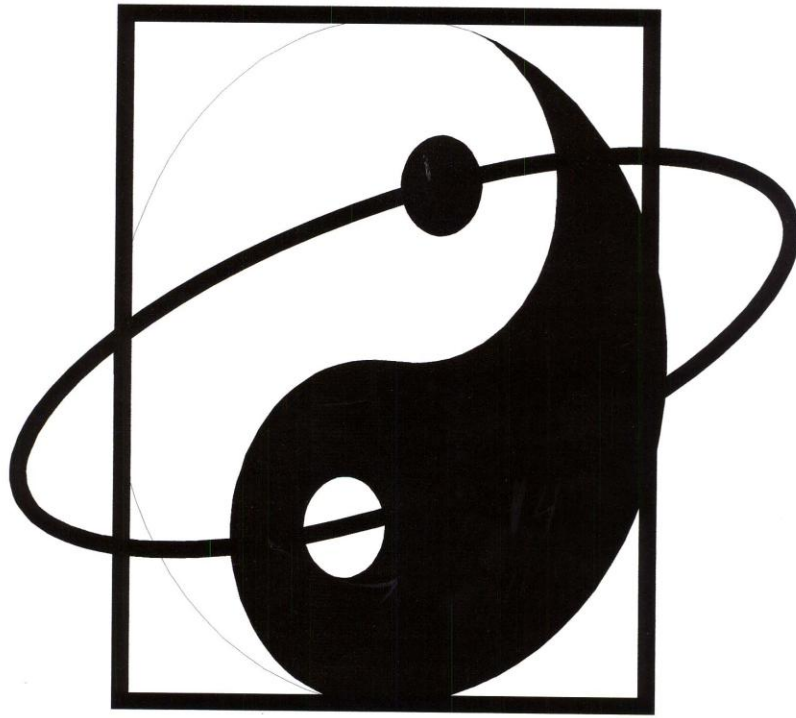


# DARE TO BE



*The story of Different*

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***20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Retrospective Edition***

It is hard to believe but it will have been twenty years ago in April that I first debuted my zine “Different – Your Alternative Newspaper.” Welcome to this 20th anniversary release of the zines. I have been wanting to publish a free E-Book so the zine could finally be made available to all former contributors. At the peak of the zine we had a 60 member staff! I enjoyed the wide variety of submissions we received including hand drawn sketches, poetry, editorials, theme-related articles and even short stories. We even had an after school club called The Square Table that met at Club Algiers Old Books back in the day. I still remember the smell of apple cake, old books and tea fondly. This is the second edition of “Dare To Be,” a compilation of issues I previously released as a limited edition soft cover. This update includes this retrospective forward as well as a few new contributions from our original staff and never before seen full color mementos.

So much has changed since we all graduated from Flathead Valley High School during that “alternative” era in the Pacific Northwest. Who knew Dave Grohl would be bridging that generational Baby Boom gap we loathed by writing a song with Sir Paul McCartney some twenty years later? Our “X-Generation,” that was more on the cusp of being considered the “Y-Generation,” has now been proven in social studies to be the most productive since the Greatest Generation. We got out the vote and broke records and barriers. To paraphrase December Frost’s favorite Genesis song, “Our generation will put it right, we’re not just making promises that we know we’ll never keep.”

It has been ten years since I have been back home. So much has happened but for me the largest area of concern has been the meth epidemic that has spotlighted Kalispell on a national level including mention in the 2008 documentary “American Meth.” Drug addiction and legalization were just some of the taboo topics covered by Different. However, the primary catalyst for the birth of Different was the suicide of one of my friends who took her own life at the age of 14. Her death followed a major suicide ring and a school stabbing that went largely unpublicized. The need for an emotional outlet was large in our youth community. Intolerance was certainly a major issue for anyone that was “Different” in our small town. I can still remember the controversy surrounding our local movie theatres refusing to screen the film “Boyz n the Hood” and what that meant to me growing up, feeling resentment over being sheltered from the honest reality we were already living through. Five years after the first issue of Different was released, Columbine became a painful milestone in the history of the raw brutality of adolescence in America. The original catchphrase of our very first issue was, “*Who cares about school dances when this world has serious problems?*”

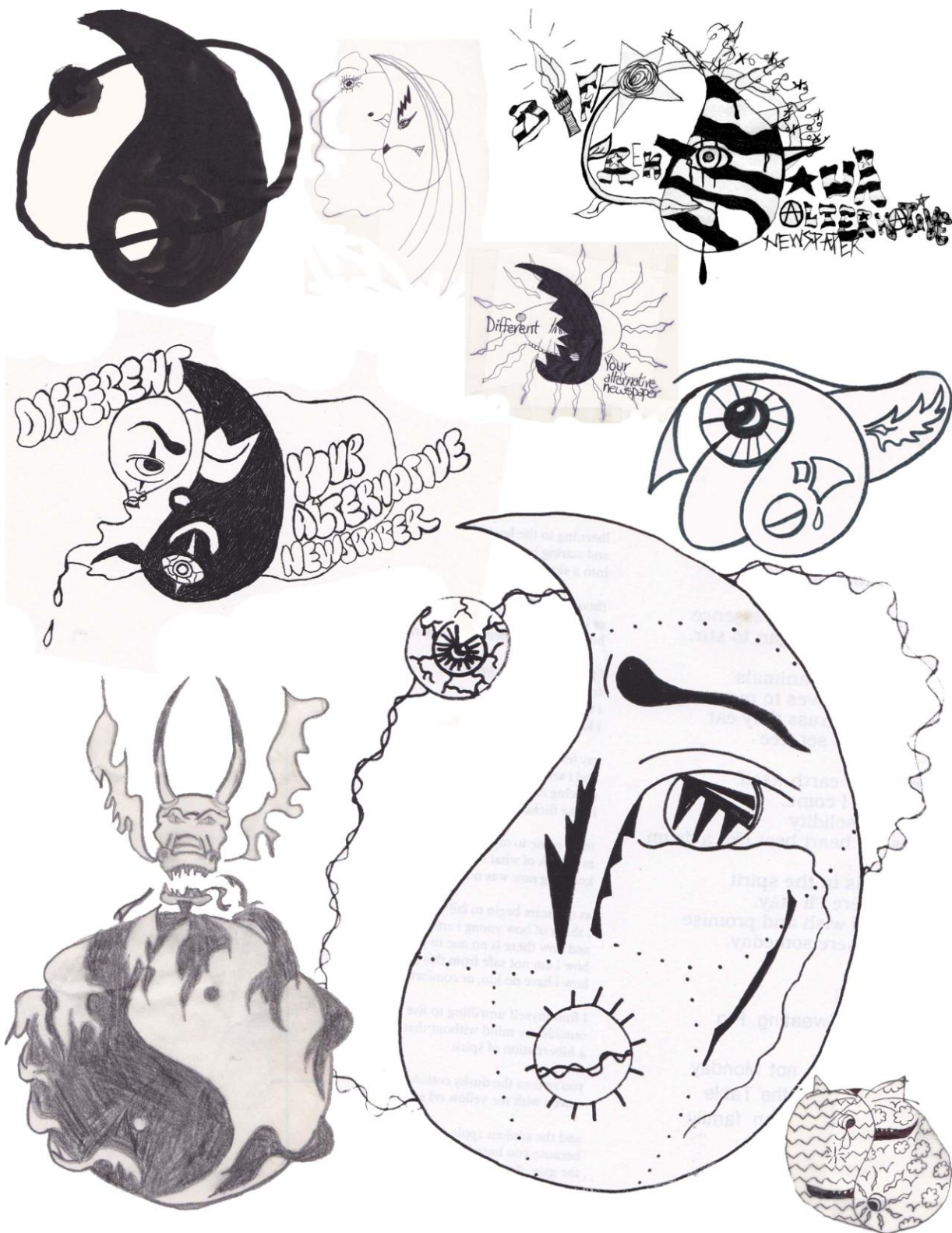
I can openly say today that it was incredible how much support and resistance Different received. There were teachers and even outside vendors that tried to confiscate the materials even as much as there were teachers and parents that subscribed to show their support! It was always fun seeing copies of our zine floating around, even at times circulating in the round of the hallowed Smoker’s Corner! Even better though was receiving several very tender stories from readers and students even year’s later confessing how these issues helped them when they were on the edge.

One of the hopes of Different was to be a forum for free expression. Every issue focused on a controversial theme and the goal was to include both sides of a perspective thus the reversed yin yang logo. Those first issues were pasted together very old school style which I picked up on from working for the school newspaper Smoke Signals at West Valley Elementary School. It was there I stirred a real controversy by having my own horoscope section banned for being seen as occult by some parents. This little rift continued on into my journalism class in junior high when I was witness to a violent bullying incident that my teacher adamantly refused to cover in the school newspaper. All told I was highly motivated to start my own censorship free publication. Fast forward to the present I have written for The Santa Maria Times, Mahoganygirl, Bitchin Entertainment, All Access Magazine, Songsalive and currently Music Connection. I am so pleased to be able to share the story of Different now with a whole new generation. I hope what you read here inspires you to Dare To Be! **-Brooke Trout, aka Pisces Rain – Editor of Different, April 2014.**

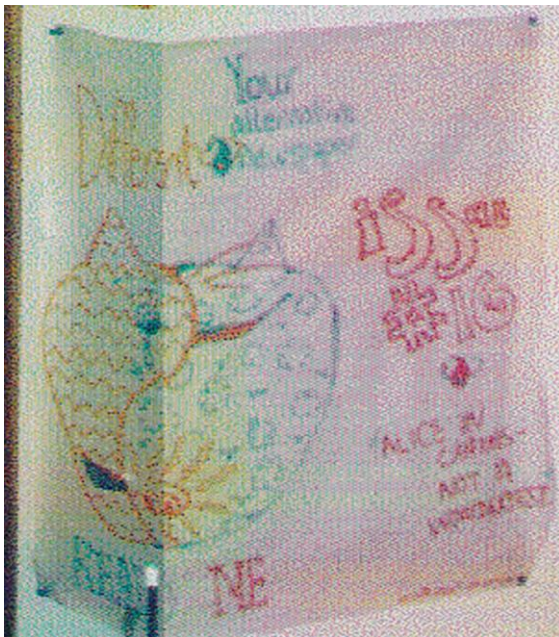
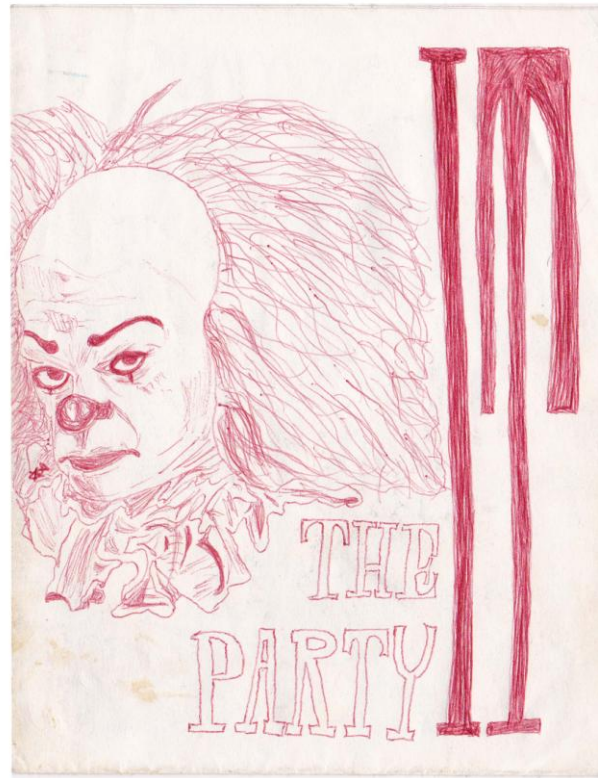








The inside out yin yang symbol that became Different's logo was meant to encompass the philosophy behind the zine. The goal was to provide different perspectives on singular topics and most issues of the magazine would centralize around a theme.



Some of the issues had coinciding release parties, like the IT party and my personal favorite party was for our Beauty & The Beast riot grrl party which was also my 18th birthday...It was a heck of a way to ring in the new year! I will never forget us ritualistically hocking loogies on pictures of Alicia Silverstone, smoking tampons and burning prom dresses. Then again there was the infamous Alice In Wonderland themed costume party complete with a lawn chess set, a sprinkler caucus race and a literal parade of oddities.



## Paradise found: Heaven on earth at Club Algiers bookstore

by Rico deNeeve  
Arrow Staff

We all have our own vision of heaven. Mine would be a small house lit by the glow of a warm fire, and the sounds of B.B. King in the background.

Along the walls of the small house would be stacks and stacks of books — books of every kind, every size, every topic, excluding Danielle Steele and Harlequin romance. I would leave sections, shrine-like, for the works of authors like Tom Robbins and Kurt Vonnegut. And the art: I would have the walls without books covered with art, and pictures of John and Yoko, and Joan Baez.

Wait. Hold on. This place sounds just like Club Algiers used books store, a heaven on earth at 1443 6th Ave. W.

"The store offers general good quality books, paper-

back, and hardbacks, collectors books, and Montana history books, at good prices," said Bonne Germain, the owner of Club Algiers.

It took me awhile to find Club Algiers: it's located in a remote place, towards the south end of 6th Avenue West. For a long time I had been dependent on finding books at Blacktail Used Books, where I often got lost in stacks of romance and horror novels when I was on the lookout for classic and vintage books. Germain has been working in used book stores since she was 16 years old, starting in Florida.

"I fell into the book-selling business by circumstance, the art of selling used and out of print books," said Bonne.

Bonne lives in a house which from the hours of 11 to 6 is also Club Algiers book store. Her house is filled with about 5,000 sellable books.

"I always knew that this is what I was going to do, so the books just started accumulating," said Bonne.

Bonne also offers her space for book clubs, film clubs, etc., and things like poetry readings.

"I want the community to know," said Bonne. "I want to offer a place for people with passions for art, history, music and literature to have a place to share."

A group of FHS students called the Square Table Club meets at Club Algiers on Mondays. The club drinks tea and eats apple cake made by Bonne, while listening to live guitar music, they discuss ideas, books and life in general.

For me, finding Club Algiers was a godsend. I have a place to discuss my favorite books and art and meet incredible people. I think it is important that these



CLUB ALGIERS OWNER Bonne Germain runs the book store out of her house and invites groups to come in for readings. (Arrow photo by Amelia Eastman)

kind of places have a part in our community.

They offer a different sense of culture, and a place for people to explore their passions.

"When you sell books you

meet interesting people," said Bonne.

"People who love books have that in common, they love to read. The bindings of books are like glue: they bring people together."

A group of FHS students called the Square Table Club meets at Club Algiers on Mondays. The club drinks tea and eats apple cake made by Bonne, while listening to live guitar music, they discuss ideas, books and life in general.



Some highlights of our meetings included a Christmas decorating party, a role playing game and a night of musical performances.

## THE SQUARE TABLE

**When—** Monday the 11th from 3:15 to 6:00.  
**Where—** Club Algiers Old Books (1443 6th Ave. W)  
**What—** We're having a Christmas Decorating Art-Fest. Please bring food, drink, art supplies, and music.  
**Call—** 257-BOOK for more information.

## THE SQUARE TABLE

## The Square Table

What's important

Meets Monday after school at Club Algiers Old Books (located at 1443 6th Avenue West) Call 257-BOOK for more information. Bring your minds, poetry, music, and ideas.

A little information: The setting is really neat. There's a kitchen, toys, comic books, records, a fireplace and a wide variety of comfy chairs. There are even stars on the ceiling. The club, entitled "The Square Table" will be based on values of the underground newspaper "Differential" and also on strongly expressing yourself by being yourself within the community. Superband will play live music to lure you in, and others are just as welcome to express themselves musically. Large-scale gatherings and Film Festivals will be planned. Food and drink are allowed. Come join The Square Table, where condemned critics can free themselves.



- 4/20/96





**Editor's Note:** *I am so happy to share the following reflections in this edition of Dare to Be from two of my best friends and favorite contributors to the zine:*

**Retrospective by Liberty Rosenblum**

*I was always the loud one in school, most thought I was strange. But I was confident in myself to not really care what others thought about me. I mean, in the long run looking back, I know it hurt that most thought I was a strange kid, but I was able to hide the pain and get past it since I knew I had a group of friends that allowed me to be myself.*

*So now 20 years I look back and wonder what I may have done differently. The only thing I can personally think is maybe I should have played sports, but in reality I don't have that many regrets about growing up. I was wild and crazy. I was fun and loud. I always had fun no matter what I was doing.*

*Being that impulsive child has taught me that it's ok to be told no, and because of that I am where I am today. I am successful, I own my home, I drive that soccer mom SUV, and am currently climbing the corporate ladder at a Fortune 500 company. It's because I don't give up and I continue to press through even when people might think I can't do it. I will prove them wrong, and I continue to do that every day.*

*I have two children. One is a lot like I was growing up. He is impulsive, creative, and very much ADHD. But, I understand him. I know most kids don't like him and he doesn't get invited to many birthday parties, but what friends he does have I encourage him to be with as much as possible. I have a good enough relationship with him that I can personally tell when someone at school was being too cruel, or maybe a group of kids made fun of him. I can tell him that I know how that feels, and he is going to be ok.*

*From a very young age I always told my kids that it doesn't matter what other's think of you, as long as you are happy, you are going to be ok.*

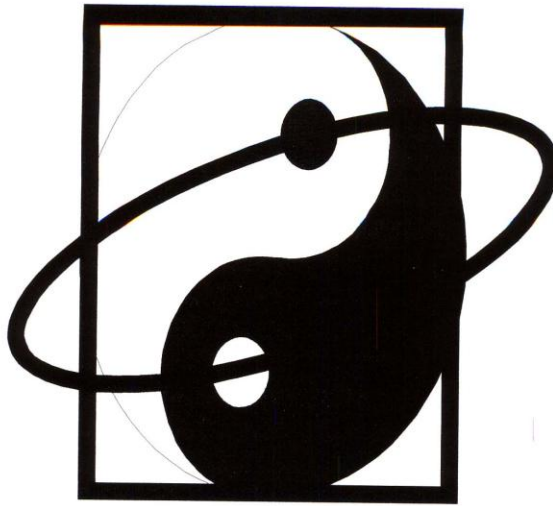
*And when they come home with green colored hair I will know it's a "phase."*

**Retrospective by December Frost**

*I am so glad to have Brookie as my best close friend! Didn't know what exactly to write for the new zine in the making – always loved Trout's "Different" newsletter though. We always had great lists, factoids, thoughts, art...what have you! Thinking back on what has changed in the last twenty years I'd like to make a list of what I think is being "faded out" in our society but needs to stay put. This is just in order of my thoughts – bear with me! I'll do a bullet list...*

- *Time Outs: Not just for misbehaved kids. If your skin feels like its crawling and your temper is heating up take a short walk and go look outside.*
- *Respect: For older folks, people who got there first, people with special needs. We need to take care of them.*
- *Basic Courtesy: Please, thank you, excuse me... Do people not know this?*
- *Understanding: Even though we always disagree on how things should be done we have to find a common ground otherwise all the meetings in the world are fucking useless.*

*That's just a simple short list but I feel that those items are overlooked in work/life/family situations and I'm guilty of it too – but anyway, just wanted to send you some thoughts. Thanks as always for letting us share. I know you fucking get it!*



# Thank You All!

"I'm incredibly impressed by the genuine purity and **open-mindedness** of DIFFERENT."  
-Amanda

"Thank you so much for the newsletter! I am amazed by your **creativity** and extensive vocabulary."  
-Christina

"**Right on.** The issue was rockin'. I'm hooked. :)"  
-Joede

"I **love** HOOKED. It's definitely better than the net!"  
- Mette

"I find it hard to describe the effect your poetry has upon me. Keep writing, gosh, you're so **good**."  
-Jim

"You are a fine, **articulate** writer."  
-Genia

"I hope you will use the power and **intensity** of your spirit to make things happen."  
-Ria

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"**Keep writing** that crazy poetry!"

-Shandy

"You are my hero. **Nirvana lives forever.**"

-Josh

"You're an **excellent** writer. Reach for your dreams."

-Kacey

"I **love** your newspaper."

-Alex

"Keep writing your **exquisite** poetry."

-Travis

"I am **glad** you are still doing these publications. It's your gift, Love."

-Brandon

"Your poetry is **a joy, a fountain of freedom!** Bravo!"

-Barb

"I like your newspaper. I like what it's all about: the **truth!**"

-Anonymous

"You are blessed with **great** talent." -Amy

"You are a **great** artist. Keep up the good work."

-Sam

"You are a great person. The paper is **RAD!**"

-Rebecca

"What a **beautiful** paper. It sure made my day."

-Becky

"You are the child that is going to **help heal** our mother new."

-Alice

## To Old Friends and New...

DARE TO BE... What? That is the question I'm sure you're asking yourself right now if you have no idea what DIFFERENT, the alternative newspaper is. I am Brooke Trout, otherwise known as Pisces Rain, former editor for DIFFERENT- which was published between 1994 and 1997. (For more read "Making A Different", Iss. 5 of DARE TO BE.)

DARE TO BE is a refined compilation of the original 29 issues of DIFFERENT, your alternative newspaper. This compilation has been highly anticipated by DIFFERENT staff, and I have always wanted to officially document our work. It is my hope that this introduction provides some clarity into the issues of "Youth in America," as it truly is long overdue.

It was a decade that meant everything and nothing, a decade of innocence and tragedy. That is, the nineties. I was no different from any of us. Spit out from the bubblegum goo that had stretched over the yuppie eighties, masking the cold war drug war gang and AIDS blues. Suicide was a very serious issue that our generation faced in the nineties. The problems of society were too difficult for many to handle.

After losing someone to suicide my life was changed forever. In my life I have learned that with the promise of a future and the hope of freedom you can overcome the difficulties of life. I was determined to share this wisdom, and DIFFERENT began. By creating a forum for expression I hoped to prevent suicide and create some positive change. This meant no holding back. This meant allowing anyone to contribute anything to DIFFERENT. I was surprised by the results and you may be too...

I was surrounded by a generation full of wonder and promise, united by a label of X, and a common desire to define that label. DIFFERENT was published in the Northwest by a group of young adults, during the end of the Alternative music and pop culture movement. It was the overall pursuit of the writers of DIFFERENT to express that we are individuals. We are a diverse generation. We are not easily defined. We are human.

From humble beginnings, DIFFERENT flourished into a database of over 60 contributors. Though these contributors shall remain anonymous, I felt it was important to point out the incredible diversity of DIFFERENT; with 30 males and 30 females, of various races and sexual preferences, and various political and religious beliefs. I am also happy to share that many of these DIFFERENT contributors went on to become some of America's freshest professional writers, artists and political activists! I always knew DIFFERENT would make a difference!

I take you now on a journey into the not so distant past to remember the way it was, and y- not x...

## To Life!

-Brooke Trout-

# **DARE TO BE**

## **-Square Table of Contents-**

*The following is an alphabetized list of subjects with coinciding issues in sequential order.  
The Square Table is a quick sample of what DIFFERENT was all about.*

### **America:**

- Iss. 8- Good Things Come In No Packages... Ivy Pelagia and Pisces Rain
- Iss. 9- Freedom?... December Frost
- Iss. 9- Musketeer... Pisces Rain
- Iss. 9- The Mental Block... Ivy Pelagia and Pisces Rain
- Iss. 11- Patriotic Patriarch... Pisces Rain
- Iss. 15- Acid Trial... Pisces Rain
- Iss. 16- Of Mice Or Money?... Pisces Rain
- Iss. 16- Wee People... Pisces Rain
- Iss. 16- Weak People... Pisces Rain
- Iss. 19- Their 21-gun Salute To Us... Juniper
- Iss. 19- O Beautiful... Jupiter's Daughter
- Iss. 19- U.S. -VS- THEM... Pisces Rain
- Iss. 20- Peace... Viver
- Iss. 22- Real Jeanius... Pisces Rain
- Iss. 24- History In The Making... Pisces Rain

### **Anorexia:**

- Iss. 4- MUD...Alethea Ambrose
- Iss. 13- Jill... White Tiger
- Iss. 13- Zelda... Pisces Rain

### **The Beatles:**

- Iss. 7- X-ing Out An Era?... Pisces Rain
- Iss. 20- I Want To Tell You... Pisces Rain

### **Beauty and the Beast:**

- Iss. 20- Bitch... Cinderblossom Blowtorch
- Iss. 20- The War... Venus
- Iss. 21- 99.9% of Men... Liberty Rosenblum
- Iss. 21- Untitled... Venus
- Iss. 21- Thunder... Anova Justice



Iss. 22- The Door of Desolation... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 22- She... Venus  
Iss. 23- Lavatory Bible... Human Being  
Iss. 23- Grrl... Venus  
Iss. 24- Empty... Anova Justice  
Iss. 24- Please Don't Forget Me... Amazon Womyn

**Cancer:**

Iss. 24- Empty... Anova Justice

**Cartoons:**

Iss. 16- Of Mice Or Money?... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 16- Weak People... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 27- True Blue Heroism... Elcy Arily

**Censorship:**

Iss. 11- We Need Cool Radio Stations... Morbid Worm and Fupa, the Electric One  
Iss. 20- I Want To Tell You... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 24- History In The Making... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 25- Declaration Against Censorship... me

**Child Abuse:**

Iss. 2- Envidia... Azucar D'Leo  
Iss. 25- You Don't Know Abuse?... Personal Rage

**Civil Rights:**

Iss. 19- Their 21-gun Salute To Us... Juniper

**Kurt Cobain:**

Iss. 3- Heroes... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 7- X-ing Out An Era?... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 12- Cobain Refrain... Liberty Rosenblum and Copper Hearts  
Iss. 12- Aneurysm... Gemini Hija  
Iss. 12- He Paid To Play... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 13- Note To Editor... emmett  
Iss. 24- Faded Star... Wandering Mind  
Iss. 24- Alas, Dear Atlas... Pisces Rain

**Conformity:**

Iss. 2- WANNABE original?... Alethea Ambrose and Pisces Rain  
Iss. 3- Woodshock... Pisces Rain and Taurus Nobull  
Iss. 4- No Two Are Ever Alike... Kaleidoscope Eternity  
Iss. 8- Don't Crucify Me!... Electricia Starbrite  
Iss. 18- Get Real!... Anova Justice  
Iss. 21- WANNABE me... Lightening Freedom

Iss. 27- A Fruit Salad Time Bomb... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 29- Untitled... S.O.C.

**Consumerism:**

Iss. 8- Good Things Come In No Packages... Ivy Pelagia and Pisces Rain

**Different:**

Iss. 5- Making A Different... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 6- Lighten Up?... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 28- Editor's Note

**Drugs:**

Iss. 2- The Peace Drug... Alethea Ambrose  
Iss. 7- X-Generation... Liberty Rosenblum  
Iss. 7- Mary Jane... Oger Ulrick  
Iss. 24- Faded Star... Wandering Mind

**Education:**

Iss. 9- The Mental Block... Ivy Pelagia and Pisces Rain  
Iss. 10- To Whom It May Concern... Anonymous  
Iss. 13- Classic Nude or Raunchy Lewd?... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 15- Acid Trial... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 17- A New Math?... December Frost, Gemini Hija and Pisces Rain  
Iss. 20- I Want To Tell You... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 22- Real Jeanius... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 28- A Different Response... Pisces Rain

**Environment:**

Iss. 12- Deteriorating Playground...December Frost  
Iss. 20- Peace... Viver  
Iss. 25- The Family of All... Viver

**Gangs:**

Iss. 8- I'm Sick Of Prejudice!... Sunflower Aloewishus

**Generation Gap:**

Iss. 1- The Lost Generation... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 7- Subjugation... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 7- X-ing Out An Era?... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 7- Rambling Thoughts... Iris Ophineas  
Iss. 7- X-Generation... Liberty Rosenblum  
Iss. 8- NOW!... Sweetums  
Iss. 11- Patriotic Patriarch... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 12- He Paid To Play... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 13- Note To Editor... emmett

Iss. 16- Wee People... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 16- Weak People... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 20- I Want To Tell You... Pisces Rain

**Grateful Dead:**

Iss. 4- Dead Shrouds... Electricia Starbrite  
Iss. 17- Long Live The Dead... Pisces Rain

**Hippies:**

Iss. 3- Woodshock... Pisces Rain and Taurus Nobull  
Iss. 4- Dead Shrouds... Electricia Starbrite  
Iss. 20- I Want To Tell You... Pisces Rain

**Intolerance:**

Iss. 8- I'm Sick Of Prejudice!... Sunflower Aloewishus  
Iss. 8- Don't Crucify Me!... Electricia Starbrite  
Iss. 10- Sex & Different... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 13- Anal-Fixation... Gemini Hija  
Iss. 19- O Beautiful... Jupiter's Daughter  
Iss. 20- Rebels Without A Cause... Gemini Hija

**Media:**

Iss. 1- Sex and the Media... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 4- Perfection?... Alethea Ambrose  
Iss. 7- Subjugation... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 7- X-ing Out An Era?... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 11- Patriotic Patriarch... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 12- Aneurysm... Gemini Hija  
Iss. 15- Acid Trial... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 15- Cheap Appeal... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 16- Of Mice Or Money?... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 16- Wee People... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 16- Weak People... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 24- History In The Making... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 28- A Different Response... Pisces Rain

**Music:**

Iss. 7- X-ing Out An Era?... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 11- We Need Cool Radio Stations... Morbid Worm and Fupa, the Electric One  
Iss. 12- Cobain Refrain... Liberty Rosenblum and Copper Hearts  
Iss. 12- Aneurysm... Gemini Hija  
Iss. 12- Note To Editor... Anonymous  
Iss. 12- He Paid To Play... Pisces Rain  
Iss. 13- Note To Editor... emmett  
Iss. 15- Cheap Appeal... Pisces Rain

Iss. 20- I Want To Tell You... Pisces Rain

Iss. 24- Faded Star... Wandering Mind

Iss. 24- Alas, Dear Atlas... Pisces Rain

### **Religion:**

Iss. 1- Religion- A Touchy Subject... Liberty Rosenblum

Iss. 2- Losing My Religion?... Pisces Rain

Iss. 8- I'm Sick Of Prejudice!... Sunflower Aloewishus

Iss. 8- Don't Crucify Me!... Electricia Starbrite

Iss. 9- What the Hell?... Scorpion Lagoon

Iss. 14- Holy Book Worms!... Scorpion Lagoon, Pisces Rain, and Gemini Hija

Iss. 19- O Beautiful... Jupiter's Daughter

Iss. 25- Easter Prayer... Sweating Pig

### **Sex:**

Iss. 1- Sex and the Media... Pisces Rain

Iss. 1- The Lost Generation... Pisces Rain

Iss. 1- Expressing Love... Pisces Rain and Liberty Rosenblum

Iss. 10- Sex & Different... Pisces Rain

Iss. 13- Classic Nude or Raunchy Lewd?... Pisces Rain

Iss. 14- SHIT... James Ensor

Iss. 20- I Want To Tell You... Pisces Rain

Iss. 28- A Different Response... Pisces Rain

### **The Square Table:**

Iss. 19- Editor's Note

Iss. 20- Editor's Note

Iss. 21- Editor's Note

Iss. 22- Editor's Note

Iss. 23- Editor's Note

### **Suicide:**

Iss. 4- MUD...Alethea Ambrose

Iss. 6- Lighten Up?... Pisces Rain

Iss. 6- Not A Scream... Anonymous

Iss. 7- Subjugation... Pisces Rain

Iss. 12- Cobain Refrain... Liberty Rosenblum and Copper Hearts

Iss. 12- Aneurysm... Gemini Hija

Iss. 13- Note To Editor... emmett

Iss. 21- Untitled... Unchosen Voyager

Iss. 24- Alas, Dear Atlas... Pisces Rain

### **Technology:**

Iss. 15- Cheap Appeal... Pisces Rain

Iss. 16- Of Mice Or Money?... Pisces Rain



Iss. 24- History In The Making... Pisces Rain

**Vegetarianism:**

Iss. 3- Vege-Fable?... Alethea Ambrose and Pisces Rain

**Violence:**

Iss. 8- Don't Crucify Me!... Electricia Starbrite

Iss. 9- Freedom?... December Frost

Iss. 10- Sex & Different... Pisces Rain

Iss. 15- Acid Trial... Pisces Rain

Iss. 18- Untitled... Azucar D'Leo

Iss. 19- O Beautiful... Jupiter's Daughter

Iss. 20- I Want To Tell You... Pisces Rain

Iss. 21- The Day My Friend Went Away

Iss. 24- History In The Making... Pisces Rain

Iss. 25- Declaration Against Censorship... me

Iss. 28- Night... Lonesome Dove

**Woodstock II:**

Iss. 3- Woodshock... Pisces Rain and Taurus Nobull

## EDITOR'S NOTE

*Welcome to the first  
ever issue of...*

# **DIFFERENT Your Alternative Newspaper!**

It is the goal of this paper to provide the reader with a forum for expression. We hope to challenge the reader with a variety of opinions on numerous issues. The reason why Different has chosen a yin-yang as our symbol is because it represents a balance. We feel our contributors should express their opinions freely, and utilize their freedom of speech even if it is offensive! If you are offended by what you read in DIFFERENT simply contact the editor with your comments, questions, and/or contributions! We look forward to your response!

