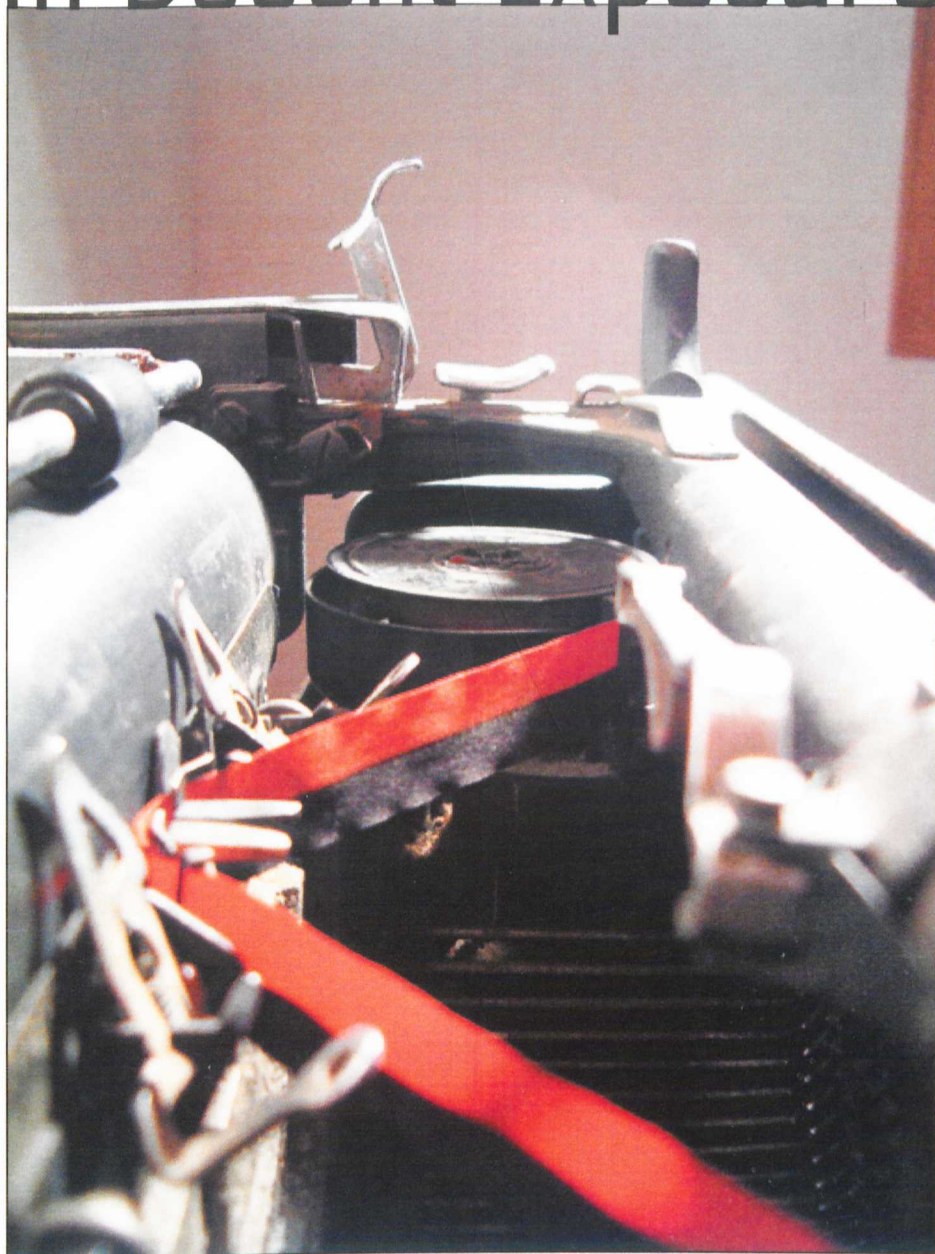


# In Decent Exposure



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# In Decent Exposure

Volume II • 2004



Franklin W. Olin College of Engineering

Olin Way • Needham, MA 02492

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# altered states 11/2/03

Sarah Leavitt

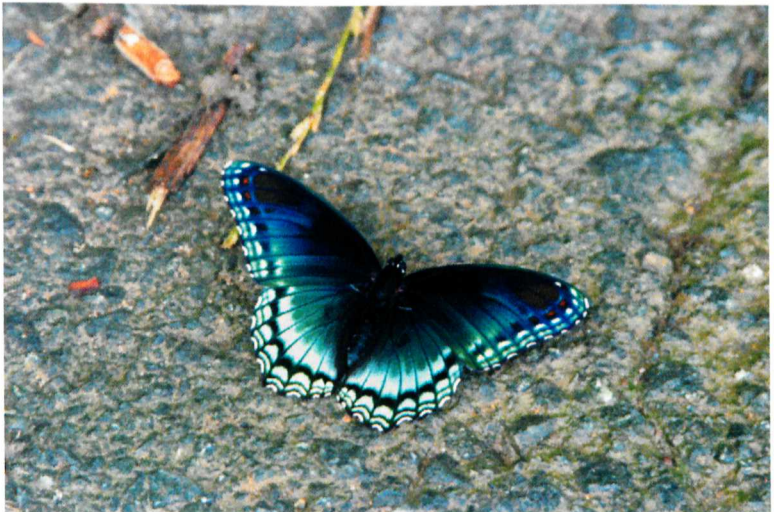
penetration  
of sensation  
placation  
invitation  
for temptation  
imitation  
of elation

attrition  
of ambition  
an easy decision

selective exclusion  
illusion  
delusion  
goodbye intrusion  
of self-pollution

I've got an attraction  
to distraction

Blue Butterfly ◀ Matt Colyer



# Untitled

Steve Shannon

The woman I'm going to marry will most definitely have breasts large enough for her to be considered armed and dangerous. While I am off at work, she will remain home and do nothing but planning, preparing, and garnishing my dinner. It will be ready the moment I walk in the door, either piping hot or chilled depending on the recipe. As I quietly enjoy the meal, she will quietly perform an impromptu rendition of that "Buns of Steel" workout video while wearing a bikini and lathered in Crisco. The bikini top will definitely overemphasize the size of her breasts.

