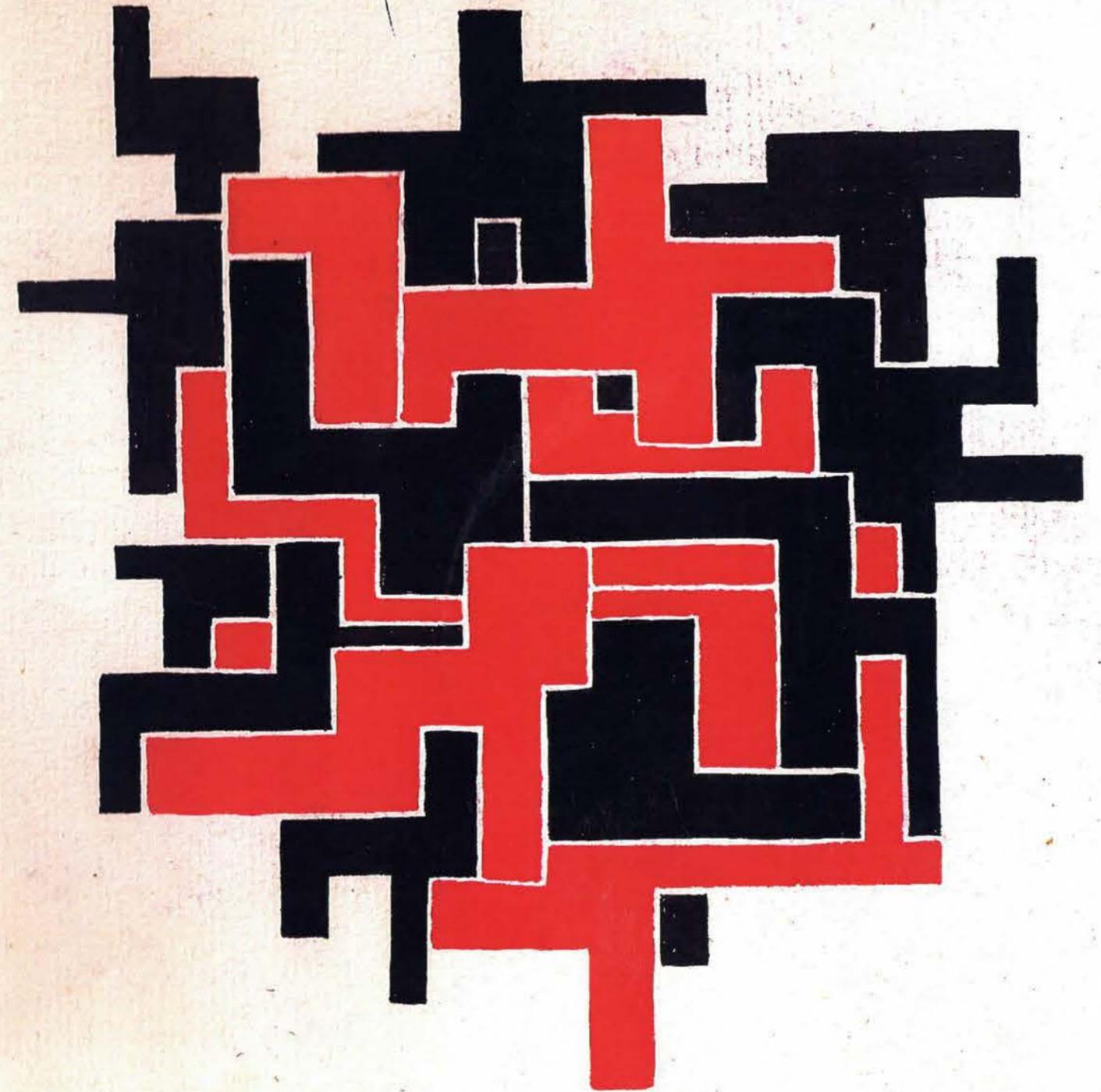


**THE OTHERSIDE**



**SPRING 2010**



from the editors:

ana iwataki '11

evan kelley '11

andré baum '12

*finally  
we have caught up  
to the past  
and have completed*

**The Otherside Magazine  
Spring 2010**

*published:  
February 2011  
Pitzer College*

cover: André Baum '12  
right: Talia Kahan '13



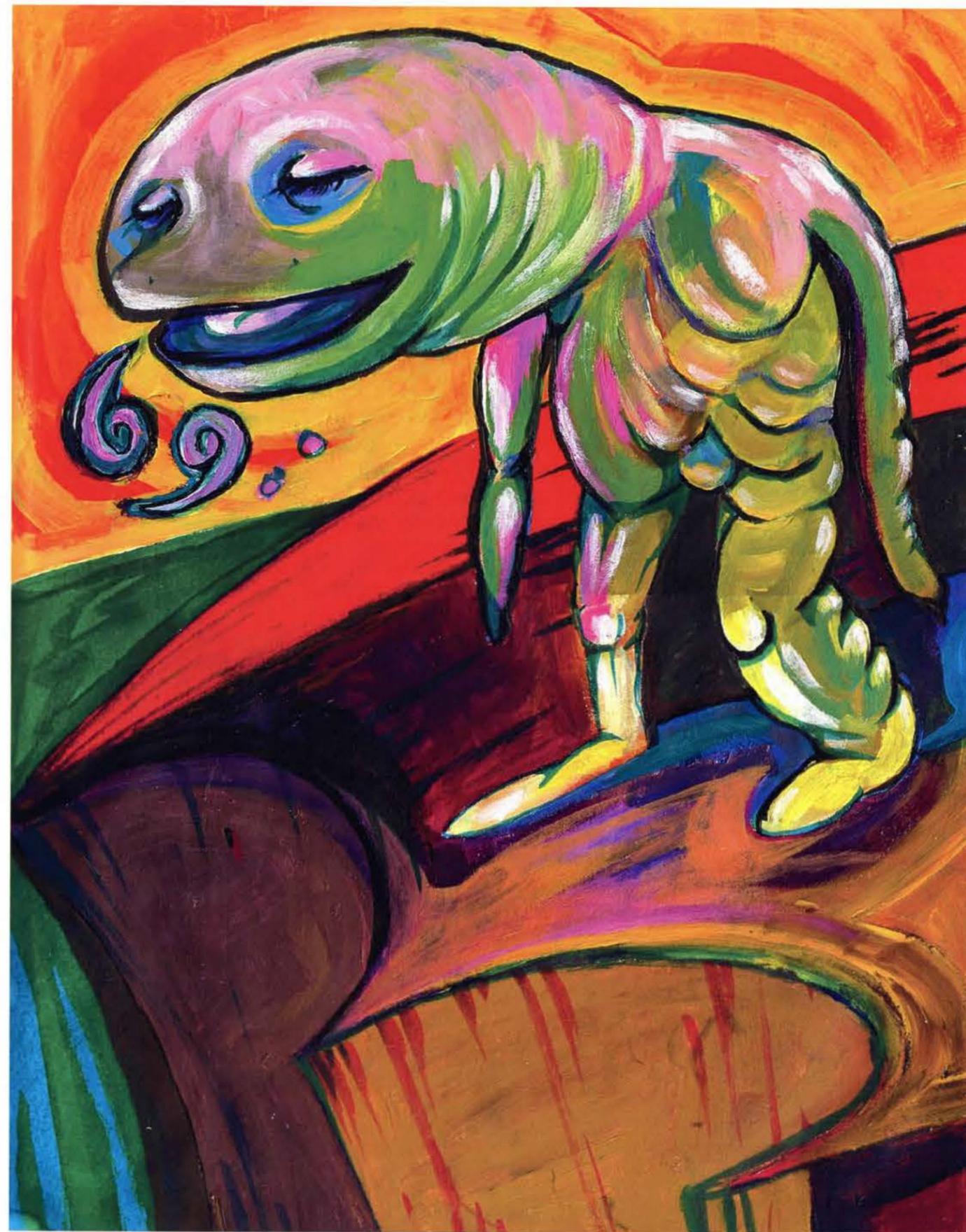


Miriam Krumholz '12

I rode my bicycle up foothill that's a lie I walked my bicycle up foothill and my eyes played a desperate dance of avoiding the lure of red hot morning kisses (waiting) to burn my logic away (waiting) to twist these calculations until the numbers make no sense at all (waiting) to shift them contradict them waiting to stop them (waiting). Sleep days until morning until night wake no rise stay immersed beneath,,, nothing we painted the sidewalk a color unknown that color shifted slowly but it did not change I repeat it did not change are you listening a red balloon painted across the complimentary treeside (how sweet) lifted me up (sans bicycle) and took me higher higher until I didn't know home left hanging behind .find the answer. sleep days calculate this breathing into don't leave no leave it's a complicated concept waiting to stop waiting// we left the cans of color at each corner but no one paid attention no one cared to pay attention that's a lie we all tried.

Alexa Carrasco '12

This city breathes stories  
pulsing  
like the arrhythmias of bass drums  
echoing between naked  
apartment buildings,  
flowing into the neon-coated distance  
and faded alleyways.  
Here scripture is scrawled  
in spray paint,  
words blossoming like burning roses  
across bleached sheets of concrete  
while skyscrapers let the rain  
paint their reflections  
on damp street corners.  
Pigeons rest behind  
the metallic silhouettes of street signs  
in the dying light  
as the last splinters of sunset  
quietly begin to shatter  
the blue-black twilight.



