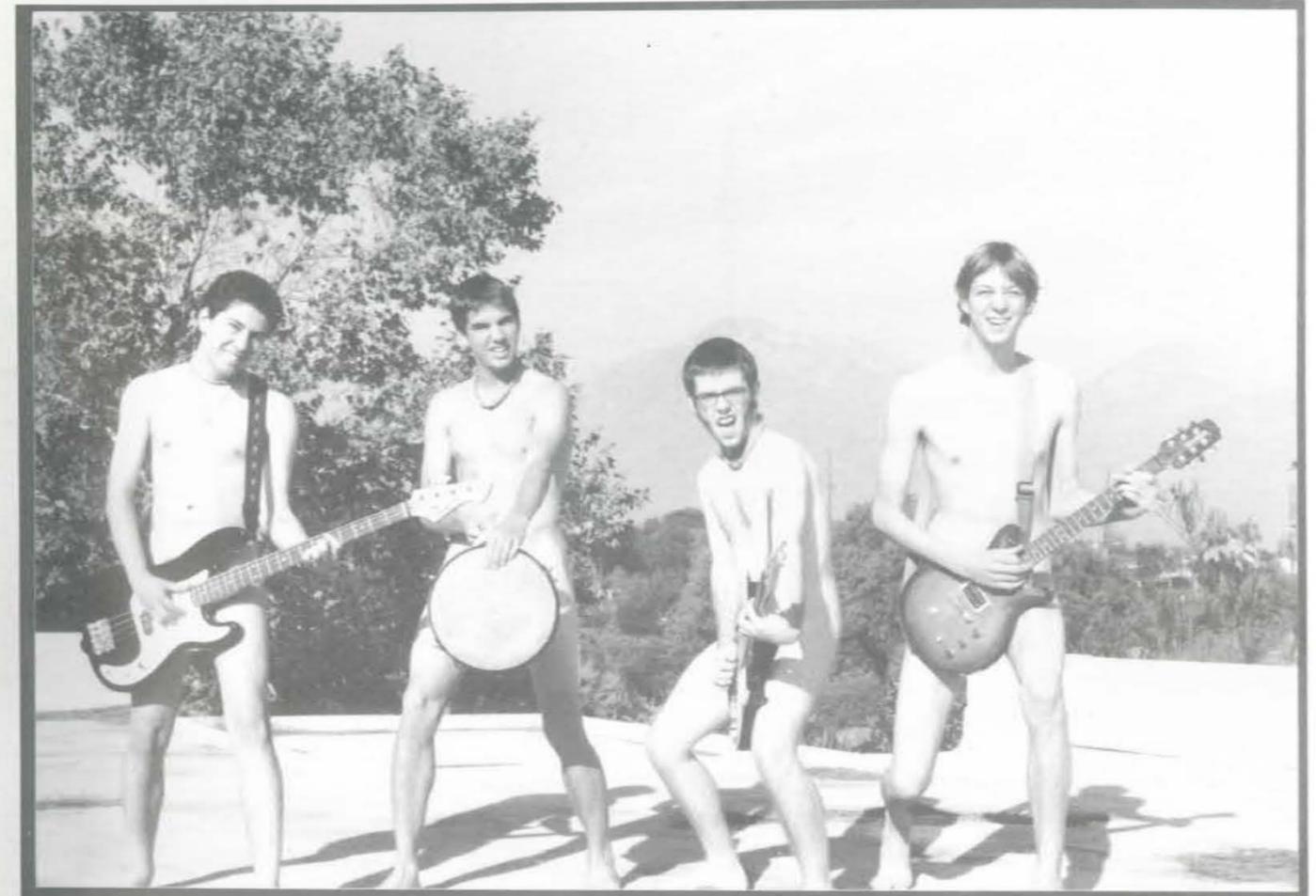


Take a look at their other sides!

The Other Side



the side of **Evergreen Playground** you've never seen before!



**SPECIAL
EDITION
CALENDAR
INCLUDED!**

The Other Side: The Body Issue

Contributors:

- Alia Pugh
- La Pink Fagette
- Phil Zuckerman
- Daniel
- Gaby Herbst
- Kyla Saphir
- Stephanie Forman
- Judi Lieberman
- Jessica Sisto
- Kate Michael
- Molly Weinstein
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- Leanne Stein**
- Charlene Kim**

Calendar photos by britt and his side-kick kate



From the Editor's Desk.....



One day the following question occurred to me:
 "Why is fruit so sexual?"
 I wrote it down. Perhaps a subject to write a poem about later.

My younger sister happened to come across my question. She read it aloud and laughed hysterically at me.

It's a shame that sex is such a forbidden subject.

Judi L.

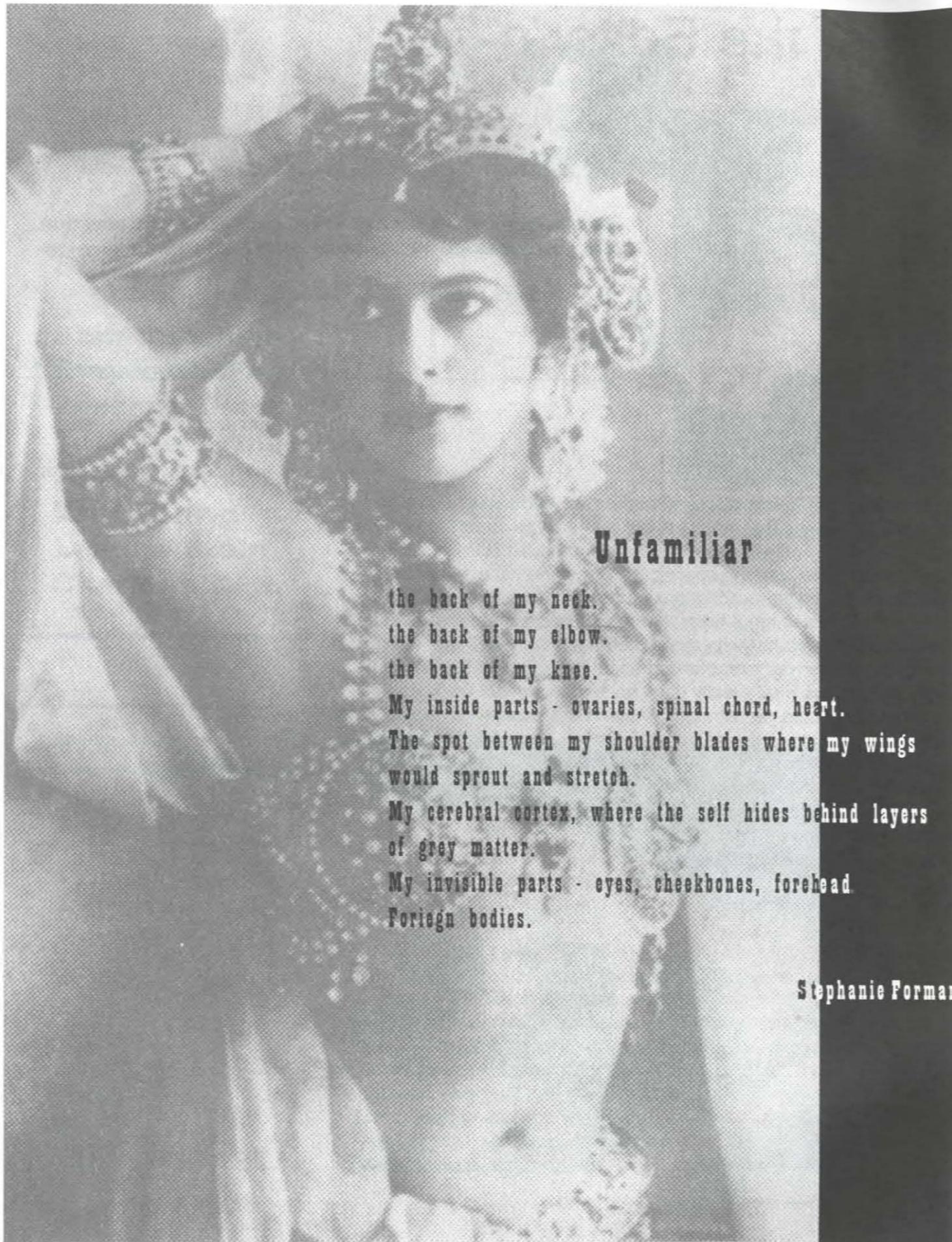
"nemo liber est qui corpori servit

no one is free who is a slave to his body."

so there's all this talk goin' 'round about rape and sexual assault on campus, and i think that many people are really frustrated about the whole situation, and whose side to be on, and blah blah blah. then there's this whole armed robbery case where we have some pretty ridiculously blanketed descriptions of the suspects, thrown out in a fashion that creates more harm than good--considering the issues that the claremont popo has with racial profiling. i wonder if our assistant dean of students was ever thinking about the safety of his black students on campus. what i really don't understand is the mentality that we must protect the perpetrator in instances of sexual assault (in order to preserve the reputation of a "safe" campus), creating inequalities in gender-related instances, while spreading awareness about a crime that involves race-related instances (i'm talking about white people being "victims" of some kind of robbery or crime with a person of color being the suspects). i mean, i guess i do understand it: pitzer college promotes a safe campus for white, heterosexual males, while everyone else is left to lock themselves down to an occasional building when any kind of injustices occur.