We will have sharp intellectual conversations on a regular basis that will usually end abruptly because the two of us are laughing so hard we can't breathe anymore. It would be possible for us to finish off many of each other's sentences, but we wouldn't out of respect for each other. We will remember each other's birthdays and completely splurge when it comes to buying gifts. We will travel often, always wanting to learn and explore, never tiring of the changing scenery. We will appreciate each other's veiled, introspective times and indulge ourselves in every aspect of our personalities. The beauty of nature and silence will never cease to amaze us. We will trust in each other and know that each would gladly lay down to save the other. We will have no lovey affectionate sides because there will be no need for them. There will be no regrets, no secrets, no guilt, no things left unsaid.

And oh yeah...did I mention the large breasts?



Picture of Feet | Erin McCusker

# A Problem of Physics

Lauren Cagle

If a horse drags its hooves  
and carriage  
along a cadmium road  
with the original velocity  
of an origami party favor  
in hurricane winds,  
what acceleration is required  
to get its ass in gear?

\*

Linear arrows lie.  
You can't see the curve of the paper,  
how the atoms flex ever so slightly  
to accommodate the samba of their  
smooth-rhythmed sub-particles,  
but that doesn't make it not there.  
A boat tacks to get to shore,  
and the engineer is frustrated  
by the lack  
of an outboard motor.

\*

If you believe the cow-path roads  
of New England,  
i.e. Massachusetts,  
then the journey had better  
be just as important  
as the destination.

