

I think Mother's
Day is coming up
soon.
♥ Georgia

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The Otherside



Full 2000



Above: by Lauren Bohbot

Cover Image: Ali Cherkis

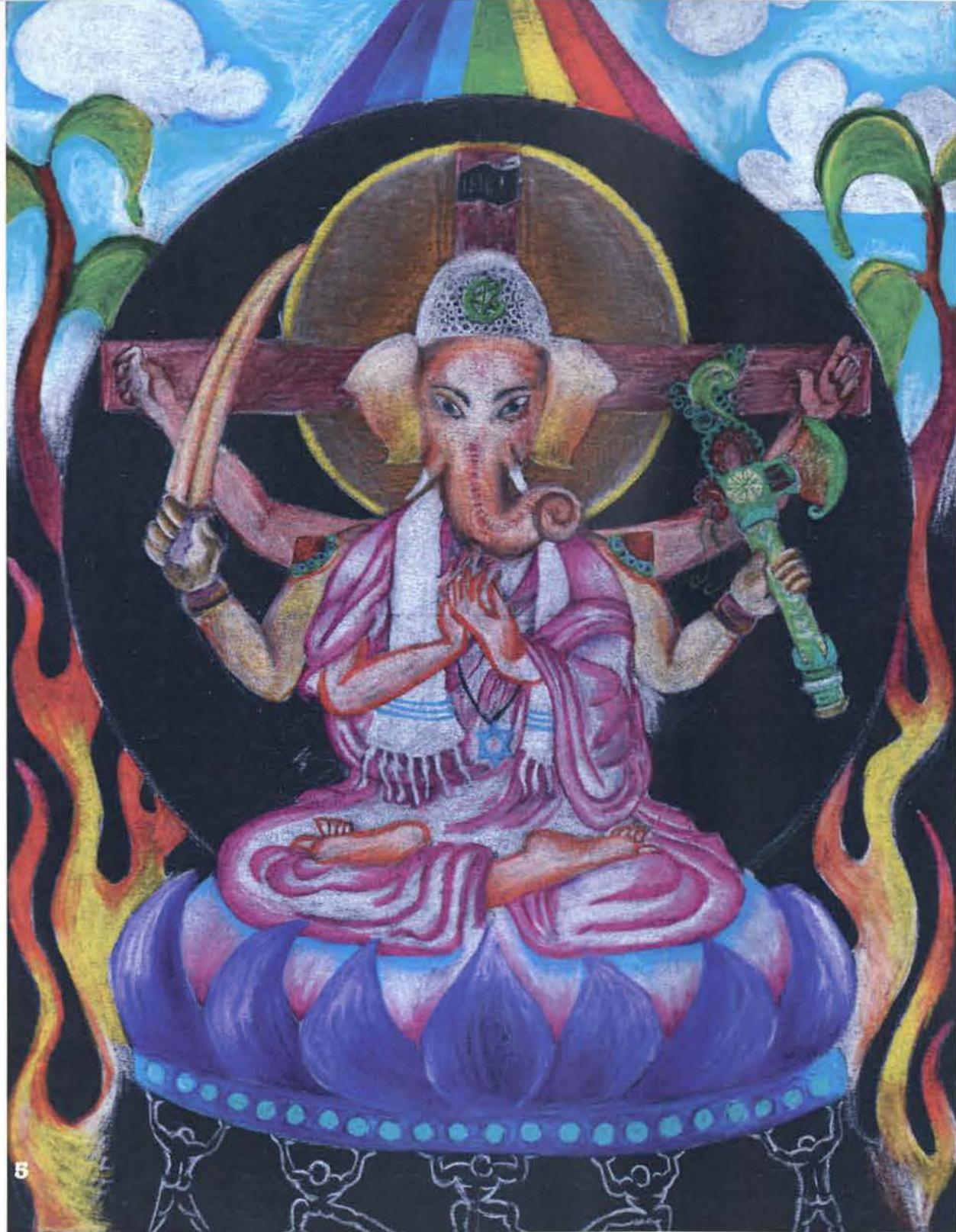
DEAR
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THE EDITORS
CPG
ANSWERS



Above: by Andre Baum

Opposite: **Milk** by Kim Fuerth





She of the night
Goddess of desolation
Her naked body explaining
A lonely story about frozen space
And vertical hours
About the soul encased in sheer ice
About the mind constrained by values and repressed love.
Dignity, power, and brutal beauty
Eyes strained awake with pensive concentration
Two splashes matching the charcoal dash
Of her mouth, the jet-black
Twisting of her sensuous hair.
How many hours did it take her to convince
Herself that tentative thought unthinkable?
The mind watches itself watching

by Leah Wald

Opposite: by Brandon Fernandes

Elegy for a transient Sister
by Charlotte Pickett

You must by now have tried, without results, to forget me
and you must have said, "fucking Yankee, get out of here!"
calling me a cold, ungrateful foreigner.
You must have smoked alone, hidden in the shadows on a certain desolate street,
the radio playing, cigarette fumes burning your throat
along with fury and pain.

You won't be able any longer to see my empty room,
or sit on the bus and look out the window
without remembering the times I was by your side,
complaining of the smoke and the distance.

I have returned once more to my own room.
Again I forget to clean my feet before bed and the ends of my hairs have split.
The skin on my hands and my elbows has dried
and my eyes are dry.
In the morning I put on my clothes without a glance in the mirror
and I walk through the street without worrying myself over anyone.

The thickness of my tongue when I talk in our language frightens me,
so too do the moments I look towards the phone but don't call you.

It afflicts me to think of your cold feet tangled in my legs,
your hands forcefully yanking my hair into arrangement
and your eyes when they flicker the color of almonds,
indignant and proud.

I too see the forgetfulness that silently erases my memory of us together.

