



totem
2007-2008



"Silver Bells", digital photography
Kimberley Ho

Cha-namo

Lisa Streit

I miss the slowness of the mornings in Bouddhanath, the half hour I sipped away my cup of *cha-namo*, watching the clouds rise from the valley. I would say nothing. The wet sound of the milky tea sputtering inward through my lips sometimes seemed to reflect the dripping warmth of another monsoon day breathing life into the city. But mostly I kept my vocal chords and mind still, simply absorbing the gravelly rumblings of *popo-la's* prayers, the chirping of birds on the window sill, children laughing from the schoolyard, dogs barking. Then I would pour myself another cup.

I knew I would miss these morning teas in *ama-la's* kitchen, so bought what struck me as enough loose Nepali tea to last me (without an idea of how long). But somehow there is never time for tea in Los Angeles. It's not that I had a relaxed schedule in Kathmandu—I was up and heading out for classes at eight or nine in the morning, and seldom had a spare moment in my day before dinner, by which point I was usually already exhausted, mumbling embarrassed apologies to my host family when I went straight to bed after dinner at only nine o'clock—but that half hour by the window seemed indispensable. To be fair I couldn't help but rise early; the city was a solar-powered noise machine (which is actually not such an un-true description of all life); by six am, every street dog in the city was barking, children could be heard laughing or crying, the clinking and clanking of bronze-casters hammering out bowls and prayer wheels would reach me like the world tapping gently on the window-pane. And most of all the *aop* man, selling mangos from a bicycle was my morning alarm clock, his repetitive "aaaaaAAAAA! aaaaaAAAAA!" rising in pitch, with the timbre of a trumpet.

Oh, I know there is enough time here for a cup of tea in the morning, but somehow the leaves my *ama-la* gave me do not brew the same tea. A few times I've tried and I find myself gulping it down in three three or four big swigs, too hot to taste, or washing down my too-big bites of dry breakfast cereal with a cup of masala tea, but without much relish. Even when I don't rush it's not the same here. One morning I sat in the breakfast nook, slowly sipping my tea and staring at the fistful of black-eyed susans I had picked in an empty lot behind a used car dealer. For a moment, it almost worked—the flower petals, lit from behind by low-angle sunlight, glowed like stained glass, with a warmth that matched the tea—but then one of my housemates on his way out for the day walked through the room, and it seemed only absurd, sitting alone drinking tea and watching flowers slowly dying while there were boxes to open, things to buy, a never-diminishing to-do list saved on my laptop upstairs.



"Barn", color 35mm film
Katherine Breeden

s m t w r f s

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

july



"Valparaiso cables locos", oil on canvas
Margarita Irazzaval

s m t w r f s

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

august

2MRW

Karen Wang

You feel like Charlie - sweet and innocent, open to the simple pleasures of the world, ignorant of the meanness. The paper wrapping is smooth and soft against your hand. It smells like a new book - the kind you were so excited to open when you were a kid, with glossy pages and lots of pictures. You peel back the paper, careful not to rip it (unlike Charlie now) so you can put it in your scrapbook. You place the paper aside and look at the bar in your palm. You love the feel of the foil they wrap it in - slippery smooth and cool. You put your nose against it, giggling at the soft, teasing crinkling and reveling in the rich smell of the chocolate hidden underneath. It's the greatest feeling in the world, that solid bar in your fingers - so real and good. The anticipation of the chocolate melting on your tongue, the bitter-sweet flavor washing away your cares. You fold back the corner of the gold foil and you laugh inwardly because you've always unwrapped chocolate bars that way - ever since you saw the movie - always knowing there'd be nothing under that foil. Well, nothing but the pure goodness of the chocolate anyway. So you break the pieces apart patiently, not rushing, not greedy for the taste. But when you're ready, and you have the first nibble, your strength crumbles and you just give in. And before you know it, it's all gone. But it's okay, because you can always go get another bar, whenever you want. And it'll be just as good as it always is. It'll never disappoint you, because chocolate never does.



