roses

One rose to brush your tender cheeks,
One rose to quell your sighs,
One rose to catch the radiant light,
That is shinning in your eyes.

One rose to greet the morning dawn,
One rose for the soft sunset,
One rose to thank the lord above,
For the day we first met.

One rose to share your laughter,
One rose to dry your tears,
One rose for the precious moments,
I'll cherish throughout the years.

One rose for who you are,
One rose for all that you do,
And one last rose, "my angel,"
To tell you "I love you!"

Michael Vinh Nguyen

My friend and his family returned from a trip to Spain and I picked them up at the airport. They'd left from my friend's grandparents' house, so we went back there. They'd also forgotten their keys for the house, and the grandparents were on vacation, so my friend did what he had to do: he unlocked the door and crawled through the window and let the rest of us in. We took our stuff and left. I had probably about 1 in the morning and my friend had been on planes and airports all day, so he went upstairs to shower and I settled into an armchair with a David Hockney coffee table by the window.

Five or ten minutes later I was standing at the front door. I figured my friend's parents must have forgotten something important, so I got up to answer. There was a window next to the door and I could see that the man outside was not my friend's dad. He was a different man in a tan shirt with some sort of official-looking patch on the sleeve. I yelled upstairs to my friend as I walked toward the door, beginning to get nervous. The dog started barking and when I was a few feet away from the door a woman we had known was there with two other men. Confused, I wondered what was going on. I began to go back into the house, I opened the door and four cops standing in front of the steps. One of them asked me to move the dog and I stammered that it was tethered to the table, and he asked me to move the table and I told him it was at about this point that I noticed the cops had their guns drawn. My friend came downstairs looking wet, with a towel around his waist. He started running down the stairs (which faced the door), but changed his mind, stopped at the top of the stairs, and looked at the cops.

I had no idea what was going on. The cops informed me that a break-in had been reported, that they had called back, hadn't we heard the phone? We hadn't. The cop talking said they had instructed the caller that she and anyone inside who belonged should go outside with their hands up before the cops arrived, and since no one had been out there, they didn't know what was going on. I said that the situation was confusing because the caller hadn't spoken English and then I, a fluent English speaker, answered the door (if you gave directions in English to someone who doesn't speak it, how can you expect them to follow them? And aren't 911 have multilingual operators?).

They told my friend that his parents were outside but didn't explain why, and then started lecturing my friend and I accusatorily about how serious calling 911 is and how they must fully investigate every call. We stared at him dumbly; why was he telling us this when we hadn't called? They let in his mom, who went to the strange woman and the housekeeper who was staying there when his parents were gone. She started speaking to her in Spanish and the housekeeper started speaking to her in Spanish and the cops finished talking to us and left. I went upstairs with my friend.

His parents called us ten minutes later on the cell phone. Apparently the housekeeper thought we were burglars and called the cops. The cops were arriving as they were leaving and they actually stopped the cops to ask where they were headed. They then tried to convince the cops that there was no break-in, but the cops wouldn't listen and insisted that they had been called and must check out the house. My friend's mom said she would've felt really bad if one of us had gotten shot. Yeah, me too.

AMY *



I am becoming obsessed by seeing her everywhere
 I don't see her everywhere, i picture her
 Reclining
 Supine
 I'm falling in love with a spectre
 Dangerous.
 And of course i try to remember the sensation
 of her lips kissing mine
 Louise

***Oliver R. Best

Where I Cried

At the roadside. Sandwiched between the 101 just south of Santa Barbara and the Pacific Ocean. A fleet of neatly lined-up RVs looms nearby, as though standing guard over the beach. Pilgrims like myself? Nestled against the waves, lulled by the throbbing heartbeat of the Earth. Are we hoping to hear something whispered under her breath?

The moon is full, and I write these words only by the light of its gentle glow. Orion kicks his heels over the rising hillside on my left. To my right, the air so clear and the moon so bright, Catalina's svelte silhouette is easily traced across the indigo sky. But most magical, most therapeutic for me, is the way mother nature uncurls her frothy tongue, playfully lapping at her own soft, sandy belly. Over and over again.