I would yell with all my force
to hear not an echo but your scream resounding more powerfully than mine
causing me to shake and feel the blood in my ears.

and how gladly I would relinquish
the banter of useless, arguing words
to know you again.

SMOKE SURGES, SEARCHES, SINGS LIKE A STINGING STAR UP THE TOP OF MY NOSE
ONLY TO LEAVE A TINGLY SENSATION, OH SENSATIONAL! LIKE JAZZ HIPSTERS,
THE REAL HIPSTERS, THE NORMAN FUCKIN MAILER LATE FIFTIES HIPSTERS, WE
WOULD PUT A SQUARE FRAME AROUND THE PRINTER-PAPER CATS DOOMED
TO A LIFE OF A HORNSWOGGLED IGNORAMUS-HOOD. EMPLOY MY ENVIOUS
TRIFLES AT LATE FRIGHT, THAT'S RIGHT, WAM! BAM! THANK YOU MA'AM.

GOOD NIGHT TO A TOWN OF TALL TALES AND SHORT SNOUTS AND
STOUTS, OH AND UP THE LINE, SOME TIME, YOU HAVE TO STOP SAYING
GOODBYE AND KEEP TRUCKIN DOWN THE LINE, YOU PICK UP THE TAM-
BOURINE OR THE FLYING FROLICKING FRUITFUL FLUTE AND PLAY YOUR
PART, AND YOUR HEART, AND LIVE AND LET LIVER LIE DOWN WITHOUT
THAT CRUDE JUICE. GOOD NIGHT OLD TOWN, GOOD NIGHT FOR REAL.
HEAL,
HEAL,

-NICK MORRIS





Afternoon Stretch by Andre Baum

Visiting

by Izzy Ferguson

Passing single houses on a cloth hill,
the graffiti-ed train, a paper factory,
I look at all the pipes and think,
“humans made this:” the way I look at art
and think of hands.

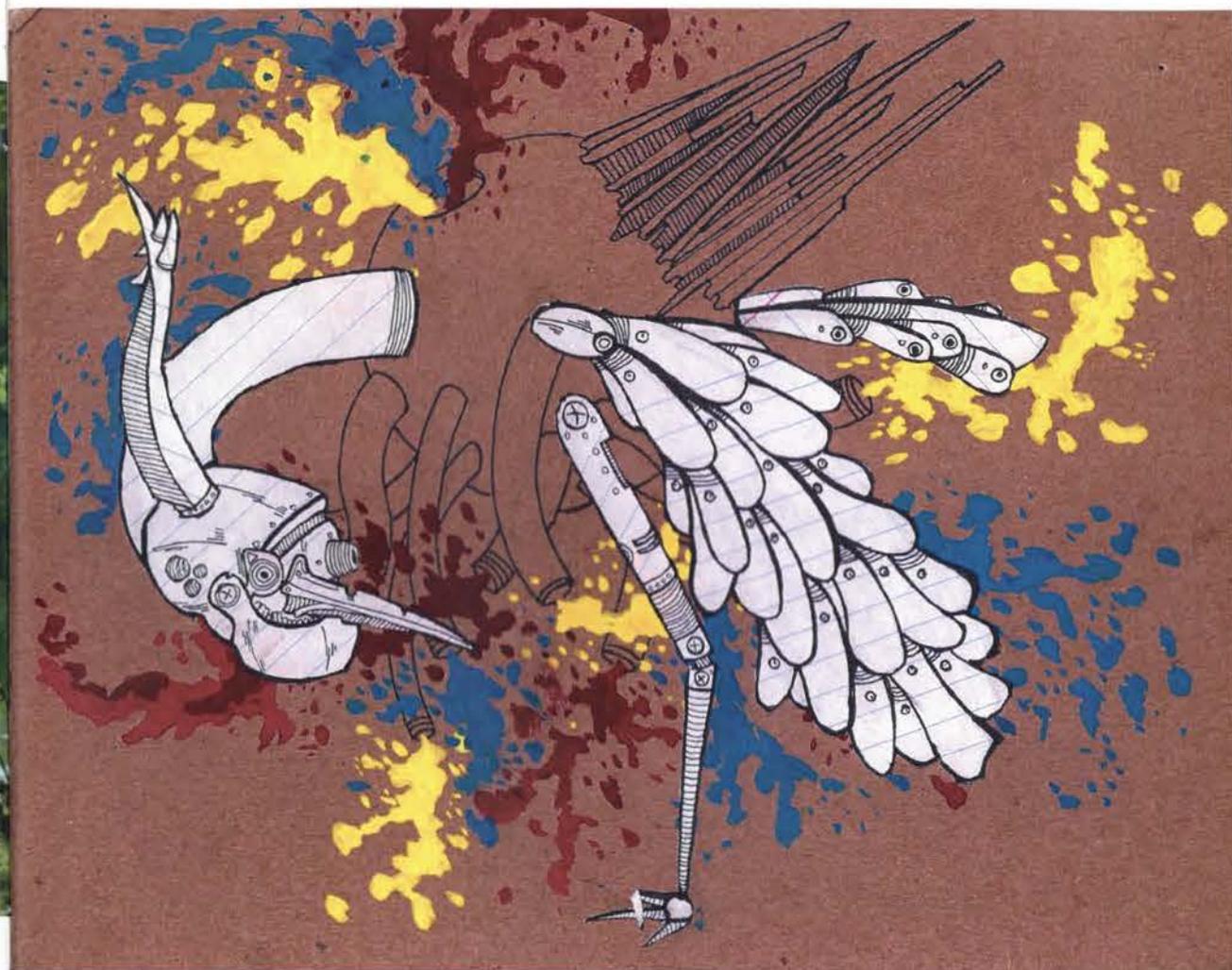
The sun goes down
and we all drink Amaretto sours until our teeth hurt
in a crowded bar where we can't hear each other
and watch everyone else.
And me, laughing and hugging friends of friends
who are really just strangers: Boys growing beards,
a girl—clothes strung on bones.