\*

"My favorite curve,"  
he said,  
"is this curve,"

curling the last  
three fingers on his left hand  
away from the index finger  
which traversed the indent  
somewhere between hip  
and shoulder blade  
somewhere between cool  
spine and womb-warmed  
belly-button  
somewhere in a parallel  
dimension where waist  
reigns serene  
over breast and neck and thigh.

\*

A collision of rhubarb  
and strawberry  
baked in their homemade  
husk of crust  
makes a great pie filling.

\*

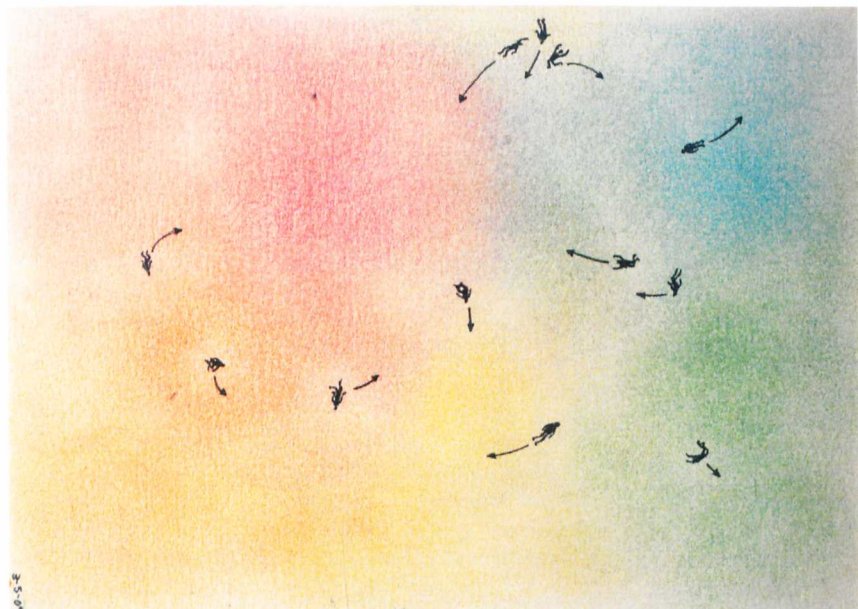
Love might be a box:  
insides empty,  
only the outline concrete.  
If so, it is a box  
on the go,  
railroad ties for bones.  
Maybe the girl  
tied to the tracks  
isn't scared of the train  
but is screaming  
to be filled.

## bubble-blowing 1/8/04

Sarah Leavitt

blowing bubbles on a breezy day  
air from my lips  
and the slightest bulge...  
an infant still-birtherd.  
a few take form (tiny things)  
and fall to the ground  
leaving little circles of sticky blood.  
one floats, my creation,  
and catches the sun,  
making small swirling rainbows  
to show that it is empty.  
the neighbor boys call me silly,  
industrious fort-building types  
who pause from their games  
of cowboys and indians  
long enough to swallow food  
and throw rocks through my bubbles.  
hundreds of them spring from my wand  
and I stunt them  
with the force of my lungs.  
my mind wanders  
feeling the breath of the yard drive my own  
and without my knowing  
a great thing has birthed itself,  
a pocket of atmosphere,  
floating beyond the closeness of my street  
making new rainbows with new light,  
for other children to see or not see.  
and I smile at the neighbor boys  
and leave my hands sticky  
with the sweet sweat of creation  
to pick up little bits  
of dirt and life.





flying ¶ Luis Diego Cabezas

## Sometimes I Wish To Not Be Smart (But Only Temporarily)

anonymous

To accept things blindly, to see things simply, to make a decision without having a thousand-voice chorus debate in three languages on seventy-four different viewpoints about it.

To not be asked for help. Not be expected to grow up and do something great. No constant pressure on your shoulders, no eyes watching and analyzing, no genius jokes. To talk only about mundane things and not feel something missing.

No analyzing yourself, or your analyses of yourself, or your analyses of your analyses of your-

To look at people and wish you could be smart like them, because then you could do something, you could change the world, people would pay attention to you, watch you, care about what you did.

