

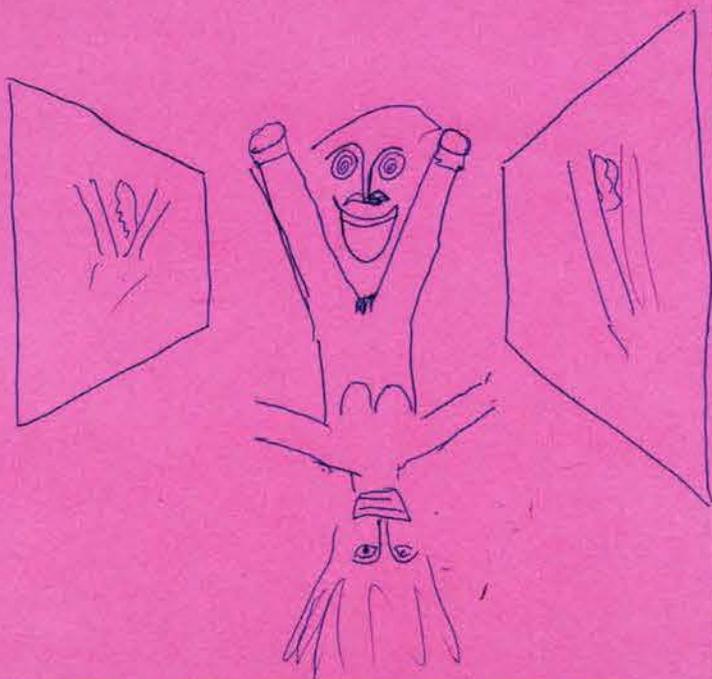
The Otherside

SPRING 2014

What do you mean Pussy Riot?



"I got mushrooms then looked at my girlfriends vagina between 2 mirrors" - trippy 16 yr old



Editors:



Photo by KC Chaviano

DEAR READER,

THE OTHERSIDE IS MADE UP OF GALACTIC SPACE JUICE AND SKIN CELLS SWEEPED IN CLASSROOM CORNERS.

YOU ARE HOLDING AN ANCIENT PZR ARTIFACT DELIVERED TO US BY THE FUTURE.

AS YOU HOLD IT IN YOUR "HAND" ALL PARTICLES LIQUIFY-

RELEASEYOURSELF TO THE OTHER SIDE:

+
- META * MORPH.

(- A MOOSE.)



go fresher,

Pitzer College
Approved By: [Signature]
Date: 2/25/14

go crazy and say to heck with
OTHER - **SIDE**

Reality

Let us Publish Your

Stories Dreams

Poetry Music PHILOSOPHY Arts
etc.

In the Otherside Magazine

Email: myunderside.2014@gmail.com

Fantasy Boy

How are you so hot?
Your tattooed muscles ripple like snakes
ripple in dark water,
a danger that lies among depths of what
can only be felt.

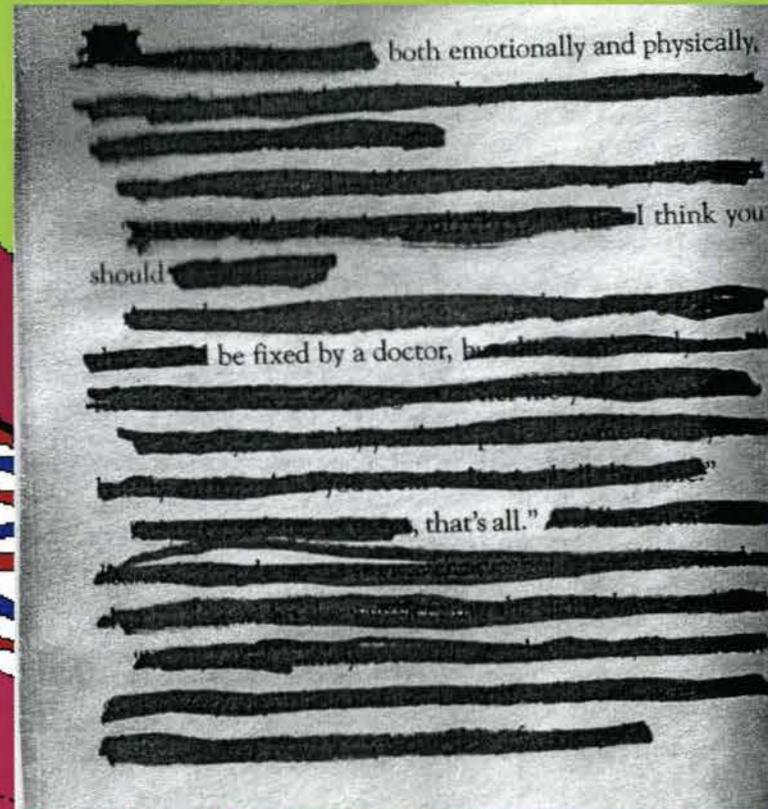
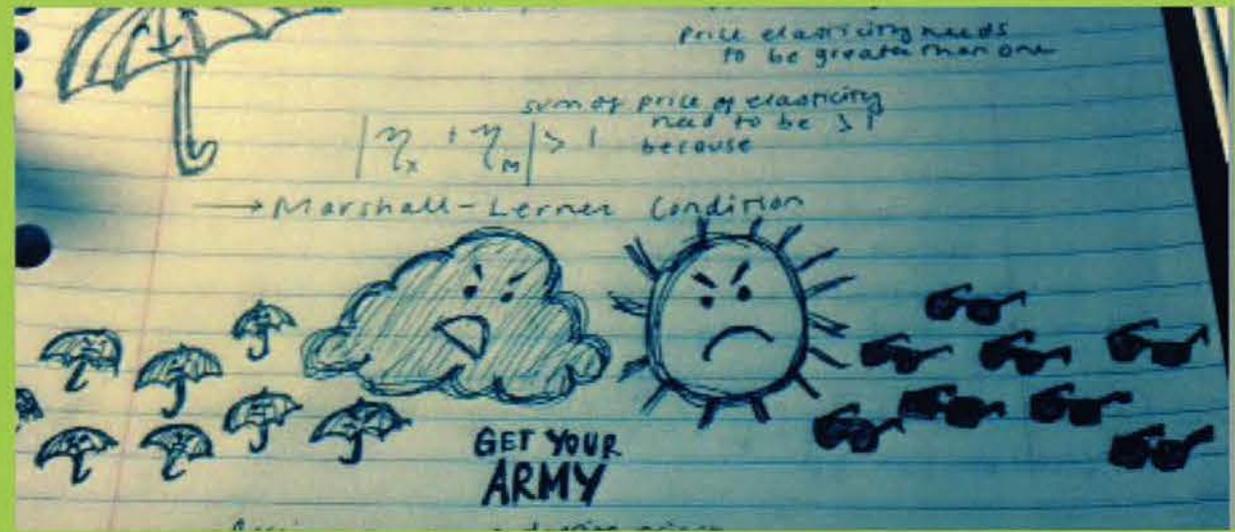
I want to wade into you.
As I sink in river mud your lean muscles
clench my waist-
sitting atop those broad shoulders, the
base of your neck pressing into me as I
reach higher and higher to pick plums in
summer-
Do not speak.
I like to watch you silent, to imagine your
voice as thick and dark, like the taste of
coffee when it is cold in winter.

