

Sarah Evans

Indian Dance performed by Chimpanzee Stars at the
MONKEY JUNGLE, 22 miles SOUTH of Miami, Florida.
Color Photo by Bill and Jack Levy

The Overside

Winter 2011



J. passed away unexpectedly from unknown causes at the age of forty-three. He was found in his Berlin apartment by his dog, who barked in Morse code in an attempt to procure help for his beloved master. J. is survived by Tinkerbell, the dog, and a widespread international harem of girlfriends and boyfriends.

J. shot to stardom in the past five years, enticing curators, gallerists, and collectors alike with his longwinded emails describing fabulous pieces that would change the face of contemporary art. At the time of his death, one email was estimated to sell for \$100,000 at auction. Prices are expected to increase exponentially over the next few months, and collectors have already begun to bang down the doors of his galleries in Berlin, New York, and Seoul.

J. grew up in the Gironde area of France. He has been described as an eccentric loner, interested by art theory from a young age. When he was twenty-five, he left for London to make it as an artist, with no formal training. He antagonized the London art world with his devil-may-care attitude. At thirty, he declared London too set in its ways to truly understand his art, and left for Berlin. There, he met a group of artists working in the "invisible" medium, creating an array of invisible paintings, sculpture, and video. Many of these artists now claim J. stole much of their invisible work and interested them into his emails.

Cover: Lauren Ball
Obituary: Ana Iwataki



Anne Marie Tse

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Escaping the Darkness of Light and Finding Peace Between Thorns and Nails

We dream to find sanity,
Until then we accept reality.

Dreaming only finds sanity through the views of one,
But reality takes everyone prisoner in its grasp leaving no one.

Reality separates fact, fiction, kind and cruel,
Yet dreaming and sanity only better the situation of one so it won't be dull.

I'll to stay within the realm of reality with all this insanity,
Dreams and sanity are too plain for me.



Poem: Thomas Ochoa
Photo: Sara Vander Zwaag

ATLANTIC OCEAN

DEAR MISS
SMILEY EYES
KISSABLE BONES,
MAY I CALL YOU
IN A FEW?
I'D LOVE TO DESCRIBE
WHAT IT'S LIKE
TO SMELL YOU
IN MY SHEETS
TO FEEL YOUR SCENT
LINGERING ON EVERY
INCH OF MY SKIN
HOW I LEAVE
THE LIGHT ON
JUST SO I HAVE
A REASON TO
COVER MY EYES
WITH MY ARMS
TO INHALE THE
BITS OF YOU
LIVING IN THE MANY

FRECKLES AND
HAIRS AND
SCRATCHES FROM YESTERDAY
IF ONLY THEY WERE FROM
YOU.
I'D LIKE TO ASK
IF YOU COULD COME
BACK
HERE
BACK UNDER
MY COVERS
BACK UNDER
MY SKIN
AND FRECKLES
AND HAIRS
AND FRESHLY MADE
SCARS.
PRETTY PLEASE?
WITH A KISS ON TOP?



Jack Slaughter



Lauren Ball

Keep Them In Their Place

He preaches, "Don't join a gang, I beg you my son, Don't join a gang, like the rest"

Like that's the only real option I have.. Like it's the way that this boy, this man, that I am can escape the harsh realities of life. He offends me. Here I am, in front of him, amongst my classmates, after I make a statement about the evil of perpetual hate and of the need for equality. He makes this intolerant assumption, a stereotype, that people like me try so hard to break free of. ***The pain is in his heart, self analysis, that's where the healing starts.***

In Words, I find freedom, Liberated when I read Them. Hearing the sirens at night, and the bureaucracies that feed them, They tell me "THOSE PEOPLE ARE BAD MEN, WE'LL KEEP THEM IN THEIR PLACE", I believe them. As I grow, I continue to learn, that the fire that has been sparking within me since my inception, is a call to action, to help our people go through a re-birth, one without the chains, where we can live without blame.

I continue to care about my fellow human beings, together we go through this. What type of world are we left with? It is 2010, a world with corner to corner connections. The end of history as we know it? It's time for it to return home to its village and start the journey all over again; but will it? What have we learned? A homogenous new world here we come, time to throw our stereotypes and racial barriers down the sewers of the city rather than our bottles and wrappers. ***From the shadows we call the hiding peoples, to cut the strings of their puppet masters***

Nicholas Romo

Prayers.

She's in the closet hiding, again. She's underneath all of her mother's clothing that she pulled down from the hangers. Only her eyes shine through the darkness. She grasps her knees to her chest, tucking her head into her arms, backed up into the corner. She sits perfectly still, only trembling when the crash of bottles breaking against the wall cuts through the continuous screams that shake the house. She listens in silence, mouthing the words to every prayer she knows. If she prays hard enough, she thinks, then she will be saved.

our father who art in Heaven – YOU FUCKING BITCH – hallowed be thy name – YOU SLEPT WITH THAT WHORE DIDN'T YOU – thy kingdom come – BECAUSE YOU'RE SO FUCKING PURE YOU SLUT – thy will be done – DON'T YOU DARE YOU PIG YOU FUCKING BASTARD – on Earth as it is in Heaven...

Silence. The little girl sinks deeper into her corner, deeper into her hiding place. Her mother's clothes stink of cigarettes and mango perfume. She would love that smell if it wasn't smothered by the acrid stench of alcohol. It always ruined everything; Sunday breakfasts, lazy afternoons, goodnight kisses.

Silence. The closet is filling with her hot breath. She knows she is next. She stares at the crack of light underneath the closet door, looking for a flicker.

Footsteps. Her dad's heavy feet drag across the kitchen. He's wearing the steel-toed boots again. She can hear them scrape against the linoleum floor. She's seen him kick a lot of things with those boots; cans, fences, dogs, especially the little ones. Those same boots walk towards her now.

...give us this day our daily bread...

