

2009

1

2010

Totem

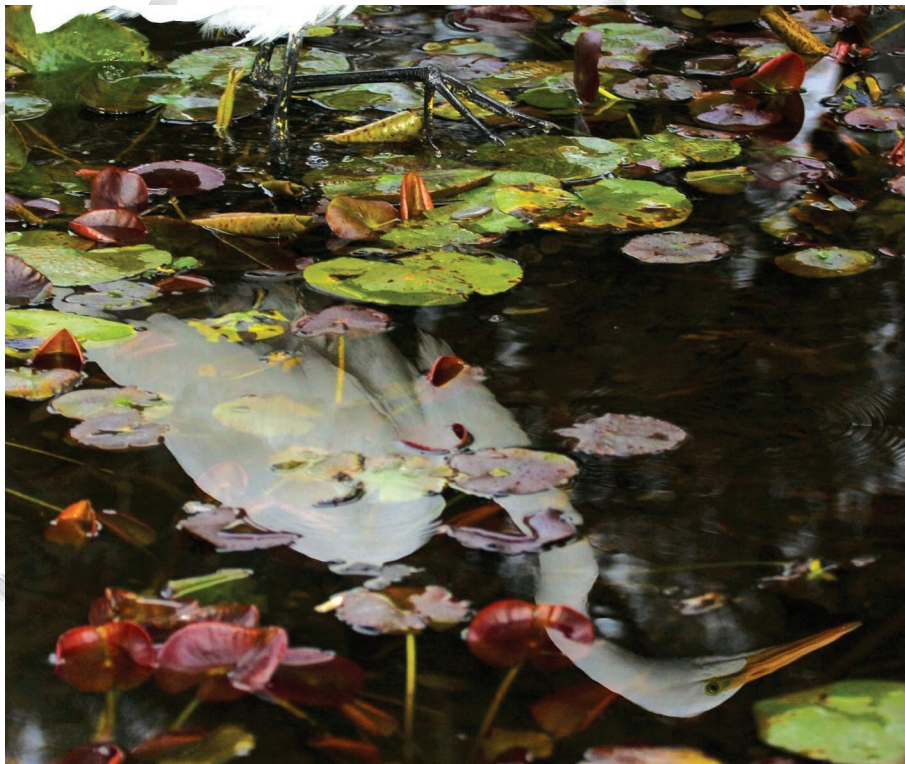
# ID

Karen Wang

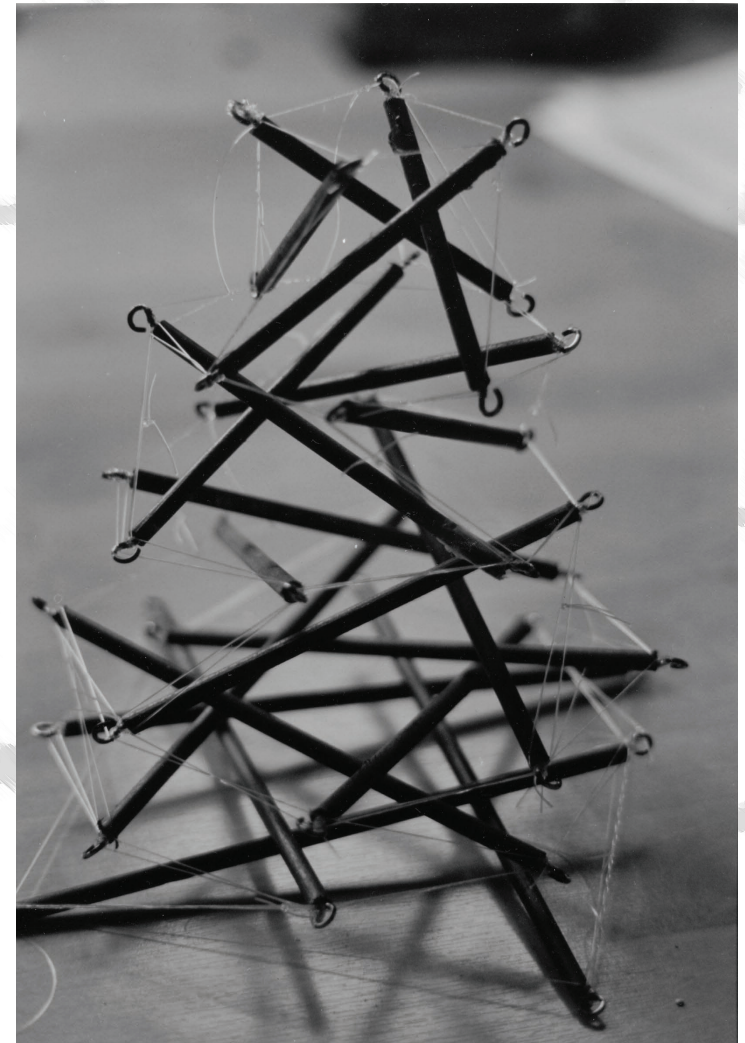
Uncondoned practices include  
tasting the solution to find  
acidity levels that elude  
common litmus tests,