Grab me instead.
When spring comes and it is warm enough
to sit on the back deck of the library your
clenched fists will lose grip of that book
you read and grab my ankles.
Pulling me into you, onto you.
The smell of polyester shorts makes me
nostalgic for something I cannot quite
taste,
no matter how deeply I explore you.

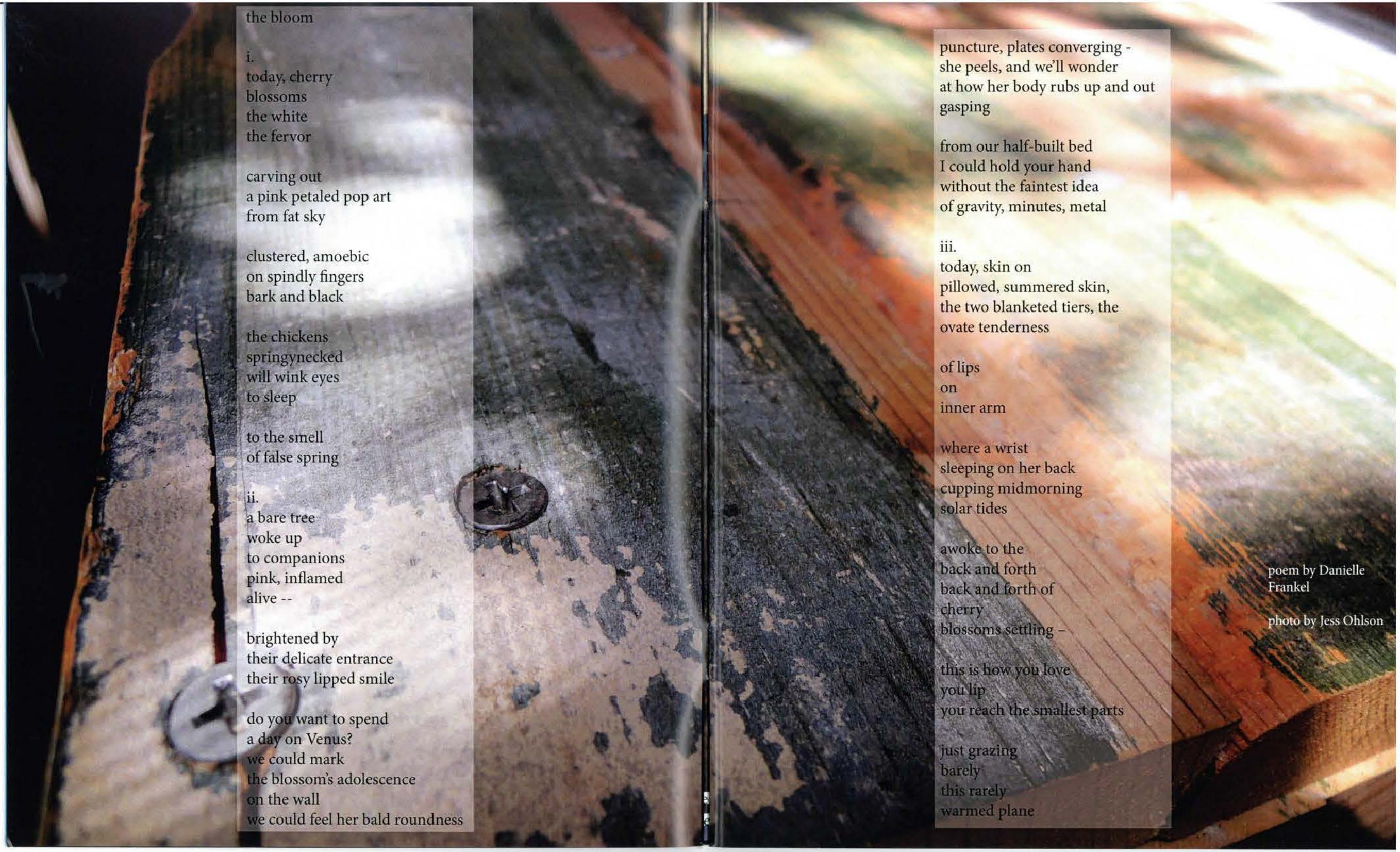
Where do you end?



Poem by Kyra Payne
Collage by KC Chaviano



Graphic by Drew Woods Doodle by Kelsey Ceasar



the bloom

i.

today, cherry
blossoms
the white
the fervor

carving out
a pink petaled pop art
from fat sky

clustered, amoebic
on spindly fingers
bark and black

the chickens
springynecked
will wink eyes
to sleep

to the smell
of false spring

ii.

a bare tree
woke up
to companions
pink, inflamed
alive --

brightened by
their delicate entrance
their rosy lipped smile

do you want to spend
a day on Venus?
we could mark
the blossom's adolescence
on the wall
we could feel her bald roundness

puncture, plates converging -
she peels, and we'll wonder
at how her body rubs up and out
gasping

from our half-built bed
I could hold your hand
without the faintest idea
of gravity, minutes, metal

iii.

today, skin on
pillowed, summered skin,
the two blanketed tiers, the
ovate tenderness