The lights turn on outside the closet. She hears his breath beat against the wooden door of the closet. She clamps her eyes shut and wills herself to disappear. If she can only disappear, then she won't have to run.

The door opens. "You always hide in the same fucking place."

She holds her breath. Her heart throbs in her ears. "I know you're there, bitch."

She gasps as a large hand reaches down and yanks her up by the collar of her shirt.

...and forgive us our trespasses...

She stands in front of him, staring up at his face. She looks down at the hand grasping her shirt. It's dirty. It's always dirty.

...as we forgive those who trespass against us...

“A robber came in.” She sees blood on his boots, blood on momma’s clothing. He tramples them as if they were nothing.

“Jeez, why don’t you say something?! Look at me!” He shakes her and jerks her head up. She sees a welt on his eye, blood in his the stubble on his chin, his harsh eyes. She buries her gaze in the floor again.

Momma’s white blouse. It looks so pretty on her. It makes her look like the angels in those pictures in church. Blood. He made it dirty.

She reaches down to pick up the blouse. She’ll clean it, and then Mamma can wear it to church again.

...and lead us not into temptation...

“What the hell are you doing?!” Her head is slammed against the wall of the closet. He lets go of her. She falls into the pile of clothes. Now her blood dirties Momma’s clothes too.

“It’s all your fault, you know that you fucking bitch?” He draws his right foot back.

...but deliver us from evil...

“IT’S ALL YOUR FUCKING FAULT!!” She hears a soft thump as he drops onto the bed. He chokes back a sob. The lights are switched off. She’ll wait until he falls asleep, then she’ll go to Momma and clean her up and then wash the clothes and pick up the glass. Then she’ll go back to her hiding place when it all happens again.

Amen.

Andrea Frias



Ana Iwataki

"Time Rises and Sets"

The stars seem to shimmy
across the darkened sky, and explode
with bright light. As I sit here on the pavement,
thinking about the wind
brushing against my nose, and the petals of yellow pink peach blossoms,
there stems showered with the air of night.

The calming breath of the night
air made every leaf in the proximal trees sway, shimmying
from branch to blossom.

The darkness eating and exploding
over every ridge, carried by the wind
from the high clouds to the grounded pavement.

The sun from the day warmed the pavement
as the light turned to night,
and the silence turned to howling wind.
The moonlight carried blue hue's of the flowers, as they shimmied
from one side of the garden to the other, exploding
and clashing with the yellow pink peach blossoms.

The dawn showered light on the bees inside the blossoms
searching for the sweet nectar, and the black pavement
woke up, and stretched its arms silently, exploding
silently. The day is here, and the night
has gone, flown away to another place, shimmied
back to its cave, carrying with it, the wind.

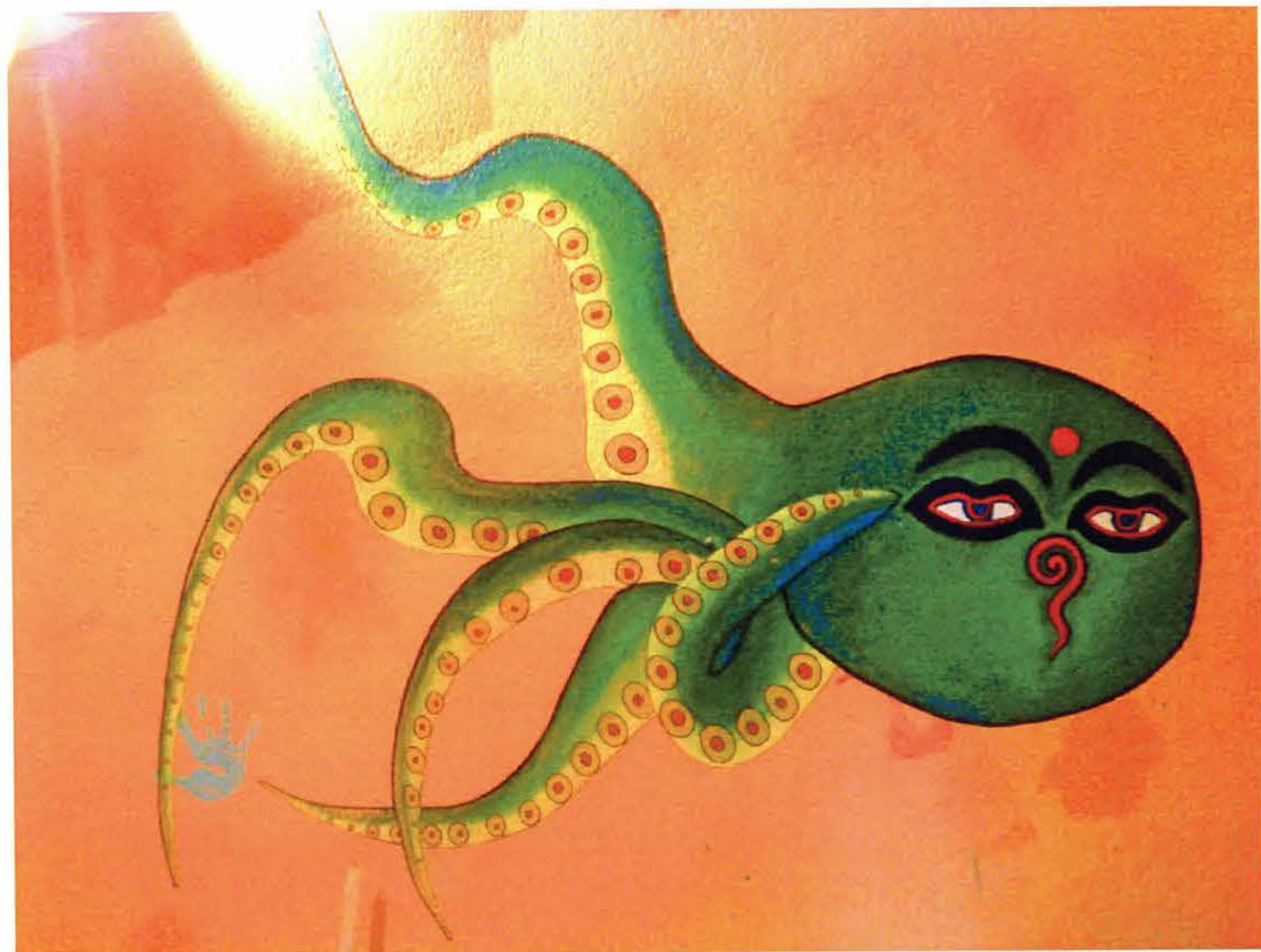
The darkness came quietly rumbling of the hills, the wind
rumbling along side it. The yellow pink peach blossoms
get shaken up, and sway with the wind's rhythm, shimmying
from side to side along the cooled pavement.
They get showered in the dark night,
as frightened petals dive inside once again, the sun begs them to explode.

