

MODERNE  
ARTE



*Don't be part of the problem.*

the other side

november 2001



i reach out to touch you.

## the other side

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Why am I ashamed to put my name on this?

## PSYCHOLOGY AND TOS by Judi Lieberman

College is so stereotypically full of drama. I feel like that's what consumes my life here at times. Drama. Boyfriend drama. Girlfriend drama. Sex drama. Friendship drama. Family drama. Home life drama. Academic drama. Convuluted fucked-up drama. Drama that makes me think. Drama that stresses me out. Drama that takes up my time and energy. Drama that keeps me up at night. But do you know what the funny thing is about all of this? Its not MY drama I'm talking about here. Its everyone else's drama. Relevant to me only through the people to whom it belongs. And why is it that I carry all this weight of other people's drama on my shoulders? Because I have no drama of my own. That's right. I am one of those fortunate brats that has a near-perfect (otherwise known as boring) life. Now let me assert, at this point, that my purpose here is certainly not to bitch and whine while bragging how I have friends who confide in me and have an easy life, because I can see that that is how this is coming across. So please don't take it that way.

I will say that the amount of drama in one's life is relevant to how dramatic the person is. Hell, maybe I just surround myself with over-dramatic people that make me seem boring merely out of comparison. But I wonder, could it be that because my life is so starkly un-dramatic that I unconsciously seek the drama of others? How lame. I hate how the unconscious works sometimes. Although I guess its sort of an innate quality in all of us. I mean that's why we love our talk shows and soap operas so much. We crave drama...when its not our own. (HERE COMES SEGUAY TO REASON #1 TO SUBMIT TO THE OTHER-SIDE) And we like to read about it too. So here's what you can do about it: write about all of your social, political and personal fucked-up drama- or lack of it- and have it published in TOS for all of us drama-hungry readers to enjoy.

(REASON #2 TO SUBMIT TO THE OTHERSIDE) Its funny how things seem so important at their time of relevancy but are really infinitely insignificant in the scheme of things. We often look back and laugh at how seriously we took ourselves. Take all this drama bullshit, for example. Tomorrow I'll be asking myself, "Do I really have nothing else better to do but write about how the drama in my life is really just everyone else's drama?" But the point is, so what if what I thought yesterday doesn't make a bit of sense, or seems stupid today. It mattered at the time. The only way to really capture our exact feelings is on paper, at a given moment. So I did. And you should too. Maybe you already do it. So again, my point is, submit to TOS. Thanks.

## Editors' Desk

The literary magazine at my high school was called Folio. We produced one magazine at the end of the year and it was a big deal. They put them in our admissions office and mailed them out to every family in the school. It was a lot of fun, but I hated the process. Students couldn't submit writings (unless of course they were friends with the teacher that ran the whole operation); instead the teachers submitted them. Whenever a teacher happened to give a creative writing assignment, they would take the 'A' papers and turn them into us. We would then decide what would go into the magazine. Our magazine was good, but it was typical. There was a lot of good writing published, but never anything out of the ordinary, nothing that questioned the norm. The Other Side accepts everything. That is why we are here, so that the Pitzer community can have their say. We are known for making it clear what we believe, for letting our opinions be known, for being creative and artistic. This is your outlet to be Pitzer. It is your chance to have a voice. Embrace the opportunity because not every school allows this kind of undertaking to happen. This is part of what makes our college so unique.

- Leanne Stein

Dear Other Side,

Censorship bums me out. The Other Side bills itself as a free outlet for any and all two-dimensional creations. I submitted a piece of writing last month and it was not published. My friend submitted poetry and it was not published.

The Other Side has the potential to be an amazingly unique reflection of the collective consciousness of Pitzer College. Imagine a society in which every citizen's voice had equal opportunity to be not only heard, but professionally published. A truly free exchange of ideas! We'll never have a chance to see that anywhere but here. For that to happen, the magazine must not exercise any prior restraint over what it publishes. It doesn't matter how offensive you find something. It doesn't matter how crappy you think it is. If someone in the Pitzer community has something they want said, then it should be said.

Perhaps you thought my piece was racist. It was a satire on xenophobia, morons. But even if it was racist, even if it was overtly hateful, you do not have the right to hide that sentiment from the community. Left-wing intolerance is not righteous.

If such ideas do exist on campus, then we all should be made aware of it. Media control can lull us all into an ignorant sleep if it keeps our festering sores a secret. If you're worried about being held responsible for controversial material, simply make it clear that you do not censor anyone, and do not take responsibility for the ideas contained in each piece.

Perhaps you thought my friend's poetry was god-awful. So do I. But if they have the guts to put it out there, then you should have the guts to publish it. Who are you to say what is "good enough" for the student magazine? Shouldn't that be at the discretion of the students who take the time to submit? A piece of artwork was published last month by someone who does not even attend our school. I think that's great. Let's make the Pitzer community as undefined and **INCLUSIVE** as possible.

And don't tell me to come to your meetings. Submitters should not have to come personally defend their right to be published.

I know you have the financial means to publish everything you receive. As an avid reader of TOS, I request that you do so. If I'm confused as to the purpose of the student magazine, please let me know. Maybe it really is intended to reflect only the ideas and values of the ten staff members.

Sincerely,  
Carrie Waits

TOS Responds:

The Other Side magazine is a publication of the students of Pitzer College. The staff reserves the right to edit or refuse any material, although we usually don't. The opinions expressed in this magazine do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the staff, or even the authors themselves.

Hey, relax. There were a number of submissions that didn't make it into last month's issue. This was mostly due to lack of time and experience, and had little to do with any judgement on the quality of the work. TOS appreciates controversial material and loves passionate responses, such as the one to the left. In fact, we pretty much agree with most of it. TOS should be inclusive (god knows we have published a lot of shitty stuff in our time).

However, we think that if someone has a problem with the magazine, they 100% should come to the meeting. If you want it to be your magazine, take some responsibility and change it. We meet at 9pm at the Grove House every Tuesday, morons.

The poem in question is printed on the next page.

Gulliver

do you wanna know what i think? i think that it was the ants. everywhere i look i see ants. they are tiny but they are infinite. and there are more and more all the time.

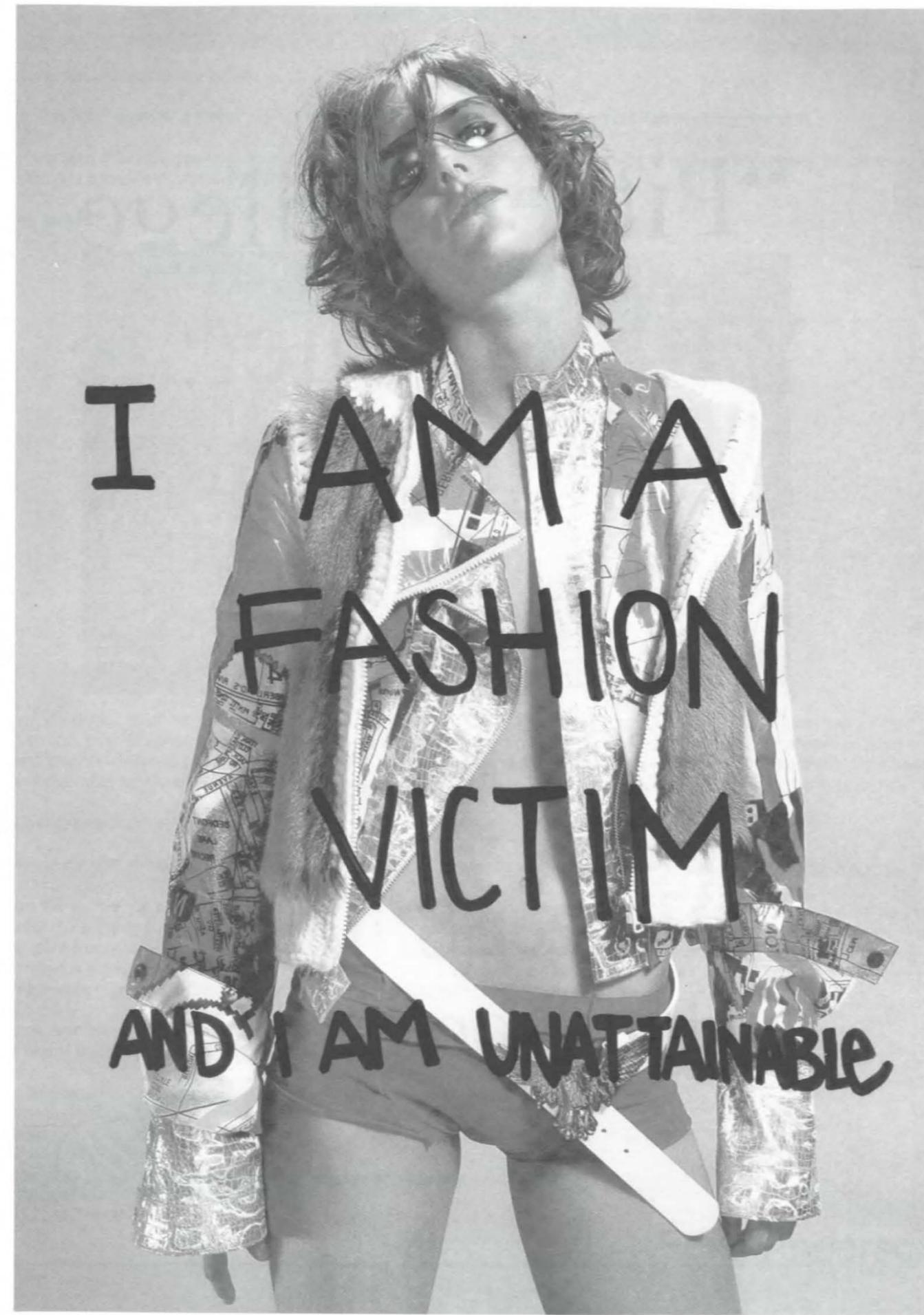
i try to live in peace with them, even allowing them to crawl all over my arms, my legs, and my everything in undisturbed peace. but lately i have caught a few of them biting me. they are tiny, it doesn't really hurt, but what have i done to them? and there are more and more of them all the time. suddenly, i am not so tolerant.