Music from a car on the street, the coughs of smokers
in shared rooms, a house without doors. The bathtub drips
through the wall. In the spare room, the readers:
finding Wordsworth where I guess he always was,
wondering if the Aeneid is worth translating, shouting about
footnotes.

Our skin is much closer to the air these days.
The shadow of the clothesline we made with the plastic pins
and rope,
falling over your shoulders, we pretend to sleep.



Monks by Leah Wald



by Zack London

The wanderer.

Anyone who has come even part of the way to the freedom of reason cannot feel himself to be anything other than a wanderer upon the earth--though not traveler toward some final goal: for that does not exist. Yet he does want to observe and to keep his eyes open for everything that really is going on in the world; hence, he dare not attach his heart too firmly to any individual thing; he must have something wandering within himself that finds its pleasure in change and ephemerality. Such a person will admittedly have bad nights, when he is tired and finds the gate of the city that should have offered him rest to be closed; it may furthermore be that, as in the Orient, the desert reaches all the way up to the gate, that the predators howl, farther off at one moment, nearer the next, that a strong wind rises up, or that robbers carry off his pack animals. Then the terrible night will sink over him like a second desert upon the desert and his heart will be weary of wandering. When the morning sun does rise, glowing like a god of wrath, and when the city does open, he may see in the faces of those who dwell there even more desert, filth, deceit, insecurity than there are outside the gates--and the day may be almost worse than the night. So it may go at times for the wanderer; but then, as compensation, come the rapturous mornings of other regions and days, when already with the dawning day he sees swarms of muses dancing past him in the mist of the mountains, or later when, as he walks silently beneath the trees in the equanimity of his morning soul, nothing but good and bright things are thrown out to him from the treetops and hidden depths of the foliage, the gifts of all those free spirits who are at home amid the mountains, woods, and solitude and who, like him, are wanderers and philosophers, in their now joyful, now meditative way. Born of the mysteries of the dawning day, they reflect upon how it can have such a pure, luminous, radiantly bright face between the ringing of the tenth and twelfth hours:--they seek the philosophy of the morning.

by Richard McKinney



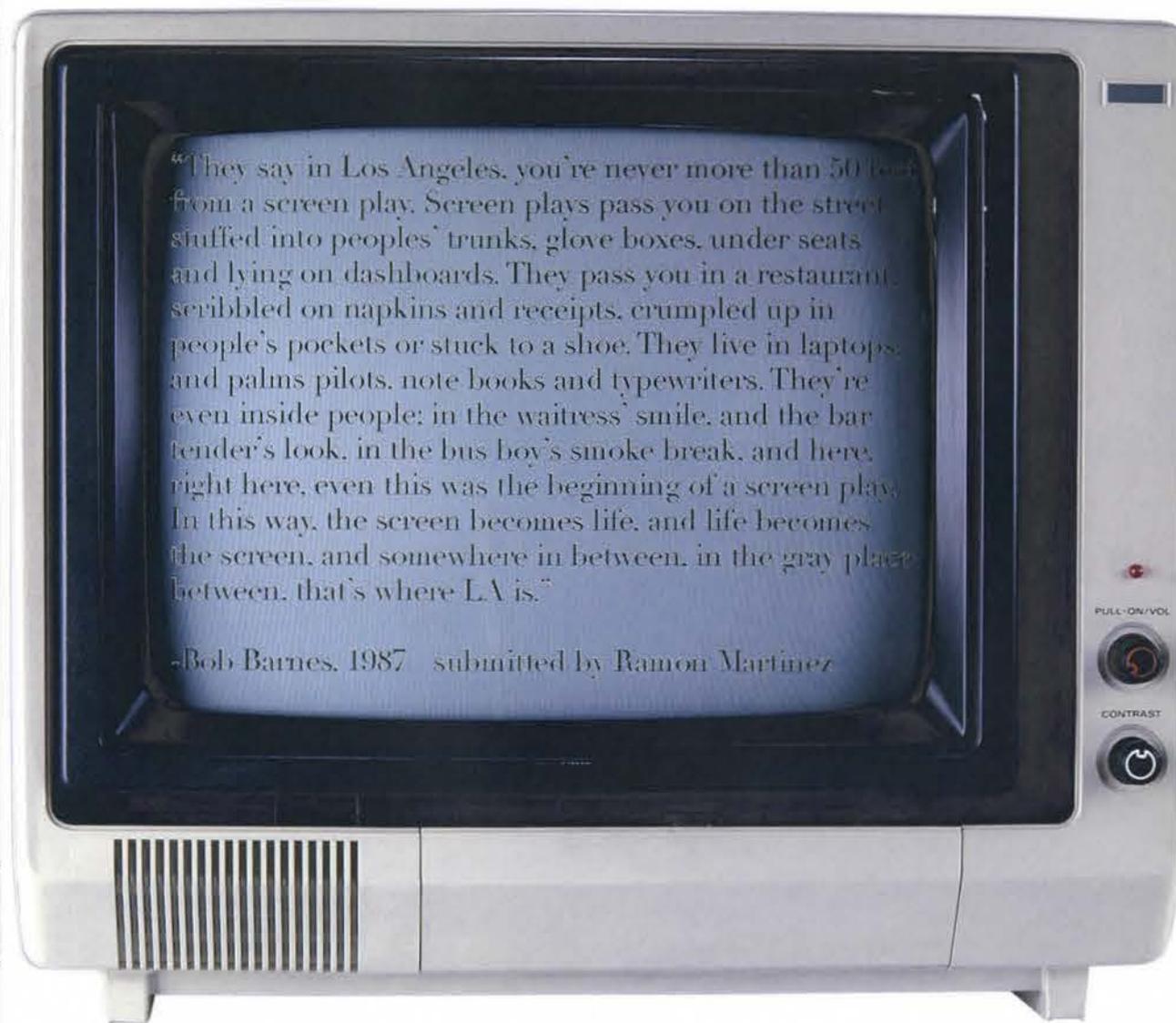
Bahai Temple, Chicago by Caleb Light-Wills





