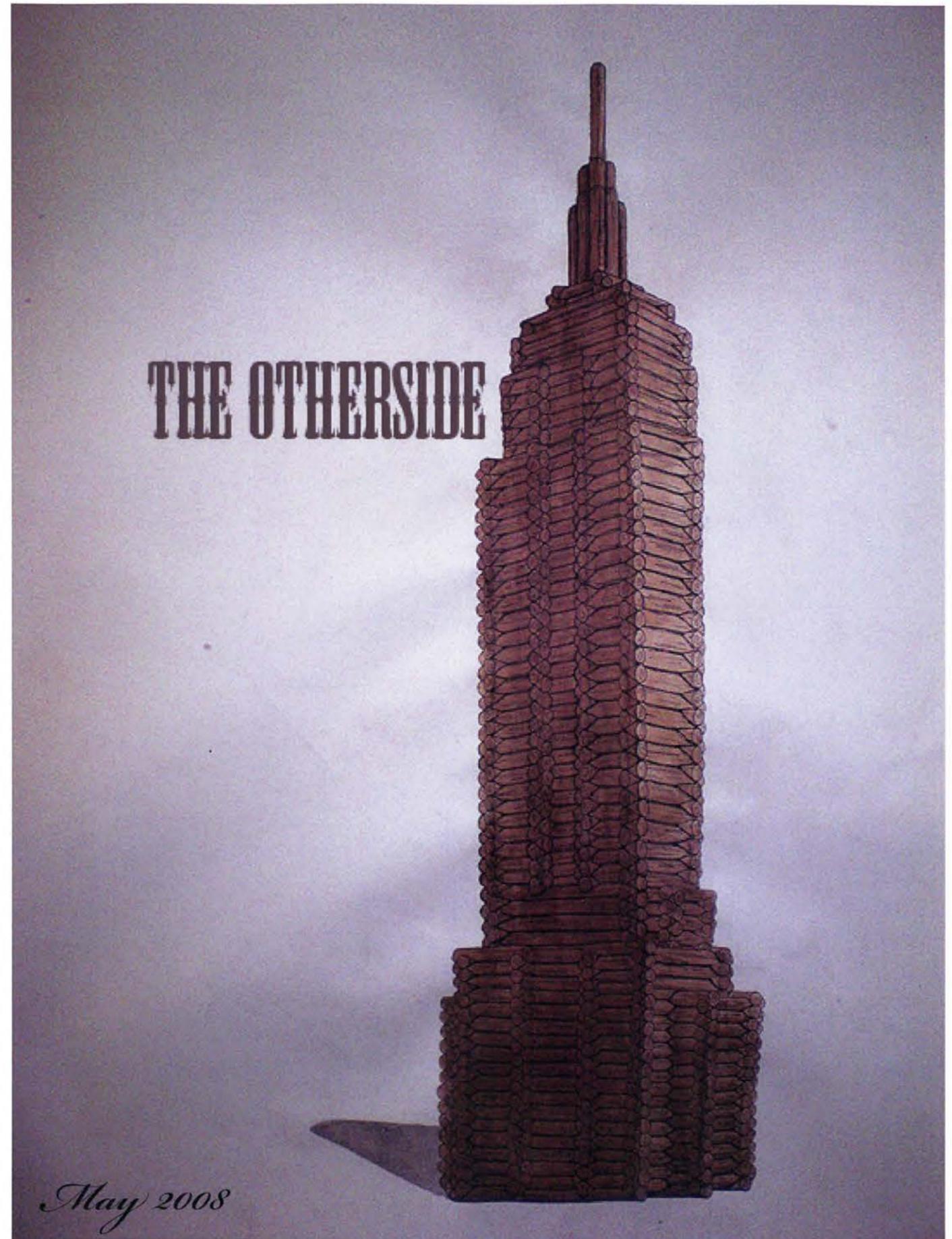




SUBMIT YOUR MIND

EMAIL TO  
OTHERSIDE.MAGAZINE@GMAIL.COM  
DROP IT OFF IN GSC ROOM 222  
GIVE IT TO A MEMBER  
ATTEND A MEETING

photograph by Sebastian Hann



# THE OTHERSIDE

GRACE NICKLIN CO-EDITOR  
WILLIAM BINNIE CO-EDITOR  
BEN KRAMER CO-EDITOR  
SEBASTIAN HANN CO-EDITOR  
CARTER RUBIN TREASURER  
ANA IWATAKI SECRETARY