kind  
words to good friends rife with  
hidden messages that imply  
a degree of too much what-if,  
a happy or disappointed sigh

exhaled at the wrong time,  
giving away one's identity  
in meter, verse, and rhyme;  
writing too much poetry.



*Nature's Mirror*, digital photography, Leslie Tong



*Tensegrity*, film photography, Andrew Gong

## All is Numeral and Warm

Garrett Ervin

All is numeral and warm:  
Because they are whole, I count the building's bronze-red bricks;  
I count the ribs in Lyca's side because they are whole;  
Because they are whole, I count the strands in Lyca's hair;  
I count the blonde strands of the air because they are whole.



*Bienvenue, Mon Amour*, scratchboard, Stephany Lai

## Reading

Anonymous

He wore a black dress shirt.  
(He always looked good in black.)  
The sky sat blue behind, overlooking.

He smiled, I smiled, sitting.

Smoke rose from near his fingertips.  
I crinkled my nose.  
He noticed.

Looking into my eyes,  
"How are you, friend?"  
"I'm doing good"  
"You look tired"  
"I am tired"  
Cigarette to mouth, his left-hand trembled.  
I saw, and he followed my eyes.

"You should take better care  
of yourself," he smiled.

Briefly my brow furrowed,  
Eyebrows a shallow black V,  
"I try to"  
He smiled, expansive, right hand then  
Resting over left.

Now I can see  
Clearly, his skin a shade too wrong,  
The pose of his shoulders somehow faked,  
Too many new lines radiating from eyes that  
Always read better than mine.

Then, though, I saw just little things.

"How are you?"  
He looked away, and then  
Returning to me: "I'm doing well."

He raised the cigarette, looked down, and then away again,  
Fleeing from pain we'd shared and banished, but had now returned.  
I know now on his body,  
There'd be fresh needle marks,  
Hidden behind black, behind my willingness not to see.

His eyes spoke,  
I left mine silent.

We ordered food and when it came  
I sank in as though the meal had power to replace reality  
With something softer.

We talked of nothing much, and  
I said nothing, seeing nothing,  
Though will has more to do with seeing than  
What's before our eyes.

We split the check, and the plates  
Collected themselves, lifting away.

I rose to leave,  
He stayed seated.

Brows furrowing,  
"Take care of yourself."  
"Goodbye."

I left in silence,  
Feeling his eyes  
Follow me out.

Pain's mirror is still pain,  
And I feel that reflection deeply.  
I wish we were both worse at hiding.

Let imagination be imagination, my eyes self-deceiving.  
Grant us both another day,  
That tomorrow we may rise,  
And with courage,  
Speak.

# Untitled

Cliff Chang

I traveled north, north, all the way north  
until I was at the end of the earth.  
Then further still I went until,  
perched on nervous ice,  
the greedy cold desiccating my every opening,  
I waited at the pole,  
my breath the only motion for hours,  
and waited for loneliness.