suddenly, i see their marches on my trash can and i don't even hesitate to spray the bastards with Wax-ie Bug Off(TM). before i might have tried to stop someone else from hurting them, but now i am ruthless.

and it has dawned on me that it was the ants who ordered those hijackings. perhaps the "arabs" were actually just huge armies of ants, stuffing themselves into human clothes. have you seen the scale of ant military organization? i have followed ant marches for miles, i swear.

why don't we just smite the motherfuckers? they are definitely un-American. hell, they're not even human! and even if they didn't do those things, a couple of them definitely bit me. and there are more and more all the time.

- Carrie Waits



I AM A  
FASHION  
VICTIM  
AND I AM UNATTAINABLE

“Pitzer College  
will ~~not~~ tolerate  
sexual offenses  
of any kind.”

-Pitzer Student  
Handbook, p. 53



PHYSICAL ACCOMADATION AND SUBJUGATION: a love story

Or

'this land is your land'

i told him i had nothing to say to him.

he tilted his head down and looked up at me. he walked over, small smile, and put his hands on my stomach.

something shut off. i was dimmed. autopilot, and then all i could feel was the air moving in and out of my body, discerning only its presence and absence on the inside of my mouth.

then we fucked.



photo - shana doerr

afterwards i stared up at the ceiling for a while. i thought about ice, the way in springtime the world froze over every single night, and then spent the day dripping and melting, and about the sad young golden retriever next door who was always chained up outside and you could always hear barking. i went into the bathroom and sat on the toilet. i felt sick. i just sat there. i got back into bed and didn't say anything. i just stared straight up and closed my eyes every time i knew he was about to look at my face.

then i went home.

i got in the car and turned to radio up really loud. i had to. i drove real fast and sang along. i never made complete stops.

i turned the shower up really really hot. i stood underneath the parting and rejoining streams and did not think a single thing. i looked at the edge of the tub at my collection of razors. pink ones, the cheap kind, Lady Bic, a bag of 20 for \$2.49. most of the blades were rusted. i didn't like the thought of rust in my bloodstream. i found a clean one i had already broken apart, used a pen to unsnap the sides, recovered the thin metal from its pink plastic casing. look down. 2 lines intersecting on my low belly, right above the dark of my pubic hair. the red seeping out, the water washing it away.

he came over later that night, knocking on my bedroom window, getting me out of bed. i let him in. i could tell he was very drunk. he said he was

sorry. he started to cry and i was afraid he was going to get angry. he came up and put his arms around me. "just hold me", he said.

his sobs were thin, i could feel his muscles jerk against my body. "JUST FUCKING HOLD ME GODDAMNIT!"

and i did.

[personal is political.]

Erika Anderson!

## The Unique Characteristics of Black

### Everyone Looks Good In Black

It is true what they say about there being no wrong way to wear black. I think we should celebrate that kind of universal appeal. The October 22 Coalition must have realized this when they designated black as the color to wear in solidarity against police brutality. I appreciated the unique qualities of the un-color when I climbed into the Pitzer van with fifteen or so hipsters on our way to the march and rally in Los Angeles to "Stop Police Brutality, Repression and the Criminalization of a Generation". I did not know what to expect, but black goes from day to evening, ready for anything. As we drove, I imagined thousands of black-clad people marching with us – activist chic.

### Black Goes with Any Color

It is good that black is versatile, because with so many people, so many causes, you have to allow for individual interpretation. The anarchists were purists – all black, while the communists were striking in their dramatic red and black. Appearance is like a visual weapon. As we assembled at the corner of Olympic and Broadway in Downtown LA, I gazed in appreciation of the scope of colors and causes represented in the group. They wore black and yellow bandanas to free Mumia Abu-Jamal, blue triangle stickers with black writing to raise awareness for the thousands of people killed crossing the border every year. Black was our unity – the cause that solidified the rest. Being together was powerful. We were progressive and human and wearing black and that was big.

### Black Makes you Look Thin

I marched with hundreds of people, and maybe thousands more saw us that day on the street or on the evening news. I carried my "Stop Police Brutality" sign past people on the sidewalk that stopped shopping to observe the spectacle of politics taken to the streets. I wondered how many of them had watched someone get manhandled by over-zealous officers, or if any of them had been pulled over for driving a nice car or talking on a cell phone and not being white. I grew up in the suburbs. I remember being indignant about an officer hassling my friends for being out past the 11:00pm curfew. I was marching next to a man with a sign that said "An Officer Broke down My Door." I was such a small girl in such a big movement. My experience was so narrow and so sheltered. Police officers lined the streets as we passed, framing our statement with their riot gear. I crept, small and vulnerable.

### Black Absorbs Heat

We stopped marching in front of the Police Headquarters, but then extended around the next block symbolically surrounding the building. Some of my group sat down in the shade and gazed in wonder at the mass congregation. Heat waves, maybe, but my brain turned off and I entered reaction and fear, a place of action without rationality. The heat of the moment. I heard shots and I looked around desperate to find a leader to re-establish my order. We ran and backed away as fast as we could from the leading edge of the men on horseback or in riot gear firing rubber bullets. People told me to sit, so I sat. I burned up as they approached and finally stopped ten feet from where we sat. I held Sarah's hand and tried not to break down as she cried. I was very far from home, very far from anything familiar. We sat in the sun and waited and listened and smoldered. The march organizers and speakers told about their lost children, wasted children, victims of mistakes.

### Black and Blue

We broke the tension and stood. As a tight group we stumbled back along the route we had marched so proudly before. Cops rode beside us, herding us onto the sidewalks. Men with families hid fearfully behind their badges. Maybe they are my neighbors. We clung to one another and they pursued us. I wanted to be home and I wondered if home was any more secure. I lost hold of anyone I recognized and let myself be carried away by anxiety and the safety of the massive black block. I found Andy back at the start of the parade route. The cops in vans followed us for a few blocks as we dragged our adrenaline-tired selves to the meeting spot. We finally found our party, and drove back to Claremont, limping and exhausted. I thought of Irvin Landrum and all of the other victims of police brutality as I looked up at the comforting blackness of the Claremont night sky. I sighed and shifted my weight to save my bruised sense of security.

- Stephanie Forman  
October 2000



photo - shana doerr

July  
By Kate Johnston

We (Sammy, Britt, and I) went to the lake and jumped off the spillway. We swam out past these yellow barrel things you can try to balance on to this rock we had never seen before. It – the rock – was about fifteen feet offshore and taller than Britt. We climbed to the top. It wasn't flat but orange and jutted out in 100 different peaks so sunbathing up there sucked. You couldn't jump off it either because the lake got really shallow all around its base. The only reason we hung out on top of this rock for so long was you could drive it around like a big awkward boat.