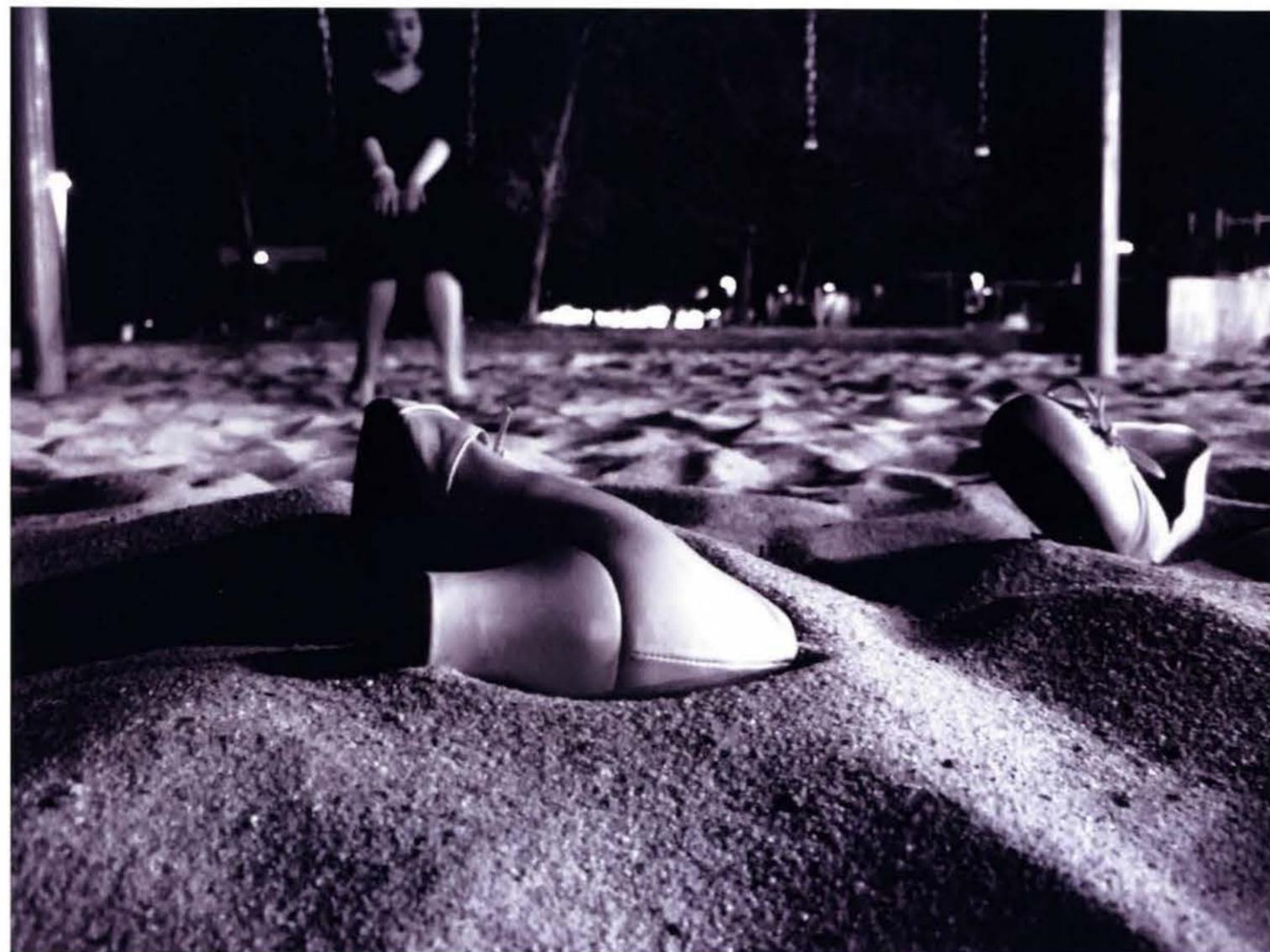
## STAFF:

ELLA KEATS GLASER  
ANDIE SOBREPENA  
ROB CUDD  
ANDREW GRUBB  
COLIN MICKLE  
MEGAN NEVELS  
CASSIE LAPKIN  
EVAN KELLEY  
JACK SLAUGHTER  
LOGAN KELLEY  
BRITTANY FAIR



photograph by Sophie Keenleyside

front cover: artwork by William Binnie



photograph by Rebekka Manzella



photograph by Charlotte Smail

My grandfather gave me this watch and I lost it.

It was a glowing, golden pocket watch, who's face was as perfect and white as mine. The surface was lightly scratched but smooth from years of slipping through men's fingers trapped in nervous ticks. The button was hard to push, hard to line up, but once you did the spring action was as quick and effective as ever. As good as new. The watch felt warm and slippery.

I would hold the long chain out of my pocket and watch. It dangled back and forth like a testicle, like a forgotten remnant of masculinity left drooping out the pants of the next generation. I could swing it around like a real hot shoot, catch it in my hand and spring the front open in one motion. To my surprise, it contained no memories. Every time I popped the lid off, there were no wise old moths or butterflies of my imagination bursting out in song. Only a watch. An old, constant watch.

And one day I lost the watch. I don't know how, or where, or why. It was just gone. It slipped through my fingers in one last nervous tick. It was probably left in a drawer, or fell out of my pocket in a sudden quest for freedom. The warm watch is gone, taking no memories, leaving no sentiment. My grandfather gave me this watch and I lost it.

-FRED BEEBE



photograph by Genny McAuley



artwork by William Binnie



photograph by Caitlin Pierce and Lolly Beck-Pancer

I TOLD HER SHE SMELLED HOMEY.

HER FACE TWISTED IN THAT CONFUSED  
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING  
ABOUT SORT OF WAY.

SHE DIDN'T REALLY SMELL HOMEY, LIKE  
HOW A HOUSE WOULD SMELL. ACTU-  
ALLY SHE SMELLED LIKE LAVENDER AND  
FRESH JASMINE. OH GOD SHE SMELLED  
DELICIOUS. BUT HOW COULD I TELL HER  
THAT WHEN SHE SAT ON BENCHES AND I  
CAUGHT A WHIFF OF HER ON THE GEN-  
TLE BREEZE BLOWING THROUGH HER  
HAIR THAT ALL I COULD THINK AND  
FEEL WHEN I SMELLED HER WAS THAT  
I WAS HOME. THAT WHEN WE LAID IN  
BED AND I WAS NESTLED INTO HER BACK  
WITH MY NOSE IN THE FOLDS OF HER  
SHIRT AND THE BACK OF NECK AND MY  
ARMS WRAPPED TIGHT AROUND HER  
MIDDLE, I SMELLED HOME. MY WHOLE  
BEING WAS HOME CRADLED IN THE  
SCENT OF HER.

RYAN DAKE



photograph by Megan Nevels



artwork by Sophie Keenleyside



photograph by Jesse Meisler-Abramson



photograph by Ana Iwataki

He shuffled his feet and looked up. For the first time, after 3 years of rustled sheets and finding her worn-one-too-many-times polka dotted underwear on the floor, he really saw her.