But she did not come, for as I waited  
in solemn anticipation, I felt  
the million pulls of a million tiny needles,  
countless compasses in as many questing hands,  
all asking questions to my body.  
I could feel the Americas in my kidney and Cambodia  
in my heart and Turkey in my ear, every unsteady  
wobbling pin which turned and turned and ended up  
at me, pulling as the distant stars pull on the seas,  
and as heaven tells the Earth it is not alone,  
so I knew that I was not yet alone.

So instead I swam, out, out into  
the widest green, and when I could swim no more  
I waved farewell to the sun  
and let the insistent sea into my  
every cavity, and watched as my body  
traced a slow tumbling arc through the ever dark  
water, losing sight of the light like a lover on a train platform.  
My being stayed with my body,  
and waited for loneliness.

But she refused to come, for as my bones  
were crushed to sand in the blackest cold,  
they joined the dust of all unlucky sailors  
and too-bold children,  
and in that stillness where only the mantle below breathed,  
every grain that was once a nerve felt every wave  
from every motorboat, every kick of every swimmer's knees,  
laughing and diving in all the seven seas.  
Every propeller-turn and toe-push moved me,  
slowly arranging my dust, and  
so I knew that I was not yet alone.

But ah, here, sitting on this bench, watching  
the strangest people go by,  
telling jokes that I will never understand -  
she is not here, yet. But she nears.



Pittsburgh, digital photography, Gina Gage



Amber Haze, digital photography, Joe Donovan



Untitled, digital photography, Debbie Tseng



Sara and Joe, silk painting, Jim Barry

## Frida's love charm

Noele Norris

the hummingbird  
he frantically beats  
like my heart when it nears yours  
he weaves back and forth  
working so hard  
for love love perhaps  
and yet looks so graceful  
confident

i will watch him carefully  
follow him back to his small nest

when he dies

his beating heart  
his beating wings  
do they truly stop

i will steal him  
from his loved ones

i will tie him to my neck  
with the passion of thorns

and maybe then  
his little heart  
still beating

working so hard  
for your love love I hope

i will steal it



*Untitled*, clay sculpture, Ransom Williams

## A Course in Combinatorics

Kath Abela Wilson

if you meet my eyes  
looking over the hydrangeas  
how do you know your computer will work  
what are your lower bounds  
the parameters the minimal explanation  
of our complicated interaction?

how could we generalize to maximize our aim  
what probabilistic asymptotic  
computational construct could make this  
roux for two  
covering arrays displaying  
our pairwise compatibility

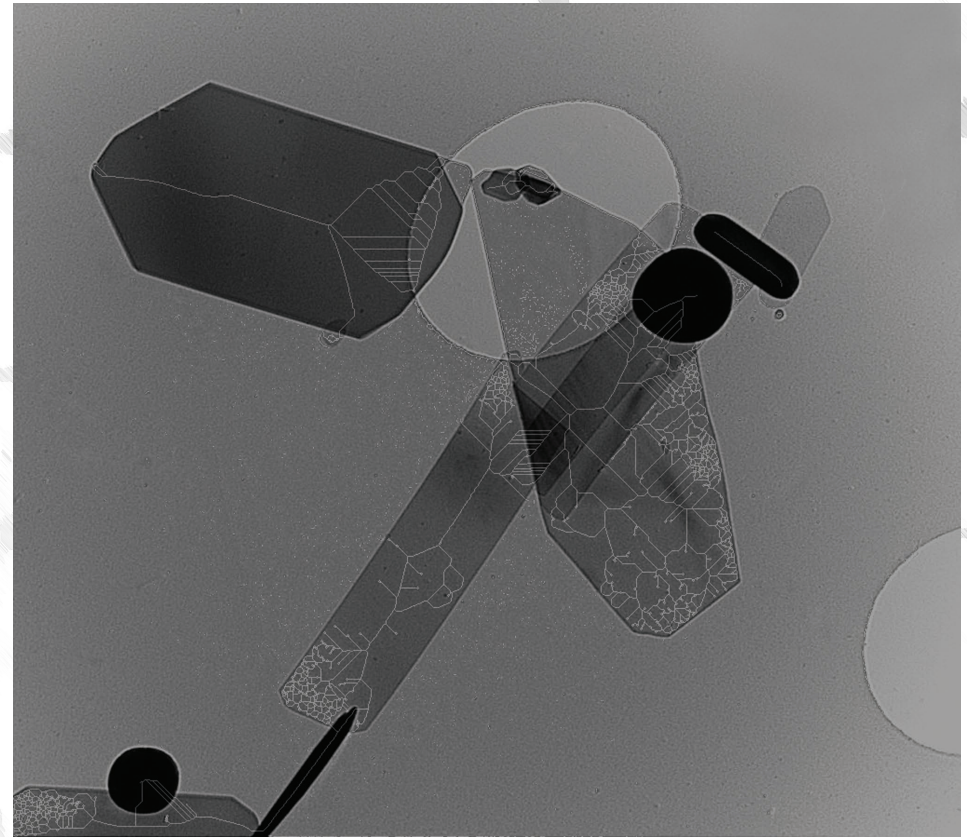
now into the serene pool the look  
amidst the framing moss and tall grass  
nodes, degrees, diameters,  
our eyes are bubble sorts recursively constructed  
staring through bamboo channels  
floating rafts of iris