This Page: **Cayla** by Karen Issac

Previous Page: **Untitled** by Sascha Roker



"They say in Los Angeles, you're never more than 50 feet from a screen play. Screen plays pass you on the street, stuffed into peoples' trunks, glove boxes, under seats and lying on dashboards. They pass you in a restaurant, scribbled on napkins and receipts, crumpled up in people's pockets or stuck to a shoe. They live in laptops, and palms pilots, note books and typewriters. They're even inside people: in the waitress' smile, and the bartender's look, in the bus boy's smoke break, and here, right here, even this was the beginning of a screen play. In this way, the screen becomes life, and life becomes the screen, and somewhere in between, in the gray place between, that's where LA is."

-Bob Barnes, 1987 submitted by Ramon Martinez



“The Liquor and Cheeseburgers Have Taken Effect”
by Harrison Weinfeld, Jeff Bandler, Jordan Cinnamon

Prayer by Sarah Surrey

One fence between
Two nations
Thousands of bombs
Millions of deaths

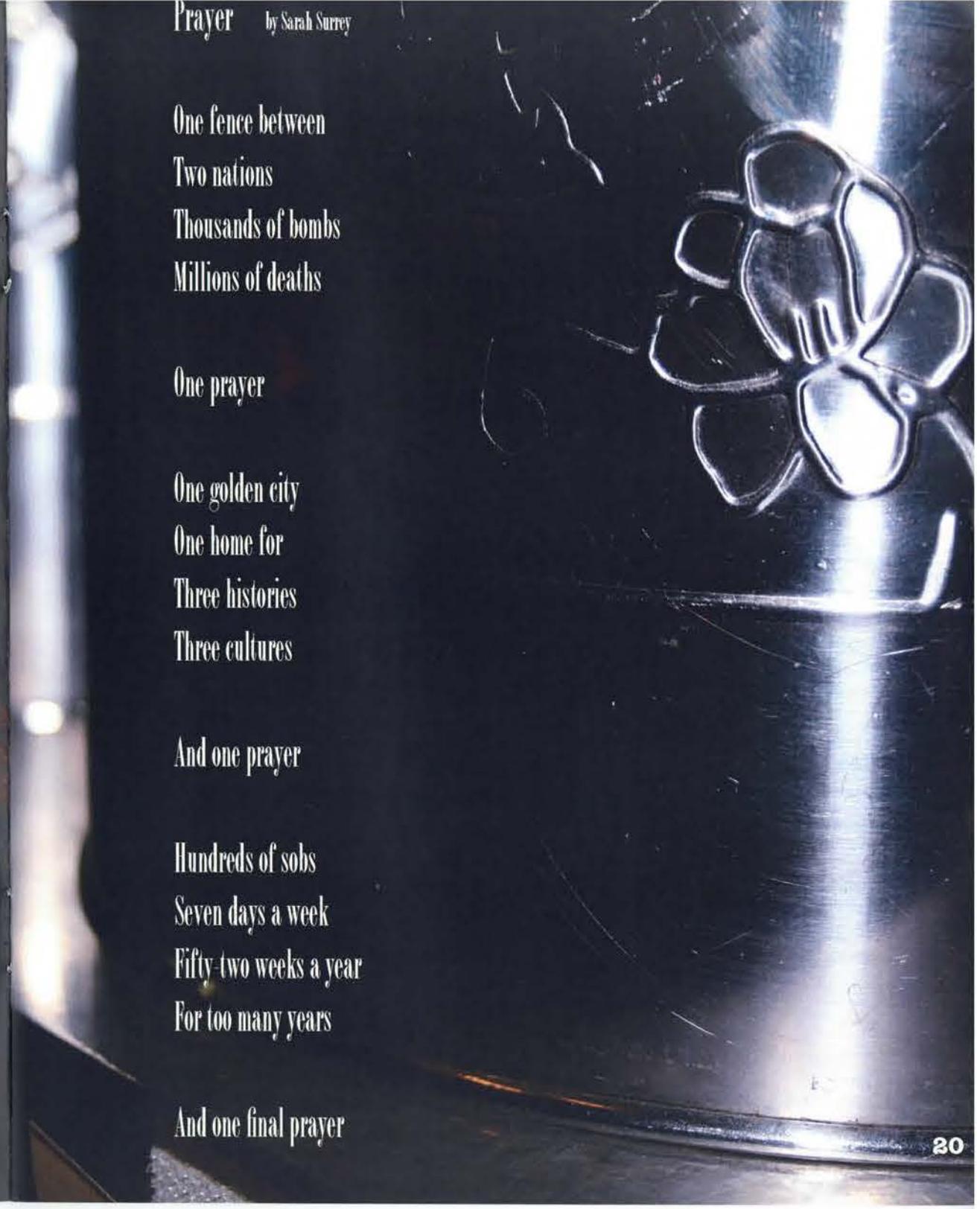
One prayer

One golden city
One home for
Three histories
Three cultures

And one prayer

Hundreds of sobs
Seven days a week
Fifty-two weeks a year
For too many years

And one final prayer



A Mighty Loose Net

by Tia Abbey

"Language is a mighty loose net with which to go fishing." - Edward Abbey

I wake up with the sun and pull on my pants still caked with red dirt and snowmelt from the day before. The majestic golden sunrise over the stark flattened-out landscape gets me out the front door and quickens my step as I head out in search of adventure. Sharp golden rays explode off of the horizon - shooting heavenwards and reflecting and refracting off of the snow-dusted canyon lands below. A few solitary clouds hang in the crisp morning air - they blush a virgin pink in the dawn's early glow.