Bursts of day and dawn explode,
and a soft, gentle wind
comes over the flowers, forcing the night away.
Birds on the left and right start to sing, and yellow pink peach blossoms
open, and stretch their petals and stems to the pavement,
and in the sky, the sun shakes and shimmies.

Swaying and shimmying, ready to explode,
they gently kiss the pavement and bow to the wind.
Yellow pink peach blossoms disappear again, into the night.

Left: Sophie Howard
Right: Ian Schoen





Zen Octopus

André Baum & Cady Smith

I never meant to hurt anyone. I tried to tell that to the first one who met me but she just cried. And cried. I stopped her crying but that's all I meant to do. I didn't mean to stop her eyes from seeing. I swear. I tried to apologize but she wouldn't listen to me. I've found that not everyone can hear me, or maybe they just don't really want to. I guess I wouldn't either if I were them. Although it would be nice to hear an "I forgive you" every once in a while. I wish I had the choice of being able to hear others or not. The millions of torn voices my ear-drums catch on a daily basis drown me and I struggle to stay ali—

"Dear God, please keep this baby safe."

God dammit. Here comes another one. I can't even remember who it is. I've stopped trying to keep track. It's too exhausting. But really. Why now? Just as my eyes were starting to close...

"Make sure she has a strong heart and beautiful eyes. Give her the health she needs—"

"Praying to God isn't going to help you." I didn't mean to say that out loud. Maybe she's one of the lucky that can't hear me. Please tell me that she screamed or something and didn't hear me. She closes her eyes and mouths the rest of her pleas. She did hear me. I can feel her muscles tighten. Her lips are dry and she chokes as she tries to swallow. I want to grab her shoulders and shake the pastor's words from her eyes. I guess she can sense my breath on her spine.

"You need to go away."

Why do they always think that I'll just pack up my bags and leave because they want me to? As if I am the one who chose to be here. You think I want to be here lady? Huh? You think I want to sit here and watch your insides peel away? You know what, if God is so all knowing and all loving, then why can't he rid me of your bones and your stained blood? If he won't let me wash you from my skin then what makes you think he'll take me from you? I tried praying once. I asked him to let me go; I don't want to be here anymore. And you know what he said? He told me he doesn't help sinners like me. You can place all the blame on him lady. Not me. I would give anything to not run through your blood all day.

"Don't you touch this baby with your filthy hands."

Oh she's one of those. Right. Shit.

"You really didn't need to bring up the baby. Not exactly in the mood to talk about it."

"Well we need to talk about it. Your dirty hands will not get near my baby."

"I don't mean to be rude or anything, but MY dirty hands? Whose hands put the baby in this position in the first place?"

"God forgives me for all I've done."

Now I remember her. I wanted to say something. I remember the night she decided to not use protection with some random guy. I tried to tell her it was a bad idea but she continued to shush me. I pumped extra hard in her veins hoping pain would overcome pleasure. But she was a lot stronger then. She should've chosen herself over a baby.

"I thought I told you already. God doesn't do shit or give a shit. Trust me."

I'm tired. I just want to go to sleep. I want a few moments where I can forget what my existence has come to. I want to try and remember what it feels like to have an ocean breeze enter someone's nostrils. I want to listen to the sound of healthy children laughing and playing hopscotch while their mother, just a few feet away, looks on and smiles. Why can't she fall asleep so I can too?

"He does. He has given me the strength to carry this baby. My heart is stronger than yours and will keep you away from her."

I'm standing next to her heart right now. As she speaks it strains to scream but merely groans. I watch the blood as it tries to get past me and to her heart. She saw what I did to her friends but she chose to keep going. She's the one who chose to build a fence keeping me in and T-cells out.

Don't you see? I'm the only one who knows you. I'm the only one who will stay with you. I'm the only one who will continue to smell your hair and hold your hand. I will be here as you try to sleep and when you wake up for morning treatments.

"Why didn't you listen to me? Why won't you now? I know more than you. What makes you think things will be different for her?" I want to slap her and pull her eyes open so she can understand.

"Because she'll always know that I loved her too much to let her go. And that's what will get her past her first birthday. She is a continuation of my heart and all the years I will miss, she will fill with beauty and love. You'll never get her. I know it."

Sometimes I wish I wouldn't. But I didn't choose this body.

"Looks like it's time to push. See you on the outside."

Watching the struggle is my least favorite part.