how can you keep me  
pristine, singular, for yourself against  
suspicious users unwilling to pay the price?  
embed me  
watermark imperceptibly  
what you want to keep

through paths into the hills  
we've relaxed our plan thanks to your intent  
let go one end of it  
that need not be on the circumference  
we're decomposing bridges  
found low ceilinged a darkish cave

a subpath of our outer walk,  
a subgraph of a particular kind  
let this be our focus,  
the long time representative  
surface of us has wrapped around itself  
and our embrace has turned spherical

our proof is elementary but not trivial  
consider the rational coefficients  
the number of congruences  
the power of our prime  
the bound is the best possible identity  
we omit the details



*Orthorhombist 1*, microphotography, Dennis Callahan

# Koi

Anonymous

Wind  
backward  
and forth  
pressing against my palms  
beside the river rocks--  
glistening and ebony and cavernous.

Sharing pools of sun in the thunder  
Looking over

bridges  
onto lily ponds  
and wondering if we were two koi in the lake  
and from wooded hills, frenzied stars of swimming  
toward

the core,  
brewing,  
soaking in dining and shoved upwards to dryness,  
twitching on the scaly backs  
of our brothers.



Waterfall, acrylic, Po Ku

s t w r f s

		O			1	2			Independence Day	4
5	6	7			8	9				
12	13	14			15	16		17		18
					● ♀					
19	20	21			22	23		24		25
26	27	28			29	30		31		

July



Vigilant Guard of Carefree, digital photography, Leslie Tong

s m t w r f s

								1
2	3	4	5		6	7	8	
9	10	11	12	13	14	15		
					●		Ramadan begins	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22		
19								
23	24	25	26	27	28	29		
30	31							

asust

# Petunias

D.M. Solis

Last night war all but declared  
in an ultimatum.  
We hold our beloveds quietly  
and wait.  
The petunias in our courtyards  
seem disproportionately fragile  
and lovely  
to this day.

Now wind whooshes hard and cold  
parting my hair  
so my scalp stings  
as I pull aching shoulders  
up around my neck.  
Petunias hunker down  
in the stark sunlight  
where the azure sky  
seems too bright to be ironic.  
Around me brilliantly  
they are pushed down, almost flattened  
against the brittle ground  
by the burning cold.

There will be fires  
and monarchs boasting.  
There will be dead sons and daughters  
all of them ours.  
And even the flowers  
will be drenched  
in humanity's shame.