Sammy found the steering wheel right off, even though it was rusted to a color not far from that of the rock itself. We figured it had been in the lake—the steering wheel had—and got beached there when the water went down, but nobody could pick it up, and it's not like those things are really heavy, so we knew it had to be connected to the rock. Right after that we found the ignition, which was also rusted. We had to scrape the orangy powder off before we stuck my house key in there. The rock started right up.

We drove it all around the lake. Nothing really that exciting happened. It couldn't go very fast—not like you could water ski from it or anything—but it was pretty pleasant to sit carefully on the rock's spiky top and watch the gravel and water churn up under us as we putted along.



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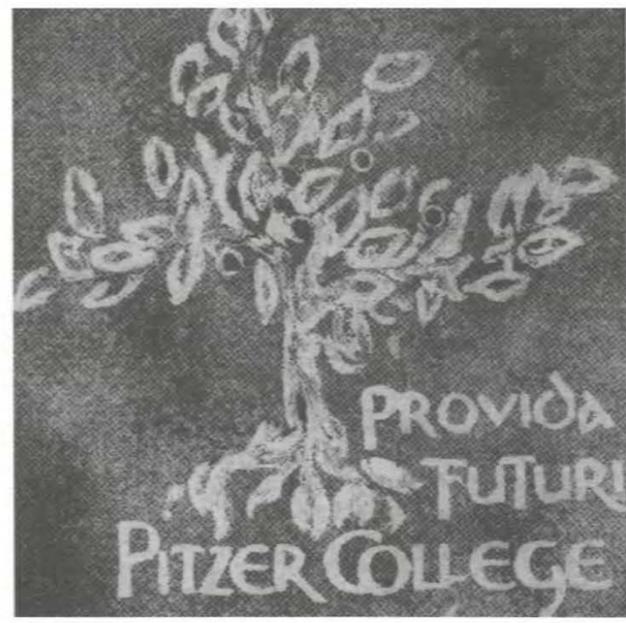


Will you be my community?

Stephanie Forman

It all started with tomatoes. Slicing a tomato in the slim slices required by the Grove House, or rather Rachel's standards, is not an affair to be taken lightly, however when the deed is being undertaken at the untimely hour of nine in the morning, all bets are off. I was quietly filling the scratched, but yet still bright, rectangular container with slim slices of tomato when the words hit me. "You better fill that whole container, Mia, you never know what kind of day its going to be". It was then when I realized that my personal mantra had been handed to me from the divine through my boss.

Preparing for the unpredictable has been one the tools that I have recently bestowed in my Batman-like utility belt all thanks to Pitzer. Items that are also included in this belt is a shot of espresso for emergencies (which these days is just about every day), a round of red cups and trash bags (items bestowed to me thanks to all my Thursday nights spent at the Grove House), a way too in-depth knowledge of the history of Stickly furniture and the Grove House, sunglasses, a talent for bullshitting, and the keys to my house and car. Somehow my most



desired item (the thing that enables Batman to walk up buildings with the greatest ease) escapes me-perhaps that's reserved for the truly talented only, one day it shall be mine.

Jesus, where was I? In my fixation with Batman (which I honestly don't have) I seemed to have lost the point of this whole article. Oh right.

Just how everybody's clever quotes get written down is a mystery to me, however, someone (who really cares) once said that life is what happens when your making other plans. I feel that this quote is applicable to my experience at Pitzer.

Pitzer is what happened to me when

I was making other plans. When I started to make plans for improving (or hey, at least honestly trying to improve) the social life of this campus I suddenly found that I developed deep pride for the school I've been thinking of transferring out of for at least two of the four years I've been here. But once again, every day at Pitzer is not the same as the last. Indeed Rachel, we better fill that whole container because you never really know what kind of a day its going to be at Pitzer, and thank God for that.

-mia floisand

# Alcohol Removes Grease.

IT HAS FEW EQUALS AS  
A REMOVER OF THINGS.

IT WILL REMOVE

The Coat from a Man  
The Dress from a Woman  
The Frock from a Child

## ALCOHOL

Will Remove Money from the Pocket  
Ambition from the Heart  
Hope from the Soul

Alcohol Removes Furniture from the House  
Joy from the Household  
Happiness from the Home

BUT IT LEAVES

Ragged Garments, Tear-Stained Faces,  
Broken Hearts, Polluted Lives, Buried  
Hopes, Wrecks, Ruin and Death.

## Mad Libs, Pitzer Style!

Just fill in the blanks with the correct type of word, then insert the word into the correct space on the next page and read it aloud for a fun surprise!

1. adjective gray
2. plural noun duckies
3. noun banana
4. adjective peachy
5. adjective soft
6. noun space
7. adjective voluptuous
8. plural noun shoes
9. adjective cushy
10. adjective spiked
11. adjective annoying
12. verb run
13. verb ending in -ing stapling
14. adjective short
15. verb print
16. adjective ~~top~~ cylindrical
17. adjective acidic
18. verb sail
19. noun shirt
20. noun bubble
21. noun puppy
22. noun desk
23. noun collarbone
24. adjective born-again
25. plural noun chairs
26. plural noun ideals
27. plural noun boys
28. verb sew
29. plural noun elephants
30. noun chord
31. plural noun ~~the~~ stations (radio)
32. adjective naked
33. verb sing
34. adjective purple
35. noun orange
36. plural noun dots

## Pitzer College

Founded in 1963, Pitzer College is a 1 liberal arts and 2 college offering a Bachelors in 3 degree. 4 and 5 sciences, the arts, humanities, natural sciences, and 6 studies are very 7 at the College. Enrolling approximately 850 8 and women, Pitzer College is part of the 9 educational environment known as the Claremont Colleges – a consortium of five 10 colleges and two graduate institutions.

Within Claremont, Pitzer's educational philosophy is 11. Pitzer strives to 12 individual growth while at the same time 13 community. Students create their own 14 programs in close 15 with their faculty advisors. There are no lists of 16 requirements, rather students choose their courses with a 17 set of Educational Objectives. Working with faculty and 18, they have the opportunity to build the 19 in which they reside by serving on 20 and becoming voting members of College Council, the 21's decision-making 22.

Pitzer celebrates cultural diversity and 23. Students of ethnically 24 backgrounds come from all 25 of the United States as well as nearly 20 other 26. One of Pitzer's Educational Objectives challenges students to develop a set of 27 that will 28 an issue from the perspective of at least two 29 and disciplines. Intercultural and interdisciplinary learning are highly valued at Pitzer. Students are encouraged to take advantage of these 30 as well as many other 31 available in Claremont, to become proficient in a 32 language, and thus 33 and strengthen their appreciation of global diversity.

Pitzer College is located in the city of Claremont, a 34 community of some 35,000 residents, noted for its tree-lined 35 and numerous 36.



