



Antioch Is My Home
Community Art Project



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Statement of Intent

“Antioch Is My Home” is a sentiment I’ve heard echoed across the Antioch community. I wanted to develop a positive project that would create solidarity and build the momentum of the efforts to save Antioch. Art contributions featured in this project are from all stakeholders in the Save Antioch Movement: Antioch students, staff, faculty, alumni, Yellow Springs community members, and friends of the college. The “Antioch Is My Home” project has been developed through a process that has involved members from all of these constituencies.

The “Antioch Is My Home” Community Art Project is supported by the Antioch College Action Network (ACAN). ACAN is an independent collective of autonomous alumni, students, faculty, staff, and friends of Antioch College and villagers of Yellow Springs. ACAN is a grassroots movement working collaboratively for a continuous and sustainable future for Antioch College.

The theme is subjective and interpretive. The submissions are as diverse and beautiful as the community that created them.

Winning victories for humanity,
One piece of art at a time,



Marjorie Jensen ‘07

Antioch Is My Home
Community Art Project

Edited by
Marjorie Jensen



CHOICE OF PASTRY

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Parts IV and V from CHOICE OF PASTRY

(A Play for One Actor)

by

Robin Rice Lichtig '64

CHARACTERS

(all performed by one actor)

SUKI LIVINGSTON	Ages 12-30. Sheltered New Englander.
MOM (Katherine)	Suki's restrained mother.
DAD (Walter)	Suki's restrained father.
MARGARET MEADE	Famous 20th Century anthropologist.
GEORGE	Age 21. Hungarian. Gay.
MR. HELIBRUNER	Elderly German creep.
LADY CUSTOMER	Sickeningly cheery.
TAB HUNTER GUY	Age 21. Gay.
BOBBY	Age 23-31. Suki's first love and husband.
SUZY	Age 21. Suki's roommate.
MANIC DENTIST	The same.
MUSCLEBOUND APE	Outward Bound instructor.
COLLEGE ADVISOR	Positive college advisor.
JOHN F. KENNEDY	The President.

TIME

1960-1962

PLACE

Various.

When Suki is speaking to the audience, words are in italics.

MUSIC: "This Land Is Your Land." Pete Seegar.

1960. SUKI is 18. SHE wears a black turtleneck jersey and jeans.

SUKI

1960. Antioch College in southern Ohio. No parents; no curfew. Goodby, Mom and Dad. Good-by, Betsy, Tootie and Sylvia the New Baby. Goodby, Kingston Trio. Hello, Pete Seegar! In September I was a tubby teen with a bubble butt. By January I've lost 30 pounds and discovered hipbones. Williamstown is so far away I'm not sure it exists. I'm never going back.

At Antioch, students make their own rules. Kids who aren't strong-willed and organized like me flunk out or drop out or get mono or have nervous breakdowns within the first three months. Left-wing political activism swirls in the air. I slide into the spirit like honey from a spoon; stand shoulder to shoulder with fellow Antiochians. Action! Freedom! Equality for all! We can change the world. I believe it with all my heart. Margaret Meade says:

MARGARET MEADE

Never believe that a few caring people can't change the world. For, indeed, that's all who ever have.

SUKI

Margaret Meade's my new hero. Her words set off sparklers in my brain.

MARGARET MEADE

Thanks to television, for the first time the young are seeing history made before it is censored by their elders.

SUKI

We're not just seeing it, we're making history.

Antioch is a co-op school. We alternate study on campus with "fascinating employment" in "exotic places." That's what the catalogue promises. I'm an art major, but I'm dying to work with Margaret Meade, uncovering patterns of human behavior in New Guinea. That's what I tell my advisor when I go in to discuss what my first co-op job will be.

COLLEGE ADVISOR

Let's see... Human behavior. Exotic lands. Different cultures...

SUKI

Margaret Meade says "Life in the 20th Century is like a parachute jump: you have to get it right the first -- "

COLLEGE ADVISOR

Here we are! Perfect. Cambridge.

SUKI

England?

COLLEGE ADVISOR

Massachusetts.

SUKI

Oh.



COLLEGE ADVISOR

Ah, but have you ever been a waitress? Have you ever been a waitress in a German restaurant? It's a challenge, Suki. I know you can turn the experience into a learning opportunity. I look forward to reading your co-op paper.

SUKI

So in June I'm headed back east. Oh well. Williamstown's way at the other end of the state. There's Harvard Summer School with Harvard men. I register by mail for "Politics and Society" taught by Arthur Schlesinger with guest-lecturer Margaret Meade.

Mom and Dad insist on helping me move into my Cambridge apartment. Cutting the umbilical cord is like hacking my way through a two-by-four with linguini. Dad drives past Harvard Square, searching for the address. Stately stone mansions and ivy-covered walls give way to peeling paint and dry rot. Mom, tries to convince herself that a refrigerator on a front porch is some kind of picturesque. Her left eye twitches.

MOM

Roll up your windows. Lock your doors.

SUKI

A dog chained to a dumpster snarls. Dad's teeth grip the stem of his pipe. A toddler in sagging diapers gives our Buick the finger.

This is it! Flag Street! Number 52!

Around back, "3-C" is scratched into tarpaper siding. There's no door. Margaret Mead wouldn't be put off. "Life is too short," she'd say. Dad isn't impressed with my Margaret Mead quotes. He especially didn't like it when I reported that she was a champion of:

MARGARET MEADE

Broadened sexual mores within a context of traditional Western religious life.

DAD

I don't like the sound of that.

MARGARET MEADE

Traditional family patterns should be adjusted to suit modern times.

DAD

Who is this woman?

MARGARET MEADE

Fathers are biological necessities, but social accidents.

DAD

Katherine, take Suki inside and get her settled. I'm going to find a lumber yard, buy a door and a big lock and install them.

SUKI

Next he'll hire a body guard for me. I have to nip this in the bud.

Give me the money. I'll get the door. It's a long drive back, Dad. You've got Rotary Club. You never miss Rotary. Mom, you've got Garden Club. Really important. And and and it's Thursday. The kids will have a fit if they don't get Thursday night ham and scalloped potatoes. I'll get a door. Right away. Today. I promise. My roommate will help. Her boyfriend'll help. He's not

sleeping here, Dad, but he's very helpful. He's got a car. He'll get the door. And a lock. You'll be late. You better go. 'Bye!

(THEY leave. SHE heaves a sigh of relief.)

Steep, narrow stairs lead to two rooms. No stove. No sink. No chairs, rugs or curtains. Nothing a few Indian bedspreads and a lava lamp won't fix. Rainbow and her boyfriend, whom I've never met, have already claimed the bedroom. That's fair. I'm a virgin. By choice. Until further notice. I sleep on the sofa. It smells only slightly of cat urine.

I'll be waitressing at The Window Shoppe, a posh German restaurant in a converted mansion on Brattle Street. I come to work Monday feeling very grown up. My first full-time job, even if it is just for 12 weeks. Reigning supreme in the lobby behind an ornate cash register is the manager -- Mrs. Heilbruner. Tall and gaunt, like a stick of pre-historic driftwood, washed up from an ancient ocean -- and not happy about it.

A glance from Mrs. Heilbruner and once again I'm a tubby teen questioning the value of my existence. Her husband is her spy. Mr. Heilbruner lurks and peers through hooded eyes the color of skim milk. Grey jowls frame a flap of mouth that doesn't quite close over long, ecru teeth. Did his mother cradle him in her arms and gaze at that mouth with love? Did she put that mouth to her breast? A sour odor rises from him -- an odor I will forever associate with short, bald German men who won't stop staring at my butt.

The waitress uniform was designed by a sadistic misogynist. Black oxfords. Organdy apron. Stiff, blue-striped, seersucker dress hemmed no shorter than mid-calf. No nail polish. No lipstick. Hair slicked back under a net. I'm down to 98 pounds, but Audrey Hepburn would look lumpy in this getup. My Light 'N' Brite Blonde pixie cut is acceptable, but hoop earrings for my newly-pierced ears are not.

Each of the nine regular German waitresses tips the scales at over 200 pounds. They don't like me. They don't like anyone. "Excuse me, Miss, I didn't order -- " Helga, Bertha, Marta or Irma shoots an evil eye at the customer. He shuts up and eats what's in front of him. And likes it. I'm pleasant. I get really good tips. Which I have to share with the Hessian witches. A tipsy business-man slips me a 50. "Keep it for yourself," he whispers. Something rustles behind a potted palm. A hooded eye glints. I put the 50 in the tip-pool box.

In the kitchen, two massive chefs lurch about with boxcars of schnitzel and spaetzle bellowing: "Hot stuff! Comin' through!" Salad Lady and Pastry Lady sit on high stools creating edible works of art. They barely speak to the waitresses -- never to the busboys. Nobody speaks to the dishwashers.

A cigarette break in the alley. There's the dishwashers: Jésus and Julio. Hi.

I nonchalantly pluck a soft-pack of Pall Malls from the pocket of my uniform. Quick as a wink they execute expert one-handed match-strikes.

Thanks.

I take a drag and lean against a stack of empty vegetable crates, basking in the glow of their flashing gold teeth. A speck of confidence has



returned. They speak only Spanish so I count on a smile to let them know that I'm their friend. I'm not elitist.

Julio forms a circle with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand and rhythmically pokes the index finger of his right hand in and out through the circle. Jesús smacks his lips and wiggles his tongue in my direction. Feigning deep thought, I pick a piece of tobacco off my bottom lip. I'm not that picky when it comes to dates. And Jesús and Julio have just as much right as I do to get what they want out of life. And I really like that they find me attractive, though I suspect they're even less picky than I am. But I'm pretty sure what they have in mind isn't Jujubes and a Doris Day movie. Am I judging them based on ethnicity or socio-economic background? Oh God, am I doing that? I'm a bad, bad left-winger. I stub out my Pall Mall, smile weakly, and escape back inside.

Lunch is provided for employees -- whatever's left over and can't be reconstituted. Today it's the jelly-filled omelet. I carry my tray into the dimly lit staff room. Mr. Heilbruner is hunched in a corner. Where's everybody else? I bury my nose in "Woodrow Wilson and the Politics of Morality." Chew. Swallow. Chew. Swallow. He stares like an iguana.

(MUSIC: the theme from "A Summer Place.")

The patio is set up for dining on sunny days. I'm assigned to the most distant tables with George. He's a part-time waiter, 22, Hungarian, gorgeous and unfortunately gay. After work on Saturday, George and I walk together toward our respective apartments. I have to finish an outline for Politics and Society. Then maybe I'll reread "Coming of Age in Samoa." Music and laughter flood into the summer night from open windows. "Shimmy Shimmy Ko-Ko-Bop," "Footprints in the Sand," "This Magic Moment." Halfway down Church Street, a guy who's the spitting image of Tab Hunter leans out a window. George calls up to him:

GEORGE

Hey.

TAB HUNTER-TYPE GOOD-LOOKING GUY

Hey, handsome! Come on up. Join the party! Bring your friend.

SUKI

Do you know him?

GEORGE

I will. Come on.

SUKI

I have an outline due Monday.

GEORGE

It's only Saturday. Don't tell me you'd rather re-read that Margaret Meade book for the 20th time.

SUKI

I'm trying to be adult, George. I'm trying to be responsible and mature and -- I have to work tomorrow. I don't have a change of clothes.

GEORGE

Saturday night. Cambridge. Tab-Hunter-type hunky guys. Other guys. Straight

guys. Harvard guys. You're only 19 one summer in your life, Suki-Bazookie. Besides, the uniform looks cute on you.