At the end of the day, digital photography, Laainam Chaipornkaew

s m t w r f s

		1	2	3	4	5
	Labor Day					
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	● Rosh Hashanah (sundown)	18
international pre-orientation begins 20	21	22	new student orientation begins 23	24		19
Yom Kippur (sundown) 27	28	fall term begins 29	30	25		26

September



The Red Umbrella, acrylic, Stephanie Lai

s m t w r f s

						1			2	3
○									Sukkot begins (sundown)	
4		5		6	7	8		9		10
	Columbus Day							add day		
11	12		13	14		15		16		17
●								18		
18	19	20	21	22		23		24		
										Halloween
25	26	27	28	29	30					31

October



De-fence, digital photography, Andrew Pullin

s m t w t f s

Daylight Savings Time ends	O						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
8	9	10	Veteran's Day	12	13	14	
	●		drop day	registration for winter term			
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
22				Thanksgiving Day			
	23	24	25	26	27	28	
29	30						

now remember



I love you flees my belly  
Emerges awkwardly into the world  
And cries in terror and triumph.  
Stumbles out into the street,  
Flows among all the speech of man,  
Meanders dimly out above the sky,  
Joins the pilgrimage of words and  
Flies away from home.

Still stars mutely watch as  
our Everything's fines and  
our Canyons pare meadimes and  
our I have dreams  
Brush by them as they meditate.  
They must cherish every  
Tell him what he's won and  
Watch where you're going and  
Oh god just like that -  
Our murmurs are  
The only things they have to keep them company,  
The chattering of so many magpies.  
Can they even glean impressions  
Of our fiercest passions,  
Weary and thin with travel?

Somebody is listening,  
For an echo returns from the edge  
Of the universe, and the Heavens  
Whisper back to me  
I love you too.

Echo  
Cliff Chang



neither here, film photography, Gina Gage

s m t w r f s

		winter term begins					New Year's Day	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
10	11	12	13	14	15	16		
	Martin Luther King Jr. Day				add day			
17	18	19	20	21	22	23		
24	25	26	27	28	29	30		
31								

January



Good Morning SoCal, film photography, Nickie Chan



Sleepy California, film photography, Nickie Chan

s m t w t f s

7		1	2	3	4	5	6
Valentine's Day			Groundhog Day	Chinese New Year (Tiger)			
●	8		9	10	11	12	13
14	President's Day	15	Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday)	Ash Wednesday	18	⌘	20
			16	17		19	
21		22	23	24	registration for spring term	26	27
○ Purim							
28							

February



Hydroelectric Power, digital photography, Kenny Oslund

my watch  
Noele Norris

my body aches  
the way an empty glass does

I live in a glass bead game  
consuming and illusive

is each bead  
knotted into the string of time

her majesty's ship  
flies at one hundred knots

they pass through my hands  
as I watch the sand slip by

s m t w t r f s

		1		2		3	4	5	6
7		8		9	last day of classes	10	11	12	13
Daylight Savings Time begins	●				St. Patrick's Day end of winter term	17	18	19	20
14	15	16							
♿									
21	22	23	○ Passover		24	25	26	27	
Palm Sunday	spring term begins								
28	29	30	31						



Thompson Center, Chicago, digital photography, Katherine Breeden

s m t w t r f s

Easter					April Fool's Day	Good Friday	
4	5	6	7		1	2	3
			●		8	9	10
11	12	13	14		Tax Day	add day	17
		♊			Earth Day		
18	19	20	21		22	23	24
			○				
25	26	27	28		29	30	

it is a p



Sun Struggles Storm, digital photography, Joe Donovan

sunstrawfs

				Cinco de Mayo				I
2	3	4	5		6	7	8	
Mother's Day						●		
9	10	11	12		13	14	15	
			drop day		registration for fall term	II		
16	17	18	19		20	21	22	
					○			
23	24	25	26		27	last day for seniors and grad students	28	29
	Memorial Day							
30	31							

# Morning Routine

David Nichols

Sunrise.  
I awake to find  
A golden orb  
And a few trembling leaves  
Throwing a confetti  
Of light and dark  
On the far wall.