## The Role of the Nation in Producing "Terrorism"

With the pronouncement of "war" shortly after the September 11 attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, President Bush initiated a process of bringing a nation-state into readiness for armed conflict. At the time of the President's declaration, thousands were known to be dead (now estimated between five and six thousand) as a result of an act of violent destruction that seemed unparalleled in U.S. history. Moreover, an enemy was declared to exist, an enemy that was said to have caused considerable killing and destruction of life, livelihood, and property, the enemy known as "terrorism." In time-honored fashion, the President and other leaders of the U.S., quickly followed by leaders in other nations, began to describe this enemy in terms suitable to those who would perpetrate such horrible acts. Well-established categories ready to hand for describing this enemy and the U.S. were brought into play, such as the paired terms of "savage" and "civilized", "brutal" and "innocent", "evil" and "good." These paired terms work towards two purposes: first, to establish the subhuman character of the enemy so that it will be acceptable to kill other humans in armed conflict, and, secondly, to shore up the value and virtue of the shaken nation or other group that sees itself under attack and justified in entering the conflict. Here we can recognize the opening of the propaganda campaign of a nation on a war-footing, both preparing national citizens for killing the "savages" who have done these "evil" deeds and also for the possible death of its "good" citizens in military conflict. It is through these terms and categories that nation-states and other groups "produce" their enemies. This production occurs in a complex way extending well beyond the real world events of bombings, killings, and collapsing buildings, as seen in John Dower and other historians of wartime rhetoric and propaganda for World War II and other military conflicts. In the present case it is readily demonstrable that the U.S. has pursued for decades (but more intensively during the post-Cold War years) the production of an enemy for the U.S. defined not by national identity but by affiliation with "terrorism" in its foreign policy, in intelligence gathering, and in media reporting and commentary, as shown in the work of Edward Said, for example. It is in this sense that the citizens of the U.S. and our elected leaders are participating in the production of the current enemy, known as "terrorism." This process of producing enemies, such as "terrorists," is invariably constructed around categories of social difference, rather than occurring at the "instinctual" or "gut" level which some claim is common to all peoples universally. In this case it is constructed along lines of ethnic (some have even termed racial) and religious differences, as contrasted with the anti-Japanese feelings shaped along national (although also in complex ways racial) lines and anti-Soviet feelings also produced along national lines together with ideological and economic fissures. These categories of social difference play themselves out under the pressures of national policy objectives both internationally and domestically, as we have seen recently in the killings of U.S. citizens by other citizens and the spread of racial profiling from an emphasis on Latinos and African Americans to include those who appear "Arab" or "Muslim" and from the streets to the skies. This recent deployment of violence and surveillance by the nation state betrays once again the racial basis of the nation state even in its contested relations with its own citizenry. By emphasizing the issues of representation in such conflicts, I am not trivializing the real world consequences of the 9-11-01 attacks nor the causes of the Arab and Muslim dissatisfaction and even rage at the U.S. and its geopolitical allies. Rather, I am suggesting that this process of producing enemies is not so "natural" as repulsion at the killing of innocent people might seem initially. Instead, we must come to recognize the selective character of the representations produced

by the nation-state of those who perpetrate certain types of violence as unacceptable individuals and groups, and the selective character of the violence perpetrated by the nation-state that derives from these representations. Such representations are always highly politicized and always controversial, no matter how "natural" they may seem at first. Indeed, the claim that "all people" would share the revulsion at the 9-11-01 attacks is itself part of the campaign to unify a nation's citizens. This can be readily seen when we recall that there are many comparable acts of violence that have not enraged U.S. and other political elites nor mobilized the U.S. citizenry. This selectivity is where we may begin to see the highly politicized character of the designation of the perpetrators of certain acts of violence as "evil" and worth mobilizing against, while other comparable acts of violence are not designated as "evil" or in some cases not even worth public mention by governments and the media. The acceptance of the need for violence is always selective in any society. Accepting and indeed condoning killing and other violence is a key task for which leaders of nation-states must prepare their citizens during times of armed conflict. This is a rare and important moment in any nation's history, since nation-states generally punish those who kill other humans and reject many forms of violence. Of course, other than warfare there are well-established exceptions to claims to the abhorrence of killing and violence by the modern nation-state, most obviously perhaps capital punishment and the killing of individuals and group members by police authorities in the pursuit of their duties. However, if we reject the violence of September 11, 2001 and want justice served on its perpetrators, we must do so consistently and not selectively. Such consistency is important if the U.S. as a nation and its citizens as individuals wish to avoid charges of selectively applying political, legal, financial, and military responses to occasions that suit U.S. foreign policy ends rather than uniformly across the board, charges which damage our credibility and leadership. Moreover, such consistency opens up a wide range of possible responses to the September 11 attacks that we can pursue if we choose to not align ourselves with the U.S. military response. How might we move towards more careful consideration of rejecting such killing and violence? We might begin by recalling that largely unnoticed killing on the scale of the attacks in New York and Washington goes on every day around the globe. In an eerily prescient article from 1999, Diana Brown pointed out that the number of women that would be killed in three jumbo jet crashes die every day unnecessarily from pregnancy-related causes, nearly all of which are preventable. These women have been deprived of their full human rights, not the least of which are health care and full reproductive rights. Yet Brown pointed out that virtually nobody in the United States hears about this ongoing daily tragedy, perhaps because these deaths, which total about 600,000 per year or about 1,650 each day, occur primarily in the third world and among women. A second example comes from United Nations figures, which have been used to estimate that at least six million children (or about 16,500 per day) under five years of age have died every year since 1982 in Asia, Africa, and Latin America as a result of structural adjustment programs of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. These adjustment programs have been applied since the 1980s under the leadership of U.S. banking and political officials, including former U.S. Defense Secretary Robert MacNamara and President Reagan, as part of U.S. global economic policy, and the U.S. is widely resented for leadership on these policies and their deadly effects. An example that does not focus on exclusively on human deaths, would be the ongoing killings of millions of dolphins and endangered sea turtles each year. These killings are a result of the striking down by World Trade Organization proceedings of U.S. and other laws protecting them

from tuna and other fishing techniques that entrap and accidentally kill the dolphins. Another example might be taken from the BBC, where it has been reported that about four million deaths are caused each year by the tobacco industry through deaths from smoking-related illnesses. That works out to nearly 11,000 per day, or just about double the number of individuals who it is now estimated were killed in the September 11 attacks. Yet these deaths occur on a daily basis, so the tobacco industry could be said to literally be making a killing through their sales and profits. In contrast to the deaths caused by diseases, in all three of these cases the deaths are caused by human policy decisions. And of course these examples could be multiplied, if we were to consider well-established statistics on deaths from auto accidents worldwide, from diseases related to air pollution, or from adult malnutrition and starvation, or by other preventable causes. Moreover, these unnecessary deaths occur in the first world as in the third world, if we consider the effects of insufficient health care on impoverished women in the U.S., the sometimes deadly effects seen from the shredding of the social safety net that has visited the U.S. during the same period as the application of adjustment programs in the third world, and the occurrence of some 1,000 deaths each day domestically from diseases related to cigarette smoking. In sum, there are many types of killings of humans that occur on an ongoing, daily basis on a scale comparable to that of the New York and Washington attacks. Clearly, our choice is one of selecting the types of killing, destruction, and tragedy that we reject, and one of mobilizing our resources as individuals, group members, and even as a nation for pursuing justice for the perpetrators of those deeds. Whether the killing occurs in spectacular fashion on national television or gradually and unseen in the low-profile, grinding conditions of insufficient health care, poverty, or disease, the tragic losses are still substantial, irreversible, and destructive in their impacts and felt personally by family members, coworkers, and others around the world as they were here in the U.S. In recognizing that there are many types of ongoing and one-time events of killing and destruction, we can see that we may choose to reject just one or more than one of these types of killing. That presents us with a dilemma: we must decide whether or not to go along with the U.S. national focus on one major tragedy, that of September 11, 2001, and implicitly to go along with the erasure of so many other types of killing. Whichever we choose, it will be a highly politicized act, one that may or may not participate in the production of "terrorism" as defined within the limitations being defined by the nation-state. Here I am not proposing that we lose our focus on the events of this past September and the ongoing conflict, or that the U.S. cease its search for those who planned and facilitated the attacks on the World Trade Center or the Pentagon. Like many I believe that killing should be avoided, and like many I believe that those who kill should be brought to justice. Rather, I am suggesting that if we wish to reject such killing, we must avoid a narrow, parochial, and indeed jingoistic focus on one group of killings while ignoring and obscuring other types of killings, violence, and destruction. These events have provided an important moment for the U.S. as a nation-state to stand up and reject the killing and destruction of September 11, but it is also crucial to do so in a way that opens our vision out to a broader setting than the domestic one or one focused on the threat of "terrorism" of a limited and particular sort. That is why many are opposed to attacks by the U.S. military forces that have already killed innocent people in Afghanistan and perhaps elsewhere in future attacks, and why we now have a burgeoning international peace movement. Yet perhaps more importantly these terrible events and the violence of the response of the U.S. and its allied states offer us an invitation to move beyond the limits of the nation state in our own considered response.