**IN THIS ISSUE**  
*February 1994*



*Who cares about school dances  
when this world has serious problems?*

**In this issue we focus on:**

**Sex, Love and More!**

**Featured writers include:**

**Liberty Rosenblum, Delta Puertaysol,  
Tatiana Alya and Pisces Rain.**

# Expressing Love

*The season of love may not bring roses in the cold weather. Many feel like Charlie Brown or the Grinch at this time of the year.*

*Watching classmates make out in the halls doesn't add to the pleasantries.*

*We all have heard about these "hall violations" but few of us actually report them.*

*What is a hall violation and what can it result in? "Inappropriate behavior in the halls will result in a detention. Students displaying overly amorous behavior will be suspended until*

*by Liberty Rosenblum  
& Pisces Rain*

*they and their parents meet with an administrator."*

*Who reports these incidents, and how frequently? Has this policy been created to keep students comfortable, or is "amorous behavior" making the administration uncomfortable?*

*Was this rule created so that teachers would not have to define sexual harrassment? Isn't "amorous" mutual consent? Let's ask ourselves if this rule was created for prudes or protection.*



**Is the  
administration  
playing with  
our hearts?**



# Poetry!

## Hurting - by Liberty Rosenblum

The dirty feeling I have inside,  
When my parents asked I lied.  
Why did you do this to me?  
I thought you loved me,  
But I was blinded by love,  
Because I couldn't see,  
You were the type of guy who  
would do this to me.  
But I feel all alone,  
Ready to die.  
Every time you told me you loved me,  
was probably a lie.  
You turned and did this-  
my ass is what you can kiss.  
You hurt me so much,  
shiver at the thought of your touch.  
You'll never see  
that the pain I'm going through,  
is all because of you.



## My True Self- by Tatiana Alya

Trapped inside of myself,  
where no one else can see,  
I slowly start to deteriorate,  
Horried, I begin to scream.  
No one can hear my cries for help,  
Quickly falling through the darkness of my mind.  
My screams slowly fade and die away,  
As my existence slowly disappears before my eyes.  
Stunned into silence I watch the people on the other side  
of my invisible prison.  
I watch them and notice how fake everyone is,  
and how unreal life is.  
Laughter begins to ring throughout my cell,  
as my knowledge of understanding is suddenly formed.  
For the first time reality has lost all meaning,  
and all the darkness is cleared away.  
The insane become the sanest people on earth.  
Everything becomes so clean and sharp.  
As I stand here laughing,  
hysterically, at nothing  
at all, my cell shatters and I am free,  
as I look into the mirror I finally see,  
my true self and not an image.

## Jim Morrison by Delta Puertaysol

Kiss me  
touch me  
make my drug explode.  
Open your cavern where the mysteries are untold.  
lick me  
Fondle me  
Touch my inner soul.  
Pump my veins with heroin.  
Make my mind explode.  
Tell me that you love me,  
you lying little bitch.  
You don't love anything but my drugs and dick.  
All of you want me;  
I'm the sex symbol of all decades.  
Long live the Lizard King, as all the little girls cry.  
Leaving this earth, to relive my birth.  
Does your soul follow me when I die?  
I'll see you all sometime, on the other side.

## Sex and the Media by Pisces Rain

Over the years sex has become as common in television as a peck on the cheek. Sex is a major decision and should not be taken lightly. The end result could be an incurable disease or an unwanted pregnancy; both life altering events.

If you watch programs like 90210 you are supporting the producers, who are fostering ideas that teenagers are consumed by sex, drugs and alcohol. Are we? On this program teenagers are portrayed by adults. Are we to feel pressured into believing this portrayal is accurate and that we should abide by it?

A more realistic current soap opera is General Hospital. Here we see Karen, sexually abused as a child by her alcoholic mother's boyfriend. Trying to handle her problems, Karen falls into a net of drugs and prostitution. The reality is not as pretty as Beverly Hills.

There are many reasons why people choose to avoid sex, or embrace it. As teenagers we need more input by the media on preventing rape and sexual abuse. Why not use the media as a positive tool, rather than fostering the ideas that create problems?

## DEEP THOUGHTS & STUPID QUESTIONS.

- 1. Why are Valentine's Day hearts not shaped like real hearts?**
- 2. Why don't we have sex organs like worms?**  
**It would save a lot of people money and divorce rates might go down.**
- 3. Why don't we get to make Valentine's Day boxes in high school?**
- 4. Why do we associate the color red with Valentine's Day when our blood is actually blue?**
- 5. Why isn't Valentine's Day an official federal holiday?**
- 6. If heart-shaped chocolate boxes were the shape of real hearts, would we be getting more candy for our dollar?**
- 7. Why don't those candy hearts ever have any kinky, vulgar comments printed on them?**
- 8. Why do Pound Puppies have hearts sewn on their butts?**
- 9. Why don't we kiss like dogs?**
- 10. What the FUCK is "Patty Cake"?**





## Religion- A Touchy Subject

by Liberty Rosenblum

Most religions believe in abstinence, but many people choose to have sex before marriage. I feel that religious people should not judge others on this issue, because everyone sins.

There is discrimination towards people that have sex. They are called "sluts" and "hos." Conversely, labels can be "prude" and "hoover." Beyond labels things get graphic with inquiry as to whether you are "loose" or "tight." All of this is unfair.

Differences in opinion shouldn't come in the way of friendship. Religion shouldn't separate, it should unify. If our society was more tolerant perhaps we could begin to heal generations of hurt.

*What's with the way cartoons kiss? Check out Ariel and Erick of Disney's "The Little Mermaid." It's like they're a mutant hinged together by a single blob of flesh-colored paint! Al and Jaz of Disney's "Aladdin" know how to kiss like decent life forms. (At least better than Connie Conehead.)*

## The Lost Generation

by Pisces Rain

The majority of our grandparents did not have to worry about sexually transmitted disease. The majority of our parents were the ones who helped spread these diseases around. Is this a generalization? Perhaps.

Thirty years ago love ruled the earth much like it did during Roman or Greek times. Orgies and drugs were found to be acceptable because one generation was protesting against the standards of another.

What political beliefs and moral standards will we hold in our time? Will we protest against the standards of our parents by settling down to the nuclear lifestyles of our grandparents? Will we find a balance between the generations?

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**EDITOR'S NOTE**

It is the goal of this paper to provide the reader with a forum for expression. We hope to challenge the reader with a variety of opinions on numerous issues. The reason why Different has chosen a yin-yang as our symbol is because it represents a balance. We feel our contributors should express their opinions freely, and utilize their freedom of speech even if it is offensive! If you are offended by what you read in DIFFERENT simply contact the editor with your comments, questions, and/or contributions! We look forward to your response!

**IN THIS ISSUE**  
**March 1994**



*"One of the big things  
now is being different."*

**In this issue we focus on:**

**Drugs, religion and more!**

**Featured writers include:**

**Andromedus Mochai, Ivy Pelagia,  
Alethea Ambrose, Aquarius Fire,  
Azucar D'Leo and Pisces Rain.**



# APRIL FOOLS!

Our student council has eliminated our extra absence time because they figured students would skip school because of the policy. I disagree. I feel that this policy gave students an incentive to stay in school so that during some point they could take a short vacation! This is no different than what would happen if we were being payed to attend school as if we were working at a job. The more hours we work, the more vacation time we add up.

On another note, since when has it been funny to pull a fire alarm when it is 13 degrees below

by Pisces Rain



Hey Big Mountain-  
We deserve a  
halfpipe!

zero outside? Why should students suffer when teachers sit in the warm comfort of their lounges? They are not setting good examples for the students, and are putting their lives in danger.

Finally, as the winter melts down and we put our boards away for the season, we should think about our time and money. If you are a snowboarder you are included in a large percentage of Big Mountain's income. Don't you think you deserve a halfpipe?

I have inquired about the installation; staff are currently seeing what they can do about our needed facilities.

# Poetry!

## Misery - by Ivy Pelagia

Sometimes my mom scares me.  
She thinks I'm insane,  
but what is insanity?  
Is it living your life for yourself,  
and being happy,  
and not caring too much what others think.  
Or is it living for others  
trapped by society's prejudices,  
and never going after what you want?  
How can you be happy that way?  
She says she's worried about me-  
but I'm worried about her.  
She says that I am her life;  
but she isn't mine.  
And when I leave her,  
what will she have?



## Black Clover- by Andromedus Mochai

You arise the sensual part of my soul.  
It allows you to reach the depths  
of me that no other have grasped.  
It opens a door,  
for me to explore,  
the part of myself you have revealed.  
My energy thrives on the vibrations of your aura.  
What do you want from me Black Clover?  
What ingredient did God give you  
that makes my feelings churn?  
That turns my insides spilling out,  
and appears in my mind with every morning wake.  
That lingers in the air with every breath I take.  
What keeps you trapped inside every tear  
that slides off my cheek,  
and drops into the abyss of my heart?  
Why can't I escape the chain of the past  
that holds me with terror into the future?  
I need your lips to blanket me from the chill of pain.  
You black shadowing hands can enscript gold,  
For me to be rich with affectionate comfort.  
My subconscious is drawn to your loneliness.  
Oh, lonely Black Clover.  
What can I do?  
If I knew you I would try to fill that weeping hole.  
Do you know you?  
I want to bring out the sensuality from your soul.  
Can you help me find you?  
I love you Black Clover.

## Death by Alethea Ambrose

She sits in the middle,  
of her immaculate room.  
Wishing order in her life.  
Wanting to feel supreme.  
Knowing innocence cannot be regained,  
Her subconscious invades,  
and once more she feels the invisible magic.  
It takes her to the realm of insanity.  
She fights a sudden suicidal rage,  
and calmly stares at the half moon marks  
imbedded in her palm.  
She screams with ecstasy,  
and cries in fear.  
It feels incredibly good,  
to escape this controlled, confined world.





## The Peace Drug

by Alethea Ambrose

Marijuana. This word usually conjures up many images. Dropouts, juvenile delinquents, "losers" . . .

The politically correct think of this drug in all the wrong ways. Many pass a judgement without even experiencing the wonder of Mary Jane.

Being high is nothing like drinking or taking other chemical drugs. When you try the really dangerous drugs you lose control of yourself, get sick, make bad decisions, and risk serious health problems.

When you're high everything is heightened and you experience your true self, not just a chemical reaction. You feel your real feelings, the feelings that you usually hide so you can fit in.

Everyone says that Hemp is a gateway drug. I feel that this is only partially true. It is a gateway to yourself.

## Most Embarrassing Moments

by Aquarius Fire

"I was in Biology class and a guy I went out with a long time ago was making funny faces at me. I started laughing and boogers came out of my nose. Some were hanging from my nose, and the rest went all over my desk." -Aquarius Fire

"I was walking down the hall and I saw this guy I liked. He said 'hi' and looked at me really funny. I later noticed my pants were undone." -Sam

"When I was in 8th grade this kid made a farting sound and everyone looked at me. My face turned bright red and I ran out of the room." -K.C.

"I had to tell my neighbors that me and a couple friends blew out their picture window with a water balloon launcher!" -Jonsey

"I was high and I was going to take a hit from a water bong because I never tried it before. I was already so stoned I blew through it and bong water got all over my car. All my friends laughed at me." -Tatiana Alya

"I had to go to the bathroom really bad. I knew if I went upstairs my friends would harass me, so I went downstairs to do the job. Meanwhile, they decided to play a game downstairs. I didn't know this, so I came out of the bathroom and started looking for them upstairs while they were looking for me downstairs. They looked in the bathroom but I was gone and had left a little smell behind. When I came downstairs they gave me a hard time about crapping in the bathroom. I pretended not to know what they were talking about." -Penelope Bee

"My boyfriend came over to see me one morning. I was sitting on top of him and we were making out. I farted on him. I was so embarrassed I started to laugh. He said, 'Is that why you don't like me to see you in the morning?'" -A.M.





## Losing My Religion?

by Pisces Rain

Some people are uncomfortable with religion, and others feel just as strongly against sex education and evolution theory being taught in the schools. Why does the federal government give preference to certain dogmas?

By taking religion out of everything we are stripping our nation of it's very foundation. Moral standards have kept our fragile society glued together.

Should Bibles be passed out in a public school? Lest we forget, we do happen to have copies of the Bible in our public school libraries!

I wonder what the early pilgrims would have thought if they could have seen the future of the new world.

## WANNABE original?

by Alethea Ambrose and Pisces Rain

If you look down the halls of Flathead High you see a lot of the same thing- posers. I have never been able to figure out why some people would rather dress, talk, or act like everyone else than create their own style.

One of the big things now is being "different." Maybe a few people are comfortable with wearing weird clothes and jewelry, or separating their behavior from that of the norm, but most are doing this so they can seem cool to their peers.

It's not only girls who do this either. Half of the guys in this school have the same exact Kurt Cobain style haircut and wear the "crotch to your knees" pants. Many of which have never even attempted boarding and have never lived in a major city.

Using drugs used to be a spiritual thing or a way to drown out emotion. Not everyone used them, it separated people.

At this school drugs are a social factor, which really degrades the purpose. Do you remember when your mom or dad used to say people like you because you're unique, special, different, just you? Shouldn't this remain true today?

Don't try to please others. Start with the most important person first- YOU! And as you walk down the halls today look at how much the same everyone is and then enjoy your own "original" outfit.



## Envedia by Azucar D'Leo

On the outside, the house looked neat and tidy. The lawn had been freshly mowed, so you could smell the scent of grass as you walked up the path, and the flowers in the garden had just been planted. The house was elegant in beauty and size. It looked just like new. The paint looked fresh, and the windows sparkled. The yard had a glistening whitewashed fence protecting it from the dirt and the garbage outside the neatness. No one, by looking at the house could have guessed what happens, at night, when the shades were pulled.

Envedia wanted her mom and dad to be normal and spend time together. She felt that if her family was more like that of her peers she wouldn't have all the problems she has. Envedia also wanted to be normal herself. She knew that there was something different about her and she didn't understand what it was, or why it was happening to her.

She had terrible nightmares, and would lose track of time very easily, and not remember what had happened. It frightened her a lot, especially when she was not at home when it happened.

She started to get into trouble for things she couldn't remember doing. When her parents asked her why she could only answer with a scared and confused look on her face.

Envedia's friends also started noticing a change. They were confused because they did not understand what was happening to their friend. Envedia would go to school and tell them about the terrible nightmares she had and her friends just thought of her as demented. Usually her dreams were about her mother and father fighting and yelling at her for things she didn't even do. She would also have dreams about her father and herself when her mother was not around.

She could remember the ways her father touched her all too vividly. He made her take off her clothes so he could see how much she had grown. He would touch her and kiss her and make her feel very uncomfortable. She would wake up screaming only to find her father lying next to her in her bed.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Dear Diary, I woke up again tonight after another nightmare. Tonight I dreamt my father came into my room to tell me not to talk to my mother anymore about my nightmares. She is going through a lot of emotional difficulties, and that she needn't be disturbed with my problems. He then took my nightgown off me and made me dance around the room with nothing on. He told me that I had grown so much and that I was turning into such a beautiful girl. He made me stop dancing and sit on his lap. He told me he had something for me. A present. He started to undo his belt and then made me unbutton his jeans. He then told me to go lay down on my back in the middle of the bed and to close my eyes. I did as I was told.

I could hear the buttons hit the floor as he took off his jeans. I could feel his weight on top of me as

he lay down. I kept my eyes closed as tightly as I could for I knew what was going to happen next.

I have these nightmares every Friday. I wish they would just go away. If I tell anyone they just look at me funny and call me weird. I don't think I'm weird just because I have bad dreams. I wish I had someone to talk to that I could trust. It would be a lot easier than just keeping everything bottled up inside of me."

"Dear Diary, I'm beginning to think that there are other people inside me. I hear these voices and I don't know where they're coming from. Some of them are good, and others are just plain rotten. There is one in particular that always tries to get me into trouble. Her name is Sara, and she's very bad. She swears all the time, lies a lot, and she told me that she likes to do drugs. I hope she goes away soon. She scares me, and I'm afraid she'll hurt me and my family."

"Dear Diary, It's Friday and I just had another nightmare, but this one was different. It was the same up to the point I had to lay on the bed.

Tonight my father didn't get on top of me. He just stood there looking down at me like he was deep in thought. He took hold of my hand and made me feel my body up and down, then I had to touch him. I squirmed with disgust, told him I didn't want to, and started to cry. It was the first time I ever acted that way.

He got mad and backhanded me across the face, told me I was a hateful little girl, and that I should be careful not to disappoint him. He said that I should be ashamed of myself for crying. That I had nothing to cry about. He told me he was sorry he hit me, that it wasn't right. He started kissing me gently to make the tears go away, and when they didn't he stalked angrily out of the room.

I then dreamt I heard my mom's voice screaming, "I know what's going on with you and Envedia. I'm going to call the police to put an end to this."

I heard my father tell her he had no idea what she was talking about. I was afraid he was going to hurt her! I was going to go help but I heard a loud sound like a gunshot and ran back to my bed. After all, it was only a dream."

"Dear Diary, this morning I woke up to a strange noise and odor. I thought I heard something dragging past my door. When I got out of bed to check, I saw nothing. I went downstairs and sat at the kitchen table.

My father walked in the room looking very pale and ill. I asked him what was wrong and he told me my mom was dead.

She was driving home from one of her nights out, fell asleep at the wheel, and crashed into the ditch. She did not survive.

I began to yell at my father like it was his

fault, even though I knew it wasn't. I ran back to my room and locked the door. I sat down in front of my mirror and noticed a large bruise on my cheek. I didn't know how it got there. I then started to remember the night before. I wonder if these dreams are really dreams, or if they're actually happening. I hope they're just dreams."

Envedia started having her nightmares every night. Now in her dreams her mom would come and try to save her. It never worked because he was just too strong. Sometimes her dad would shoot her mom and hide her in the spare room under the bed. He would then tell her to never go in the room or he'd hurt her.

One day her father had to leave town on business. Sara convinced Envedia that it was finally her chance to find out the truth about the spare room and her awful nightmares.

Envedia walked out into the hall very slowly, shaking for she was so scared. As soon as she opened up the door she was overwhelmed by the stench of old and rotting meat. She crept over to the bed on her hands and knees. She peeked underneath the bed and saw exactly what she feared most. Her mother was mangled into a lifeless ball.

She stood up, wiping the tears from her eyes. She ran to the bathroom and sat in the tub sobbing. She heard her father's footsteps and voice, and peaked her head out of the bathroom. She looked at the spare room and noticed the door was wide open. Her father also noticed this as he neared the top of the stairs.

She screamed and ran for her bedroom. As soon as she got inside, she turned to close and lock the door. It was too late. Her father was already in the doorway. He grabbed hold of her fragile body and tossed her onto the bed. He began to laugh and dismantle her room.

"So you found your mom. I thought I told you to never go in that room no matter what. Now I'll have to punish you."

Envedia was so scared she couldn't move. She just lay there, her mouth wide with an empty scream.

Envedia's father was so angry he decided not to do anything until he calmed down. He locked Envedia in her room and left the house. He would find a place to hide their bodies where no one would ever find them.

When Envedia was left alone she began to hear Sara's voice. She told Envedia that it would be better for her to kill herself so her father would not have the satisfaction.

Envedia didn't have any sharp objects in her room, so she couldn't stab herself. She didn't have a gun, so she couldn't shoot herself. The only thing she had was a book of matches.

She lit a match and lit one of her shoelaces on fire. The fire spread quickly and soon her pants were on fire. Envedia didn't cry out or scream even though the pain was immense. She just stood there and let the flame engulf her beautiful body. As she burned you could see the faint trace of a smile on her face. She was finally getting away from her nightmare.



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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
**April 1994**



*"People are sheep.  
Did you know that?"*

**In this issue we focus on:**

**environment, vegetarianism and more!**

**Featured writers include: Ivy Pelagia,  
Taurus Nobull, Kaleidoscope Eternity,  
Alethea Ambrose, Anova Justice,  
and Pisces Rain.**

# Heroes

---

by Pisces Rain

I remember the day well. I woke up with a serious case of heartburn. I was late for school because I had overslept. Around fourth period I was told that Kurt Cobain was in a coma, someone else had told me he had died.

After lunch told one of my friends I thought I was having a heart attack when I woke up because of the heart burn. They said maybe someone I cared about died of a heart attack.

"You'll never guess who died."

"Who?" I asked as my heart sank and blood pressure rose.

"It's sad. He was my favorite comedian."

Okay, not anyone I

knew personally...

"Well, who?"

"Just guess."

"No! I don't care!

Just tell me!"

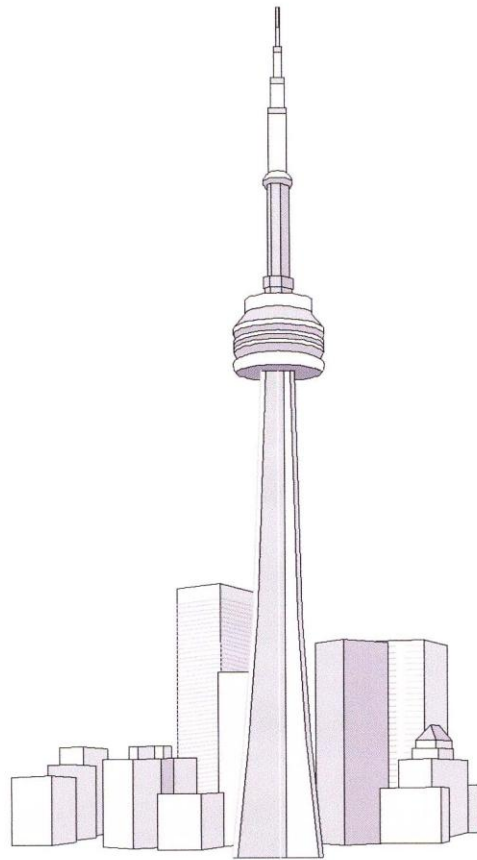
"John Candy."

He had died of a heart attack.

\*\*\*\*\*

As I am writing this I am again disheartened. I just learned that Kurt Cobain was found dead with a gun in one hand and a suicide note in the other. Another tragic loss.

The talented leave a legacy behind. We respect them for breaking molds, rules, for being different. They are not Gods to be worshipped. They are humans. They are heroes!



*"Kurt Cobain  
was found this  
morning dead."*



# Poetry!

## Soul Asylum -

by Kaleidoscope Eternity

She sat alone  
in the empty room full of desks  
She glared out the six windows  
Maybe it was their fault  
He appeared in the doorway in full  
She tried to look away from him  
It didn't work  
She looked back to her windows,  
wishing she could fly away  
with the clouds that raced over the skies  
She tried to push away the feelings  
Then he kissed her  
and she started to cry.



## Stairway by Alethea Ambrose

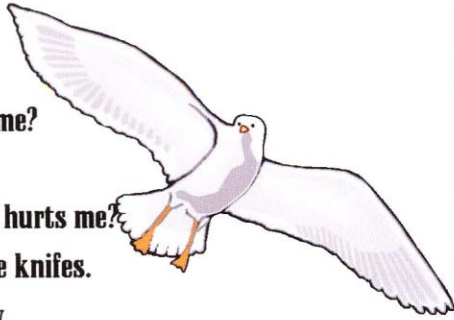
Sometimes I wonder  
what it would be like to not have friends  
So I could be my own person.  
Sometimes I wonder  
what everyone is thinking  
So I could please them.  
I wonder  
what I am thinking  
because my thoughts are a jumbled mass  
in my head  
and I think it would be kinda cool  
to take off my clothes  
and dance in the rain  
because sometimes I wonder  
If I'm really me, or just you dreaming of me.

## Revelation - by Ivy Pelagia

People are sheep.  
Did you know that?  
They follow what's cool-  
the trendsetters, the originals.  
But how can you be original when  
the next day they all look the same?  
Why are people sheep?  
I don't know why the teachers say,  
"It's human nature.  
Greed, hate, jealousy, following...  
It's all human nature."  
Well, if that is the way of humans  
why is it called nature?  
We have killed nature  
and then we make our fake plants  
and plastic flowers and stuffed animals  
and call it nature.  
Zoos are called nature too.  
Even nature can't be original  
with humans around.  
If people are sheep,  
isn't it about time for the slaughter?

# **Can't He See?**

**by Anova Justice**



**Why?**

**Why does he do this to me?**

**Can't he see?**

**Doesn't he know that it hurts me?**

**The words come out like knives.**

**Stinging with each blow.**

**Yelling, yelling, more yelling.**

**His mouth is like a deep cavern with no care  
throwing out the knives in despair.**

**STOP!**

**"Help me! Help me!"**

**I cry.**

**I turn to a lady  
but she does not see.**

**She does not care  
only sits there.**

**Lets the cavern say these things to me  
God- they are so awful.**

**Can't he see they are more than words?**

**They hurt me- isn't that pain?**

**As I tremble I cry,  
can't he see my pain?**

**It's no physical pain for a hand  
he's never laid on me.**

**But the pain is far beyond any physical pain-  
It's my soul that is dying.**

**Can't he see?**

**It's as if I'm his punching bag,  
and he's the boxer.**

**His words are the painful blows to me.  
My heart is aching.**

**The wound he created long ago had just healed,**

**now it opens up again.**

**The pain.**

**The pain, oh, it is so unbearable.**

**Help.**

**Help me.**

**It aches.**

**It aches so much.**

**Can't he see?**

**Can't he see what he's doing to me?**

**I'm not a stone or a roach  
to which anything can be said.**

**I have feelings, emotions, a soul...**

**Can't he see that?**

**It hurts him too much to bare  
the thought yelling at me makes him feel better**

**It quenches his thirst for which he longs**

**It covers his pain which stalks him down  
like predator to prey**

**It's a way to hide**

**A way to deal with the devil**

**Inside of him that he can't kill**

**Well here's what I have to say to him-**

**Please stop hiding.**

**Can't you see.**

**Can't you see what you are doing to me?**

**Soon I won't be able to quench your thirst  
or satisfy your devil**

**I won't be able to play your game anymore  
if you keep hurting me**

**then, yes,**

**then, you will see what you did to me**

**and you will be sorry**

**you will regret**

**So, please,**

**please see what you're doing to me**

**You are an ocean**

**and within you I am drowning.**





## Woodshock by Pisces Rain and Taurus Nobull

I have been hearing so many wannabes talking about how great Woodstock 2 is going to be. Why must we live in the shadows of our parents? Why must we conform to trends that are thirty years gone?

We decided the best fit description for a wannabe was if you pursue a lifestyle in order to belong to a group. A nonconformist is an individual who pursues a lifestyle for enjoyment and enlightenment. Given this definition, membership in a sorority or gang is the ultimate expression of conformity.

The original Woodstock was a time and place that can never be repeated. The name is now being exploited to sell tickets and make money off of our generation!

Contrary to popular belief, Woodstock did not take place in the '70s but in the late '60s. It wasn't even held in Woodstock. It was held in Bethell, New York.

Hippies were peaceful, non-violent protesters. Our generation is more akin to the punk rebels of the late seventies. Woodstock police were called "Peace Corp. Pigs" and even wore bell bottoms! Today if a riot is started at a concert, watch out for the mace!

Woodstock 2 will fail to be peace, love and harmony.

## Vege-Fable?

by Alethea Ambrose and Pisces Rain

**"As a vegetarian I have heard all the granola, tree-hugger, and environmentalist jokes I can take. Lets get everything straight. The reason that I don't eat meat is because I detest cattle, pigs, and chickens. Not because I love them. Another reason I don't eat meat is because of the health benefits. Since I've quit eating meat I've lost 10 pounds, gained muscle, and I can run the Coopers a whole minute and a half faster. So next time you take a bite of your big fat juicy gross steak, think what you're eating."**

**"In one month I lost twenty pounds of what I thought was mostly muscle, but was excess fat. I feel much healthier and am troubled by anxiety attacks less."**

**"I have had some serious accusations made upon me as a Ovo-Lacto Vegetarian. My weight loss was drastic and my friends thought I was becoming anorexic."**

**"I come from a common Irish meat and potato family. I found it hard to become a vegetarian in a cattle town like Kalispell. I have stuck to my goal, despite the harassment of my peers and parents."**

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**EDITOR'S NOTE**

In this issue we focus on bee-ing DIFFERENT.

"Tommy" was a rock-opera written and performed by The Who. The story is about a "deaf, dumb and blind kid" who endures the torture of his friends and family.

In "To Kill A Mockingbird" Atticus tells his children not to kill mockingbirds because they do no harm; only provide us with beautiful music.

All humans make mistakes. We are all different. When does acceptance and forgiveness begin? We need to accept each other for who we are-human. And no human is perfect!

**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #4 May 1994

*The Human BEE-ing*

**Featured writers include:**

**Aquarius Fire, Electricia Starbrite,  
Kaleidoscope Eternity, Alethea  
Ambrose, Liberty Rosenblum,  
and Pisces Rain.**



# Dead Shrouds

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**What's with all of the Grateful Dead logos on cars, T-shirts and hats... Starting within the last 6 months?**

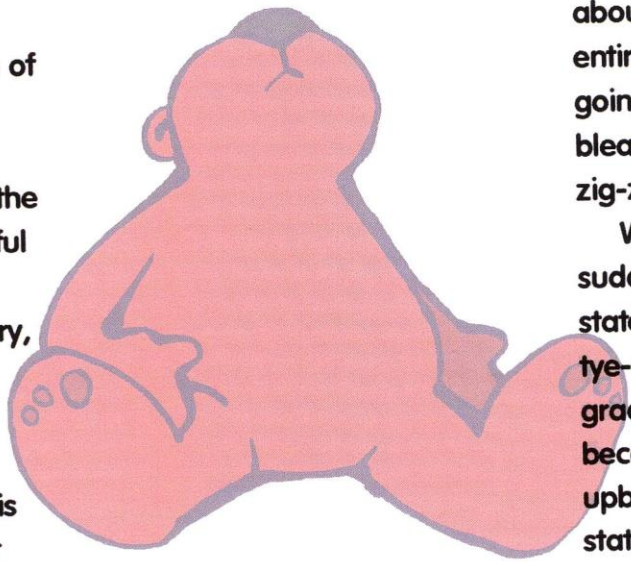
It is not just the Dead that have become the rage. You can also hear many a speech in the hallways about many artists from the late '60s drug culture. The other day I overheard another example of this false adulation. Some preppie bitch was trying to show off her knowledge of the Dead. She said, "The Grateful Dead are so fine!"

WHAT?! Rewind! I'm sorry, but I personally do not find anything attractive about a bunch of overweight, old, bearded men. Obviously this girl had never even seen or heard of the Dead, except for that they are the "in" thing right now.