This issue of the other side is very special. We are talking about some stuff that is really touchy for people, and we hope that it will create a dialogue on campus about body image. We are really sorry to all of the writers and contributors of other non-body image material for this issue, but we decided that we should keep the magazine at one major theme, considering all of the response we got. Your stuff will be in the next issue, we promise. Please know that the other side is a good step to take to start talking about many of these problems that we have on campus, and it is a place where students, *faculty*, and *staff* will hear your voice without being able to cancel appointments with you.

-sam sunshine



Unfamiliar

the back of my neck.

the back of my elbow.

the back of my knee.

My inside parts - ovaries, spinal chord, heart.

The spot between my shoulder blades where my wings
would sprout and stretch.

My cerebral cortex, where the self hides behind layers
of grey matter.

My invisible parts - eyes, cheekbones, forehead.

Foreign bodies.

Stephanie Forman

Only a Seven

Alia Pugh

I was wearing what my friend Mike called "scandalous" clothing: A long, grey skirt with slits on each side running high up my legs, and a light blue, low-cut baby tee. I completed the ensemble with a pair of blue velvet China flats and a little makeup. As I passed people in the dorm and outside, I received several remarks on how cute I looked. As it has never been the practice of Mainers to give compliments, I rarely received any growing up; it has always been a greater pleasure than I expected to get them now. I felt attractive that day; I strutted.

Then I saw her. She stepped in front of me as I walked home from class. She was at least four inches taller than I, lean and muscular, perfectly tanned, and effortlessly beautiful. Her spaghetti-strap, belly-baring black tank top clung to her small breasts, which needed no bra. Her sand-colored cargo pants hung low on her sexy hips. Her gold sandals revealed small feet with immaculately manicured, pink toenails. Her russet hair was held loosely by two braids, reaching past her slender shoulders. I didn't see her face as she passed. I envisioned it to be oval shaped, with a jutting chin, dark, almond eyes, a delicate nose, and soft, full lips.

My strutting came to a halt. In all my effort to climb the attractive-scale, "cute" was as high as I could reach. Yet here I was presented with this graceful beauty, this lynx, who surpassed me in every way in her simple, casual clothes and thrown-together hair. I wanted to hate her for her sex appeal, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. Instead I cursed myself and my attempts to be pretty and slunk back to my room, defeated.



...i have the power to defy...

Debuaya

By La Pink Fagette

People always ask me: "How was Japan?" and I just fake a smile and say "Yah, it was great," because what the fuck else am I supposed to say? Riding on the subway, no one would sit next to me. I was foreign, I was fat, I had pink hair. Above my head, there was an ad with a picture of a fat white woman with the caption: "Ten years from now, you'll wish you'd joined our health club." And here I was, that fat Westerner. Old men shushed me when I talked too loud on the subway, meanwhile a blind drunk salaryman kneeled on all floor and proceeded to puke his guts out onto the floor of the subway.

Walking up the stairs in the subway station I observed the Japanese girls in their tight blue jeans, purple fishnet socks and candy colored mules; it seemed as if they couldn't have weighed more than 90 pounds apiece. The American guys at my school crawled all over each other to try to get one of these tiny girls to be their Japanese girlfriend. I began to feel tremendous animosity towards these tiny women and their burly white boyfriends. Emi was my best friend in Japan, though that's not saying much, she was my best friend because she was the only other foreigner who was out as queer. Emi wasn't her real name, it was the name she used when she worked as a stripper in Portland, a Japanese word that meant "smile". She told me she had the best self esteem of her life when she stripped, that men would actually pay to see her naked. She'd beg me to go out to sleazy clubs where Japanese guys would hit on us and buy us drinks.

"But you don't even like men," I reminded her.

Emi had lived with the Katos five years before I had. The first thing they said when she walked through the door was "You've lost so much weight!" She used to be my size, they said. She'd lost 60 pounds. I asked her how she'd lost so much weight so quickly.

"I was vegan," she replied non-committally.

Five months later she showed me the pictures she'd taken after purging, tear streaked red face, bucket full of puke. It made my stomach turn, like the smell of fresh vomit. She'd been puking blood, she told me. I told her to see a doctor.

"I can't afford it," she told me, "I have to pay off my school loans."

She only kept white radishes and coffee in her house, if she kept anything else she was afraid she'd be tempted to binge and purge.

"Someday, you'll be thin like Emi," my 60 year old host mom Aki-chan told me between puffs of cigarette. She too, had been fat as a girl, until she'd discovered shochu, vodka-like liquor sold in clear plastic gallon jugs.

"Ever since I started drinking, I stopped liking sweets," she told me, handing me a cup of shochu and oolong tea, the diet coke of Japan. She raved about Oolong tea's mystical properties to trap fat. I watched her eat the cabbage garnish off a plate of fried pork chops when we went out to eat.

"Another shochu and oolong tea, please," she said when the waitress asked if she wanted any more food.

"You're pretty, even if you are fat," Aki's 35 year old daughter Mika told me. She didn't understand why I thought that was a rather back-handed compliment. Mika had left her husband, the stuttering proprietor of a bean shop and his abusive in-laws, moved back into her parents house and spent her days chain smoking, staring at the TV and screaming insults at her mother. Mika subsided on orange plastic diet bentou, only 300 calories per lunch-box. She'd make one last a day. This continued for several months, smoking instead of eating. When that great day came when she'd lost thirty pounds, she celebrated by bingeing on chocolate and potato chips. Then she asked me to find her an American husband so she could get the fuck out of Japan. I was too debu (fat), to be a true bijin (beautiful woman), they told me. Drink this chinese diet tea, eat this grey gelatinous stuff, you'll lose weight. I was Gaijin, outsider, my words didn't make sense to them, my body told them everything they needed to know. Strange men on the street asked me for dates, they saw me and a saw a walking white breast. I felt like I was copping heroin when I bought chocolate at the convenience store. I was careful what I ate in plain view of other people. It gave new meaning to "watching your weight" or "watching what you eat", they watched me without ever giving consideration to how I felt, because I didn't have the words to make them understand. They didn't realize that I was fat and I didn't give a fuck. That I'd rather eat chocolate than puke blood.

"Someday, you'll be thin," Aki reassured me.

That's when I realized dieting is just a slow form of suicide.



photos by
jessica sisto

Placid Plastic Satchels of Print

Her mouth pulsates,
To and in time with her heartbeat,
So it seems.

Every other word...
A gap of white flashes from beyond her lips.

And her eyes speak more than her mouth.

But her pupils stutter so,
And her iris has developed such a lisp...
That I can scarcely translate her eyes to her mouth.

And further misty her eyes become,
The more chapped and raw are her lips.

She lies like a banana upon a bed,
Back arched out at the wall...
In defiance of it's blocking magnitude,
It's separating powers.
Her spine is so variably visible beneath her skin,
That I scarcely believe it is there at all.

Her arms curled up in an ex,
And she braces her breasts firmly against her chest.

They waver when she exhales,
She is in so strange a position to lie so rigidly with me.

So I must stand to be satisfied with my view of her at all.

Her legs arched at her knees,
And her thighs coyly play hide and seek...
With my eyes.