If we wish to organize our resources against mass killing in a manner outside of the frame presented by the nation state, there are many options available. These options range from well-established international organizations to faith communities or unions to activist organizations to the amorphous and decentralized affinity groups of recent international trade protest movements to non-governmental organizations. Yet we must be cautious and informed in our selection of who to support and to work with. Many of these established organizations themselves may be complicit in a variety of ways in the mass deaths that are not generally designated as "terrorist." For example, we might find this complicity in the support of faith communities and labor unions of governments and economic elites enacting policies that lead to killing on a mass scale, whether defined in terms of development policies that kill through impoverishment and a failure to provide women with education and health care; international organizations and non-governmental organizations may support international trade and banking policies such as structural adjustment policies that kill women and children by condoning high maternity and infant mortality rates; or various non-governmental organizations may work with corporations and governments not opposed to tobacco sales. Yet many such organizations do very important work that attacks the problems of health care, nutrition, and corporate sales that kill so many every day. Women's maternal mortality rates are being addressed effectively by the International Red Cross and the international arm of Planned Parenthood, the United Nations High Commissioner of Refugees, Women's EDGE: Economic Development and Global Equality ([www.womensedge.org](http://www.womensedge.org)), and Women's Environment and Development Organization ([www.wedo.org](http://www.wedo.org)), among other organizations. Child mortality is being addressed by the World Health Organization and by U.N.I.C.E.F. Opposition to structural adjustment programs imposed by the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund that devastate women's healthcare and raise infant mortality rates is being carried out by the many organizations that are active in the anti-globalization mass movement, such as Food First, 50 Years is Enough, the International Forum on Globalization ([www.ifg.org](http://www.ifg.org)), the Direct Action Network, Focus on the Global South ([www.focusweb.org](http://www.focusweb.org)), Public Citizen ([www.tradewatch.org](http://www.tradewatch.org)), Global Exchange, and the Third World Network ([www.twinside.org.sg](http://www.twinside.org.sg)). Many of these same organizations organize against the World Trade Organization and its erosion of U.S. environmental laws protecting dolphins, endangered species, and indeed the erosion of the democratic process itself. The battle against deaths caused by tobacco-related diseases is being waged by IN FACT, which also made its name fighting the campaign against Nestle infant formula, and by the Program on Corporations, Law, and Democracy ([www.poclad.org](http://www.poclad.org)), the Transnational Research and Action Center ([www.corpwatch.org](http://www.corpwatch.org)), and the Interfaith Center for Corporate Responsibility ([www.iccr.org](http://www.iccr.org)), not to mention some state health departments in the U.S. Student organizations involved in this work include Youth Action for Global Justice ([www.justact.org](http://www.justact.org)), Cultural Survival ([www.cs.org](http://www.cs.org)), Grassroots International ([www.grassrootsonline.org](http://www.grassrootsonline.org)), and the Student Alliance to Reform Corporations ([www.corpreform.org](http://www.corpreform.org)). This is only a sampling of the many organizations focused on the three case studies of mass killings, yet there are many more working on these and the many other issues that lead to death on a mass scale every day. As you can see, the opposition to the perpetrators of mass-scale deaths that have not been designated as "terrorism" by the United States and its national allies is international in scope, extends across many types of organizations, and is already well-organized. Yet many of the most important successes of these organizations go unreported, unless these successes involve successful campaigns to force changes among the policies of nation states, such as ending apartheid in South Africa

and getting a treaty passed banning land mines. We do not hear about the successes of these organizations in lowering maternal mortality rates in Egypt or Turkey, as sociology professor Ann Stromberg has pointed out, or other victories in the war on infant mortality and tobacco-related illnesses. If we reorient our efforts to combat mass killings and violence to a framework that does not center on the nation state, we will also be redefining what we mean by "enemies" in terms that differ from those of the U.S. and its national allies. We might find ourselves asking how might we pursue the perpetrators of killing on the massive scale of transnational organizations like the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and tobacco corporations in order to bring them to justice? We might find ourselves asking why was it that some 8,000 individuals were killed and 300,000 injured in 1984 when a Union Carbide plant leaked poisonous gases into the neighborhoods of Bhopal, India, yet their government did not declare war on all such corporations and the nations that harbor them as a result? These questions point out the highly politicized and controversial nature of the choices we make when we are selective about which killings we reject and which we allow to pass us by without mobilizing our individual, group, and even national resources. As our "enemies" shift we might also notice that our understanding of Islam and Arab groups would become more complex. If we were to refrain from demonizing the so-called "terrorists," we might characterize them in ways different from those we tend to rely on in the frenetic search for "enemies" of the nation state. We might see Islamic fundamentalist movements, for example, as what could be called radical, faith-based critiques of the secularism, materialism, commodification, and objectification of capitalist modernity. Indeed, we might come to see Islam as a basis with many other religions (including not just the Biblical traditions but also Buddhism and earth-based traditions) as providing us with important resources for a critique of and for organizing against the worst aspects of modernity, including not just capitalist exploitation and environmental devastation but also sexist resource distribution and the violence of the nation state itself.

We can take the widespread generosity and arousal of humanitarian compassion following the September 11 attacks as a takeoff point for a movement that goes beyond narrow nationalistic definitions of the value of life, rather than for only jet bombers and Tomahawk missiles. History has shown time and again that the nation-state through its leadership tends to respond violently in terms defined by its narrow policy interests in time of conflict and crisis. It may serve us well to consider how to move beyond the terms of the nation-state in our response during an age when our "enemies" are no longer defined by national boundaries, the violent perpetrators are not nations whether they be terrorist networks or transnational organizations like the World Bank and large corporations, and the problems we face are clearly transnational in scale. For those of us who do not choose to accept the narrowly defined definition being proposed by the U.S. of which deaths count and which do not, of who is a terrorist and who is not, then we can act in opposition to a broader array of mass killings than just those of September 11. As the conflict over "terrorism" drags on over the years to come, I am afraid that each renewed attack against and by the United States will provide us with still another opportunity to reconsider the nationalist frame of analysis, the narrow limits of our definitions of "terrorist" and "enemy," and the terms of our own responses and the targets of our actions.

Joe Parker  
International and Intercultural Studies  
Pitzer College



zach weiner

CROWS IN MILK

There were dead crows floating  
in my milky cereal this morning.  
I maneuvered around and between them,  
catching pieces of sweet flakes with my silver spoon,  
trying my damndest to avoid the dead birds.  
But there they were.  
Dead and black and feathered.  
Floating in the milk.  
After six bites, I gave up.  
I dumped my bowl into the sink, pouring out the contents.  
The milk and soggy cereal went happily, oozily down the drain.  
But the dead bird bodies remained.  
They laid there, contrasting starkly against the hard white skin  
Of my stainless kitchen sink.  
Too big to fit down the drain.  
Too black to fade into the sink.  
Too dead to hide in the morning.  
I was afraid to touch them.  
After all, I don't really know how to deal with death.

Phil Zuckerman

Oct. 2001



A dividing Lawn

Art – the creation of beauty out of the ordinary – the most magnificent embellishment of sorrow – the purest transfer of ultra-sensory impressions which leave no trace of the transferring agent or the media through which it transferred – the realization of truth – the creation of novelty – Being in motion – static Being – Being – all of these – none of these – bullshit – the un-Art.

The aesthetic question vacillates between the mechanical and the abstract as two entities that pull each other to gain victory. Each can exist without the other: (1) Which comes first, mechanical or the abstract (which in this case I will refer to as the beautiful)? (2) What is beautiful?

Nascence:

A baby girl was born today: Six pounds, twelve ounces. She went into a sudden coma, for the experience of the world was too complex for newborn eyes. She awoke at twenty and said, "Oh, it is still here."

Obituary:

A small boy is afraid of everything that is good for him. He conquers this fear by gaining control of all external forces: he labors fastidiously at the rudiments of all his trades. He conquers those fear. He dies. He was just a teenage lover, who tripped over a comma, and landed on sharp exclamation point.

Obituary 2:

Jeremy Williamsburg was a star high school athlete with promising aspirations. He was accepted to all ivy – league college on full academic/athletic scholarship. he was last seen ascending the heavens on a red balloon just above the annual carnival. We miss you Jeremy.