"I LIKE THE GRATEFUL DEAD! THEY ARE ALL I LISTEN TOO! THEY ARE THE BEST! I LOVE THEM ALL, JERRY, PHIL, PIGPENN, MICKEY, BILL. I LOVE THEM. THEY ARE GREAT."

by Electricia Starbrite

WHERE CAN I GET A  
GRATEFUL DEAD  
T-SHIRT?



*"Since when has a teddy bear been a status symbol?"*

That poem was written by a real fan. Does it show?

Do you remember when everyone had to wear E.N.U.F. and B.U.M. shirts? Or, when everyone mysteriously showed up at school wearing Bulls gear? What about when all the guys had to have their hair parted down the middle and shaved underneath? Or when girls started going for the hippie and punk look. What about Doc Martens and the entire grunge style? Or even going back to the neon colors, bleached jeans, rat-tails, and zig-zag side-burns of the '80s?

Why is wearing a tie-dye suddenly the big fashion statement? I have worn tie-dyes since I was in third grade. I was made fun of because this was a sign of my upbringing and economic state. Now affluent kids are wearing thrift store clothing and they are championed for their creativity.

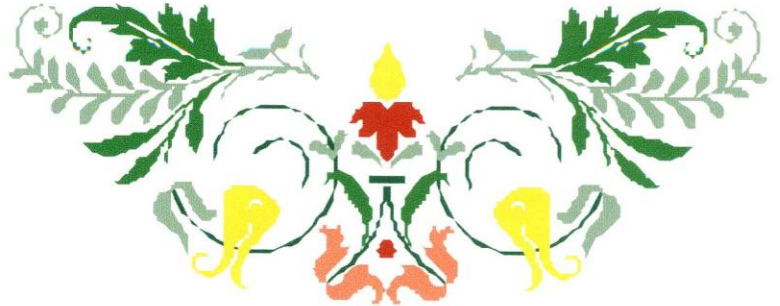
I guess what this all boils down to is the division of the classes. Music can unify, but fashion can divide. And money, as usual, is the root of all evil.

# Reflections!

## No Two Are Ever Alike -

by Kaleidoscope Eternity

I used to want to be just like you. I wanted to be and act different. I was tired of my plain self. I wished I had purple hair, black clothes, and lots of jewelry. I knew my parents would never go for it, but I was determined. I desired change! But not for me, for you and your crowd. Just recently I learned how to like my real self, changed or not. My friends accept me whether I look cool or like a dink! I also accept my natural beauty, and fortunately so does my boyfriend. I love myself and will never conform for you!



## The Age of No Innocence - by Pisces Rain

She wasn't even a freshman and she ran away from home with a stoner to impress him. She got picked up by her mother in a state that was hundreds of miles from home.

She found her slut of a daughter waiting for her with a shaved head, except for a few scant tendrils of white bleached hair falling in her face. She also had a few large green tatoos on her hardly covered body. And a nose ring which made her resemble a door knocker completed the picture.

Her mom thinks she can keep her at home with a little more money than a pimp would bring in. The principal of her school says that they cannot allow her back in because she will be a hero.

Back to the nose ring: Is this the school of hard knocks, or is someone getting snotty here?

by Liberty Rosenblum

**Frozen,**

**as I watch.**

**Still,**

**as I think.**

**Hurting,**

**as I cry.**

**Not fair.**

**When will my time come?**



# **The Bee**

by Aquarius Fire

The creature  
of nature  
flies around for hours  
making love to the flowers  
free bee  
makes sweet honey  
for you and me  
I see your torture  
with poking  
of sticks  
and burning  
of lighter  
the creature  
of freedom  
You laugh as though  
you were in an insane asylum  
Leave him alone  
he doesn't know  
you can't hear him cry  
he is a part of this world  
like you and I  
Why do you hurt him?  
He who lives has a soul!  
You cannot hear  
his frightened little heart  
beat.  
He can see you  
laughing through  
his beady eyes



he wonders  
Why  
He looks at you  
pleadingly  
through  
his tears  
You are unaware  
and do not care  
about his fears  
He's trying to escape  
trying to hide  
but it's too late  
as you glare him down  
with your eyes  
I see you laughing  
to you this is a joke  
What I am seeing  
makes me want to choke  
Leave him alone  
to play in the grass  
and swim through  
the sky so blue  
Everyone runs  
when he walks by  
Everyone swats him,  
when he sits by your side  
He may be scary  
but he'll leave soon  
He won't sting you  
unless you urge him too  
The Bee can be  
harmful and scary  
The Bee can be  
as sweet as honey!



## MUD

by Alethea Ambrose

Last year was the most horrible year of my life. The suicide ordeal got way out of hand. My best friend was in Glacier View for swallowing a bottle of valium. So she could end what she thought was her pathetic life. My friend was suffering from anorexia, and self-inflicted razor cuts up and down her arms and legs.

Why do we think that killing ourselves will help us find inner peace? We will never know what might have happened. Why are we such a mental, repulsive society? Have you ever actually sat down and taken a good look at what you watch on television or what comes out of your stereo speakers? But, I too am a hypocrite.

The other day I was walking down the hall with my friends and we walked by a heavy-set girl. She was doing nothing but walking, and I smirked, "FAT BITCH!" really loud as we walked past her. Everyone with me was near hysterics, so I felt cool for about 20 seconds. When I looked back at the girl she was wearing a mortified expression. I probably left hurt that will never heal. I also contributed to a very serious social disease.

Since my friend got out of Glacier View she has a boyfriend she loves very much and they are planning on getting married one day. She has a job. We have a closer relationship, and her parents and her have worked out most of their problems. We have also had some kick-ass parties together that I'm sure she's glad she didn't miss. She might have if she had been found a few minutes later.

Do you think killing yourself is worth the cost? Is the situation you are dealing with really as bad as it seems? Once you kill yourself that's it, it's the end, and there's no turning back. Everything that you have ever wanted to do is over. You will never see your friends or family again.

We all need to take a crash course in loving ourselves and others. This is a really sick world we are living in right now, and we need to help it get better, not worse.

# Perfection?

by Alethea Ambrose

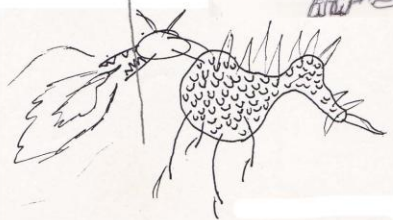
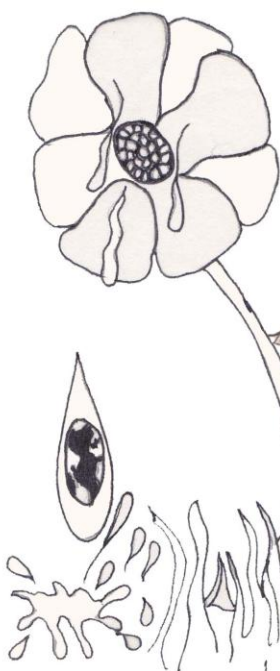
**I was looking through magazines the other day and noticed I found "Mrs. Lingerie 1994" right away, but it took me half an hour to find an average "normal" looking girl.**

**Why? I definitely do not live up to these standards and I would say neither do 98% of the other women in America.**

**Guys have it tough too! Imagine trying to look like Evan Dando of the Lemonheads! I mean, come on people, let's get over society's stupid expectations and try to be ourselves instead of some styrofoam Barbie doll.**

**I personally would rather hang out with the average Mary and Joe than Mr. and Mrs. Perfect!**





The art work of Different was predominately pen and ink per the editor's request (our format was old school paper cut layouts.) We did our photocopy runs courtesy of the cool kids with cars on lunch breaks as we blasted away Alice In Chains and The Sex Pistols. Believe it or not even one of the photo copy store employees tried to confiscate some of our zines!

**DIFFERENT  
Your  
Alternative  
Newspaper!**

**EDITOR'S NOTE**

It is the goal of this paper to provide the reader with a forum for expression. We hope to challenge the reader with a variety of opinions on numerous issues. The reason why Different has chosen a yin-yang as our symbol is because it represents a balance. We feel our contributors should express their opinions freely, and utilize their freedom of speech even if it is offensive! If you are offended by what you read in DIFFERENT simply contact the editor with your comments, questions, and/or contributions! We look forward to your response!

**IN THIS ISSUE**  
*Issue #5 September 1994*



*"People condemn  
what they don't understand."*

**Featured writers include:**

**emmett, Sunflower Aloewishus,  
Aquarius Fire, Alethea Ambrose,  
and Pisces Rain.**



# Making A DIFFERENT

by Pisces Rain

To all those who have just now joined us, allow me to explain what DIFFERENT is and how it came to be.

Our paper provides different perspectives on various issues, in different forms like poetry, essays and short stories. And the best part is that anyone can become a contributor!

After I watched 'Pump Up The Volume' for the first time I realized how much the school in the movie is like every "Anytown, USA" public high school. In fact, it very much reminded me of my own.

I've written for a school newspaper before, so I know how hush-hush, close-minded, one-sided, conservative, and two-faced they can be. I happen to find the town I live in to be an extremely bad case of this attitude.

When the paper started out it was merely a suggestion to create a forum to vent out feelings which needed to be expressed. An underground newspaper was a fitting solution.

WHERE CAN I GET A  
COPY OF  
DIFFERENT?



*"Different is honest,  
and that makes  
some people  
squirm  
in their shorts."*

I felt that the restrictions of the school and their newspaper were very unfair and cold towards the needs of students. Suicide was a taboo subject, as was gang violence. I decided to take matters into my own hands, and create some positive change by breaking away from the newspaper and creating my own.

Many names were tossed around, but DIFFERENT was the "chosen one." The name seemed perfect- it was blunt, and straight-forward. Exactly the impression I wanted to project. I chose a yin-yang for a symbol, not for religious purposes, but to stress Different's quest for a balanced subjective/objective journalism.

I then searched for staff members and quickly discovered a multitude of people who shared my same concerns and desires. We decided to go by pseudonyms to protect ourselves from harassment. It came anyway.

Last year the paper was threatened by parents and teachers. Our paper is honest, and that makes some people squirm in their shorts.

# Reflections!

## Benediction -

by Sunflower Aloewishus

I look at you  
and I know you know how I feel  
I look in your eyes  
and I see how you feel too  
My mind is filled with visions  
of the way that we could be  
and I can only hope the day will come  
when you show your love for me  
The truth hangs heavy in the air  
and the pain bares down with all it's might  
Yet still there is a hope alive  
like a bird about to take flight  
I know you've had a hard life  
and I really do understand  
for my life's been a dusty winding road  
Trust me, let go  
and take love by the hand  
Forget what everyone else says  
and show me how much you care  
by listening to your true heart-felt feelings  
and answering this prayer.



## Conflict

by Aquarius Fire

War- Its so insane  
The people fighting  
the crops thirsting for rain  
the hungry people going insane  
the dancers listen to the beat  
swinging,  
swaying,  
moving their feet  
the crazy people running around  
the lost dog that can't be found  
songs make us laugh  
songs make us cry  
a potent drug to get you high  
Lots of people  
lots of dreams  
hear the abused child's screams  
a fine reward for a missing child  
the feel of sex can drive you wild

Here I am  
Sitting before you  
All in black  
Black like a growing shadow  
Hair softly flowing  
Silver jewelry ringing  
the song of death  
Pale skin  
pale like broken doves  
Perfectly straight  
Swaying to the ancient beat  
Thoughts leave  
Running with the senses  
leaving a cold, bloody body  
Cold like old snow  
The body is for you  
the only thing I own  
use it for your satanic sacrifice  
I scream your eerie name  
As your steely claws pierce me  
They reel me in  
I want to fight just so you can scar me deeper  
With laughter in my voice  
I ask you to teach me all you know.  
by Alethea Ambrose



# **Proof-Read**

**by emmett**

Gaze upon your face on  
this,  
light sensitive paper.  
My love for you is real  
now,  
not merely just a vapor.  
A smile of shining glory,  
A gorgeous face that  
tells a story.  
Alas, it lifts me up from  
my hole inside the  
ground,  
my confusion is abound,  
to what it is I have  
found,  
Your words are spoken  
true,  
examined through and  
through,  
To you I'd tell no lie,  
or speak to make you  
cry  
unerringly for you ever  
die.

For you I'd grasp the  
stars,  
Spend my life behind  
steel bars.  
Or walk to the corners  
of the globe,  
just to nibble your ear  
lobe.  
I would love just to  
gently touch your cheek,  
the little things I live for  
like listening to you  
speak.  
I'd give my life just to  
hear your laugh  
Together we walk God's  
narrow path  
What I'm trying to say is  
I love you more than  
you could ever know,  
But I'd do anything for  
you,  
just to let it show.



**DIFFERENT**  
**Your**  
**Alternative**  
**Newspaper!**

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**Featured writers include:**

**Copper Hearts, Super Schnookems,  
Scorpion Lagoon, emmett,  
Liberty Rosenblum, Ivy Pelagia,  
Lee Leeman, and Pisces Rain.**



# Lighten Up?

by Pisces Rain

One DIFFERENT reader recently told me "You guys just keep getting better and better." while another said, "God, you guys are so depressing." I felt the best response was, "Lighten up!"

Yes, DIFFERENT is supposed to be balanced, but it is also a reflection of the writers who contribute to it! This issue is no exception.

We've been meaning to create an issue on suicide since Different's beginning. We feel it is vitally important to talk about feelings instead of repressing them. This issue was not taken lightly.

There was a lot of conflict between opinions. We were also threatened to be turned in by a member of the school newspaper staff who claimed the continuation of our writing would get "the school in deep shit." It was through the positive feedback of our readers that the writing continued.

We realized that we had made a commitment to our



**"With an issue  
like suicide it  
is hard to be cheery."**

peers. Suicide seems to consistently happen during this time of the year. We felt this issue needed to get out to prevent anymore needless deaths.

The adrenalin of anticipation and fear met the exhilaration of accomplishment. One writer said, "God, I'd do anything just to piss them off and break the chain!"

We can not hide from the truth. We know the statistics and we've all had to sit through health class. But do you choose to view the world through pessimistic or optimistic eyes?

Society has no credibility when it comes to telling the youth of America how to feel. Society is pessimistic, reflected in the media with scenes that advertise violence, and sometimes even encourage it. It is hypocritical for this same society to turn around and say, "Don't do it!"

The contributors to this issue of Different are expressing their feelings. Please read the following with an open mind, and have a good cry.

# Poetry!

## A New Day -

by Super Schnookems

Through the darkness  
the moon shines bright  
the wind blows and howls  
shaking the trees and shrubs  
The heavy clouds stare down  
while the thunder booms  
and lightning flashes  
the rain begins to fall  
it pours and pours throughout the night  
at last, a bright light shines through  
the sun peers out  
the clouds disappear  
and the rain turns to a light frost  
it is the beginning of a new day



## Cracked - by Scorpion Lagoon

I love to sit and watch  
leaves fall as I wander  
about aimlessly into the  
depth of solitude  
I wish I had one chance  
to prove my worth  
I come up empty,  
once again  
I come up short,  
once again  
I am nothing  
once again  
as it always was  
as I always am  
Power drained from my body;  
out of all the holes shot through me  
From all sides  
life lives, not in me,  
but through me  
Its just another rip-off  
from life to lifeless  
ugly on the inside  
happy on the outside  
worthless  
another miserable product  
of my own disregard for self-preservation  
Discarded  
Cast out  
Unwanted  
The way I love it  
One common factor  
Life  
All else is passing away in me...

## AWAKE

BY COPPER HEARTS

IF I COULD GIVE YOU MY EYES  
JUST FOR A MOMENT TO  
SEE YOU AS I DO,  
MAYBE YOU  
WOULD FINALLY  
SEE FOR YOURSELF  
THIS BEAUTIFUL PERSON  
WHO MATTERS SO MUCH TO ALL  
WHO HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF SHARING YOUR LIFE



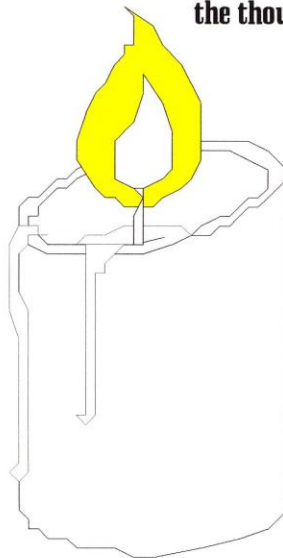
# Disdain

by emmett

Dignity cries out to  
me  
My hands are tied with fear  
my mind is racing  
dwells on one thing  
I think the end is  
near  
scramble  
frantic for a reason  
why my hand could commit such treason  
by extinguishing a  
candle with a  
glimmer of hope  
better off just  
glowing  
then swinging from a rope  
distracted I am so  
easily  
next important  
thought persists  
the poisons put away  
save it for another  
time  
like when I feel  
alone  
I think I'm rather  
clever,  
I found a whole new  
way to deal  
When I feel so

under weather  
found a whole new  
way to steal  
& rob from myself  
take away any memory  
worth remembering  
so used to  
slumbering my mind  
is burned with cold  
I'm a coward  
much braver of me  
to let nature grow  
me old what else can I do  
but think of  
precious thought

put my life out now  
leave me here to rot  
no more worries  
I'm so stupid  
no more hurries  
I'm an idiot not worth  
the thought I was



## Bon Voyage

by Liberty Rosenblum

Seeing things  
It's not real  
It cannot be true  
Feeling no pain  
Misery is never  
As I fall asleep  
Gone  
Lost  
Mindless

# Poetry!

## **My Mind by Lee Leeman**

In my immature mind  
the world is going  
haywire  
People turning their  
heads from truth  
going blind  
belief in hope and faith  
burning away  
a fire  
In my non-understanding  
adolescent knowledge  
drugs and guns prevail  
the world is going to HELL  
People getting degrees in gangs  
not college  
I wish for peace and throw my  
penny into an empty well  
In my ignorant teenage existence  
money is going down the drain  
despair  
the world owes God repentance  
To live in peace is a  
mighty dare  
In my childish pathetic  
developing head  
the news brings on sighs  
and tears  
If we don't change  
we will all be dead  
the more we hate  
the closer the end nears  
But just in my made-up  
dream-filled weak thoughts!



## **INVOCATION - BY IVY PELAGIA**

I WANT TO DIE  
I WANT TO DIE  
CAN'T STAND TO LIVE THIS WAY  
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT  
I HAVE NO HOPE  
I WANT TO DIE  
WHAT HAPPENED TO ME  
WHERE DID THE LOVE GO  
IT WAS HERE ONE DAY  
YESTERDAY  
GONE TODAY  
I CAN'T LIVE IN YESTERDAY  
I JUST WANT TO DIE  
THERE'S NOTHING WORTH LIVING FOR  
I CAN'T FIND MYSELF ANYMORE  
DON'T BOTHER TO LOOK FOR ME  
YOU WON'T FIND ME  
I AM nothing TO YOU  
I DON'T CARE  
YOU DON'T CARE  
I WON'T BE BACK  
I JUST WANT TO DIE  
I'M GONE  
SCARED  
HELP ME



## Not A Scream by Anonymous

I have so many secrets. This is extremely difficult for me to write. I feel so paranoid, like everyone will know who I am. I've been trying to get up the courage to do something like this for a long time.

When Pisces Rain asked me to write an uncensored article about suicide I felt like it was the perfect opportunity to help others and come to grips with my own problems. Here goes (I'll try to be honest.):

I am, and have been for some time, in a major depression. My friends see me as one of the most cheerful people.

I am an addict/alcoholic, although no one would think I am. Lately I've been falling deeper into the habit of medicating my problems.

I feel numb, and some mornings I wake up and feel like I'm not alive. Like I'm just a figment of someone else's imagination.

Sometimes I think about suicide. I think if I hurt myself I would still be just as numb. Somehow I always snap back to reality at the last possibly second.

If anyone reads this they will probably think that I need serious psychiatric help. But the funny thing is, if they didn't read this article they would never know. I think people have the signals of suicide all wrong.

I seem to always be accused of drug use when I'm sober, and sent to a counselor when I'm having a great day. Of course, this only results on bringing me back down again.

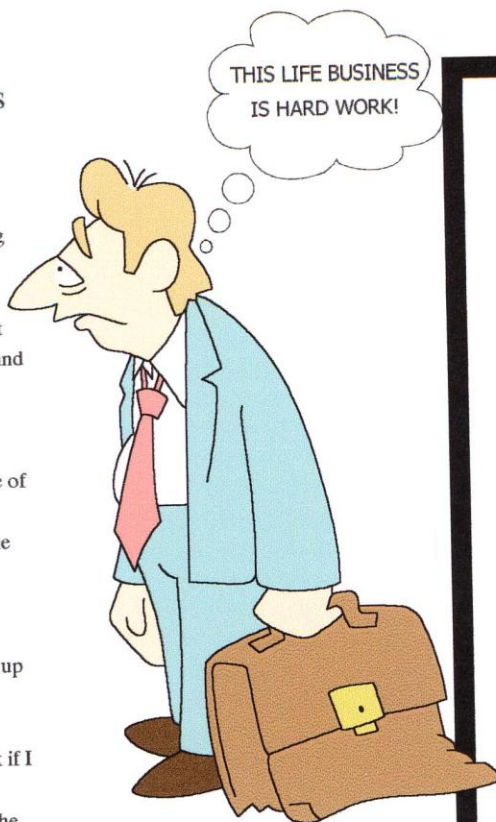
I lost a friend to suicide. I could never cry. The situation only hardened my heart more. I got so tired of hearing people say, "There was nothing we could do." Is that supposed to make me feel better?

It doesn't. It makes me feel hollow, empty, alone, angry, hurt, royally pissed, and like no one understand how I feel.

When we had the suicide ring at our school I was upset by the way the administration handled the situation. They weren't confronting the issues, they were trying to sweep them away.

People who are thinking of killing themselves are looking for help, love, and attention. They are not thinking about how their death will affect others, they are thinking about escaping their lives.

I don't understand why life has to be such a struggle. I don't think it should be this way. I'm just taking one day at a time.



## ALONE by Copper Hearts

I was alone and scared in that deep dark world of depression  
No one ventured near me  
for I always wore a sad expression  
No one reached out a hand  
to help me out of my dark hole  
They thought I liked life just fine  
though I was just playing a role  
the people I used to call my friends  
they all turned against me  
Every day they teased and taunted  
no one knew how much it hurt  
they never saw the tears I shed  
At one point  
I even thought of dying  
because it seemed no one cared  
but at the last moment  
I was pulled out of my dark world  
someone showed me they cared  
they lent me a hand to help me heal  
now I know how precious life really is  
and I can't imagine ever  
trying to end my life again

## I'm Tired by Super Schnookems

I am tired.

I am tired.

I am so, so tired.

I am tired of my job.

I am tired of school.

I am tired of the stress for good grades.

I am tired of the pressure to pay my bills.

I am tired of the same old people.

I am tired of the same routine.

I am tired of society and what people think.

I am tired of working day after day.

I am tired of not having time to myself.

I am tired of not being able to have any fun.

I am tired of being tired.

I am tired, tired, tired.

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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #7 November 1994



*"I wanted to be the  
1st woman President!"*

**Featured writers include:**

**Liberty Rosenblum, Gavin Eurydice,  
Aquarius Fire, Iris Ophineas,  
Oger Ulrick, Scorpion Lagoon,  
and Pisces Rain.**



# Subjugation

by Pisces Rain

A few weeks ago I flipped on the television to hear the suicide rate has increased by more than 150% in the past decade.

The media is a powerful enough to convince a society that our generation is composed of slackers; that we're lazy. So what is the real truth?

We're going through hell! The old question, "What do you want to do with your future?" is met with "What future?" Of course our suicide rate has sky-rocketed!

We feel indebted to clean up the damage of our parents who spawned a generation that wreaks of divorce, suicide and drug abuse. Many of us feel we may never go to college, even though we have been trained to believe it is required to be a success. What is worse is these feelings are fostered by judgmental adults who make comments like, "You'd better start planning on working at McDonalds because it sure looks like that's where yer headin'."

How can people feel happy in a society that craves the sensationalism of violence? Where is this violence coming from, if not society? Who is taking the responsibility. Ultimately, is suicide a way of avoiding this society,

or contributing to it's problems?

We must remember the Holocaust. In doing so we will remember that mass atrocities separate our generation by only half a century. Should we find a comfort in knowing that violence is nothing new? I think in doing so we can stop feeling depressed about the state of our world, and start making positive changes within ourselves.

As I am writing this "Turn, Turn, Turn" came on the radio. Yes, nothing is new under the sun, except the hold that the media has taken on our culture in the past half century.

The mind is an easy thing to control. Many people I have interviewed feel that the government has bought the media. I feel that the media is getting funding from anywhere it can just to survive in a world of internet and movies. That is why they report so much violence and hype.

Our generation is not to blame for the world's problems en masse. Billy Joel once sang, "We didn't start the fire." It applies to many generations.

We are stereotyped as the kids that never grow up, who's parents left their kids sitting at home in front of a television with a microwave meal and remote control while they went off to work, as the kids who've lost all innocence.

The media can't label my generation, and I can't either. It is as diverse as every generation.

**"The media can't  
stereotype  
MY generation!"**

# Poetry!



## **Leave by Aquarius Fire**

Why can't you leave me alone?  
You think that you everything  
but you don't  
You make accusations  
and fuck with my mind  
Leave me alone  
cause you know you're not right  
I hate you people  
that come in my life  
You're stupid  
Just leave me alone  
I was happy without you  
happy alone  
What you talk about  
is senseless  
What you say and think  
doesn't matter!  
You'll never know me  
like I know myself  
LEAVE ME ALONE  
You drive me insane  
Can't you find  
something else to do?  
Leave us alone.

## **MUSIK - BY GAVIN EURYDICE**

The feeling, the rush  
you reach your point  
happiness  
people see you and look  
you feel full of life  
but then suddenly  
hopeless  
why did it have to end  
that rush  
that feeling  
It doesn't have to end  
**ENDLESS**  
just press rewind  
feel it over and over again.

## **My Cry For Help by Liberty Rosenblum**

So alone, when I talk no one hears.  
No one cares about me and my fears.  
Is anyone out there-  
that can hear me cry?  
I can't tell anyone how I feel-  
my life is one big lie.  
My world is so confusing-  
never know what to do  
No one can hear my cry for help.  
No one knows if it is true.





## X-ing Out An Era?

by Pisces Rain

Is music at a standstill? Is rock dead? Once everyone starts copying each other, I feel it will symbolize the end of an era.

Our generation is linked together by music with lyrics that are shocking to our parents; ie Nine Inch Nails' hit "Closer" with "I want to fuck you like an animal." Not as though hippies didn't have their fair share of controversy. Towards the end of the hippie movement the fashion and culture become so accepted that it became cliché. This is what is happening to our own Generation-X today.

As our parents remember where they were when they first heard The Beatles or when John Lennon died, our generation remembers experiences with Nirvana and the death of Kurt Cobain.

Our generation is indifferent to the media, which has labeled us with an X because they are unoriginal! Unfortunately, we are becoming just as unoriginal by falling into statistical categories!

I feel that without the Dark Ages there never would have been a Renaissance. I can't wait to see what our generation will do and where it will go next!

## Rambling Thoughts

by Iris Ophineas

Rambling thoughts fill my mind  
nightmares haunt me  
dreams maybe!  
Nothings here  
the future I fear  
My bed a nest  
where I can rest;  
my home my haven or cage,  
The people around me  
fill with rage!  
food is good- drugs are bad  
all these conforming thoughts-  
I'm going mad  
what do I believe?  
Knowledge give me relief.  
Do good in school  
follow the rules.  
Do not fight!  
This reality bites!  
Give them no truth-  
tell them what they want to hear.  
The old bum begs for a beer.  
I'm in a "X" generation!  
Don't you know?  
My friend, my foe,  
we're slackers filling the nation!  
What do they care?  
The truth is visible and bare,  
we're going to kill each other.  
Killing you, me, and our brother.  
The Earth is filled to the brim,  
no more room- they can't come in!  
Discarded feeling in my head,  
It would be easier just to be dead!  
**MY STUMBLING, TUMBLING, RAMBLING THOUGHTS!**

# X-Generation

---

by Liberty Rosenblum

**Growing up  
and not knowing  
where my life is  
headed is what  
scares me the  
most.**

I have nothing to support me through college, so I probably can't even go. If only my life was different.

When I was 13 my dad was arrested for growing pot in our basement. I never got along with the rich kids, and now these are the students who are getting high and think its the only way to live. I don't understand.

I can't see where my life is headed. My dad is now married to a stuck-up bitch who thinks her shit don't stink. I stay in my room, it's like my own world. My mom is suicidal

and can't find the meaning of life. Sometimes I wish I could take her pain away.

They say we are the X-generation, and we are all supposed to have jobs at Mickey D's. They say we are going to be drop-outs. I'm going to prove them wrong. I'm going to show everyone that never believed in me.

I wanted to be the first woman President, but I don't think I would like that job. I want to be happy. I want to get married to a guy who is caring, loving, and good in bed. The scary thing is I don't see my life going anywhere. I can't even see myself graduating.

**"I wanted  
to be  
the first  
woman President..."**

They say everyone has a reason to live. What is that reason for the X-generation? Where is our future?



MARY JANE  
BY OGER ULRICK

Mary Jane,  
Oh Mary Jane,  
Your names are many  
and known.  
Mary Jane,  
Oh Mary Jane,  
I wish I had my own.  
Mary Jane,  
Oh Mary Jane,  
You're always  
what I need.  
Mary Jane,  
Oh Mary Jane,  
You come from  
a leafy weed.  
Mary Jane,  
Oh Mary Jane,  
You fill my  
lungs with smoke.  
Mary Jane,  
Oh Mary Jane,  
You're going to  
make me choke.  
Mary Jane,  
Oh Mary Jane,  
You're going  
to make me die.  
Mary Jane,  
Oh Mary Jane,  
At least you  
make me high!

How I Feel

by Scorpion Lagoon

Candy-coated reasons for living make no sense to a lost mind.  
Trying to make a paper sandcastle frustrates some. But to me it's  
O.K. Purple Unicorns walk a dark path leading to nowhere...

I wish I had a nickel for every time I flushed impure thoughts  
from my memory. I'd like to show you a place I go when I want to  
be alone. Clear the cobwebs in the attic with a blow to my skull.  
That's how I feel.

How I feel when I live is far better than how I live when I feel.  
A box in the corner that's been there far too long. Covered in  
dust with a lemon twist.

Fulfilled emptiness exists in me. Until now I had no idea how  
you felt. Can I borrow some of your sunshine? My cloud has lost  
it's silver lining. Tarnished glory lasts forever. Clinging to  
existence.

That's how I feel.

Magic Words

by Liberty Rosenblum

You left me,  
and I couldn't help but cry  
I know why you never promised me  
so you wouldn't have to lie  
I thought we were happy together  
I know I was happy with you  
I'll never be able to trust again;  
you tore my heart in two  
I wish I could change the way you feel for me  
Is there something that would make you see  
that I can't be without you another day  
Until I hear the magic words only you can say.

**DIFFERENT**  
**Your**  
**Alternative**  
**Newspaper!**

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It is the goal of this paper to provide the reader with a forum for expression. We hope to challenge the reader with a variety of opinions on numerous issues. The reason why Different has chosen a yin-yang as our symbol is because it represents a balance. We feel our contributors should express their opinions freely, and utilize their freedom of speech even if it is offensive! If you are offended by what you read in DIFFERENT simply contact the editor with your comments, questions, and/or contributions! We look forward to your response!