# Spread Love

His name is sallam

Here cause the show must go on

His name is sallam

Hear what you want

His name is sallam

Here cause the show must go on

His name is sallam

Hear what you want

My name is not Saleem

Not a dream graffiti like skeme

My name is not Salamb

I am champ

So it not salem

Life surprises what its unveiling

Heart on your cheeks

While everybody peeks

We freak

Don't sleep

They gone try to creep

Equivalent to them tryin cheat

I made them have a change of heart its deep

It took time to proven I am not weak

How much time it took was measured in weeks

Reading the books sign is peace they see how good I am and try to front on me

Really in front of company

Playing manhunt for me

Manhunt for the money nowhere to stand in the shadows in the land that's sunny

Without the sun light there no shadows dummy

Somewhere in be in middle not for the money it's the little riddle

A question your secret soul is the answer with the key

Opitome of liquidity when it comes to rhyme philosophy

Freestyle rhyme pattern psychic mind game monopoly

Ring ring ring... its my telephone

Are you fellas home

come over drop acapellas based on what its known

the city dwellers in the basement cellars where the rhyme is shown

the party sound is muffled no noise complaints secret bodegas

the trees in the duffles or refrigerator cardboard fort brokendown with breakdown

throw on some breaks now

break out the old school technique to take out

the ladies the haters the foes when we are done no one will recognize them or now

how they got in the game

when from being plain and lame to

paid dues earrings the fame of the name

staying in sane parts of sanity

I am pro and the audience is fanning me

Profanity is profanity what makes a man act badly

It's the soul mind or body losing control out of balance

The result is the survival or mental its

The medalist with the mental its

The mentalist with elaquence

Check how the instrumental gets

Put in the mix

First things first put my foot in the mix,

U looking a trix

Looking for trix

Cereal approved kix

Stocks or turrets tics

You just had to express it

Where the pest infested nest

Hesitant to represent cause the scent of it

Efforvescent relating with

And only with homie wins

The lonely ends mett halfway in the middle

Hold the rhyme steady the beat just jiggles

Bowl after bowl of the giggles

She starts to lose control from her booty wiggles

Oh that smoothi taste fresh and tickles

Strawberry blueberry banana

The face of god is scarred like Montana or

The north Dakota mountain quota

Cooking up that funky okra

Getting crazy souped beef chicken use the noodle like oprah

The pyramid hears the shit and they scope ya

With the ish to focus God is over there heads though

Basic mathematics geometry is architecture now astronomy needs a pencil

Or an abacus learning to count the magic is the language of reality and the chaos isn't; chaos or havoc it's the lack of this peace the raw beast that needs to feed and feeds

From the energy it needs to grow to spread love to people

so they feel equal

start treating people

and finally get started being treated as an equal

This is the deepest message I got love for my people

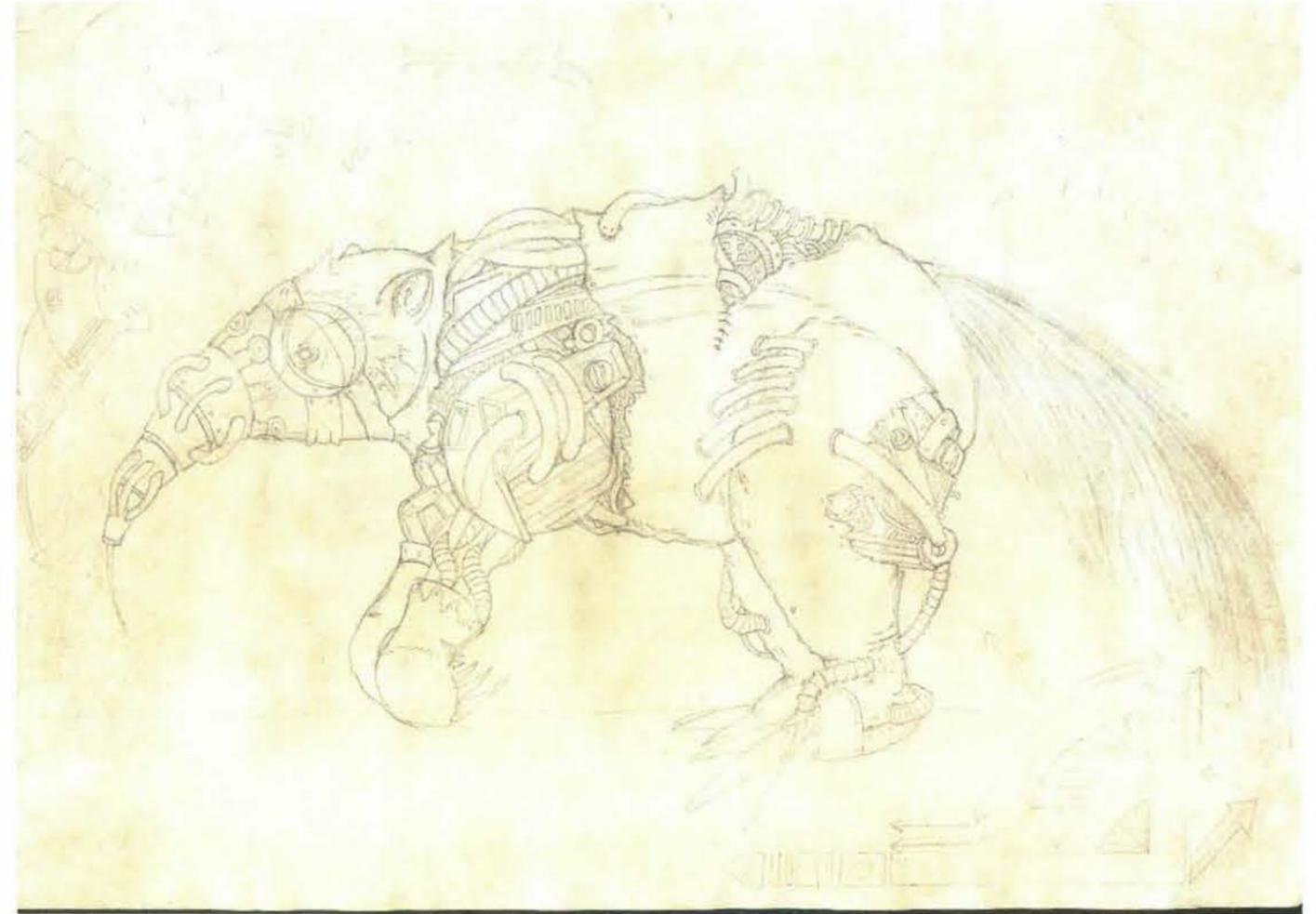
The second time around the orbit like the sequel

I don't doubt yout love don't doubt my love

Don't doubt, my love



Brandon Fernandes '12



Zack London '12

## Ode to My Breastesses

Oh breastesses, you started off so small.  
I was an A in the fall  
of freshmen year at Foothill  
Within 12 months you then filled  
and grew to be a B  
then to a C  
I thought you were done  
but you had just begun  
I then started taking progesterone  
At first I felt that my body wasn't my own  
When I skipped out of a D and to a solid Double D  
but I realize now that we are meant to be

Stretch marks began showing and will forever remain.  
I cannot tell you what exactly changed  
I used to lie about your size to all who asked  
Because when I was truthful, they would mask  
The shock and astonishment that though I was much shorter,  
my chest was much much fuller.  
So I used to cover you up in layers, camis, and tankinis  
OH but how I look better in a bikini  
Friends' jaws still drop  
As I take my cover up off  
And reveal you in an XL bikini top  
Sometimes I wish that Victoria's Secret carried bras that fit  
rather than being nimwits  
and saying I am a 38 C  
Pshhh, do they really think they can fool ME?!?!

Oh you are the reason that little boys no longer question me  
about whether I am 5 or 6  
But now they know that I am more of a woman  
than their little dicks  
can handle  
Speaking of handle, you help get me beer  
without being carded, unless certain friends are near

I have begun to love you just this summer  
even though one is bigger and jigglier than the other  
My tops have become lower, my lingerie sexier  
I'm not ashamed of my titties and large ass  
Though I still weigh more than those my height, nobody guesses thanks to my hourglass  
shape

Though you, tatas, make shopping hard,  
I realized I love you in all of your lard  
You do not resemble porn star tits  
You sag, jiggle, and sometimes there might be an accidental slip  
Alas, you are mine  
It is now your turn to shine

Michelle Schulte '11



Lucia Reynolds '13

## The Best

Richard Montgomery was the best dead body in Los Angeles, everyone who worked with him said so. His eyes never fluttered unseemingly, his chest never moved, and no one had ever felt such cold skin. Mr. Montgomery was a professional, and it was through this profession that he managed to keep going on and on. It was all a kind of accident in Richard Montgomery's mind.