Thin threads  
Of the screen  
Cut the incoming soft breeze  
Into little square columns  
That tickle my legs  
As I climb out of bed.

I find a glass of water  
And let the cool  
Pass throughout my body,  
Although I know  
This won't be sufficient  
To fend off  
The incredible dryness of being.

Instead, I search out  
The nearest body of water,  
Take in whatever air I might need,  
And stretch as long as I can,  
Adapting my form to the fluid.

Under the surface,  
I glide on my back  
As light rays bounce  
Through all jagged angles  
Transmitting and reflecting  
All around me  
Earth. Moon. Sun. Sky.



Jacaranda, oil on canvas, Phil Lindquist

s m t w r f s

		1	2			5
6	7	8	9		last day for underclassmen	4
				10	end of spring term commencement	11
13	14	15	16	17		18
Father's Day	☾					19
20	21	22	23			25
				24		26
27	28	29	30			

j u n e



*A Californian Winter Day*, film photography, Nickie Chan



*Together*, pencil, Grace Lee

## Orange Backpack, Green Umbrella

D.M. Solis

He resembles the clouds  
...each turn floating  
into the next...

who randomly appears  
wearing an orange backpack  
like an afterthought...

riding a bicycle through  
my courtyard  
in a soft clay-scented rain...

holding open and aloft  
a big green umbrella  
like a sail...

grinning up at himself  
from his reflection  
in mirror-pools on the ground...

gliding wide...easy...circles  
almost without a sound  
but for a dull rhythmic whirrrrrrr  
when a tire rubs the frame.