By Jon Delariso

on no

the first time I said no to you
you said "what"
not in disbelief
but "what" as a substitute for knowing the answer
like this was a new word
pronounced incorrectly

*****Marie Rounsavell



*****photo by Anthony Dines

The Nowhere Party: Navigating Music and Drugs Through the California Desert (Abridged)

Another car pulls up, and another. A thin stream of twenty-somethings and teenagers trickles into the red-white-and-blue convenience store attached to the only gas station in fifty miles. Even away from the harsh sunlight, we refuse to remove sunglasses. A heavyset woman stands behind the counter, yapping into the telephone receiver with a twang I didn't know existed in California. "I ain't ever seen nothin' like it...about thirty of 'em now...look like they belong on MTV or somethin', if they warn't so damn dirty..."

article and photography
---desiree morales

The Lakebed

The lakebed party knocked a bunch of us on our asses. The acid convinced Kate she was a boy until someone was able to make sense out of her again and left her lying in the middle of the dry lake where the security-blanket sun rested heavy on her chest. We all thought she'd be okay from there.

But then Addy nearly ran her over going 100 mph. He wanted to drive around the lakebed FAST because it was so empty; empty except for Kate, who had switched from gender issues to my-friend-almost-killed-me-on-acid issues.

I'm sitting in the middle of nothing, where Jon deposited me so he could spin his morning set. I'm tired, but I don't have to work hard to breathe anymore, and I heard Jon tell Liz I came through fine.

Liz convinces me that I'm safe. It's time to calm down. Enjoy the desert while you're still out here. The light is coming from behind her long blond hair and she is wearing orange wings; I'm in no position to argue with her. So I start to agree, that yes, the sky is beautiful, and yes it is funny about Kate and Addy—since she's okay—and I am relieved that Tom pulled P. out of his horrible mushroom-death-trip—but my voice is cancelled out by a deep buzzing around my head. I look. No insects. The buzzing grows louder, coming in surges until I look up to the naked sky only to see it full of an airplane, no more than forty feet over my head. It's coming closer and I know it wants to land on me even if the pilot is waving at my friends, even if they are waving back and chasing his private plane around the desert. This is not acceptable. I reclaim my capacity to speak and yell, "Oh my fucking god this party is going to kill me!"

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"When you've been to enough of these things a subtle system begins to develop," I explain to Jon, who pushes us drowsily down the 52. I attempt to subtly keep him awake even though I can barely fill the space in the passenger seat next to him.

"You form a set of rules to make these parties more efficient. For instance: we always buy our drugs before we get to the desert. We always stay until the music stops. We never bring tents."

"We never trust people we meet on ecstasy either," Jon scolds, suddenly very alert and focused on me. Someone in the back seat says, "Desiree met P. on ecstasy." Jon tosses another jarring look at my side of the car, and I slump down to watch the dry shrubs and sand framed in my side window.

Roll Call

I just want to walk back to the USC crew because they are the only people we know here and meeting people at desert parties is less than safe when ecstasy pulls your guard down. Already we've been accosted by several pedestrian idiots, and that was when we had our wits about us.

Then John and I split that pill. We were not at all armed for what happened next.

John walks ahead of me in self-important strides. He is wearing a tuxedo and must maintain poise. The party is at the Pinnacles: steep, smooth boulders jut from the sand in clusters and alone. John leaps to the top of a tall one nearby, but when he comes down again he proclaims, "There is nothing at all going on up there."

We continue walking, making our way to the USC kids, when a skinny fifteen-year-old boy stumbles into John with his arms flailing lazily at the elbows.

"Hi I'm Potato. What's your name?" Potato's high, squeaky voice throws John and I into an unavoidable wince.

"Potato, eh?" John notes in his best game-show-host voice, gesturing with a long brown cigarette. John only smokes Mores, even though he doesn't really smoke; he insists that everyone should have a signature brand of cigarettes.

Potato is wearing a Burger King crown and there is a slip of paper safely pinned to his shirt. The slip of paper says "potato" in magic marker and the letters are wavy, as though written without the employment of motor skills.

"Is that in case you forget your name, Potato?" John asks flamboyantly. Potato giggles without realizing that he is being mocked. John and I watch with naked horror. The implications of this creature's existence are harrowing: What in the hell lead to this?

John's face asks, "He was probably always feeble-minded, right?" Before I can discreetly respond, Potato grows solemn.

"I think it's almost sunrise. I don't want the sun to come out!" Potato collapses into a fetus in the thin dirt, sending up a cloud of dust. He seems on the verge of tears, and momentarily mirrors the statue-stiff fear on our faces.

"I just hate the sunlight!"

"Not to worry, Potato, it is currently only three a.m.," John points out in a voice that assures me he has not lost his cool. To this Potato blooms quickly, jumps up and skips away as though he were fighting gravity.

"Yay!" he screams.