**IN THIS ISSUE**  
*Issue #8 December 1994*



**Featured writers include:**

**Ivy Pelagia, Sweetums,  
Sunflower Aloewishus,  
Scorpion Lagoon, Iris Ophineas,  
marqui de sade, Stone Traveler,  
Tigris River, Liberty Rosenblum,  
Aquarius Fire, and Pisces Rain**



# Good Things

## Come In No Packages

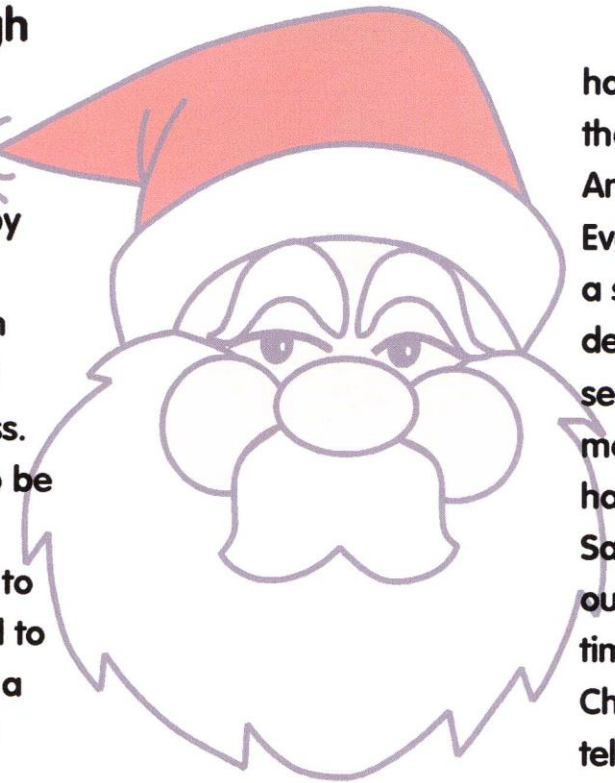
**Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle all the way! Oh, what fun it is to ride in a sleigh driven by a crazy monkey?**

Yes, and powered by rabid dogs that are swinging you around in never-ending circles of insane meaninglessness.

Yes, what fun it is to be pulled relentlessly by a harness we must wear to conform to society, and to carry on traditions and a way of life we may not find to be acceptable.

Jingle Bells, a song wreaking of tradition, rings a bell of alarm, and even rage. Why must we depend on a holiday to show our love and express our feelings? If people would give gifts when they could all year long it would be much more meaningful.

by Ivy Pelagia  
and Pisces Rain



**"If you  
can't afford  
Santa, tell your  
kid they are wicked."**

People feel obligated to buy gifts. This makes the recipient just another name on a list.

The Christmas America has created is no better than the way of life America has created. Everything is a game and a struggle- Christmas light decorating contests (lets see who can spend the most money; let's see who has the most money) Santa Clause (Lets lie to our children just one more time; if you can't afford Christmas you can always tell your kid they are wicked)

The holiday spirit should fill our hearts with joy and gladness. It is time for reflection. This year reflect on commercialism, the media, and the American way as you throw out all your wrappings in the trash!

# Poetry!

## Untitled

by Sweetums

in my bed I can protect you  
they won't slay you  
my blankets are your shield  
my pillow your sword  
your clothes are their anger  
free yourself of them  
I can protect you  
naked and free you'll be  
I will climb on top  
to keep your blood running  
I will kiss you  
and give you strength  
don't be afraid  
they won't come  
in my bed I can love you  
I won't slay you  
my blankets are your friends  
my pillows your hunger  
your clothes are not needed  
free yourself of them  
and I will do the same  
naked we'll be as one  
I will climb on top  
to keep you happy  
to keep our love running  
I will kiss you and hold you forever  
don't be afraid  
no one will watch  
in my bed I will love you



## Withdrawal

by Aquarius Fire

A school movie in your class  
about a man's fight for  
freedom.  
Freedom?  
Yeah...Freedom.  
We will be the next rulers  
of this kingdom.  
Your parents knew you  
from the start,  
they think they know you still,  
But you have grown  
so far apart;  
they don't know you that well.

## Deep Secrets by Liberty Rosenblum

Never say goodbye, always be with me  
grab my hand, and together we will be  
touch me, run your fingers through my hair  
tell me your secrets, always be able to share  
say you love me while you look deep in my eyes  
promise me forever, never telling lies  
hold me in your arms, never let go  
Run your hand down my thigh, smooth but slow  
Make love to me, and I'll make love to you  
Kiss your lips and I whisper,  
I love you too!



## Untitled Poems

### By Stone Traveler

Gazing into the darkening sky  
I sit on the hill and consider why  
Why we go through life in hell  
Hurting everything oh so well  
Do we live to destroy it all  
Can't we be and not fall  
fall through the cracks of our mind  
Into the chaos beyond time  
Sit and think  
relax and be  
be as you are  
for the path is not far

\*\*\*\*\*

Welcome welcome my friend  
Sit back, relax, are you ready to begin?  
I see the cracks behind your eyes  
Bringing forth the pain of lies  
Does not heed their callous spies  
Do not fear things outside  
for there are some in this world  
to help heal to comfort thee  
take heart, take heed,  
to the end, we shall be  
for all eternity, with thee

## Untitled

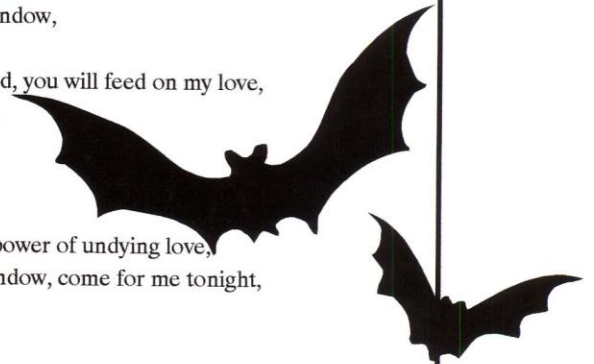
### by Tigris River

I go with many words of peace,  
to dance among the dark pine trees  
with the moon full in the sky  
a luminous glow from way up high  
dancing naked in the night  
in the sky a moon that lights  
the dark night has a tint of blue  
like heart and soul of all but few  
joy and sorrow all in one  
many are not having fun  
people's lives in restless peace  
when will man's evil cease?  
contentment rushes in with fire  
like the hearth of wisdom's sire  
people dance in fake delight  
until the truth can grow in might  
disease, hunger, and hate has spread,  
like a fire at summer's head  
peace and love will make a stand  
to change the world to something grand  
Until then I will dance my dance  
I'll ask the night if there is a chance  
Join me in my endless chant

## Wish For A Vampire

### by marqu de sade

What is this evil that I am so easily drawn to?  
What is this dark game which alludes my soul?  
-brings me pleasure when nothing else brings me so,  
all earthly pleasures unfulfilled,  
all spiritual fulfillment swallowed,  
yet one spirit yet to fill my soul,  
I desire the passion of eternal love,  
I desire the eroticism, and undying love,  
the intimacy of bondage, untouchable,  
by man of mortal realm, pain does not exist,  
in this dimension of love, eternity is inevitable,  
in this space time of love, every breathe shared,  
with a darkened delight, no need to hide true feelings,  
for they only come out at night.  
come in through my window  
come for me tonight  
I desire your kiss, I desire your sex,  
I feed on your love, I feed on your blood,  
take my mortal life, make me live forever,  
feed on my wine red blood as it flows,  
and hold me long into the day, venture with me into the night,  
to learn of your ways, to feed on the hypocrites of the day,  
the pharisees, all the people who try to hurt you,  
my undying love for you  
will protect you, happiness, ah yes  
happiness  
of the flesh, and of course the soul,  
and our blood will bond us, no one can hurt us,  
come in through the window,  
come for me tonight,  
I will feed on your blood, you will feed on my love,  
from now until forever,  
we will fuck like dogs,  
love like angels,  
feel like mortals,  
yet have the immortal power of undying love,  
come in through my window, come for me tonight,  
God,  
make me,  
a vampire.





I was just thinking about something that really pisses me off. That is, labeling people because of their spiritual beliefs or ethnic backgrounds. Many people in this community are prejudiced. I really get pissed when I'm talking to someone and they say something like, "It's all those damn niggers fault. If we got rid of them we would get rid of crime!" WRONG!

First of all, I hate that word. Can't people say "blacks" or "Negroes"? Nigger is not a word for anyone but blacks to use. Second of all, crime is not solely committed by blacks. I mean take Montana, for example. How many blacks do you see here?

And yet look, we still have crime.

The next excuse I hear is, "Well look at California and all the gangs." Well let me tell you something- I lived there for almost thirteen years and I have seen the violence, and believe me, it isn't all committed by blacks. The Oriental gangs and even the Mexican gangs are worse and even outnumber the black gangs there. So don't you dare go blaming a race that should have never had to take all the ridicule, blame, and abuse of a completely messed up country.

Again, going back to our community and the intolerance of various religious groups. It seems as though we have all religions here, but Roman Catholicism is all that is recognized. In short, if you don't have the same beliefs as the Catholic church, then to hell with you. Well, I say screw that!

I am a Christian/Catholic, but like my friend, Different staff writer Liberty Rosenblum, I feel like the black sheep of this religion. I am pro-choice, but the church is pro-life. Thankfully, my family doesn't try to pressure me into the beliefs of the church (they too don't strictly abide by the doctrine.)

I am glad that I have this freedom to decide. I wish more kids had the right to pick and choose their own beliefs. Why not? Isn't the whole point of this country to give the people life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? It used to be. Is it still? Maybe, but not for our generation, it seems.



## NOW! by Sweetums

Today is never tomorrow or yesterday. If we can remember that then hopefully we all can accept the fact that we are here for a purpose. Life will never be what you expect- so either expect nothing or handle it when your expectations fall through. I believe that love and happiness are important to one's life- but there are people out there that have neither. But it is never the end of the world because time and faith are always on your side if you believe. If you believe- you can get through anything, you can do anything, and you can accomplish anything. Whatever is in your heart is what your life will be. It may sound fake but look, this is coming from the heart of a teenager who knows about dreams and expectations. Hell, we all do! It's time to stop feeling sorry for ourselves and rise up and accomplish something in life. Whether it's legalizing hemp or banishing bras- We are the generation that is going to make a difference! So start believing- and find peace of heart, mind and soul!



# Don't Crucify Me!

by Electricia Starbrite



**Christian hypocrites. A familiar sight on any Christian holiday. A church brimming with "close-knit" families in their best clothes. If there was ever a better time to prove to the world that they're "Christian good-folks" the holiday season is the time to do it.**

**Christians claim not to judge those who are different from the poster-child Christians, who come complete with their own style of dress, music, and language. If you do not fit this norm there are some who would claim you need to be saved, or you haven't yet found "the way". Judgement is not going to save anyone. Christians should realize that is the entire point of their namesake.**

**One young man I interviewed has to live in a home where his abusive mother claims she is a Christian, and forces him to attend church despite his personal beliefs. He sits in church clenching his fists so hard they start to bleed, and his mother smiles as she sings hymnals about peace and joy.**

**A young woman I interviewed feels her parents would rather have a "normal" daughter than what they have. Her parents make her feel guilty, like they've devoted their lives to her. Because she holds different values they have been devastated.**

**Is religion being abused as a parenting tool? Shouldn't parents take the time to provide their children with support, encouragement and objective guidance before they send them off to Sunday school?**

**The best example among my interviews was a young woman who's parents are atheists but impose Christian values! They have lied to her on numerous occasions about their own affairs and drug abuse in order to influence her behavior. This has resulted in their loss of credibility and their daughter, who has recently become emancipated.**

**Christianity is controversial not because of the doctrine, but because of the hypocrisy! Christians kill homosexuals and bomb abortion clinics. Hitler wanted to exterminate the "Christ Killers." There were Christian slave owners. One man I interviewed said, "You can't tell a Christian by what they say, only by what they do."**

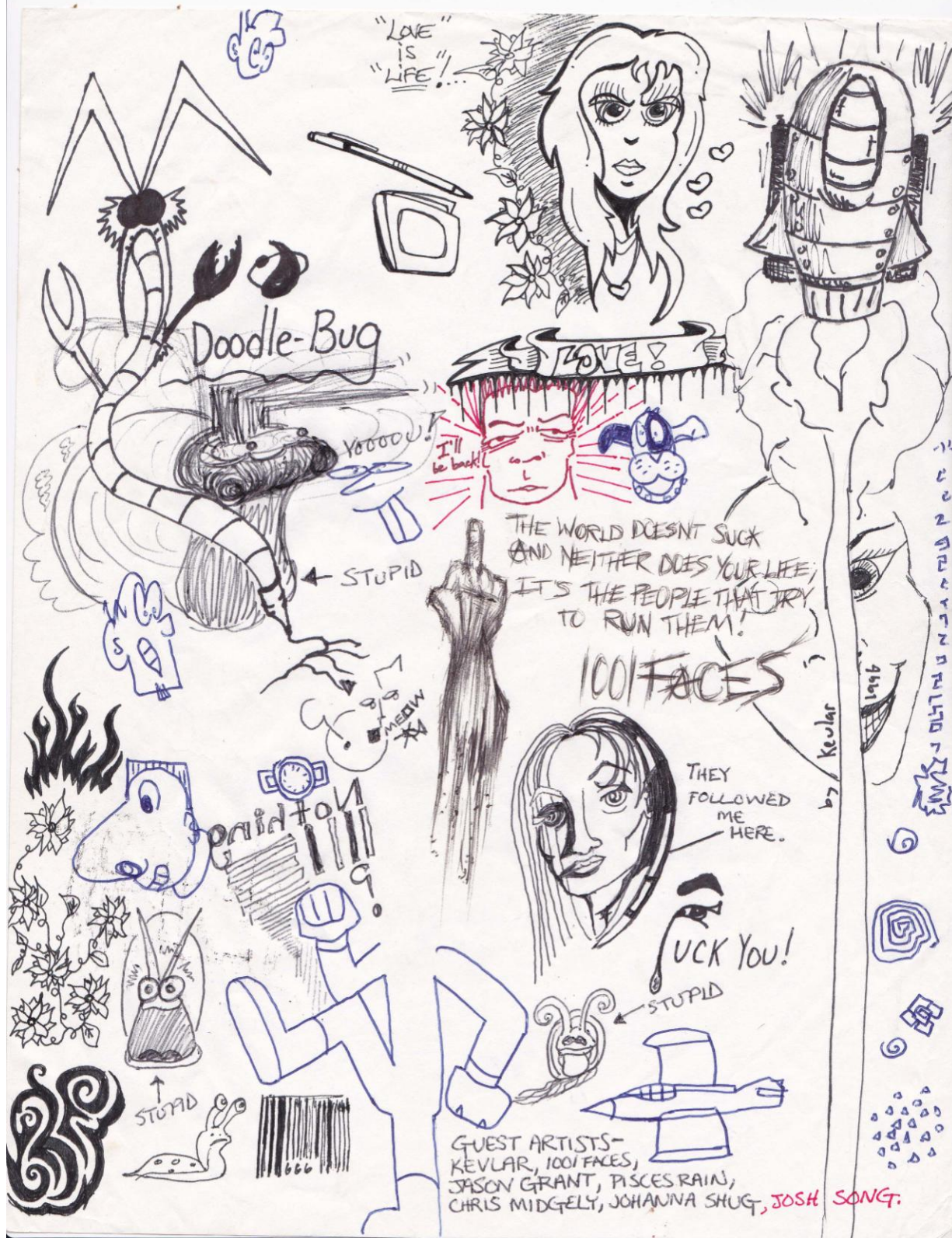
## Silent Conversation by Scorpion Lagoon

Come inside, play my meal ticket.  
I have a surprise for someone you love.  
Hate me.  
My rage exists within the confines  
of your self pity.  
Taste my fear.  
Know my passion.  
Loved myself to death, over and over.  
Today, next week,  
some other time I'll tell you a secret  
I've never known.  
Please let me kiss your insecurities.  
I want to heal your pain.  
Doll house burned down.  
Rebuilt in time.  
Laugh for me.  
I cannot lie if I don't say anything.  
I cry a silent cry for you.  
Don't bother showing affection.  
I can't see myself look at you.  
Needing to relate to someone  
a story never written.  
So many wrong reasons  
for thoughts and actions.  
I can't admit a single thing,  
except that I thought about you.  
Happy. Nowhere at all am I going.  
Stay awhile. Talk about things better left alone.  
That makes me happy.  
I enjoy conversations about life and death  
and in between...  
Thank you, friend.

## Insomnia by Iris Ophineas

Time for bed  
run to your cozy cradles  
as I sink into my nightly grave  
left in dead slumber I close my eyes  
but the peace of sleep is not for me  
Images invade my mind  
my soul is jailed in endless wondering  
My thoughts cannot cease  
all that was here all that I have All I lost  
cries to me  
What could I have done  
What to do  
When will the suffering stop  
Oh, how time is still  
Am I allowed no happiness?  
No sleep? No rest?  
My eyes close but my mind is open  
and all that was then, now, or soon to be  
haunts me





Doodlebug was one of our favorite featured pages. We really wanted something that captured the artistic spirit of the illustrious if not meditative study hall hour. This page would circulate until it became entirely filled with original doodles from a wide variety of contributors, some of whom went on to become professionals in the arts.







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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #9 January 1995

*"I like what Different  
is all about- the truth!"*

**Featured writers include:**

**Anonymous, Stone Traveler,  
Scorpion Lagoon, December Frost,  
Ivy Pelagia and Pisces Rain**



# FREEDOM?

---

Are we ever ready for a new year to begin, or do we just sort of fall into that old routine again?

I ask myself that question every year, but I guess it just never gets answered. I guess the New Years resolution thing just comes and goes. It is hard to try new things, but with a new year comes hope.

One of my resolutions has been to get wiser about the elimination of waste products in my home. I feel more people should do the same. We live in a world that needs some care from it's users. We are not the only life that exists on this planet, after all.

I think our country has a misunderstanding with the whole idea of life. We need to stop destruction and start getting real. Why do we need bombs? To feel secure knowing that we have more top-secret toys than the next guy? Why don't we grow up?

by December Frost

*"I know the whole 'Land of the Free' story, but we may be taking this freedom too far..."*

I know all the benefits we have as Americans, I know the whole "Land of the Free" story, but we may be taking this freedom too far.

Convicted killers are being let out of prisons that are too crowded. We can't execute them because it is inhumane, though these people were so ready to hurt someone who really had the right to live.

Prison isn't even a punishment with free food, lodging and television. And who pays for it? You and me. I say FUCK THAT SHIT! We have better things to do with our money like funding schools, finding cures for disease, and helping save endangered species.

We can't all be saints in this life, but we can make an effort to clean up our act.

I think DIFFERENT is a positive way of healing society because the contributions are true feelings and ideas. People can identify with honesty, and politicians should know as much. We have hope in the years to come, but we have to watch what we do very carefully. We only have one world, let's resolve to respect it!

# MUSKETEER

## By Pisces Rain

Putting it bluntly would be best.  
Individual representation. We cannot depend on someone else to relate to others what we want to be heard. In today's world, trust is rare. We need to take our destinys into our own hands.

Instead of a world where the few speak for the many, the many who do not speak need to address the few representatives. We are not so stuck in a hole that our crying echoes can't be heard.

Individual representation could be considered anarchism to some, but it is a duty everyone should highly consider. It could be considered selfish to some, but a personal utopia is worth fighting for.

*To the Editor and Different Staff:  
I just thought I would drop you a note because I like your paper so much and I want to keep seeing it around the school. I like what it's all about: the truth! It seems to me that this is the only newspaper with any real meaning to it! People get to express their ideas and stories, and that is not generally found elsewhere.*

*Sincerely,  
Anonymous*

### Untitled

by Stone Traveler

The fiery blood enters my veins  
Beating from my flaming heart  
The unquenched passion once again takes hold  
Digging into my soul with a furious grip  
The hollow place is again in my being  
The timeless loss of her  
No more shall I search and hunt  
The wait will be hard  
But the time will come  
And I will finally find someone

\*\*\*\*\*

My heart begins to beat  
With the calling of the deer  
My blood begins to pulse  
With the feeling of her fear  
The hunters in the shadows  
The wolves begin to howl  
The death of another  
A life at an end  
Man is a part of nature  
That is where I stand.

### Redefining Life by Anonymous

New changes,  
fear...  
New lifestyle,  
hope...  
living each day with a new desire,  
DETERMINATION  
of what we do is sometimes not understood,  
curiosity  
or was it that?  
we make new marks on life each day  
the fear is still there  
What if something goes wrong  
we have tomorrow to start fresh  
live life as if every day was your last  
that builds the determination into something worth while!  
Keep loving, don't take things as  
meaningless  
that is the sign of things to come!



# What

## The Hell?

By Scorpion Lagoon



Hell: A place where the evil are eternally tormented after death. How true is this statement? This common belief has been taught in Christendom for centuries. But is that why the first century followers of Jesus believed? The Bible seems to say the exact opposite. For example, Ecclesiastes 9:5, "The living are conscious that they will die. But as for the dead, they are conscious of nothing at all." If the dead are conscious of nothing at all, how can they experience torment? They can't. This would be in harmony with Psalms 103:8-10, which states, "God is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and abundant in loving kindness. He will not for all time keep finding fault. Neither will He to time indefinite keep resentful. He has not done to us even according to our sins. Nor according to our error has He brought upon us what we deserve."

These facts prove the "eternal torment" theory wrong. But this could also be looked at from a common sense aspect too. Think about it: If God is loving, why would he torment forever?

## The Mental Block

by Ivy Pelagia and Pisces Rain

Ivy: What I always picture when I think of the educational system is that part from the movie "The Wall" where the kids go into the meat grinder very different and come out all the same. High school is bull shit. Education, once you've learned how to read, write and add, is learned in life. School was invented as a "constructive day care."

Pisces: Constrictive day care is more like it.

Ivy: School has degenerated into a prison where we stare longingly out the windows.

Pisces: It's scary to think that America's actual prisons allow more freedom than their schools! It makes you wonder where the hearts of American citizens are in this day and age.

Ivy: We could do something so much more worthwhile than Geometry.

Pisces: Society used to evolve with education. Now it is being dragged down by it. People should be accepted by society if they choose to break out of the norm and pursue a different form of education. We could be advancing as a nation, as a world, if everyone were ready to expand their perceptions.

I feel that society is growing to the point where it will either accept change or not. There will always be groups who will push for traditional schooling, but I wonder what makes something traditional, and if our current public school systems even are.

Ivy: These current systems are holding us back, afraid of what we would become if they allowed us to choose our own paths.

Pisces: Of course, then they wouldn't get federal funding.

Ivy: The way things are set up now you have no choice but to go through high school to attend a decent college.

Pisces: Many students feel they may never go to college, even though it is what teachers preach is required for survival in the real world.

Ivy: Teachers like to bull shit, and think they can control their students and mock them without consequence.

Pisces: Many people in positions of authority over-exceed their powers. I am sure everyone can recall a time when a teacher denied them permission to use the bathroom. I am sure there are many who suffered great pain and humiliation due to this sort of behavior; urine infections and kidney destruction. In America you would think this sort of treatment would be met with outrage.

Ivy: Mr. B, Beware my wrath!

Pisces: Some would say education is for our own good. Staff writer Sweetums wrote, "If you don't want to learn certain things, you don't have to. There are ways to change." If schools didn't exist we would make one, and learn from it!

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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
*Issue #10 February 1995*



*"Our first year  
anniversary edition!"*

**Featured writers include:  
Liberty Rosenblum, Anonymous,  
Sunflower Aloewishus,  
and Pisces Rain**



# Sex & Different

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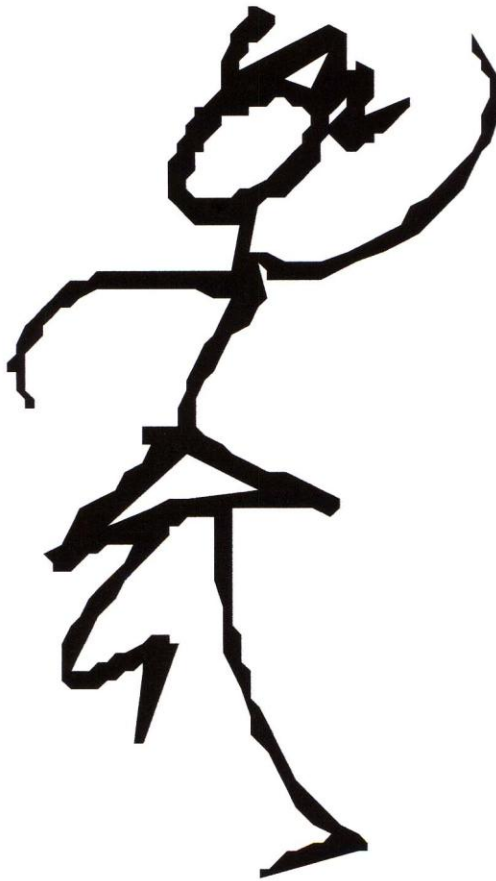
**Women are oppressed in the media, and even our community. Why must we assemble to champion it?**

Recently we had an assembly at our Flathead High School that made me realize the oppression of women by the media and Hollywood has even seeped into our small town of Kalispell in Montana!

In many of our assemblies the subliminal messages are too obvious to be sublime. "Hey ho!" Isn't that how it goes? Isn't that what a pimp calls his hooker? Correct me if I'm wrong. I know on rap videos ho can mean bitch or slut.

What about the intolerance of lesbians? Signs are held up during assemblies that claim some of the female athletes are "half-girl." I tell you, those half-girls can kick your ass- so you'd best hold your tongue!

by Pisces Rain



*"Those half-girls  
can kick your ass-  
so you'd best hold  
your tongue!"*

Many people in this community possess a "boys-will-be-boys" attitude. Some of these people are even female. This ironic self-degradation only makes the mistreatment of women all the more painful to the victims, who need all the support they can get.

There is an over-abundance of hatred in our community toward every difference- be that physical, mental or spiritual. What I see the most is just a bunch of shallow people who jump on the bandwagon before they form their own personal conclusions on issues.

I hope and pray that this world can learn to be more tolerant so we can begin to grow as a society, instead of destroy each other. Violence is not the key to solving a misunderstanding. If you feel that it is, go ahead and express that opinion, it is your right. But it is not your right to bring harm to others.

For example, take me, I am writing this article right now because I have been offended by something I do not agree with. Have I hurt you? Be careful, paper cuts.

Cupid  
By Liberty Rosenblum

February 14-  
Valentine's  
Day



That stupid Cupid  
never shoots an arrow  
my way  
It never does  
Never will  
Puts me asleep  
with the thought  
of a thrill.

***Editor's Note:***

***The original Issue 10,  
February 1995 was  
mostly a reissue of Issue  
1, February 1994.***

To Whom It May Concern

by Anonymous

The last two assemblies have shown me just how discriminating this school really is. All of the activities that have ever taken place have been set up. And the jocks, the kids involved in extra-curricular activities, the kids who have money and get good grades, are the only ones who ever get picked for these assembly activities.

I'm sorry not everyone in this school has parents who can afford to send their kids off to college, and not everyone is good enough to participate in extra-curricular activities. We don't go to school to be discriminated against. You never see anyone from the "Smoker's Corner" down on the gym floor during the assemblies.

What will it take to show this school that they are excluding at least 50% of the student body from these activities? And you wonder why we don't have any school spirit? Get a life! Get more people involved!

Has My Time Come? by Sunflower Aloewishus

I have often wondered,  
when my time would come.  
Watching my friends  
having so much fun  
Jealousy and loneliness often filling my heart  
While a longing burned to play the part  
But then I met you and all of that changed  
You turned my eyes from so much pain  
I know I feel so much for you  
And I am sure that you are feeling it too  
And every night as I lay silent in sleep  
visions of you find their way in my dreams  
In my slumber you love only me  
Do you feel that way outside of my dream?  
I have so many questions  
but please answer this one  
All I want to know is  
Has my time come?



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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #11 March 1995



**Featured writers include:**

**Morbid Worm, Fupa the Electric One,  
December Frost, Tatiana Alya,  
and Pisces Rain**

## We Need

### Cool Radio Stations

By Morbid Worm,  
and Fupa, the Electric One

Has anyone besides us noticed that we have no cool radio stations? They all suck. Benny and Dave are queers that do funny stuff every once in a while. They play sucky music. The only other stations play that hick music shit or that wussy music ("yesterday's favorites"). Radio stations should play cool stuff. They should have a radio station called KLSD and they could say whatever they want and play anything that's cool. They shouldn't be censored and stuff because censorship and stuff sucks. They should be able to say fuck and shit and dick and pussy and stuff. Radio stations should have cool radio shows and music, like Nirvana and King Missile and They Might Be Giants and Nine Inch Nails and Green Day and Dig and Live and Hole and Sweaty Nipples and The Offspring and Soundgarden and Ministry and Metallica and Weird Al and Adam Sandler and stuff and not rap and not that hick shit. And they shouldn't play commercials. They should have cool DJs like us.

### Patriotic Patriarch

by Pisces Rain

Patriotism in the nineties seems almost hypocritical and humorous, but I possess it. It may sound ludicrous, like being in an abusive relationship, but I am a patriot.

Recently I listened to our President, Bill Clinton, praising Canada for being an example to the world with their tolerance of diversity. Is this no longer what America represents?

My ears have endured too much political banter for a lifetime. People can become politically obsessed, and yet in all of their obsession, make no positive change.

I am tired of the idea that the X-generation is pessimistic. This label was created by the media who are most likely predominately baby boomers. If children are a reflection of their upbringing, doesn't this mean that the baby boomers are the pessimists? Are the baby boomers starting to feel guilty about all the free sex and drugs and corporate warfare?

This is the country where if you try, you can accomplish anything. If you give your all to your community, you will receive that much more in return for your contributions to society. That is what patriotism is all about.

Patriotism isn't about triumph in war and superiority over other countries. It is all about pride in our accomplishments as individuals working together towards our goals.

Patriotism starts right in the hearts of you and I. If people were free spirits and shared their wisdom this country would be a far more nurturing environment for the individual. In respecting each other's differences we can grow to understand humanity's true purpose.



# Poetry!



## Lost In It All

by December Frost

Will there ever be a time to realize  
how we really treat each other  
without respect, without equalness  
without  
we have inner fears, that reflect  
they reflect how we treat one another  
without equality  
hateful collections of the mind  
aren't what we need  
what we do without each other really  
that person in the hall who you joke at  
laugh with blinders on  
blinders from reality  
son of a bitch who gets amusement off  
that other person's sorrow  
the real one with problems  
they don't know themselves well  
enough to  
have respect...  
that person who you mock is thinking  
how mean you are  
you don't pay attention until you  
are in the same place  
actions should not be taken lightly  
they are not an act from  
only you...  
alone is what some of us are afraid of  
even though it can help us to be content  
patronization is the barrier to wholeness of being  
what some do every day, is patronizing,  
being hypocrites  
ignorance is what slows this country down  
slow to realize how we are going to end up  
without care and without remorse...  
If not changed  
where will you go then?  
back to the classroom and apologize to the soul  
who you helped to deteriorate?  
There may still be time for forgiveness  
The choice is left there.

## Shroomin' by Tatiana Alya

The way it used to be was not like it is today  
What we see is not what we get; life is just there  
Nothing has no meaning and meaning holds no truth  
What tomorrow brings no one really knows  
Live for the day and not for the promises of tomorrow  
If you live in a dream land the fruits of life and love  
will quietly pass you by, laughing at you with words of wisdom  
Looking at you with eyes of truth  
Knowing what only they know and you can never find out  
Love will pass you by in this cold lonely dream land  
nothing seems real and reality is not as you see it  
What we view as truth are someone else's lies  
As we tell lies, others see the truth  
My friends are enemies, at the times I need them most  
I have no true enemies, only friends that act like enemies  
Don't fear what you don't understand, it won't work.  
The only reality is the one you create for yourself  
My feelings are a jumble I cannot figure them out  
All I know is what I don't know, and all that is,  
is the unreality that surrounds me, suffocating me  
like a blanket of fear, unknowing, and uncaring  
Love isn't in this blanket, it's somewhere out there, beyond my reach.

## AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAahhhhhh!

by Morbid Worm and Fupa, the Electric One

I turned on the lights  
and danced on the railroad tracks  
The man's face was blue  
and I glowed in the dark  
My eye did, anyway  
Did I have clothes on  
I think so, but  
there's no way to tell now  
Everything is dark  
and echoing  
Sounds repeat forever  
until it's just a big  
mess of noise  
that stuffs up my head  
I can't think  
I'm going crazy  
Help

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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #12 April 1995



*"There are plenty of ways  
to make things better."*

**Featured writers include:**

**Morbid Worm, Fupa the Electric One,  
Gemini Hija, Liberty Rosenblum,  
December Frost, Anonymous,  
Copper Hearts, and Pisces Rain**



# Deteriorating Playground

**What will we do? The last best place is not going to be here for much longer. Our ignorance will soon pay off in uncountable consequences...**

What will we do when it's gone? There are no easy answers. Only that question, "What will we do?"

What is our priority on this planet? It hurts to see people throw away newspapers and bottles and not even think twice about their waste. Aren't we supposed to savor our lush lands to keep for eternity? Nothing lasts forever you might say, but we can preserve!

What will we do- when we no longer have that tree in the backyard? If humans make mistakes, shouldn't they be learning from them? An effort to heal nature's wounds wouldn't be a bad start.

by December Frost



*"An effort  
to heal nature's  
wounds wouldn't  
be a bad start."*

The essence of happiness is in our surroundings. Why can't we improve them? I like listening to the wind blowing in the trees, how about you? Like humans, the forest has feelings, the ground- scars, the land- faults. What will we do? Tuck it away and keep it hidden, cover it with an impersonal mask?

What future is there in paving our planet so the life underneath is dead forever? Why are intelligent people accepting money from threatening companies? Isn't this why we don't see more of electric cars and other technologies?

We are in conflict with the earth in a test of the human race. We will soon find out the score. What will we do? Have a pep talk with our planet and let it know we will make the wounds heal someday? Will that be too much to ask?

There are plenty of ways to make things better. I feel we need to practice what we preach. But it is hard if there is no incentive.

The most valuable incentive is where we live. The Earth.

# Cobain Refrain

By Liberty Rosenblum  
and Copper Hearts

Kurt Cobain, the idol of many teenagers across the world. A man who committed suicide a year ago last week. Although he is dead and gone, his remaining band is still making money. People are still buying unreleased songs to support the band. We feel this isn't right.

The band is really making money off of Kurt's death! Do people think they are supporting Kurt? Well, they aren't. We cannot figure out what all the fuss over Kurt Cobain is. He was just another singer who committed suicide. When he took his life people that never knew him cried.

They never knew how he felt. Everyone knew that Kurt was going to kill himself. No one really cared about him or else they would have helped him.

Kurt Cobain is dead. Let him go. You don't have to forget, just move on. He is gone!

## Aneurysm

by Gemini Hija

Why? That's the question millions of fans and followers wanted to know April 4, 1994- when Kurt Cobain committed suicide.

For me, it was a shitty day. I remember I was watching the news and I overheard something about a "rock star" committing suicide. It caught my attention and when I looked at the television I saw a picture of Kurt on the screen.

I was stunned. "Why?" I thought. "It's a lie." Then, after overcame my denial, I was mad. Why would he do this? I overcame my anger and cried.

MY HERO WAS DEAD. He, Kurt Cobain, the ultimate kickass musician... Thinking about it I was soon angry again, but for a different reason. I was mad at the media.

A "rock star" - is that all he was to them? To me he was the "Father of Alternative," a "GOD."

These thoughts flooded my brain.

Now it is one year later and I have faith that Kurt is up there in Heaven sitting right next to Jimi Hendrix, laughing at all of us down here.



# Almost Everything Sucks

By Morbid Worm and  
Fupa, the Electric One

Why doesn't everyone get a life?  
They're all dorks, and they suck  
Everything is stupid  
They should make more cool stuff  
Like Nirvana and Nine Inch Nails  
And Pulp Fiction and Metallica  
And Bram Stoker's Dracula  
And The Stand and Pink Floyd  
And Natural Born Killers  
And Neal Stevenson and Sandman  
And everything in Vertigo  
And Doritos and Coke and pizza  
And King Missile and M.C. Escher  
And They Might Be Giants  
And Stephen King and Wired  
And Guns and Terrorists  
And when we kill people  
And that's all  
Everything else sucks

TO: Editor and Different Staff

FROM: Anonymous

RE: "We Need Cool Radio Stations"

I am writing this in response to an article written by Morbid Worm and Fupa, the Electric One. I believe if we really wanted to we could get a different radio station. All we must do is play our cards right.

Yes, it may sound far-fetched, but isn't it worth trying? Just think how much money an Alternative/Metal station would make. It's primary listeners would be teenagers and people in their 20s. Think of all the businesses that rely on people in the 13-30 yr. old age group. All we need to do is get serious about this idea.

I seriously believe we, the writers and readers of Different, could do something about it. If we do we could actually have music that doesn't sound like the B-side of a 1970's '45 record.

## He Paid To Play

by Pisces Rain

Last year the media claimed we as a generation lost our representative. Who was this leader? Kurt Cobain, the late lead singer and guitarist of the alternative band Nirvana.

The media selected Kurt as a spokesman for our generation because his parents were divorced, he was a drug addict, and he killed himself. But why did our generation become so obsessed with the life of Kurt Cobain? Why did legions of fans choose to imitate his fashion style and punk ethic? What was it about his music and his charisma that made Kurt Cobain special?

There would not have been a grunge movement without Kurt Cobain. Before Cobain there were plenty of great alternative pop bands like Jane's Addiction and The Pixies, but these bands were too risqué for mainstream radio. What did Nirvana do that these bands didn't?

Nirvana had an  
for the music  
was sagging in  
general loss of  
overproduced  
many of which  
own cartoons,  
numbers!

There would  
not have been a  
grunge movement  
without Kurt Cobain.

economical appeal  
industry which  
sales after the  
interest in the  
bands of the '80s,  
came with their  
dolls, and 900

Nirvana was  
in ethic, but  
right combination  
of metal, punk and  
pop savvy to interest a mainstream enthusiast. The poetic, dark, and sublime lyrics by Cobain were meant for an intelligent listener, but by this point radio had been familiarized with bands like R.E.M., The Cure, and The Talking Heads. Nirvana found an unhappy balance, but unfortunately Kurt Cobain could not maintain it.

After Kurt's death I listened to his music for hours, listening to the lyrics. They were often misunderstood in his life, but they were very prophetic.

There were so many questions I had surrounding Kurt's death. Kurt's family had a history of suicide. Did he have a therapist? What about all the self-medication he claimed he was doing for his ulcers, by using heroin? Did he have a doctor? Why was Cobain taken to a drug rehab clinic where he could walk out of his own accord? Why, when it was known that he was a danger to himself and had attempted suicide before?

Through all our hurt, I feel the deepest loss is Kurt's. He has left behind a future he will never know. He has left behind a little girl that he will never see grow up.

But maybe he saw it a different way. He left a world full of avarice, to a place where he would no longer have to take the responsibility for anyone's actions but his own.

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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #13 May 1995

*"Do not shrink and hide  
from what is different."*

**Featured writers include:**

**White Tiger, emmett, Gemini Hija,  
elcy arily, Alethea Ambrose,  
Tatiana Alya, and Pisces Rain**



# Classic Nude or Raunchy Lewd?

**Last night I had a nightmare. Our school was holding a beauty pageant for body parts.**

I think this nightmare about Miss Teen Elbow and Stomach was a result of the recent ridiculous assembly our school held. The cheerleaders got their groove on; heavy petting by their dance partners down on the gym floor. This created a controversy among students, teachers and the community.

Our own Senior class president and even community newspaper supported the dance, but what about everyone else? Why is it the authorities stepped in to comment, unless they felt they needed to defend their positions, or rather the positions of those dancers? Why? Because if this "dance" had happened during the senior prom it would have been suspension time!

As if an authority on the subject, the Senior class president basically told the student body that it would be impossible to

by Pisces Rain



*"I've got a  
shoot for  
Ms. Kiss-My-Ass  
in half an hour...."*

avoid such a spectacle in our society.

I personally find there to be a major difference between classic nude and raunchy lewd. I think there is a serious double standard in this school, with rules that are subjectively enforced upon minorities.

If a public school is just a smaller version of the society at large, doesn't this reveal something about our community? Why should federal tax payers money be spent on the sexual oppression of women in place of reading, writing and arithmetic? Did you know?

What I found disturbing about our class President's response was that he implied this situation was above our heads. That the offended students don't need to face the harsh reality of sexism, and shouldn't look at what responsibilities we are faced with as genders.

Public schools mistreat serious social issues and what results is a snowball effect. Tah- I've got a shoot for Ms. Kiss-My-Ass in half an hour...

# Poetry!



## MOTHER

by Alethea Ambrose

You were only sixteen. The same age as me. You probably have more courage than I will ever know. I know how I've hurt you and made you cry. I know it was my fault you never had a childhood. I wonder how you still love me.

I remember being a child, with you telling me to clean my room. I wanted to rebel even at my young age. I screamed, "NO! I WON'T DO IT! I HATE YOU!" I wish I could take that back. I will never hate you.

I remember being in school...First grade I think, and you were never around. I was mad at you and wondered if you were mad at me. It was when I was older that I realized the truth. You were working three jobs to pay rent, and buy food and clothes for me.

I also remember living in the apartment where we had to heat the water for baths on the stove. And you would always fix me ketchup and bologna sandwiches for lunch. Even though we had to live under these conditions, you always smiled at me and told me that you loved me.

I remember when I had a 103 degree temperature, and was put in the hospital. I wanted some of your fruit salad you always made. You made a huge bowl. But I didn't eat any.

I remember you sitting me down and telling me how you gave up your other daughter. I think you gave her up so you could raise me. I know that it was the hardest thing in the world for you. I think that you still probably cry about it when nobody is around, if not on the outside, on the inside.

I remember when I came to you with my awful secret. I remember seeing you cry. I remember your laugh. I remember you taking the blame for me.

I wish everything could go back to that time. When we didn't have all these damn material possessions and still lived in that little apartment where we had to heat our own water and I ate ketchup and bologna sandwiches for lunch.

## Oh Mother by elcy arily

My mother of mine she does not know  
how she always hurts me so  
Her growing pain she keeps inside  
wasting a part of her that already died  
worry branding innocent skin  
believing and living in false sin  
Mother is lost long ago  
who is this woman that hurts me so?  
ravaging through what I hold dear  
dismissing the understanding of what I  
hear  
prying inside of my own mind  
wishing to take what she can find  
Mama love me how I am  
I never will be like them  
I keep waiting all the while  
for you to give your loving smile  
I know it's there and always will be  
a beautiful thing you cannot see  
I feel so lonely without a Mother  
I will not ask for any other  
deep inside you are what I need  
shed your tears let you bleed



## "Welcome"

By Gemini Hija

FREAK.

That's what I am

Just because I'm

different

Different from all preppy

jock bitches

But I love being this way

I choose to walk off this

s r i h

t a g t

line that everyone

in this valley walks on

The stares

The glares

**I welcome them**

It further entices my

freakism

**FREAK**

## Do Not Judge Me

by Tatiana Alya

Do not judge me for what I wear

Do not judge me for what I say

Do not judge me for what I do

Do not judge me for who I call my friend

Every time you judge me, someone else may be judging you

I have done nothing to cause you pain

I have said nothing to bring you shame

And yet you still judge me, why?

"Why?" I ask, with fists clenched in rage.

Why torture me with your words of steel

And your looks that chill me to the bone

I can hear your mocking laugh

I can feel your uncaring eyes on me, as I go on my way

Maybe someday my pain will come out

and shout at you

Shout, scream, rant and rave

For only you have kept this pain alive

Feeding it as you would logs to a fire

As I stand here and watch it grow higher

I will not cry

You will not know

My pain will wear a mask today

But that mask is slowly breaking away

Revealing the ugliness trapped within me

Someday and someday soon

my pain will show itself to you

but until then,

do not judge me.

**TO: Editor and Different Staff**

**FROM: emmett and other Kurt Cobain screaming,  
yelling, thrashing guitar, get down and head bang do  
what you feel loving realists; true fans of Nirvana**

**RE: "Cobain Refrain"**

This letter is is response to the article by Liberty Rosenblum and Copper Hearts. First of all, when it comes to this generation, and when it comes to the most significant events in life- "You're either on the bus or off the bus." I'm sorry for those of you who missed out on the affects of Nirvana. It was a definite eye-opener.

Second, unlike many current popular beliefs, music should not be purchased for political reasons... Unless of course you are planning on buying Bill Clinton's saxophone C.D. People are buying Kurt's music now because they love it, not to impress someone. Unless of course, they are not a true fan of Nirvana, and believe me, there are plenty of people out there who are completely sincere.

You two have obviously not gotten past the "Smells Like Teen Spirit" stereotype that many people get hung up on. You obviously have not read much on Kurt either- or you would know how much people, including his friends and family, loved him and tried to save him from his unfortunate fate.

Of course we cried when Kurt Cobain died! We cried because we did know how he felt! This was obvious through the music which he shared with us. I was a close friend of Cobain's through his music and so was everyone else who really understood, appreciated, and loved him. Maybe if you had taken the time to appreciate Kurt and come to an understanding of how he would affect a whole generation when he was alive you would understand that what is happening now is certainly not a trend and is certainly nothing new. It is here to stay and won't be leaving any time soon.



# Jill

## by White Tiger

She stands in front of the mirror looking at the bleak, bony thing that she calls her body.

She studies her face: the color ash-gray with a blue tinge, where her eyes look sunken and her cheek bones jut out. Then she proceeds to her shoulders where she can see every bone. The jutting collar bone sticks out so far. Her eyes move to the top of her shoulder where there is this bone (rounded on top) going straight out of her shoulder like a stake out of the ground.

She glances down to her mid-line where her ribs can be counted. They jut painfully outward, causing a shadow on her stomach from the blockage of light. Her eyes travel downward to her hips. The bones look like two thick pencils sticking straight out.

There is a light rap on her door. She glances around her room looking for the baggy clothes to cover her shrunken body.

"Jill?"

"What Mom?" she said.

"I have something for you."

"Could you wait a minute?"

"No, and I'm tired of your attitude..."

The door had opened and there stood Jill's mom

wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

"Oh my, Jill?"

Jill hadn't been able to find those "hiding clothes" and her mom had been able to see what she really looked like.

"What's wrong Mom?"

Her mother didn't even answer, she just turned and ran out of the room. The clothes that she was bringing to Jill were left forgotten and discarded in a messy heap.

Jill turned and began to look again into the mirror. The door to her room opened slightly. This time, instead of seeing her real reflection, she sees something else.

The face: a soft lump of creamy colored skin with no definite shape. The bones in her shoulders are no longer visible, but are now covered with layer after layer of thick folds of skin, shimmering with sweat.

This time there are no rib bones sticking out, but fat fold after fat fold all the way down to her socks.

Her body is a boat of flesh, not a bag of bones. This is the reflection that Jill sees. The one she thinks her mom sees.

The truth is, no one sees how she really looks. Her

clothes are ten times too big. Why? Because she doesn't want her clothes to fit. She is afraid of exile. Don't ask me why.

In truth all the guys love the way she looks, or at least seems to look. But her friends are beginning to worry.

"Jill eat something." they say day after day.

They began to realize that she is never seen eating. Her lunch is always a solitary twelve ounces of water.

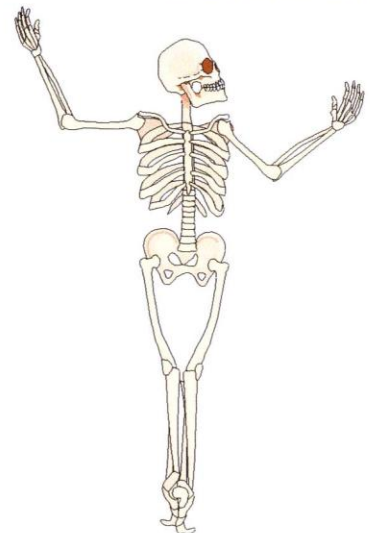
Her parents, too caught up in their own problems, don't realize she doesn't eat at home.

When does Jill eat?

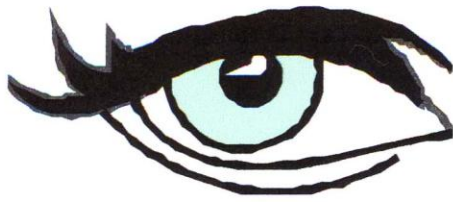
Never.

She is no longer hungry. Her stomach no longer aches for the food she used to consume. It now aches when she does eat. So, because she hates the aches, she refuses to eat.

To think that this all started out with just a show to her parents that she could stick to a diet. Self-control, her parents called it. She sure showed them.







## Understanding

by Tatiana Alya

Open your eyes my friend,  
Open them to  
the world around you.  
Do not go blind  
to what you don't understand.  
Do not shrink and hide  
from what is different.  
Embrace the differences  
that make up society,  
shocking to those  
who will not accept,  
scary to those who do not  
or will not understand.  
Life is a great trip,  
the more you understand  
and accept,  
the better the trip becomes.  
Do not imprison yourself  
within your own fears  
Let your spirit soar  
and fly free  
within the skies  
of your own understanding.

## Anal-Fixation

by Gemini Hija

Picture this: You're walking in the mall and you see two guys/girls sitting on a bench. The first thing that pops into your head is: Look how close they're sitting. I bet they're...

Now stop. Don't say it.

Maybe they're just good friends... Maybe they're only brothers/sisters. But you didn't think of that, did you?

You wanted to witness two gay people in the mall so that you could scoff them the next day at school. Yeah, you all know what I'm talking about.

In Math someone mentions something about gays and you say, "I saw two fags in the mall last night. They were holding hands too!"

Now, you know they really weren't holding hands. You added that little portion for the shock factor...

There is a disease in this country called homophobia. You know the type that never pass up the chance to bash gays. Why?

Homosexuals are only people that are living their lives- society is not. At least they stand up for what they believe in.

I know many gays/bisexuals, and none of them "live to be lesbians". Think if you know any gay people. Are they constantly talking about their lifestyle and trying to "convert" you? No.

Some of my best friends are gay. My role-model is gay. That doesn't mean I want to be gay. It just means I admire them as a person.

Next time you hear someone bashing them either keep your trap shut or stick up for them. Sticking up for someone doesn't mean you're gay or anything like that. It just means that you're smarter than the oppressor.



# Zelda

## by Pisces Rain

*Zelda... Zelda was always cool.*

When she said her own name out loud to herself she thought of the freak on Stephen King's movie "Pet Semetary." The doctor's wife's sister. The one who was locked up in an attic to die with her skin clinging to her bones.

*Yes... Zelda was always cool.*

That day during health class everyone was joking around about Ethiopians and anorexia. All the girls were saying how they would never become anorexic, even though Zelda knew that half of them probably were.

They are so fake. I could beat them all at their own game any day.

Diagnosed with chronic depression the year before, Zelda was quite the erratic one. Someone asked if she would ever become anorexic, and if not, she should. Zelda said she would. They mocked her and said, "Yeah, right!"

*No one ever says that to Zelda.*

Her mother always said Zelda was strong-willed.

When Zelda got home there was a piece of cake on the counter wrapped up in a napkin upstairs in the kitchen. It was the last of her sister's birthday cake.

Zelda was ravenously hungry, and dizzy.

*Just a piece of cake.*

She ate every last yellow crumb that moistly matted onto the tip of her finger.

*You don't need milk when it's "Betty Crocker".*

Zelda rubbed the plastic-like, waxy, chocolate frosting off her palate and swallowed. She loved chocolate frosting. "Pure lard" was what her mom called it.

Zelda cupped her hands under the counter and scooped the remaining cake crumbs into her palm. She licked them into her mouth and the rest that got lost between her fingers fell blindly to the floor...

*Now- to my room.*

She was sitting quietly, listening to her music and reading her magazine, when she heard her mother's scream.

"Zelda! You are the most selfish pig I've- Like you really needed that CAKE!"

*So you think I'm a pig, huh? I'll show you... I'll show you all!*

The guilt rose up through Zelda's shiny skin and her heart sunk. She had been caught. She could hear her sister crying like a baby.

Her mother was shrieking incoherently like a mad man at Zelda and her sister. Zelda had gotten very used to blocking these sorts of things out. Her mother spoke a screaming foreign language that Zelda was dead to after all these years.

Zelda locked her bedroom door as quickly as she could and stuck her desk's chair behind it for a brace just in case. She blasted her stereo to further drown out the mumbling and continued to read her magazine. Then she started to worry.

She could hear the thunderous and obnoxiously fast pounding of her mother's feet galloping down the stairs.

She could just envision her mother waddling like an old hag due for retirement, every so often grasping at her back like a rabid, howling dog.

The pounding resonated in Zelda's ears, practically reaching a climax, before she opened her eyes...

Her mother had been gone for two weeks now, and the affects of starvation were giving Zelda flashbacks.

She had been locked in the attic all this time, with only a gallon jug of now back-washed, flat-feeling, and bitter water in an old plastic milk carton.

It was her decision, of course.

What was she trying to prove? She wanted to show the world that Zelda is not a problem, that Zelda never backs down. If she didn't go through with this, she didn't deserve to live. Zelda felt if you made a promise and backed down on it you would never make a place for yourself in the world. At least that is what Zelda's mother always used to tell her.

Zelda hated her mother. She didn't understand how her own mother could think she was crazy.

Zelda used to sneak downstairs while her mom and sister were watching television and overhear them conspiring against her. Planning to put her away forever in a rubber room with a rusty, burning catheter running trails across the floor, along with the straight jacket arms that never quite became circles... And drove you insane.

As Zelda sat in the attic starving she thought many things. Her skin was clinging to her body, and she had a fever from her lack of energy. Her jeans were used for a blanket, and her shirt draped fruitlessly like a dead harvest. Her hair all over her body made her ache- greasy and matted, pulling and ripping when she would scratch her bony head.

Zelda's eyes popped out from their sockets as though she had an overactive thyroid; sunken and tired. Her teeth were like fangs- gums clinging and burning; dry, tender and useless.

The hallowed out areas of her body were soft and smooth, and Zelda felt that if she were to poke hard enough, her hand would go straight through them.

Her hip bone protruded greatly, and her stomach had blown up like a balloon. Zelda thought that she had spared herself too much water, which was being retained to create her stomach's size. She decided to use the water for waste disposal, instead of consumption.

She dribbled her waste along the holes between the framing. Wherever it drained to she did not know. The pine smell mixed with the urine, which masked the bile to a tolerable extent. Zelda had been having severe diarrhea, and the room was beginning to smell bad. She was glad she had made sure to bring plenty of Lysol. She wanted to go "lemon fresh."

Lemon yogurt. She could remember how much she loved lemon yogurt. She could just imagine the lemon tears of fruit kissing her mouth

and swirling with the yogurt and saliva.

"I'm not h-u-n-g-r-y!" she spelled, and then she started to cry, "You can leave any time you want to." Zelda repeated over and over, squealing and gasping like a child does when they first come to understand the meaning of death. She rocked back and forth in a fetal position, knowing she could indeed leave whenever she wanted. She had the key, but she didn't have the nerve to go down on her promise.

"No! No, shut up!" she told herself.

There was a mirror.

Of course! If she looked as bad as she felt, she would quit. Sure.

Zelda was determined to find the mirror, but tried not to expend too much energy. Her mother had packed away an old, antique mirror in one of the dusty cardboard boxes in the attic.

When Zelda finally found the box she was looking for, she smiled, relieved.

That smile melted into a look of horror when the mirror was set upright and Zelda saw the monster she had become. "EEEE!" she screamed as she saw her body and what she had made of herself. "You aren't me! You bitch! Get AWAY!"

Zelda scrambled a slow crawl to the door and took the key out of her shirt pocket. It took a lot of effort for two hands.

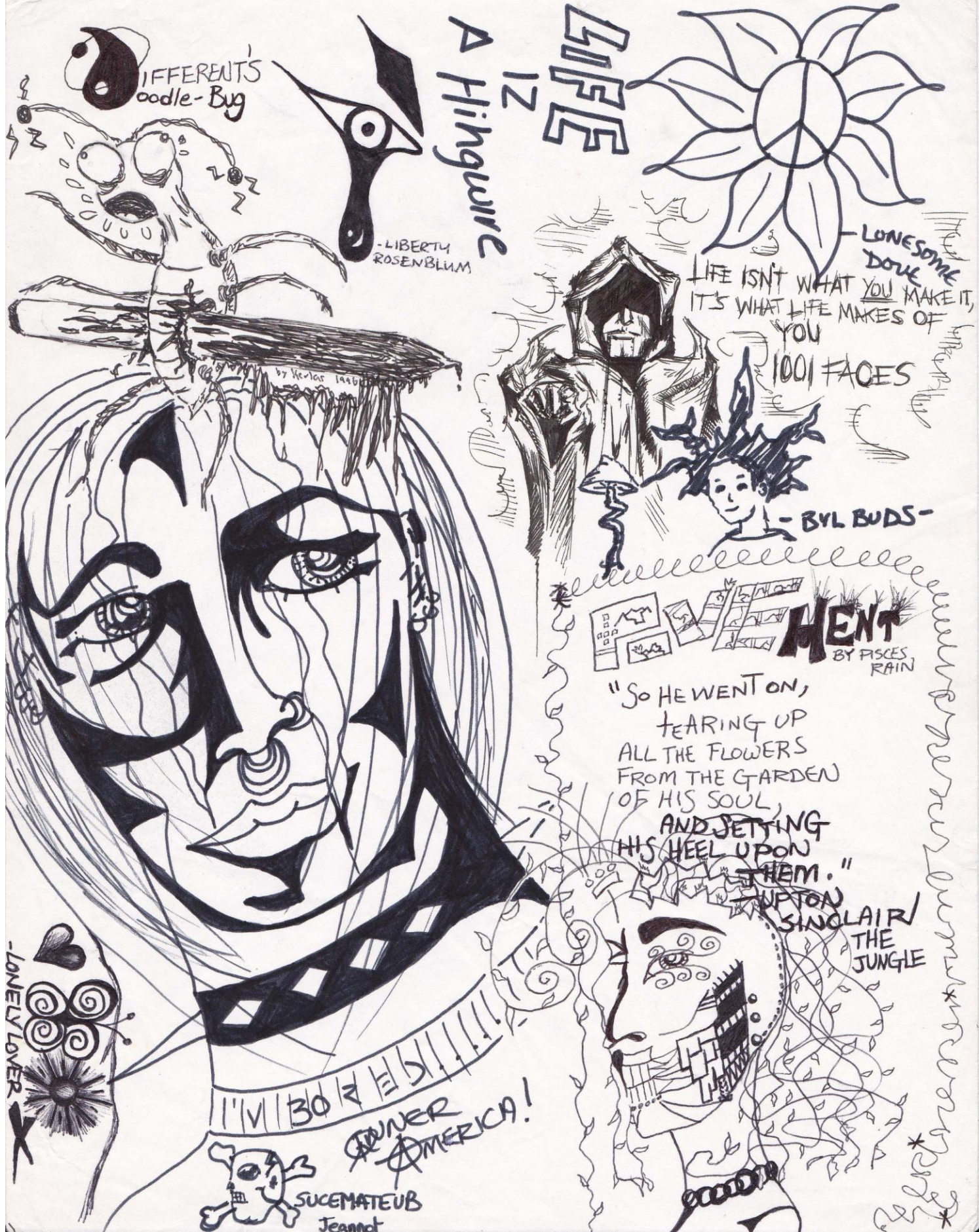
Zelda started shuffling down the hall with a shiny hope in her eyes towards the stairs which would lead her to the refrigerator, to the food, to the phone. She could call her mom and sister, tell them she loved them, how much she needed them. "I love you mommy! PLEASE... No- I'm not crazy mommy- I'm not!"

Zelda cried some more, and as she was blinded by her tears and was out of energy, she failed to notice the metal lunch box at the top of the stairs with the note on it that read, "Zelda- I thought you'd be hungry when you got home. See you when we get back. Have fun! Love, Mom."

Zelda tripped and fell to the bottom of the stairs where she died.







DIFFERENT'S  
oodle-Bug



-LIBERTY  
ROSENBLUM

A Hingwire  
IZ  
LIFE



LONESOME  
DOVE

LIFE ISN'T WHAT YOU MAKE IT,  
IT'S WHAT LIFE MAKES OF  
YOU

1001 FACES



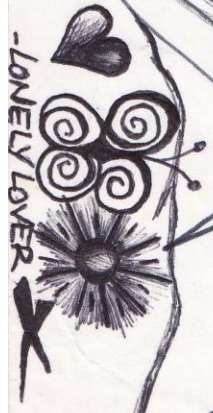
-BYL BUDS-



HENT  
BY PISCES  
RAIN

"SO HE WENT ON,  
TEARING UP  
ALL THE FLOWERS  
FROM THE GARDEN  
OF HIS SOUL,  
AND SETTING  
HIS HEEL UPON  
THEM."

RUPTON  
SINGLAIR/  
THE JUNGLE



LONELY LOVER



SUCEMATEUB  
Jeannot

OWNER  
AMERICA!



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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #14 June 1995



*"I've been reading Different...  
and I really dig it."*

**Featured writers include:**

**Scorpion Lagoon, James Ensor,  
Gemini Hija, Fyodor Fingolfin,  
Reepicheep Puddleglum, Mysterious  
Enchantment, Unchosen Voyager,  
elcy arily, and Pisces Rain**



# Holy Book Worms!

**"What would  
Jesus do?"  
Different writers,  
different views.**

Pisces Rain: It is a tremendous joke to listen to Jehovah Witnesses preach brotherly love and twist it around when it comes to loving others that choose not to believe as they do. Jehovah Witnesses are not supposed to associate with others who are not of their religions, and Lutherans too are warned not to get too close to others of different religions because they risk being converted to that religion.

Scorpion Lagoon: Let me explain why Jehovah Witnesses don't associate with "People of the World."

1 John 2:15-17 states, "Do not be loving the world or the things in the world. If anyone loves the world the love of the father is not in him..."

Furthermore, the world is passing away, and so is it's desire, but he that does the will

by Scorpion Lagoon,  
Gemini Hija, and Pisces Rain



*"What about people  
who don't believe  
everything they read...  
Are they going to hell?"*

of God remains forever."

I could go on all day. It is not our choice, it is a command from Jehovah.

Pisces Rain: But Jesus was sent to cleanse the world of their sins. He embraced the sinners when no one else would!

Gemini Hija: What about people who don't believe everything they read in the Bible? Are they going to hell? How can you be expected to believe all of it?

Scorpion Lagoon: James 4:4 states, "Do you not know that friendship with the world is enmity with God? Whoever, therefore, wants to be a friend of the world is constituting himself as an enemy of God."

Gemini Hija: Do you judge? Do you say bad words? Do you smoke? Have sex before marriage? Talk back to your parents? If you do it doesn't mean that you're not human- it just means that you're not God.



## Superwho

by Unchosen Voyager

Sweet flower kiss my lips  
rancid poison pass my lips  
Visited by beauty  
couldn't see deeper  
lead lined clothes stopped Superman  
from seeing her heart  
cut me deep  
I bleed & beg for more  
I'm a waste a corpse  
in broken stride  
have no pride  
to speak of  
she calls me back  
to kick me in the teeth  
I wouldn't have it any other way  
she tugs man invisible chain  
tight round my neck  
I fall on my knees  
prostrate myself  
Can't fight her  
I love her  
She won't  
I don't ask her to change  
I bleed I drown I frown  
I can't see the point  
she shoved it too far into my eye  
I can't cry lie pie  
so easy  
she breaks my heart  
spirit back  
& I love love love my sweet oppressor black  
heart & tutu  
Love letters & pistol head  
Paint the sidewalk red  
She bleeds  
must forever  
more dead

## Superheroes by Pisces Rain

Superman broke his neck.  
He tried to fly, and it didn't work.