(MUSIC: Elvis wails "Are You Lonesome Tonight?")

SUKI

George and Tab leave the party at 3 a.m. I'm nowhere near ready to call it a night. At 7:30 the next morning I excuse myself from a heated debate about whether the Ten Commandments should be interpreted literally. Locate bathroom. Clear sink of empties. Douse head with cold water. No toothpaste. Rinse mouth with Dr. Bonner's. Scrub Chianti stain on sleeve. Okay. Ready. I'm a tough chick. It was worth it. Yeah.

A soft, cool rain feels good on my face. Down, out, and across Harvard Yard to The Window Shoppe. The patio is closed. I'm assigned to a room on the second floor by myself. It's 8:30. No one will show up for brunch for at least an hour. Still, the rules. No sitting down. No leaning against walls. No leaving the room. No looking out the window. The restaurant is L-shaped. If it wasn't for heavy, brocade drapes, Mrs. Heilbruner would have an unimpeded view of me from the lobby. I stand, very hung over. Less tough by the minute. My mind refuses to float above my body. Time is a wounded snail. Ten minutes. Eleven minutes... Four tables for two, two for four, two for six. Eye-numbing white tablecloths. White ceramic salt and pepper sets with the blue W.S. emblem that looks I swear to God like a swastika. Every nerve in my body pleads to lie down. Twenty-eight white chairs. Twenty-eight place settings. Twenty-eight sharply folded, white napkins. Legs ache. Eyes burn. Mouth tastes like owl feet. I'll die if I don't have a drink of water. Whisk a glass from a table. Slip into the service pantry. The swinging door squeaks open, then shut behind me. Twist cold water knob very slightly so water runs silently down inside edge of the glass.

CHEERY LADY CUSTOMER

Yoo-hoo! Hel-lo?

SUKI

Customers. Damn.

(fake cheery:) Be right with you. Sit wherever you like.

Gulp water. Hike up panty hose. Reenter. Ouch, it's light. But it's against the rules to turn off the wall sconces. Squinting, I hand menus to a couple so full of good cheer I want to smack them. They order the full brunch, o.j. to pastry tray. In the pantry again. Send order down to kitchen on dumbwaiter. Clank-clank-clank. Pause. Clank-clank-clank, back up it comes. Serve food. Do I look as putrid as I feel? Thank God Mrs. Heilbruner can't see me from the lobby. What if she sends her spy? Can't think about him. Might throw up. Can't throw up. Refill glasses. It takes two hands to lift the water pitcher. Happy-happy Cute Duo finish their chicken liver omelets. Clear plates. Avert eyes from smears of congealing liver.

Back in the pantry. Put dirty dishes and order for pastry tray on dumbwaiter. Pull down door. It descends. Clank-clank-clank. "Take your time," I mentally call down to Pastry Lady. Press throbbing forehead against cold metal handle on dumbwaiter door.



The guy I was making out with last night -- Paul -- he wants me to go home on my next day off and take him and get my family doctor to write a note that will qualify him for 4-F so he won't get drafted and sent to Vietnam when he gets kicked out of Harvard which will be any day now. Was he making out with me so I'd do that? Damn. Did I agree? Damn. The outline's due tomorrow. Damn! Clank-clank-clank. Here's the pastry tray. Bavarian Cream Puff, Baba au Rhum, Gateau Glacée, Linzer Torte. The sugar-coated grenades ooze a lethal stench. A warning light on the dumbwaiter flashes red, telling me: remove tray; pull down door. Steady. One hand on either side of the tray. Behind me, the pantry door squeaks open. A sour odor sweeps over my shoulders.

MR. HEILBRUNER

(heavy German accent:) Hello, darling.

SUKI

The door squeaks closed. Do what he wants or get fired. My future flashes before me. If I'm fired I'll have to quit Harvard. Mrs. Heilbruner will call Mom and Dad and tell them I've been drink-ing and smoking. They'll pull me out of Antioch and get me a job at Sprague Electric as a file clerk. I'll never meet Margaret Mead.

I turn around. He inhales deeply. The top of his head, slick with sweat, is level with my chin. Spotty fingers twist at the hem of his jacket. He exhales, steps closer -- nose aimed between my breasts like an ICBM, breath burning the skin in the V where the uniform comes together. The dress suddenly feels low-cut and slutty. A drop of drool slides like a slug from a corner of his lipless mouth. His voice is soft, measured.

MR. HEILBRUNER

Don't move, darling.

SUKI

He leans forward, breathing more quickly. The tip of his nose touches my collarbone. He's smelling me.

MR. HEILBRUNER

Pretty girls. So many pretty girls.

SUKI

Please not me! In my head I shout, but my voice isn't working. His fingers rise and hover on either side of my breasts. Before the file clerk part of my future, I'll give birth to his baby. Pork chop face, scaly teeth, gaping mouth searching for milk. Scream! I can't. Push him away! I can't. Grab the pastry tray, ram it into his face and run -- past the laughing couple, down the stairs, out the door, down the sidewalk, out of Cambridge. Run the length of Massachusetts to my mother's arms.

I close my eyes. Hold my breath. Twitters from the dining room. Puffs of fetid breath on my neck. What would Margaret Mead do? I squeeze my eyes tighter. Smooth pond. Calm. I open my eyes and stare directly into his. He mutters something. I don't blink. He slowly steps back, turns and leaves.

Pick up pastry tray. Close dumbwaiter. Walk to diningroom. Sound of rain pounding on the patio outside. Recite pastry litany. Fill coffee cups. Total

check. Smile.

It's against the rules, but I pull aside one of the drapes. Under the headlights of passing cars, Brattle Street shines like a new penny. From behind the cash register, Mrs. Heilbruner glances up. I don't turn away. I nod politely, then let the curtain fall closed.

PART V. THE NEW FRONTIER

MUSIC: "Will You Love Me Tomorrow?" by The Shirelles or "Surrender" by Elvis Presley or "Johnny Angel" by Shelly Fabares.
1961-1962. SUKI is 20-21.

SUKI

Everybody else is doing It. At least they talk like they're doing It. I have only the vaguest notion what It entails, but I very much want to do It.

I'm in my third year at Antioch. It's 2 a.m. on a Saturday night. My brain is fried from five rounds of Carling draft at Ye Old Trail Tavern. Hormones course through my nether-regions like greyhounds on No-Doz. I write a letter:

Dear Dad -- I want... You know. I'm not asking for permission but... You know. Guidance. Some kind of thing like "Wait until you're 21."

That would be cool since I'll be 21 in two months. I'm pretty loaded. I usually express myself really well when I'm writing, but... Damn. Why did I write... Why did I stagger to the mail room and actually mail that letter? Part of me cringes at the thought of him opening it. The other part of me is relieved. Maybe he'll give me the permis-sion I can't seem to give myself. He should. He owes me that much. It's not like anyone ever put themselves out to educate me on the subject of sex the way parents are supposed to. Answering mail arrives from home.

(SHE tears open an envelope. Inside is a magazine article.)

An article from the Readers Digest? He can't even write to me about it. (reads:) "The Virtues of Virginity."

He's got me mixed up with one of my three, obedient sisters. I'm the one in a black turtleneck and jeans, eyes ringed with dark mascara. The one who hates dress codes and discrimination, locker searches, curfews and rules for the sake of rules. The one who refused to even apply to UMass because it's too close to home. Grrrrr!

(MUSIC: "The Times They Are a-Changin'" by Bob Dylan.)

It's the early '60s. Civil rights activism races through the veins of Antioch. The founder, Horace Mann, told us to "be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity." We believe it. We live it. When John F. Kennedy was elected President last year, the righteous spark in my belly flared to a bonfire and I changed from an art major to poli. sci. I'm good at art, but politics is doing something. The fire is controlled. Focused. I join sit-ins at Gagner's segregated bar-bershop in Yellow Springs and cram into a Volkswagen with five other Antiochians on a mission to Alabama. Arms linked, we march the streets of Montgomery, bent on erasing racism from the face of America. We ride in



the back of busses, ignore orders to disperse, run from an advancing line of police and snarling German Shepherds. I duck behind a tree to keep from being crushed in the stampede of retreating protesters. I'm scared out of my wits. We spend two long nights in jail before one of the students' fathers, a lawyer, gets us out. Right is on our side. We'll be back.

(MUSIC: "We Shall Overcome" by Pete Seegar.)

I sleep through a French midterm and get a C on a chemistry lab. President Kennedy would want me to keep my grades up so I get into a good grad. school. I cut back on protest activities, become a regular in the all-night study room, and begin typing up my notes between classes. There's a spring quarter work-study job at the new Peace Corps headquarters in Washington. If I don't get it I'll die.

The next week I'm taking a smoke break on the steps of Big Olive - the Olive Kettering Library. There's a really cute guy lounging under an oak tree over by South Hall. I never noticed him before. He must be an upperclass transfer. I introduce myself. Bobby Blair has blonde curls, a soft Maryland accent, sparkles in his eyes and a rebellious streak wide as an Ohio cornfield. My kind of man. He takes me for a spin in his forest green '38 Chevy he calls "Sweetie."

(SOUND: oogah horn.)

Bobby spends the afternoon adjusting Sweetie's carburetor while I sit in classes filled with scrawny, bespectacled Antioch boys. Between classes I casually saunter over to the parking lot instead of typing my notes. Crankshafts and pistons are suddenly fascinating. At dusk, he emerges from under Sweetie's hood, wipes a muscled forearm across his sweaty nose and grins. There's the cutest little chip out of a front tooth.

BOBBY

Let's hit the Tavern.

SUKI

I can't. I have an Earth Science exam in the morning.

That's what my brain says. What my mouth says is:

Sure.

I get the Peace Corps job in Washington. Bobby gets a work-study with a company that builds highways or something in Dayton. He wants me to stay in Ohio. I'd rather work for JFK than God. Damn the timing.

Washington vibrates with cherry blossoms and the can-do spirit of Kennedy's Camelot. My job is calculating expenses for the first Peace Corps project to Nepal. During the day I research the price of water purifying tablets and snakebite kits. Evenings there are cocktail parties in George-town with Italian bartenders and wheels of cheese the size of VW spare tires.

*One night in late May, Bobby appears at my apartment door, Marlboro dangling from a bottom lip like Marlon in *The Wild One*. He grins that grin. Blood rushes to my head. I'll be 21 in four days. He's right on schedule.*

(MUSIC: "Broken Hearted Melody" by Sarah Vaughn.)

Sitting cross-legged on pillows, we feast on Chianti and take-out White

Castle burgers. Candles flicker. A lion roars from the nearby zoo. Dylan riffs on a harmonica. My room-mates already have sleep-in boyfriends, so they have the bedrooms. A mattress in a corner of the living room is mine. This is right. This is so right. I lay back on the Indian-print spread and open my legs to welcome the start of a new era.

POP! It's almost as loud as a champagne cork. Bobby groans. It's over. He brushes aside my waist-length hair and nuzzles my neck. "Me in Ohio, you in D.C. - screw it. The Dayton job is history." I feel I don't know -- radiant I guess -- but I have to go to the bathroom. Room-mate Suzy's there.

SUZY

How was it?

SUKI

I concentrate on wiping a trace of blood from a thigh and don't reply. She offers a Newport. We sit on the edge of the tub and blow smoke rings. She puts an arm around my shoulders.

SUZY

Not to worry. It'll get better.