Liminal

I'm dancing, trying to understand the sensory electricity that shoots through my body in warm flashes from skin to bone. I'm on the precipice of knowing when P. runs up to me; he pulls my hands until I have to stop what I'm doing to look at him. He's rolling as hard as I am and I throw my arms around his neck. This is what it feels like to squeeze. He pulls away, and I can barely make out his eyes in the dark.

"I have to tell you something really important," he shouts over heavy bass and thick diva vocals.

"I'm listening."

"When I look at you I see light pouring out from all sides. It's amazing."

"You see what?"

"Light. Coming out of you."

I say "Oh," but my vision is too fuzzy to understand what he means.

The Lake Bed

I sit near the fire for an hour, watch the small flames eat little edges of the darkness. The combination of cold-shivers and heat-drowsiness washes over my entire body, and the bass thumps in my ears and in my chest. A creepy laugh echoes over the spooky trance someone is spinning not far away; panic seizes my bones and takes them, but I am still shaking and the bass is getting faster. I try to concentrate on the music, let it ground me, but I don't feel solid anymore and the cold is unbearable at 3:30. Jon comes from the black nowhere outside of the fire and lifts me roughly by my elbows, forcing me to stand.

"Let's get in the car," he says with false calm that I can't recognize. "We can turn the heater on and sit for a few minutes."

I follow him, asking quietly if he thinks I will die from being so sick when I swallowed the pill. He gages my temperature, pushes me gently into the passenger seat of his SUV and promises that I won't die. He fills my head with shaky and consistent stories—too many images—but he won't stop

talking while his hands flutter over my face, and I'm trying, half listening and praying that I will solidify, but Jesus it would be easier if he would stop, honestly, just shut the hell up Jon and let me ride this one out in fucking peace, but the words don't come out because I have to breathe so much air to keep up with my lungs, god, when did I ever need so much air?

Roll Call

John and I are silent on the rest of the walk toward the USC kids. We get to the long, flat boulder where they are smoking pot out of a glass pipe.

"So have any of you met Potato?" I ask nonchalantly, so as not to raise any suspicion.

"Oh, you mean the pterodactyl?" Scott asks. An effluvi-um of smoke escapes with the question and he coughs.

"Excuse me?"

"We saw him at the last roll call. He was a ptero-dactyl."

We are still far from home when I realize it is 5:00 in the afternoon. The sun is fading, it is less aggressive. I rub dust out of the creases in my face and become grumpy because I know we will miss dinner again. The same idea must occur to Oriana, who frowns and begins to chain-smoke in the backseat. I want to ask her something about yesterday, but I'm tentative to call it yesterday when we haven't yet escaped the desert.

The Lake Bed

Dijon takes over the turntables and throws down deep house that makes everyone get up and DANCE. The light feels like warm water and we are so happy not to be cold anymore; he plays "Lovely Day" and everyone grins, weakly satiated. Tom brings out a big drum and starts banging, his shaggy blond hair reflecting light from his face.

We don't stop dancing for hours, and my feet get heavy. I walk toward the sidelines to sit in the shadows, maybe smoke a cigarette, but then I hear the first sounds of another favorite song and run back to the speakers. We are giddy from the music. Oriana puts my flower hat on her head, and yellow felt petals jut out comically around her face. We dance for hours. Noon comes and it goes.

"I try to walk away to get our stuff together," Oriana says over the music. "But there's nothing I can do, it keeps pulling me back in."

"Don't worry," I tell her. "We'll deal with it when the music is gone."

photo by Anthony Dines



Retraction:

In last semester's token issue *The Other Side* idiot-bot (Oliver), mistakenly credited the photographs on pages 20& 22 to one Erin Tyner when they were in fact photos from Nepal by Molly Weinstein. Idiot-bot begs forgiveness from Ms. Weinstein and her family.

NOTES FROM THE OVERGROUND

Or

A contemplation on why over 20% of this student body is majoring in the arts and less than 1% of the student body is involved in the Art Collective