He noticed her right eyebrow, slightly more arched than the left. The mass of freckles that seemed to have appeared, lining her top lip of ruby red. The roll that made its home around her waist, slightly bulging out over the jeans she wore everyday. He knew those jeans. Or was it that he only knew how to take them off.

She looked away from him and he was thankful. He didn't know why but the sight of her didn't make his mind race with thoughts of cum-stained flannel sheets and the unclasping of pink lace bras.

Maybe it was the thought of her cold hands touching him that made him go soft or her mouth curling into an awkward shape when he found that spot that made him sick to his stomach. Whatever it was, something had changed.

He mumbled some excuse about having to feed his neighbor's dog and walked towards the door. He didn't dare turn around, not wanting to see her uneven sized eyes staring at him, trying to understand what he couldn't;

himself.

Megan Nevels



photograph by Charlotte Smail

## Lead

I rebelled at learning cursive  
Rs—they were nothing like I wanted them to be,  
so dissimilar from Rs in print. To me,  
they were tables no one would eat at.  
They later made sense with context,  
in the middle of words.

Another time, some girl stabbed me  
in my holding hand with a pencil.  
She torqued it and broke the lead  
into my fist.  
The black spot stayed, lodged deep,  
and I was sure I would die.  
I would go mad and die, because that's what lead  
does.

I recovered, and the lead disappeared  
with time.

Now she's gone,  
And I don't worry,  
'Cause mentality is metaphor  
found  
then unfurled like a soft  
old blanket.

Clinton Attaway



artwork by Ella Keats Glaser

Where are you going? asked the tree.  
I'm going to the highest point of my last  
dream. replied the deer. that way i can see  
the way our lives will end  
...you mean our time is limited, but i thought  
we were infinite, we are dominant, we  
should outlive the life of the sun as well as  
the moon.  
That's exactly it, said the deer. the moon is  
breaking and the sun is fading. my dream  
told me this and now i must go see it.  
But time is one thing we all have but can-  
not control, said the tree. some waste and  
some squander but no matter what, you will  
eventually run out, but what will there be  
left to say to the future inhabitants of this  
place, will we merely be a bedtime story for  
their children...

Ryan Dake



artwork by Juliette Bittner

## Generation

Ignore the magic that's in front of you  
Ignore the love  
the person by you.

All the spaces you can share.

All the internet.

All the cellphone.

All the tv.

Outside your life.

You're not here.

You are not with me.

You know so much about the tragedies.

You know so much about the system.

But you are so spiritually paralyzed,

so fucking lied to,

so fucking afraid,

so fucking afraid.

Because because

box box box box.

Because because

school work pyramid death.

Because because

mother father sister brother confusion is sex.

Because because

white black asian mexican division.

Because system tearing us apart.

Tearing you apart.

Your mind is not of your body.

Your body is in god's hands

time's hands money's hands.

Making you feed the outside.

Making you externalize all your happiness.

There is nothing from within.

You're dead.

You're absolutely dead.

We are beyond lost.

We are beyond beat.

We are beyond hippie.

We are beyond punk rock.

We are beyond emotion.

We are beyond soul.

There is none left.

There's nothing left.

machine head

Machine head.

Inhuman inhuman

inhuman inhuman.

William Furio



artwork by Paul Bergmann

## While You Were Packing

When I stepped out of my cave of the deepest  
blue—

out of California's January air—

into my own mind

and I walked into this room to find you:

President of all things,

carefully peeling faded polaroids  
from faded walls.

The stray hairs

around your ponytail—

tied up with the day—

danced in the fan's light breeze

like the wings of a hummingbird.

Your bedroom

as it folded in on itself.

When I had finished plucking the six strings  
of your pretty guitar

and you tucked your last soft shirt away,

we sat between four yellow walls  
in that field of boxes.

I sweetly touched your wrist  
until the deep light of the sun  
danced shapes on the panes of your window  
and your hair, now free,  
spilled down your spine.