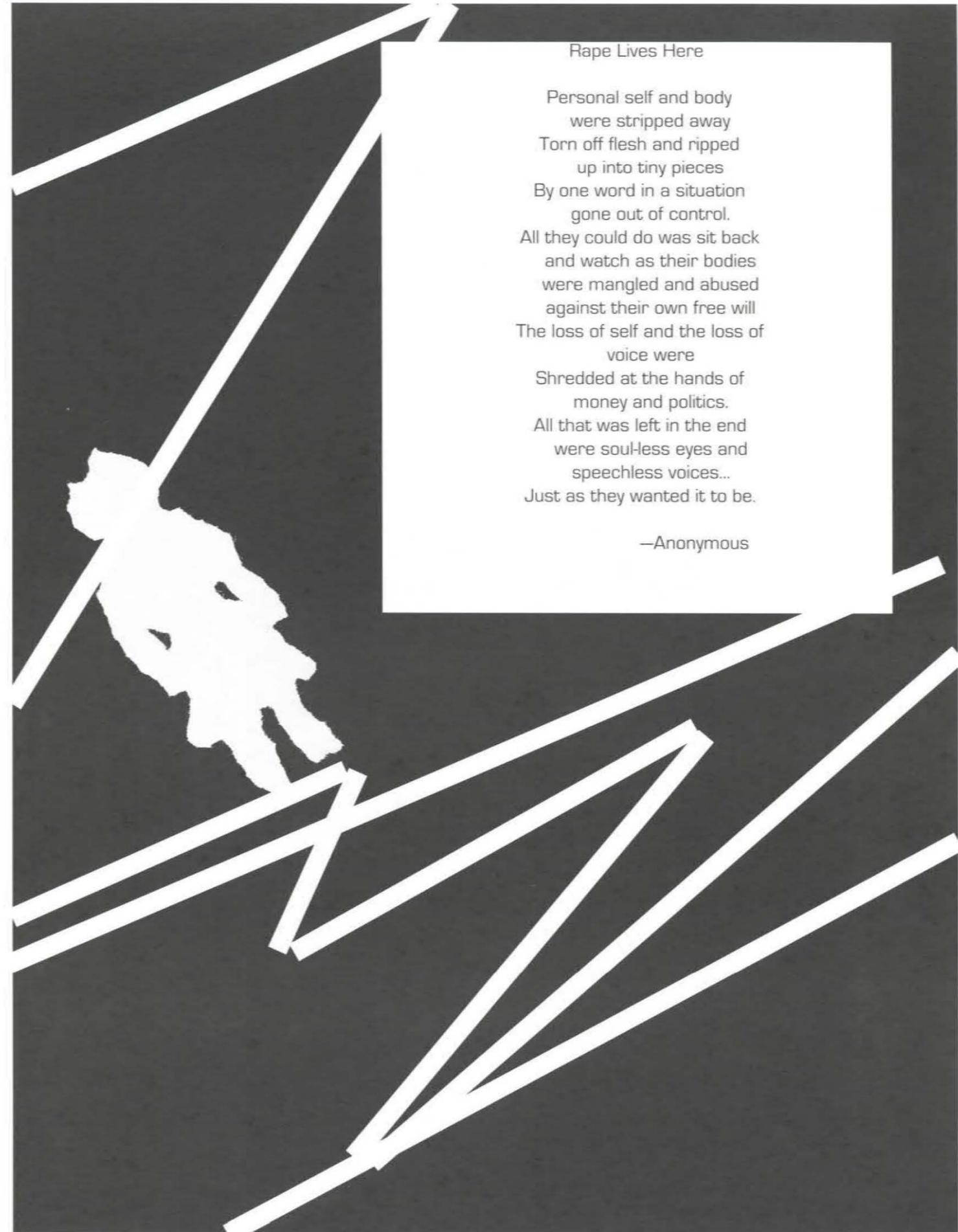
She lies upon wrinkled linens of overuse,
And her toes curl intensely when I breathe...
In and out,
Inhale and exhale,
In and out.

I have always wondered if she knew how to read,
She writes so much to me that I must wonder

Rape Lives Here

Personal self and body
were stripped away
Torn off flesh and ripped
up into tiny pieces
By one word in a situation
gone out of control.
All they could do was sit back
and watch as their bodies
were mangled and abused
against their own free will
The loss of self and the loss of
voice were
Shredded at the hands of
money and politics.
All that was left in the end
were soul-less eyes and
speechless voices...
Just as they wanted it to be.

—Anonymous



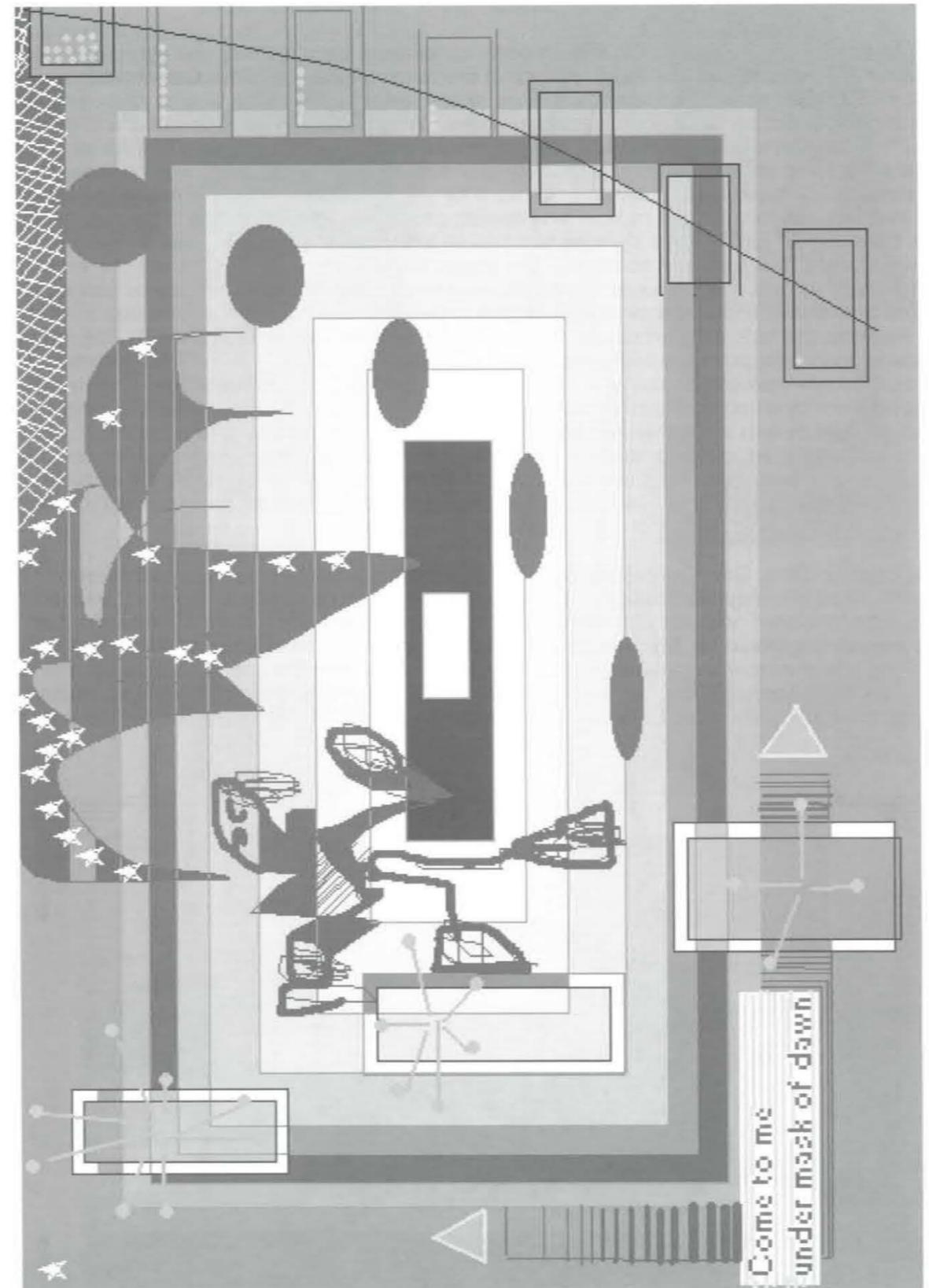
Yesterday afternoon I was sitting next to my daughter who was on the potty. I was reading her a book about a woman who plants flowers all over a place that looks like my imagination of the San Juan islands. My daughter was staring at her three year old legs and she proclaimed: "I don't have hair on my legs." Which is true. She asked me why I had so much hair on mine. It was sort of hard to explain, other than to say that it has something to do with being a male adult and stuff like that. Then that very night — last night — I was laying on the couch with my wife, after the kids had been put to bed, and she suddenly looked at my arm and: "My God, you've got so much hair on your arms. Did it ever freak you out?" I said I never gave it much thought.

But when I went to bed that night I dreamt I was an ape in a strange temple and when I approached the seven-armed, mystical wizard conducting the service, s/he waved his/her indigo lantern over my head, with smoke emanating from his/her many pores, and said, "Ah, so this is why men have nipples."

- Phil Zuckerman
Nov. 2001



photo by judi lieberman



artwork by daniel

Swimsuit Edition for the Other Side

Swimsuit edition. SEX!!! Bodies. SEX!!! Beauty. SEX!!! Supermodels. SEX!!!

Going to an all women's college I've seen friends wither away because they see anorexic models in sexy positions as their ideal body types. Swimsuit editions in men's magazines and advertisements in women's magazines (Elle, Cosmo, Mademoiselle) promote the Twiggy, skinny, unhealthy body causing psychological oppression of women. Yet thinking about beauty is such a subjective idea. Who decides what is beautiful and can fill the pages of magazines, television, and advertisements? Why do certain images get propagated and spread like the disease they are while destroying women's lives? Our society is obsessed with anorexia and women looking like prepubescent boys instead of full-bodied healthy women. It's hard for me to pin point why the images are like this now since it's all I have ever seen as female 'role models' and cannot compare it to former days of women being pictured with meat on their bones. But I do see the effects it has on today's young girls. My four year-old niece is enthralled with wearing tank tops with no backs. She wants to show off her body because she watches music videos and believes that girls are supposed to be sexy even though she is only 4!!! It seems absurd to me that kids are taught that they should show off their prepubescent bodies because society makes it seem like the popular thing to do. How can this be? Why aren't women seen as athletes or simply fully clothed? The only way that women can be in sports magazines are in the swimsuit editions when they are half-naked. However I do remember the one tasteful swimsuit edition that was done by *Sports Illustrated* a few years ago. The models had 'swimsuits' painted on them by an artist. It was beautiful to see such artwork on the human body. Instead of using women as sexual objects with large implanted breasts to be gawked at, they were used as canvases. The artist tricked men to look at the art and appreciate it by painting it on naked women-canvases. Men could leave the swimsuit issue out where women might see it and claim that the pictures were suitable for all audiences. However, this was the only issue that I can remember seeing that actually didn't show women in sexually explicit positions.