-r.e. sanchez, jr.  
11 October 2001

to a "good boy friend" as of 9-17-01

i am so insanely jealous  
for your attention.  
i hate being the way i am -  
i love me around you  
but now you don't need me.  
i hate the way i feel  
when i know you're with her,  
like somehow i'm being robbed  
of something that isn't even mine.  
i hate the way i don't have the guts  
to tell you that i've secretly loved you  
for three years now.  
I hate the way I can almost taste you  
and then you choose someone else -  
one of my friends - always!  
i hate how i feel so comfortable  
around you  
but at the same time,  
i'm never quite sure  
of where i stand with you.  
i hate the way i long  
for you just to be happy,  
but at the same time,  
i can't wait till this new  
relationship of yours is over  
so you can come back to me.  
i hate the way i never  
really got over you  
and most of all -  
i hate that you don't know that.  
i hate our platonic relationship!  
but at the same time,  
i wouldn't ruin it by telling you  
how much more i want!  
i hate the way you know me so well,  
but you can't see this part of me  
that is hopelessly devoted to you.  
i hate the way i can't  
lay it all on the table  
and be completely truthful with you  
because i'm too damn scared  
of losing what we do have!  
i hate the way i settle  
for the scraps of attention  
instead of asking for what  
i really want.  
i hate the way it always works out for you,  
but for me it's always same ol', same ol'.  
i hate the way i have this need  
to seem totally strong and content  
with my lack of a love life,  
with my still never been kissed,  
with my boyfriend-challenged-ness,  
with this incredible emptiness,  
with this childish jealousy.

~la femme timide

I hate the way I'm attracted to guys who are so not on my level.  
Every guy I've ever liked has been so far out of my league that it's  
getting to be a problem. What is my problem? Why am I so attract-  
ed to that which, consciously, I know I can never possess? Is it  
another form of my insecurity, my inferiority complex reassuring  
what I already know: I'll never be good enough for the caliber of  
company I desire to keep. That I'm not some supermodel with a  
freeze dried personality - that I'm constantly metamorphosing to the  
point that I often confuse even myself.

I hate the way I try to fool myself into thinking that these com-  
posites of manhood on their shining pedestals will be able to shield  
their eyes from the glare of their own self-glory and see beyond my  
rather unimpressive facade. But what would they even see if they  
got that far - my dynamic personality? my stunning wit? my irre-  
sistible charm? Yeah, if I was actually in possession of any of  
those qualities. Unfortunately, the real me is just as unimpressive  
as the fake me that I let everyone see.

The sad truth is that I live my life through other people, none of my  
experiences are first-hand, so in a sense, I'm not a real person.  
Sometimes I imagine that I disappear and nobody seems to notice.

The sad truth there is that that would probably be the case if I  
ceased to exist. But I digress...

I hate that stupid joke that I started about marrying a rich guy  
and how the richer he is, the less "cute" he has to be. See how I  
pretend like I have any right to be so picky - like I am the zenith, the  
epitome, of all that a girl should be and that so many guys are  
throwing themselves at me that I actually have the ability to weed  
out the ones that don't fit my criteria. Should I even have criteria -  
so far it's only worked against me - left me alone in the "boyfriend-  
less club" as me and my friends in high school called it, that is, until  
they got boyfriends and I became the club - a one person club -  
what a sad state of affairs! Well, is that any sort of surprise?

Two things that I like about myself: my handwriting and the way  
my eyes change color depending on my mood. Two things that I  
don't like about myself? Can it be more than two? Okay: my fat legs  
and ankles and the way I think of really funny things to say about  
half an hour after the conversation is over and then they would have  
no relevance. Is it too much to ask to want a guy to adore my  
grotesque body and on top of that, to hang around till it gets good  
and I think of that one hilarious thing to say to seal the deal and  
make him fall in love with me? Guess so.

~la femme timide

--I would ideally like to tell you all something which operates under a system of reason, a place where thought is governed by real motives. I cannot, sadly, fulfill this self-set ambition, for I work in the library. There, as I shelve the shelves of books, I happen across a great many books, all of which have titles. Now, you, like I, know that a title is a word or series of words which preside over the writing contained therein. One expects that the title of a book will have something to do, however vaguely, with that book's subject matter. I have conclusive evidence that such a notion is founded on nothing, mere postulatory vapor. Without lying or even manipulating the truth, what follows is a brief excerpt from the complete list I have been keeping of absurdly titled books. Remember, if you, as I hope is the case, catch yourself smiling, that what amuses you is the cold cold truth of tangible existing reality. Now ease yourself into your mirth, tarry a while longer....

#### With Scissors In Norway

[What, in the name of God the merciful, could this possibly be about? I pray not the obvious.....]

#### Adultery And Its Compatibility With Marriage

[Is it composed of a single page bearing the phrase "There is none"?!]

#### Pittsburgh, Forge Of The Universe

[I do not advocate casting insults, but....this is blindingly stupid.]

#### With Bob Davis, Hither And Yon

[Hah!]

#### Grandfather Was Queer

[Awkwardly straightforward.]

#### Johnny's Such A Bright Boy, What A Shame He's Retarded

[Honestly, could no better (or shorter) or less rude of a title be crafted?!]

#### Oh! Sex Education!

[Clearly, a mature handling of mature subject matter by a master of tact.]

#### Issues Of Life

[A slim volume, summarizing the important points in a few concise chapters. It can be found on every shelf of the library, as it touches on EVERYTHING.]

~How can you children be bored in the library? It is a playground of colorful provocative nonsense! Romp and frolic amid the abundant dust!

---Britt Brown

September 11, 2001

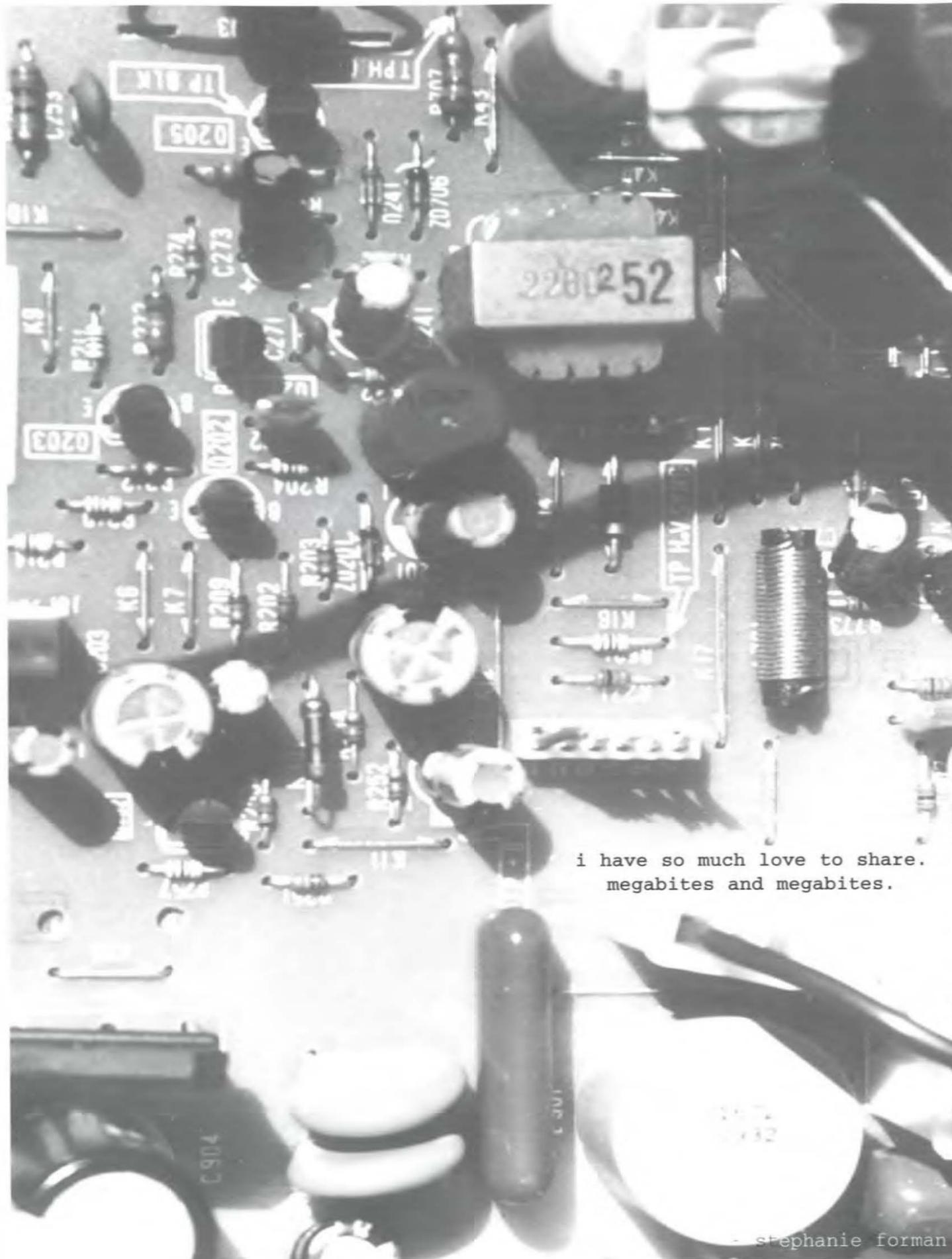
September 11, 2001 is a day that will remain emblazoned in my memory forever. The day started off like any other ordinary day for me in New York City. I rode the subway to Fulton Street and took my usual walk through the World Trade Center to my place of employment, a mere two blocks away. I was doing my morning research before the opening of the stock market. Around 8:45 a.m. I noticed everyone on the trading floor transfixed on the televisions. I looked up and was completely dumbfounded. The news said there was an unconfirmed report that a plane had crashed into one of the towers of the World Trade Center. I immediately called my uncle to inform him of what was happening. A few minutes into our conversation, we both witnessed the impact of the second plane on the other tower. A sense of panic and fear began to overwhelm us all. We all knew this was no accident. An announcement came over the loud speaker to evacuate the building immediately. Upon exiting the building, I caught my first real glimpse of the devastation. I saw a massive hole and a huge cloud of smoke that engulfed 2 World Trade Centers. The flames began to intensify as debris continued to fall from both buildings. I knew this was no time to stand around and watch for what would happen next. Knowing the subways would be closed down, I began a trek across the city to my apartment uptown. I headed north, along with thousands of others. Like many others, I frantically I tried to place a call on my cell phone to my family to let them know that I was not injured in this disaster, but I was unable to get through.