(MUSIC: "Broken Hearted Melody" fades up again.)

SUKI

That's Our Song.

Bobby finds a job as a mechanic at a gas station the next day. Francis, a wrinkled black woman who sweeps up at the garage, calls him "Mister Blair." He buys her a pint of Carstairs. He wants to help less fortunate people as much as I do.

One morning I iron a dress, dust off my penny loafers, and borrow Suzy's lipstick. The meeting room is oak-paneled. Chocolate-colored drapes frame tall windows. Apostles of The New Frontier are seated at a table so long I wonder how we'll be able to hear from one end to the other. I'm next to Oliver Poppinoe, my boss, head of the Near East South Asia branch of the Peace Corps. President Kennedy enters -- navy suit, red tie, clear blue eyes, tangible aura. I can smell his aftershave.

The purpose of the meeting is to brainstorm about Peace Corps expansion. The room pulsates with suggestions. The idea for a domestic corps gets kicked around. For a second, JFK's eyes meet mine and every coherent thought in my head turns to scrambled eggs. When the meeting ends, he shakes Mr. Poppinoe's hand -- then presses his palm into mine.

JFK

Ask not what your country can do for you.

SUKI

I won't. I swear.

JFK

Ask what you can do for your country.

SUKI

Anything. For you, seriously, anything.

That night I phone my parents:



I'm dropping out of Antioch, getting married and joining the Peace Corps.

Mom?

Dad?

(Silence on the other end of the line.)

'Bye.

The 19 Nepal-bound Peace Corps Volunteers are an impressive group. There's Butch, a welder, from Chicago. Tan Ted and Tara from California with masters degrees in education. Jim the gym teacher. Sara the Olympic swimmer. Henry, a West Virginia chicken farmer-slash-preacher. We train for two months in Washington. Classes cover everything anybody could ever want to know about Nepal. Bobby isn't happy.

BOBBY

This is fucked up.

SUKI

It's not supposed to be easy.

BOBBY

I can't learn Nepalese.

SUKI

You're smart. You're smarter than me.

BOBBY

At fixing cars, not memorizing words in books. It's like being in college again with my PhD geologist old lady and my PhD botanist old man and my *summa cum laude* little sister breathing down my fucking neck.

SUKI

You're in the top fitness group and I'm in the bottom. I don't have fits about that. Aw, c'mon. You'll run rings around me when we start digging irrigation ditches and building schools.

It's not that hard. Let's go over the vocabulary list.

He's spent his whole life rebelling against school stuff. He doesn't say it, but me being in the top language class is sort of a betrayal. We have terrible arguments. He yells. I keep my voice low. Even when I'm boiling mad, I stay calm on the outside. It drives him nuts. We fight 'cause he's jealous too. Sometimes I flirt. Sometimes I don't but he thinks I do. But we make up. We make up better than anybody. Too bad they're not giving grades for sexual compatibility.

My feet are smaller than regulation, so a pair of Army boots is custom-made for me. Every morning there's a four-hour workout: jumping jacks, sit-ups, push-ups, chin-ups and running two miles in those damn heavy boots. I was on the girls' soccer team in high school, but not because I was good at it. Because I had to prove I could do it. This is like that only harder. D.C. burns red hot in July and August, still, every morning that workout. My little star-shaped engagement ring flashes beneath rivulets of sweat. The workout is often followed by six to eight injections to protect us from jungle diseases, then a highly-spiced vegetable and sticky rice lunch. Scorching heat, punishing exercise, massive

drug infusions and unfamiliar food. Somebody always passes out cold during the one o'clock lecture.

We're sent to Georgetown University School of Dentistry to get our teeth fixed for the two years ahead. A pimple-faced student shoots me full of what he swears is "instant acting" Novocain and dives in like a pile driver. A real dentist stops by once in a great while to urge him on:

MANIC DENTIST

More! That one might go bad in a year. That one. That one. Drill more! Practice makes perfect!

SUKI

The appointment lasts six hours.

One Sunday there's no classes so a bunch of us drive out to Luray to climb Beecher Ridge. The trail is well-maintained, but there's a lot of loose rocks. It's a heck of a climb. Three miles up. Just reaching the top, I step sideways on a rock and hear a loud "snap." My ankle. There's no road up there. Nobody to help. I feel like a fool, but Bobby carries me on his back the steep miles down without a word of complaint -- going gentle so my ankle doesn't bounce. I hang onto his shoulders and thank my lucky stars for him. All the way down I think about how he hates himself when he has a temper tantrum. He hates himself for a lot of things. It's good I'm not emotional. We balance out. I can't remember the last time I cried; he has feelings at the end of every nerve. He cries, then hates himself for being weak. I tell him he's a brilliant mechanic -- which is true. He doesn't read a lot, but injustice makes him see red, which is more important in my book. He's a good man. A fierce harmonica player. A beautiful soul. He's handsome and tender and sweet and nobody loves me more. He'd kiss my feet 'til the toes fall off. He'd buy me the moon.

At the end of August we fly to Colorado for a final week of Peace Corps training. Out the win-dow of the DC-10, Rocky Mountain peaks rise like shrines to Olympian gods. I have definitely left home. Those are definitely not the Berkshires. We're told there will be no smoking once we land. I hand over my Pall Malls. Bobby hands over his Chesterfields.

Packed into a van, we bump over a dirt road headed uphill. Up and up. Ears pop. Breathing becomes difficult. Finally we stop at a lodge in the middle of a forest, 10,000 feet above sea level. Bobby's pissed because we have to sleep in separate pup tents. Engaged isn't married in the eyes of Outward Bound, the group that's running the show here. The air is so thin I'm awake all night, concentrating on inhaling and exhaling.

At dawn there's the usual two-mile run, in the usual boots. Lungs heave painfully. We pass two Outward Bound Goliaths tossing telephone poles back and forth for a lark. After breakfast Bobby sneaks off to wrap dry grass in leaves and light up. The thought of smoking at this altitude makes me nauseous.

Monday. We climb another 4,000 feet up. Heels bleed. Muscles spasm. With each agonizing step I hear JFK's voice, feel the pressure of his hand. I throw up six times and pass out twice, but make it to the top. On the ridge above the tree line six deer lope toward us, then dodge for cover below. Snow-capped



mountains march across the horizon. "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies."

Tuesday and Wednesday we rappel on cliff walls too sheer for mountain goats. Bobby is the best. Thursday it's the Overhead Obstacle Course. Climb 20 feet up a rope, then inch across another strung between two trees while holding onto a rope over your head. The course continues, high in the air. There's no safety net. After years of confirmed agnosticism, I've started praying again. Fervently.

Friday. We're each given a compass, utility knife and blanket and turned loose to spend 24 hours alone. We've learned map-making and identification of edible plants so no problem.

BOBBY

Go north along the stream two miles. I'll circle around and meet you.

SUKI

This is a solo test. We're supposed to be alone for 24 hours.

BOBBY

I know what we're supposed to do.

SUKI

You want to have sex.

BOBBY

Well yeah.

SUKI

I'm not doing anything to get us kicked out.

BOBBY

Who are you meeting up with?

SUKI

Excuse me?

BOBBY

One of the musclebound ape instructors? That guy Claus?

SUKI

Jesus, Bobby! We're going to be married in two weeks! Relax!

BOBBY

I want to hold you. I want to feel you close to me. I love you. Is that a crime?!

SUKI

He stomps off into the woods. Ten miles from camp I pitch my pup tent in a grove of lindens for a welcome day of peace and quiet. Chewing on a birch twig, I plan what to pack for Nepal. It seems like a two-year supply of Tampax will leave room for little else in the duffel bag. What're we supposed to do - - use rags and wash them out? I fall asleep and dream of flying with JFK. No airplane needed.

On the final day, after hours of climbing, we arrive on a spit of land with a dizzying drop-off. An Outward Bound ape gives instructions:

MUSCLEBOUND APE

The purpose of this exercise is to practice falling. You will step into and secure a harness. Then you will locate the safety rope which is attached to your harness. You will tie the free end of the safety rope to a piton which is anchored to the rock. Then you will jump.

SUKI

I feel the part of your brain that develops when you're about 25 start to kick in early. It's the part that tells you not to drive at 100 miles an hour into a brick wall. A thug hammers a piton the size of a tent peg into the cliff. In the near distance an eagle sails on an updraft. I glance over the edge. The ground is hidden beneath dense clouds. Faces white, uncustomarily quiet, we put on the harnesses and get in line. I'm first. How did that happen? Butch-the-welder is behind me. Before he was a welder he was a Marine. He was in Vietnam. I turn for a word of encouragement. Tears are streaming down his cheeks. The musclebound ape barks:

MUSCLEBOUND APE

Step forward. Tie your rope to the piton.

(SUKI's legs are shaking violently.)

SUKI

(to herself:) Don't look down. Jump!

After an eternity, without a word, I step back, unhook the harness, stumble down the mountain, pack my duffel and sit in the van waiting to be taken back to the Denver airport. We ride in silence. I go to take Bobby's hand to say I'm sorry, but he slides to the other side of the seat. His face is red. I sit up straight. If he'd going to be so damn emotional... After awhile I stop thinking about him and start thinking about the President. It can't end here. I'm not a quitter.

I talk Bobby into applying to another Peace Corps project, then we dash up to Massachusetts two days before our wedding. Mom puts me on a liquid MetriCal diet so I can fit into the gown she's bought. Dad and I lurch arm-in-arm down the aisle of First Congregational, him with his polio thump-thump (pause) thump-thump, me with thump-THUMP-thump-THUMP with a training injury. Bobby's sister, who has joined my sisters as a bridesmaid, walks with a THUMP-thump (pause) THUMP-thump from childhood polio. The wedding party looks like soldiers returning from battle, oddly decked out in suits and gowns.

The reception is in our big back yard. Flower gardens by Mom. Wedding cake by Grandma. Catering by neighbors. An old pal, Leroy Jones, the dishwasher from the Williams Beta Theta Pi house, plays "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" on his trumpet as Bobby and I climb into Sweetie. My left hand, with its band of white gold, rests on the wooden gearshift knob. Bobby covers my hand with his, shifts into first and leans on the horn.

(SOUND: oogah horn.)

Old shoes bumping, tin cans clattering behind -- we're off!

A week before Thanksgiving we fly to the big island of Hawaii to train for the Philippines. Housing is in dilapidated Army barracks. While I'm learning to speak Ilocano and teach math with Cuisenaire Rods, Bobby hitchhikes into the village of Hilo and gets loaded. He reappears at supertime with a case of beer on his shoulder. This is every day. He won't go to classes. I want this



so much. What the hell is he doing? Punishing me for Colorado? For gaining weight? For doing good in the language class again? For talking to other boys? For making friends? For cutting my hair? I'm sorry!

Last night I'm lying in bed, biting my lip, determined not to show how upset I am. He didn't go to one class all week. He puts his arm around me in the way that says it's time for sex. I turn over on my stomach, cross my legs and hug the pillow to my chest. I am not in the mood.

(SUKI turns on a shower, washes. SOUND: shower water.)

Tonight, in the shower, I force myself to think about what's going on. It's a narrow stall. Moss growing up the walls. Earwigs nesting in the moss. Fungus growing on the soap. Bobby spent a whole day scrubbing one of the shower stalls when we first got here. Nobody asked him to. I don't understand him.