I hope that the Other Side's swimsuit edition will finally do justice to women whose bodies look beautiful in full clothing and posed in thoughtful positions. The idea of a publication that might represent women in a various light reminds me of the slam poet Alix Olson who came to Scripps last week and did a poem about an all female society. The theme song would be "My Cunt-try Tis of Thee" and women would depict themselves in positive images based on how they saw themselves rather than what men wanted to see. This vision of a female dominated society gives me the hope that one day women will be able to pose themselves as realistic, intellectual human beings that aren't always waiting for a man to have sex with them. Please do us Justice, we deserve it!

Kyla Saphir
11/15/01

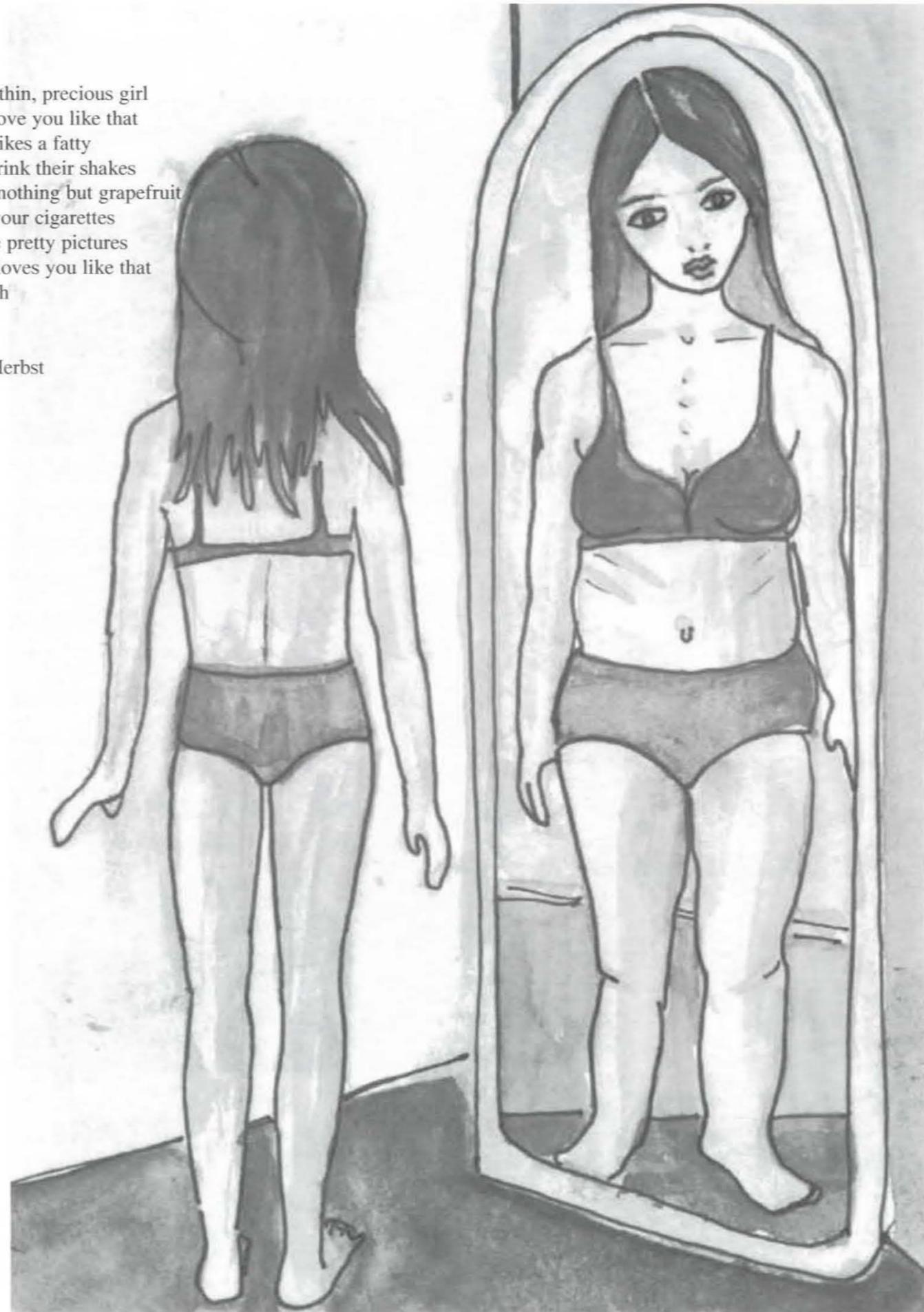


photo by gayla hamik-beckley

Model

Skinny, thin, precious girl
they'll love you like that
no one likes a fatty
you'll drink their shakes
and eat nothing but grapefruit
smoke your cigarettes
and take pretty pictures
society loves you like that
you bitch

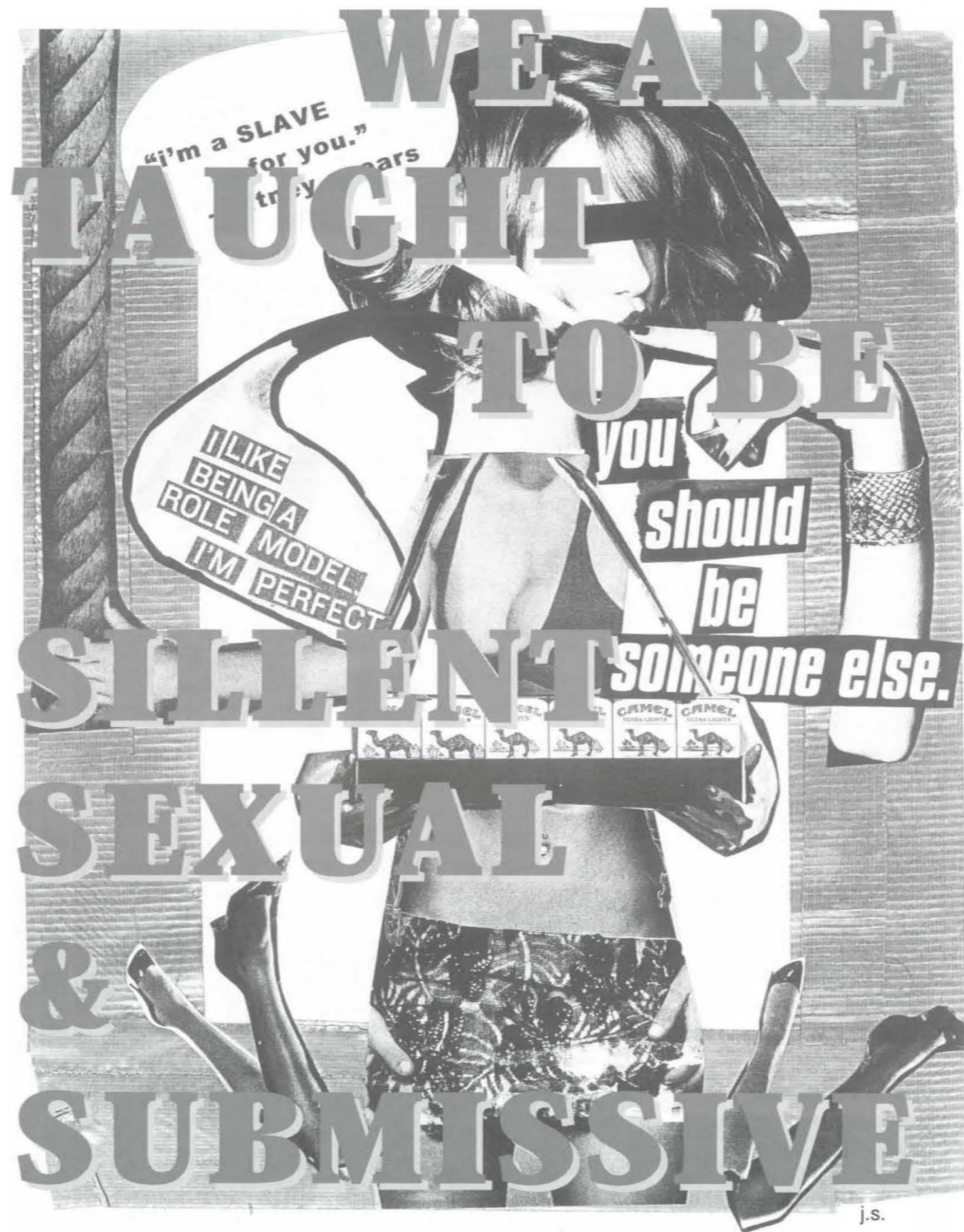
-Gaby Herbst





" Her heels are too high, her clothes are too tight, her career choices severely limited. Her body fat is dangerously low, her periods are irregular, her hair is falling out from malnutrition. Her muscles ache from compulsive exercising, her oversized breasts are giving her backproblems, her leaking silicone implants are attacking her immune system. Her scalp is raw from bleaching, her skin is red and irritated from tweezing, electrolysis, and a recent chemical peel. She has no health insurance, no network of support, and no sympathy from her employers. She has had enough. She can't walk in those shoes, she can't breathe in those dresses, and dammit, she wants a Twinkie."