With all of your old room's light bulbs  
unscrewed now,  
I close my eyes and, in the darkness of my day-  
dreams,  
I beg the sandman for you,  
for your collarbone.

Marnie Briggs



artwork by Ella Keats Glaser

## Must Make Myth Out of the Madness

Mortal mankind's manifold manufactures  
marketing the wasteland  
built on top of burial grounds,  
and fallen mountains,  
and greenery.

Whence ravaging wildlife  
the wanders of will,  
now filled with the carnivorous hunters of shadowy hollows.

To be distracted is to be alive.  
Refracted reflections attract broken mirrors-  
the tension to survive.

Multiplicity manipulates moments.  
Leaving the mangled multitudes seeking atonement.  
Component by component we build the tenements  
then break them down back to sediment  
separation is what we're up against.

Incomplete isolated entities  
hustlin' in line  
like the one before, and the one before that.  
Laying down the systematic track-  
the addict trap,  
that delivers to the children  
all stigmatized contamination  
under the moral frame of an economic nation.

The roots of greed are playing  
footsie with our mentalities  
as reality becomes embedded in the bought-  
The mantle becomes cluttered  
with plastic treasure.

The fire mistakes fame for fuel  
and the vacuous are victors.  
Hollows and haphazards  
tethered to the remnants of  
well-weathered purpose-  
now measured by purchase.  
Got to get back to the service  
before the serpents serve us.

Give us this day our daily breath.  
Give us this day our daily death and forgive those who forget to  
renew through breath.  
Got to get back to the source,  
the doors revolve to the sound of a godly chorus.  
Move, but beware of the sirens and the serpents  
who tempt you to terminate the course.  
Watch out for the merchants  
who try to barter your force.  
We need to reprioritize  
refuse to fuse  
with the material abuse  
peddling consumption like its nutritious and shit.

We must participate in the shift and carve our own significance  
into this block of organic existence.

Strange mold matter-

to commune with the origin image,  
the original quilt now tattered.

I'll hold the tapestry with my teeth  
and restitch the myth to renew belief.

We must make myth out of the madness!

Like, remember the time we were kings and queens  
masters of our being...

This place is being dulled with ash  
hazy sullen smoke screen.

Remember the glimmer of the golden mask?

We can carry our homes on our backs  
and bask in the small events...

remember graciousness?

Katelin A. Jones



*I thought of you today.*

*I don't know if it was the fountain that smelled like that pool in San Diego we swam in every summer. Or if it was the guys playing football that made me think of the Dallas Cowboys. Or maybe it was Harry's red flannel hanging in his closet.*

*Whatever it was, it made me miss you.*

Megan Nevels



photographs by Andrew Grubb

“The world will end today.”

It was Tuesday, and Azre broadcast his dismal forecast for the KTVU “News at Two” spot. Having the world end on this Tuesday did not concern him much. The world had not ended yesterday, but he seemed to remember the world ending a few days before that. And there was that week last month when the world ended every single day, sometimes more than once. Azre continued his forecast, reading the teleprompt with the casual professionalism that had won his news team FCC broadcasting awards for best daytime scientific reporting. After finishing, he returned to his seat in the Metatronic Broadcasting Systems, Inc. newsroom, made a joke about the Oakland Raiders, and remained on camera silently until the program had finished taping.

Today the world would end between seven and nine thirty pm PST, most likely due to a spontaneous surge of volcanoes emerging and erupting hot magma on nearly every inch of the earth’s crust. Azre knew this because his analysis of the occasus waves entering the earth’s atmosphere throughout the day run through cymatic graphical simulations had identified today’s waves to be a fairly common type usually known to lead to some kind of volcanic destruction.