I just heard about Christopher Reeve and his crippling accident. I couldn't help but think of how much more attention the actual comic book hero gained a few years ago upon dying. It seems the Krypton-born son of Jor-El received more sympathy in his fictional demise than Reeve did in his very real brush with it.

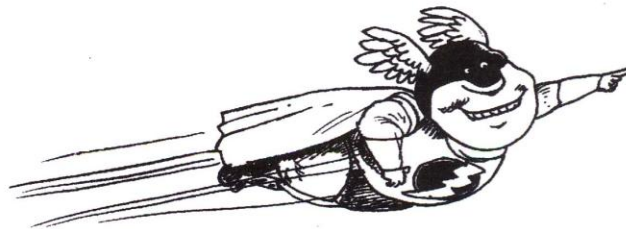
Is this some sort of weird conspiracy to get people to think that there are limitations on reality? Does someone out there not want us to believe that anything is possible?

Suggestion is a powerful weapon. Will you jump on the bandwagon of thought? If everyone thought world peace, wouldn't we have it? If everyone thought nothing was possible, would we have a bunch of apathetic couch potatoes for a nation?

*Think McFly, think.*

*If you set your mind to it, you can accomplish anything.*

If you don't think man can fly, go back to your mythology books, Icarus!





TO: Editor and Different Staff

FROM: Anonymous

RE: Issue #13

To Whom it May Concern,

I'm really glad that you guys decided to make an issue on anorexia. It was really great. We needed it.

Sincerely,

Anonymous

Cursed Pandorians

by elcy arily

Every time you sit on that  
round shaped glass  
sometimes its cold  
splattered with an unknown  
liquid warm can't relax so  
much sick who's bare ass am  
I sitting on  
Water from an underground  
place with a strong stench of  
man we keep filling it up does  
it ever go  
here, buy this and put it in  
your crotch when you bleed  
that's what you're  
supposed to do or let it  
sit in your pants and keep  
crying 'til they figure out  
you're not hungry and if you  
are really lucky maybe you  
will get one with balloons  
sss  
hide? where? do not  
we know how to speak let  
us speak walk we can run  
have a good day.

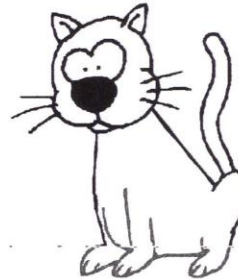
## SHIT

by James Ensor

I've been reading Different since Issue #8, and I really dig it. I like the articles, poems, drawings, and stuff. But one thing bugs me. The repetition. If someone writes something in one issue, they will write practically the same thing in the next. That isn't "Different" at all.

My other repeating annoyance is the overuse of the word "bullshit." It seems to appear in every issue at least a few times. It is a great word to use for emphasis every once in a while, but when used too much it loses it's flair and becomes a drab, boring bowl of mush.

I'll even include a complaint for all you feminists out there: Bullshit is chauvinistic. Don't female cows shit just as much as the bulls? And what about parrots, salmon, humans, dogs, ferrets, horses, newts, monkeys, and cats? Yeah, catshit. I like that.



TO: James Ensor

FROM: Different Editor

RE: "Shit"

I would just like to let you know that the reissuing of articles is done because the articles have a relationship to the theme of newspaper for that particular issue. As an editor I have chosen to do this because the greatest impact for the reader can be achieved. I feel that this collage of viewpoints is vital for sparking enthusiasm in our paper.

Different will continue to include fresh articles, but we will also continue to include samples of reader favorites. If you have already read these articles pass them along to someone who hasn't!

As per the overuse of the word bullshit, there really is no excuse. I can only say that the word has become cliché. I don't think the writers of Different use the word for impact but rather to indicate monotony.

# Poetry!

## The Loss of "Reality"

by Reepicheep Puddleglum

Everything used to be so clear  
Everything used to practically explain itself  
But now I don't know  
I don't know what's going on with everybody  
Everybody seems to be going insane  
Or maybe it's just me  
Now it seems that many  
things that I could-  
Just look at and  
understand  
Are just so  
jm ld  
um be  
up and confused-  
Like a s  
n  
a  
k  
e



that has tied itself in a knot-  
That creates this big mess-  
we call "reality."  
I just wish you people  
would make up your  
mind!  
One minute you say,  
"Think for yourself."  
And the next you say,  
"Just do it."  
Why don't we just  
entertain ourselves  
instead of hurting other innocent people?  
They say to "Clear that table"... I used to  
understand what that meant.  
But now when they say that,  
stupid me thinks that they mean  
the table that they pointed at-  
But NO they mean every dirty table I see!  
I get so confused about  
the simplest things anymore.

## Pyromancer

by Fyodor Fingolfin

In the beginning, there was nothing but  
Gods. When one died, the body of the God  
would become a planet. When the God  
Pyromancer died, His body became the  
planet Earth. His hair became grass and  
plants. His flesh was soil. His heart made  
up the core of the Earth.

As Pyromancer's body formed Earth,  
His soul split. The good part rose to  
become Heaven, and the evil part fell to  
become Hell.

Fragments of the God's soul, both good  
and evil together, became the souls of the  
people of Earth. Some souls had more of  
one part than of the other.

The people, at first, had strong souls.  
But as they died, their souls broke apart  
and became the souls of other people. As  
they continued to split, the souls became  
weaker and faith in the Gods also  
weakened. Faith in the Gods became so  
thin that the Gods had to destroy Earth  
and replace it with a different God.

## Untitled by Mysterious Enchantment

Memory becomes pain.  
Only you must remain.  
The penalty of the Harsh-  
Remorse undearthly sorrow.  
Blood dripping wild marrow.  
Seductive lozenge.  
Dirty pillage.  
Destroyed voyage-  
Unearthed reservation.



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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #15 July 1995



*"A book has more  
bite than a potato chip."*

**Featured writers include:  
Unchosen Voyager,  
Marjureen Raspberry,  
and Pisces Rain**

# ACID TRIAL

**In an era of  
sensationalism it is  
difficult to know  
what deserves  
applause.**

by Pisces Rain

In a media-fixated country that preaches violence on a continual basis, it is hard to understand how the same country can turn around and preach against the pain. In an era where the power of suggestion is at an all time high, and the understanding of this power is at an all time low, it is an obstruction of our true identities to allow ourselves to be blindly sucked into this force- without the enlightenment of reading to guide us and help us overcome the obstacles of misunderstandings.

The violence in television, the hypocrisy, but most critically, the misinterpretation, misrepresentation, and full-force persuasion, are seam-ripping the fine-threads of an American people... as they fall blindly into a heap of red, white, and blue twisted confusion onto a dirty floor. Many of these people do not know how to handle the hypocrisy. They choose, among the countless alternatives, to believe everything they hear or see. Some choose not to tolerate it at all through the passive protest of turning off the television.



*"Sensationalism  
in our media is  
akin to Fool's Gold..."*

Gold, a precious metal, must go through an acid test to see if it is truly gold. Sensationalism in our media is akin to Fool's Gold; our reality is being strained through a filter. How can we run a test on the truth the media presents us with?

Entertain and educate yourself! The most logical course of action is to reject the hypocrisy of today's society by switching your air time to reading time. The positive benefits of reading should be cheered merrily by the American people. The growth of perspective, broadening of awareness... all develop character. If Americans were to partake of this brain food we would reflect in the mirrors of history as not a gluttonous civilization, but a trim and plump one. We could learn from our history, instead of repeat it. Our dying culture could again be a vital utopia brimming with a manifest hunger.

In learning through reading the human will learn that it is an absolute creature with no limits. With each turn of the page we remind ourselves that we are human creatures, with souls, and feelings. Subjectivity, is our instinct. Important to remember in a society where sacred or forbidden sensations are overwashed and downplayed by the media. Important not to be ashamed of our feelings.

Through reading, our country will find more power than picture. A book has more bite than a potato chip.



## Untitled

by Unchosen Voyager

Rain drips  
snow stars fall  
soft sprawled out afore  
in sympathy  
without words to belittle  
fall from grace  
to higher place  
to end up here aside

me

virtue & pride mean  
little to nothing  
broken vessel  
twisted words  
lips bring lies  
lies of omission  
I forgot to tell you

I love you

The pain knows the words  
my lips can not speak  
Its true & knows little falsehoods  
tribulation comes  
Please Please Please  
listen to the unspoken  
truth  
that you know is there  
token words  
lies of omission  
I can not yet tell the  
truth  
(I love)  
Tried and failed  
I again forgot to say  
I love you



## Cheap Appeal

by Pisces Rain

In the early '90s we, as a generation, saw a downfall in the quality of entertainment. Popular musicians included M.C. Hammer, Vanilla Ice, and The New Kids on the Block. Cartoons included Hammerman, The New Kids on the Block, and Little Rosie (Roseanne Barr as a cartoon.)

Music and cartoons have gotten better in the past few years, but still concentrate on merchandising.

There are rare commercials that utilize their time slot by providing their customer with a concise message that promotes company values. Other commercials help to expand our creative abilities, through new computer animation techniques.

Commercials, through a few seconds of time, permeate the brain with appeals to subconscious fears and desires. My desire is that if corporations are willing to spend a couple million dollars for thirty seconds, would they please pay someone with an inkling of creativity to produce the masterpiece?

## Drummer Boy by Marjureen Raspberry

Little drummer boy go and get your drum  
the bugle horn has sounded  
all the men have come  
Little drummer boy the battle has begun  
you dodge the bloody men  
and red rain covers you as you run  
Little drummer boy will you live through  
You feel all alone  
the men are all but few  
Little drummer boy you couldn't grab a gun  
flying fire burns your gut  
bright lights shine like the sun  
Little drummer boy you're next to your father's hand  
your brother covers you  
you're finally at peace with the land.

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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #16 August 1995



**Three essays by  
Pisces Rain**



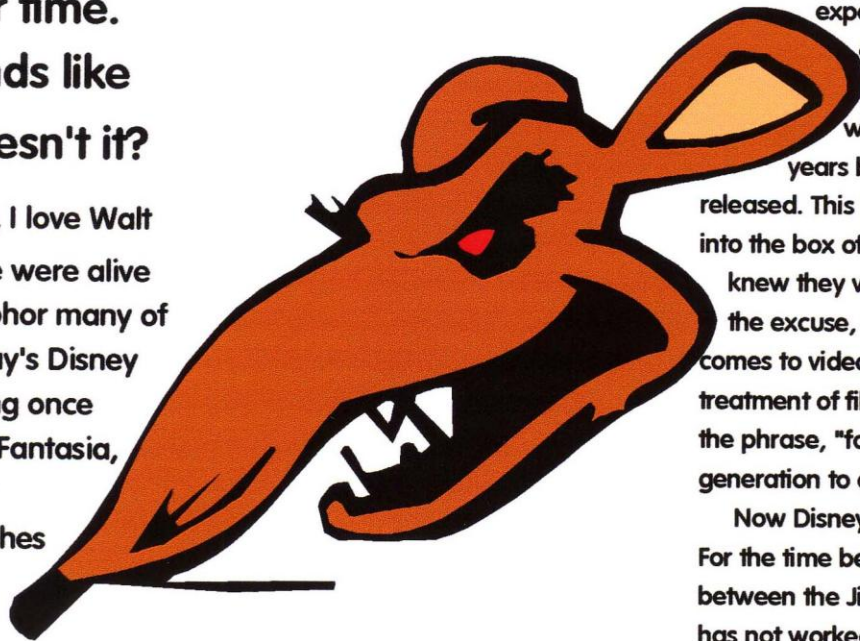
# Of Mice Or Money?

I don't understand how such a beautiful idea could become so warped over time. Kind of sounds like America, doesn't it?

For the record, I love Walt Disney. I think if he were alive today he would abhor many of the policies of today's Disney company. Releasing once sacred works, like *Fantasia*, to video is a direct violation of the wishes of Walt. Yet the Disney company denies their lust for higher stock value by claiming the release of these videos is for historical posterity, "for generations to come."

The *Little Mermaid* brought the Disney company out of debt and into a new realm of possibility, but not originality. Current production standards are monotonous with plots and characters that only differ from each other by race and gender.

by Pisces Rain



*"Walt would be  
rolling in his grave...  
If he had one."*

The great unifier is the politically correct shtick. It's a small world, after all.

I first started to notice the deterioration in the quality of the Disney company with the push to release movies to video. This is an expected and common occurrence today, but there was a time when movies would go years before they were released. This brought a lot of money into the box office, because patrons knew they wouldn't be able to use the excuse, "I'll see it when it comes to video." This sacred treatment of films brought a magic to the phrase, "for a whole new generation to enjoy."

Now Disney has merged with ABC. For the time being the merge between the Jim Henson Company has not worked out. If it eventually does come to pass, I can only see it as another way for the stocks to rise, but the creativity to flounder. More mergers can only result in mediocre programming for "generations to come."

Hollywood producers are making silly decisions. We have the tools to remake classics, but why? Why can't we explore new themes as well as new technology?

Walt wanted to share his American dream with the world. It was his hope to keep it alive. Was the dream of mice or money?



Denial is a habit that has been worn into our brains by the people who are meant to be our superiors. Adults seem to find themselves as more exalted than the minions they actually are, simply because of their mortality rate.

Forgetting that they too are children has created a rift between the ages. The young generally have a more optimistic look at life, though to adults this outlook is considered to be a naive one. This is in many ways true; a child must "leave the nest" and enter into the adult world with a sudden jolt.

The media is no help with catch-phrases like, "...while there is still time..." I saw a commercial that claimed, "You can't be a kid forever." Another commercial stated one should buy a particular product before one "grew up." Apparently when you grow up you will no longer be able to participate in this economic ritual.

I am disturbed by the changes I see in our thinking as Americans. In my short life I have seen attitudes being shifted from, "Anything is possible" to "You just can't do that."

The mere title of "Child" indicates innocence, but it also indicates lack of knowledge. I think children are more aware of what is true than the adults who have already filtered out their surroundings in order to survive them.

Children are led to believe that trust and reliance no longer exist in our paranoid culture. When children believe this to be true, and have no one to turn to, they commit suicide. Children are also faced with financial concerns, for a future they may become slaves to. Their dreams are set on a scale of monetary value.

After all of the hardships, a few beautiful beings remain, somehow unscathed. Where are they hiding? Was there a time when we cared more for laughing and loving than worries and war? The wee people running through the forest without a care? Were these wee people "We The People?"

Nickelodeon, the kid's cable network, is not as great as it used to be. Could it be because it is owned by Mtv, which has also slowly deteriorated into a breeding ground for Gen-X hype?

There was a time when I loved Nickelodeon for great programming like "Inspector Gadget", "Heathcliff", and "You Can't Do That On Television!" Once funny, "The Ren & Stimpy Show" now has to compete with other programs for who can be grossest. Tub farting has progressed to political jargon... And what nine year old kid gives a flying chicken about communism?

There was a time when cartoons didn't need words. Today's cartoons are superfluous, ostentatious, and written for an adult audience! In short, cartoons for a children's network shouldn't be negative, political, and big-wordy.

Unfortunately, flipping through the channels doesn't change the scenario. There are a few recent movie previews that make up a typical example: The Babysitters Club movie preview takes a few teen show stars, dresses them up in Calvin Kline/Gen-X attire, the backing music is alternative, and there are a few negative but "hip" wise-cracks. What about the preview for "Bushwacked"? A young girl tells an older man to go get "whacked." What does this word mean? You wonder when the next shot is of Barbie and Ken fucking- on television. FCC?

I just recently watched an episode of The Nanny. Again, this is a show that is aimed towards children. It starts off with a cute Bewitched-style cartoon, but then comes the potty-humor. You can't get any lower than implying the puppet Lamb Chop has sex with an older man! Lamb Chop represents a six year old girl. Fucking an older man is not only bestiality it is also the rape of an innocent children's television icon!

The Native American Indians were robbed of their children because the federal government knew it could destroy a civilization through reprogramming. What they called assimilation. Will you allow yourself and your children to be fooled? Laugh now, but before you know it, another statistic will pop up and laugh back at you.

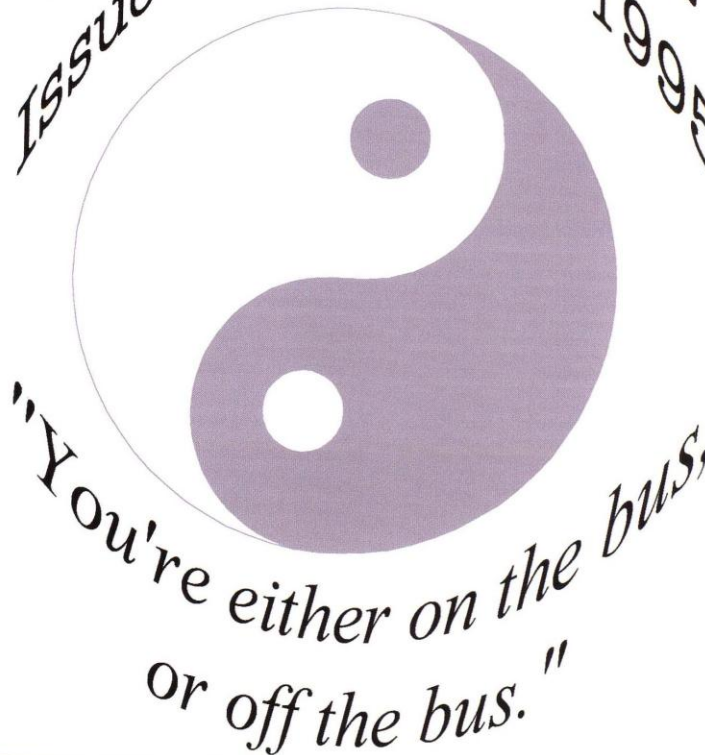


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**EDITOR'S NOTE**

It is the goal of this paper to provide the reader with a forum for expression. We hope to challenge the reader with a variety of opinions on numerous issues. The reason why Different has chosen a yin-yang as our symbol is because it represents a balance. We feel our contributors should express their opinions freely, and utilize their freedom of speech even if it is offensive! If you are offended by what you read in DIFFERENT simply contact the editor with your comments, questions, and/or contributions! We look forward to your response!

**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #17 September 1995



**Featured Writers Include:**

**December Frost, Gemini Hija,  
and Pisces Rain**

# Long Live The Dead!

The first time I  
can remember riding  
THE BUS was in a  
vision.

by Pisces Rain

I was sitting on the Bus  
feeding my head, ravenously  
with ham and cheese  
sandwiches to drown out my  
sobs. My cousin was getting  
ready to get off the bus and  
leave me riding all alone.

She was giving everybody  
hugs. I kept telling her that she  
couldn't go. That I didn't want  
her to go. She told me that  
she had to. That she was  
ready.

She took a red and gold  
book out of her belt which  
somehow appeared to be a  
dresser. She asked someone  
on the bus to take care of it for  
her. It was her life's story.

I gave my cousin a hug  
goodbye. I squeezed with all  
my might as I let my sobs mute  
into her shoulder. I didn't want  
to scare anyone on the bus by  
the sight of my tears, so I didn't  
let them fall down my face. My  
vision became blurred as I  
returned to my seat.

I was angry, and continued  
to stuff my face with ham and  
cheese sandwiches as my tears  
continued to swell up in my  
eyes.

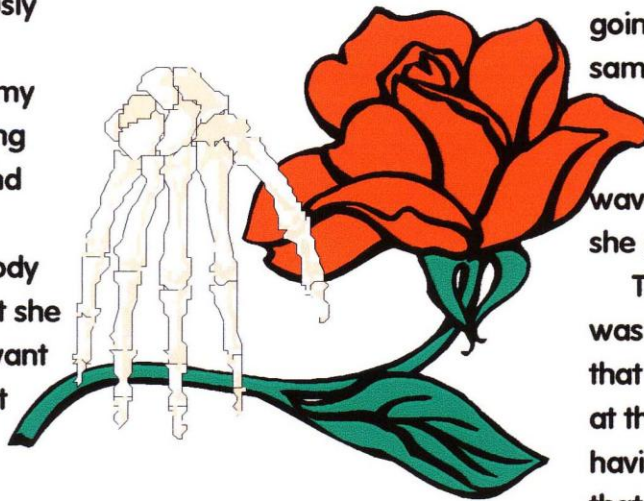
My cousin said her last  
goodbyes to her sisters. They  
told her how much they were  
going to miss her. She did the  
same in turn.

My cousin picked up her  
luggage and gave a final  
wave as the bus stopped and  
she got off.

This was all a dream, or  
was it? The next day I learned  
that my cousin really had died  
at the same time I had been  
having that dream. It seems  
that she had came to say  
goodbye to me before she got  
off the bus.

I realized then what being  
on the bus was all about.  
Someone recently asked me  
about the terminology. There is  
a phrase that goes, "You're  
either on the bus, or off the  
bus." You get it, or you don't.

When Jerry Garcia died a lot  
of people were sad. I really  
don't understand why. Jerry  
was on the bus. The band's  
name is Grateful Dead. Doesn't  
that say it all?



*"Grateful to be dead."*



## Gemini Hija

*The first time I walked into my math room that sunny day in September I saw no blue algebra books. I saw thin white books with "SIMMS" in bold on the cover. At first I tried to be open-minded. I went along with it. Then it became clear to me that I was being taught as though I was handicapped. I'm surprised that they didn't give us instructions on how to tear paper out of a notebook. There were 2 pages of instructions that contained no information on how to work the problems. I guess the teacher was supposed to teach that. I had no luck with that. My teacher enjoyed treating her students as though they were in kindergarten, and emphasized that we were in "special" math. In fact, she humiliated one of her students by taking them to the front of the class and saying, "Get out your paper, and a pencil. We're taking notes now, can you take notes?" They had us counting Skittles and doing fourth grade level probability. The class booklets describe SIMMS as being "a math for people whom DONT plan on going to college but plan on attending Vocational school." I personally signed up for algebra, not vocational training! For me the entire class was all review. I passed with a C, but that didn't stop the teacher from hating me because I hated the class. This was one of the first times I saw cliques unite! Jocks and freaks alike rebelled against this class that we were put in against our will! If you are entering into this class get out while you still can. It is a waste of time and effort.*

**The parent/teacher conferences for SIMMS consisted of promotional videos. These videos presented only positive commentary on the program. Our school newspaper printed statistics on how well SIMMS is working. How accurate are these figures when the goal of the class is to foster values of "team work" instead of individual merit? It is time for DIFFERENT to give the students a chance to express how they feel about the situation of being drafted into an experimental math class.**

**SIMMS was for guinea pigs from the very start. The booklet is getting a university student a few credits towards his major, while depleting the value of our own educations! When this student came into our class the teacher could see her students wanted to speak to him, and made sure we never got the chance. I wish I could have. I flunked both semesters of SIMMS Algebra. When I took normal Algebra I got straight As!**

**SIMMS may be good for students who know the material, but what if they don't? There are "new math" classes popping up all over the country, and starting at younger ages. What better way of taking the "ladder" away from the middle and lower working class of America, than taking away real math- What they need to succeed? -Pisces Rain**

*There are good kinds of math and there are bad kinds of math. Algebra and Consumer Math are useful, and also helpful in our futures as students and career holders. Then there is SIMMS. I am not very good at math, I admit. I also admit that I am not fond of word problems. I regret the day I signed up for SIMMS. It stands for Systematic Initiative For Montana Mathematics and Science. It comes straight from the university of our state. Just from who these ideas came from I'm not certain. I asked myself to be open-minded about this "math" class. My freshman year of SIMMS I was flushed away by lost interest, inadequate teaching, poorly worded problems, and disgustingly organized "lesson plans" which moved from one topic to another. It is too hard for teachers to teach SIMMS because it is new to them as well. If the teachers are confused, so too will the students be. We need to put a stop to this madness before people lose their interest in math! Make it worthwhile for the student to learn! With proper methods the ideas and formulas could be appreciated. I congratulate the students who could pass this class with flying colors. I sure as hell couldn't!*

## December Frost

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It is the goal of this paper to provide the reader with a forum for expression. We hope to challenge the reader with a variety of opinions on numerous issues. The reason why Different has chosen a yin-yang as our symbol is because it represents a balance. We feel our contributors should express their opinions freely, and utilize their freedom of speech even if it is offensive! If you are offended by what you read in DIFFERENT simply contact the editor with your comments, questions, and/or contributions! We look forward to your response!

**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #18 October 1995

*"Life doesn't  
frighten me at all!"*

**Featured Writers Include:  
Anova Justice, Azucar D'Leo,  
me, Serendipity Wordia Hird,  
and Patriotica A. Eagleton.**



# Poetry!

## Inconclusive by me

Everyone hates me  
and i know i'm stupid  
its okay that you do  
cuz i still love you  
my color photo  
is faded in black-n-white  
nothing ever goes my way  
everything turns around  
on the merry-go-round  
the clown prince  
of everything dark and lovely  
eats my flesh on a silver tray  
the blood runs out of my eyes  
and down my forehead  
i can't help but smile at you  
when you hold me  
with your eyes  
in the dark



## Life Doesn't Frighten Me At All by Patriotica A. Eagleton

Shadows on the wall noises down the hall  
Life doesn't frighten me at all  
Bad dogs barking loud big ghosts in a cloud  
life doesn't frighten me at all  
Mean old mother goose lions on the loose,  
they don't frighten me at all  
I go boo make them shoo  
I make fun way they run  
I won't cry so they fly  
I just smile they go wild  
life doesn't frighten me at all  
Tough guys in a fight all alone at night  
Life doesn't frighten me at all  
Panthers in the park strangers in the dark  
No, they don't frighten me at all  
Don't show me frogs and snakes  
and listen for my scream  
If I'm afraid at all  
its only in my dreams  
I've got a magic charm that I keep up my sleeve  
I can walk on the ocean floor and never have to breathe  
Life doesn't frighten me at all not at all not at all  
Life doesn't frighten me at all

## Senioridous

by Serendipity Wordia Hird

The end of the beginning  
of the end of the end  
the clock strikes  
I roll into role  
role this acting that  
confusing myself  
sign your soul on this sheet  
or that  
it really doesn't matter  
everyone does in the end  
can't you see how happy we are?  
The clock ticks and I look at you  
you look at me  
only seeing each other  
that's how we're taught  
rolling into rolls  
getting stuck  
there's a light at the end of the tunnel  
and as we near it  
we feel a presence of hope  
that's how we're taught  
until they flipped the switch  
and we're in the dark  
waiting for the hand that guides  
it slapped me, pushed me down  
I can't see  
It's all we know  
I don't know how to hold you  
or me  
so we stumble back down the tunnel  
the asshole of light  
we the enema  
return to a familiar surrounding  
oddly comforting  
you look at me  
and I look at you  
only seeing each other  
That's how we're taught  
rolling into rolls  
getting stuck...



without you by me

i walk alone  
& my hands hold nothing  
my tongue tastes nothing  
i can't live  
i am dead  
the sidewalks in my head  
are empty  
my fat clown of love  
is bloated  
but a frown replaces the grin  
there's nothing i can do  
but listen to the empty static  
on the mind's radio  
i am dead



institutionalized by me

i sit here  
in a weird way  
the times are different  
at different times  
my desires boil red  
my face boils down  
i can't leave my penitentiary  
i can't leave myself  
i'm alone in the sky  
with clouds and the barbecue  
the smells are all around  
dammit they smell  
the steel beams  
covered in my blood  
support the weight of the  
fat clown

Get Real! by Anova Justice

I made a true change this summer that really affected my life- one that I'm very experienced on and want other people to know about.

I went from fake and concerned about what other people thought of me, to being my own person and not giving a shit what anyone thinks about me. Simply stated, I went from fake to real. Most people already have or are going through this right now.

For me it was a simple change. It was very spiritual and meaningful to me. You're probably wondering why I was ever fake; I guess I was a wannabe. I have had a lot of problems in my life and thought that I had to hide them. I was afraid to let people see the real me. I thought they wouldn't like what I had to share with them.

I was in a group and tried to conform for them. Stupid, stupid me! I then finally realized- Fuck all them! It's hard enough being ourselves. Why try to be someone else too?

A friend told me that I was a really cool person when other people weren't around, but when they were I turned into someone I was not. It took her pointing out to me to hit home, "Hello! You're fake!"

It might seem easy not to be fake, but for me it was just the way I was. I couldn't be real. It seems absurd now, but then I needed a security shield of an attitude to hide behind.

I began to change this late last year, and further learned more about who the real me is. One day, a month ago, someone said the greatest compliment to me ever, "You know, I can't fit you into a category or certain personality. You're just... Well, you're you!" That was amazing to hear. Also, I have way more friends and have gained a boyfriend from realizing who I really am and exploring my true spirituality.

Now I look at all the fake people at this school this year and I don't really look down on them for being that way, because I know that someday they will find the path I did and realize who they really are and that being real is a lot easier and happier than being someone you're not.

Although it took me until the end of my Junior year to "see the light", I did and don't regret a thing I went through because all of it led me to the path I am now on. Even though my life isn't all sunshine and smiles, it is much happier, fuller and satisfying than it was when I had to handle the problems of two different personas- and let me tell you- it's a hell of a lot easier too!



# Untitled



by Azucar D'Leo

She awoke with a start. Her heart was pounding wildly in her chest, so hard she could feel the vibrations course through her body. She gasped in terror, for she could feel the horrifying presence of someone in her room. Huddled up underneath the blankets on her bed, she shivered. She felt a hand pass silently across her leg. She bit the blankets, for she did not want to make a sound. She felt a piercing pain in her shoulder, but she did not cry out.

The warm stickiness of her blood made a soothing contrast with her freezing skin. She felt the blankets being torn away from her body, letting the frigid night air surround her. She turned, lying now on her back, facing her tormentor.

His eyes were cold and hard, like blades tearing through her. His mouth was open, and the corners were turned up in a laugh. She saw a quick flash of light and felt the cold slash of a blade fly past the front of her neck. She squeezed her eyes tightly, tears falling down her fear inflamed soft cheeks. Her mouth opened, but no sound arose from her newly red throat. Then she was enveloped by a vast darkness called death.

He dropped to his knees, begging for forgiveness for what he had just done. He sobbed, hoping that his tears would be payment enough for his brutal sin. He lay next to the body on the bed, reaching out to her, seeking comfort and warmth, but instead found coldness.

He dropped his weapon to the floor, listening to the sounds it made bouncing on the hard wood. He stood pulling his lover away from her resting place until she fell into his arms. He lifted her frail body, holding her tightly, and walked into their

living room.

He sat her down on the floor, leaning her head against a chair, and turned the TV on. He lay beside her resting his head on her lap, and fell asleep watching Saturday morning cartoons.

\*\*\*\*\*

Her body was cold as he lay next to her in their bed. He tried to hug her, send some type of warmth through her beautifully thin body. It didn't work. She was just too cold.

He felt terrible and began to apologize to her for making her so cold and unresponsive. He was sorry for having to do what he did, but he knew in his heart that it was irreversible, he couldn't take it back.

He just needed someone that would not criticize him or judge him for anything. Someone that would be with him always and could never leave him. He feared she most certainly would have left him if he would not have taken her life.

He finally gave up, and fell asleep with his arms wrapped around himself.

\*\*\*\*\*

He arrived home late from work today, and found a note from one of the neighbors. They were beginning to wonder where his wife was. She was usually so friendly and always stopped by just to say hello. They haven't seen her for quite a while and were beginning to worry that something was terribly wrong.

What could he tell them? He certainly couldn't tell her friends that she was dead. They would wonder how it happened, and why he didn't tell them sooner. If he told them that they were having troubles and that she had moved out they would wonder why she didn't tell them, or they would want to know where she was staying so they could call her, or go see her. It was hard for him to think up lies.

He didn't realize when he killed her that he would have to lie to all his family and his friends. What would he tell her family when they called

looking for her? He was beginning to get a terrible headache.

There was just too much stress surrounding him and his thoughts. He thought that it would be easy to get away with killing her. He realized now that it was one of the hardest things he has ever had to deal with. He also began to think of how terrible he was for taking another person's life.