As I continued on, I encountered a young lady that was completely hysterical and overcome with trepidation. I put my arm around her to try and calm her down. This complete stranger looked deep into my eyes and told me of the unspeakable horror she had witnessed. With tears streaming down her face, she spoke of the people she saw leaping to their death from the top floors of the towers. I tried to offer her what little comfort I could as I continued on my way. It was then that I stopped by a truck that was playing a live radio address from the President. I listened for a minute, and then continued on my way. I kept telling myself that this could not be happening. After 30 or 40 failed attempts, I finally was able to place a call to my family. As my mother greeted me in a half-conscious state of mind, she immediately knew something was terribly wrong. As I tried to persuade her that I was ok, she began to weep and insisted that I tell her what was going on. As I informed her of the events that had unfolded, a stampede of people began to rush the avenue. A person yelled, "A third plane is on the way!" I quickly hung up and began to run as fast as my legs could carry me. After sprinting about ten blocks, I began to slow down and catch my breath. As I turned to look behind me, the first tower came crashing to the ground. Somewhere along the way, someone else told me that another plane had crashed into the Pentagon. It was 11:30 a.m. when I finally made it home. As I elevator door closed behind me, I was overwhelmed with emotion and could not hold back my tears. I sat mesmerized in front of my TV as I saw the unfathomable amount of damage that had transpired in New York and at the Pentagon.

It was a week after this incident that I was able to return to my place of employment. Getting to work that morning was more difficult than I had ever anticipated. Downtown New York resembled a war zone. All the streets were fenced off with police barricades and cement dividers. As I traversed down Chambers Street, the scene only began to intensify. Each corner was swarming with the police, army, National Guard, and firefighters. Walls and phone booths were littered with posters of missing people. Ten security stops and an official police escort later, I managed to make it to the front door of my building.

The pictures you see on the television of this travesty do not even begin to convey the magnitude of what occurred. No words could possibly describe the frightening scene that I witness each day as I walk to work. This event has impacted me quite significantly, as I am sure it has all of us. They say that if you look hard enough you can find the good in everything, even a tragedy such as this. I pontificated over this idea for many days until it finally became clear to me. We really live in the greatest country on earth. Never before in my life have been as proud to be an American as I am today. I've witnessed strength and humanity in people that I did not even know existed. From seeing the firefighters toil mercilessly through tons of debris, to total strangers looking out for one another, to the outpour of love and support from across the globe, I am truly humbled. I can only hope that we as a people only grow stronger in our resolve to make this world a better and safer place for us and for future generations.

- David Khani, Pitzer '00



i have so much love to share.  
megabites and megabites.

- stephanie forman

COMMON SENSE n. the

innate ability to make sound judgments.

Will whoever keeps  
standing on the Grove  
house furniture on  
Thursday nights please  
STOP!

COMMON SENSE, try it, you'll like it...

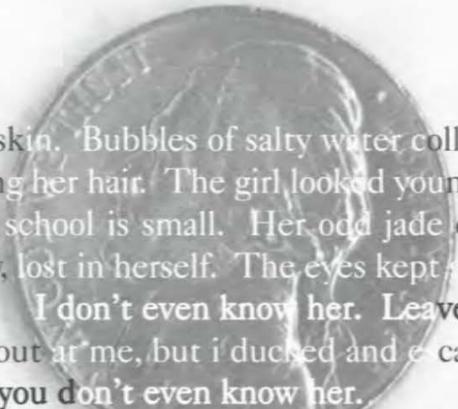
ps. your grandpa ain't as old as this furniture, so  
would you dry hump on your grandpa?

P.P.S. would your grandpa  
like it if you dry humped  
on top of him?

Probably,

BUT The Grove  
House Furniture  
Doesn't!

We know who you are, and  
we've bought cameras, so  
beware... you will  
be published!!



Tears trickle down her raspberry sun burnt skin. Bubbles of salty water collide with the long wisps of blonde that crowded her cheeks, saturating her hair. The girl looked young, maybe 10, maybe my age. I don't know her, surprising since my school is small. Her odd jade eyes stared at me hard, reflecting from the mirror. She looked lonely, lost in herself. The eyes kept glaring into me, begging.

**No, this girl was not my friend. I don't even know her. Leave, leave now.**

She smiled. The expression shot out at me, but it ducked and escaped its grasp.

**Ignore her, you don't even know her.**

I stood, motionless, transfixed by her sadness and the droplets of hate dripping off her chin, landing on her lime blue shirt.

**Leave before someone sees you. Hurry.**

I stared back into her eyes, acknowledging her.

Love me, love me please. I am a nice girl...

**No! Run, lunch will soon be over. She is nothing, just a girl, a stranger.**

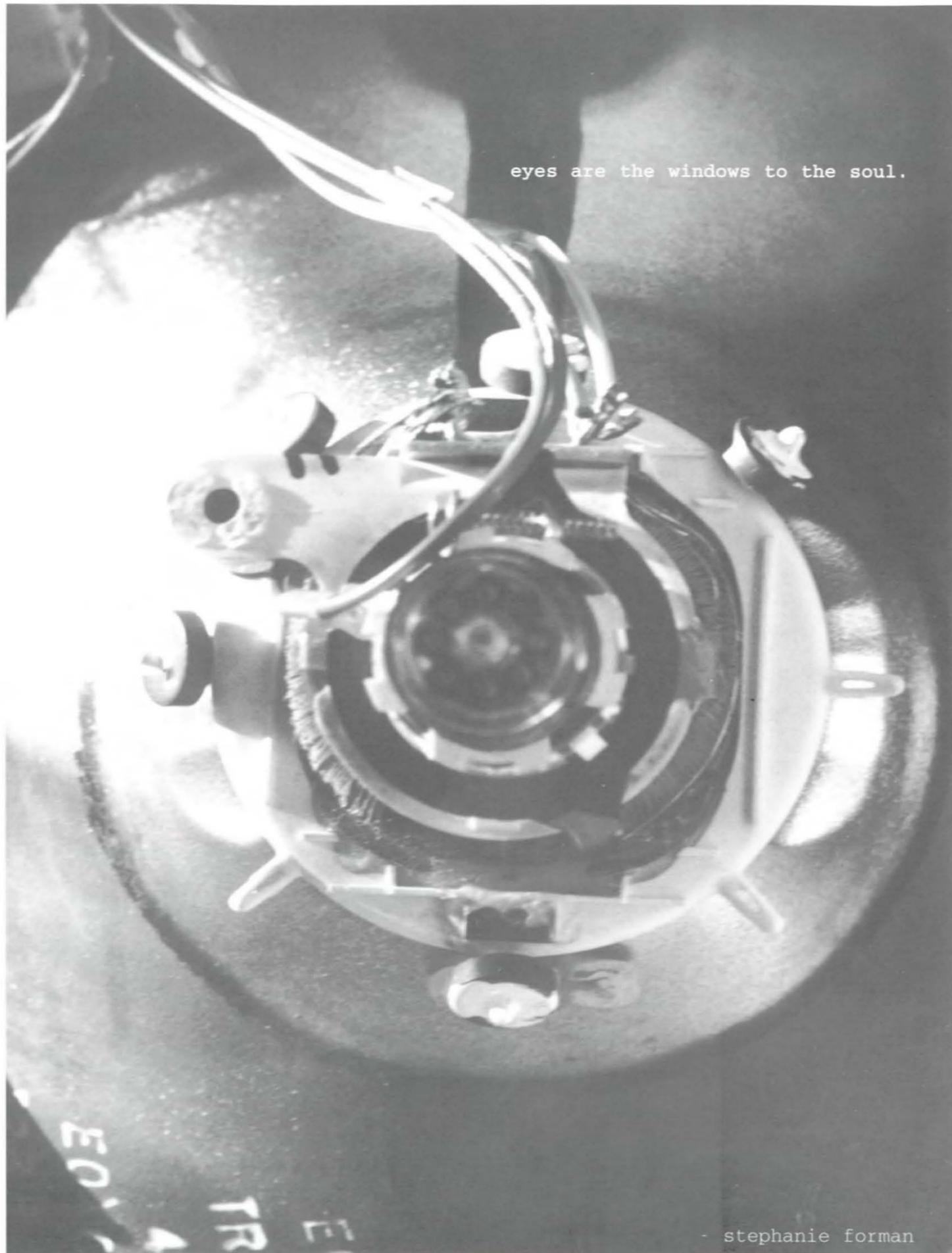
I touch her cool surface. The contact causes a change.