Untitled, watercolor
Yūki Kimura

s m t w r f s

							1
2	3 Labor Day	4	5	6	7	8	
9	10	11 ○	12	13 Rosh Hashanah	14	15	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22 Yom Kippur	
23/30 New Student Check In	24	25	26 ●	27	28	29	

september



"Chance Encounter", digital art (Corel Painter)
Deborah Jang

Scream

Kimberly A. Ordunio

Sobriety is weird—you have to feel
 unease, anxiety, low self-esteem
 which sting like knees kids scrape, bleeding real
 life He hid underneath, a sight we deem
 taboo: *(Quick, numb and patch the wound!)* No—scream
 at your concrete molester; always older
 who skinned a childhood and scraped a dream—
(or do you need a drink to make you bolder?)
 Sobriety is mean—all eyes seem colder
 when taunting memories are clear—they come,
 attack, and pin their weight upon each shoulder;
 they beat, like some kid banging on a drum
 inside your ear: *Remember! Hear! You must!*
 to bleed, to feel, to scream, to heal, to...trust

s	m	t	w	r	f	s
	1 Fall Term Begins	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	○	12
14	15	16	17	18	19 Add Day	20
21	22	23	24 ♄	25	26 ●	27
28	29	30	31 Halloween			

october

Flicker

Jean Sun

In the fog and flame
He unknowing coaxed
A warm hunger
Its silvery tongues
Swift unhinged
By the long pang
Of compassions yielded
In the dark hour
Of the good fight

What perfect heaven
Can be flawless
Wrought
From which
No martyr
Is forgiven
The doubt ignited
In the heartbeat
Before the brink

*Our soft Septembers
Swift denied
With fierce memory
Yet clinging—*

*The thin veneer
Of bliss unpeeled
In thick
Furled licks—*

*He turns his back
To the heavenly host
And stands before
The long procession*

*The flickering faith
Raw like candlelight
Upon the righteous path
Untaken*



"A Thousand Points", digital photography
Joe Donovan

s m t w r f s

				1	2	3
4 Daylight Savings Ends	5	6	7	8	9 ○	10
11	12 Veterans' Day	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21 Drop Day	22 Thanksgiving	23 ✕	24 ●
25	26	27	28	29	30	

november



Untitled, digital photography
Erin Hartman

s m t w r f s

							1
2	3	4	5 Hanukkah	6	7 Last Day of Classes	8	
9	○ 10	11	12	13	14 End of Fall Term	15	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	יב
23/30	● 24/31 Christmas Eve / New Year's Eve	25 Christmas Day	26 Kwanzaa	27	28	29	

december



Tunnel Vision

Daniel Walter Rowlands

Do you hear them sneaking, creeping?
Do you see them seeming normal?
Do you wonder, while you're sleeping,
if they're waking, if they're working?

Is the surface all it's seeming?
Is there something more to look for?
Are there questions you're not asking,
are there people you're not asking?

Do you wonder, do you worry,
of the world always hidden?
Do you think of pipes and wiring,
tunnels, catwalks, access closets?

Hidden in our ev'ry structure
lies a wor-ld we don't think of.
children wonder, adults forget
that it's even there at all.



"Chicago River", clayboard black
Po Ku

s m t w r f s

		1 New Year's Day	2	3	4	5
6	7 Beginning of Winter Term	8 ○	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20 ☼	21 Martin Luther King Jr. Day	22 ●	23	24	25 Add Day	26
27	28	29	30	31		

january





"Creation of a Memory", digital photography
Becky Streit

s m t w r f s

					1	2 Groundhog Day
3	4	5 Fat Tuesday (Mardi Gras)	6 Ash Wednesday ○	7 Chinese New Year Year of the Rat	8	9
10	11	12	13	14 Valentine's Day	15	16
17	18 President's Day	19 ☾	20 ●	21	22	23
24	25	26	27 Drop Day	28	29	

february



"Judgement", oil pastel
Christina Theodoris

s m t w r f s

							1
2	3	4	5	6	7	○	8
9 Daylight Savings Begin	10	11	12 Last Day of Classes	13	14		15
16 Palm Sunday	17 St. Patrick's Day	18	19 End of Second Term	20	21 ♈ ● Good Friday		22
23/30 Easter	24/31 Beginning of Third Term	25	26	27	28		29

march





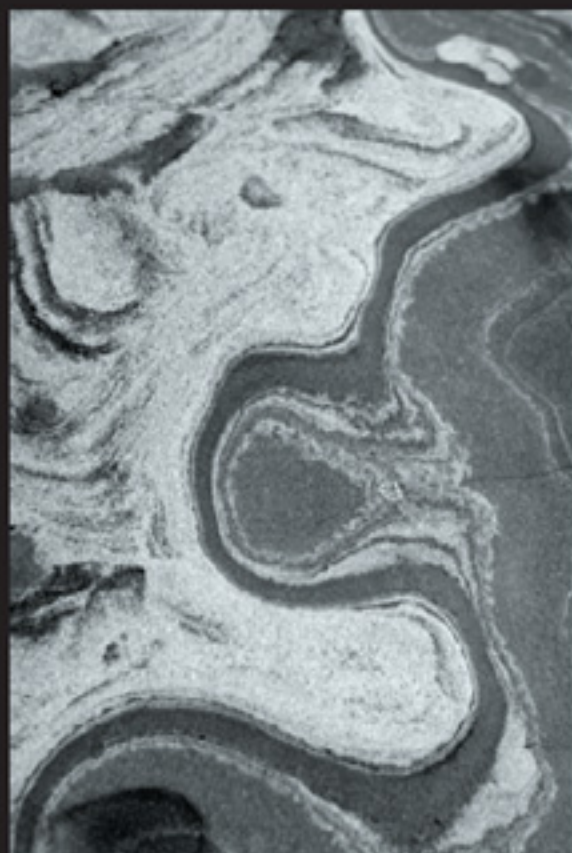
"Sunshower Prayer Flag", digital photography
Lisa Streit