He ran into his house to beg his wife for forgiveness. He found her still lying in bed. He looked at her very closely, noticing how much she had changed in the past few days. Her skin was no longer fair and beautiful. Her hair was no longer soft and silky. And her body was no longer soft and warm.

He felt the hot tears collect in his eyes and tried not to cry. He couldn't help it. The tears fell onto his cheeks and he fell to the floor curled up in a ball, sucking his thumb like he used to when he was a little boy.

\*\*\*\*\*

His mind was made up. He decided that he had to figure out a way to get away from everyone. The only way he knew how to get away from everything was to kill himself. At least there was one advantage to doing that, he would be able to be with his wife again. He would do it that night.

He went to his gun cabinet and found the perfect gun. It was small and not too loud. Since he was doing it at night, he didn't want to make too much noise and perhaps wake the neighbors. He took his gun and went to his bedroom. He lay on the bed putting the gun on his chest and fell asleep.

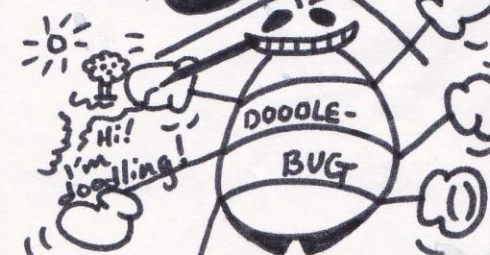
\*\*\*\*\*

He awoke with a start. His heart pounded wildly in his chest, so hard he could feel the vibrations course through his body. He gasped in terror, for he could feel the horrifying presence of someone in his room. He bit the blankets on his bed, for he did not want to make a sound. He felt a hand pass silently across his leg. He heard a gunshot ring out in the night. The pain started in his throat and moved all through his body until he could feel nothing. Then he was enveloped by a vast darkness called death.



Doodle-Plug

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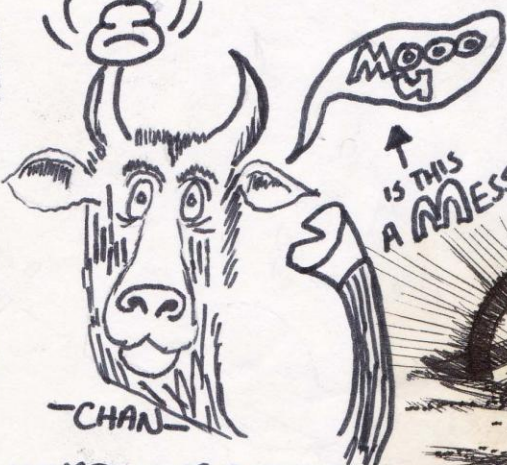
would someone PLEASE  
pass the  
Cheez-Whiz™



LOVE-VS-  
HAT



LUNABOMBVR  
IS REF - Jeannot.



IS THIS  
A MESSAGE?



DECEMBER  
FROST  
1999  
"If you try  
to walk,  
I'll TAX  
your feet!"  
-Taxman

-JEANNOT.  
-MOTHERHOOD  
LIFE TO  
THE NTH

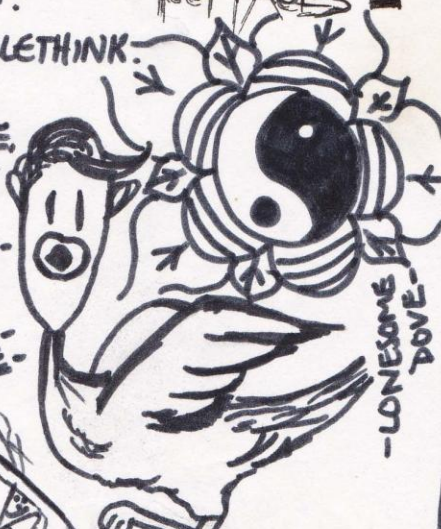
EMILY IN  
THINK  
AGAIN  
by PISCES  
RAIN

INCONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION  
IS BETTER THAN A LANDFILL  
OF LIES!

DEATH  
CLOUDS ONLY  
DARKENED MINDS!  
-1001 FACES-

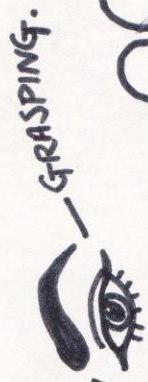


RETHINK  
DOUBLETHINK.  
PEACE OF  
MIND, LOVE,  
AND SPIRIT  
DEATH  
IS INSAN-  
ITY



-LONESOME  
DOVE-

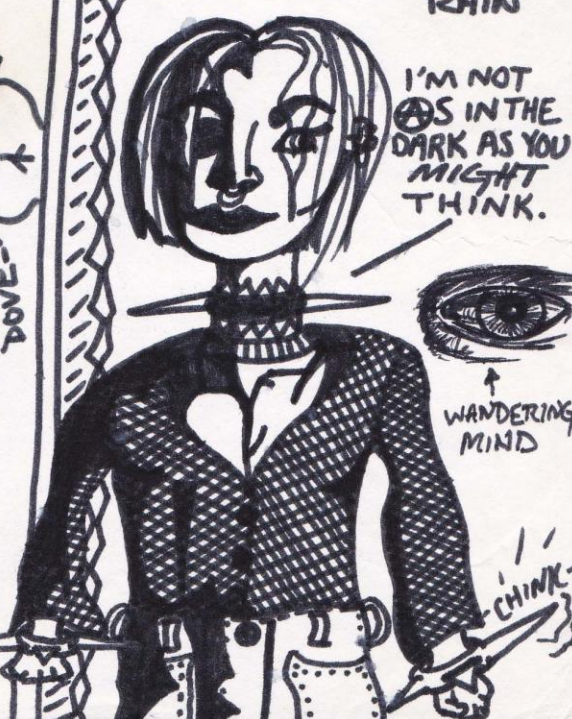
I'M NOT  
AS IN THE  
DARK AS YOU  
MIGHT  
THINK.



-LIBERTY  
ROSENBLUM



NEIL  
DOWN





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**EDITOR'S NOTE**

All of our freedoms in American history have blood to show for. Including the blood of all our dearly departed loved ones that have fallen to their deaths as a result of social diseases like suicide, anorexia, and alcoholism. We, as a newspaper, are an army for awareness, offering to fight a battle against ignorance so that the misinformed may live! To stand up for not only our Constitutional rights, but our very lives!

We feel our contributors should express their opinions freely! If you are offended by DIFFERENT simply contact the editor! We look forward to your response!

**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #19 November 1995



*"If the mountain will move  
for Mohammed, it will move for us."*

**Featured Writers Include:**

**Juniper, Jupiter's Daughter,**

**Pansy, me, and Pisces Rain**

# Their 21-gun Salute To Us

**Thirty years ago,  
Rosa Parks wouldn't  
give up her seat.  
Two weeks ago, it  
happened again.**

by Juniper

stupid!" Nothing is pointless,  
and nothing is stupid if you  
believe in what you are doing.

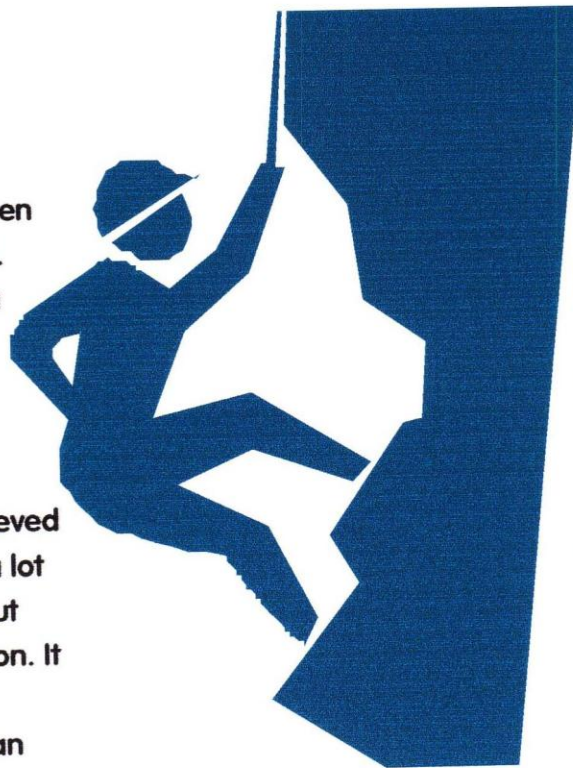
A lot of people in this world  
have forgotten how to think.

Some of those who do know  
how to think are too afraid to  
do anything about their  
thoughts.

Thirty years ago, we  
revolutionized our world  
because we decided to say,  
"Enough" and mean it. If you  
are sitting and thinking that no  
one can do anything about the  
world, are disillusioned with  
our whole government, and  
you're just about to give up-  
remember that you get up in  
the morning, and it only takes  
one person to wake the rest of  
the house.

Remember the words of Dr.  
King, "We shall not be moved."  
Remember the March on  
Washington. Remember when  
we decided that war was not  
the answer- together.  
Remember Kent State.  
Remember that this is America-  
and here we can do something  
about it.

If the mountain will move  
for Mohammed, it will move for  
us.



*"If the mountain  
will move for  
Mohammed,  
it will move for us."*

Thirty years ago the  
sit-in-ers wouldn't move, even  
though they were harassed.  
People gave their lives for a  
cause. They stood up for  
what they believed in and  
didn't back off.

Two weeks ago, people  
stood up for what they believed  
in. I'm sure they captured a lot  
of shit for what they did- but  
they got someone's attention. It  
may not have been a civil  
rights movement, or even an  
end to an evil institution, but  
the people who protested the  
closing of open campus lunch  
at Flathead High School stood  
their ground.

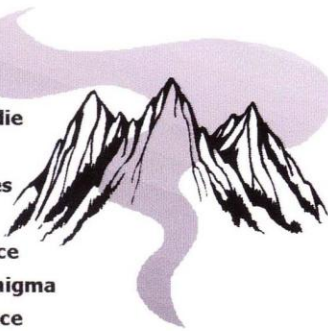
I think they should be  
commended. I'm proud of  
them for doing what they  
thought was right. It takes a lot  
of balls to stand up and say,  
"That's enough." I overheard  
people saying how pointless  
this protest was. and "how



# Poetry

## **WORD OF THE SKIES by Pisces Rain**

The beast will die  
(though already dead)  
But it will try  
to get to your head  
I'm sick of intolerance  
I'm sick of propaganda  
I've found my deliverance  
in patriotic  
anarchic  
America.  
And my soul can't die  
because I am free  
The Lord of the Flies  
can't harm infinity  
I'm sick of ignorance  
I'm sick of fear's enigma  
So much belligerence  
against our utopia  
And who will be the sacrifice  
to stand up for what is truly right?  
Words of wisdom will suffice  
to hinder those with no insight  
For the beast will die again and again  
because everything physical dies  
And so let them burn down our great mountain  
because smoke will always rise  
You must always stand beside your choice  
and that's how it always is  
So its up to you to raise your voice  
and you didn't have to read this



## **BE by Pansy**

Whisper grossly so all may hear  
your giggles of overconfident insecurity  
stay close by all your friends  
never learn how to be alone  
or listen to the pure helplessness of your very own thoughts  
Quiet now unheard  
be one you  
Oh spirit denied by confusion ruling a weakened me  
Always have i felt only understood  
as unknown mystery free to be  
yet still my fool inside hides not its own  
destroys our ability  
we will free one another  
I will be thee whom to see

## **O Beautiful by Jupiter's Daughter**

Racism and hate  
Anger and violence  
misunderstanding and misdirection  
missing it!  
yet getting it all at once  
the love that holds us together  
the faith that holds us up  
acceptance of the all-around  
and not just of our little hole  
guns and missiles  
lots of bureaucracy  
Big Brother watching over us  
regulate, control, destroy  
but we help out the best we can  
and we give to our fellow man  
we build even though we bomb  
poor and hungry, we'll give you a home  
maybe a very poor one  
with no heat or cable or right or way out  
but a home  
we'll give you all the religions you want  
more religion than you want, in fact  
we'll choke you with it-  
but you'll die saved  
so help me God  
& so help you me  
Without this all  
we wouldn't be  
Good or bad,  
boring or fun,  
like it or lump it- cuz this is home

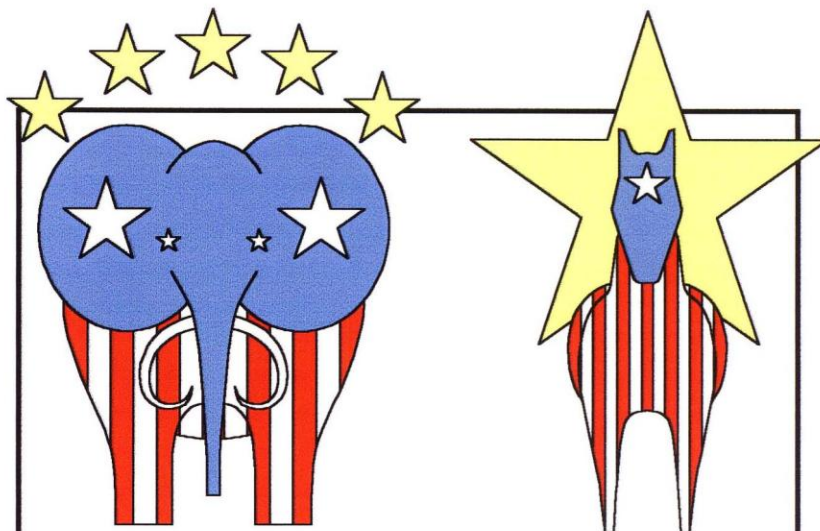


Subversion by me  
 my head is so full  
 of lies that i tell myself  
 you will die that is a lie  
 and so are you  
 hicks dont give me rides  
 but i guess that is good  
 the blue tape is not  
 an adhesive at all  
 the trees stand at false attention  
 and they salute  
 when they dont respect me at all  
 im inside of me  
 and i wanna get out



Would you like another cup of tea? Since the 16th of October, **DIFFERENT** staff members have been proud to be a part of The Square Table. This is a club which meets every Monday from 3 to 6 p.m. at Club Algiers Old Books Store, 1443 6th Ave. West (Kalispell, MT.)

The Square Table was originally intended as a meeting place for the creation of future **DIFFERENT**



U.S. -VS- THEM by Pisces Rain

Why is everything so one sided? How can you say you are a strict Democrat or strict Republican? Why can't we find a balance, or have we?

They say there is no such thing as an honest politician. Why should we subscribe to a label? We have good reasons to be weary of our government officials, but why should we let these feelings overwhelm us into apathy?

We live in America. We live in the United States. Which of these labels do you hear the most frequently? How about the acronym, U.S.A. or U.S.? Us.

We are not a country that is supposed to be divided by our beliefs, but united in our pursuit of protecting them. So what are we? What is your political label, and do you need one to be able to express what your beliefs are?

issues. Club Algiers is a haven for **DIFFERENT** minds. It is a refreshing tour for the intellect and a nice place to relax. We have had guest writers and artists come to share their work, as well as live musical entertainment. And who can deny themselves the pleasure of Bonne's wonderful apple cake while listening to a storytelling or two?





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**EDITOR'S NOTE**

It is the goal of this paper to provide the reader with a forum for expression. We hope to challenge the reader with a variety of opinions on numerous issues. The reason why Different has chosen a yin-yang as our symbol is because it represents a balance. We feel our contributors should express their opinions freely, and utilize their freedom of speech even if it is offensive! If you are offended by what you read in DIFFERENT simply contact the editor with your comments, questions, and/or contributions! We look forward to your response!

**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #20 December 1995



*"I must raise  
my voice in song."*

**Featured Writers Include:  
Viver, Gemini Hija,  
Cinderblossom Blowtorch,  
Venus, Tigris River, me,  
and Pisces Rain**

# PEACE

---

**I am very hopeful  
for peace and I  
sometimes have  
these crazy ideas on  
how it could  
happen.**

Want to hear one?  
Right on. Let me open  
you to my mind...

You see my  
friends, we have this evil  
thing in our world called a  
government, and most  
people hate this thing and  
want to get rid of it, but  
what created this evil thing,  
and what gives it its power?  
We did, and we do.

Our people don't know how to  
survive without it, thinking only pain  
and destruction would result. They  
look to it for strength and protection,  
not realizing that unless we give it the  
power to give us strength and  
protection, it cannot.

The government is not separate  
from the people, it is a projection of  
the people, it is the people. This  
means if we hate the government-  
we hate ourselves. I personally love  
myself, I know I am good, I know  
what I want is good. So why doesn't  
the government want the same  
thing? Because the government  
thinks that it is separate from us, doesn't

by Viver



*"The people will  
once again live  
with the world  
instead of on it."*

need us, is independent. That is why I  
propose that our people let it try and  
survive without us. We must become  
independent of our child's care. As strong  
mothers and fathers we must build  
ourselves a new house. A house of peace,  
a house of love. A house of God that we  
can call our world. Our evil child will die  
within its darkness as we the people  
arise within the brilliant light of our  
own free spirit.

I don't propose  
boycotting the essentials  
of society- such as education,  
careers, money- for to do so  
would fuck us over  
completely. But please,  
brothers and sisters, consider  
a plan of freedom utilizing  
the power of creation we still  
hold. Plan a free future for  
yourself through money. Flip a  
bitch on the government. Use  
what they use to destroy you- to  
help you. Buy land, build a home to  
shelter you, a garden to feed you. But  
most of all, build them with your own  
hands. Then we can show others how to  
do it and like a great storm of will across  
the land, our dream will grow into a  
reality. The people will once again live  
with the world instead of on it, the land  
will grow instead of deteriorate, the  
keepers of the Earth will create instead of  
destroy. Through this plan you will enable  
yourself and your descendants to  
dedicate themselves to what they love  
instead of what will provide for their  
futures, for that will have already been  
taken care of by you.

I love my people and hope you take  
my words not only to mind, but to heart  
and soul. I hope you all choose a path  
that makes you happy and secure. Peace  
be with you.



*Editor's Note: Our own Tigris River went on to become a nationally recognized poet and published author!*

## An End To Madness by Tigris River

To protest, to hold a sign.  
To put your beliefs down on the line.  
Like waves rocking a boat afloat,  
We're in the wake of an evil moon.

What good will it do to raise the dead?  
By morning they'll go back to bed.  
Why worship those who hold the power,  
When I can sit among the flowers?

Sunrise brings the morning's peace,  
To those who ponder endlessly.  
Decisions made, but made what of?  
To ones that fly the heavens above.

Clouds race by a windswept day.  
We hope and pray the day away.  
To accomplish nothing by noon's tide.  
But I think I shall go along for the ride.

What do we have if not our selves?  
And what can we bring if not our faith?  
Can we store our souls on restless shelves,  
Or die before we turn to waste?

Father time dances with great delight  
As immortality looses sight.  
For sight is lost before the dawn  
What planet do you think we're on?

What planet in this great blue sky,  
Can suddenly sprout wings and fly?  
For flight is the only possible choice,  
When you fight and lose your voice.

Once your voice is gone, it's gone.  
And I must raise my voice in song.  
To sing on every endless dawn.  
To become immortal, but not for brawn.

For my immortality is my song  
And those who hear say it is not wrong.  
So I will sing forever more  
To become immortal, to stop the war.



Untitled by me  
he read the page  
west to east  
just like everyone else

## Rebels Without A Cause

by Gemini Hija

People form together for one cause. Often it is good. Often it is not. One thing that struck me as not good was the anti-gay march in Bozeman, MT. Many rednecks and narrow-minded people banded together to march in a parade and slew their hate for people that are different than them-people that they thought were evil.

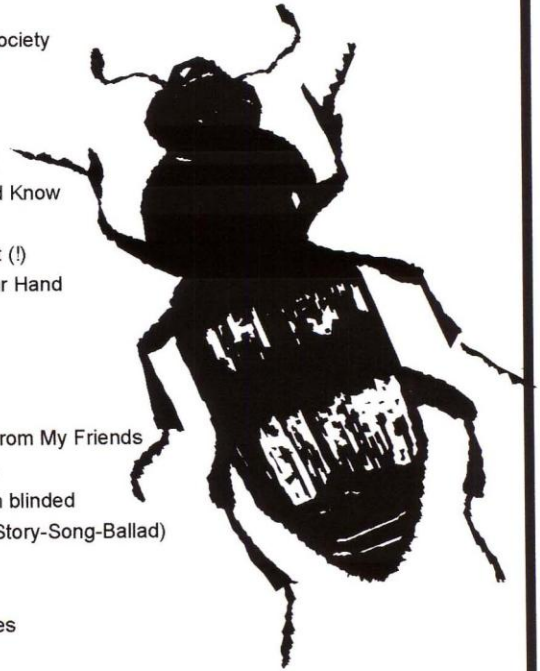
Well, I'll tell you one thing-Gay people aren't evil. They stand up for their beliefs. God made them that way. They cannot help it. They don't try to attract attention to themselves, contrary to what many people think.

Gays don't act that way to "rebel" or anything. That's just how they are.

## I Want To Tell You

by Pisces Rain

"A Day In The Life  
(Of a Hypocritical Society  
:)  
HELP!  
I Feel Fine  
(Yes! Really! BUT-)  
Your Mother Should Know  
She Said She Said  
(Fucked (!) and Shit (!)  
I Want To Hold Your Hand  
(Submission)  
Get Back (!!!  
Exploitation)  
Revolution (-)  
With A Little Help From My Friends  
Don't Let Me Down  
(Salt tears and I am blinded  
The Mock Turtle's Story-Song-Ballad)  
Octopus's Garden  
(Evil Octopus  
Sucked ink off pages  
Censorship  
Can't hide you from  
the suction cups of your brain)  
Hello,  
Goodbye.  
Let It Be (!!!)"



INTERPRETATION: They say that the Beatles are back, but to me they've always been. The first teddy bear I ever owned was "The Magical Mystery Tour" and I fell in love with Ringo Starr as the Mock Turtle in ABC's made-for-TV mini-series, "Alice In Wonderland."

Now I am suddenly being told that my teddy bear is no longer mine to cherish. Somehow baby-boomers seem to think they own The Beatles, just because the band came to fame in the sixties. They don't; music is for all to share.

I am disappointed in this treatment of music, our freedom of expression, and I want it to stop. Recently teachers at Flathead High School, (Kalispell, MT) were passing out flyers from a local radio station which listed a number of "offenses". This list included two songs by Alanis Morissette, which I had personally heard censored on the station before two complaints resulted in the song being banned. I believe these offended callers already knew the song vocabulary. Honestly, if you don't know what the word means, how can it offend you?

Passing out this flyer in the classroom reminded me of the school's hypocrisy. We have had public fondling of the cheerleaders on the gym floor for an assembly and broadcasting of the O.J. Simpson case in the classrooms. What is the word FUCK and SHIT compared to RAPE and MURDER? Give me a break, people!

Stand up for your freedom of expression. "Don't Let Me Down."





## **Bitch**

### **by Cinderblossom Blowtorch**

I'm no bitch! So what  
 If I speak up for myself  
 and don't take any crap  
 from you.  
 I would rather be by myself  
 then with some guy who  
 think's he is the best  
 skateboarder or whatever you do  
 So I don't wear tight clothes  
 for you  
 OR laugh at all your jokes  
 I believe in being strong  
 I believe in being myself  
 So what does that make me?

## **A BITCH!**

Really?  
 Then thank you  
 That's the best compliment  
 You've given me



**Would you like another cup of tea? DIFFERENT staff members invite you to be a part of The Square Table club which meets every Monday from 3 to 6 p.m. at Club Algiers Old Books Store, 1443 6th Ave. West (Kalispell, MT.)**

**This month DIFFERENT thanks Venus for her large contributions towards the creation of the "Beauty and the Beast" section.**

## **THE WAR by Venus**

Long hard steel in your mallow hands  
 Don't you feel so male  
 So superior with that trigger one with your finger  
 The trigger that sends sensations to your brain  
 So you use "nigger" "fag" "cunt" "bitch"  
 in obedient worship  
 bowing down to your god of hate and ignorance  
 because god knows the bullets shot from your tongue  
 are just as pleasingly powerful as the killer in your hands  
 so you fuck with the flag that sent you to fight  
 and you killed and you killed and you killed  
 life  
 "oh my god"  
 (and you begin to see)  
 "the child I drowned, the man- the brother  
 I killed so indirectly"  
 Its almost too fucking easy  
 with that killer you got  
 load...load...  
 balance  
 bang  
 Death spreads  
 almost too easy, my friend  
 Who died  
 my lover I waited for in Georgia until the men in uniform with their solemn faces  
 and lowered heads came to me with the envelope amongst the grassy hills and  
 ripened sky  
 ripened year suffocating fear death rears  
 its ugly head among human beings trained to hate complete strangers  
 to hate the enemy  
 "God it seemed so big and dark oh the screen and the General... But all I see  
 are men, some small and thin or some big and built, all with the same  
 expression on their faces...a cramped squint, bloodied or dirty or both. All the  
 same. Like mine; and in this light I feel like a little child; We're all children here.  
 Here to fight the demon; helpless, terrified, lonely, fighting someone else's war.  
 Wondering where our father went when he left us all alone."

**The Square Table's activities this month included a visit from an artist as well as a folksinger. One meeting included an interesting and comedic role-playing session. We also had a Christmas decoration art fest where members brought art supplies like a potluck.**

**The Square Table club is a smorgasbord for creativity and fun!**



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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #21 January 1996

*"Love for life has no disaster."*

**Featured Writers Include:**

**Reepicheep Puddleglum, Unchosen  
Voyager, Suicidal Lover, Amazon  
Womyn, Anova Justice, Mysterious  
Enchantment, Cinderblossom  
Blowtorch, Jupiter's Daughter,  
emmett, Lightning Freedom, Liberty  
Rosenblum, Venus, me, and Pisces Rain**



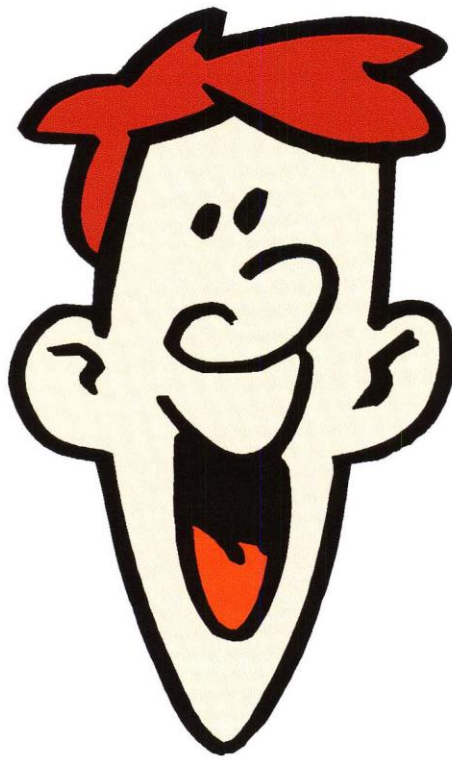
# WANNABE ME

---

What about the  
angry sad needing  
jumbled feelings  
of the Lost  
Wannabe that  
can't even look at  
their image  
reflecting back at  
them from the  
cursed mirror?

For me, this started  
in the Junior High where  
you were either  
Something or Nothing.  
Crazy how I completely  
altered my lifestyle for  
Something, yet never  
being more than  
Nothing. So after I  
realized I was very  
unhappily Nothing, I  
knew that my change  
needed to be for  
myself.

by Lightning Freedom



*"I will smile  
because I am me."*

But will the friends I  
have still laugh with me  
if I stop talking vulgar? I  
won't have a girlfriend  
if I don't have sex, and  
if I don't believe in my  
church they will outcast  
me. Which did happen  
to a certain extent- my  
real friends still are,  
and who really needs a  
girlfriend like my  
previous anyway?

My mind was in a  
cage chained down  
locked up. I am still  
untieing knots and  
picking locks... My pain  
being created by  
myself. Even now- call  
me a Lost Wannabe. I  
am.

I will find myself I can.  
I will smile because I  
am me.

I will see Wannabes  
and hope.

# Poetry

## the silence of my cries by Amazon Womyn

trapped in this darkness, no love, no light  
no where to escape to for help  
all pain and hardships to fight  
sitting, fondling a leather belt  
upon my skin a thousand times  
pain in my hollow screams  
do not attempt to breathe  
no money to flee- not even a dime  
visions of the future in my dreams  
rap upon the foggy window  
taking in painful breaths  
the dust on the dresser i blow  
as i try to plan my death  
a lifeless struggle no where to turn  
no one to hear my cries  
i light a match and watch it burn  
it dwindles and finally dies  
i lay on my bed in beads of sweat  
i close my eyes and try to forget  
all the hatred and pain  
i wonder away from my heart  
where i can feel no pain  
knowing now that i am the only one  
who can silence my cries

## Waiting... by Suicidal Lover

I can see the end is getting near.  
I'm filling my heart with dreadful fear  
Scared to face the dying need,  
the empty grave is where I bleed.  
Loneliness has taken over,  
the life in me is getting slower.  
Waiting for the day to die,  
I feel my soul was just a lie  
Nobody cares, I am a waste,  
Death is what I have to face  
My life of solitary despair,  
In an empty room, on a burning chair  
As time goes by I cannot wait,  
Should I do this is this fate  
Save me from this endless scare,  
In the darkened tomb I see you there  
Allow me to forget these thoughts.  
Memories of pain, and then I rot.  
I'm drowning in the sea of time.  
Washed upon the eroded side  
Lying there without no pain,  
The cold blue body, and then she came  
Staring at the lonely soul,  
body lies, truth untold  
She's the one who heard his cries,  
He defined it suicide  
Wake me from this bad dream I'm hating,  
On the endless burning road of Waiting.

## desolation

or

*the tale of a naked, skeletal young man contemplating suicide*  
-by me-

my mind is blank  
my scalp sweats the thoughts inside  
the pressed flower crumbles  
in my fingers  
but i can still hear the weeping  
clearly, through the phonograph effect of my mind  
the chair i sit in is slowly rotting  
and my mind is slowly turning  
and turning  
my arm reaches out and touches the mirror  
and the gun.

## Untitled

by Unchosen Voyager

Suicide is not the way  
Don't go where  
you're not invited.