of lips
on
inner arm

where a wrist
sleeping on her back
cupping midmorning
solar tides

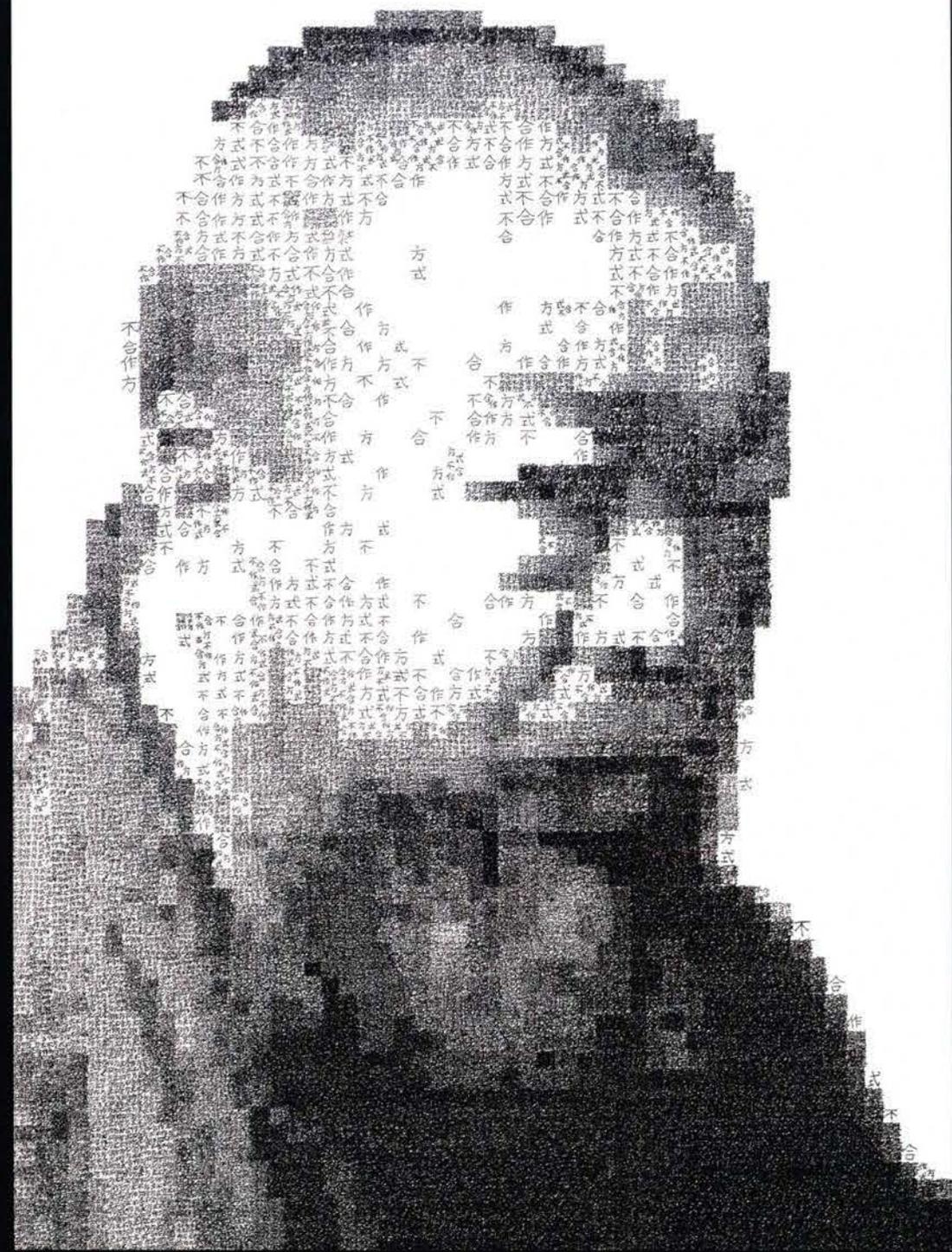
awoke to the
back and forth
back and forth of
cherry
blossoms settling -

this is how you love
you lip
you reach the smallest parts

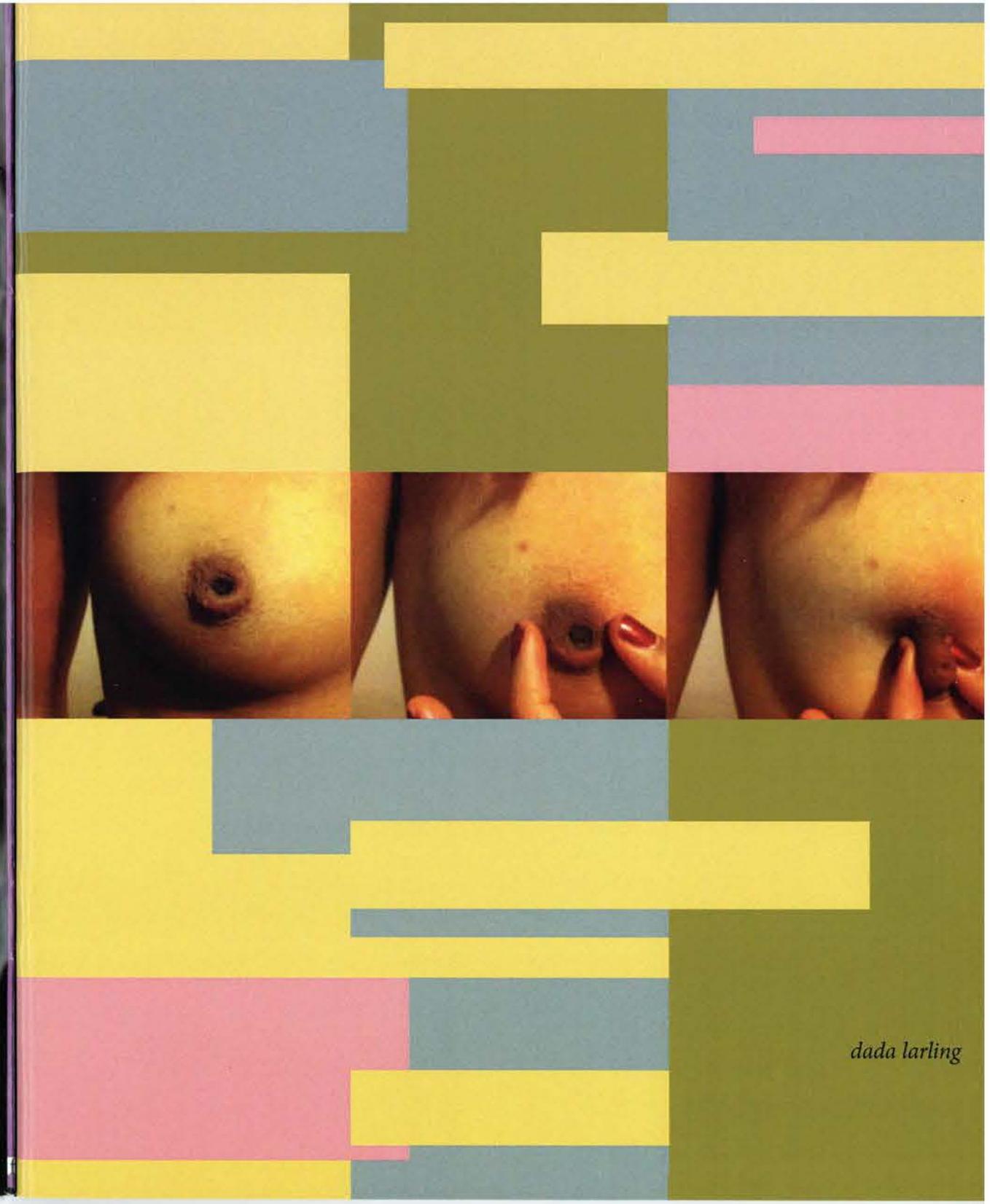
just grazing
barely
this rarely
warmed plane

poem by Danielle
Frankel

photo by Jess Ohlson



"UNCOOPERATIVE ATTITUDE"
BY JACOB RICHEY AND TASSOS BAREISS



dada larling

HER

He liked the way the freckles scattered beneath her eyes resembled constellations in a galaxy plagued with mysticism. Her lips were delicate petals that hid tiny voracious teeth which sprung like a venus flytrap in the midst of heated kisses. She had an energy she was afraid of and he was curious about. They walked together, unsure of whether or not to hold hands or keep an appropriate distance. They sat on a bench side by side knowing that there was no purpose to this, no meaning, but simply opportunity. It was an end with no future which made investment unnecessary and limitless.