So, I wrote this a few months ago on the plane home for thanksgiving. Needless to say, it is a bit outdated, so I'll say only the important points. I'm certain we hung a huge Art Show in the Sanborn studio space in November, and I'm even more certain that only about thirty of you came to see the show that night. I'm not trying to sound bitter kids, just a little disappointed. I realize there was no liquor or any entertainment besides Oliver dressed up as Santa Claus, but I also realize that you are all potentially at college for reasons other than partying, and though I'm very impressed by all of the interest and activity I've seen surrounding workers rights and BFS, I'm afraid that cultural life on campus is dwindling. Though I'm very aware that Claremont doesn't exactly cater to much cultural activity, and that after a few months of strip mall surroundings we begin to lose our interest in such things. I am also aware that this committee was started in order to counteract that kind of indifference. Just like this publication, the Art Collective is for you guys, and even though we will keep putting up shows and meeting every week, come May the majority of us are graduating, and then what? It would really be sad that after a mere three years this committee may die, and not because we don't have the funding or the type of community that values the arts, but because not enough people are getting involved either by contributing ideas and art or by simply showing up at the shows to support those who are contributing. Point is you guys, there is so much that can be done with the Art Collective and we want anyone and everyone to get involved. Because really, I'm not doing this for me. I'm doing it so all you art kids or bored kids have something to do, some reason to do it and somewhere to put it when it's done. But no more begging. Thanks to all of you who have been coming around to the meetings and the shows, and to the four of you who have actually come to help set up the shows.

WHAT WE CAN DO:

- fund art projects for a show
- pay for your favorite small and fairly unknown band to come play at a show
- take you and your friends to museums, film screenings, lectures and performances
- turn your idea into a theme for a show

WHAT WE'VE DONE:

- Gorilla Show in Sanborn space
- Projection show at the Grove House
- Hearts Get Crushed Valentine's day Show at Hinshaw
- Cross Currents Artist Collaboration show in Sanborn Space
- Outside installation show on the mounds
- Field Trip to the Barbara Krueger exhibit at the MOCA
- Kohoutek Fashion Show
- Joint Show with Scripps and Pomona at Smith Ballroom
- various student film screenings
- Improv Art Show on the mounds with Functionslust
- Haunted house Installation and Halloween show at the Grove House
- X-Mas in November Show in the Sanborn Space
- Origins original work show at Hinshaw

WHAT WE WILL BE DOING SOON:

- Black and White Ball Show with PoSA
- Punk rocks the Art World Graffiti show
- Installation Show on the mounds for Kohoutek
- Field trip to the LACMA

---carrie sandler

*by ----- kevin ausmus

THE LONELY HIGHWAY

The crash woke me up. Somehow I had wrapped my car around a power pole. It was a complete disaster, a total loss. Worse, I had no recollection how I got there. All I knew was I had to leave and leave quickly. The authorities would soon arrive and ask questions. I was in no shape to answer them. I searched for things I needed to take with me. I seized my identification, anything with my name on it. I grabbed my smokes, found a flashlight and kept my copy of the latest Sporting News. Everything else was junk.

Junk. Biblical crows. I had a sharp pain in my stomach. I took one last look around. Wait a minute, I thought, this is not my scarf: Then it all came back to me:

The scarf. I lifted it from that annoying clown out in Destiny. I didn't want to stop and give him a ride but, Christ sakes, it was a clown, stranded, his big shoes, his bright red nose, his beat-up clown bag, his fanciful wig, his striped coat with the big blue buttons drenched wet with anticipation, waiting, waiting. The clown thinks I provide so much goodwill, so much happiness. I elate people for very little pay. Someone must rescue me from my toy bike horns of a dilemma. So I did. And I stole his scarf.

He started it. If he had just kept his damn mouth shut it would have been no problem, I would have driven him as far as he needed to go. But halfway through the desert his whining and complaining became a siren wail, segueing nastily from the topic of vasectomy ratios between working clowns and unemployed ones to hey don't get me started with Hobo Kelly and I didn't, I knew bet-

ter than to go there, but he predictably went off anyway and who knew happy people could be such a drag.

Just then, some evil soccer mom in a souped-up Earth-destroying sports utility vehicle cut me off as she was hurtling toward a rendezvous with urban sprawl. I screamed at her, "You fucking clown!" forgetting, of course, about my hapless passenger. It ignited in him a seeming lifetime of demeaning slurs like a grease fire in the front seat of my car.

"What do you mean by that?" the enraged jester shouted. "What's that supposed to mean? You're a customer, an observer." He narrowed his eyes and lurched forward a bit when he made the accusation. I paused to reflect. My father taught me three basic principles of life. One was that the Lord works in mysterious ways. The second was to never talk to strangers. And the third was to never, ever, rattle a clown. Until this moment I had no clue what the hell he was talking about. Now I knew. Somehow I had managed to combine the harsh backlash of all three in one inexplicable fell swoop.