I shovel my car out of the new layers of powder that fell during the night. I attempt to chip the hard frost and ice off my windshield with my old library card. As a California girl, I'm naturally fascinated by these new mundane winter tasks.

I chase the rising sun as I head off in my car that spews clouds of respiration from the tailpipe. The two-lanes of highway 12 straddle a steep hogsback of pale sandstone rising up from deep canyons. Around slippery ice corners I peer over cliffs down into the deep hidden worlds of Coyote, Rabbit Ear, Spooky and Dead Horse Canyon with their hidden frozen waterfalls and dormant quicksand pits. The mysterious Kaparowitz Plateau and the sacred peak of Navajo Mountain stand boldly on the distant horizon. "Wahatoya" whisper the lingering Anasazi spirits.

The black and gold asphalt ribbon of the highway crosses the Escalante River somewhere between Nowhere and the only liquor store in a 100 mile radius. Deciding this confluence of river and asphalt might be a good place to explore for the day, I step out of my metal and plastic cage and cross from the man-made world of black tar and plastic light reflectors to the world of rock, sand and ice; the world of silence, truth, and beauty. Crunching in the early morning snow, I turn my boot tips in the direction of the water flow.

The mighty Escalante drains much of southeastern Utah and carries her red silt, seeds, and ever-eroding canyon walls down into the Powell Reservoir (the honorable Powell turns in his grave). The Escalante cuts through the many layers of the red sandstone earth, exposing a story millions of years in the making. Only about five feet wide and two feet deep, the silver currents slip and splashes over the smooth-headed river rocks. The deceptively tranquil water rolls silently between the walls of the canyon - a stealthy and undercover strength that has carved deep into the earth's flesh to leave these profound scars open and bare to the harsh sun and falling snow. With hidden and silent strength, it slowly cuts deeper into the crust and carries the red sad remnants of the canyon walls out to the domesticated Colorado River and eventually out to the vast ocean waters. Humble and modest, the silent mover of earth transports mountains beneath my splashing and inconsiderate feet.

Fresh snow glistens on the edges of the flowing stream as I snap pass the brittle shoreside brush. Hedged in by river willows, sage bushes and rabbit brush, the river water-world becomes a secret in which only the sounds of my feet crunching through the hardened snow and a solitary sparrow's warble echo off of the red canyon walls.

I've seen these red rock landscapes in the lush of springtime with thick forests of reeds clogging the shallow waters. I've seen them in the flux of autumn when the bright yellow cottonwoods dance against the deep red sandstone walls in a vibrant display of life and change. The winter costume, however, is incomparable. Light dustings of snow lace the rock ridges and cover the land in a frosty jewelry that glimmers and glistens in the new-days light.

The desert silence is amplified by the muting qualities of the blanket of snow. Movement is solitary and echoes are absorbed while the resounding, bold silence blares out in a deafening tone of quietude, harmony and stillness.

This land, this country - Abbey's country - feels like home. La tierra de mi alma. Land of rock, dirt, mud, contracted horizons; of juxtaposed red cliffs, blue sky and white frost; of silent, glistening powerful streams of water; of pinyon, juniper, sage and buffalo berry.

I take a deep breath but I still cannot take it all in. The deep walls overwhelm - red scars torn through the crust, laying bare the intimate innards seldom seen by sun, moon or man.

A crow flees from the unstable branches of a naked and twisted Cottonwood and I wonder if he too is lost in the wonder, majesty, the sheer vast ruggedness of it all.

But I reproach myself.

The crow, calling raspily to the hanging cotton ball clouds, need not share in the wonder. Perhaps as part of the wonder he need not be aware. And yet, am I, are we, not part of the wonder as well? Where is it that man and nature meet?

Our lives revolve around drawing and then reinforcing that demarcation. Drive your car, lock yourself up behind stucco walls, corrugated metal and glass. Regulate the temperature so that it doesn't feel like that strange and foreign land outside of the monkey house. Why is it that we refuse to live in the world we were born into? Perhaps it is our consciousness, reason, sympathy, selfishness, or arrogance that urges us to pull away.

Curses to these qualities, to my ability to hold this pen with my opposable thumb, process thoughts in language and scribble them down on a blank sheet of paper. Curses to this, the human condition - to thinking, to analyzing, to my blindness and deafness fomented by my language addiction and racing mind.

Moments pass when I feel the rustle of leaves, the towering red walls, and the echoing call of the crow accept me into their world. In these moments, thoughts descend language and I cease to rely on this synthetic contrivance. But my mind falters and these moments are sparse and quick. My body trembles and my hand shakes - it is a deep seeded addiction to words that runs through my veins.

Awakened. Struck. Humbled. Put in my place. I burn in my frustration - no rage - at my fellow self-conscious bipeds. Who are we to assign meaning, manufacture a reason, create a God to stand behind the glorious and the majestic? We - so small, so insignificant, so conceited - have no place for such belittling and unjust behavior.

I await the day when the grizzly bear, the snow-capped peaks, and the roaring ocean waves will stand up to shake off the shackles we have placed on them. Snapping, like chains made of paperclips, our stories of creation, of gods and of science will fall crumbling to the abyss. If only man's imagination were not so weak, so incapable, we could finally begin to perceive beauty, truth and holiness in rocks, leaves, and water; we could finally destroy our trivial notions and dreams of created gods.