The crossing of their legs was effortless and natural for there was no expectation to be met. She talked and he tried to tuck in her words under the blanket of his memory. He knew he wouldn't be quizzed on these stories later, but he still wanted to remember them. From each other they learned not to think much of anything, but to bounce off of each others' actions. They yawned when there were no more words to be spoken and decided to head back to their respective rooms.

*prose by Isael Gonzalez
photo by Lizzie Koehler*



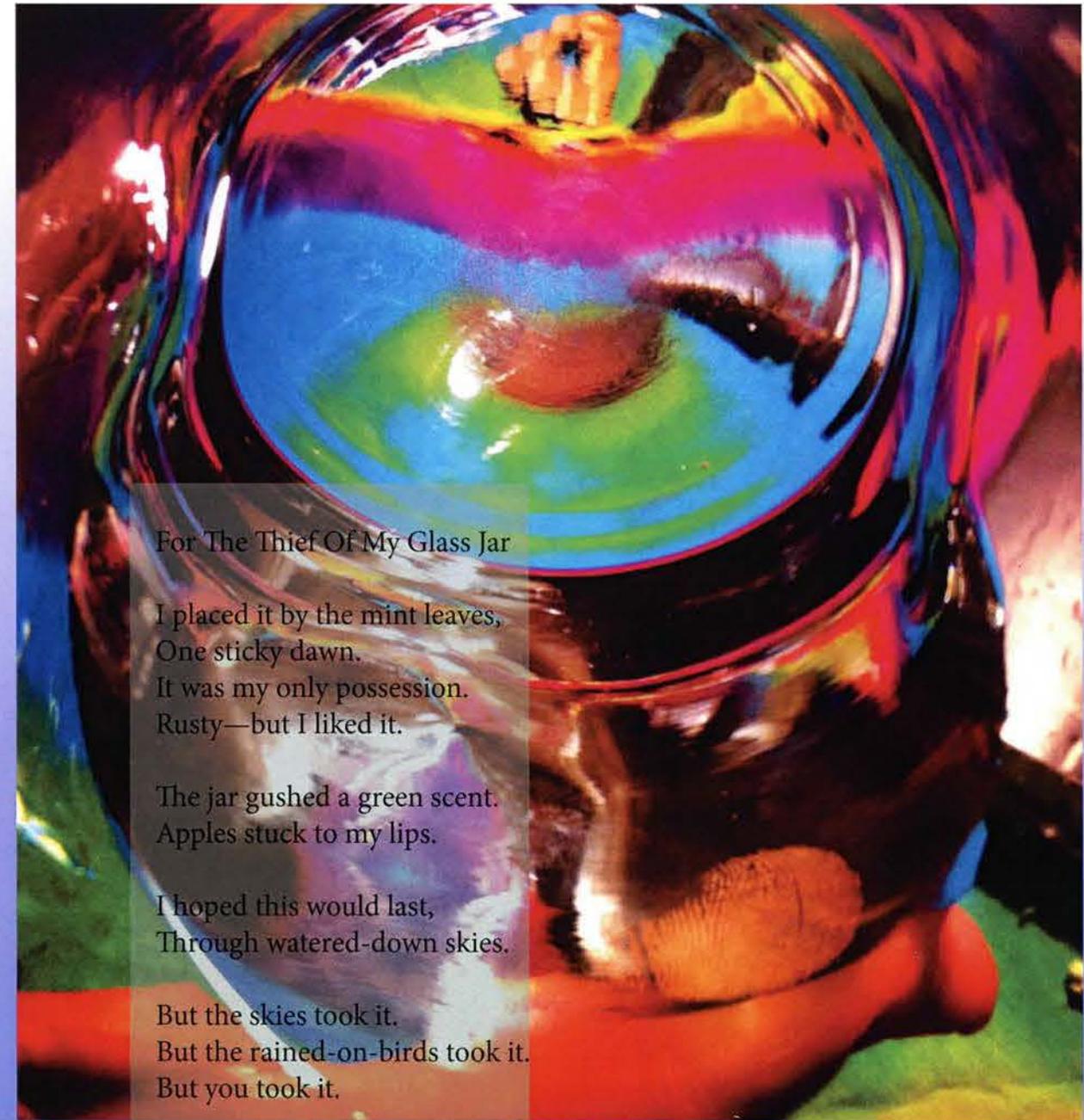
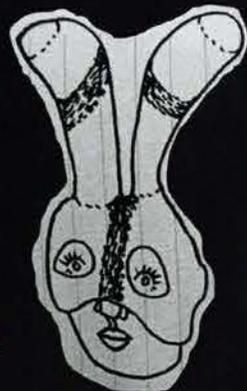
Sometimes he hated her. In her he saw the disillusionments of a reckless capitalist youth that absorbed the profits and energy of a corrupt system and created a madness that only sought meaningless pleasure, but at the same time it was this that attracted him to her. An unrestrained explosion of desires that was unaware of the possibility of taking a wrong step. Uninhibited, educationally ignorant and blinded by wealth. The American Dream. Something he had analyzed in an academic sense, but not in an emotional and human way.

With previous loves he could see a hint reflection of himself, of his values, but when he looked at her he only saw her eyes and they were beautiful, attractive and inspired a certain type of hunger in his chest. She was seductive, heartless and pure madness,

but when they held each other, wrapped around one another's reach, he felt something different. A bitter sweet kindness that hid from the eyes of onlookers, allowing itself to be visible when nobody was watching. He felt conflicted, divided and inspired. She made his paintbrush paint, his pen write and his hips dance. The perfect torture for an artist in search of passion.



photo: Carlos Alvarez
doodles: Vivian Ponte-Fritz



For The Thief Of My Glass Jar

I placed it by the mint leaves,
One sticky dawn.
It was my only possession.
Rusty—but I liked it.

The jar gushed a green scent.
Apples stuck to my lips.

I hoped this would last,
Through watered-down skies.

But the skies took it.
But the rained-on-birds took it.
But you took it.

Captured in your hands,
All is left:

poem by Natlie Dunn



Eva King

Cardamom Cake

nutricious yums from Beatriz & Kodiak!

1 ½ sticks "butta"
-melt

1 Tbs+ cardamom

1 Tbs vanilla extract

1 cup sugar

2 eggs

1 tsp baking soda

1tsp baking powder

2 cups flour (or mix almond flower!?)

1 cup yogurt (plain)

*berries!

1. melt butter, add cardamom, vanilla & sugar. Be-
attttt

2. add egg. Beattttt

3. add baking soda and powder. Incorporate... (;

4. Interchange flour and yogurt. Mix well; do not
overbeet.

5. Cook at 350* till golden brown + toothpick comes
out clean.

6. *++ !berries for extra DELISH! :D

disappearing is losing your name forever

if I saw you during the day
I would never recognize you
an indistinct
collection of sand
resting next to the ocean
I don't know what you call yourself
when you can see your face

reflected in the tide

but on the night we met
you called yourself
Evaleen

we were all lying
about our names that night

it was dark in the way
of shut eyes
dark in the way of a moon
hidden behind the misty folk
shadows of a silhouette
walking slowly
tendrils of fog in their hands

dragging a haze

in their

wake

and I feel them
grabbing at the skin on my ankles
pulling at the tendons in my arms
tugging at the veins in my chest
because something in the blood
wants to disappear

into everyone

but then you
and your calloused hands
and you are Evaleen
for the night

something in your face
moves with the breeze
the way you speak rises
with the weather
and your eyes dance
in the rhythm of

the moon

you offer me the ocean
in exchange
for my hand

you give yourself a different set of sounds
every night, a new shape of the tongue
to call the abyss of your mouth
if I come back every night
could I learn to say you?

or are you only Evaleen
for tonight?