Why Barbie is Bad.....



please tell me

who should i be today?

your eyes looking at my oversized thighs
cut sharp, like cheddar cheese
but wait, silly me.

i'm not licensed to relate to food
because that's where the enemy lies
but really, i'm the hypocrite
cause i listened to you

when you said my ass in that skirt wasn't round and large
like your deceitful mouth.

where's my zipper when i need it?

this costume called a body doesn't amuse me.
fuck, there i go again with the self-degradation
remember girl, every fucking body is beautiful
i think to myself as i vomit my lunch

geez, this is all mommy and daddy's fault

i say as i sneak another cookie

remember girl, a little diet and exercise will make him love you

but i'll start next week

because, really, it's ok

fat people aren't supposed to have will power anyways

don't worry

one day i'll be that size six, that'll fit sex just fine

because, only in my fantasies

does my arm flab give you a hard on.

sex.

funny thing. even i'm too apprehensive to look at myself naked.

but oh, the sweet relief of celibacy, it's safe here.

no gasps of horror, no mockery.

so really, who am i to tell others who they really are
beneath that skin that never seems to quite fit them

because i too loathe the mirror,

those days when leaving your room seems irrational

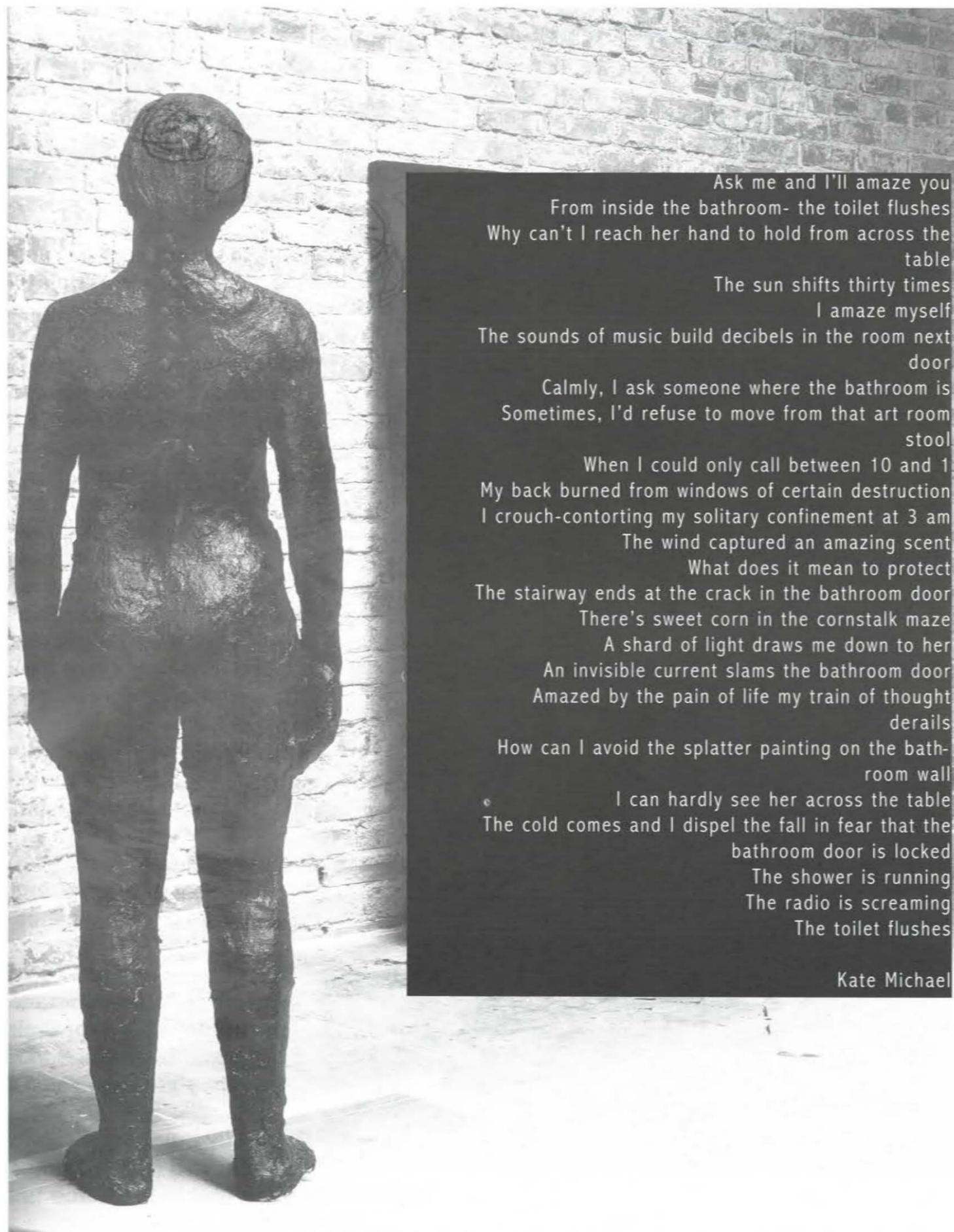
so, who should i be today?

that's really what this is all about

i already despise what i see,

so i'll try to please you.

molly weinstein



Ask me and I'll amaze you

From inside the bathroom- the toilet flushes
Why can't I reach her hand to hold from across the
table

The sun shifts thirty times

I amaze myself

The sounds of music build decibels in the room next
door

Calmly, I ask someone where the bathroom is

Sometimes, I'd refuse to move from that art room
stool

When I could only call between 10 and 1

My back burned from windows of certain destruction
I crouch-contorting my solitary confinement at 3 am

The wind captured an amazing scent

What does it mean to protect

The stairway ends at the crack in the bathroom door

There's sweet corn in the cornstalk maze

A shard of light draws me down to her

An invisible current slams the bathroom door

Amazed by the pain of life my train of thought
derails

How can I avoid the splatter painting on the bath-
room wall

I can hardly see her across the table

The cold comes and I dispel the fall in fear that the
bathroom door is locked

The shower is running

The radio is screaming

The toilet flushes

Kate Michael



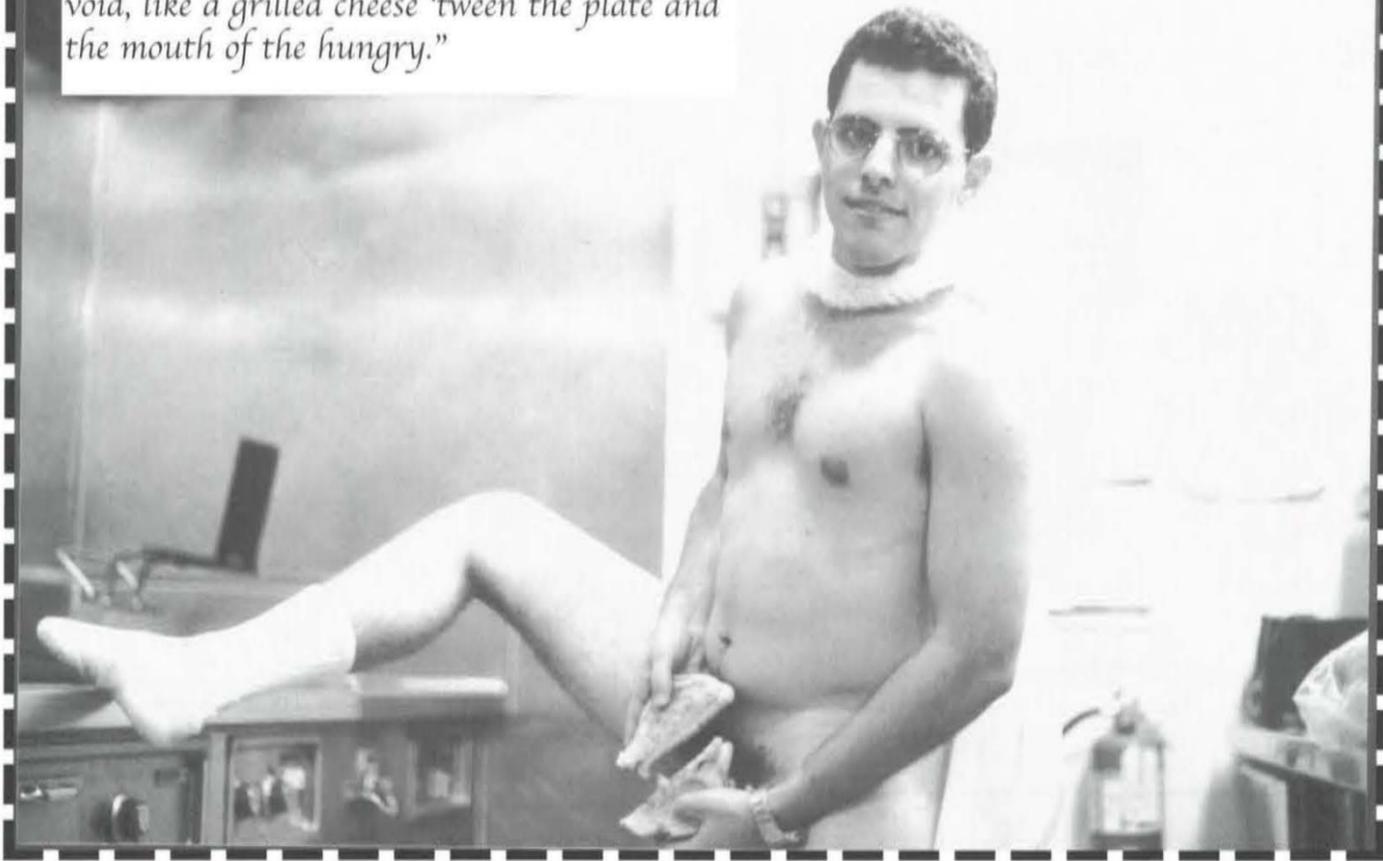
“Autobots versus Decepticons”

the goddamn staff

January 2002

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"To be naked is to be whole, 'twixt us and the void, like a grilled cheese 'tween the plate and the mouth of the hungry."