To not be lonely.

Working brain is sometimes curse.

*Snowghosts* ¶ Sean McBride



*Water and Rocks* ¶ Matt Colyer



# If Beethoven Lived Today and Coolio Recorded in the 17th Century

L. E. Cagle

Anachronism is an AM radio on the back of a hamstrung camel, framed by sand dunes and the dust of a thousand years' traders treading esoteric paths, their purposeful footsteps silent now. Anachronism is a German child confused and unable to hate, despite the evidence and insistence of superiors who look to a time before now, jabbing at phrenological evidence with their knobby, gnarled fingers. Anachronism is leftover pieces of Hiroshima in a world which has moved on to greater failures, with no one the wiser, at least no one that counts. Do politicians count? Anachronism is quail for dinner at noon and rabbit for evening repast. Do you see now?

Time uses, plays favorites. It is a vandal. It abandons what it will and is a xenagogue to the rest. Strange how the years disappear, yet Zeitgeists never quite die.

# Poema

Andrew Bouchard

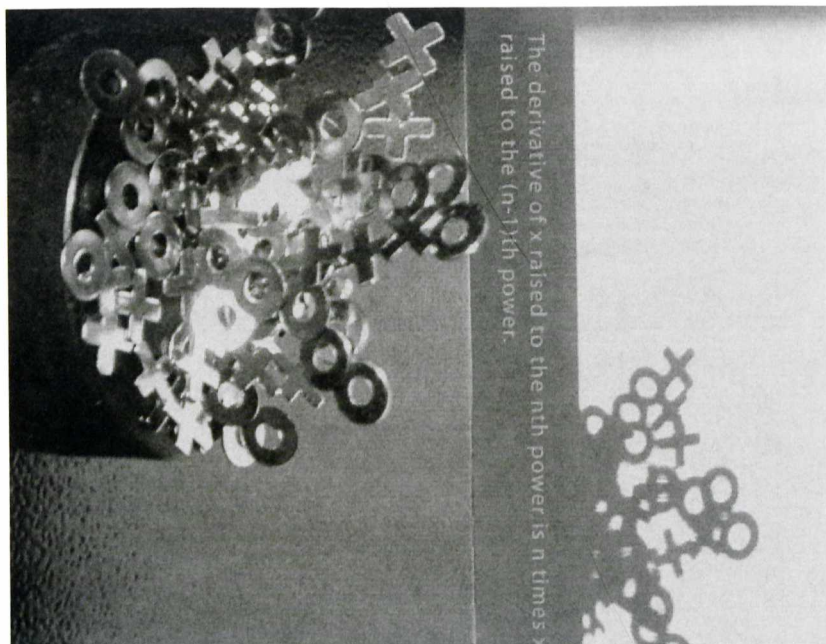
Pensando en amor, veo tu cara.  
Tu piel rosada, ojos brillantes,  
Pelo de oro, labios cantantes.  
Belleza que brilla cómo lámpara.

Nuestro amor por día cambiara.  
No sé si fue un fuego de Dante,  
O en el cielo con ángel amante,  
Con una rosa hermosa tan rara.

Estoy ahora, puedo ver lo pasado,  
Y he perdido un tesoro de grandeza,  
Joya sin precio, fue un pecado,

Porque cuando perdí mi princesa,  
Perdí parte de mi mejor lado.  
Entonces tú eres mi esperanza.

xsandos K. Rivard



J A M S: g a r k

anonymous

Just the one.

No wait, the other one.

O.K. three . . . five . . . who knows?