Leaving the newsroom a little after three pm, Azre reasoned he had several hours to enjoy the day before he had to endure the agony and chaos of the magma burning all life on the planet to dust. He decided grab a burrito and take a walk down by the estuary. The weather was pleasant and as he walked he watched the various boats and kayaks float by. As other Oakland residents began to get off of work, Azre became caught in the hustle and bustle of people rushing to find meaning in their day before the impending apocalypse he had delivered to them.

Azre walked quickly through Jack London Square, avoiding the fatalists loitering around. Every day their group seemed a bit larger, a bit more threatening, he thought to himself. As he passed by, some fatalists jumped up and offered him flyers to parties, some offered drugs, while others sought money to buy them. Many held up their slogan, “Live every day as if it’s your last!” on hand-painted signs and posters, incorporating the message into complex and sometimes almost-beautiful art pieces. Yeah, I will live every day as if it is my last, Azre told himself, when I can afford the luxury.

He noticed after walking a few blocks that a female fatalist was walking several paces behind him. She wore a typical fatalist outfit sporting an unkempt hairdo, baggy pants and a black tank top. Instinctually, Azre crossed the street and increased his pace. She stayed on her side of the street, but also appeared to walk faster, he noticed out of his peripheral vision. Should there be an incident, he knew that chances of any of the city’s already sparse volunteer police being on patrol right now were quite slim.

As he reached the corner of the street, Azre quickly turned right, only to discover a handful of other fatalists down the street watching him. A light panic began escalate, and Azre began to fear the worst. Attempting to avoid them, he crossed the street again, only finding that the fatalists where aggressively closing in. Azre broke into a run, but found himself outnumbered, and having no open options, he surrendered to the fatalists surrounding him, blocking his escape.

“What do you want? Leave me alone!” Azre declared to the group. The female fatalist originally following him stepped forward through the crowd and approached him.

“We mean you no harm,” she explained. “You are Dr. Azre B. Tyche, correct?”

Unsurprised, Azre nodded yes. It wasn’t the first time he was approached by people who recognized his face from the news, and he did not intend for it to be his last. “What can I do for you? I would like to be on my way, but your cohorts appear to be blocking my path.”

“We are interested in the research you have recently been publishing about the cymatic evaluation of occasus waves. Have you read the recent census report?” The girl respectfully spoke with confidence to the apocalyptic scientist.

“Yes, I did not find it very surprising. The world population is dropping. Quite unsurprising statistics, considering the state of the world. I’m sure members of your...’group’ have a significant impact on those numbers anyway with all your optional suicides and recreational dying...What does this have to do with my research?” Azre was in no mood for discourse with these aggressive characters. He hoped that whatever they wanted to get out of him could be extracted quickly so he could enjoy what was left out of the day.

The woman reached into a cargo pocket and took out a manila envelope and handed it to Azre. Cautiously opening it, he found it was filled with various

research papers and mathematical calculations. "We have done extensive research. We've found that suicide and natural death do not fully account for the drop in population. We believe there is another cause," the fatalist explained. Her tone was bold, clearly excited and proud of her research. "In your hands is evidence that some people are not coming back after the world ends."

"What? Are you serious?" Azre exclaimed in astonishment. He rapidly thumbed through the pages, skimming the abstracts and the math proofs. How could this be possible? The details of the frequent end of the world were not entirely worked out, but so far no respectable research had ever suggested that there were any lasting consequences of the global apocalypses. There was no reason to assume that this girl—or her group of wackos—had any better data. Yet Azre found himself less skeptical than he expected. "And even if you are correct," he began carefully, "what does this have to do with me?"

As Azre and the woman talked, the group of fatalists eased their aggressive stance enclosing him. Some of them drifted off, probably more interested in preparing for this evening's end-of-the-world party, while others more loyal to the issue stayed to observe the dialogue. Feeling less threatened now, Azre decided to allow the fatalist to speak with him for a few more minutes.