Combustion. My feeble mind cannot handle the complexity, the simplicity, the immensity of the world around me.

I hold a pebble in my hand. A small fragment of the towering walls overhead, an ancient artifact of a mountain that once was, a traveler and a tumbler in streams. This rounded pebble is more beautiful than anything I have ever seen with a price tag attached to it, or hung on a nail behind a velvet rope and a light in a museum. The skills, talents, creativity of man are struck down and crumble to pieces beneath the weight of the tiny pebble between my fingers.

Incapable beings are we. Mozart is nothing beside the symphony of rustling leaves, roaring thunder and the jubilating songbird. Notes, scales, lyrics, bars are all belittled. The acoustics of Sydney's famous concert hall pale next to the reverberating and empowering canyon walls that breath life into any sound within reach. Man's highest treasures: the pyramids of ancient Egypt, LA's freeway system, hyperspace, Beethoven's 9th Symphony, Homer's Odyssey are all overshadowed by the immensity of the Himalayas, the complexity of a sturgeon's left eye, the intricacy of the regenerating self-sustaining, constantly fluctuating system that is the natural world.

A man summits a mountain, PG and E harnesses the wind, ENDESA damns the Baker River, a woman tends her lawn and flower bed and we somehow gather the notion that we have conquered, subdued, controlled nature. Embarrassing foolishness. I blush in disgrace. The benevolence of nature overwhelms.

Fully capable of destroying, reversing, halting all of man's silly goings on, Apache Mama sits patiently quietly supporting our painful ignorance. Like the household dog that allows the toddler to pull, yank and torment, She allows herself to be draped in concrete, dressed up in plastic bags and cigarette butts, and trampled upon by rubber wheels. I sit in bafflement, awaiting for the day when she will rear her sharpened jowls.

Again, the benevolence overwhelms.

My bitter pessimism in my fellow man is brushed aside as a soft breeze coming in from the East kisses my shoulders and cheeks. Rushed back to the immediacy of the bold lines etched throughout the red Kayenta Sandstone overhead, I loose myself once more in the wonder of yonder Juniper tree - twisted and gnarled, bearing the harsh elements of the desert winter. I loose language, words, and thought in the face of the beauty. Reaching down through the layers of fallen snow, I touch my fingers to the ever-soft and fine-grained sand of the canyon. I try to apologize for my human guilt, for my participation, my association, my inability to curb the disgrace. But it is futile.

A solitary tear melts a hole in the snow beneath my knees. The crow flaps his velvet wings and caws into the silence overhead.



Malaga, Spain, April 2008
by Genevieve Grace Calistro McAuley

THINK ABOUT THIS.

PITZER TUITION IS NOW \$34,500 PER YEAR

**SOME PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS WILL BE DENIED ADMISSION
BECAUSE OF THEIR INABILITY TO PAY**

**ON PRINCETON REVIEW, PITZER IS RANKED #1 FOR "LOTS OF
RACE/CLASS INTERACTION"**

**THE OTHERSIDE USED TO BE A RADICAL NEWS SOURCE UNTIL
IT BEGAN CRITICIZING PITZER'S PRESIDENT AND HIS DEAL-
INGS WITH THE DINING HALL WORKERS**

**THERE ARE NO REDEMPTION BINS BECAUSE NOT ENOUGH STU-
DENT WILL DO IT**

**THERE IS NO COMPOST IN THE DINING HALL BECAUSE NOT
ENOUGH STUDENTS WILL DO IT**

**THE ORANGE PEEL IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY INSTEAD OF WEEK-
LY BECAUSE NOT ENOUGH STUDENTS WILL WRITE FOR IT**

**PITZER STUDENTS ARE PART OF THE DEMAND FOR COCAINE
WHICH ENABLES THE US GOVERNMENT TO JUSTIFY CIVILIAN
MURDERS IN SOUTH AMERICA**

NOW TALK ABOUT IT.

ANONYMOUS

Editor's Note: We would like to ask "Anonymous" where was this information found. We are not convinced of its validity. Cool rant, though.



Pitzer-in-Outside-of-Calexico
by Andrew James Doty





This Page: by Bradon Fernandes

Previous: **I Am Iron Man**
by Harrison Weinfeld, Jeff Bandler, and Jordan Cinnamon