Calmly,

when I relax, My actual thoughts are objects

I wish I could express, but for unwanted instinctual consideration of those external

Dark beauty so easy to find, but so hard

to contact

to give meaning at all over the walls

hawaiian voices – grant smooth as butta, “my honey baby...”

superimposed in memory with nick drake “saw it written and I saw it say. . .”

and “somewhere, over the . . .”

superposed – a steve holt word.

so far removed from you

or them.

orthogonal like Steve’s comic thought.

perpendicular.

like life.

sinusoidal Dell



Flight  
Lauren Hafford

2003.09.18.19.15

anonymous

Is there desperation in your voice? in your heart in your muscles zipping along your nerves pulsing through every fiber you have what you want and so you reach for more, tearing your being whose holes are those? No matter they belong to you now, cherish them and the sufferish don't tremble quiver the relative reality shift riding the whorls of discontent

Where do you get your cheap thrills?

In forgotten alleyways

In the depths of your own personal universe

White rabbit

Wire tie

Slipping below the tremor of needfulness

idle hands

empty mind

don't interfere with what you can't find

everyone manufactures their own lows

careful construction

piece

by

piece

## The Scene (a play in one stage direction)

Steve Westwood

[lights up]

[A chair sits center, also a table if the stagehands are paying attention. ACTOR enters right, moves down-left— a little hesitantly, as if he is unsure of his blocking—then proceeds to reverse direction and moves up center, inadvertently tripping over the chair which was not there last time he did this scene. ACTOR stands up, uncertain. Truth to be told he hasn't got the foggiest idea what's happening (although he is pretty sure he's forgotten his lines), and it's shaping up to be one of those days when h doesn't know what the hell he's doing in the theater. ACTOR rights the chair, sits down at the table, thinks bitter thought for a moment, then stands abruptly and breaks for the door— looking for whichever comes first: a real job or a stiff drink.]

[curtain]



*Parking Meter* ■ Matt Colyer

# Untitled

anonymous

3y3 4m 1337 h4x012,  
h34r my r04r + 7123m813,  
ph001z!

3y3 h4v3 70741 c0n71201  
0v312 411 J0012 8453.  
ph3412 my h4cking 48i1i7y,  
m012741z!

3y3 c4n p057 0n 411 J0012  
ph012um5 + C1245h J0012  
5i735...3y3 4m un570pp4813!

J00 411 wi11 kn0w m3 45  
5up4-ph13y3, d4 4m4zing h4x012!

411 J0012 8453 12 831—

---POWER FAILURE---

Catch ▯ Sean McBride





# The Things You Never Knew

Kat Kim

Shuffling through my old photo album I smile as I look at pictures of my childhood: a day at the beach, playing in my house, family trip to Disneyland. Lovely memories flood my mind and I smile as I flip from one picture to the next. Then I come to the photographs of myself after I moved and my parents divorced. In most of these photos I am smiling. Funny, I never actually remember being happy. To anyone else these pictures appear to be fond memories, but beneath the surface linger recollections of despair and loneliness.

The first day of fourth grade at my new school was the start of the dismal life I would suffer for many years. I remember smiling with excitement for the first day of class, naïve to the strange pain I would soon feel. As the year progressed, I slowly distanced myself from the rest of the students. I did not like the way they acted. They were cruel to each other, especially to me, so I separated myself by talking about my former life in California. "California Freak!" they would yell at me. "Why don't you go back to California?" I would make a nasty comeback, but a part of me would break inside and leave me wanting to cry. But tears were never an option. It would only show my weakness. I did not want to be like them, but I wanted them to accept me. Before long, my self-esteem was ripped to shreds and I did not believe that I could trust anyone. In fourth grade, at age nine, I was contemplating suicide.

I could never tell my mother. My family had never been upfront about issues. I did not even know that my parents were divorced until a year after we moved. I timidly asked my mother, "Mom, are you and Dad . . ." it was so hard for me to say, ". . . divorced?" She nodded nonchalantly. I wanted to scream. I wanted to lash out. I just wanted to know why. Instead, turning around, I walked to my room and cried behind the locked door. I wanted to tell her about the pain I was going through, but I also wanted her to think that her daughter was completely happy. I would consider myself a failure if I fell short of my parents' expectations. If I did not tell them, they would never have to worry.