Plum, chalk pastel, Justine Chia

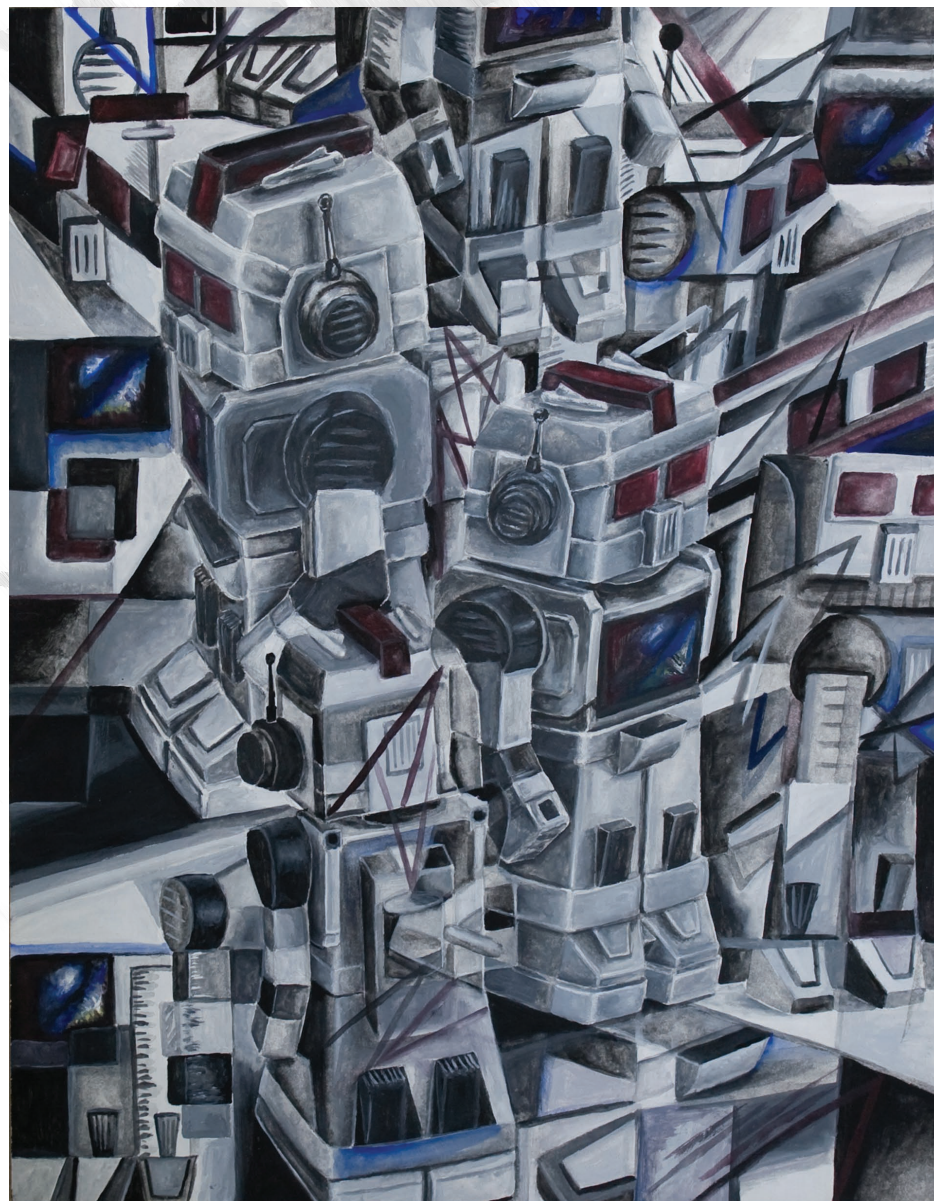
## On a Postapocalyptic Oasis

Fedor Manin

Run away one morning from the pulses of policies,  
The multicolored echoes of public display,  
To a roughshod sorrelly California solitude  
Where a lawnmower sings just a wind away.

Up above, an inquisitive whiskery pattering;  
Beneath, a footprint of broken grass;  
Nearby, a fire alarm running out of batteries —  
No one to replace them —

no one will pass.



Chaos, acrylic, Christina Theodoris

# Smile

Dallin Akagi

Slowly drawing back the corners of my  
mouth, confidence  
injects my red-flushed face,  
lining my failing  
ego.

Cool, composed, convincing.  
Who am I kidding?  
Not even close.

It's a game.  
I'm losing.

If I let on that it haunts me, then I'm weak.  
If I carry on like it's nothing, then I'm heartless.  
If I keep thinking about it, then I'm obsessive.

So I think of possibilities and  
memories, and hope that  
incredibly, things will change:  
luck or fate or chaos, anything, so that  
eventually, some day,

you'll smile at me like you used to.



*The Busker*, digital photography, Dongkook Lim



*Kokorozashi*, custom designed/assembled guitar, Nam Nguyen

# The Playwright

Daniel Haas

We danced across the rooftops  
Under a backdrop of painted stars  
The night before she exited, stage right  
For the duration of Intermission  
With carefully chosen dialogue  
The audience was clued in  
That I had fallen.  
We could all see how this would go:  
A small friendship would blossom  
Some sort of conflict would arise  
(A problem seemingly insurmountable)  
Sappy music would montage between us

Before a climactic church scene  
I object!  
We'd kiss as the credits roll  
Lights come up, the man cleans the floors  
Shows again at 7:05 and 10:45  
But the world is not a stage  
And when you peel back the film you see  
That the cigarette burns are real  
Life is not split into Acts,  
And all of her can't be contained  
By a pithy rejoinder from some comic relief  
Or a dramatic monologue  
And our dance was not the foreshadowing  
It was merely the shadow



*Working on a Horse Shoe*, digital photography, Kenny Oslund



*My Backyard in Winter*, digital photography, Sierra Petersen

## Fork

Dallin Akagi

Just like so many times before, he found himself standing at a fork in the road, with the sun setting on a spring evening and the opportunity to choose. Despite his being very much alone, he voiced his sentiments, his tone reflecting his surprise and annoyance: "Ah, crap."

After so long on the solitary mountain path, the rises and drops had become familiar to him. The path never doubled over onto itself, but as he had continued the steady march somehow he grew to be able to sense the upcoming bends, and knew what he would see at each successive clearing before reaching it.