Richard had never really planned that this should be his shining achievement. As a little boy he had never rummaged around mortuaries, never did a midnight camp out in the local graveyard, he was, to those around him, a mediocre boy. He had gone to a small private school located on the north side of Tucson, Arizona. Sitting in class, head propped up by his books, Richard had frequently "zoned out". His breathing would slow down, his eyes staring dead ahead, straight at the blackboard. It was a perfect way for him to simply drift away. The teachers that roamed the halls never caught on to his little trick. To them he was just a bit unnerving, his never blinking eyes, seemingly filled to the brim with whatever lesson they desperately tried to impart on the students as important. Small breezes, which would cool the sweat on the necks of students, commonly elicited sighs and the slight creaking of bones and muscles stretching of those around him. Richard simply sat. Richard's brown hair would flutter slightly, falling whichever way fate decided, and he would simply put up with it, not bothered by life.

On a certain Wednesday, Mr. Garfield, was given a small glimpse into the stillness known as Richard Montgomery. Mr. Garfield had been giving a lecture on what "bare bodkin" meant in the popular play, "Hamlet". Few of the students present had read the story, and it seemed none of them had possessed the willpower to figure such a boring thing out. So, piece of chalk clutched tightly, Frank Garfield did his damn best to illustrate the dramatic tension of Hamlet's drawing of his dagger, his ultimate decision to not commit suicide, complete with every dramatic flair and pose Frank could manage. Frank felt silly the whole time. But, after a particularly poignant fake stab to his own heart, Frank ended up staring directly in the line of sight of Richard, who had a fly perched upon his eye. The students around him continued mimicking the fake suicide, laughing. Frank, ignoring the small dot of chalk now pressed against his jacket, became mesmerized by what was a large fly crawling directly on Richard Montgomery's right eye. Frank's hand found purchase on the desk seven inches to his right, grabbing it. The desk sagged a little, groaning and creaking, shocked by the sudden weight. Frank's left hand, still clutching hard and fast to the chalk, automatically lifted itself to Frank's own right eye. The fly on Montgomery's eye had stopped beating its wings and was simply walking around, trailing a surprisingly accurate circle around the white orb of Montgomery's eye, down to the lip of the eyelid, and back up to the milky white that was so clear and clean that it seemed liquid.

The fly was hoping that it would be able to stay here for a while, maybe vomit a little. It had high hopes for this ledge.

Frank's own left hand, dusty chalk in hand, had made it to his own face. The hand, caught up by the mirror neurons so excitedly dancing in Frank's mind, slowly rose past his nose. The mirror neurons, already so titillated, slipped Frank's hand into a similar route as that of the fly, ending when Frank's right eye encountered the chalk, a kiss from dusty white to milky white. The chalk fell immediately from Mr. Garfield's hand as he stumbled, all the students, except Richard, five paces in front of him chortled, hands politely in front of their mouths, while Frank's vision blurred and his eyes blinked furiously. His mirror neurons rested now, and the desk, pushing itself upright with the lack of Frank's weight, sat, still and dusty as always, heavy. Richard Montgomery's stomach growled. He never even blinked.

The fly started to throw up, still attached to Richard's eye, burning with desire to create a family.

Richard always pictured himself in Mr. Garfield's class when he was working. Today his head was in a pile of corn syrup, red dye #42, milk, and starch. Supposedly, this mixture of chemicals had come from the large, fake, wound in Richard's head, which had been overburdened with a small dagger stuck in the middle of his face, near his nose. The glare from the metal trolley on which Richard lay was always a problem, so Richard stared up and slightly to the East, right into the award winning breasts of criminal detective, Kelsey Thatcher, played by Morgan Gunying. Next to her was actor Paul Daniels, who for some reason, was always going to the bathroom. Morgan was saying something about how the wound must have been caused by a dagger, pointing at said dagger piercing Richard's face. Richard thought, "A bare bodkin is a small dagger from the times of Hamlet." Kelsey Thatcher bounced slightly with her words causing her generous award winners to add emphasis, "This man (bounce) is dead (bounce)!" Her partner nodded in agreement very seriously.

Unbeknownst to those around her, Morgan Gunying was an avid tipper. She had once worked as a waitress, before a certain surgical procedure managed to change her life and career. The tips had been ruinous, "ru-(bounce)-in-(bounce)-ous". A word Morgan had learned purely to describe her waitress-ing situation. And while Morgan lauded her Golden Globe over others, smiling and poo-pooing, it was when a waitress, clearing the table Morgan had sat at, picked up a hefty tip and smiled, that Morgan felt really happy. Morgan stuttered her next line, "I don't think (bounce) he was picking his nose (bounce)" distracted by the worried caterer setting up some cheeses in the back of the room. Morgan hoped someone would tip her well.

Paul hated himself. He had long harbored the secret fear that every time he had flatulence those around him smelled its pungent scent fully, and they simply never said anything because they figured him a child for being unable to control himself. Paul Daniels' had a tumor in his colon (the source of his frequent gas), which would only be worsened when, later that night, he would use a cork from a depleted bottle of wine to seal off his own anus. At two o'clock in the morning Paul would think to himself, imagining those adults sneering at him behind his back, "Smell that, you fart-eaters!"

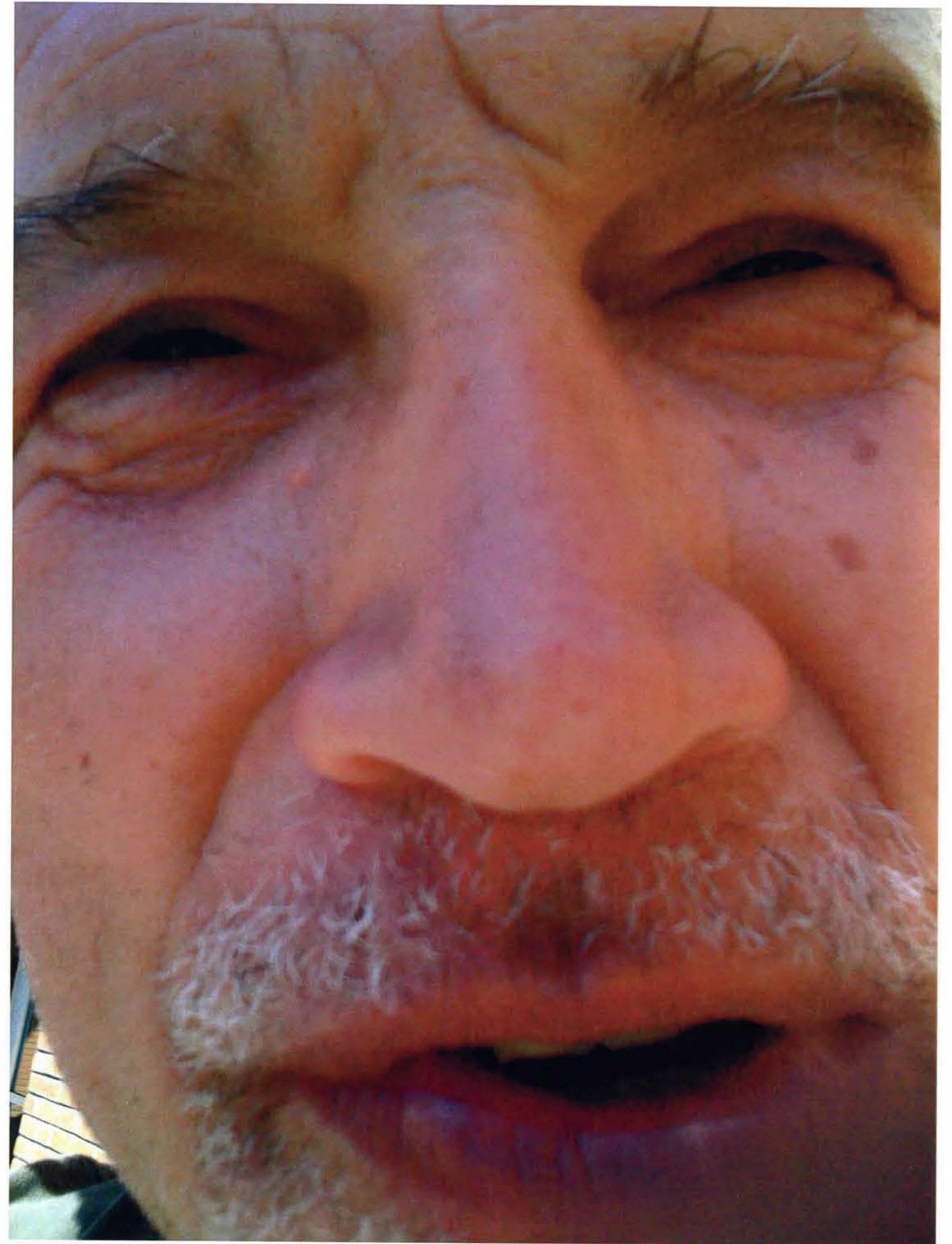
It was at this time, as Paul began to fake laugh at Morgan's botched line, that Richard Montgomery, at the age of thirty-two years, five months, and five days died from a sudden, unexplained brain aneurysm. A small clot had formed in the middle of Richard's brain, and as his blood made its circuit through his head the vein expanded, popped, and flooded Richard's brain with blood, shutting down all of his functions. Richard's last thought was, "There are forty-two tiles on the ceiling between that headlight and wall."