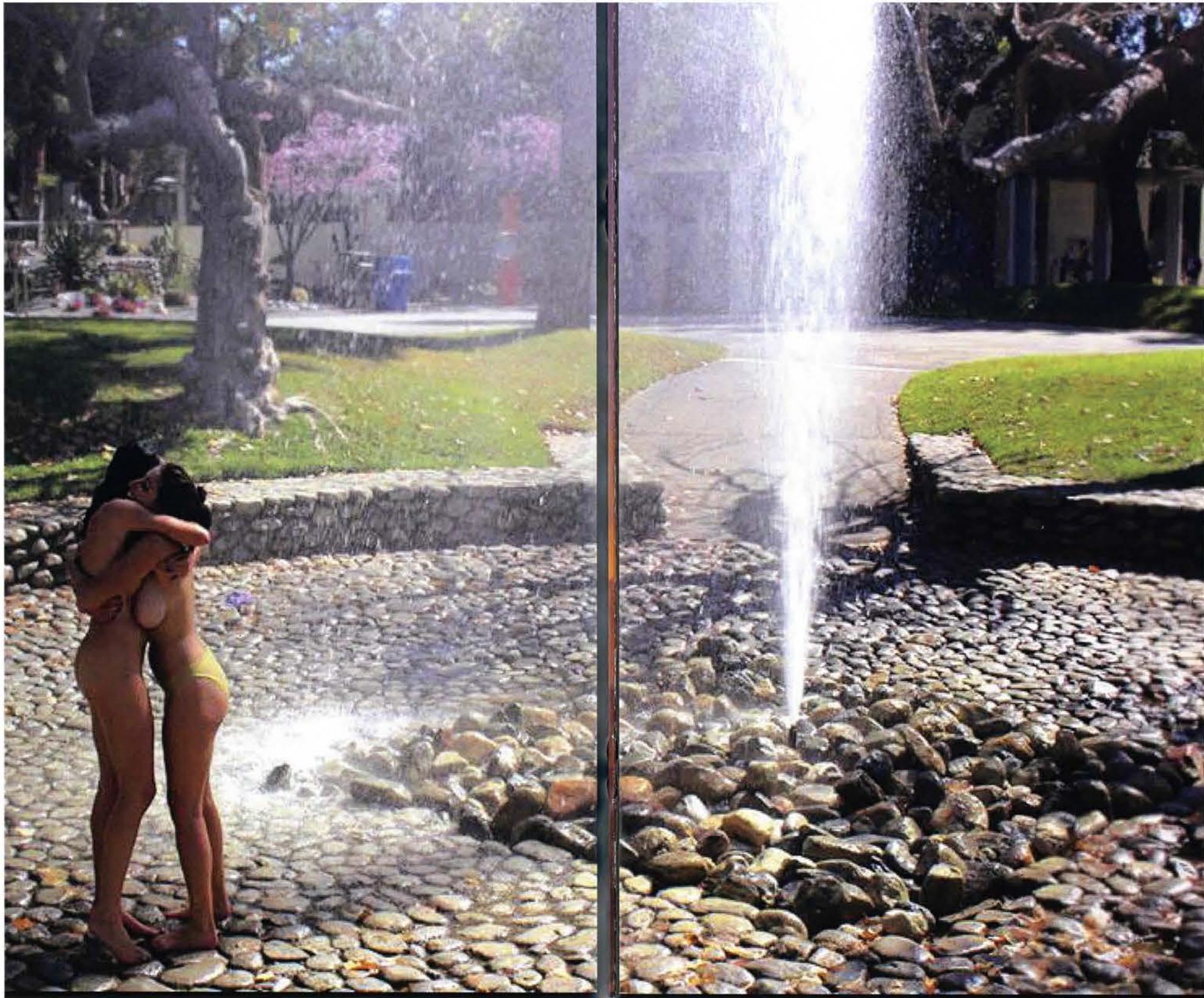
take my hand forever
dig a hole in your stomach
and bury me in the sand
take my hand forever
dig a hole in your stomach
and bury me in the sand

in the glow of a thousand jellyfish
I gave a piece of myself
to the depths of your name
you taught me to lose myself
in the jaws of tiny silver fish
to collect myself again on the ocean floor
and breathe in you
I am whole
so long as I remember
the sun-colored strings that attach me to the sky
as I remember
that I ate grains of salt
and gathered them under the skin of my palm
so that something
in the left hand I left behind
would taste
like you

on the night I learned to say my name
in the roaring crash of seven letters
on the night that you were Evaleen

when the day was done with me
I returned to the shore
to my sunburnt driftwood body
I know
I will call your name forever
because I will never
recognize you
again





#voatgote

"its just a hashtag"

Karina Faulstich
Neil Mallick

College
Services

& IIA



time for
Say Yes
Sagehen
at about
marking
classroom
to the
to form
its own

...ing Armpits.
for the new regime.
of Cecil the
(and therefore set
is great for all
every test in the
of the Armpit shall do
naturalistic man which strikes fear into the hearts of all
are of the Armpit, bravely extinguishing its foes, with its
Cecil the Sagehen flies overhead." Here now is the new
era of the Armpit, bravely extinguishing its foes, with its
naturalistic man which strikes fear into the hearts of all
its enemies! Free & flowing, the Fighting Armpit shall do
our foremothers proud as we engage in mortal combat on the
field of furry freak-outs. As we pass every test in the
classroom, As we bare our added riches in trust for all
markyad. Let us rejoice in the Armpit! (and therefore set
about immediate eradication of all traces of Cecil the
Sagehen.) Say Yes, to make room ~~for~~ for the new regime!
Say Yes to the Armpit! Say Yes to our new future, and a new
time for old glory: Pitzer College Fighting Armpits.