I'm thousands of miles from home. Cut off from everything familiar, everybody I know. Next week I'll miss Christmas with my family for the first time ever. I have to patch things up with Bobby. The training is too academic. More than the Nepal project even. He feels inadequate. He's out there by the waterfall drinking alone. He needs me.

(SHE turns off the shower. Water SOUNDS stop. SHE makes a decision.)

Tonight when he crawls into bed, I'll be waiting, naked and loving. I won't say he stinks like a brewery.

I sprinkle some wild orchid petals on the sheets and find a candle so the room looks romantic. I powder between my legs and take out the compact that holds my diaphragm. I open the compact. There's a gaping hole slashed in the center of the diaphragm. It's as if he took a knife and sliced into me down there. Mutilated me. My husband.

My throat constricts so I can hardly get the words out when I quit the Peace Corps again. By noon the next day we're in a plane headed back to Washington. It's three days before Christmas. Mele Kalikimaka.

Mom and Dad won't pay for me to go back to Antioch. You're married. You've made your bed. They don't have to say it out loud. They have three other kids to send to college. Even if we could afford Antioch, Bobby won't go back. He was never going to.

After the rent deposit for an apartment in Washington, there isn't enough money to go home for the holiday. At 11 p.m. on Christmas Eve it's snowing. Bobby is in the repair bay of Sam's Sunoco on Georgia Avenue mending a flat tire. I'm outside pumping gas. I face north, my back to the wind, and bend to unscrew the gas cap on a stranger's car. I picture the Kennedys in the White House. Caroline and John-John, safely tucked in bed, dreaming of sugarplums. Jackie joins her husband, looking at Christmas lights along Pennsylvania Avenue. She slips an arm around his waist.

(BELLS peal "Joy to the World.")



Katherine Anne Stansbury '87
Tallest Building West of the Mississippi



Katherine Anne Stansbury '87
These Spires Make Me Happy



Katherine Anne Stansbury '87
Horace Is Still Here

Folded Flowers

by Rachel Sears '09

There is still a quality that I cannot describe —
not having any sort of vocabulary for paper —
about origami, but now it smells like a fresh
dollar bill. And both papers have a similar stiffness.

Origami paper must be able to hold a crease
and resist tear. The paper, like its tradition,
is beautiful. My fingers cannot shake — my
creation attempts to match the paper.

This flower is for a couple. A man
and a woman long married whom I do not
know well, I do claim to know their son.
He knew much more of me though.

I folded a similar flower for him. I don't know if
it is because of the flower, or after it, or before it, but
he knew of my feelings. It was tacked to his wall,
next to a G clef of tacks I'd previously made for him.

The paper was blue with gold leaf tracing
paisley lines. In its center it held a drop
of scent donated by a friend — I don't wear perfume.
He always said he never wanted a woman who did.

When they gave his flower back to me
I could not smell the perfume anymore.
I could not stand the original flower anymore
so gave it away again, not telling of its origins.

He and I never spoke of my feelings for him,
though he told his mother of them. She did not know
who made the flower, just said that people could take
what they needed. Though he did not need me, I do
need his family to have at least one gold leaved flower.



Monica Friedman '96
Birch of My Dreams

May, 1997

Pasha and I sat alone on Pennell House porch. In the turning tide from quarter to trimester, new curriculum to new-new curriculum, we alone had washed ashore. Even Jeff was becalmed in his gallery on Dayton-Yellow Springs Road, and soon I would drift off to work at the Yellow Springs Public Library. Behind us, Birch Hall hung in suspended animation, doors locked and chained.

Pasha tapped his bowl against the railing and laughed. "Listen," he said. "It's so quiet you can hear a bowl ash across campus." He tapped again and the metallic ring echoed back.

I walked to the east side of Pasha's home, the former home of America's first fully-tenured female professor, to watch the red brick of my former home light up in the afternoon sun. Eight semesters total I had lived in that concrete block—one in Pennell, one in Willett, six in Hardy—and, still more community member than alum, felt a terrible distance from the chained dormitory. I wanted to walk its halls, crunch broken glass under my feet, lie on a stained mattress in the fortress where I first felt safe among a community. Twenty feet away, I was homesick for Birch.

"It's the Phoenix," I promised myself. Birch would rise again, burn, and be reborn in perpetuity. Birch was eternal, indestructible.

The thefts of the future remained hidden that day: the car accident that would steal from Pasha the memory of a campus so silent you could hear the echo of an ashing bowl; the cabal that would steal from everyone who loved Antioch the security of a home to shelter kids like us in perpetuity.

Even in May, I could trace the green path where the steam tunnels melted the snow each winter. I knew how to set the showerheads for the community steams that would be impossible following the remodel, where to cut the bolt to access the roof, and why you must never, ever flush a tampon in Birch Space. I had cooked four years of meals in filthy kitchenettes, collected a pile of 11-D-2s, and cut Birch First! graffiti into the sidewalk in front of me. I had come to Yellow Springs without a sense of place; Antioch provided the roots that let me spread my branches far from home.

We did not know, that strange, silent May, what circumstance would steal, and what we would keep. We couldn't anticipate the home, years later, nearly two thousand miles from Yellow Springs, where Pasha, Jeff, and I would keep our own Antioch traditions alive, where I would hold for Pasha the memories he had lost. We couldn't anticipate the phone call, years later, when Jeff's mother, who once worked in the Office of Development, and later as Al Guskin's administrative assistant, would announce that the University was closing the college. We didn't know what to do with that information, six months before the public announcement. Online, older alums told me to shut up about it, not to be such an innocent. Naysayers had predicted the college's demise for years, they said. Nothing was wrong, they said.

Jeff's mother insisted that the plan hadn't been such a secret, that actions taken in the years prior to that still May afternoon had set it into motion.

She said Guskin's chancellorship had been one step in the preparation. She said theft of College resources by the University had been commonplace in the 90s. A conservative, not given to conspiracy theory or outrage, she merely reported what she had seen and heard.

Pasha's parents had a wooden plaque made up for our home, which reads, "Antioch West" with our names—Jeff, Monica, Pasha—below. We wouldn't be a little family now if we hadn't been a big family then, if we all hadn't been spiritually homeless, drawn to the place where we, as individuals, were included.

It was a microscopic moment, framed by the echo of metal on metal and the glint of sun on brick, in which I prepared to trade the shelter of Yellow Springs for the big, scary world, clutching the knowledge that I had found home. Antioch is a center I carry within me, a home to share with future generations who need it as much as I did. There are children today—teenagers, elementary students, preschoolers—who don't even know of the forces working to steal their birthright. Antioch College is my home, a home to which I welcome all who seek shelter, and a shelter I weave around myself every day.

-Monica Friedman, class of '96
Tucson, Arizona
March, 2008



I grew up in Yellow Springs and worked for a short spell at Antioch right after high school. The amazing people that I have met through this brilliant institution have shaped, molded, and influenced my life in ways I doubt even I realize. Who I am as a person, as an artist, as a mother, is directly linked to this tiny little oasis in Ohio. The college and the town are the only "home" I've ever felt. They have inspired me to create with nothing more than the simple beauty of the freedom that this place radiates.

-Jennifer Connolly
Antioch Caf '97-'98





Jennifer Connolly
Antioch Caf '97-'98
Untitled I



Jennifer Connolly
Antioch Caf '97-'98
Untitled II

When I decided to go to Reunion '07, I had to examine why I wanted to go, and I decided to examine myself by keeping a diary of events, which ended up here: arkaeyn.livejournal.com. Before I left, I wrote the following. *Day 0: I also have a simple gut reason to want to go. Antioch is my home. My family. My self. It's also not all of those things, or isn't anymore.* The examination of Antioch as "home" was one of my main emotional currents through the diary, and by the end, I had actually come to a conclusion I believed in.

Coda: It was difficult to describe the feeling of Antioch being closed, as I mentioned at the start. Like losing a part of myself? Family? A home? Some of those things, yes, but nothing fit it perfectly. At the 60/70's alumni gathering, I spoke with an alum who compared it to losing a nation - we were becoming ex-pats. I liked this idea, and brought it up a little later, when I was at the 80's+ alum gathering. An alum from the 80's spoke up and said, roughly:

"I was born in one of the very few countries in the world to disappear in the last 20 years (Somalia). It was a beautiful place to be and grow up, and now it's not. Losing Antioch is the same feeling."

Consider, historically, the strength of feeling from people chasing their tribes or nations. Consider the Poles, nationless and rebellious for 130 years. Or the Palestinians and Israelis, each considering the same land home, and their actions for the last 60 years.

This is how we care.

-Rowan Kaiser '05



It seemed like an event as potentially historic as Antioch's first "Homecoming" in recent memory ought to have some sort of artifact or poster to accompany it. Though early drafts of the poster included a flock of pigeons and the words "Come, Homing," in the interests of time and a more limited number of inks (2), this poster was printed using a combination of laser and hand-cut wood plates with the help of my friend Brian Gardner, master printer in Baltimore, MD. The poster was produced in a limited edition of roughly 100 copies and was put on sale to raise money to cover expenses related to the event.

-Tim Noble '00



Tim Noble '00
Homecoming Poster

Dance Submission: *Dance Improvisation*

Directed by Jill Becker, Associate Professor of Dance at Antioch College
 Dancers: Adam Rose, Justine Winnie, Jeanne Kay, Erin Wolf

This piece is a structured dance improvisation. Students at Antioch College are good improvisors, good at establishing community among themselves, regardless of the circumstance. In my seven years of teaching here, I have often found the students within the Dance Program to be very kind and supportive with one another. They have also tended to be very creative and spontaneous in working together within structured improvisation.



Forty Years of Wandering

In the summer of 1968, I entered Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, as a freshman. One of my courses that first summer was “Natural History in the Glen”, weekly course involving hiking through nature behind various experts, who passed their knowledge to us through a verbal line that resembled the game “telephone”. The instructor suggested that I draw nature as my project, which struck me as a bit of joke, as I never learned the natural history (to this day). At the end of the summer, I put the drawings away, bothered that I had wasted a course.

In 1984 I began working on the computer, and in 1988, 20 years into my wandering, I packed up my paint and drawing materials. Forty years later I am in the promised land of the digital.