Progress by Ryan Dake

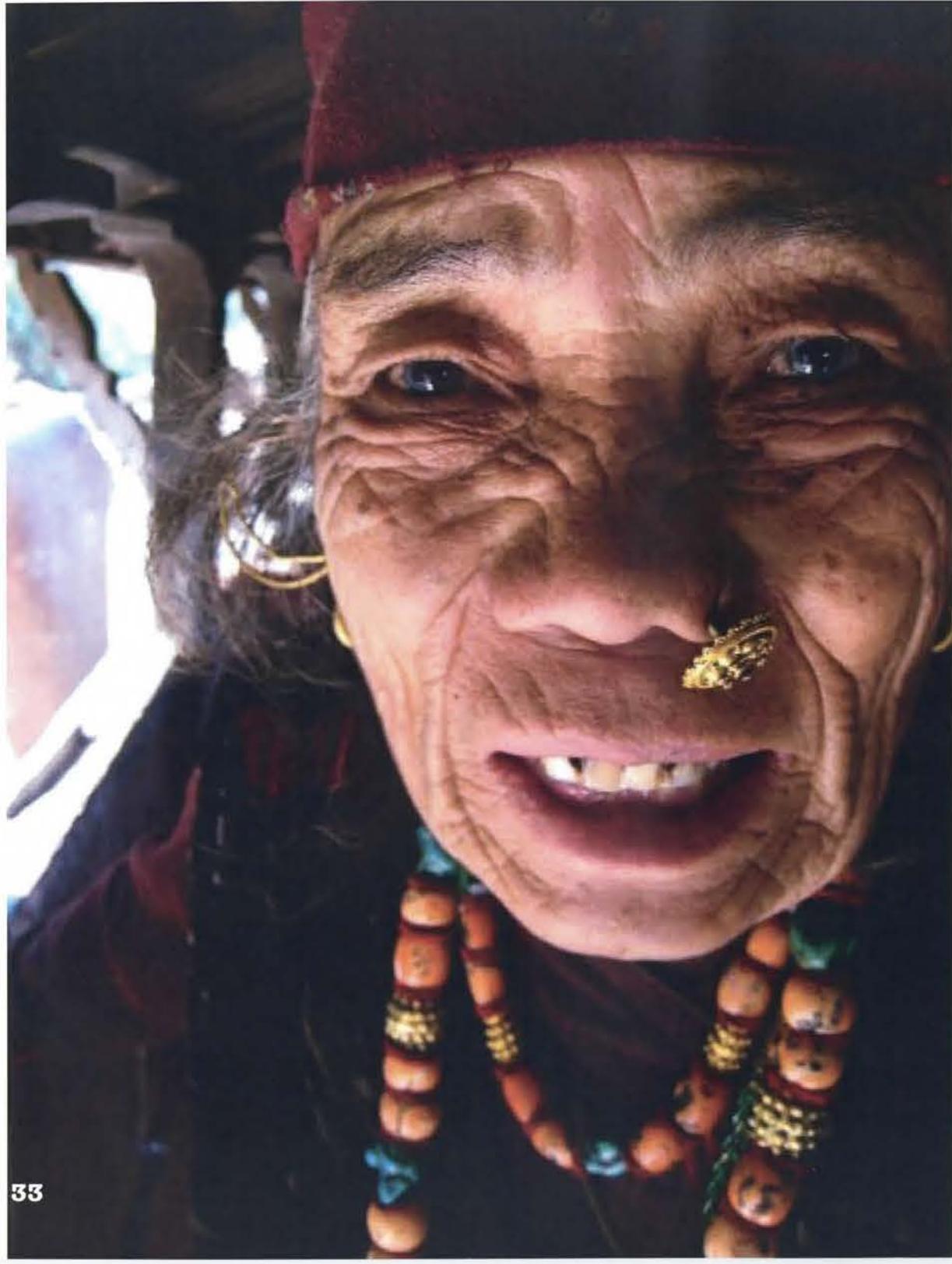
Inglewood

I grew up in Inglewood, CA never knowing a family other than my mother. I had heard of the men I never knew, one a professional golfer, one who made planes and one who wanted nothing more than to know his own daughter. In our attic, I found pictures of my two grandfathers who had never met until they were side by side in a locket of gold. Underneath it, in a raggedy old cardboard box, were my dad's favorite books; reminding me of how much I have yet to learn of the world and where I came from. And on the 15th page of one, I found a picture of an unshaven man I had never seen, and on the back in black ink, "so you'll know where you got your eyes."