Complete mental isolation. I learned to trust no one but myself. I never told any of my friends or family any of my feelings. They would never understand, so I covered it up. I tried to act happy all of the time to mask the pain that I was really going through. It worked too well and I fell deeper into depression with no one there to help me through it. Alone in the house, I would just break down, tears pouring from my eyes. Disappointments and broken dreams would rush into my mind and my skull would throb from crying. The pain had no cure. Curling up into a ball I would ask "Why?" to nothing and everything or simply scream to stop the pain. But the agony did not end, it only got worse. I just wanted it all to end.

I do not remember what set it off that time, but it was a feeling I knew all too well: loneliness and confusion. The torture inside would not stop. I could not talk to anyone, I did not know how. I needed to find some way to cease the pain, any possible way. I stood shaking in front of my dresser. Home alone, but with the door locked anyway. I took a letter opener off the dresser and broke it in sheer frustration and rage. The broken edge was sharp and I stared at it wondering the possibilities of such an object. I was not ready to die. Desperation had not brought me to that level yet, but the pain inside had

duality state 1 | Luis Diego Cabazas



4/7

*L. Cabazas*

to stop. Maybe the mental pain would be dulled by physical pain. I slowly but firmly pressed the broken edge into the outside of my upper left arm. Blood trickled down to my hand. I did the same to my right arm, then my left bicep, and part of my legs. Physical pain numbed the suffering inside, but only temporarily. After it was done, a new feeling took over: weakness. I was not even strong enough to resist self-mutilation. I kept falling deeper and deeper, wondering when I would hit the bottom.

Suicide. It is not as easy as one might think. Staring. Just staring at the knives. Wondering if I am really going to do it. Watching my hand take hold of the largest knife. Not feeling myself move or telling myself to do it. Seeing my hand move on its own. Testing the blade of the knife with my finger, then watching the blood drip down my hand as I realize its sharpness. Slowly, raising the knife to my neck. Then the tears begin to flow again. Feeling the pressure of the knife on my neck. Envisioning the reactions of my classmates. Seeing them cry. Hearing them say, "Why weren't we nicer to her?" "What have we done?" Finally making them see what they put me through. Then the exact opposite thought enters my mind. What if they do not care or even notice? It won't matter. After I'm gone, nothing will matter. Pressing the knife deeper into my skin. Then

imagining the sound of my mother's scream as she comes home to see her daughter lying in a pool of blood with a slit throat on the kitchen floor. I can't. I just can't do it. Loosening the grip on the knife. Crumbling to the floor. Shaking as more tears fall on the kitchen tile. Eventually, staggering to my feet and throwing the knife in the sink. Looking in the mirror to see a thin red line where the knife pressed into my neck. Thinking of excuses: "I used the knife to cut an apple." "The cat scratched my neck when I was holding him by my face." Tell them anything, anything but the truth.

I did not think one person could affect me as much as he did. He saved me, just by listening. Somehow he could get things out of me that I would never tell anyone. He was the first person that I knew sincerely cared about me. My usual tactics to evade my true feelings did not work on him. He knew something was really bothering me, and would not just let it slip by. I started to tell him about my problems and thoughts. As I went on, I could not hold back the tears, but this time it was different. I realized that crying was not a weakness, and for the first time in my life the tears felt good. Finally, after seven years of fearing that no one would accept me after they knew what I had gone through, someone was there just to listen and try to understand.

I was not simply cured overnight. Scars take time to heal, especially the ones that cannot be seen. The process was gradual, but certain because I finally had hope. Hope that if one person could understand, then other people might understand without judgment as well. I had something to live for. I knew there was a better life for me somewhere. I needed to start over. Every single day since I first moved away, I had wished to go back. It was time to fulfill that dream and move back to California to live with my father. My mother did not like the idea, but she did not understand. I needed to leave. Otherwise, I would not heal. If I started completely over, I could put my past behind me and move on.