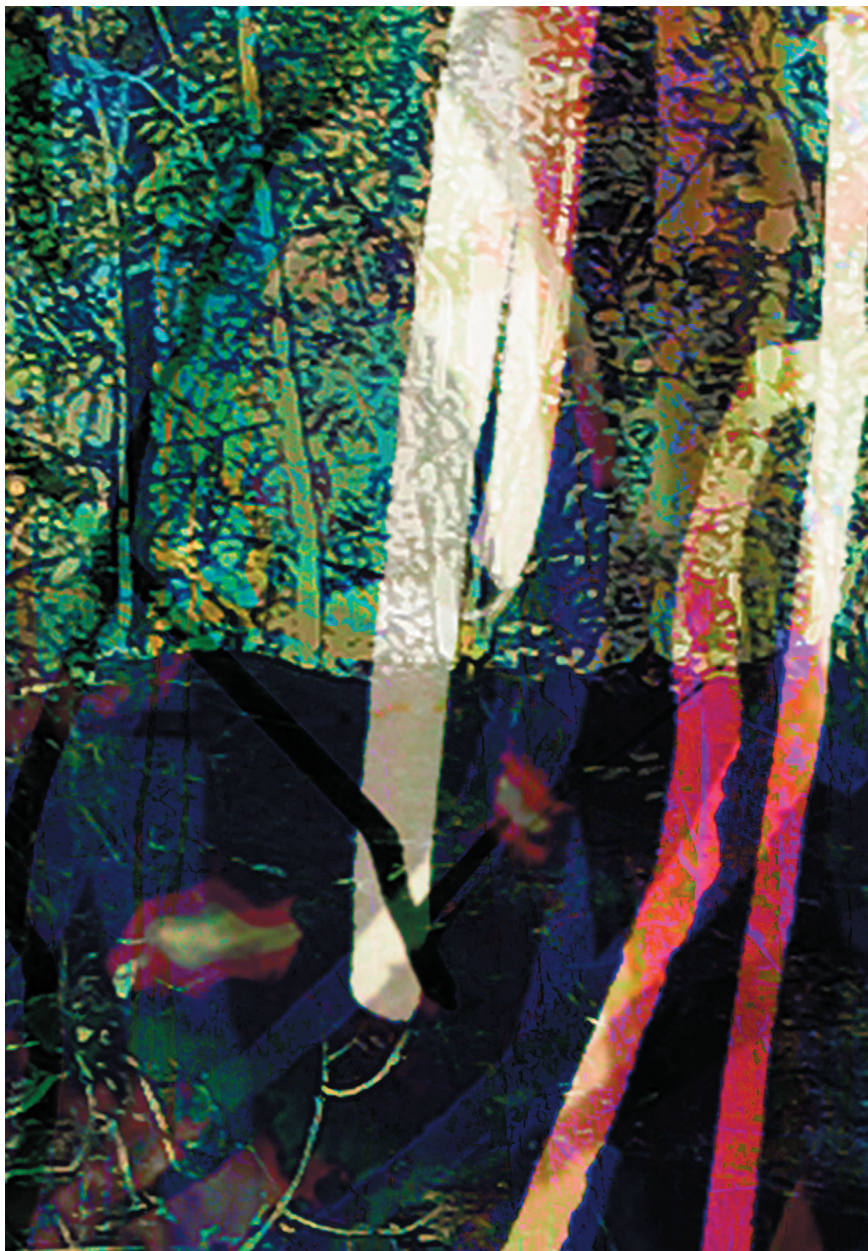
In the Spring of 2007 I found my notebook of Glen Helen drawings. Determined to salvage something from my previous work, I scanned the works, and reworked them into a series of new digital works. About a month later, I visited Ohio and photographed the sites of my drawings, combining them further into my drawings.

The resulting works were printed in January 2008, nearly 40 years later.

-Cynthia Beth Rubin ‘72



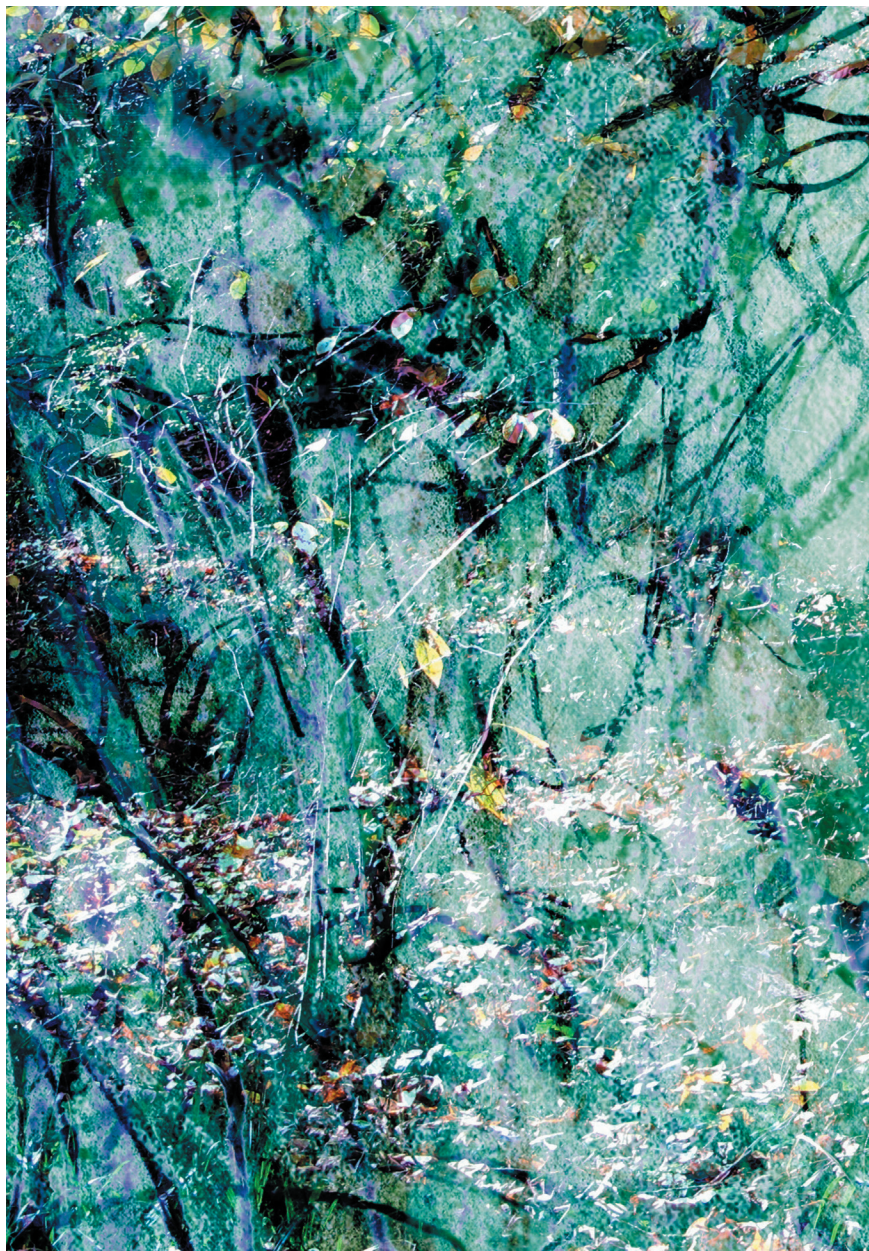
Cynthia Beth Rubin '72
Glen Memories: Trees in the Glen (state 1)



Cynthia Beth Rubin '72
Glen Memories: Trees in the Glen (state 3)



Cynthia Beth Rubin '72
Glen Memories: Trees & Rocks (state 5c)



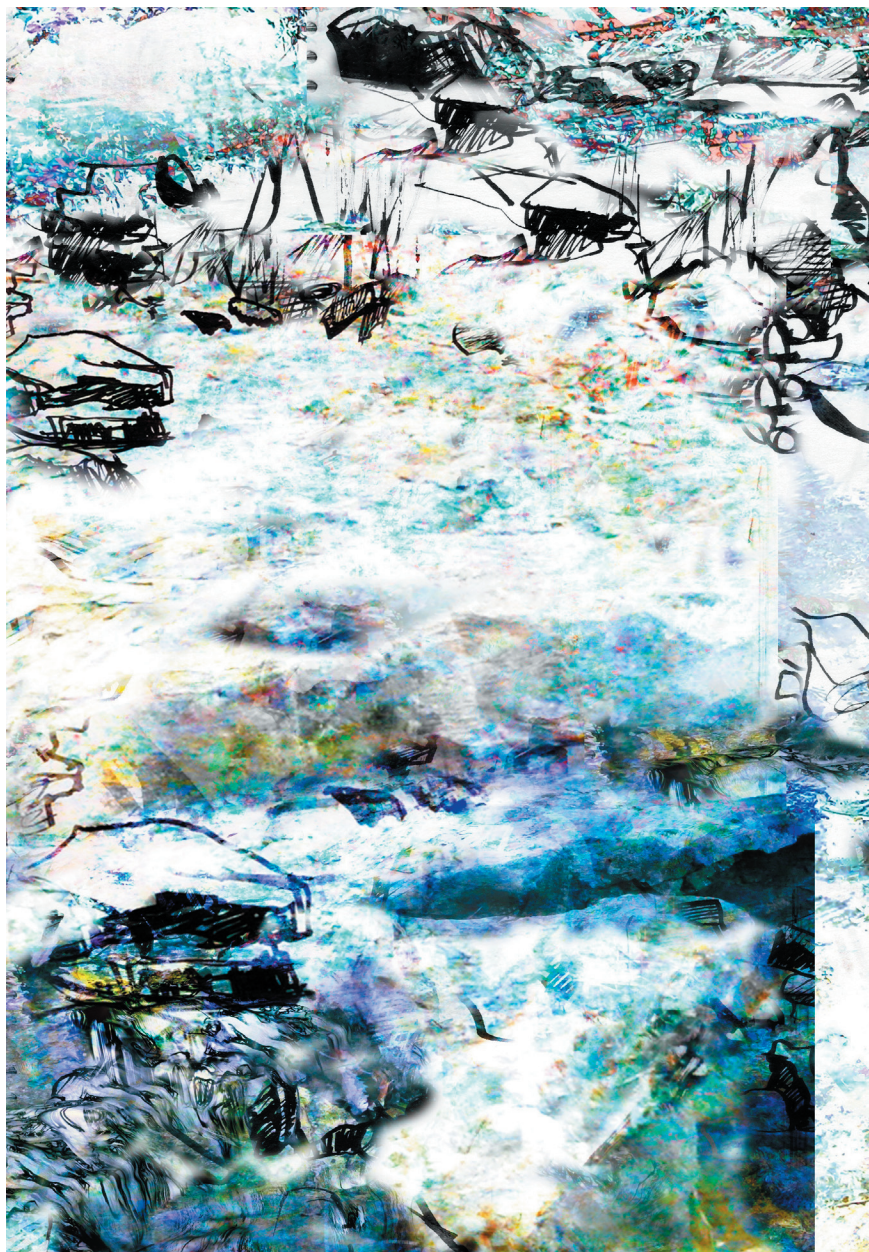
Cynthia Beth Rubin '72

Glen Memories: Trees and Branches in the Glen (state 6)



Cynthia Beth Rubin '72

Glen Memories: Drawing & Redrawing after 40 years (state 7)



Cynthia Beth Rubin '72
Glen Memories: Stepping Stones (state 5)

On Collective Writing

by Angela Martinez-Garner '08

We sit hungrily for words and paper. Ready for ink to spill with intended strokes, like a masterpiece painted by an artist in his stride. Lean over, hunch. Almost tensing as we, press words out. Tightening our backs to the point where stress and relief reach an equilibrium. Stress from previous nights and previous hours...stress...Stress from straining to train and exercise our writing capabilities...stress. Relief from writing the words we constantly long to say.

Relief.

Relief as the writing utensil stains the parchment, liquid or lead, a living notion or dead.

Relief.

Where are our minds? We are all in our own worlds, but living Collectively. Suds, uniquely and individually spawning from the same bar of soap. Reaching out to everyone huddling close to the warmth of their blue lines on white. Longing to connect telepathically and hold everyone's quick nervous glances...



Madina Fernandes
Yellow Springs Resident
Untitled I

I believe that art is the ultimate expression of self. Art in any form has the ability to stir emotion, feeling, and imagination whether or not you are aware of it.



Madina Fernandes
Yellow Springs Resident
Untitled II

Subject: Your article on John Lithgow

Kim:

John Lithgow's current appearance at Stratford represents his most current Shakespearean role; I remember him in his earliest such role. Some 55 years ago Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, performed all of the Bard's plays over a five year period. Two members of Antioch's Drama Department were the mainstays of the series, Meredith Dallas and Arthur Lithgow, John's father. Their productions were fabulously successful, to the extent that more people in Southern Ohio saw all of Shakespeare than the rest of the world put together, at that time.