Dearst Children of the Pi
No one really knows if the Sagehen is extinct or endangered,
but in any case it is simply insufficient to be the mascot
of this prestigious college. It is my great pleasure to
announce the new Pitzer mascot- The Pit! Cecil the Sagehen
has fought a brave battle against tigers & warts alike, but
the time has come to take a more progressive stance on our
tender community's competitive role.. Most precious Pitzer
offspring, please give a warm welcome to the Pit! In keeping
with the school's color and banner, this committee thought
and deliberated about possible candidates for our mascot;
there was blood, sweat, & tears, and in the end, there were
three final candidates: the Pitzer College Orange-Pit, the
Pitzer College Earth-toned birkenstock sandals, and finally
the Pitzer College Fighting Armpits! Bygone are the days of
the Sagehen, burying its head in the sand at the first sight
of danger, bygone are the days "filled with dread/Whenever
Cecil the Sagehen flies overhead." Here now is the new
era of the Armpit, bravely extinguishing its foes, with its
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Dearst Children of the Pitzer Community,

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of this prestigious college. It is my great pleasure to
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May the Pit Bless Us All &
Have a Jelly Good Day,

Ministry of Financial Services
& Admissions, Pitzer College

Peter College
 Approved By: [Signature]
 Date: 2/19/11

otherside Party

alter ego themed
 feb 28th
 9:00 PM
 Salathe gallery
 (under McConnell)
 CUM....

BEER




Free Beer!

Come to the
 otherside Party
 FEB 28
 9:00 PM
 SALATHE GALLERY




Alter Ego
 otherside Party
 Feb 28th 9:00pm.
 Salathe Gallery
 (Under McConnell)

Free Beer!



Precious Fragments

**Soft day,
Quiet pool.
Dark dream,
So serene.
Memories grow,
Memories fade.
Blue moon,
Sing, loon.
New bud,
Wait, bloom.
Memories grow,
Memories fade.
Smile mask,
Sun bask.
Your touch,
My blush.
Memories grow,
Memories fade.
Stay awhile longer.**

Photo: Adin Benporat
Poem: Nicki Weaver-Weinberg

VITA NOVA, MAMAN!

“I have never known a Woman’s body!
I have known the body of my mother,
sick and then dying!”

-Roland Barthes, Mourning Diary

estradiol is converted from testosterone through a process called aromatase.

lift your shirt and show me your bruises, maman, show me the way my blood moves, too.
mother tells herself secrets i can never know, secrets like:
sepia as a noun, a history of mastectomies, her father asleep at the wheel.

father made me a non-boy,
what mom has given me: a liminality in the body, a key-chained photograph of me at legoland, a boy
standing next to a seven-foot lego knight.

she refuses the MRI, she refuses the acronym, what failures of language. as in: a word
that carries gender as she might. it will happen again because adrenaline must find its
exit.

estradiol is the most potent estrogen found in the human body. to live without
concern for posterity, steroidogenesis
is the process by which cholesterol is transformed into a monument, “fresh as on the first day of
mourning.”

oh mommy, the prosopagnosiac .
such missing footnotes, it seems --
the various sounds of creaking, all kinds: in cars folding into one another, in the space
between shoulder blades, in the development of breast tissue, in the falling together
and apart, again.

merrill leon

Prosopagnosia, also called face blindness, is a cognitive disorder of facial recognition.

Desert Dream

In the stillness of the night
subtleties of sound
come alive

Fingers flick
and slide
on a surface of skin

I play the sounds of the earth
whistling like wind
through the walls of this labyrinth

Pathways carved in crackling earth
formed by smoke
that sifts tears through my eyes

I chase the sun
on pounding paws
that beat like hearts echoed in sand

Bodies break down
crumble to earth
I collapse in the dirt

And I rise
gliding on currents
high above the desert

I am the soothsayer
tending to the embers
as shadows dance on cave walls

Breathing life
to the burning chasm
of my wounded wrist

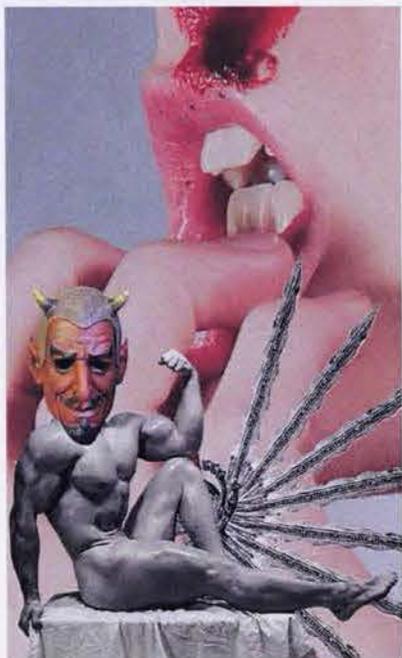
Sand pours from my fingertips
I give birth to the dune
made up of my demise

In the morning
Lingering at the temple entrance once more
Picking sand from my scalp