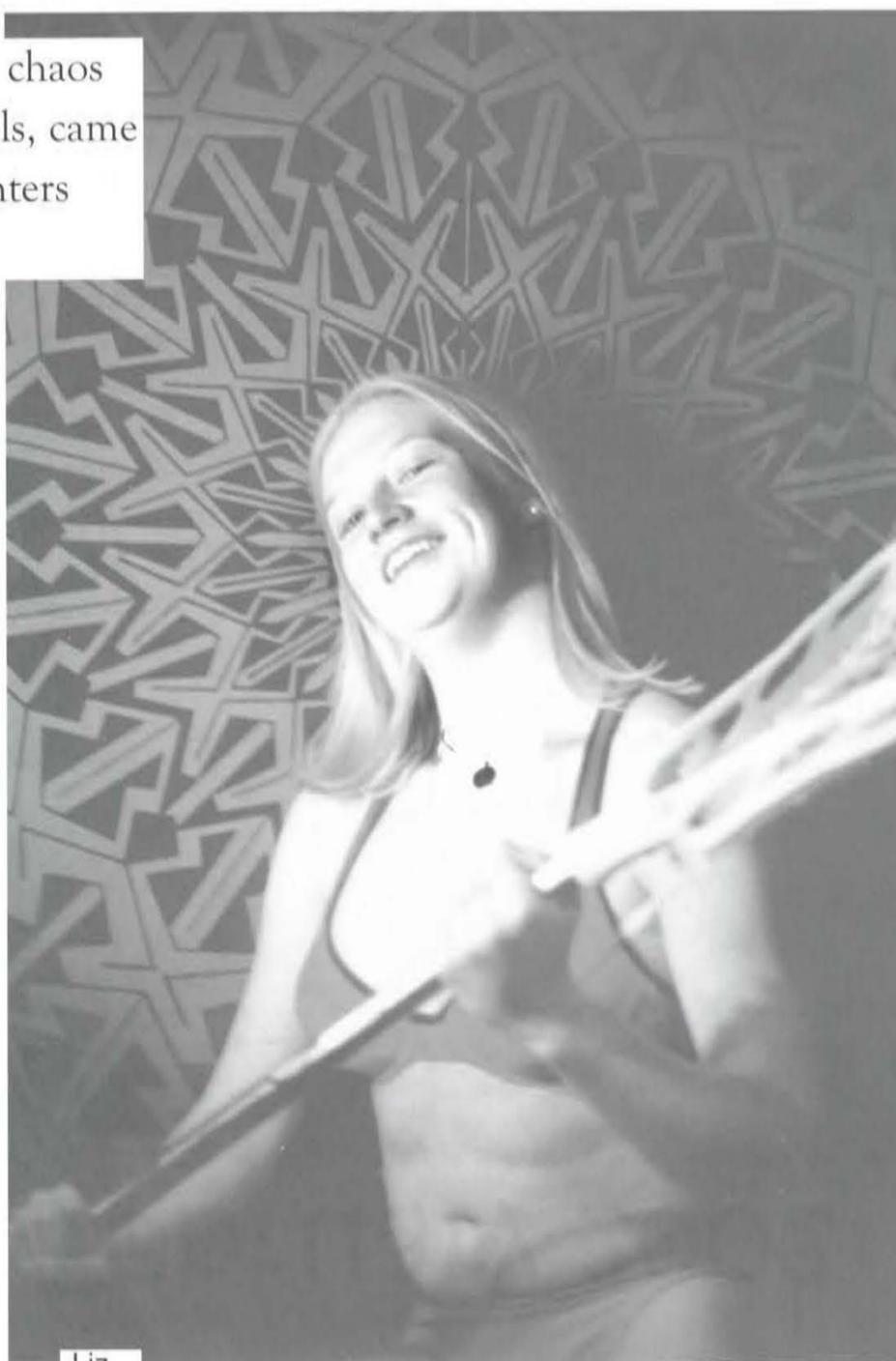


Benko

February 2002

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“Then, out of the chaos of the neanderthals, came the age of the hunters and gatherers...”



March 2002

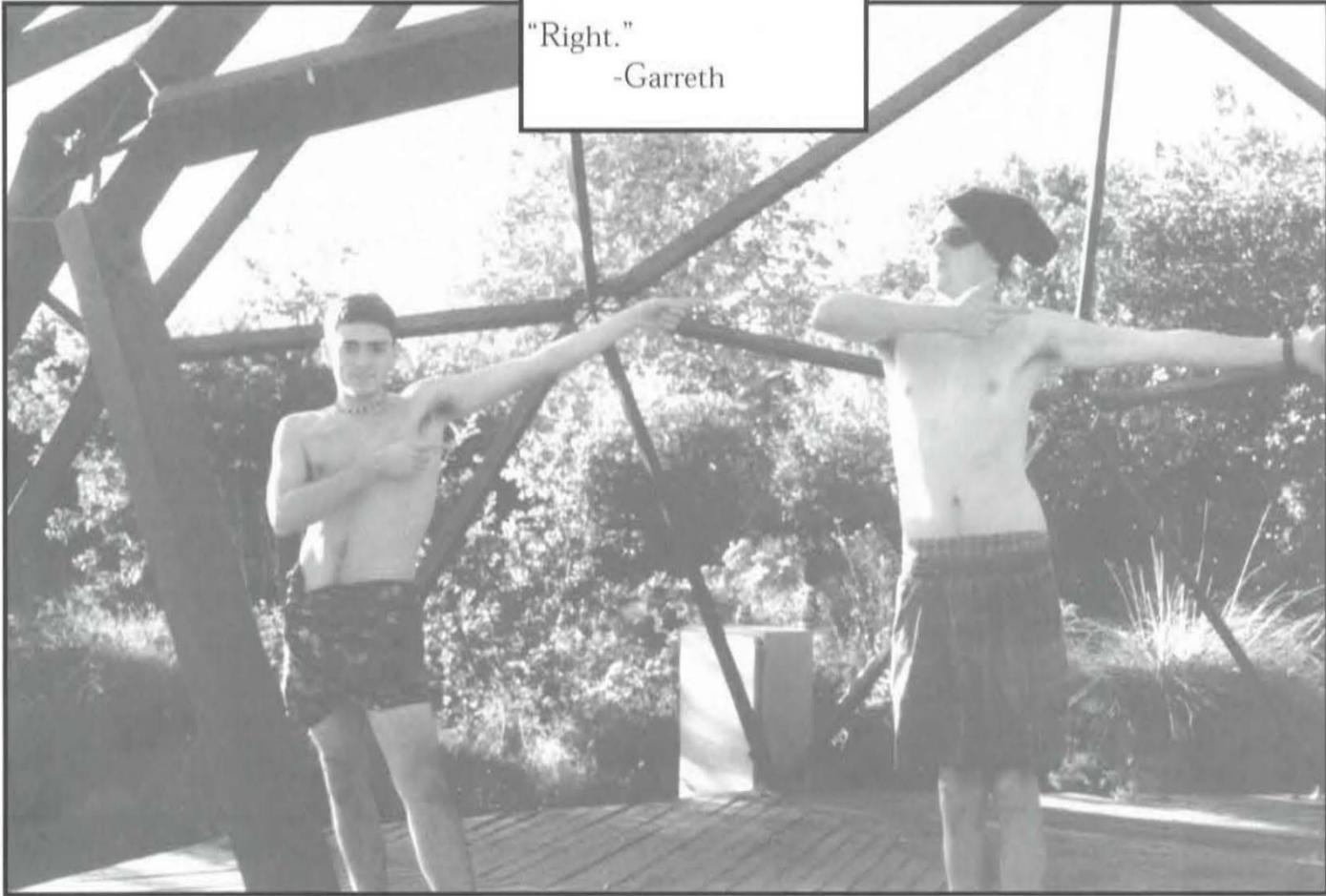
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"There is only one right way."

-Zach

"Right."