Meanwhile, in addition to abusing me verbally and staring me down, my jolly nemesis began to squeeze his nose honk honk while dousing me with rancid water out of the fake flower in his lapel. "Just thought you needed a cool down," he jeered. Then he reached into his beat-up clown bag and produced a Jack-in-the-Box. He started playing it, singing along "Da-dunt da-dunt da-dudda-da-dunt" over and over, the miniature bodiless Jack popping out and then being roughly thrust back in the Box ad infinitum and (for good measure) ad nauseum.

Also in the bag, poking out ever so ingeniously, was a pie. I saw the pie and quickly turned back to the clown. He gazed at me blankly, malevolently, just another frustrated clown with an extra pie to throw. It was at this exact moment that I knew my life was in danger. There

photo by Anthony Dines



was to be a battle to the death played out at high speeds on scorched desert blacktop, just me and the clown. Only one was certain. No way in hell was he getting me with that pie.

I peered over at him and, taking a second to wet my lips, calmly informed him, "You're going down, buddy!", I stomped on the gas, catching him off-guard, causing him to momentarily lose his bearings. Then I lunged over and grabbed his door handle, unlatched it, and watched it swing open with a big whoosh, exposing all the passenger side to the quickly passing elements.

The Jack-in-the-Box was the first thing to go. I could see the defenseless Jack getting violently disengaged from the Box, then smash against a roadside Yucca tree. At this point, the too-late repentant clown knew what was coming, his sheer panic contrasting deliciously with his hand-painted smile.

"Good god, no!" he whimpered but it was too little, too late. I veered right onto

the shoulder. Then, before the clown could yank the door shut, I swerved wildly left across both lanes of traffic, all the way to the opposite shoulder and back. The clown, rudely rejected from the vehicle, literally became his own Jack-in-the-Box, struggling to climb back inside, still hanging on by the tips of his rubbery orange gloves, gripping the doorframe like a stepladder. Our eyes met briefly, long enough to soak in the irony. "Newton's laws," I cried out. "What a gas!"

There was a forced silence. That was fine with me. I had nothing but time. The open road lay out ahead of us as far as the eye could see. He couldn't hang on forever.

I picked up the pie and cradled it. Boston Cream. I smiled earnestly at him. "This was my favorite trick," I told him. "Pie in the face." I cocked my arm and let fly. It was a bad throw. I incorrectly judged the wind resistance. It wasn't enough for the knockout blow. The pie

The Darkest of Days

CHAPTER ONE CONT'D FROM THE FULL LENGTH NOVEL

BY TED NEWMAN

KARSI AIRSPACE, NEAR THE KARSIAN MOON OF TOLIK-NIT

In the small but stalwart ship *Weragi II*, Sepos Sepotis sat next to his co-pilot, Abbat Taht. Directly behind them, Ambassador Teo Caliban sat, looking forward towards the growing planet of B'karan.

They had barely escaped the Leviathans. Holi Base was almost surely destroyed by now. Nobody knew what to do next- not Sepotis, Taht, Caliban nor any of the others. Yet the cruisers and fighters that made up the bulk of the Tyranian Space Navy had joined the ships evacuating Holi. Resistance numbers were small, compared to the fighting forces of the Overlord. But the strength of the Tyranians, in their sheer numbers of ships and soldiers, as well as in their undying courage and determination, helped to raise the spirits of all of the Resistance fighters.

A voice buzzed from the cockpit's radio-comm. "Captain Sepotis...it is a great honor to be speaking with you. This is Admiral Waraloo Vatussi of the Tyranian Naval Fleet."

"It is an honor to speak with you as well, Admiral. Your assistance in the evacuation is greatly appreciated."

"Think nothing of it, Captain. Our military forces would be foolish to stay waiting on the planet. I take it that we will speak further, in person, on Tolik-nit?"

"Yes, of course, Admiral. I look forward to meeting you in person."

"As do I, Captain Sepotis. Over and out."

Sepotis smiled softly, shaking his head. He had not failed to notice the facade of pleasantries that was in the Tyranian Admiral's voice. His smile vanished. That facade was unfortunate, as much as Sepotis found the Tyranian social manner somewhat amusing in general. Unity was important within the Resistance. And since the humans had formed a partial alliance with the Tyranians, tension had grown between the Tyranians and humans, and the Vorelhi and Qatarians. The unfortunate violence between the humans and the Vorelhi and Qatarians, upon the humans' arrival in the System, had made matters edgy. The Tyranian forces were a great addition to the Resistance, but if the humans were to ever secede from the Resistance, and fight independently, as rumors suggested, then the Tyranians would surely follow. Tyrania in general had no love lost with Vorelh and Qataria; even in the best of times, the alliances made had always been shaky. This worried Sepotis greatly, as it worried many other leaders within the Resistance. Trying to shake off his fears about the future, Sepotis concentrated on piloting the ship to the Karsian moon.