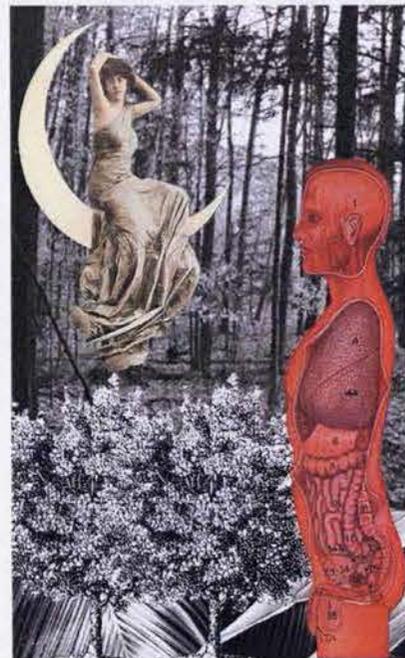
Poem by lyds
Photo by Jack Higgins

THE DEVIL



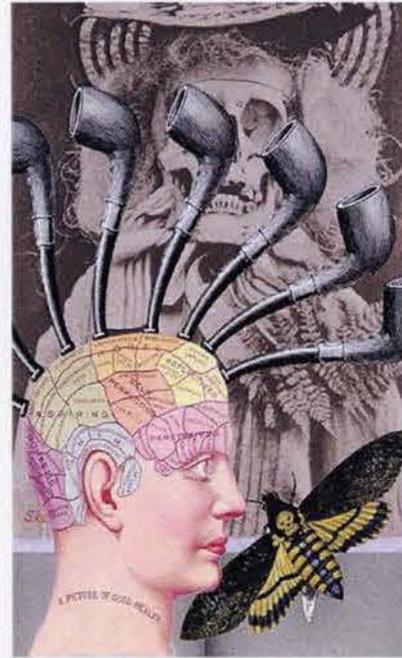
XV

THE HERMIT



IX

DEATH



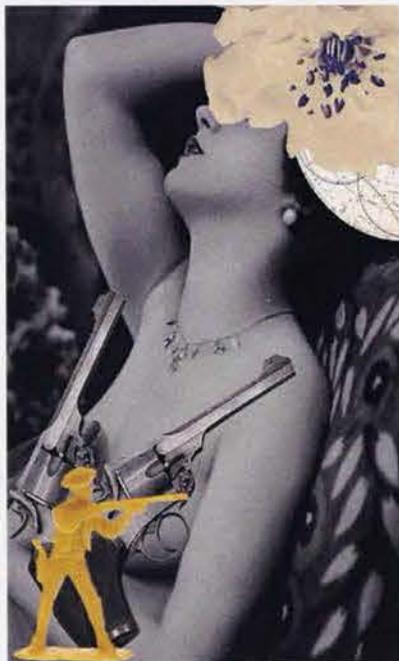
XIII

THE LOVERS



VI

THE FOOL



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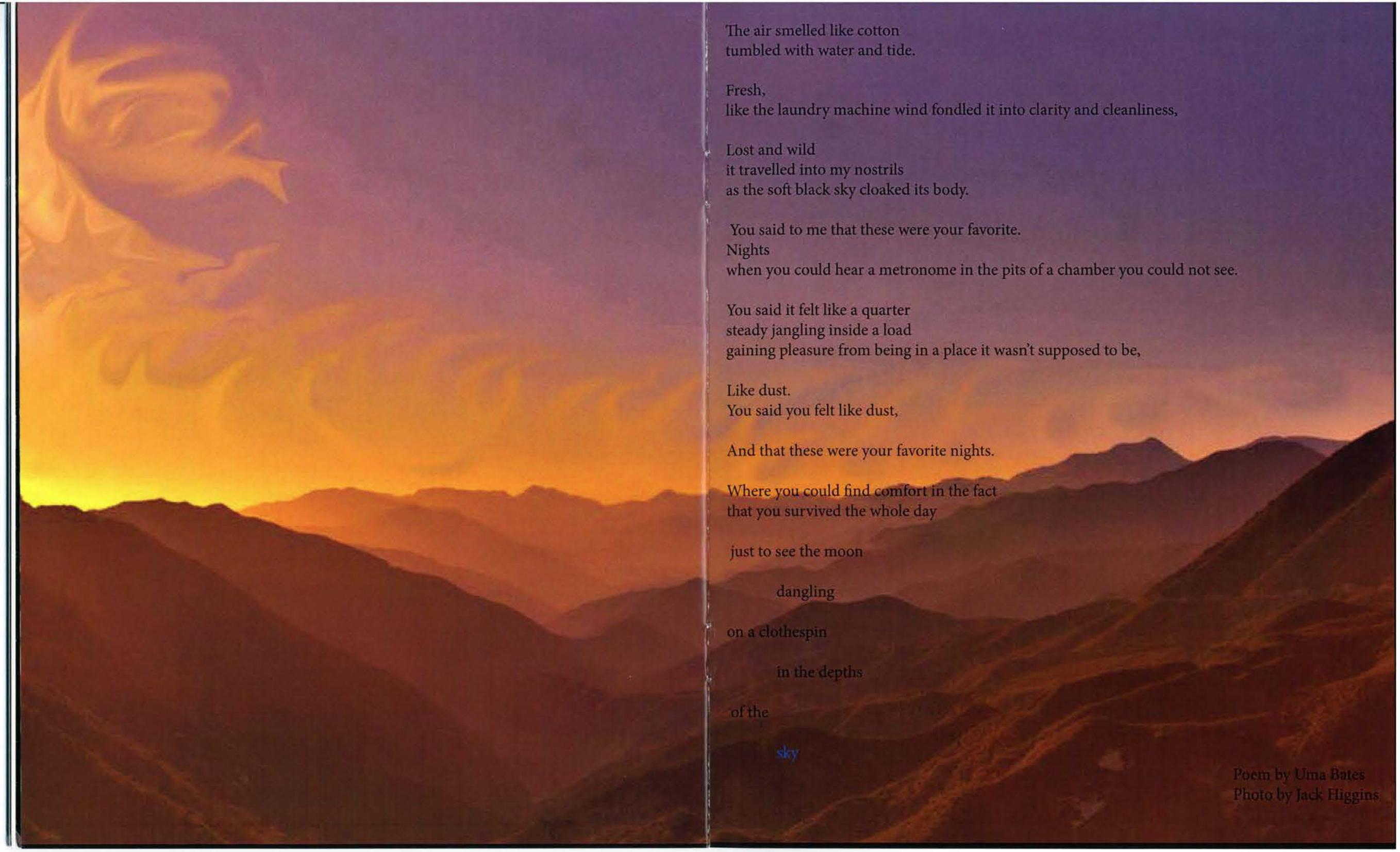
THE HIGH PRIESTESS



II

Tarot

Molly Wassel



The air smelled like cotton
tumbled with water and tide.

Fresh,
like the laundry machine wind fondled it into clarity and cleanliness,

Lost and wild
it travelled into my nostrils
as the soft black sky cloaked its body.

You said to me that these were your favorite.
Nights
when you could hear a metronome in the pits of a chamber you could not see.

You said it felt like a quarter
steady jangling inside a load
gaining pleasure from being in a place it wasn't supposed to be,

Like dust.
You said you felt like dust,

And that these were your favorite nights.