"I have read your research into diagnostic apocalypology. You are an accomplished forecaster. I would like you to help us apply your knowledge of occasus cymatics to help discover why this has happened to those people lost during the routine apocalypses. I want to understand this state of transition." The woman held out her hand, "My name is Kephlar. It is an honor to meet you."

Azre looked around at the small crowd of fatalists watching the conversation, compulsively sucking their cigarettes in silence. All around them the usual pre-apocalypse evening activities began to take shape. Tonight would be the first nighttime end of the world in over a month, and many of the revelers chose to have extra special celebrations to mark the occasion. The late afternoon shadows had begun to elongate, and as the sun became lower in the sky, the unusually clear air allowed a crisp view of San Francisco's buildings shimmering across the bay. This is far too keen an evening for me to waste any more time, Azre realized. "No thank you," he replied to Kephlar, and began continuing past her and the crowd of fatalists on the street.

Poor do-gooders, Azre reflected. Poor, and pathetic. At least the normal fatalists had accepted that the dismal state of the world was not worth investing effort into correcting. But this strange woman and her followers still actually

believed that they could make a difference!

Kephlar let him leave, but as he walked away, called to him, "What if these people are suffering, Tyche? If your knowledge of occulus cymetics could help them, wouldn't you want to find out?"

Continuing his walk, Azre felt pensive. He turned onto Uraniborg Street to avoid the gathering crowds on the main drag. Kephlar's offer had been tempting, he had to admit. But long ago Azre had resigned himself to the notion that looking for raw answers was futile. He doubted anyone would ever discover why those people were missing, or why the world was ending so frequently in the first place. It was not his job to discover those answers, only to analyze and calculate.

An hour later Azre found himself still thinking about his encounter as he enjoyed a smoke and a coffee with his wife on the roof of his apartment complex, watching the sunset. "Why is the sky so beautiful?" she asked, as he nuzzled his head on her chest. Looking at the horizon melting into vibrant pinks and reds across the sky, he thought about the Rayleigh scattering of light radiation causing the pleasurable colors. Azre knew that using simple cymatics, the elegant mechanism of the beauty in a sunset could be calculated to predict the behavior of almost every single particle in the atmosphere. He could predict the appearance of any organism, any plant, any infant, all through careful analysis of waves. It was all connected, all just governed by the manifestation of the amplitude and frequency of these strange disturbances in space-time. But Azre had never troubled himself to discover why any of it worked.

"It is beautiful because you love it," he responded coyly, "and you love it because it is beautiful."

"Is that a catch-22?" she asked playfully, and leaned down to kiss him on the cheek.

"I think I want to quit working at MBS" Azre announced. "Our ratings are going down. People just don't seem as interested in knowing the forecast these days."

"I suppose it doesn't change anything, anyway," she replied. "Knowing the forecast that is." Azre looked at her, then back at the sunset. He noticed that during the past several minutes the temperature had begun to gradually rise, and now felt a line of sweat forming on his brow. Suddenly the building began to shake and in the distance he could hear the screams, cries, and giddiness of

people reveling in the streets. The shaking and heat intensified, and Azre and his wife watched the San Francisco skyline begin to crumble down from the tremendous tectonic shifts occurring along the San Andreas Fault line. The heat intensified, and much of the giddy laughter transformed into screams of agony as molten magma oozed through cracks in the street and burned the flesh and bones of the Oakland revelers from their feet up. The sound became deafening as the cacophony of buildings crashing and metal bending played a counterpoint to the visual destruction. It was all waves, Azre thought one last time. Seismic waves through the ground, resident frequencies of buildings, the cries of citizens of the street, even the graph of his heart rate beginning to border on tachycardia.

As the heat became nearly unbearable, Azre grabbed his wife's hand, closed his eyes, and listened to the opus for the next eight seconds.