TOLIK-NIT

The crew of the *Weragi* and the other crews of Resistance ships were met on Tolik-nit by a large group of excited troops, most of them Karsians- white-furred, four-legged beings. Sepotis and Taht exited their ship quickly, rushing

to see what the fuss was about. "General" Thomas Lee Crantz met them halfway, on the main Tolik-nit landing pad. Crantz, a decorated human war veteran, was now actually a holder of the rank of Admiral in the Resistance Navy. Yet most other officers commemorated his valiant efforts in the Last War of Earth, in which he was an eighteen-year old general, with at least those of his rank or higher, calling him "The General." He often wore a lavish 25th century ceremonial military uniform, which an ancestor of his had worn, instead of the current field uniform. He came forward, grinning widely, extending a hand to Sepotis, which Sepotis shook.

"What is all this excitement about, Admiral Crantz?"

"You haven't yet heard, Captain Sepotis? There was a major skirmish between our ships and those of the Overlord, in the Boporos Outskirts."

"I had heard that Leviathans were approaching that way, Admiral. That is why we evacuated Holi Base."

"Yes, of course, Captain. At any rate, a great squad of our ships went face-to-face with those Leviathans, and we won!!! I was piloting an H-Engine myself, leading the squad- I saw the whole thing!"

Sepotis looked at the grinning, rugged face of Crantz, wondering if the man could be any more self-congratulatory.

"Were any Leviathans destroyed by your ships, Admiral? As skilled as you and your squad is, I find that hard to believe. How did you beat them?"

"It was rather odd, really. They retreated, after we had fired only a few shots."

"Well, perhaps they retreated, Admiral. But I feel that perhaps they did not deem it worthwhile to bother with destroying you. The Leviathans are mighty ships, and I don't see our ships defeating them, even with a whole squad of ours..."

"At any rate, we won," said Crantz gruffly, his smile fading. The man, only a foot or so shorter than Sepotis, glared squarely into Sepotis' face, turned away, and marched past several miniscule Vorelhi pilots.

Sepotis was pulled aside by Taht, who had been excitedly discussing the victory with a Karsian soldier.

"Isn't that great, Sepos? It's not often that you hear that, a squad of our ships fighting off a whole fleet of Leviathans..."

"No, one does not often hear that, Abbat. That's why I am suspicious."

Abbat stopped grinning, stopped sprinting alongside his friend, and stopped to think. Sepos was right. There were some skilled pilots with the Resistance, a few of whom Taht had trained himself; yet the Overlord's forces were not typically ones to bow down, or retreat quickly, even before students of Abbat Taht. The warriors who fought for the Overlord were fearless- and as cunning, wicked and soulless as their master himself was.

Sepotis and Taht entered into the main meeting tent of the Tolik-nit Base. Admiral Tarker met them there, as did Ambassadors K'Baess and Caliban. All three of their faces were in contrast to the excitement and celebration shown in the faces around them, outside the tent. Their faces were somber, their voices quiet.

"I take it that you do not share Admiral Crantz's enthusiasm about the encounter in the Outskirts?" said Sepotis.

"No...at least, not anymore," said K'Baess quietly.

"Those scoundrels...they took all the Karsian attack plans from the main computer on Holi Base. And the...prototype- that you, Captain Taht, were working on- they took that as well," growled Caliban.

"And then they destroyed the base," said Tarker dryly.

"The prototype...of the Spacejumper unit. The one ship to ever make the full

Crescent sweep in less than ten nanoseconds..." sighed Taht. "And now they have it. Now he has it."

"I am surprised that he did not have technology of this sort before," said Sepotis.

"I believe that magic- dark magic, is the Overlord's specialty, not technology. At any rate, things have now become more...complicated," replied K'Baess.

"What do you propose to do now, Ambassadors?" asked Sepotis.

"We must go before the Council of Ambassadors, and report the destruction of Holi Base, as well as the theft of this prototype," said Caliban.

"And the theft of our attack plans," added Sepotis. Caliban nodded.

At that moment, another being entered the tent. It was Ambassador Caliban's daughter, Leticia.

"There you are. I've been looking all over for you, Dad."