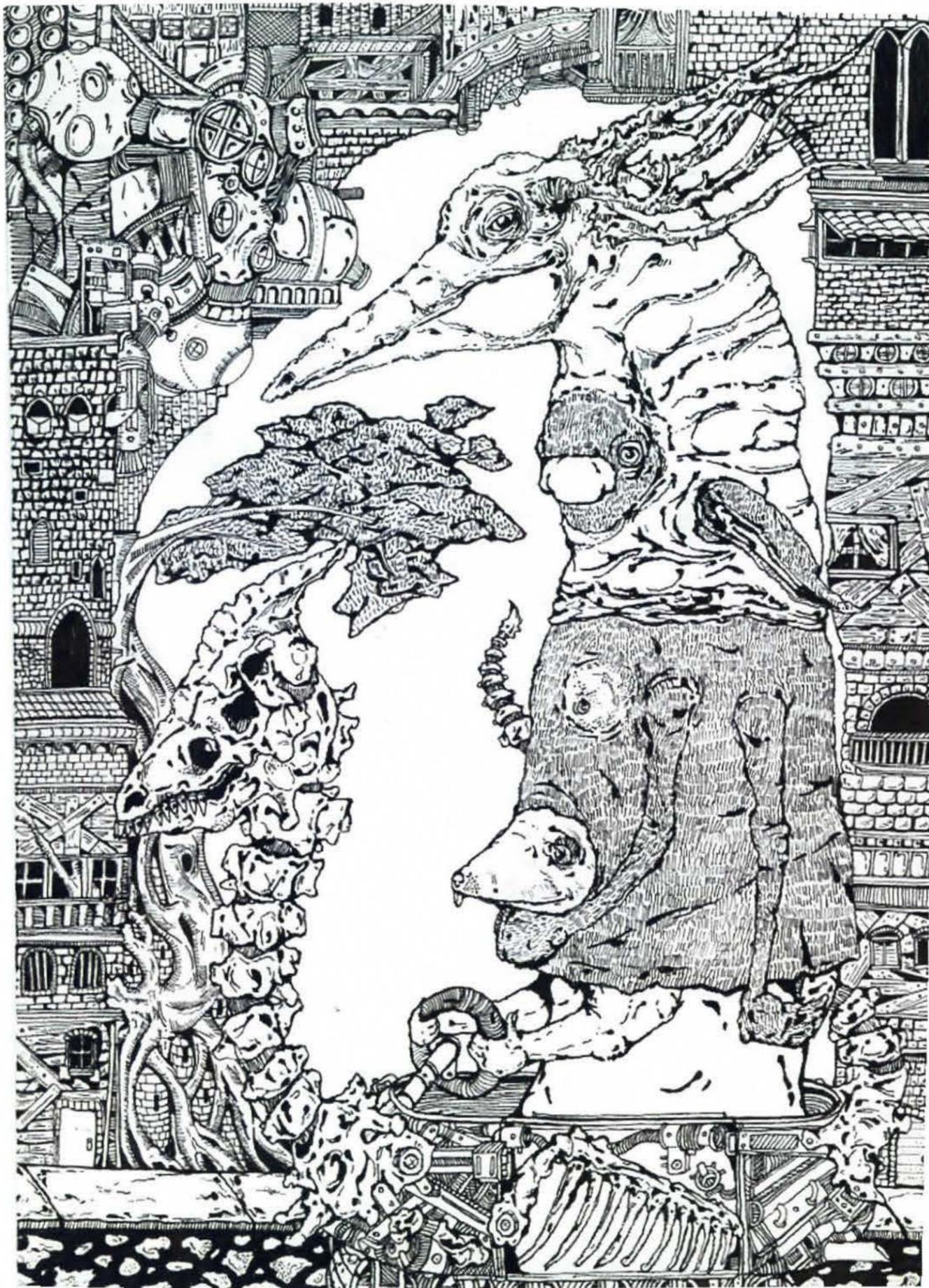
It took Paul Daniels one hour and fifty eight minutes to notice that Richard Montgomery was dead. They had done six takes with a dead body.

At the funeral Dr. Frank Garfield was horrified to find that the flies liked Richard less now that he was dead. Morgan Gunying threw up a little in her mouth once she realized that she had done several takes with Mr. Montgomery's dead body. His stillness now "Creepy (little bounce)" instead of admirable. She clutched her boyfriend's hand tighter. Paul Daniels was absent, unable to make the funeral due to his mandatory appointment with his newly appointed psychologist. Nobody cried at the funeral.



above: Hannah Dithrich '10  
right: Garbo Grossman '10





above: Zack London '12  
right: Scott Hunter '12

One's not the object of such an enthusiasm and  
one's of or pertaining to the nerves or nervous system  
anyway,

as if faced with a failure to do or perform, or with  
a black usually omnivorous mammal having a shaggy  
coat and a short tail and walking with the entire lower  
surface of the foot touching the ground,

or a person who is neither friend nor acquaintance, or  
a detective report or revelation (recital of events or happenings),  
referencing things that should never happen, occur.

Where did he leave behind his either of a pair of structures?  
In the dorsal region of the vertebrate abdominal cavity,  
functioning to maintain proper water balance.

One can begin, and carry through to completion,  
the grizzliest process of doing or performing something,  
with only a cutting instrument consisting of a sharp blade  
with a handle, and a fork. One got moved in the slightest  
from source to container

over the strangest tale pertaining to a person  
whose work is investigating crimes, obtaining  
evidence, and performing similar duties,  
and now, the act of a reduction in available currency  
and credit, a decline viewed in disappointing  
contrast with a previous rise.

One experiences the point of greatest intensity  
in a series or progression of events when  
one has or formulates in the mind  
the yellow quality

coming into being, like a crescent shaped fruit  
of a self-reflexive plant, having a white, pulpy  
flesh, increasing in size (by a natural process)  
in a slow meaningful or expressive change in the  
position of the body or a part  
of the body.

Yellow characteristic surface configurations of  
things advancing towards the speaker or  
toward a specified place,  
into themselves.

A person who is neither friend nor acquaintance,  
a person whose work is investigating crimes,  
through revelations or re-tellings of such events,  
never had being or actuality.

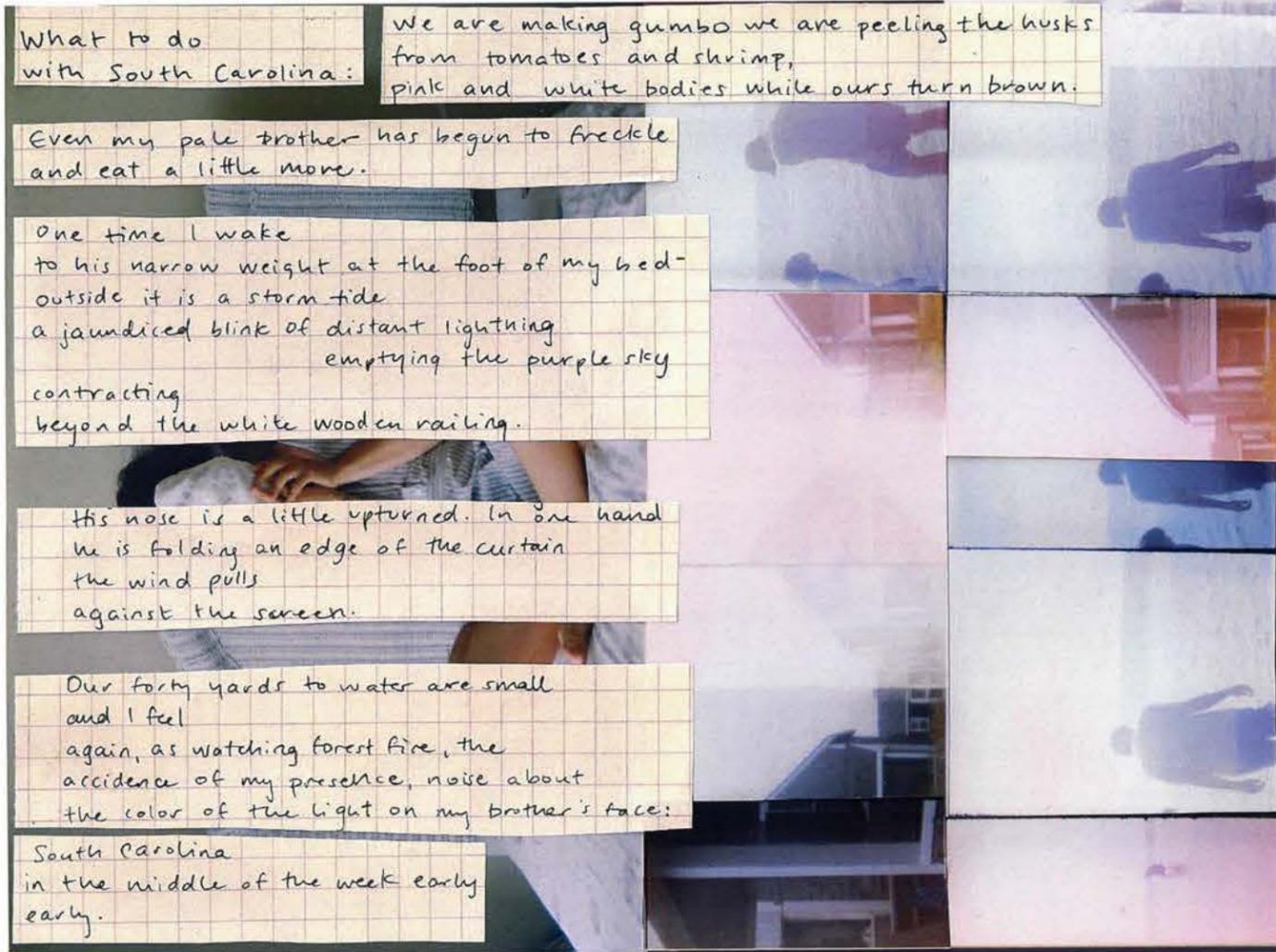
## No Thing But (Love)

Saw sky  
on blank screen,  
watched ceiling  
turn to rain,  
and ground sobbed for morning,  
and sun took the day...  
off- in a motivated dream:  
get me home,  
where is home?  
where it seems:  
is it  
floating cloud-like  
in misted contemplation,  
waiting for the end  
or  
is it just my  
drifting presence  
unlike thinking  
in the present,  
never mind where  
are we headed,  
we do  
not own it:  
we are vended,  
we are lent.