Unknown Author



Cassie Lapkin



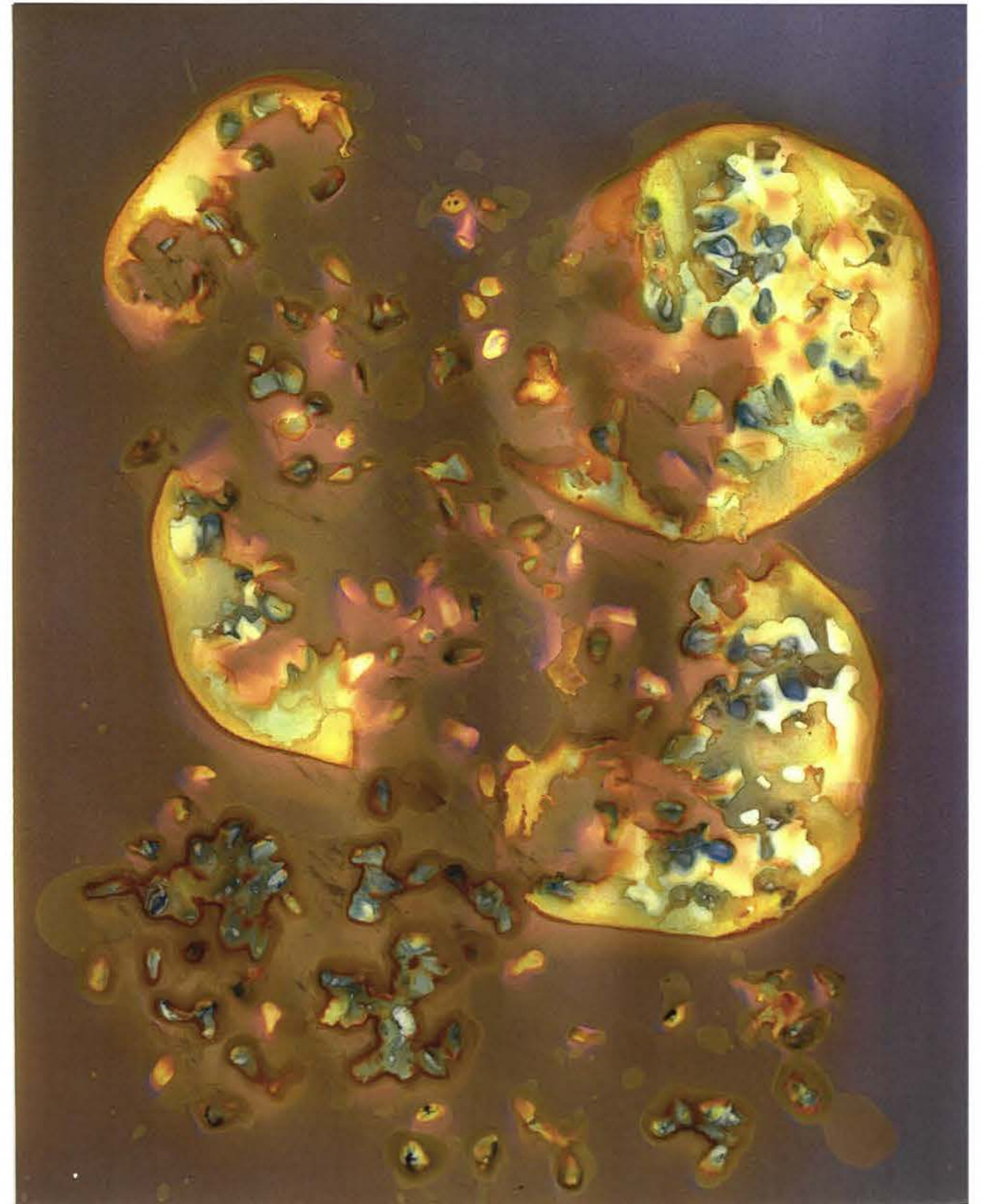
Distress by Cause of inSanity

Peace has been dealt, shots have been fired
Now lies the remains of a once burning desire.
Let those who have forgotten pain, see again
For it comes in a dose that exceeds all men
So we search on to dull this crumbling agony
Once again we will all sail free.

Lost in hope, lost in thought
Found in insanity, found in stress
Searching for comfort

The flowers from across the garden no longer look the same
Different petals, different patterns, different name
But we search on until another one takes our breath from us
Then we finally see how dear that garden is that we loss

Photo: Brittany Fair
Poem: Thomas Ochoa



Lauren Cronk



Anne Marie Tse



Allison Backman

Poem #2

A slight static moves as he traces the space behind my knee,

like goose bumps tightening over chilled skin.

I let the pillow devour my words,

if only they were heard.

His trace begins to spiral,

down the curve of my calf

pressing upwards into my thigh -

I look straight ahead.

Every black scuff mark,

paint curling from the walls edge -

static spreads.

Electricity burning my brain,

silence.

Loss of the ability to communicate.

Gone,

but not gone.

No longer aware of him,

his finger

his touch.

Everything fried to a crusty black,

it will crumble

and the winds of tomorrow will blow it away.

The static will have never been -

like goose bumps tightening over chilled skin,

it will fade.

But I cannot escape the cold -

from the sky it follows me.

Through the humid summers beneath the dock,

my mother's warm embrace,

the keyhole of a locked door -

wind continues to blow.

The chill is never gone.

Tomorrow carries him to me,

forcing himself from underground

where I hid him,

to the crevices of my mind.