"Now's not a very good time to talk, hon; Go ahead and wait outside," said Caliban to his only child. The young female human turned dejectedly, a pouting look upon her face, and exited the tent.

Seeing the look on his daughter's face, Caliban called after her, "We'll spend some time together later, Leticia- I promise."

"Yeah, yeah..." she mumbled as she closed the tent's flap behind her.

K'Baess, Caliban and the others turned their attention back to the business at hand.

"Very well," said K'Baess. "We will depart for Haven, and report these events to the Council.

"The trip to Dar Knath'ben is a dangerous one, Ambassadors. Are you sure you wish to pursue this course of action?" said Sepotis, looking with a concerned visage to Caliban.

"Yeah, what with the Overlord's fleet heavily guarding the planet- well, if you actually make it to the planet surface, you could be stuck there for quite some time," said Taht.

"It is a risk we must take," said Caliban.

"Very well. Good luck, Ambassadors. May light shine on the path that lies ahead of you," said Sepotis, bowing his head ceremoniously to the Ambassadors.

"Do you wish to take your daughter with you, Ambassador Caliban?" asked Taht.

"I was hoping I could trust you two to personally watch over her- if it's not too much trouble," said Caliban.

"As you wish, Ambassador. She will be safe, I promise you. Come what may, we will protect her," said Sepotis.

"Thank you," said Caliban, who then turned and exited the tent.

"Farewell, my friends," said K'Baess. "I hope that we meet again soon."

"Yes, Ambassador. I pray that your journey is free of danger," replied Sepotis.

K'Baess then pulled Sepotis aside. "I fear for the Resistance, Sepotis. In particular, I think some of our greatest military leaders may act rashly. Crantz was lucky to live, as were his men. Keep an eye on him. If he tries foolhardily to attack the Overlord's men again...I pray you- don't let that happen. I fear Tarker, too, may want to go into a battle against any aggressors we may face at this time- we are weakened...we can't risk a battle right now. Keep things quiet until we return."

"As you wish, Ambassador," replied Sepotis. "I am wary of Admiral Crantz as well. I will do my best to... avoid any undue action on his part. I do not feel that Admiral Tarker is as rash as you think, but I will advise him against going into battle at this time."

"I thank you, Sepotis. Be well, my friends," said K'Baess, exiting the tent.

photograph by Anthony Dines

Septotis and Taht followed K'Baess out into the greenish sunset of the Karsian moon. Artificial lights began to shine eerily all around the base. Personnel transports sped busily around the premises, as workers hurried to finish their work before the sun had completely set. The rumble of H-Engines and Highspeeders in Tolik-nit's upper atmosphere could be heard, as they patrolled the darkening skies. Tomorrow would be a new day, and perhaps, then, hopes for the future could be renewed.

The Ballad of Io Noi

by Ab'herred Ja'cieel II

*I
Now I sit on a hill-
Many ages have passed.
And I gaze upon the great mountain
That once was a city-
The good city of Io Noi.*

*For 'tis told, my friends,
That the remains of the city
Lie far under the mighty peaks
Of the Mountain of Io Noi.*

*And I dream of the might that once was,
That yet remains
In each heart,
As a flame,
Undying.*

*The golden gates of the blessed city
Glistened in the newborn day.
The bright, blue sun shone and bathed
all the countryside in its light.
The guards stood still, still as stone
Waiting on the high parapets.*

*O, they all stood waiting, for what they
knew not,
Yet they stood expectant as stone idols.
For, that day, a horrible darkness was to
fall
O'er the blessed city
Of Io Noi.*

*Then a bell rang!
Clang! Clang!
The call went up-*

*From the North,
Came the Messengers of the City.
Abroad they had been, and now,
With unholy fire pursuing,
They had returned from whence they came.*

*Dead, they seemed-
these proud Messengers of the King.
With a final act of strength,
They told all kinsmen,
Of the horrors they'd seen,
And the horrors soon to come.*

*From the North came the unholy fire,
And't soon overwhelmed the sun.
The beams of light were beaten down,
By the many flames of darkness.*

*For the Foes of the City
Had come at last,
After many years of peace.
Red-eyed and swarthy,
Fang-toothed and grim,
The enemy was seen, ere long.*

*The brave warriors of Io Noi
Took up their arms and stood ready for bat-
tle.
At the head of his army, rode the King him-
self,
On a faithful, old dbnyhr.
Lord Tarnaio was strong,
And his face was bold,
Yet terror lurked deep within his heart.
For he saw the faces of his enemies,
And he could see they knew no fear.*

He forsook his doubts,
And the great leader of Io Noi
Led the charge against their Foes.