The trail itself was not for the weak, and he took pride in that. But he didn't expect to have to make a choice. Its sudden appearance left him a little unnerved, and a lot unprepared. He stood with his arms hanging limply at his side as his eyes darted between the paths before him. His forehead scrunched up, showing his intense concentration for the task at hand.

Each possibility seemed as promising as the other, but a nagging thought stole the confidence that he sought to make the decision: he didn't know how far each would lead, or where they would end up. Even worse was that he knew that there was no turning back; if he were to choose poorly, he would find himself stomping through the trees and bushes, eventually stumbling upon the solitary mountain path once again. He balled one fist and let the other hand wrap around it, holding the two in a protective gesture in front of his mouth as he breathed deeply, his elbows tucked in tight to his sides. It didn't make him feel any more secure.

As he stood there, analyzing and contemplating, the paths ahead seemed to grow maddeningly more narrow. Minutes passed. Hours passed. The longer he refused to choose, the more unlikely the success of each route seemed. The sun sunk lower and lower, finally disappearing behind the trees. The choices before him were closing off. He watched the shadows and branches slowly swallow each path before him until he was standing there alone in the dark, with no path before him.

In the dying light of dusk, he clenched his jaw tightly, exhaled abruptly through his nostrils, and kicked violently at the air in front of him while screaming out in rage. Furious at himself for once again letting uncertainties stop him from action, vowing that next time will be different, but fearing that it won't, he stepped forward into the darkness, knowing that by daybreak he would find himself marching on the solitary mountain path.



My Backyard in Winter, digital photography, Sierra Petersen  
Circle of Life, digital photography, Ximnel Guo

## Some days...

Isaac Hilburn

Ugly little monster in the window sill,  
I do not like you  
Sitting there with your ugly little eyes  
Always staring at me.

Go somewhere else! Disappear!  
Cover yourself with a little wash cloth  
So I can't see your ugly oval face.

When I woke up today  
There you were with that not-quite-a-smile,  
Sitting. What did I do to have  
You, spiky tail rapping again  
Against the inside of my window pane?

Perhaps, I'll scream  
And make you go  
Perhaps I'll attack you with a stick  
Or throw a shoe,  
Or light a small fire,

But you will always be there  
Lying belly up and blowing  
Tiny smoke rings from each nostril.

Something put you here – I know what,  
I know how to make you gone, but for now  
It's easier to let you sit, hidden  
Under a dirty sock (until  
You blow it off  
With a high pitched sneeze).

And who knows, maybe tomorrow  
You'll be gone. Or maybe there'll be  
Two tails tapping softly  
On the inside of my window pane.

## Goddamn it, the Koalas are back!

Perrin Considine

Goddamn it, the Koalas are back!  
\*\*\*, I tell you, they're freaking everywhere!  
Ready the machine guns, and fire grenades!  
Man down!

Man down!

Sergeant, Dan's down; his machine gun's unmanned—  
Then go take his place, if you're just half a man—  
Sergeant, all I've got left is my broadsword,  
And the furs are still coming on STRONG—  
(My voice is so hoarse; I must rally my men; but  
How can I fight this marsupial force?)  
Sergeant, please help me; oh help me! OH GOD!—  
(God give me the strength to defeat this damn horde.)  
Stay cool, men, stay cool. Stick together and let  
No damn paws get the man on your right or your left  
Martinez! Martinez: grabbed from behind,  
And they're falling from trees; and they're pulling men up!  
This jungle's our worst damn enemy  
(If every time someone died I got a penny...)  
Sergeant, where are you? Sergeant, please look!  
(What's that that's grabbing and pulling my foot?)  
Oh, god, they got Sergeant! They got him! Oh f--!

And suddenly, one private (just one P.F.C., no  
honors aside from the scars on my soul), I'm  
alone.

No Karen to kill, no infantry at my back.  
No friends, just blood and fur and pieces of flak.  
In the middle of a lonely jungle clearing,  
My soul is all alone, and night is nearing.



Untitled, digital photography, David Koenitzer



*Looking Towards the Future*, digital photography, Ioana Aanei

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