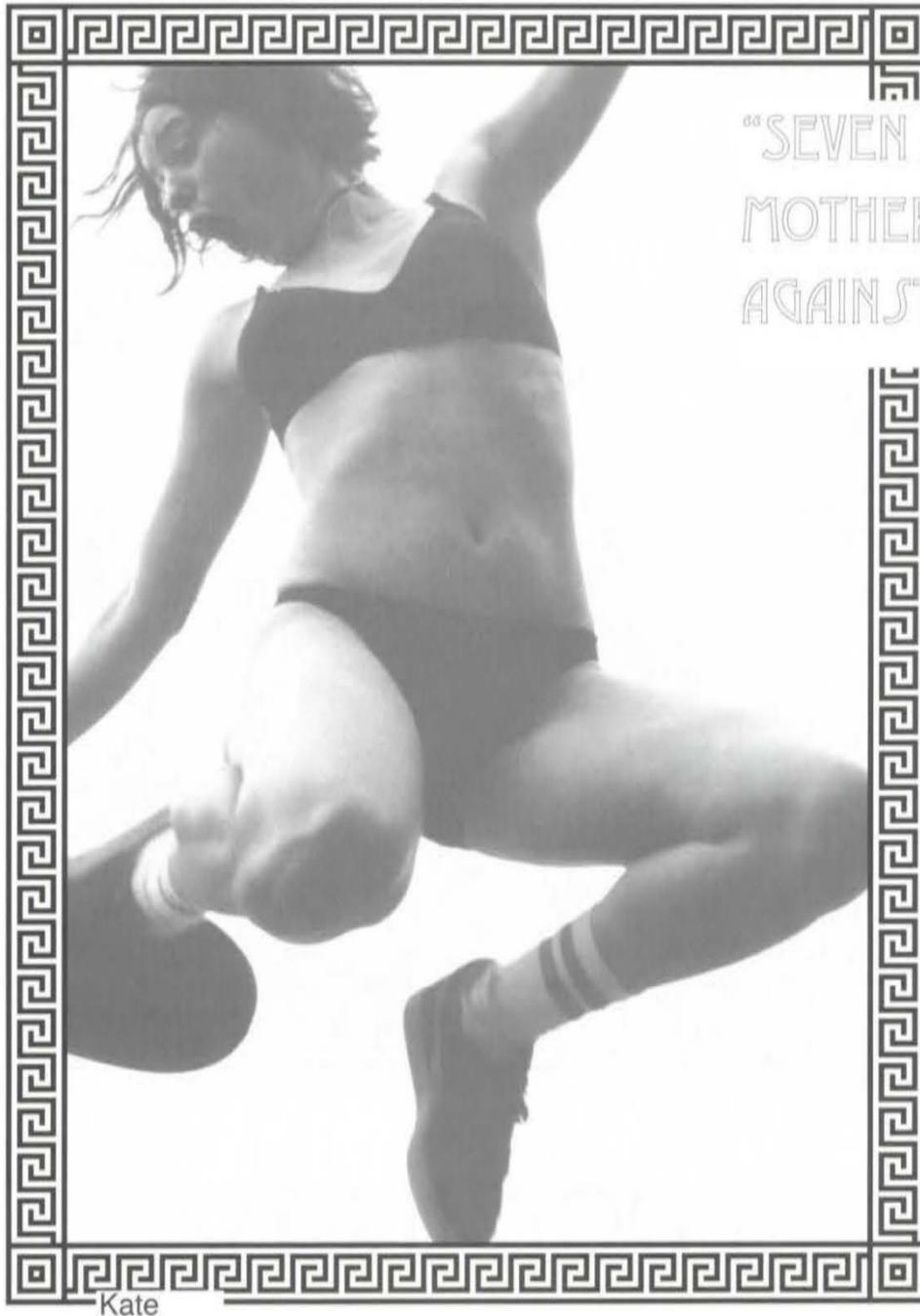
-Garreth



Zachary and Garreth

April 2002

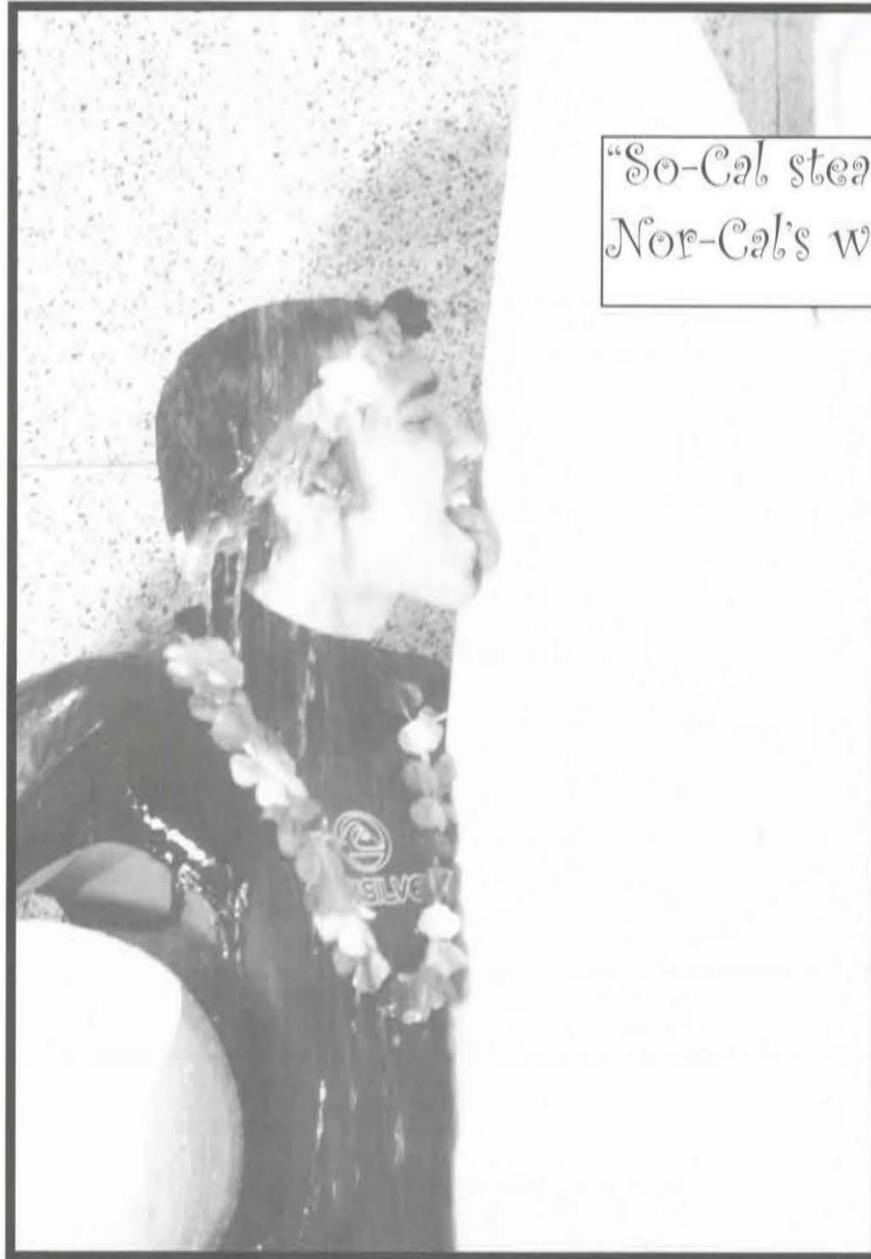
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“SEVEN AGAINST THEBES,
MOTHERFUCKER, SEVEN
AGAINST THEBES.”

May 2002

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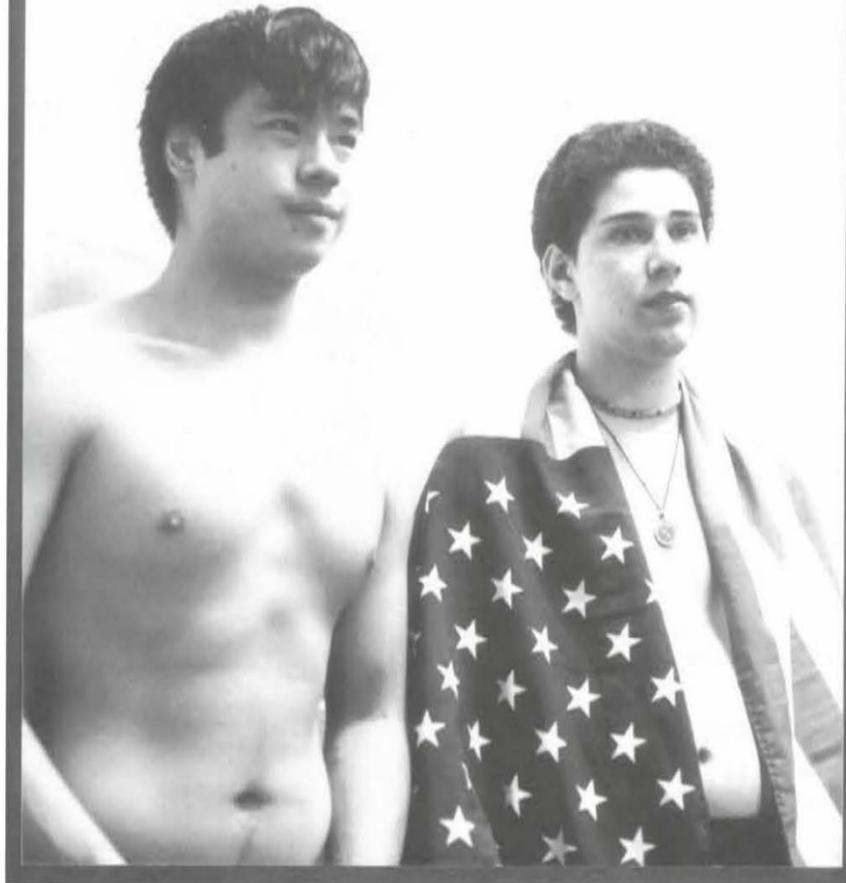
"So-Cal steals
Nor-Cal's water."