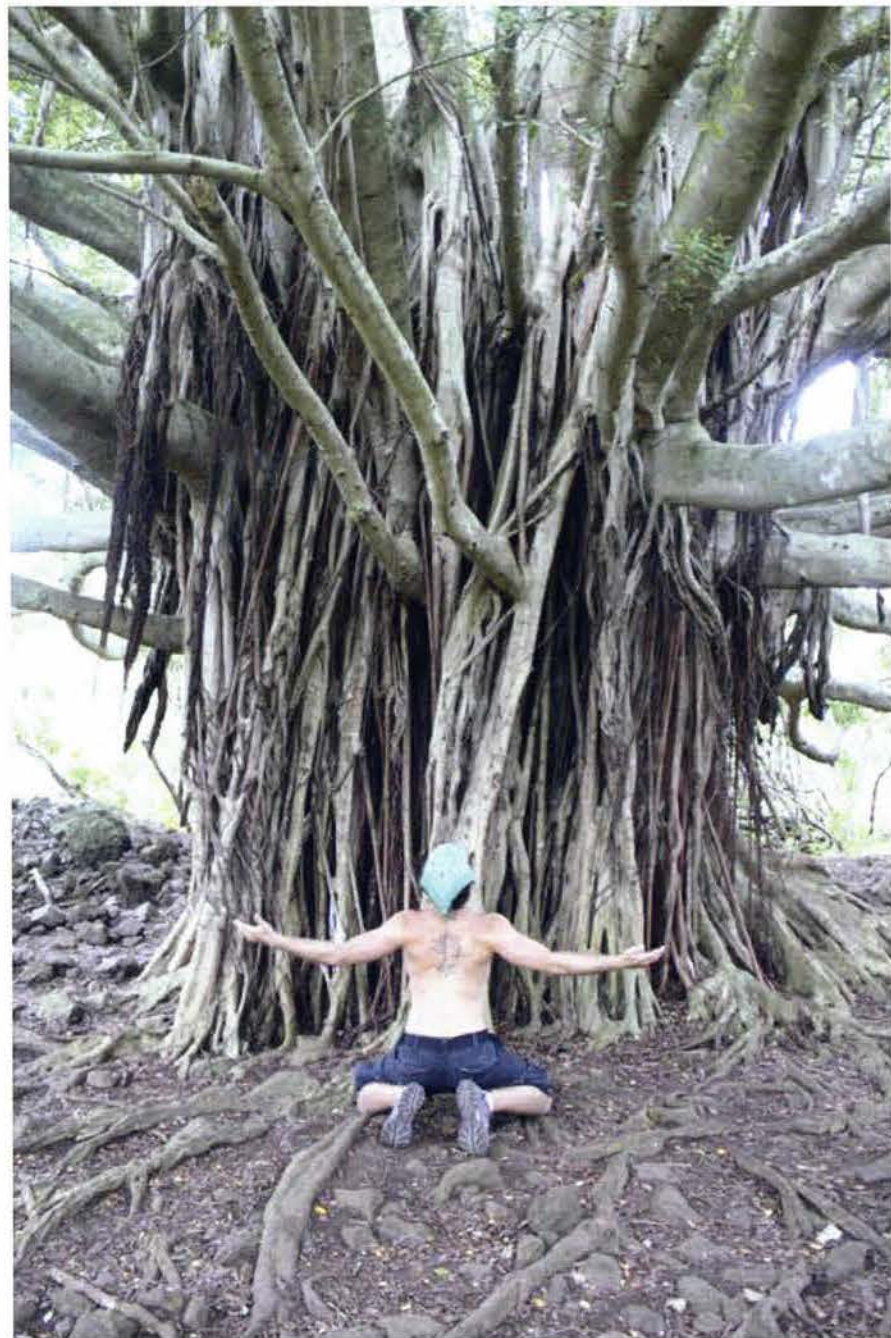
My skin tingles -

a spark ignited.

Electricity travels again.



Poem: Anonymous
Photo: Ana Carrizo



He reached the roots of the banyan tree and immediately noticed the limits of his love. He thought of himself as lover of nature and even of human nature but when faced with the trees thousand arms of embrace, he shrunk and lay down as a fallen leaf. His love was nothing, not worthy enough of loving not even the sap from his mother's eye. To stand up and wrap his hands around the tree he would have to become part of the bark, his skin would grow, his hair would shed it's autumn leaves. He would be bare in front of the nudity and vulnerability of true love-the love and gift of the trees.

PIG

you're not so much unlike me.
people certainly like to call other people by your name;
he's filthy as a ____,
where are your manners, ____?!
Your room is a ____ sty.

After police officers kicked him out of a restaurant for strange behavior

John Macias said to them,
"God will see that you die, ____."
No, they don't seem
to like you too much.

I don't know why.
you're a lot like me.
Isn't that why they have us cut you open in school?
To see something about our own bodies?
I remember our teacher blowing air
through a syringe
through the voicebox
and making the little guy snort.
I bet you could do the same thing to me.

They say you are very smart, too,
and everyone always seems surprised by that!
I was when I first heard it.
I guess we always think that you guys are fat AND stupid.
But I guess that says more about us than it does about you.

But you must be smart,
because I heard that you know,
when you are being loaded into that truck,
air-tight packaging side by side,
That you are being taken to the slaughter,
and you scream and scream and scream and scream.
I don't blame you.
I would too.
I guess you are not so different from me.

Codes
03/04/09

a little girl sits
on a metal hill covered in snow
with a handful of wire flowers
speaking in code to the city below

Here you come.
Everything's bending cracking shattering
Everyone's running,
Or thumping to the ground.
Because here you come.

You'll take me away,
Won't you?

a drop of salt water drips
down her face
following the contours of her bruises and cuts
stinging her chapped lips
like a memory

And then I'll be alone,
Won't I?

she stands
the snow is brown and red
it's not what they promised
a cool breath swirls her ragged dress around her ankles
and kisses the pieces of her broken doll

while fire burns in the clouds
and falls to the ground around her
she watches with her chromium eyes
and knows they aren't listening,
not to a little girl

You killed me,
Didn't you?