Determined, her mouth curves into a semi-mile. The fist hits the hanging glass, shattering. The burgundy color of sadness leaks to the ground. My hand bleeds, enveloping the rainbow shards of nothingness spread out on the tile floor.

Leave, my hand enclosed in paper towels, stepping out on to the playground of my childhood.



Leanne Stein



eyes are the windows to the soul.

- stephanie forman

## An Eclipse

Just like an eclipse, our friendship formed  
People notice the strange phenomenon as something special  
AS though it were a new thing for planets to spin,  
or moons to follow, or suns to shine  
The trees dont seem to notice  
The craters don't mind  
And the flares always flare  
Yet the people stop and stare  
With their glasses on snug, scared of what they don't know, or can't touch, or can't be  
But the beauty will reflect and  
envelope those who care  
Those who stare  
Even the very moon, so small,  
can have the credit that it's  
source has  
The eclipse may be blinding,  
but certainly blind to size, or  
shape, or heat  
And blind, too, is the moon to  
these, but more so to the beauty  
of the eclipse  
Only once the eclipse is no  
longer in the sky  
Does he stop to wonder why  
and start to cry

- Marc Harris



photo - david stahlin

A New Day

Let the past be a dim distant star  
in the universe of your life,  
shining softly in predawn light  
with the thousand other stars of who you are.

Let memories be gentle in your heart  
touching you lightly,

a spider's web caressing your face  
on an early morning walk down a wooded trail,  
just as the sun comes to show your way.

Let the future be morning's sharp cool air,  
a new breath for this bright day  
that enters your body and awakens your soul,  
as you walk on from a shadowed still valley  
to join the mountain in vivid sunrise.

Let now be the breeze born of light and warmth,  
warm air of the sun playing with the cool of the  
night,  
tickling soft new leaves and bringing  
stars of day the play in a crystal stream.  
Dance in it. Live in it. Love in it.

- Michael "ice cream" Nguyen

This *poem* is for all the wonderful *children* that have given me the privilege to laugh, play, and eat *ice cream* with them. I love them all and am forever blessed by the love they have given me. I have learned so much from the "little people" and would like to share with the "big people" what children have taught me.

What Children Have Taught Me

Children have taught me,  
That words are like the wind.  
They cannot be seen, but are felt;  
They reach the distant heart --  
Its mood to chill or melt.

Children have taught me,  
That words are powerful.  
They inspire; they defeat;  
They make you feel loved;  
They make you retreat.

Children have taught me,  
That each person is unique,  
Each important, but none too much,  
That love has the power to heal  
Those whom it may touch.

Children have taught me, to laugh  
More often and play.  
To find good in each person --  
And hope in every day.

- Michael Nguyen

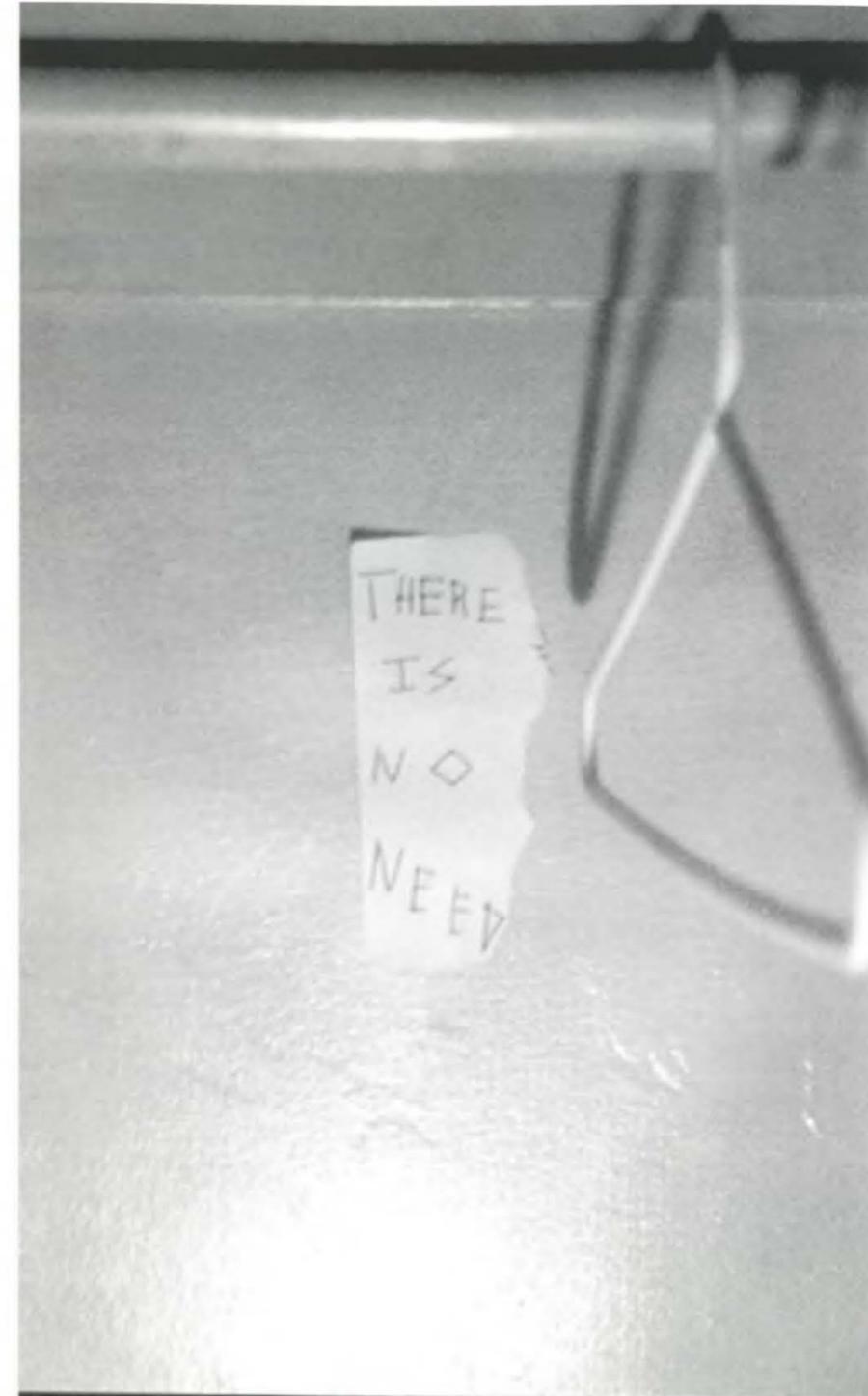


photo - britt brown