-Megan Nevels



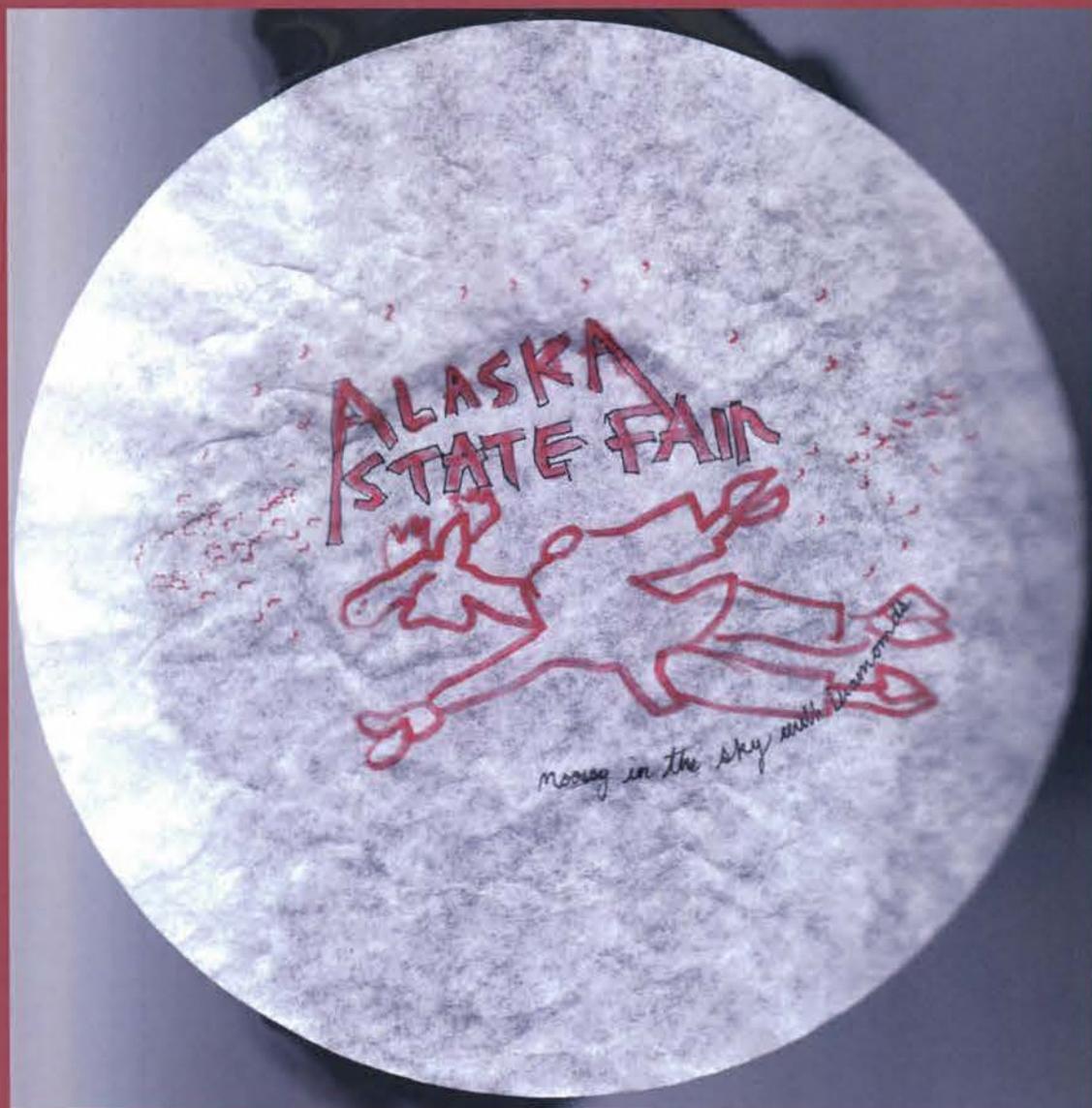
By Reid Ulrich



Nepali Gurung Grandmother by Roxy Cruz

Pick Me A Part

Sometimes I wonder if everything that created me, will be satisfied by all that I create.
I am frustrated by the future; it seems fixated.
I get faded 'til I don't care anymore,
I stare at the floor from the ceiling.
More appealing than kneeling to a god I never seen-
and powerful people can deceive you.
'Til you don't believe that this country was stolen from those who owned it.
Turned totem poles to homeless broken souls,
cus motherfuckers are greedy, leaving families needy-
kids spray graffiti and smoke weed.
I break laws like y'all broke treaties.
So don't treat me like a different species.
Cus I used to watch TV 'til my eyes were sore,
and some of y'all don't even believe in dinosaurs.
There was a time before this was ours,
before there were roads for cars and your mini I-pods,
and I came to being from nothing to breathing,
and maybe there's nothing but being human-
then there's nothing at all.
I find it hard to comprehend an end or beginning.
You see I was born a Christian, but I got a habit for sinning-and
I don't know if Jesus could see us, or if Islam's the truth.
See me ripping out bible pages, twisting Buddha with intelligent youth,
I'll make y'all-prove to me that you was telling the truth.
Cus kids in the ghetto turn 'to felons and troops.
Either locked in cages-or cocking gauges,
I be watching faces-praying that God save us-and I say what I feel.
I'm feeling sadder than ever,
from the cloud scattered weather, or the lack of the treasure,
I be acting whatever and-cracking a beverage-while I'm rapping to
Trevor,
never-let you discover-cus I'm still undercover.
Enough of the shields and to keep it real,
I don't give a fuck what you think.
I'll let it in sink your in heart, like a kiss in the dark.
Touching my hand, while you pick me a part,
I used to drink in a park, now I'm sitting cozy.
You don't know me, or the woman that made my soul be,
I hold cold 4-0's of OE and curse and spit with some stupid homies.
While y'all talk politics-sipping a latte.
You be bridging the gap-but you missing the walkway.
I be on the valley floor, yelling at churches.
Who be-fighting these wars, just to tell me my purpose. It's worthless.
-Thomas Pepe



Moosey by Tuesday Night Grove House Crew



first

1. Cast on 8 stitches.
2. knit (or stockinette stitch) 19 rows. *[[this is your first leg]]*
3. cut the yarn, leaving a 2 inch tail. Leave stitches on needle. Tie off the loops and
4. cast on 8 stitches to the empty needle
5. knit 20 rows, knitting the first leg onto the 20th row as well. *[[you just connected two legs]]*
6. with these 16 stitches, knit (or stockinette stitch) 41 rows.
7. bind off the first stitch of the next 8 rows to shape the top of the bear's head. there should be 10 stitches left on the needle.
8. bind off the last ten stitches and trim yarn. *[[you have one side of a teddy bear]]*
9. repeat steps 1-8 to make the other side of the bear.

next

1. cast on 12 stitches.
2. knit 20 rows. bind off.
3. repeat. *[[now you have two arms]]*

next

1. cast on 8 stitches
2. knit 2 rows.
3. bind off the first stitch of the next 4 rows. you should have 4 stitches left on the needle.
4. bind off the last four stitches and trim yarn.
5. repeat. *[[here are two ears]]*

next

1. cast on 4 stitches.
2. knit 20 rows and bind off
3. thread needle through one long side and pull tight.
4. turn inside out. *[[and this is a nose!]]*

next

1. sew the two sides together, wrong sides together. *[[this will be the back of the head and yarn. this is the nose!]]*
2. stuff the bear with stuffing material. *[[find this at a craft store. or use whatever you like]]*
3. thread and draw the cord through the knitting about 10 rows down from the top of the head. pull tight and close. *[[now you have neck]]*
4. sew each ear onto the head where the seam.
5. fold one arm lengthwise and sew it closed. draw yarn through the closed side. *[[it is now a circle]]* and pull tight and sew closed. turn each arm inside out.
6. stuff arms.
7. sew arms to each side of the body, just below the neck.
8. make eyes by sewing with different colored yarn or using buttons.
9. done.

HOW TO KNIT A TEDDY BEAR!

It will look like this!



Above: **Toro** by Ali Kate Cherkis
 Below: **Carne** by Ali Kate Cherkis



Polaroid

That polaroid

took me back to you.

I had forgotten that place,

Or maybe it was only that I had tried.

That place was all that we had;

Broken fences and puppy dogs.

-Megan Nevels



Zhar-ptitsa
by Liana Engie

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