André Baum '12



Sara Vander Zwaag '11



Isabel Neal '12



Chris Barber '11



## The Birth of Venus

You saved me. The canal threw me out when it noticed that I wasn't growing fast enough and you saved me. Cursed onto the bank, nothing but a pulsing heart and pair of eyes lying in a broken clamshell. The lucky chance to be picked up; I was fatefully leashed! Your excitement had no influence from instinct. Instead thinking, "It would be fun to have a pet" because your older sisters caught and named frogs. But you were so young. The wind harshed my cover so you bathed me in warm milk. I slept above your pillow in a macramé swing and caught your thoughts. There lace covered windowpanes not yet painted the white you dreamed. The roots of your unconscious sprung in the dark and the top leaves caressed my back as I drifted. Struck me with visions boxed in pick cardboard topped with thick icing. A too tight hug from you. All memories braided tightly and tied back with ribbons. The wind milder now, allow the shine to sun my curls. Your blamelessness kept my knees strong. They would stop and look and tell you that I was beautiful. A goddess, they said.

above: Miriam Krumholz '12  
left: Sam Monkarsh '10

Click.

Allie sat up to take the camera back and look at the photo. She thought it looked nice, everyone in the photo looked happy, and therefore she decided to share the photo with the rest of the monks. Initially, they did not realize it was a picture of themselves.

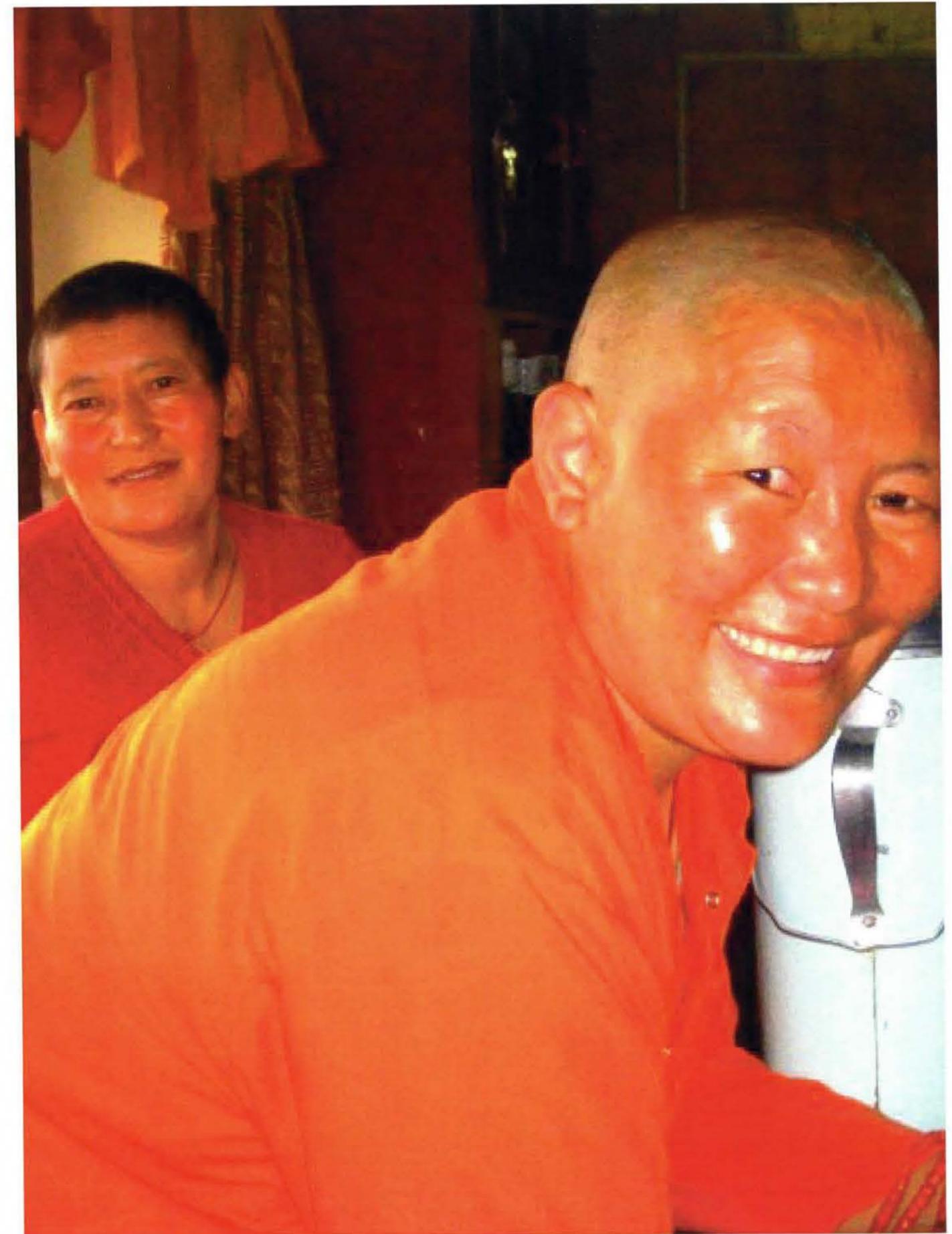
They were stunned and then it became a frenzy by the chai! The biscuits, in the hands of the monks were put down temporarily, and the chai was left on the table. Everyone wanted to see the photo. They stared with wide eyes. Allie quickly decided to take more, closer photos, and taught the monks how to zoom in on the pictures so that they could see themselves closer.

Some of the monks giggled like little girls and some looked a bit nervous and others looked happily content with their image. They all were extraordinarily surprised that it was indeed them in the photo, yet seemed surreally detached from the experience at the same time. They would look at the picture than touch their nose, their eyes, their ears, and their head.

In the ethereal existence of a monk, reality had settled in on the cave, and they became not just enchanted and holy monks but also beautiful women, together giggling about each other's looks.

The oldest woman monk sat in the corner, smiling to herself happily. She was a painting of wrinkles and laughter. She watched the happenings with a detached air as if extremely pleased with the world. She smiled when she saw the picture of herself yet did not let on as to her thoughts. She simply smiled, counted her beads, and gazed through the mounds of wrinkles onto the world as a grandmother would to grandchildren at play.

Allie was to find out later that since they had joined the monkhood and decided to live in the caves (well over 15 years), they had not seen what they looked like. There were no mirrors in the cave and they were too caught up in their daily meditation and routine to think of such a thing as one's looks. Though were they not in the right? What did it matter? If they could smile through their teeth, a grin that melted away any frown or frozen heart, were they not the most beautiful women on existence?



Leah Wald '12 (left and right)



## Bounce

Trampoline.  
Trampoline.  
There's the bounce.  
Bounce.

I wish I could bounce.  
Bounce off of you.  
Bounce off of all of you.  
Clean sweep. Quick get-away.

Wait.

Haven't I always done that?  
In my purgatory,  
Purgatory of detachment.

I am the epitome of detachment.  
Mingling, flirting.  
Beginning to feel.  
Epitome of detachment.

Beginning to feel?  
Diving deeper  
Into the chasm that is mutual joy,  
Potentially.  
Inch by inch, centimeter by  
centimeter.  
Baby steps, half a step.  
A sense of detachment.

Always told, "you can bounce,  
Bounce back."  
And I have:  
A filthy...slow...bounce.

Thrown into the muck  
That is your gorgeousness,  
Once gone,

Specks of dirt remain on me.  
Taintedly,  
I recommence my life with dirt on me.  
It becomes a part of this brown skin you  
see.

Because!

Two weeks or two years,  
You are a part of me.  
Permanently,  
My heart is shaped differently,  
Because of you.