s m t w r f s

		1 April Fool's Day	2	3	4	5 ○
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18 Add Day	19 Passover begins at sunset
20 ♃ ●	21	22 Earth Day	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

april





"Rock at Point Lobos", digital photography
David Dow

Remember?

Becky Streit

Remember that time? already past our bedtime, Daddy said,
let's rise early and watch the sun rise over the sea.
And we did. Remember being surprised? to hear,
at four A.M., startlingly clear, a song
coming through the inky dark? then humming
...take these broken wings and learn to fly...
Remember her black eyes? looking as though she cried? turtle tears.
She was late; the sun peered in
on the moon's affair. Pop, plop, the wet eggs fell
softly. Hundreds destined to die.
Remember that other time? a few years before? or
after. Afternoon sun, seagulls, sand. In the hollow of a low rock,
we thought at first they were toys;
then dead.
Five dried, black, baby sea turtles.
But water from a discarded Styrofoam
cup brought them back. We carried water in cupped hands,
and felt like God. We carried them to the water
and watched the waves sweep them away. Hey...
remember? that one we made the gull drop? thinking
at first we had saved it.
Its forgotten fragile frame slowly turned
to dust in my desk drawer.
Remember the dust

s m t w r f s

					1	2	3
4	5 ○ Cinco de Mayo	6	7	8	9	10	
11 Mother's Day	12	13	14	15	16	17	
18	19 ●	20	21 II Drop Day	22	23	24	
25	26 Memorial Day	27	28	29	30 Last Day for Seniors & Grad Students	31	

may



"Hampton Fishing Boats", oil on paper
Philip Lindquist

s m t w r f s

1	2	3	○	4	5	6 Last Day of Classes for Undergraduates	7
8	9	10	11	12	13 End of Spring Term Commencement	14	
15 Father's Day	16 Start of SURF	17	18	●	19	20	21 ☾
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
29	30						

june

whispering sea

Karen Wang

i whispered of you to the sea
among the pebbles and the sand
and she, she whispered back to me
as the water swept the land

my heart i opened to the sea
and to the clouds and to the sky
and she, she enveloped me
within the fog and let me cry

the rain fell softly on the sea
and i was there to see it fall
and she, she waited patiently
and saved the little droplets all

sweet the rain and sweet the sea
and sweet the memories we shared
and she, she will ever be
the one who always truly cared

Light

Paula Lonergan

She saw her life before her in the shadows,
The path left uncrossed,
Unfollowed.
The bird swallowed its child
as she gorged life and all that is found in the dark
On the path left uncrossed,
Unbroken.
The race was lost.
She crossed the line and the string fell to the ground
It was over.
The path had been crossed
The shadows turned to light.



"Heather Medusa", silkpainting
Jim Barry

Dewdrop Mythopoesis

Daniel McLaury

Morning
and the bathroom windows
open onto that self-same dawn
so many years ago

(Why is it we write our best prose marble-eyed,
lonesome uncomprehending tears sliding
tentatively towards our collective dimples?)

The dawn that broke through
Elementary windows
as we dreamed of far-off dawns
living the main-street life
promised us all (in the spelling book)

Morning
and the front-loaders
that beep as they back over that
soon-forgotten acreage just tread
seem to have been purposed from birth
solely
for the breaking of reveries,
for the dissolution of souls,
for the not-so-safe delivery of the caskets of those dreams
we cast off each morning
before turning on the never-sufficient blast of the shower.

Morning
and in heaven the collected souls rest unaware
(despite their haloes, razor sharp)
in order to ascend to another's level
one must die to one's own

Or so we two said
that long forgotten morning
That dawn spent chasing ourselves around
the swing-sets and jungle-gyms
which fantastically decided to perch in my back yard
not for long just a child's whole lifetime
and released for a while
that inescapable urge
to produce for ourselves those deepest truths
which govern dewdrop eyes



"Fómhar tinnri", digital photography
Joe Donovan



"Beginning of a New Life", manual photography, Adobe Photoshop
Alexander & Tatyana Shatova

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