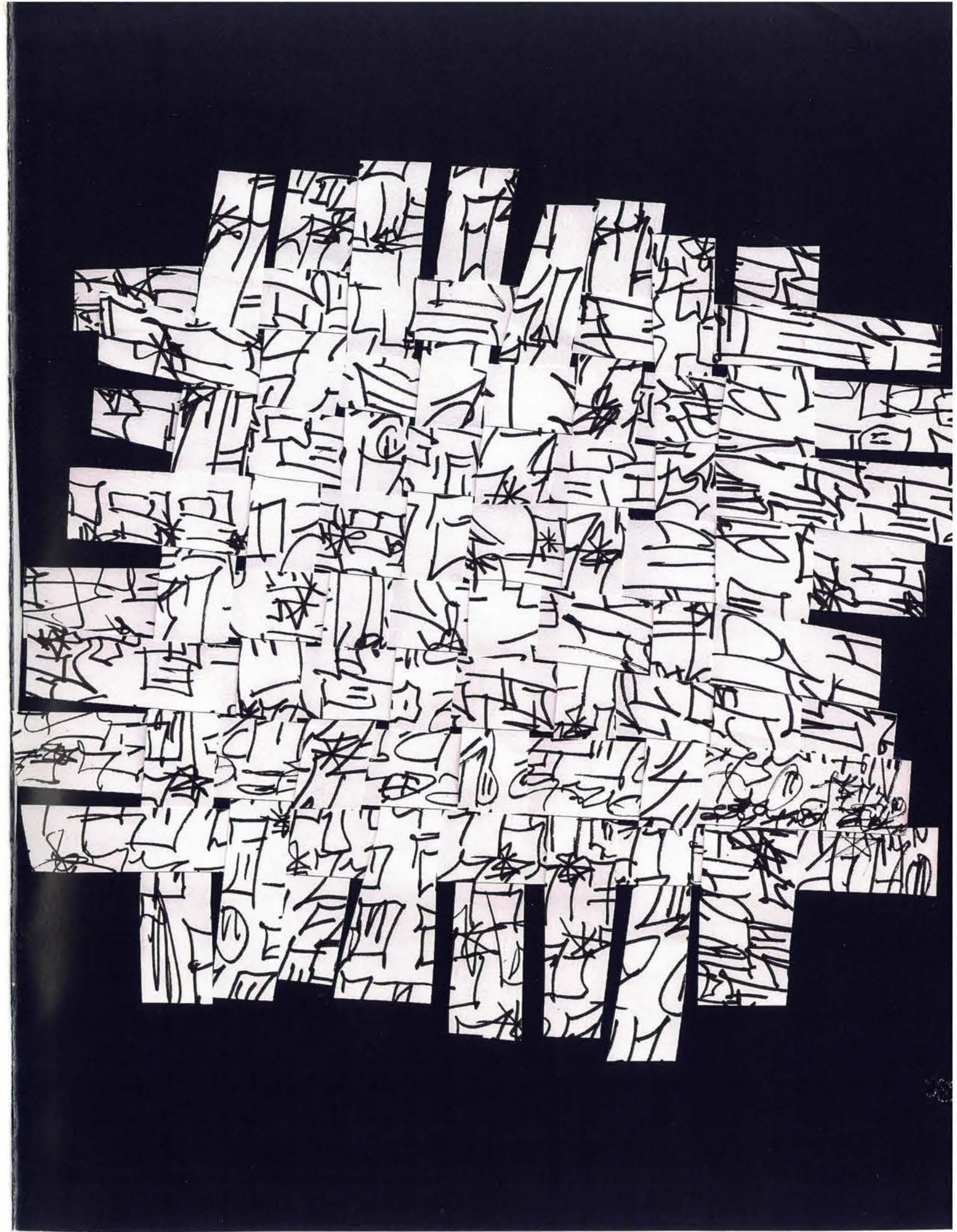
Photo: Alex Sinclair
Text: Andrea Frias

Entre a una casa pequeña con pisos de cemento, una mujer rechoncha con una voz muy profunda con muchos arañazos me dio una bienvenida con mucha cariño. Ella tenía tanto ánimo y inmediatamente podía sentir la fuerza de su energía positiva. Sentí en su cuarto que también estaba irradiando con positivismo. Había música tradicional con mucho volumen y me sentía cómoda. Hablamos por mucho tiempo sobre sus creencias y poderes y sabía cuando me fui que quería regresar para que me limpiara. El siguiente día tome un taxi desde Iluman para llegar a su casa en Peguche. Cuando llegue, ella estaba con una pareja que quería emborrazar pero estaban teniendo problemas. Ellos se fueron y Clemencia me explicó que vio en sus velas, cruces de la cera que significaban un abrazo de amor y la cara de un perro, que significa dificultades.