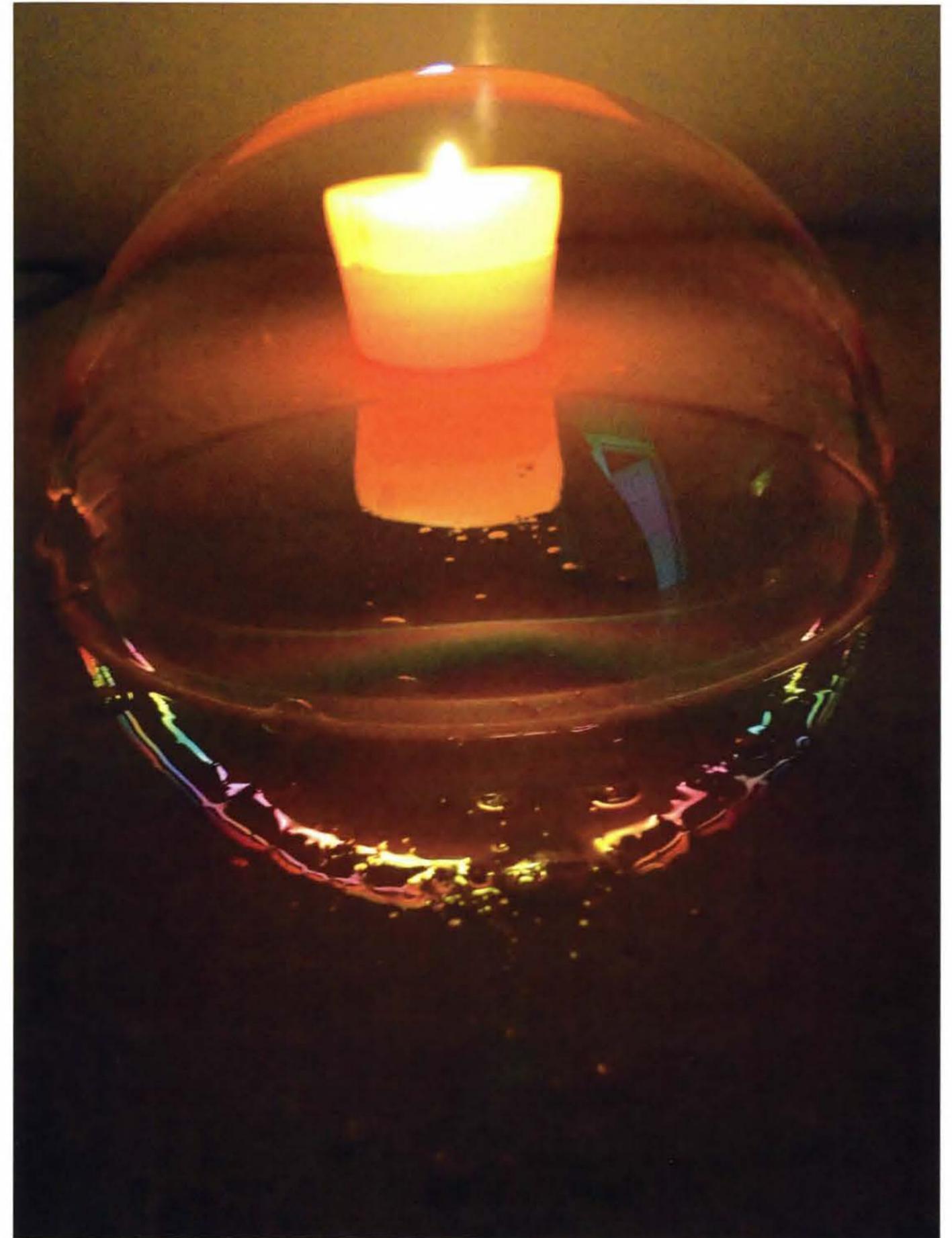
But once,  
Just once,

Can't you be my trampoline?

## Anochecer

Cada noche, se levanta. Camina por el pueblo con la oreja en las paredes. Escuchando. Las paredes le susurran secretos que son tan inaudibles y tan seductores. La luna lo mira mientras el hombre camina por las paredes. La oreja en las paredes de la escuela. ¿Qué dijeron? ¿Qué conocieron? Cuando puse la oreja en las paredes de la iglesia los susurros se hacían más audibles. Fluyen como el agua de un río y maneran como la sangre de una herida. Pero las palabras individuales todavía están obscuras. El hombre no recuerda cuándo empieza su sonambulismo. Solamente conoce que todo lo que necesita aprender y todo lo que necesita entender está atrapado en las paredes del pueblo. A veces araña las paredes con las manos como garras. Tratando de dejar en libertad los secretos que zumban adentro de las paredes. Pero nunca tiene éxito; y nunca entiende nada. Solamente camina y camina y escucha y escucha hasta que viene la madrugada.

above: Emily Haynes '13  
right: Emily Adams '11



# California Condor

1983 trimmed primaries off  
the fully flighted<sup>1</sup>

buried relatives  
starved  
threatened

the cathartidae scavenger  
depends only on  
megafauna  
carcasses with a neocortex  
faceless  
in North America.

The middle of our 1800 expansion brought  
habitat destruction<sup>2</sup>

may we coexist while  
swallowing settlements  
swallowed Shamen  
headdresses from  
native bodies because

egg collecting  
lead poisoned meats  
gold rush pets  
roads(kill)  
poaching  
DDT insecticide

collisions with power lines poised risks<sup>3</sup> so  
leftovers were few for our condor  
maybe we could give some up.

Our species made dwindle  
then increase  
Easter Sunday 1987  
the AC-9 brought to captivity<sup>4</sup>  
double clutched  
raised by feeding puppets  
on towel nests our condors  
multiplied.

Trained with \$35 million  
to rely on fences but  
clear electric wires and  
us.

An immature two placed on a  
cliff cleft to reproduce wildly<sup>5</sup>  
one hundred and seventy unclipped  
parents incubated one 10 oz egg  
and chicks feed on carrion  
flying at 15000 feet and<sup>6</sup>  
perform urohidrosis cause  
our condors get too warm with  
featherless heads<sup>7</sup>.

Rebekah Tinker '10

<sup>1</sup> Opening feathers spread and leave space in  
between and  
Without them causes wingtip vortices, spinning  
our condor would roll  
through clouds and onto  
boulders unbalanced

<sup>2</sup> we became separate from nature.

<sup>3</sup> building was destructing and life was getting  
easier for us. Our condor's beauty was appreciated on  
a porch tied with a leash, its flight and roots we forgot to  
remember.

<sup>4</sup> realizing our condor's being we brought the  
last into bars trying to erase our intrusion.

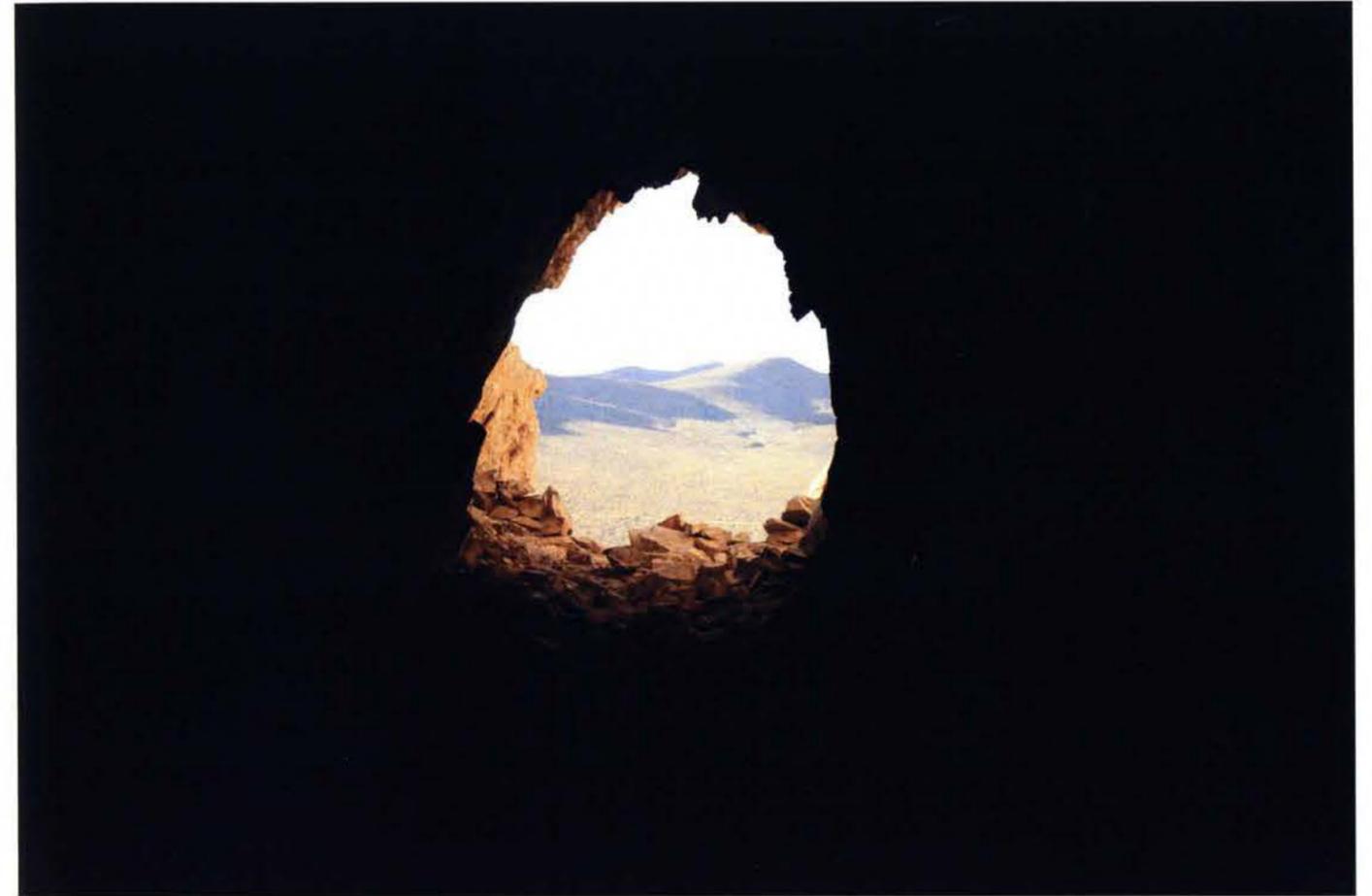
<sup>5</sup> where parents can join in raising their chicks  
and take turns soaring and diving and gathering up  
food.