Zach

June 2002

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"Sociology of Deviance"



Ben and Marc

July 2002

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“Not everyone understands house music.”



Lara

August 2002

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"As we speak, they're dreaming up more efficient ways to install microchip tracing devices in our bodies. The man's getting closer all the time!"
 -Jello Biafra (a.k.a. Eric Boucher)



Megan and Jillian

September 2002

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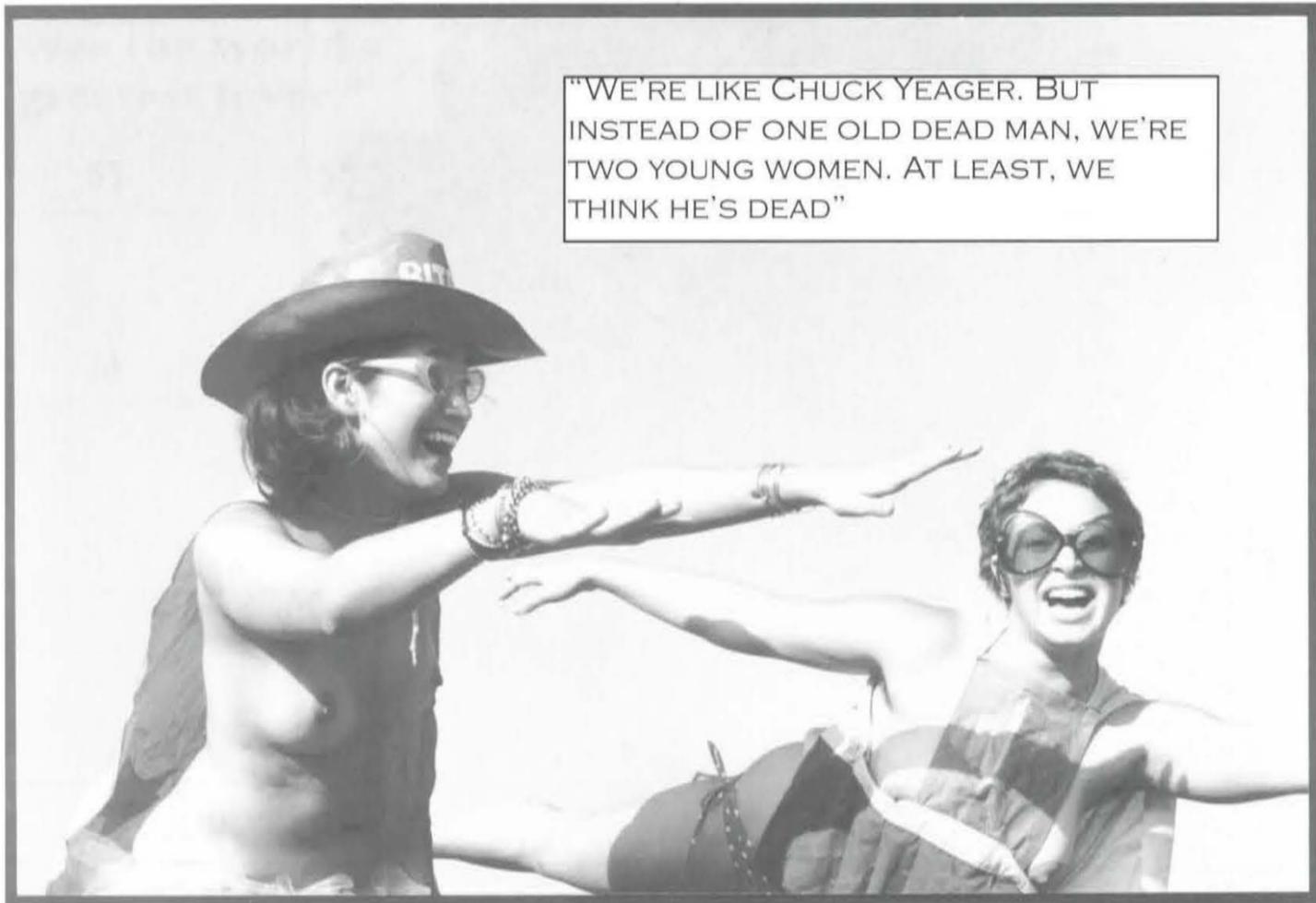
“For Halloween I was the world’s greatest lover.”



Andrew

October 2002

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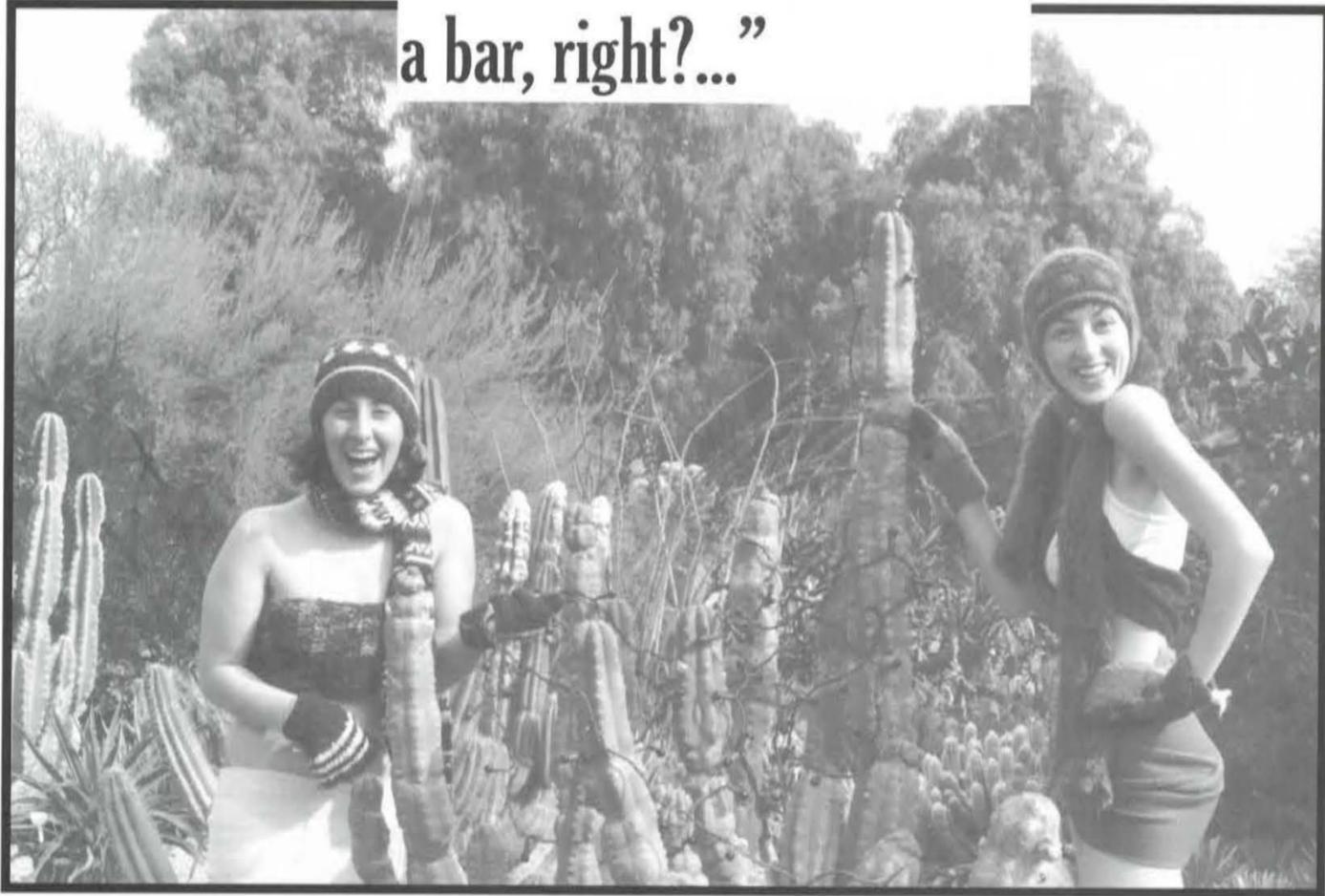
"WE'RE LIKE CHUCK YEAGER. BUT INSTEAD OF ONE OLD DEAD MAN, WE'RE TWO YOUNG WOMEN. AT LEAST, WE THINK HE'S DEAD"

Natalie and Selena

November 2002

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“So some cacti walk into
a bar, right?...”



Stephanie and Amber

December 2002

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