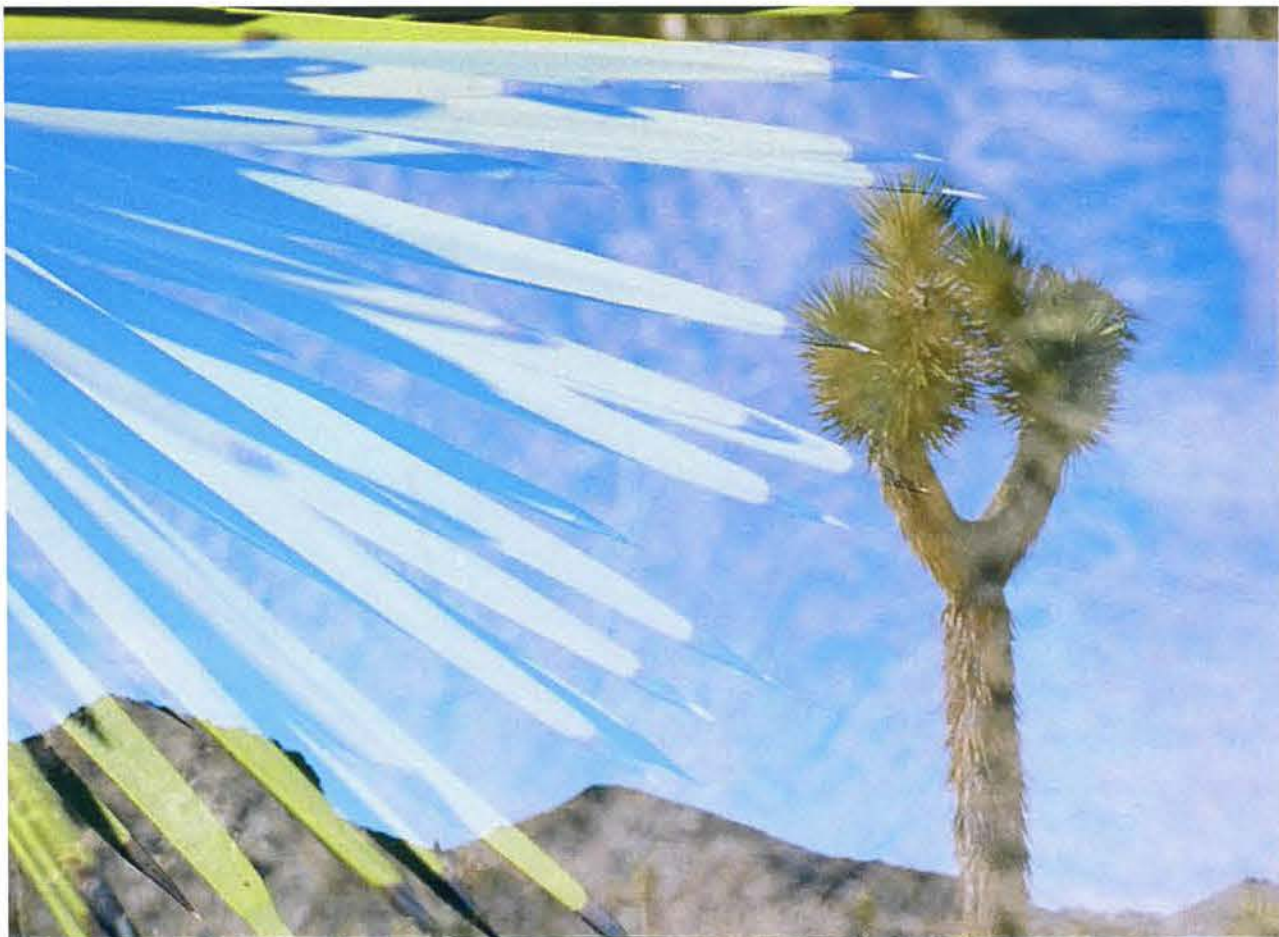
Tenía todas las cosas preparadas para una ceremonia para absorber energía de la Pacha Mama. Tenía en el piso un cuenco con madera y la piel de una naranja seca, a lado de esto la concha de una tortuga, con maíz rojo, negro, y amarillo y una papa con la figura más única que he visto. Se quemó la madera y cada uno de nosotros cogimos el fuego con nuestras manos y lo pusimos en nuestros corazones, en nuestras caras, y en nuestros cabellos. Después de esto, los otros se sentaron y di un paso arriba de la plataforma en el centro del cuarto. Me quité mi ropa y mi joyería y ella empezó a tomar puntas, alcohol de caña. Pasó una vela sobre todo mi cuerpo para chupar mi energía en la vela y se prendió. Leyó la vela para conocer sobre mi alma y que tipo de limpieza necesitaba. Mis brazos estaban extendidos y me escupió muchas puntas en mi cara. La música estaba muy alta y me dijo que me moviera de muchas diferentes maneras y volviera a agacharme para que todo mi cuerpo se mojara. Era muy difícil entender pero me mostró como hacer cada posición. Cuando estaba bien mojada con puntas ella cogió mi vela y otra vez escupió puntas, pero esa vez a la vela y no hacia mí. Hacía un algo de frío y la gran llama de esa pequeña explosión me calentó un poco. Necesitaba mover mis manos cuando la llama estuviera viniendo a mí para aceptarlo y asustar la mala energía de mi cuerpo. Después cogió unas yerbas, incluyendo la ortiga negra y me pegó en el cuerpo. Inmediatamente, tenía un sarpullido muy doloroso en mi piel pero continuaba poniendo las yerbas en el fuego y pegándome.

Llevó unos huevos y escupió mas puntas en mi cuerpo para lubricar. Me frotó con mucha fuerza en mi pecho, mi cabeza, mi barriga, mis piernas y todo mi cuerpo. Cuando estaba frotando mi cabeza, dos huevos se rompieron y uno más en mi pie. Me dijo que estaban llena de mala energía y por eso se explotaron. En ese momento era tiempo de bailar arriba del fuego. Escupió puntas en una alfombra y puso fuego. Necesitaba bailar arriba del fuego hasta que no hubiera más. Me quemó los pies mucho hasta que estaban negros. Después me dio unas piedras y puso colonia muy olorosa en ellas, olía a jengibre y era muy fuerte y me limpió la nariz.

Al final de esa experiencia me sentí con mucha energía, como estar histérica pero en una manera positiva y relajada, llena con ganas de hacer todo. Mi humor estaba muy feliz y muy liviano. Y no me dolió nada, aunque tenía los pies quemados y sarpullido de las yerbas en todo mi cuerpo.



Left: Rachel Babener
Right: Evan Kelley



Ana Carrizo



Mimi Krumholz

• **I Almost Fell in Love with You While Listening to Wagner**

- I almost fell in love with you while listening to Wagner
- It was three in the afternoon
- The clock struck me like a hammer-
- ing tool, like a splintering-mess,
- but really it was the arrow from your bow.
- a voluptuous note.
- My veins
- beat in time with horse hair attached to wood.
- it was tied there – by glue.
- and glued there by eyes.
- I compare the smooth wooden lady to my figure
- to find myself rough and petrified, crying
- My pandora! My treasure, you
- cake me with flower,
- Flora, you are pleasure,
- the animal-like song.
- skipping down my brain
- making me go insane.
- oh dear, oh my,
- Courage, my soul. Bonne Chance, mi alma
- but here I go - entranced by the beating, hitting of her
- ribcage against my heart:
- she likes me to stretch her fingers – to pull and crack and mold them
- into tiny arms of flexing muscle. each have their bicep their triceps
- their advantage over the lovely woman, waiting, watching, leaning
- against her place in the wall.
- she picks over the tension.
- My mind's bridges slide – reject suspension.
- crash into apprehension of
- Violent Violins
- nothing evacuates. just vacillates
- I wonder if the violin tickles her neck
- the same way my lips nip nip and peck.
- I see the stem of the spiraling instrument,
- imagine it's curvaceous nature investigating... no
- no fiddling around – this is the violin
- we're talking – sound.
- but still music permeates,
- I'm afraid it's me. passing through You and into You
- Because
- There is music in perfection.
- I hear fear in the crescendo.
- I'm scared I might disappear into the after taste
- of notes – reverberating down tunnels
- There is perfection in music – you tune her slowly,
- caress her violently with vibrating strings,
- and voila... she sings.