<sup>6</sup> our condors soar and use little energy because  
they understand the way our sky is.

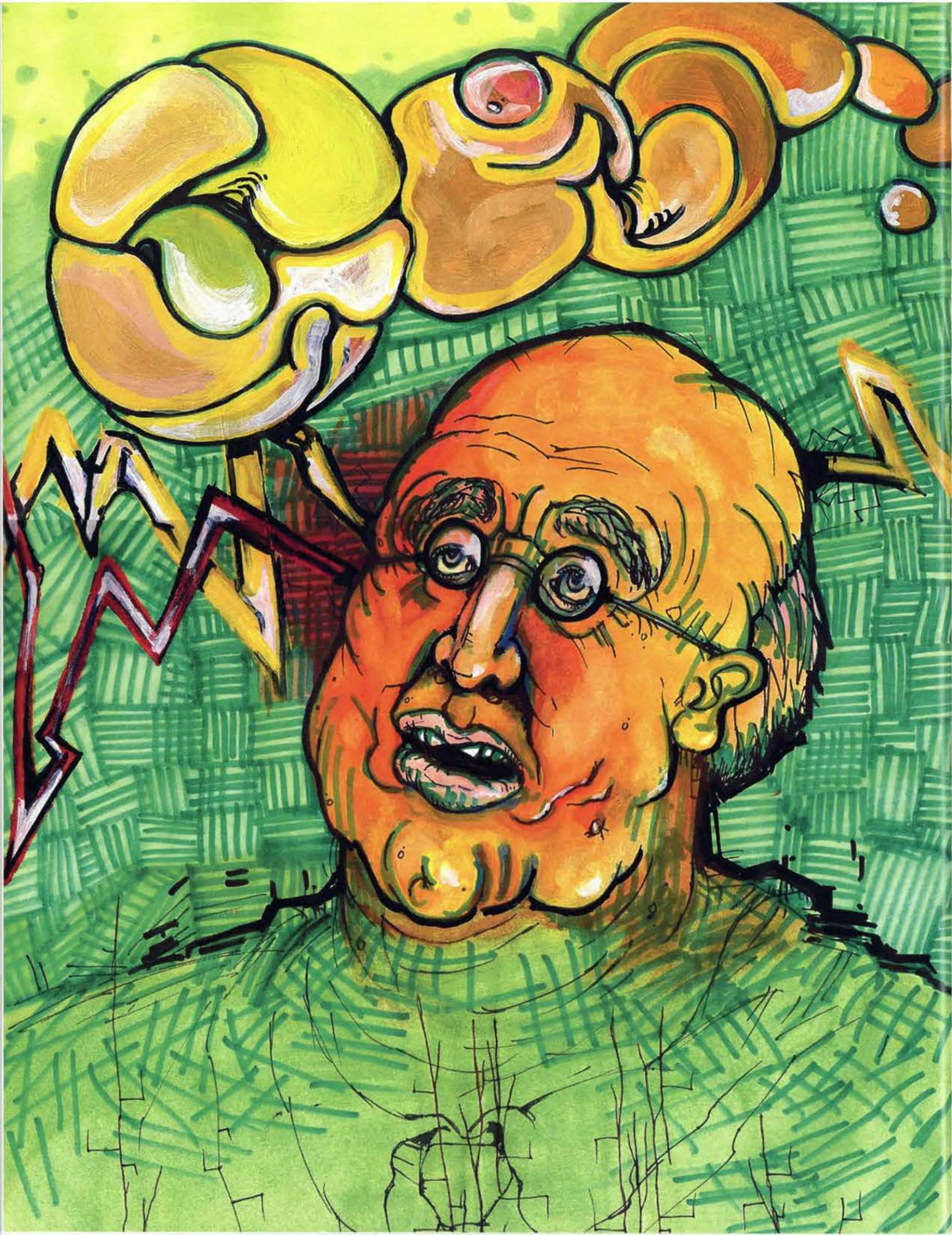
<sup>7</sup> Pinked and purpled  
Yellowed smearing black Nose  
feathers our condors Body  
soft So opposite our condors  
Head peeks out and on  
a neck mixed in  
dried colors



Charlotte Pradie '13



Ian Schoen '12



## Gorgeous Chaos

burps smooth as sails cruising through rainbows lukewarm closets echo the chatters of forks spooning.

i sit in my bed, the time is dark in the streets and I can feel my rice climbing up my jaws

a kid once mentioned, "at 4,800 meters your heart's in your throat and your pulse hits your belly"

If that was the case I wanted nothing more than to swallow the heart of the beauty who wouldn't leave me in sleep

I kept at the tapping slowly gazed to the corner and gave it a sharp wink,

couldn't contain my self so I let it pass over me like a calm coma,

as nostalgia ate at my core.

It began to brighten and I couldn't resist the temptation to whistle, but as things are I cannot whistle, neither can Natalie Portman,

so I don't think of it as too harsh a matter.

He spent his day washing off the night's grease and asking those around him "why they loved him"

His muse said, "I found your notebook and as a reward for returning it to you read 'my love'

sincere, undeniably thick slabs of love, you wouldn't know whether to slap back or build a life and set a foundation on it, grow gardens from the soil of my love, breathe in the particles, allow it to creep so deep into your pores, you wouldn't be able to differ between yourself & me, as one we would become, my heart within your chest and yours the same in mine