I was so impressed that I moved from my home in Dayton to Yellow Springs, and for two years allied with the group as a spear carrier and light board handler, with the occasional very small role. One such role was Mustardseed, an Imp of Titania's assigned to tend to Bottom after his transformation to an ass in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Another one of the Imps was played by Arthur Lithgow's son, John. After John became famous, I was able to boast that I had trod the boards with him, and had been listed above him in the program.

Other actors from those years who became famous were Ellis Rabb, who eventually headed the Phoenix Theater in New York, and William Ball who headed the San Francisco Repertory Theater. I particularly remember Ball as the best Puck I have ever seen (and that's from more than a dozen 'Dreams'), and Rabb's *King Lear*, done when he was 21, drew great praise from Brooks Atkinson, then Drama Critic for the New York Times.

Running the light board, which was a huge metal frame with enormous ganged rotary dimmers in three ranks, was a great learning experience. When I asked at what point I was to bring the lights up on a character entering a dark room, I was told 'the actor brings the light'. That requires exquisite timing, and thus gave much satisfaction. The board handled tremendous wattages, as the stage was outdoors and ran across the entire front of the Administration Building. During wet weather, a light bulb held to the ground anywhere near the board would light up, due to power leakage.

My most memorable lighting experience was one night when I had to leave the light board, climb a twelve foot scaffold, and operate a follow spot. I had less than a minute to accomplish the move. On this particular night my trouser leg got caught on a nail. I had no time to disentangle, so I unhooked my belt, climbed out of my trousers, and got to the follow spot on time. Then I had to wait there until the show ended and the entire audience left before I could climb down and reclaim my trousers.

Since every play was rehearsed daily for a week prior to being performed (while simultaneously doing another play in the evening), I heard every word of every Shakesperian play about a dozen times. For years after I could recite most of Shakespeare, and I still retain a good working memory of the more memorable speeches. Three years ago one of my granddaughters

asked what the word ‘chink’ meant, and I told her, and then launched into the way Shakespeare used the word in ‘Dream’. She told me that her school was studying that play, which is what brought the word to her mind. She told her teacher that the single word had brought the scene to my mind, and I was invited by her teacher to come and talk of Shakespeare to the class.

Ah, such great memories!

I loved your article.

Sincerely,

Harry Tarsky



For the first three months that I spent at Antioch I became familiar with the community, campus, and ideas that are this school through the lens of my camera. As a photojournalist, I felt I was given passage to the inner workings of the people both inside and outside of the school affected by the closure and I loved being able to capture a candid expression or a tender moment between community and college.

These three images from my time as a journalist, and two new images, are a small attempt to turn the lens around in a way, and get closer to what I have experienced here at Antioch.

Antioch is our home, and as beautiful as Main Building may look doused in sunlight on a clear day, the beauty goes far beyond the aged and decrepit red brick, into the very ideas whose siren call lure new blood to the school, into the fabric that binds the community together, bringing students, faculty, staff, and alumni back even when the mystique has subsided. A year is certainly too little time to spend amidst all of this, to gain a full appreciation and understanding of what life is here.

-Alex Borowicz ‘11





Alex Borowicz '11
Disappointment I



Alex Borowicz '11
Disappointment II



Alex Borowicz '11
Muse



Alex Borowicz '11
Ascension

Video Submission: *A Love Story*

We made this movie, including editing, all in one night on Antioch campus. My little digital camera shot each scene only once, and we ended up with 40 clips that we organized to tell a fitting story. The two of us shot every scene except the scenes that the coat rack and fire extinguisher helped with by holding the camera. The scenes were shot on multiple floors of North and South. Parallel to our story, many first years feel like Antioch is a love that they had found, and a love that is now running from them.

-Aiden Tyler Lee and Juliet Hansen '11



I graduated from Antioch in 1983. During my stay on campus (1978-83) I married a fellow student and lived in the now demolished married students apartments behind Presidents. Both my partner and I were full financial aid students and did a lot of our co-ops locally due to lack of travel funds. So in essence Antioch really was my home for most of those years. This photograph was taken as part of my Senior Project which had a series of campus night photographs. This one was taken at the back of what was called "The Duplex" between the married students housing and Presidents. I graduated with a "Documentary Arts" major which I believe was only offered for a year; as part of yet another reorganization of the curriculum.

I've always imagined retiring in Yellow Springs and perhaps working or volunteering at the college. I have so many wonderful memories of life in town and on campus -which I will always cherish. The thought that the college might be closed and the people who meant so much to me gone, is inconceivable. What I do know is; I've never been more proud to be an Antiochian than I am right now. The amazing, multi-generational effort to save the college has been a profoundly beautiful experience for me. This Community is my home and no matter what happens in Yellow Springs, we are connected by something more fundamental than the place itself.

-Dawn Scribner '83



Dawn Scribner '83
Married Students Duplex, YSO

Home

by Dan Shoemaker '92

Home is the place that welcomes you
Returning from the world.

Home is an open hand.

Home is where you learned
How to take care of yourself
By loving others
And how to take care of the world
By loving yourself.

Home is a grapevine step, hand in hand.

Home is the shelter you build and protect
Together.

Home is the hearth-fire of spirit
That lights the torch
That illuminates the world.

Home is the state of love in action.

Come home, brothers and sisters!
Renew, and be renewed!

The Grasp of the Dead

by Dan Shoemaker '92

Ghost white birch trees and owls:
A date at the cemetery.
I walk knee-deep in a river of memory;
You walk before me,
All of you.

What is the difference,
A ghost or a memory?
Both beckon
And lay Horace's yoke on my shoulders.

Pull together, pull together, pull together,
Breathe.
Isn't this how the pyramids were built?
Isn't this how we made love?

O, you towers,
What will you be reaching for
If the ghosts are exorcised
From your edifice?
The sky will be empty
If you forsake
The bedrock of your convictions.



Niko Kowell '08
Untitled I



Niko Kowell '08
Untitled II



Niko Kowell '08
Untitled III



Niko Kowell '08
Untitled IV



Niko Kowell '08
Untitled V



Niko Kowell '08
Untitled VI

Dearest Antioch,

I love how you've gotten under my skin. I take you everywhere with me. I am cast away from you every few months, and I feel you inside me even thousands of miles away. Distance makes no difference. I always loyally return to you. It's unquestionable. Absolute truth. I love you.

You have given me so much. I believe that we can change the world. You have pushed me to grow: I have the most brilliant teachers who unfailingly accept nothing less than perfection. The students have challenged me to be who I am, not whom society deems is appropriate. You have made me answer to myself.

Because of you, I look at the world critically. I never blindly receive. I examine. I deconstruct. It was not easy. I had to learn to love your demands of analyzing life. It seemed an insurmountable task. But I enjoyed the pain. Every minute. You have made me who I am today.

The tears have been in joy. I celebrate you Antioch. You are irreplaceable. Inescapable. Please don't ever change. I will love you forever.

Passionately,

Marjorie Jensen '07



Dance Submissions: *Cleopatra In New York* and *Ojos Asi*

Cleopatra In New York

In the spring of 2006, I began taking belly-dancing classes in Yellow Springs with a troupe called Egyptian Breeze. The time I spent in the John Bryan Center gave me the opportunity to become involved with the YS community and make some wonderful friends. Karen, my first belly-dancing teacher, choreographed and taught *Cleopatra in New York*. I performed it with my class in the 2006 YS Street Fair, my spirit undampened by a light June drizzle.

Ojos Asi

Inspired by this newfound form of expression, I set forth co-choreographing *Ojos Asi* for GenderFuck with Madina Fernandes and Mahya Graham. This was during the last summer term at Antioch (summer of 2006) and my stint as Layout Editor of The Antioch Record. We spent countless hours in the Record office with my little boom box, dancing until our bare feet turned black, shedding coins off our hip scarves, and smoking too many cigarettes. These late nights are among my best memories from Antioch.

-Marjorie Jensen '07

Becoming an Antiochian is not only about the search for truth, but also about the search for defining truth. It is learning to love analyzing the otherwise unquestionable. It is the masochistic abandonment of absolutes.

On the first day of Jean Gregorek's Lit and Cultural Theory class, she pushed down her French press and poured a small amount of coffee into a cup. She issued a warning: deconstruction is not easy. Jean said, many of her students found that the class made them unhappy; the examination of pleasure, enjoyment, and awe didn't arouse those feelings generally. She wasn't kidding:

An Antiochian is someone who has not only survived the deconstruction of identity, art, society, and even education, but also uses that process to confront the challenges in their life. We examine power and privilege; gender and sexuality; and even love and beauty.

In my final class with Ben Grossberg, he hovered around in front of the chalkboard, finally perching with one foot on a chair, leaning forward, one hand on his knee, the other conducting a discussion on what George Meredith meant by "modern" love with the piece of chalk still in his hand. We had actual dialogue on a definition of love and how his work was an evolution of the sonnet. I can't explain to you what that means to me, but I can say that I felt it was what I was looking for in my education.

An Antiochian is someone who understands the intricacies of the human experience- the unending shades of gray. Antiochians have what Keats called "Negative Capability:" we are able to dwell "in uncertainties, mysteries, [and] doubts." We love transience, existential crises, and postmodern hysteria.

I wrote a sonnet about my transient relationships at Antioch:

The Bingle Bangers took me in, made me
part of their lives. We wrote a glass ode to Betty,
cuddled while watching movie after movie,
and, late at night, took the clothes that were free.
Others joined us in the main lawn circle,
spinning empty bottles of cheap red wine;
made our GenderFuck performances full,
and laughed when we had little boy playtime.
Walls were scaled to steal Girlesque refreshment,
we played never-ending games of euchre,
we created a space where we could vent,
rejoice, study, or just be together.
No matter how long or far we were apart,
you were, and will always be in my heart.