- but please, tell me she's lying. all women do.
- While men and their horns
- punch cymbals together. she speaks to me with her eyes closed.
- the violin – you see – she knows.
- she sings and sings
- to me of playing with love.
- of betting, of guessing
- she ties loose ends
- it's all as it seems
- she spelled out my secret
- spat back at me my dreams

- I untangle our hair,
- sit up in my chair,
- and whisper
- *my secret dream*
- *is to love you*



Drawing: Karen Isaac
Text: Angie Moore

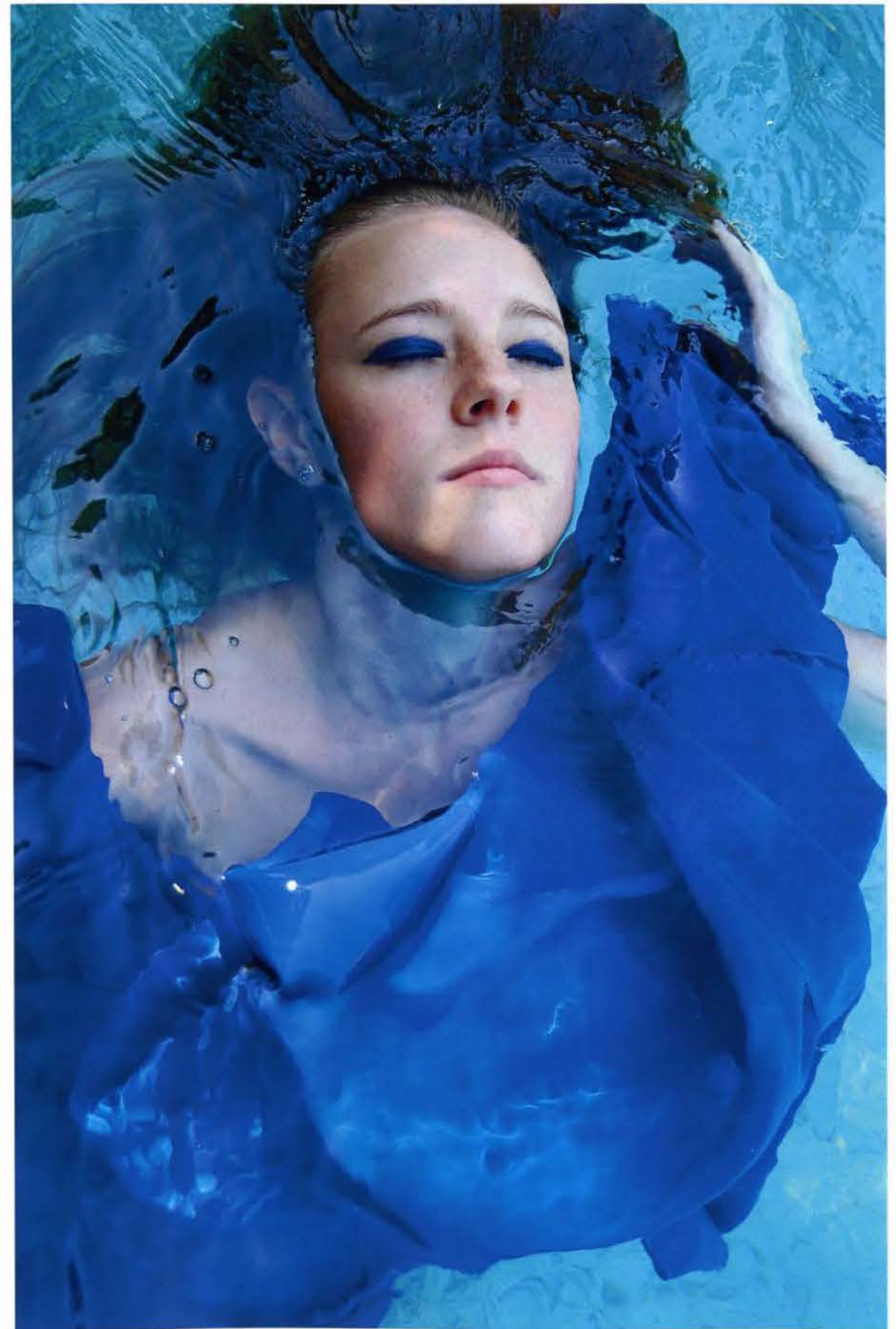
Pre-Acid

I am Frank Zappa's
right pinkie toe,
also known as
a river-bed stone,
also known as
the last meat or vegetable you consumed,
also known as
the endless buzz in your water-damaged cellphone,
also known as
the Oracle at Delphi,
also known as
a single molecule in Nagasaki's soil,
also known as
the umbilical separation,
and I've got news for us,
Children of the Corn,
the world isn't over yet,
in fact, it never will be.

But we've got heavy lids
in the freefall hallucination of Westernization
and no matter the payroll,
the joke's on us, oh yes,
we are the Eternal Big Mac,
offering the irrelevant choice
of left or right sensations
and political abbreviations,
shiny enough to make the farmer
buy a gold-plated deficit,
the badge of honor
for aimless National pride-
We are who we are,
are we? who are we?
For no ancient scripture
or declaration can replace
the mystical revelation
that Uncle Sam points at us
because he forgot
how to point at himself!

Glory be
when Jesus did not consume LSD
with Mohammed and Buddha and Lao Tsu and Shiva
and by the end of the day,
they traded in their names
for ecstatic laughter
and left their clothes behind
with their words and their chapters.

André Baum



Casandra Campeas