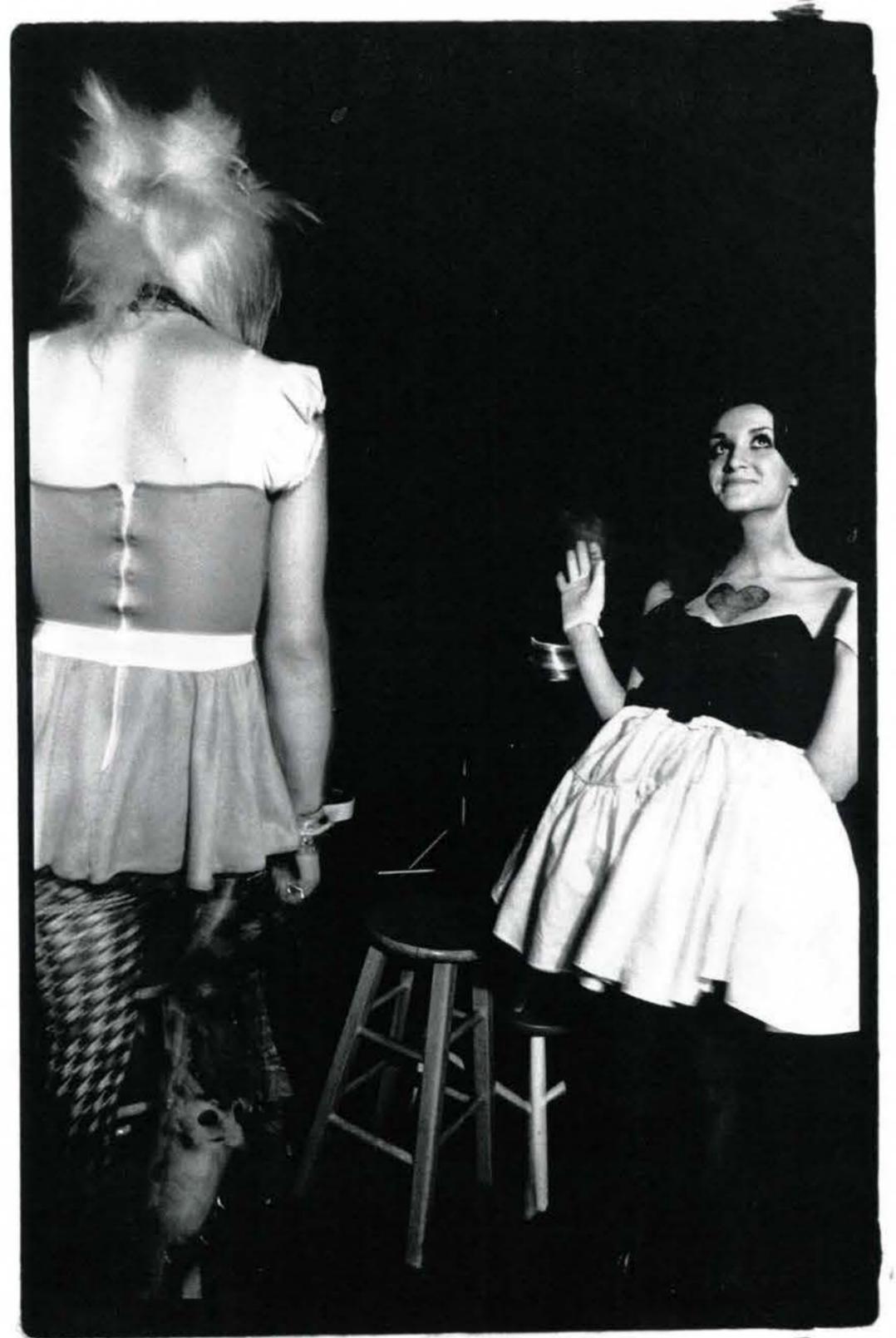
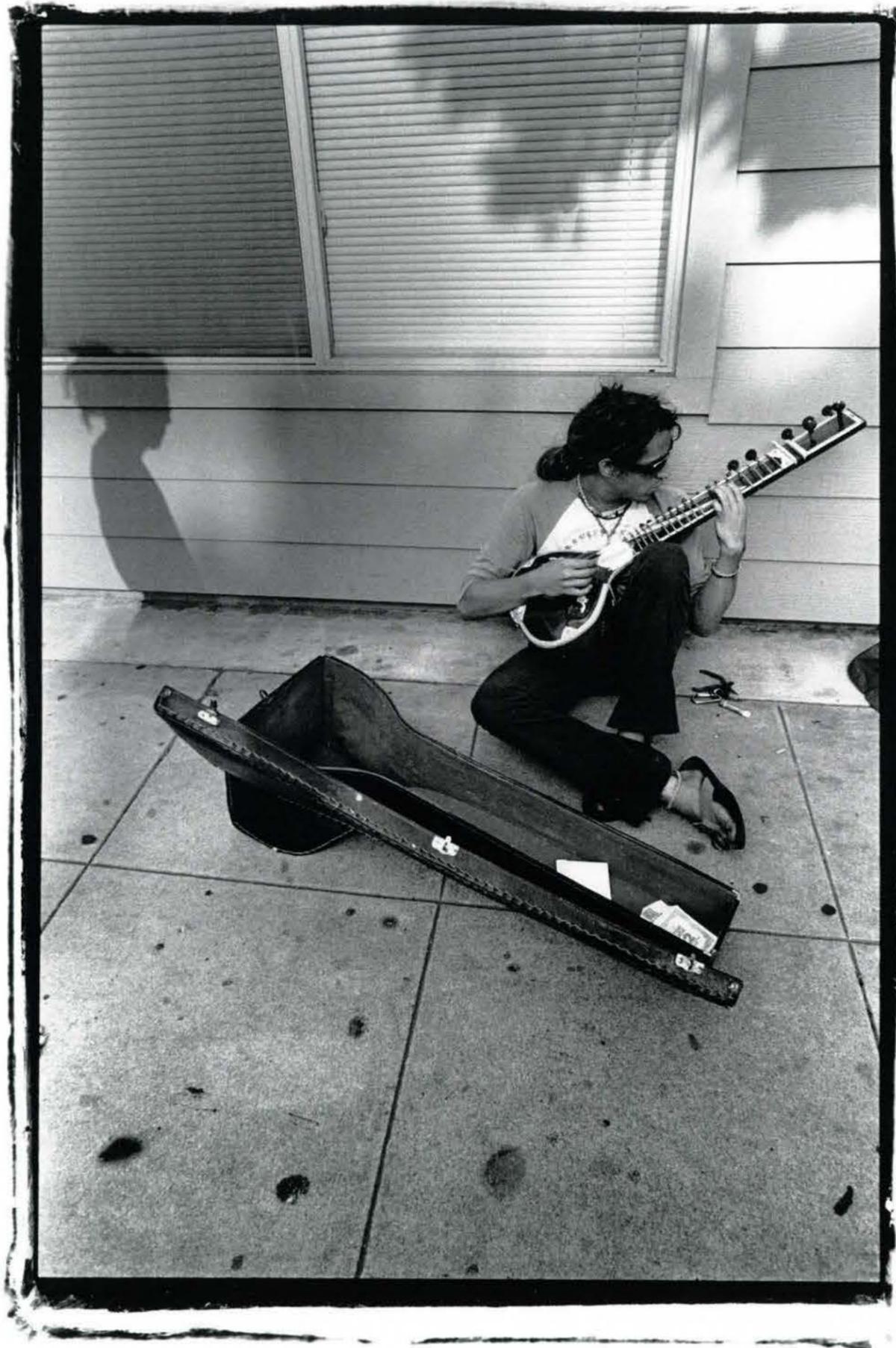
I had an idea then that's why

coral sat on the ocean floor, Tortugas

"if you haven't seen a sea turtle rise to the surface of the ocean to swallow a fresh gulp of Air, you haven't seen the action on beauty unleash itself in front of your eyes and reflect upon your brain's memory, the body's memory itself is in another league, chills vibrate so ferociously a yelp of complete overwhelm(ent) & awe etch itself out in a scream, you know full well, then just how powerful gorgeous chaos be's.

above: Sam Monkarsh '10

left: Jon Jeweler '10



Maya Ellisman '13 (left and right)

## Beverage of Choice

I've been in the country for eleven weeks and it's quite a ride I can tell you that much. I'm a routine person; once I get a particular routine going, it's very difficult for me to break away from it. Having traveled back in time 9 hours from South Africa and on the 13 of March in Claremont, CA. I found out abruptly that for some bizarre reason the US changes their time to one hour ahead. I later found out that Europe also does this 'thing' so just imagine what this whole time change did to my routine, it butchered it!

I remember my first weeks in the country, filled with euphoria and freakin zeal, I was in the much loved US of A. I was 30 miles from downtown Los Angeles and Pitzer College had MT Baldy in the background, utterly picturesque. I was downing cup after cup of Vanilla Latte's, I had afternoon classes at Pomona and after class I would walk down to StarBucks in the Village and get myself a tall latte (god knows I needed it after an hour of Art History). The Vanilla lattes make the whole cultural experience easier to swallow. I began to wash down all my meals with a cup of cappuccino. After all I had to end my meals with a bang, didn't want the taste of Franks dining hall pizza lingering longer than need be and coffee was my poison of choice. After some weeks the euphoria of being in American started to wane off, the work load increased keeping me too busy to miss home too much. I began to dislike everything about the Claremont Colleges, the way students and professors spoke and the sizes of classes. The professor knew me without me instigating a conversation or making an effort to be notice. The much famous culture shock had hit me smack between the eyes and only weeks later did I realize what had engulfed me with such a grip.

During my '*I hate this place*' stage of culture shock I found a shop in the Village that sells Rooibos, South African red bush tea. This discovery helped me immensely because I could now partake in ritual I dearly missed, having a cuppa T with pastries after meals. Drinking Rooibos every morning helped with the home sickness and culture shock, knowing that the tea came from Cape Town put a smile on my dial every morning. I later found out that I could listen to some South African Radio stations online, which was music to my ears excuse the pun. I could now somehow restore my old South African routine, listen to the ultrimix@6 on 5fm whilst drinking a cuppa T, sublime. Things were looking great I was firmly glued to facebook, chatting with the outside world and could now bear the last remaining months of my exchange in some relative familiarity.

Weeks went past and I began to find my feet and grapple with **ALL** the readings I was required to read weekly. Slowly but surely I became accustomed to the new modus operandi of Pitzer College, I learned the well-kept secret from some Pitzer Students which was simply 'don't read everything', priceless piece of information which now afforded me hours of free time. After weeks of turbulence I began to find my love for the US once again. So of course I returned to my quintessential American drink, Lattes.

Once I had got accustomed to the ways of the California I couldn't help but notice the very different

lifestyle Pitzer students led. The students have a very nonchalant feel to them; their qualities were what I'd envisaged Californians to be like, laid back and chilled. A month or so into my exchange I couldn't help but notice how infectious their lifestyle is. I found myself lying on the mounds. Was there nothing better to do then to lie in the sun? I now understand that one needs to take a break and have some "me time" and lie on the mounds and just take it all in. I soon dropped my daily consumption of coffee to just half a cuppa coffee (for dunking my bagel). I started trying out the gourmet teas the dining halls had, OMG. Back home I drank fruit infusions and Tazo's tea was the closest thing to it. Since the Pitzer dining hall didn't have any I pinched some tea bags from Scripps and saved them for a rainy day. During the Tazo stage I had become accustomed to the ways of Pitzer College and ushered in a new temporary blasé state of mind. I began to listen to some local radio stations like KGGI.FM and KIIS.FM I, I was well on the way to becoming an up-to-beat Californian.

There are 38 days left of my stay in Pitzer College. I now find pleasure in simple things. I find myself sitting by the outside classroom next to the Grove House enjoying an orange and observing the lizards running around and the chickens in the coop scratching around for something to nibble on. I've shaken off the guilt of not doing anything constructive with my time, appreciating nature is constructive. So I'll be enjoying my cuppa T with my pinky in up, happy day's mates.

Simphiwe Ngwane '10



Sara Vander Zwaag '11



Anne Marie Tse '11



Joe Sherman '10



Janak Tull '13

I shoot bullets at dawn.  
Occasionally, I'll hit the skyline.  
A few times, I've torn the fabric of the sky.

For the lengths of those days,  
in the southern part of the sky  
that my backyard faces,  
there hung a rip.

And much like a ripped curtain  
at an elegant opera house,  
it hung sadly,  
crumpled like velvet.

Ben Alpert '10