Dave Lempert

opposite page: photograph by Rebekka Manzella

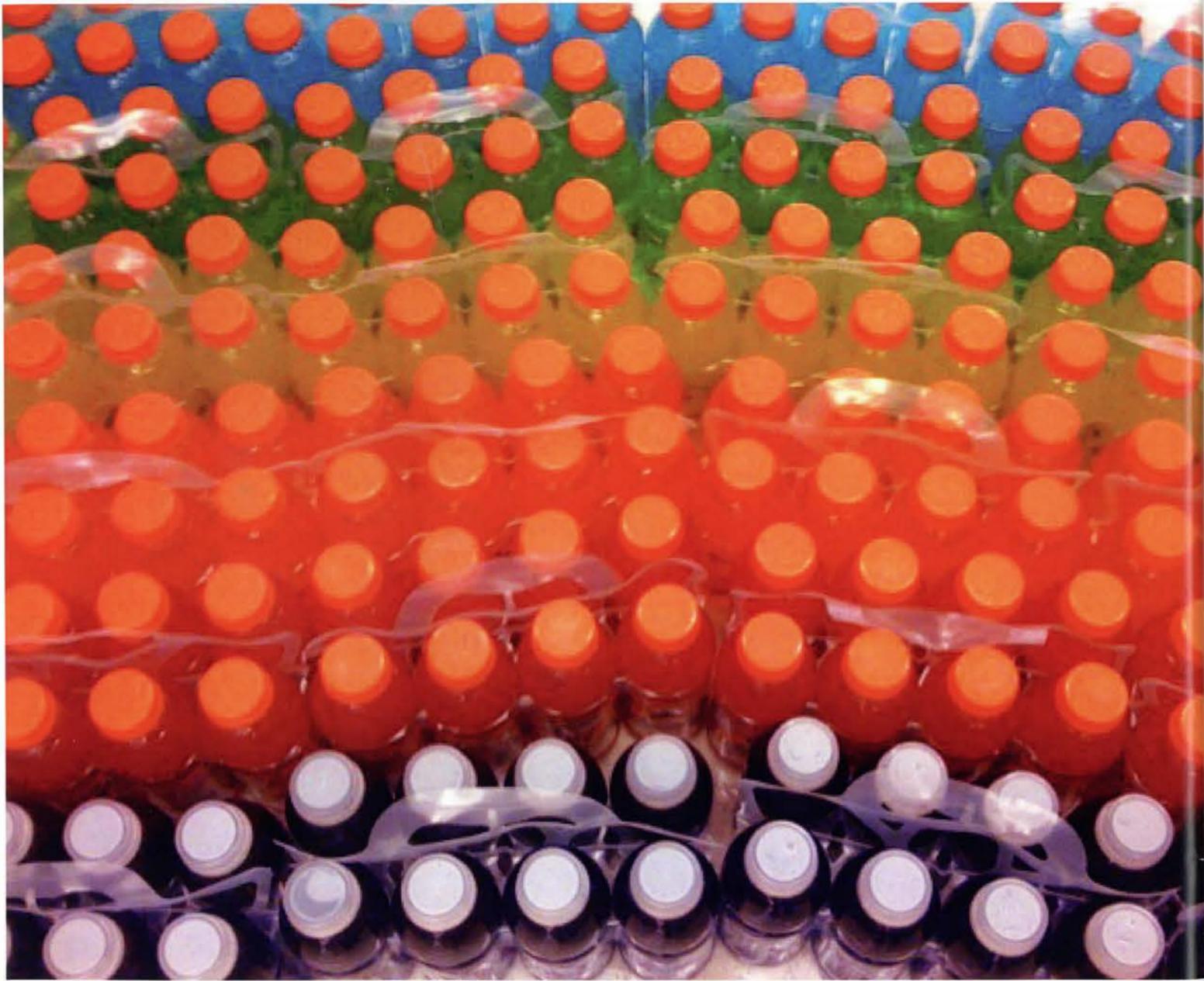




artwork by Sam Newman



photograph by Charlotte Smail



photograph by Andrew Grubb