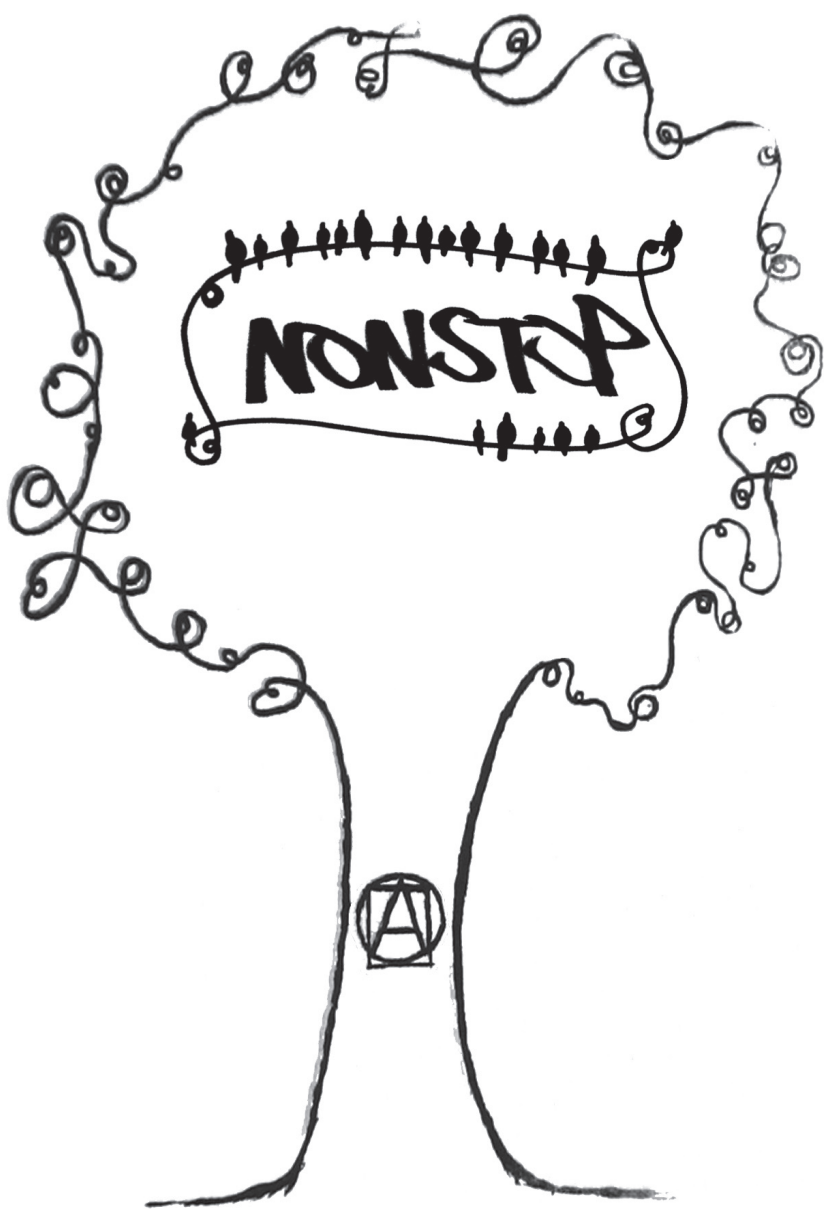
One could say that Negative Capability is, essentially, faith. I have lost my faith many times. I've questioned whether or not I should stay here. But my doubts have not caused me to become embittered. I remain a cynical romantic. At the end of this journey, I do believe in Antioch.

-Marjorie Jensen '07

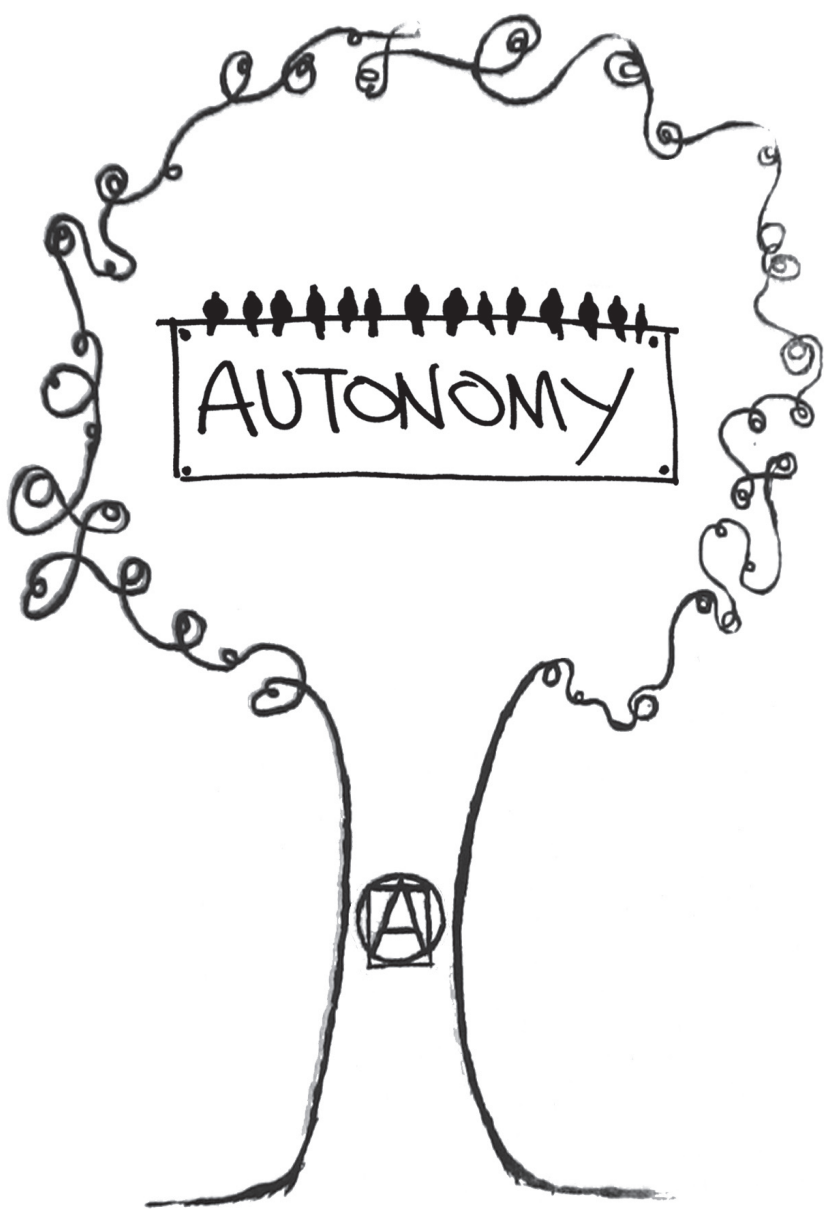




Gabriela Sibrian De Rivera '10
Untitled



Beth Gutelius '00
Nonstop



Beth Gutelius '00
Autonomy



Dennie Eagleson '71
Antioch College Faculty
Class of 2010



Dennie Eagleson '71
Antioch College Faculty
Class of 2011



Dennie Eagleson '71
Antioch College Faculty
Community Day February 2008

From 1985 to 2006, I had to pack my things and leave home a total of thirty-four times. It has its perks. But there are things you never learn that way: Community. Accountability. Resilience. To teach me about these, there was Antioch. I'm not leaving, I'm not done yet.



Jeanne Kay '10
Arrivée à Destination (Arrived at Destination)



Marjorie Dole '46

Acadian Winter

The scene is Acadia National Park near Bar Harbor.

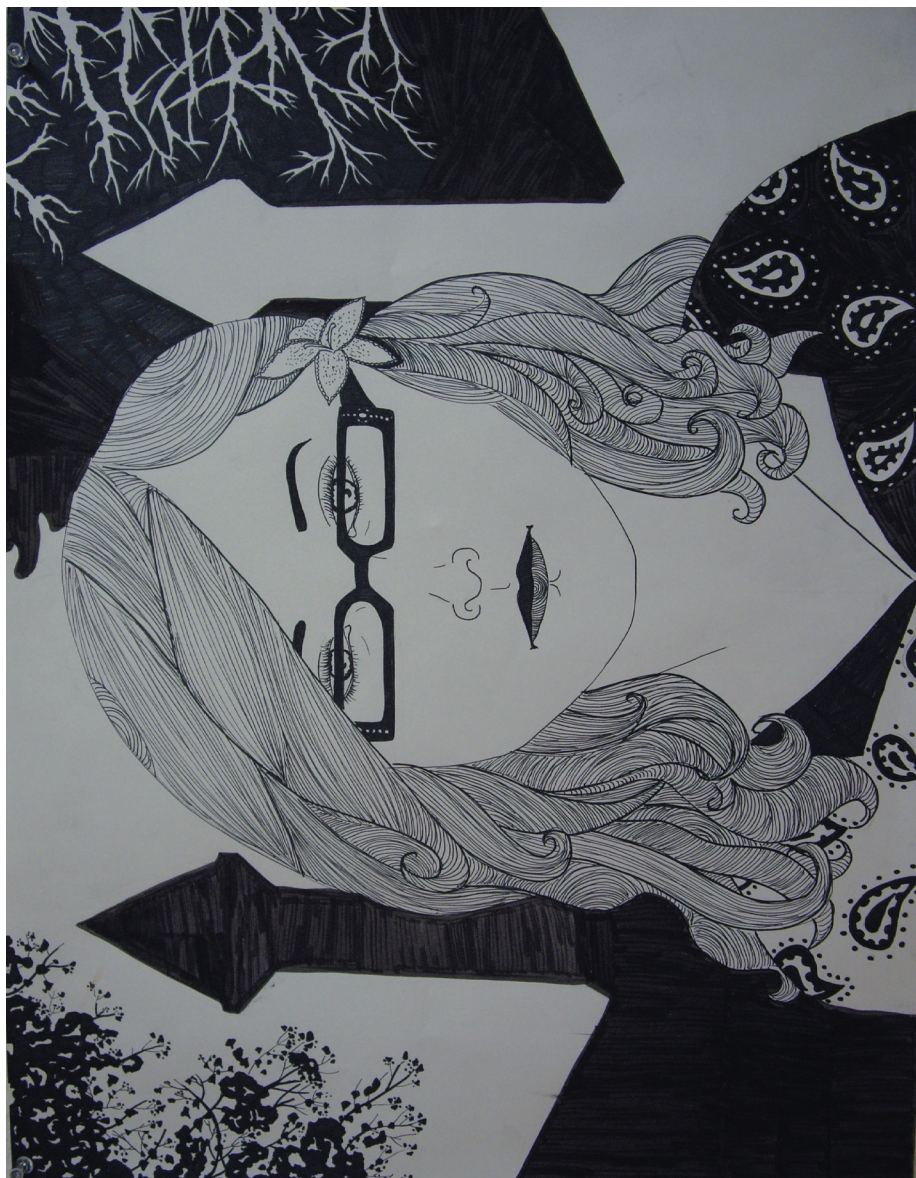
This “river” is actually an arm of Frenchman’s Bay on the Maine Coast. It is tidal and ducks, geese, eagles and ospreys are frequent visitors. Mussels and clams are found along its shores. We have seen a black bear and a moose swim across the river. Once we saw a seal riding the tide on an ice floe.



Marjorie Dole '46
Sunset on the Jordan River



Dana Steele '11
Untitled I



Dana Steele '11
Untitled II



Dana Steele '11
Untitled III

Musical Submission: *Lullabye for Meredith*
 In memory of Meredith Allyce LeBlanc
 1/4/88 -2/15/88

Written by Priscilla Klein Zink, Class of 1963
 Played by David R. Montano

It has been twenty years since my granddaughter Meredith died and more than one hundred years since my grandmother lost a baby to “crib death”, as Sudden Infant Death Syndrome was then known...two of hundreds of thousands of victims of SIDS. And still we do not know what causes SIDS or how to prevent it. My grandmother was told that the baby had accidentally smothered in his bedclothes; my daughter Rachael was questioned painfully by an insensitive (and clearly ignorant EMT) who suspected child abuse. I will never forget her heartrending cry as we followed the ambulance to the hospital: “They think I hurt my baby!”

I wrote “Lullabye” as a gift for Rachael...and as an apology for her treatment by rescue personnel. “Lullabye” was my attempt to say to her with music what I did not know how to put into words.

The piece tells the story of an infant’s last nap. The first thirty-two bars are a lullaby. When the mother realizes that the baby has no intention of napping, the lullaby segues into a waltz, as she rises from her chair and begins to dance with her...as Rachael often did with Meredith. While they dance the baby nods off, and her mother puts her down in the crib and tiptoes out of the room.

The rolling arpeggios that follow portray sleep. (They are a bit louder than I had intended, but the friend who made this recording as a surprise for me did so before I had put in interpretive markings!) During the sleep segment you can hear faint memories of the waltz as the baby dreams. A few discordant notes, signifying death, followed by several bars that attempt to describe anguish precede a quiet ending, during which the baby’s spirit leaves her body and ascends to a higher plain of being.