Cries rang out,
Swords clashed,
Armor was hewn,
And many a life was lost.

And in the end,
Among the dead
Alas, lay the King.
And beside him, his son,
The Prince.

Those who yet lived
Cried and despaired,
For they knew their deaths
Soon would come.

Still, one lone warrior
Stood to defend
The glory of Vorelb and Io Noi.
Sturdy and brave,
Ready for death,
He laughed as his enemies charged forth.
He cried out the name
Of his beloved city,
And called on his ancestors for courage.

And then, before him,
There seemed to pass
A ghostly train of warriors.
Whether 'twas true,
Or his eyes were deceitful
We shall ne'er know.

But a new courage he found,
This lone warrior,
And his comrades he called to arms.
Together they charged,
Forgetting all fear,
Crying out, as they ran

"Io Noi! Io Noi!
Io Noi!"

At the very end of the battle,

Not one soldier stood
From the mighty ranks
Of the Army of The City.

The city had fallen,
The land had been savaged,
And the enemy thought they had won.

Yet though walls had crumbled,
And death lay all 'round,
Something remained,
Quiet and still,
And the enemy quivered with fear.

For the sword may cut flesh,
And it may cleave armor,
But ne'er shall it shatter
The mighty spirit of Io Noi.

Now I sit on a hill-
Many ages have passed.
And I gaze upon the great mountain
That once was a city,
The good city of Io Noi.

For 'tis told, my friends,
That the remains of the city
Lie far under the mighty peaks
Of the Mountain of Io Noi.

And I dream of the might that once was,
That yet remains
In each heart,
As a flame,
Undying.

The mighty spirit of Io Noi is forever.

II
Io Noi will never fall,
For it lives on,
Forever,
In memory.

And on a cold winter's morn,
I almost can hear
The battle cries of my ancestors.

To the destitute and weak, I say:

Be proud, be brave!
To the miser on his throne:
Be wise, be just!
To those who have forgotten
The glory of the past,
Only one word:
Remember.

Io Noi and its glory
Flow as a river
Through my veins
And in memory.

If you show fear
If you bow down
If you give up the fight, beware:

For 'tis only with the might
Of Io Noi, my friends
'Tis only with the strength
Of Io Noi, my friends
'Tis only with faith
In Io Noi, my friends
That we shall see past the darkest of days.

Io Noi dies only
If we lose hope
If we fall down
If we forget.

Remember the might, the strength and the glory of Io Noi.

**The images used for the front and back
cover were submitted by the one, the
only...**

Anthony Dines

Project*****

WHAT I AM

Street smart - that's what I am:

Reared dirt poor, five kids to a bed, hardscrabble upbringing, ramshackle surroundings, busy thoroughfare bustling, cockroaches scurrying, overdue notices piling into a nice base for a wintry fire

In summer no insulation, heat-dripping sweatbox, paint peeling hovel, long hard walk to the price-gouging grocery store, pennies on the sidewalk, cracks in the bones of dead birds chirping their solemn unfinished song

Sun pounds on leathery skin, splash of graffiti adorns decaying delivery trucks, once humming with commerce, now relegated to junk purgatory

Toxic fumes fill malnourished chests, scavenging supermarket dumpsters for moldy bread, rotten lettuce, soured milk or discarded cigarette butts, beggars shakedown shuffle, malt liquor fueled miscommunication

I stand on the street, holes in my shoes, a hole in my heart, wholesale filth and deprivation in my head, the bitter sting of my father's backhand punishment, the gentle kiss of my mama's soothing assurance that one day things will be different Not better but different

Street smart - that's what I am; sure I am, cold hardened, tough-wizened and completely full of shit!

I didn't grow up in poverty, I didn't endure grievous hardships, all my suffering was self-inflicted, all of my dreams theoretically attainable in a clean suburban shelter with houses made out of ticky-tacky that all looked the same

Ennui briefly disrupted by excursions into South Pomona where I gladly befriended those of a different race, assisted by forced entry into a multi-ethnic high school where I eagerly shed the restrictions of my lily-white upbringing, my normal upbringing, my boring upbringing

I envy those that inveigh injustice, indignation, incomprehensible involvement but not me, I lit about frivolous irreverencies and things that do not change the world

If anything I'm cul-de-sac smart - that's what I am
Does this make me any less of a poet?

--- Kevin Ausmus

photograph by Anthony Dines



image courtesy of **Hero on a Stick**