Since I first wrote this essay, I have shown it to both my parents. One of the most difficult things I have ever done. Seeing tears run down my father's face after reading my story rekindled the close relationship we had lost when I had moved away. However, my mother's indifferent reaction was exactly what I feared. It did not seem to move her and I thought she did not care. I realize now that though she did not show it, she had always cared. In order to get through difficult times she would keep her feelings safe behind a shell. Now I know where I get my stubborn strength. Back in California, people accepted me for my true self and I discovered what genuine friends really are. I began to find beauty in everyday life that I would never think of giving up again. I am not ashamed of my past. This is the story of my depression. These are the things you never knew.



*Red-fraggle* ¶ K. Rivard

## Untitled

Molly Trombley-McCann

My boyfriend and I tried to have sex the other day, but we couldn't muster the energy. We got ten minutes into the foreplay and gave up. What is this place, a retirement home?! We're supposed to be young and horny, not 40 and married. This place has made me cynical, bitter, and now undersexed too! Has anyone looked into the possibility that Olin is in fact sucking out our youth and selling it on the Russian Black Market? Think about it. Have you seen your youth lately? It's time for us to re-evaluate the possibility of sick and twisted conspiracy. At this very moment, Margaret Thatcher could be using your youth to conduct a squalid affair, a squalid affair which was intended for you! By God, this will not stand!

## Speaking To Small Children At A Graveyard

Mel Chua

They gaze upon the dirt  
and run their fingers down your hair and say  
the feel of it is melting egg.  
Egg is coming down your face; they laugh.  
your hands are cold;  
the yolk is new and wet.  
They climb upon a figure made of stone-  
A man whose hair is blue capped-hills,  
Whose brow is crackled soil,  
Whose lips breathe soft clouds;  
They bless their hands upon his face.

The children trace the furrows with a toe  
And blithely scatter weeds,  
and melt the grass.  
It will be someday green, they tell you;  
And when it is, we can return  
And lock ourselves up in hard white  
And burrow back into his belly  
And make a nest of guts  
And sleep  
And wet and warm.

To rend into the earth must not seem so odd  
For they, so newly born.

A hundred years in dirt  
Shall burst them into mossy stars

# Untitled

Steve Shannon

I turn a street corner, like a page in my life, and there I am  
observing, absorbing all the differences  
subtle or non, they usurp my senses  
bright neon fluctuations form an archway  
directing me through foreign streets  
getting comfortably lost, I ignore the map  
it's too dark to read anyway  
and my body moves autonomously, not forward but outward in all directions  
maybe searching for some clandestine destination  
but probably wandering aimlessly  
waiting for a destination to find me

the people slide past me like fine sand  
admitting my presence but hardly hindered by it  
my shape could probably be seen from high above  
like a sunned stone half-submerged in shallow tide  
yet I am submerged entirely  
in this mysterious populace  
if only I could tell them, tell them all  
how they fascinate me  
how they are the first great earthly wonder  
my eyes have seen

but I can't tell them, and they'll never know  
it is unfortunate that many people will  
never know how much they can impact the life of another  
even when that life is over

With my eyes closed I take a breath, hold it in,  
maybe as a makeshift prayer, and then exhale.

My eyes open, and the city is still there,  
and the people too,  
like an anime in four dimensions  
in whose purifying space and time  
I gratefully coexist.



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Lauren Cagle

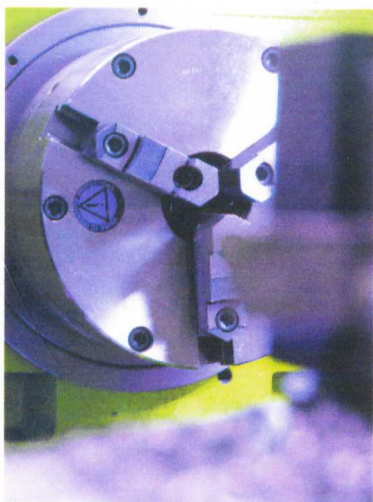
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