Where you could find comfort in the fact
that you survived the whole day

just to see the moon

dangling

on a clothespin

in the depths

of the

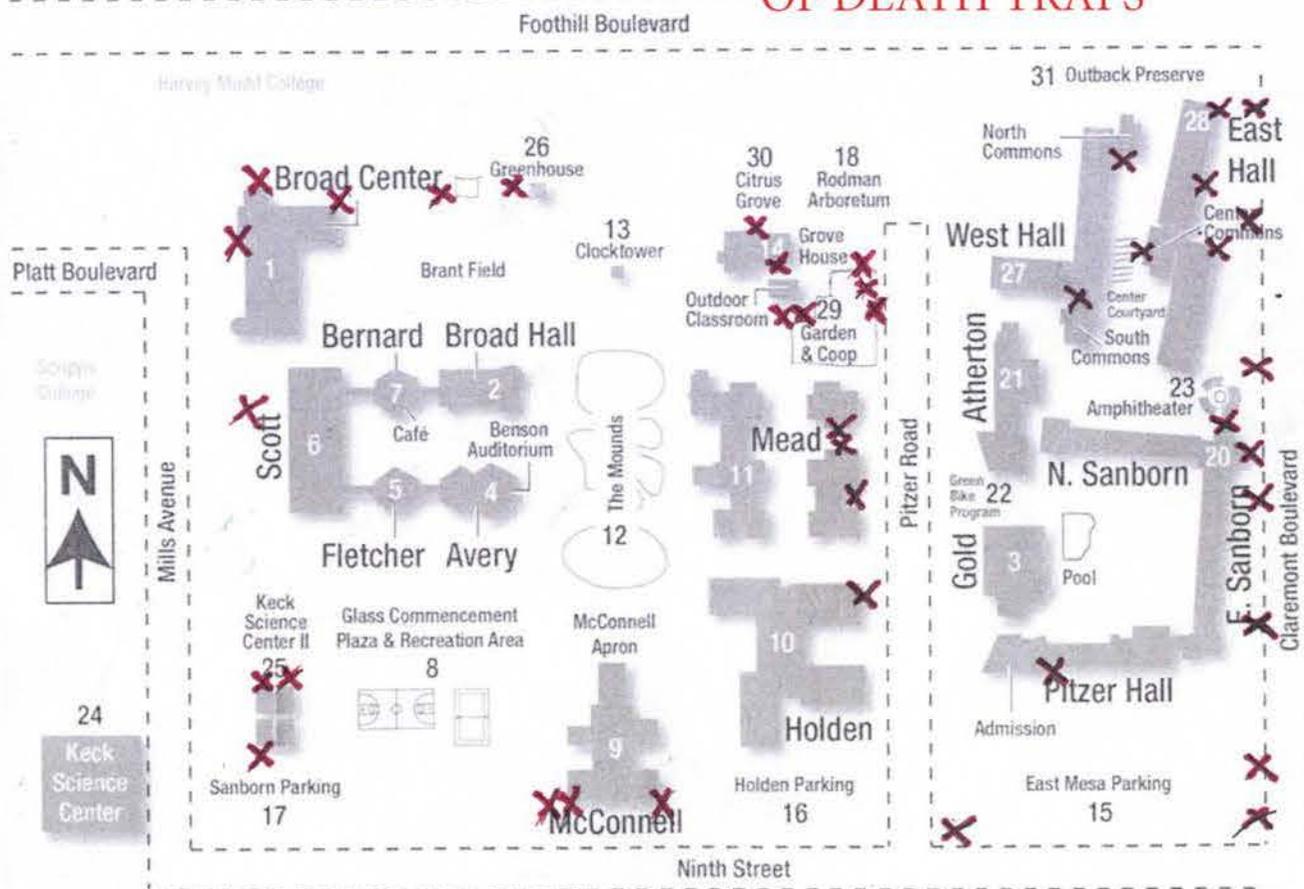
sky

Poem by Uma Bates
Photo by Jack Higgins

WHO RUN THE WORLD?!

SQUIRRELS

PITZER COLLEGE CAMPUS MAP OF DEATH TRAPS



DATE: 28 JANUARY

LOCATION: Newly Destructed *without consent* MARQUIS LIBRARY READING ROOM

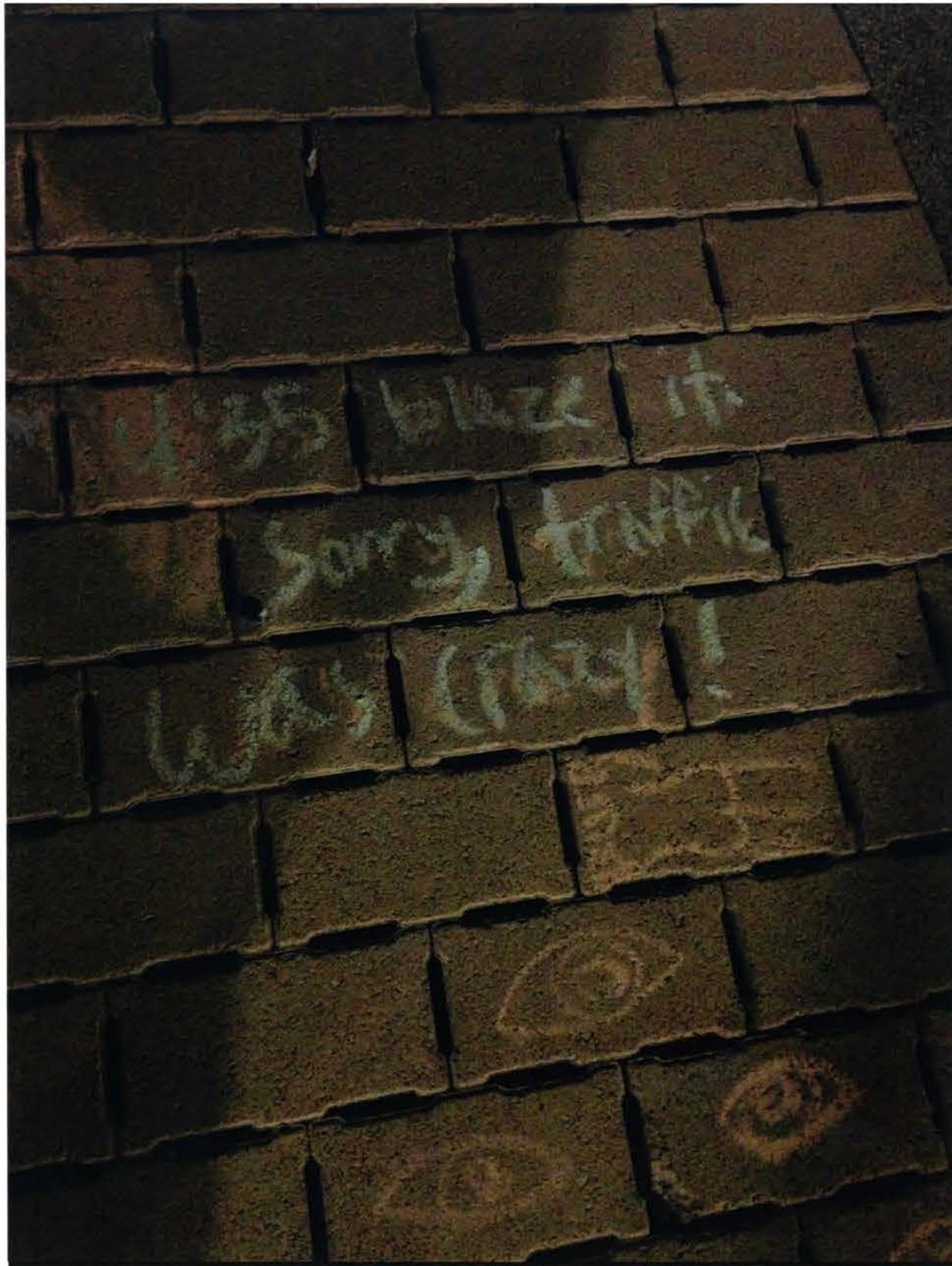
EVENT: Fireside Chat with Vice President for Student Affairs BRAIN CARLILE, President of Pitzer College LAUWA TWOMBLY, and STUDENTS

MEMO: It has recently come to the attention of the management (et al.) that PITZER COLLEGE is *diverse enough*. At this extensive meeting with STUDENTS it was determined that diversity on campus (socioeconomic, racial, ethnic, or according to sex, gender, sexual orientation etc) is either 1) already satisfactory, 2) not to be considered at all based upon a "blind[ness] to what's between our legs, and the color of our skin" (CARLILE), or, 3) already addressed through our abroad programs, in which STUDENTS go abroad, proceed to be the richest, or whitest in their "village" and thus have a "minority" experience (TWOMBLY). From here forward all talk about diversity on campus should cease. *We've done it everyone!*



X marks the spot our fuzzy friends come to seize and cease, piece by piece. This map shows only a portion of the poison.

*Make Pitzer keep their promise of replacing the poison death boxes with the less harmful rat traps



Lets get real real for a second.
f&ck the new dorms. f&ck the desert drought
concrete sprinklers. Who lives here? Whose
space is this? ON THE REAL: if we all throw
paint/art/colors/truth on the walls at
once, no one can stop us.

BERNARD COMPUTER LABIA

[SWIPE ID CARD TO ENTER]

#spaceinvaders #keepitEZ,PZ