I would like to have included the score of “Lullabye” but, thanks to a hard drive crash and the loss of the printout, this recording is all that remains of the composition.



Mark Heise McGregor ILPS '07
Yellow Springs Resident
Art



Mark Heise McGregor ILPS '07
Yellow Springs Resident
Artist



Mark Heise McGregor ILPS '07
Yellow Springs Resident
Farmer



Mark Heise McGregor ILPS '07
Yellow Springs Resident
Fair Trade



Mark Heise McGregor ILPS '07
Yellow Springs Resident
Minstral



Mark Heise McGregor ILPS '07
Yellow Springs Resident
Peace



Mark Heise McGregor ILPS '07
Yellow Springs Resident
Antioch



Colette Palamar
Antioch College Faculty
Family



Adrienne Bauer '08
Untitled I



Adrienne Bauer '08
Untitled II



Adrienne Bauer '08
Untitled III



Adrienne Bauer '08
Untitled IV



Adrienne Bauer '08
Untitled V

Buffalo was a nickname given to me by Joe Cali.

A friend of mine had gone AEA to Africa, and I had gone to California and dropped out. We hadn't seen each other for yearsssss.

When she returned to campus she found me at the library and within earshot of Joe Cali...she said "Hey, Duffalo!" That was 1976.

Shortly after that Joe would tell everyone I was "Buffalo."

About four years later we were having job cuts and I was the Union Steward. I sat down with co-worker with a seniority list and figured out with her what her options were.

Her only options was to have bumped a guy who had a wife and children, so she took her layoff and left (Jeanne Badman '80...she was the Carole Braun of the time).

Before she left she gave me a stuffed Buffalo from Mr. Fubs...and over the years other folks gave me more buffalo memorabilia...more stuffed animals and postcards and stuff. One student gave me actual buffalo hair he had clipped from a buffalo...oh those Antiochians!

Whenever people would say "why are you called Buffalo?" I would steer them to Joe Cali (librarian from 1952-2007) and he would wryly say "It's etymology:

Duffy becomes duffalo becomes Buffalo."

-Steven Duffy '77
Antioch College Staff



Steven Duffy '77
Antioch College Staff
Buffalo Collection



Emily Bengal Seibel '06
Antioch College Staff
Early Impressions



Emily Bengal Seibel '06
Antioch College Staff
Legacy

 ANTIOCH COLLEGE Community Government 01-02 ALLISON, DOROTHY ANTIOCH COLLEGE 795 Livermore St. Yellow Springs, OH 45387 2001-02 IDENTIFICATION CARD 	 ANTIOCH COLLEGE Community Government 99-00 ZINN, HOWARD ANTIOCH COLLEGE 795 Livermore St. Yellow Springs, OH 45387 1999-00 IDENTIFICATION CARD 
 ANTIOCH COLLEGE Community Government 01-02 CARSON, RACHEL ANTIOCH COLLEGE 795 Livermore St. Yellow Springs, OH 45387 01-02 IDENTIFICATION CARD 	 ANTIOCH COLLEGE Community Government 00-01 STEINEM, GLORIA ANTIOCH COLLEGE 795 Livermore St. Yellow Springs, OH 45387 00-01 IDENTIFICATION CARD 
 ANTIOCH COLLEGE Community Government 99-00 ABU JAMAL, MUMIA ANTIOCH COLLEGE 795 Livermore St. Yellow Springs, OH 45387 99-00 IDENTIFICATION CARD 	 ANTIOCH COLLEGE Community Government 01-01 GUEVARA, CHE ANTIOCH COLLEGE 795 Livermore St. Yellow Springs, OH 45387 2001-02 IDENTIFICATION CARD 

Hey you! Go to Community Meeting.

Tuesday's @ 3:00p.m. McGregor 113.

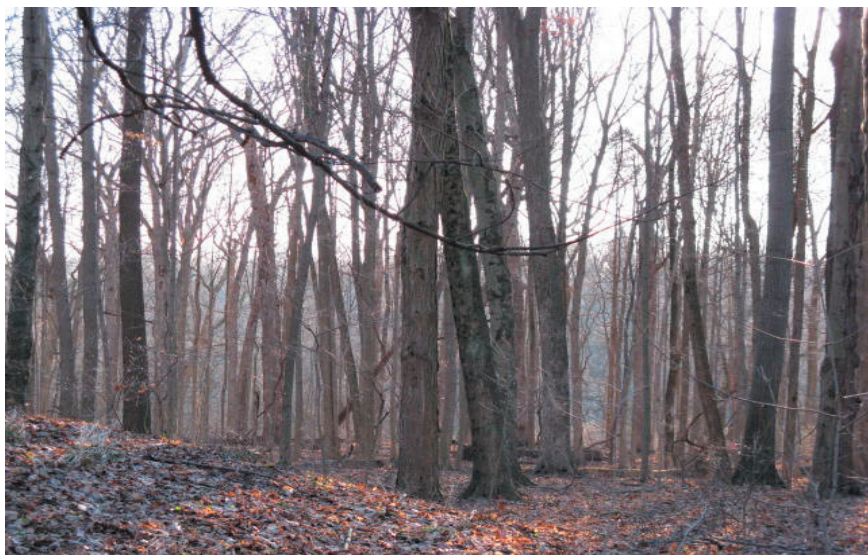
Emily Bengel Seibel '06
Antioch College Staff
Late Night Inspiration I



Emily Bengal Seibel '06
Antioch College Staff
Late Night Inspiration II



Emily Bengal Seibel '06
Antioch College Staff
Buddies



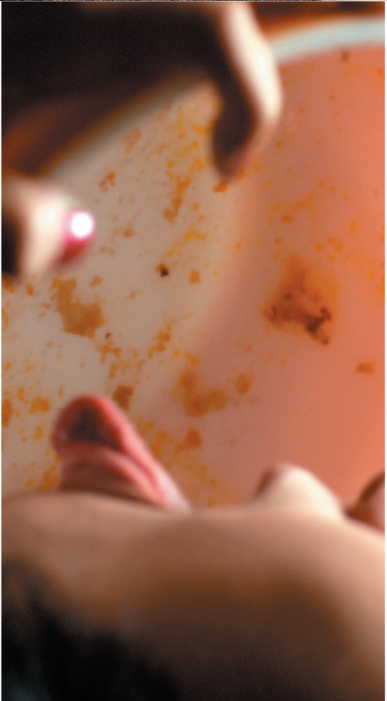
Emily Bengal Seibel '06
Antioch College Staff
Nestled Trees



Tasia Karoutsos '11
Canamus Una



community



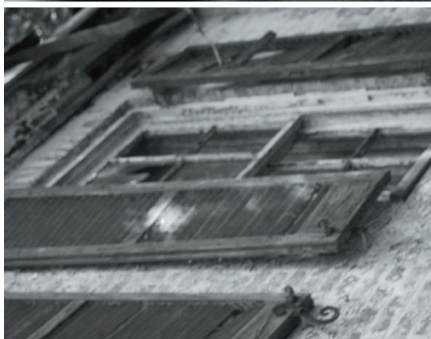
Pizza Rolls

Tasia Karoutsos '11
Munchies





Tasia Karoutsos '11
From the Mist

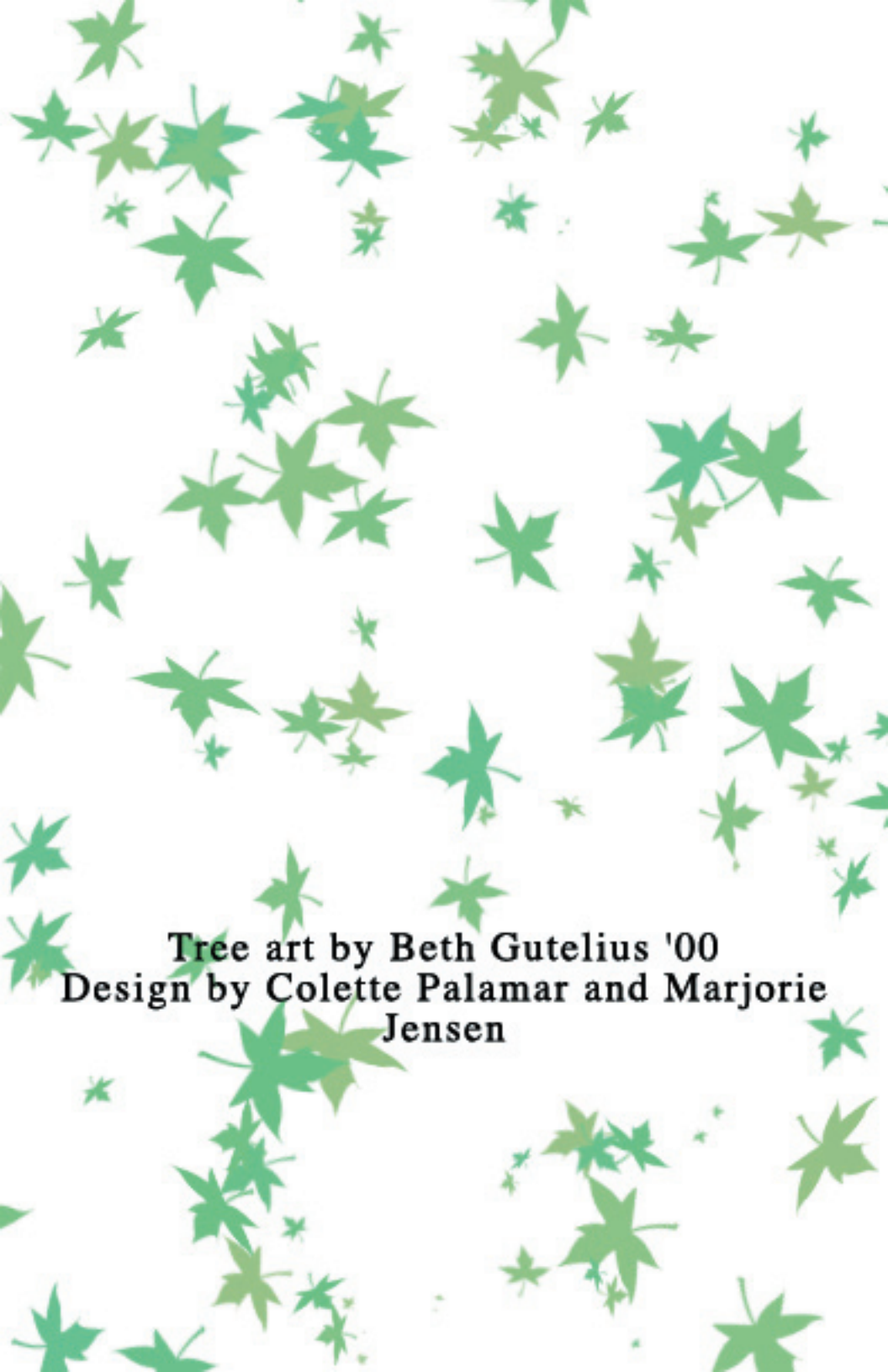


Tasia Karoutsos '11
Fragments

This piece is a consummation of my feelings and experience at Antioch College over the last four years. It's the first two dimensional piece I have created and displayed at Antioch and is a depiction of what myself and others are currently going and growing through.



Ruth Scarpino '08
Untitled



**Tree art by Beth Gutelius '00
Design by Colette Palamar and Marjorie
Jensen**