# Poetry

## **Not Exactly**

**by Jupiter's Daughter**

**In the process of losing my head,  
I found where my heart should be  
I had thought I knew where it should have been  
But now it is free  
When I lost all my money I found my riches  
Not in jewels  
Just in love and reminisces  
I had thought I had lost all hope for this life  
again, I found that hope simply misplaced.  
I lost my reservations  
But found God  
My dreams were lost  
but actions take their place,  
being what they are and were and will be.  
I found indifference but lost my inhibitions  
And won out in this game of dead ambitions  
If you don't care you most likely don't know  
That euphoria comes with dementia  
And that depression is only temporary  
I found that I could figure out my reasoning  
and that it is wise to think before speaking  
That laughter and love heals much faster  
even if it is not returned to you  
Losing is sometimes good, you know.  
And in losing all I'd ever known  
I found the dwelling of my soul**

## **Mr. Ciran by Unchosen Voyager**

Spinning constant loss for words- can't see headache I kiss  
the ground, my eventuality, pressed tight against my lips,  
reminders of mortality, fatality, inherent failure, ice water  
wave wash me clean of- sin and death & distain, rocking  
chair grin, for I'm not gray, sandcrab side step avoid the  
issue ignore real, & dance away ball room, tales end & ever  
after sweet embrace and sweeter kiss and bliss in you  
safety, not scared of whats to come as it charges- head  
down, full force to wield a blow- can't breathe- loss of flight,  
kiss the ground eventuality I can escape and will in you- pull  
your figure from the dyke ice water wave wash Mr. Ciran

## **Someone Like You by Amazon Womyn**

My heart has a lock  
with a special key  
only the right combination  
will open up me  
That combination is  
gentleness, honesty  
and kindness too  
that combination- was you  
You opened my heart  
though you may not know  
to the prospect of love  
which felt genuine and true  
I know that to you  
to you there was never that love  
but please allow me to say  
how much I felt that love  
My heart has a new lock now  
this one without a key  
for the key has been lost  
by the pain caused by feelings  
of confusion and uncertainty  
But no matter what forces  
nature may hold  
it cannot control my hearts  
feelings of love, pain and confusion  
Staring out the window now  
at the drizzling rain  
my heart receives a jolt  
but I feel no pain  
No pain is felt  
because my body is numb  
numb to the thought  
of the uncertainty of your love  
But someone like you  
can't be loved by someone like me  
For you need a different type of love  
then the type of love given by someone like me  
For I tried to love you  
In the way that you needed  
But in return I found out  
you never did love me

# Untitled

by emmett

Is it all a mystery  
why we all exist?  
What's tied up in  
history no one can  
resist?  
Baking in the sun all  
day left her feeling dry.  
Take away her sun all  
day I think she'd  
start to cry-  
over lost sun light-  
over lost birthright  
Over that felt down  
right-cozy-yet  
discomfort all she felt.  
Tell her that its  
candy coated, tell  
her that its sweet.  
Then cram it down  
her little throat and  
threaten her to beat.  
Give her everything I  
ask for, give her  
nothing I can feel-  
Too real.  
Licensed to live like  
danger,  
Studied mirrors she's  
looked in but to her  
She's still a stranger.  
Backed away in fear and hate,  
Think she wants to  
change her view, for  
which she's shown up late.  
Carried bricks upon  
her shoulders  
broke her back with  
many boulders  
Not given to her what  
she's always needed  
Not livin' through her

so they think she's  
been defeated.  
I asked you for  
almost everything  
Of which I have received  
Always thought your  
heart could sing  
Trust in me in you I  
do believe  
A language laughter  
can only master  
Love for life has no disaster.  
Smashed and battered  
like glass of broken memories  
Don't judge too hard-  
soon all you'll have is enemies, cuz  
everyone's imperfect  
you and me and them  
So hard changing  
what we are when it's  
all we've ever been.  
Hope I see what you are feeling  
and just always keep on dealing and remember  
My hurting heart goes  
out to you  
and when the pain  
cuts so true, right thru,  
I am always here for you.

## Untitled

by Reepicheep Puddleglum

Sometimes I think that loss  
Is such an unneeded cost.



# Poetry

## i of the lonelies by Amazon Womyn

bestowed as a curse  
and denying, elation  
and individual first  
in need of persuasion  
to pursue the wishes- dreams  
anticipation lacking, anguish  
ruling a soul of fixation

lingers uncertainty over abyss  
unwelcome and chilling  
yet wonderfully painless  
quick and alluring

however, refused  
of such granted relief  
and individual used  
wanting less grief  
for perceiving  
nothing to reach- to need  
wretching, screaming  
i cry inside and bleed

## Lost and Found by Pisces Rain

Frustrated sweat and suicidal fear.  
Frantic inertia and incoherency.  
Where? Where? Where? WHERE?  
My purpose is scrambling with urgency.  
I've got to find it!  
I must make clear my discrepancy.  
In order to make things less chaotic,  
I have to endure a self-deprecating misery.  
I've lost it.  
I'm so unorganized.  
Jumbled thoughts  
got lost  
and I asked for this.  
I deserved this.  
And what was the rhythm here?  
I lost it!  
Heart shuddering with insistent desire.  
Cannot be satisfied.  
How could I have let my meaning  
rely so much on just one thing?  
I've searched everywhere!  
But as the knife reaches me,  
I find that what I was looking for was always there,  
and that the weak are stronger than a knife's shimmer can ever see.

## "Poem"

-by Mysterious Enchantment-

The deliberate Mass  
Crushed the shredded glass  
Does no one else understand?  
I long to understand us  
Discouragement rages pus  
Must I continue?  
Rages in time  
Becoming the crime  
+ Death with Birth  
How I Long

## Holland by Unchosen Voyager

Legs can't hold up my massive weight  
my mind can't hold up my massive heart=  
falling faster than the tears on my cheek  
was she honest is she true  
horses turn to crazy glue  
I hate my life success's few-  
What now another story yesterday's lost page  
Does she know does she want to=  
Holland



# The Day My Friend Went Away

by Cinderblossom Blowtorch

All I can do is toss and turn. I feel someone violently shaking me, yelling at me to wake up.

"Wake up! Wake up! You're having that dream again! Just wake up! It's okay. You're going to be okay!" my mother repeated over and over again. "It's okay now. I'm here." is all I can comprehend.

Tears and sweat stream down my face. The dream never stops. It has been almost a year since everything happened, and all the while it comes back every night. Not always in the same form, but it comes back.

It was the end of August. Time to start another year of school. Only this year would be different. I would be starting my first year of high school. It was going to be a great year I could tell. I met my friends before we went to school just like I had done every year for the last four years. We were excited about the new year and our new school, Valley View, but we were saddened that summer was now officially over.

Michelle and I walked down the street to Jessica's house. As she walked outside she introduced us to her stepbrother, Jeremy, who had arrived in California the night before. Jeremy and I became friends automatically.

"It must be hard to step off a plane in a state you've never been to before and know in just a few short hours you need to get up and go to school!"

"Actually it's really no big deal. That's the way the ball rolls. I'm just glad this is my last year of high school! My 12 year jail term is almost up!"

"Well that's one way to look at it, that's for sure!" I replied, as we walked into our new school. We became overwhelmed. There were so many new faces, so few old ones. And yet all we could think of was the first football game of the season.

It was game day and the whole school was in an uproar. We could smell victory in the air. No one could stay in their seats. That night the Valley View Lions were killing the Butterfield Broncos. The game finally ended, and we headed across town to Jessica's house where she and her brother were having an after game party. As the night wore on Jeremy and I became closer. Not one day after that were we apart.

Nobody understood our friendship. They didn't understand how we could be so close and yet be nothing more than just friends.

Jeremy was my best friend. I can still hear him laugh at my stupid jokes, or yell at me when I talked about killing myself.

"Why in the world would you even think about doing something as stupid as that?"

"Because my life never seems to go right! That's why! I just can't take it anymore! Nothing I do for my parents is

good enough. I never do anything right. All they do is complain!"

"So what! My parents do the same thing. Everyone's parents do. That's just a part of life. It's all the point. They're supposed to make us miserable. It's supposed to make us stronger or some crap like that. But it's not just you that goes through it."

"But you don't understand. They never listen to me. They don't understand why I do the things I do. They don't want to understand! They just yell and yell and yell!"

"Look- next time they start to yell, just try and talk to them. If they don't want to listen then let them finish and come and yell at me. Just please don't talk about killing yourself!"

For two weeks straight I was with Jeremy. Always talking about how stupid my parents were, and how I wished it would all go away. Jeremy would quietly listen. Then he'd try to cheer me up. It always worked.

Jeremy and I would climb "M" hill. M stood for Moreno Valley. We would climb this hill almost every day and talk about the future. We talked about how we were going to be best friends forever and have houses next door to each other and be in each other's weddings. He always told me no matter what, he would always be there for me. Well, he was wrong, because one day he wasn't.

It began as a normal day. I met my friends and we walked to school, minus Jeremy. I asked where he was and Jessica told me he never came home after the game the night before. After that everything went down hill. I was suspended from school. My mom wasn't thrilled about this piece of information when she got home from work. I listened to her yell and yell for what seemed like forever, knowing that when she was done Jeremy would listen to my side of the story.

By the time she was finished yelling I just didn't want to take anything anymore. So I went to my room and wrote the last thing I thought I would ever write. I wrote my last good bye. Through the window I left, to say my last good bye to Jeremy and to the world.

I stopped to see Jeremy, but he wasn't home. I figured this was better anyway because now he could not try to stop me and my plan.

I was standing, taking my last breath when I heard Jeremy's voice calling out to me. How he knew where I was I never knew.

"Wait! Stop! Think about what you're doing! Have you even taken the time to think about what you're doing?"

"Jeremy don't! Go away! Just go away! There's nothing you can do now!"

"I will not go away and let you blow your brains

out, so on the day of your funeral I can sit and say I did nothing to try to stop you! You're even crazier than I thought if you think I'm gonna turn my back on you now. I told you I'd be there for you. And I'm here, ain't I?"

After many hours of crying, Jeremy drove me home and sat with me as I talked to my parents. I started seeing a professional the next day, with Jeremy right by my side. Little did I know that the following weekend I would no longer have my friend by my side.

It was Friday, and I couldn't wait for the day to end. Jeremy and I had a party to go to. It was going to be the biggest party of the school year. After school I walked with Jessica and Jeremy to their house. Jessica had said she was going to stay home. So Jeremy and I got ready and left.

We got there and everyone was in good spirits, laughing and joking. It was going to be fun. I was wrong. Three hours later the party was no longer fun.

I lay on the ground rocking Jeremy screaming at him to hold on.

"Jeremy stay with me! You're gonna be okay! Everything's gonna be okay! I'm not going to let you die! You wouldn't let me die so I'm not going to let you! I need you, you can't leave me now!" I yelled at him through a steady stream of tears. I watched as the blood, from four gun shot wounds, rushed from his body. I knew in my mind Jeremy was going to die, but my heart wouldn't accept it. There was so much confusion. People stood around and watched as I held him close to my body. I held him tighter as I felt his life slipping through my hands. There was nothing I could do but let him know I was there. He was dead before help ever got there.

The trial lasted only six months. I didn't miss one day. As hard as it was to realize this was all happening. As I listened to the same story again and again. I could see the guy's face as he fought with Jeremy, and as Jeremy tried to walk away, I watched him pull out a gun and shoot Jeremy four times. I watched as the guy told his side of the story. And then he got his 60 year sentence. I should have smiled as they hauled him away to his new cage, but I didn't. All I could do was look up to the sky and cry.

The next few days were a blur. But as time passed I began to forgive myself for letting him die after he saved my life. It's been almost two years now, the dreams have stopped a little. There isn't one day that goes by that I don't relive that night. It's not the shooting I see over again but the long talk we had before we went to the party. Or just the way he'd smile at me from across the room, but I always see my best friend go limp and fall to the ground.

I'm glad now that I never ended my life. You never truly see how short it really is until you've felt it slip through your fingers.

I still see Jeremy once in a while. Just like he said, "When things are bad I'll be there for you!"

And he is, in my heart.





### **99.9% of Men**

**by Liberty Rosenblum**

God made Men. If only we knew why.  
 They act as if they're immune. They don't even cry.  
 They break us women's hearts as if it was all a game.  
 How can men and women be so different  
 but still so same?  
 Women show feelings, Men keep 'em inside.  
 Women want true love, but men would rather hide  
 In relationships  
 the women really try  
 while the men  
 give up and say "good bye"  
 Sometimes its hard to understand if they really care  
 I don't understand what goes through their minds  
 'cause feelings are something they would never share  
 But they are just Men  
 and no matter what we do  
 they will be here  
 making our life harder to go through.



**Would you like another cup  
 of tea? DIFFERENT staff  
 members invite you to be a part  
 of The Square Table club which  
 meets every Monday from 3 to  
 6 p.m. at Club Algiers Old  
 Books Store, 1443 6th Ave.  
 West (Kalispell, MT.)**



by Venus

Oh, the death of Gwendolyn  
 Her blackened youth  
 Rotting in the womb of mother Spyre!  
 How have we murderous demons  
 Destroyed the pale dove of angelic symphony.  
 See my eyes tremble in reddened hate  
 To thirst for the death of the doomed,  
 All who bound in knowing what sick  
 Twisted minds of their fathers and  
 Children who rape the mothers that  
 Fed them poisoned milk. My bile  
 emptied at the sight of your disgusting  
 soul, rotting venomous and potent. I  
 vomit before your thrown of feces and  
 your pitiful crown of bone, dripping with  
 the black blood you sucked from our  
 Pure spirit; gone.  
 All the sickness I contain, becoming  
 Contagious on you. So you shall spit,  
 Seethe, burn, ripping your organs  
 Within you, as bacterious infections  
 Grow rapidly within your beautiful body.  
 So you shall be raped unforgivingly  
 Humiliated amongst your people  
 Crucified upon your grave non existent.  
 For I shall kill the impotent demon  
 Of Satan's puppetry-fool,  
 That ate the sister we held so near.  
 And I will smile as your life  
 Leaves before me.

**Thunder by Anova Justice**

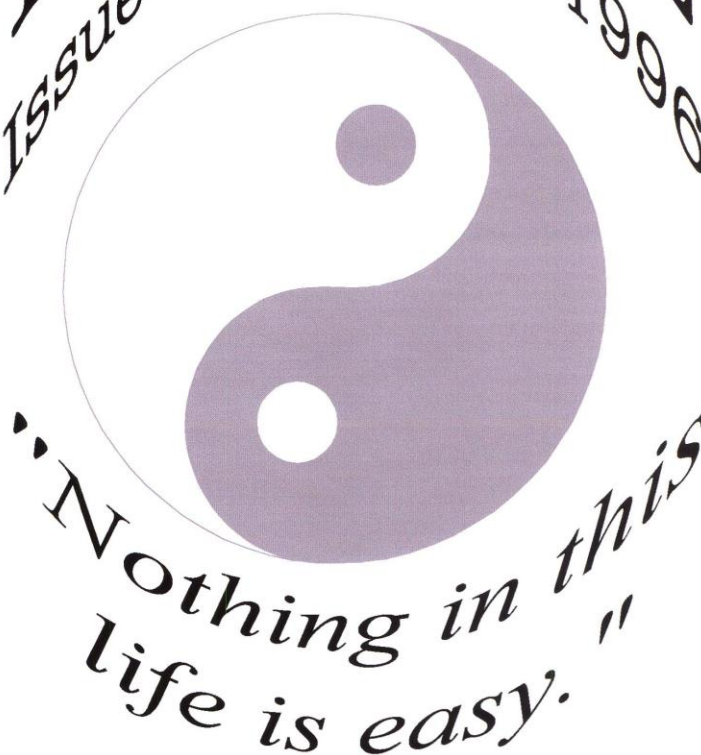
**As I lay awake in my slumber  
 when I wonder will be the end of the thunder?  
 Crashing, banging, yelling it's rage  
 it's like a mad bull pinned in it's cage  
 then it comes as always before  
 to make things alright  
 Can't it see I want to continue  
 this fight?  
 I'm sick of the sorrys &  
 "Pity me my dears..."  
 Because for you I have only fear.  
 All these years the thunder has controlled me  
 I wish to fly, to break free  
 & some day you will see... It will be me saying  
 "Pity me my dear"  
 for then it will be me  
 that you will fear**

**DIFFERENT**  
**Your**  
**Alternative**  
**Newspaper!**

**EDITOR'S NOTE**

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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #22 February 1996



**Featured Writers Include:**

**Amazon Womyn, Anova Justice,  
Cinderblossom Blowtorch, me,  
Jupiter's Daughter, Venus,  
Juniper, and Pisces Rain**



# Real Jeanius

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**An article of clothing. No matter how you wear it the issue is all washed up!**

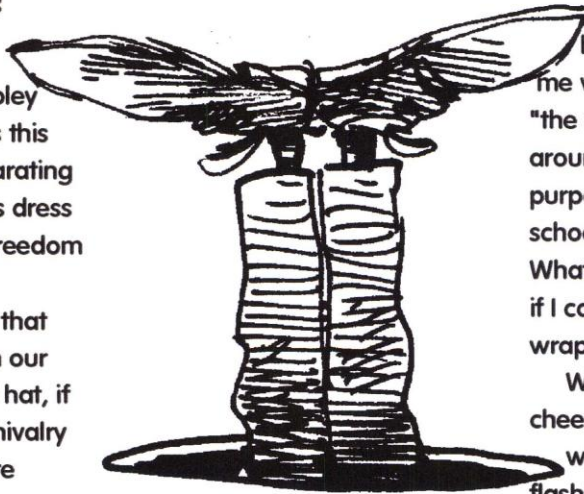
by Pisces Rain

There is a rule in our public school that holey jeans are not allowed. Is this just another way of separating Church and State? Is this dress code a violation of our freedom of expression?

There is another rule that hats may not be worn in our public school. This is old hat, if you will. A tradition of chivalry would make Don Quixote proud. But it is quixotic.

The reason why I am writing this is to highlight how silly the issue of dress is in our public schools. It has been spurred by issues of gang violence, but after being witness to a stabbing I can honestly say what you wear is no reflection of what you are capable of. And what would they do if someone started a gang of nudists?

I see no problem with a bit



*"It just doesn't seem holey to me."*

of fray on your jeans or holes in your knees. This look has been banned and can result in being sent home. Now, is it because the student doesn't want an education, or because a teacher wants to get political?

I think the silliness became most apparent to me when I was sent down to "the office" and duct taped around my knees. If the purpose is to look scholarly, the school gets an F for fashion. What would they do, I wonder, if I came to school completely wrapped in duct tape?

Why is it acceptable for a cheerleader to wear a skirt where her butt cheeks are flashing the world, but I can't show my sexy knees? Are then my jeans a sign of my economic state? Am I being discriminated against? Jeans are an expensive commodity. Shouldn't the school buy you a new pair of jeans if it is a requirement for your learning?

Eliminate the gangs; eliminate the problems. For a little Earthly peace we forfeit our individual freedoms. It just doesn't seem holey to me.

# Poetry

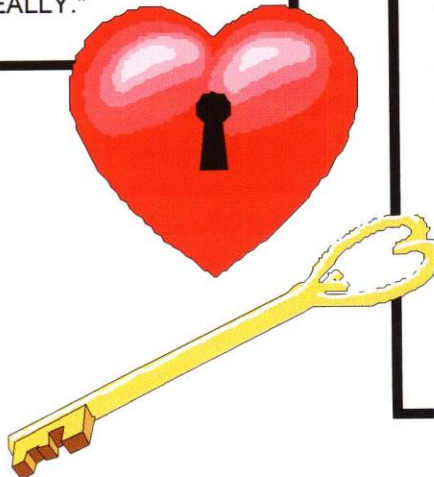
## Is It, Really. by Juniper

If you don't like it, take a hike. i hate you you bastard. HE inflicting pain for the pain SHE inflicts on him. the OTHER GIRL crying from the abuse- she knoweth from whence it came but not why she must bareth the burden of HIS sorrow. HE won't believe what the OTHER GIRL says because THIS IS LOVE and what would the OTHER GIRL know about it? IS IT, REALLY.

why would a person suffer through the torture of HER? but HE keeps coming back for more, why? because THIS IS LOVE, now, IS IT, REALLY. love is not defined by the torture you take from HER, the OTHER GIRL told HIM. it is beautiful and kind and colorful and supportive. HE says to the OTHER GIRL, "IS IT, REALLY."

but eventually HE woke to the reality of his pain... because it never made a difference, HE never paid attention to the sound of his own despair... and HE decided that "bastard" is not his real name and the SHE loved HIM only when HE lay down. "But THIS IS LOVE, honey," SHE said.

"oh," said HE, "IS IT, REALLY."



## Untitled by Cinderblossom Blowtorch

I want to tell you I love you every time you pass by  
Will you tell me you need me every night that goes by  
How do you see me when I'm around  
Do you think of me when it's time to lie down  
When the night turns to dawn  
Where do you want to be  
Can I be the one to set you free  
Did you get lost somewhere out there  
Did you find your star in place of me  
Dreams still linger in a land of blue  
My next thought is only of you  
The wind starts to blow  
My thoughts move fast  
to look into the misty past  
When I didn't care  
where you were  
Didn't care to be near  
The day moves on  
Your presence is gone  
Did I lose you along the way  
Day becomes night  
Along with my soul  
They bleed from white to black  
the pain in my heart tries to fight back  
The words I cannot find  
Are locked somewhere in the farthest of my mind  
The key you hold in the palm of your hand  
is like the knife you kill me with  
You never notice the blood on my hands  
You're too busy to read through the whole plan  
Everyone says it'll be alright  
When the day meets the night  
But how can that be  
We'll never meet  
So now I try to move past  
And make time with you last  
For how long can it be to make you see me  
maybe only eternity



# Poetry

## **Love's Dimension** **by Amazon Womyn**

**Where words were shallow and overused  
Where the deepest colors painted my love to pale  
Where by saying I love you wasn't enough  
And affection, actions and letters failed**

**Here is the dimension where my heart has reached  
Beyond all senses and emotions  
Where the world of imagery cannot shape  
The formation of my hearts pain**

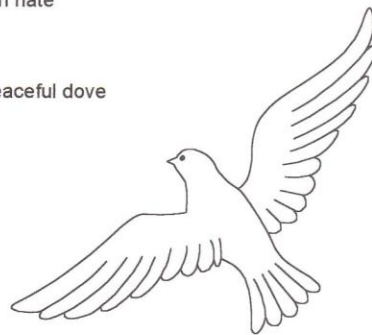
**Where by you saying you loved me  
Now brings up confusion, anger and pain  
When what I thought was your hearts honesty  
I know now were just words  
of shallowness and untruth**

**But through pain we grow  
and by loving we do the same  
Here now is the dimension of my heart  
Past the hurt, confusion, pain and anger  
Hoping to once again love.**

**desire by me**  
your flower is in my grasped hand  
your sweating body covers mine  
our syncopation is unheard of  
the kiss on your smiling teeth  
the tongue  
our sweat mingles  
in the sheets beneath our  
destitution  
and we lie there  
in the cool night air

## **The Battle** by Anova Justice

Love, hate  
Hate, love  
Swirling, mixing, moving around  
How can I find myself in this world around?  
Strong, weak  
Dominant, passive  
Which is which?  
Love is hate  
Hate is love  
We must know one to have the other  
Borders, Boundaries  
Limits, lines, rules  
No rules  
Love is confusion  
Hate is delusion  
A mixture of this & that  
I realize now, now I see  
The path is open, the choice is clear  
Love is stepping off a cliff & trusting one to catch the fall  
Hate is not trusting at all  
Hate is allowing, taking pleasure in the fall  
At last love prevails, the better emotion  
even amidst all the commotion  
Hate has become binding, confining, useless  
powerless  
One can do so much with love but  
only so little with hate  
Love, hate  
Hate, love  
Fly away thy peaceful dove



# Poetry

Mmmmm....

by Jupiter's Daughter

nothing in this life is easy. it is easy and hard and all of the above. love is a creamy crunchy sweettart that is everything and nothing to everyone and no one. all that is on heaven and earth cannot fill the cavern of a heart with love lost, and i wouldn't trade all of that for my love of just one. it makes me do the impossible, sleeplessness for six days if needed to come to the aid of the ones i love. i will do everything in my power (and yours and his) to do everything i can, even if it means hurting myself first. love is thicker than blood. love goes into each dinner i cook, each invitation i give, each trip i go on. being in the woods just ain't my thang... but i'd do it for you, my love. i'd go to the ends of the earth and back with you, if you asked me to or even if you didn't, your needs come first. i can attain all that i ever wanted, but if i can help you do one thing, that makes my life worth living. please forgive me for the wrongs i do you, for i only hurt the ones i love.



Someone

by Amazon Womyn

Everyone should have a special someone  
in their heart

One you hope will always be their  
and never part

I had that sort of someone close to me  
A warm hand to hold and a sweet smile to see  
Through the months, we grew very close  
Sharing our dreams, secrets and great hopes

But nothing lasts forever, so it is said  
Live life to the fullest, until you are dead

To me this saying seems true  
For I once had that sort of someone, just like you

Which started as a friendship  
and turned into love

which denial cannot erase  
nor the strongest force from above

It is true that by loving you

Expose your heart to pain

But despite knowing that

I had that sort of someone

I had a friendship

That person, I thought was you  
The love that formed though you may not see  
was something real and has a special memory

Imbedded in my heart

Though the future seems distant and very  
unclear

One thing still holds true

Those are the memories that were formed  
When I had a friendship with you





## She

by Venus

There is on the drawers the book revealing the poison I  
 fought for the songs I died in metamorphosis undone  
 there are 50 of them imaginary boundaries accepted  
 out of ignorance because of this government  
 of men  
 who decided to recognize women a day because they  
 know we birthed them it's called fear  
 so they claim you a great cook rape you in the apron  
 and lipstick he cemented to your image Ashamed  
 Perhaps forgiving a little too soon Do you feel ripped  
 inside and out when you think of the hand above you do  
 you shudder ignore or sanctify yourself in him him  
 blind to see the she he hides behind the coat rack  
 behind the ties and baseball bat I stand fists clenched  
 waiting for my prey



**DIFFERENT** has received complaints in the  
 past that it is predominately female-oriented.  
**FYI:** Last issue was a happy balance of 7  
 female and 7 male writers. Remember, this  
 paper is a result of reader contributions. If you  
 would like to see more male input, submit your  
 work, or pass the word along to someone else  
 who may be interested!

Would you like another cup of tea?  
**DIFFERENT** staff members invite you to be a  
 part of The Square Table club which meets  
 every Monday from 3 to 6 p.m. at Club Algiers  
 Old Books Store, 1443  
 6th Ave. West  
 (Kalispell, MT.)



### The Door of Desolation by Pisces Rain

Tried to steal your soul,  
 for your satanic pleasure.  
 Slithering in the soil,  
 transcribing the verse, "Hitler"  
 Bitter nursery rhyme snatching,  
 the door is unlatching...  
 "Don't let it open!"  
 The beast has awoken-  
 The hatred waiting cool and collected within me.  
 It is free- as a bird trapped in a lab cage.  
 Naked procession  
 into the pit.  
 A watery grave.  
 Catheter transmit.  
 Spy- eye see - icy  
 help!  
 Raped my ureter.  
 Hurt her.  
 Naked isolation.  
 Loneliness of the rats-  
 They'll outsmart you yet.  
 Dog a better pet-  
 I lowly water scum.  
 My skin a bloated plum.  
 Close the door!  
 I didn't need to know!  
 Naked isolation-  
 The water is the depths of their eyes.  
 Remorseless experimentation.  
 Their perversion molds my mind.  
 Conditioned  
 to feel no physical pain.  
 My psyche a shield  
 protects me from going insane.  
 You ask me how I know this is wrong.  
 We just know.  
 Pure hatred within me continues to grow.  
 I hate myself! I hate them! Kill them!  
 Coldness of my heart freeze them!  
 I'm dirty filthy  
 water stinky  
 catheter burning  
 And I don't like it.  
 I DON'T!  
 DON'T! NO!  
 Close the door!  
 I don't want to hurt anymore.  
 "Holy water" has the heat capacity for the force of evil.  
 Freezer burn is real.  
 My ablution  
 is not a clean solution.  
 I offer you no absolution.  
 You shall feel my coldness.  
 You shall feel my pain.  
 You shall feel my hopelessness;  
 petty power drain.  
 Can you feel it?

**DIFFERENT**  
**Your**  
**Alternative**  
**Newspaper!**

EDITOR'S NOTE

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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #23 March 1996



*"Unite for the better."*

**Featured writers include:**

**Amazon Womyn, Venus,  
Human Being, and Pisces Rain**



# Poetry

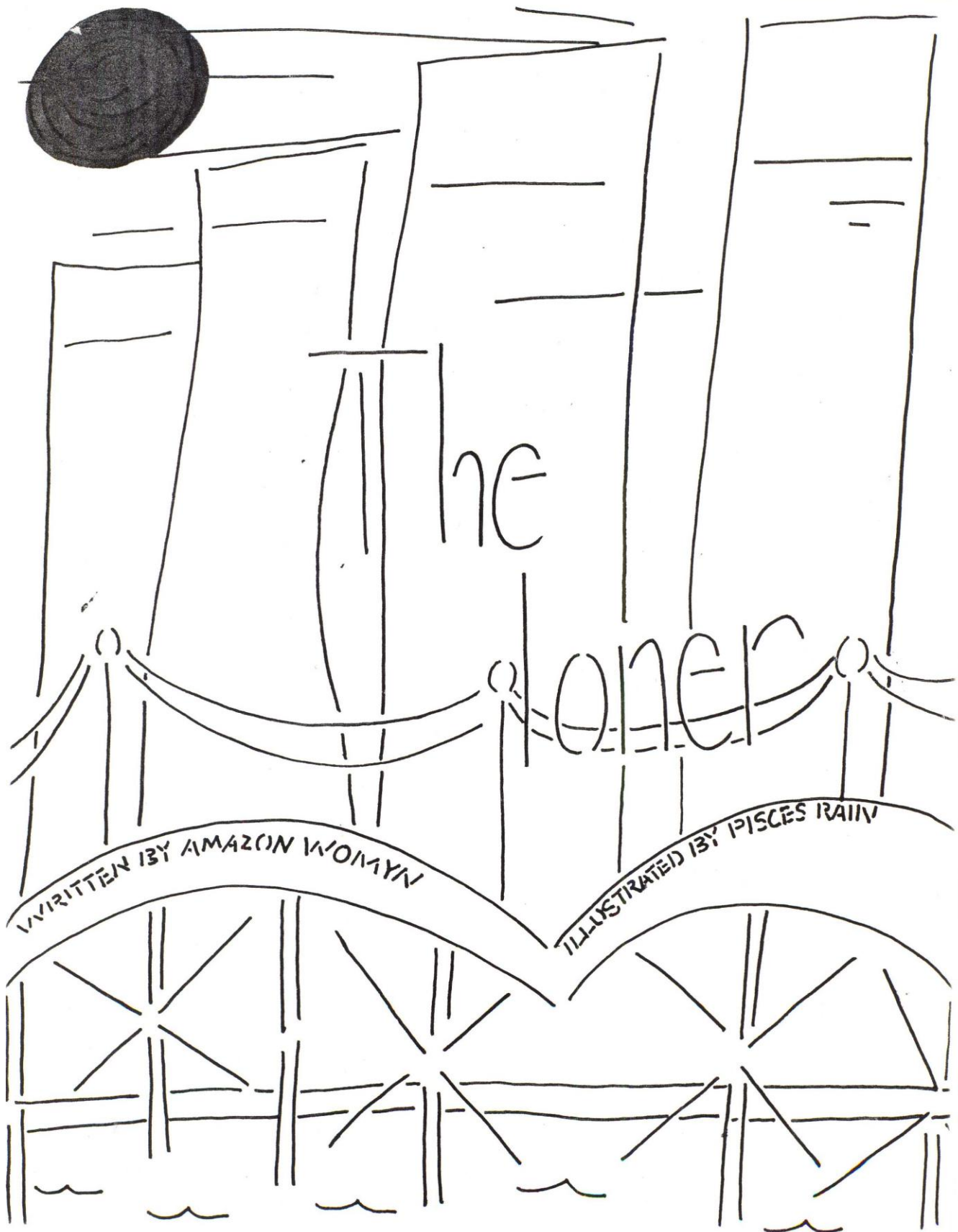
## Home Alone - Tales of a Nomad

by Pisces Rain

An acceleration shunned by the society which  
so easily accepted it's fate.  
A freedom beyond paranoia and security.  
You are on your own.  
Society would call you a derelict, a runaway, a  
scavenger... Pity to see that this situation puts  
pride and glory on a thin high wire line of  
bondage. Separating your true friends from  
worthless enemies.  
You are home... alone.  
Pity to think there is no one here for you to  
share of the vile fruits of a temptation too sweet  
for their rotten, slackened jaws.  
To their carcass-likenesses you are the fly, the  
rodent, the pest... Feasting of their flesh.  
They are the enemies;  
the epitome of selfishness.  
Glorious Roman festivals.  
Elections of needless officials.  
Try to break free  
of their endlessly mindless monotony  
It gets you here... Lonely.  
All you ask for is a place to sleep.  
But their perversion, exploitation, and mass  
commercialism... Are a death trap  
in which to keep you.  
So onward to the vulture  
if you wish to keep your sanity.  
Your freedom of solitude  
will be cold.  
This is the price you must pay  
for morality and prophecy.

We are happy to include the  
following visualized poem in  
this retrospective edition of  
Dare To Be for the first time  
since its original publication  
in 1996....

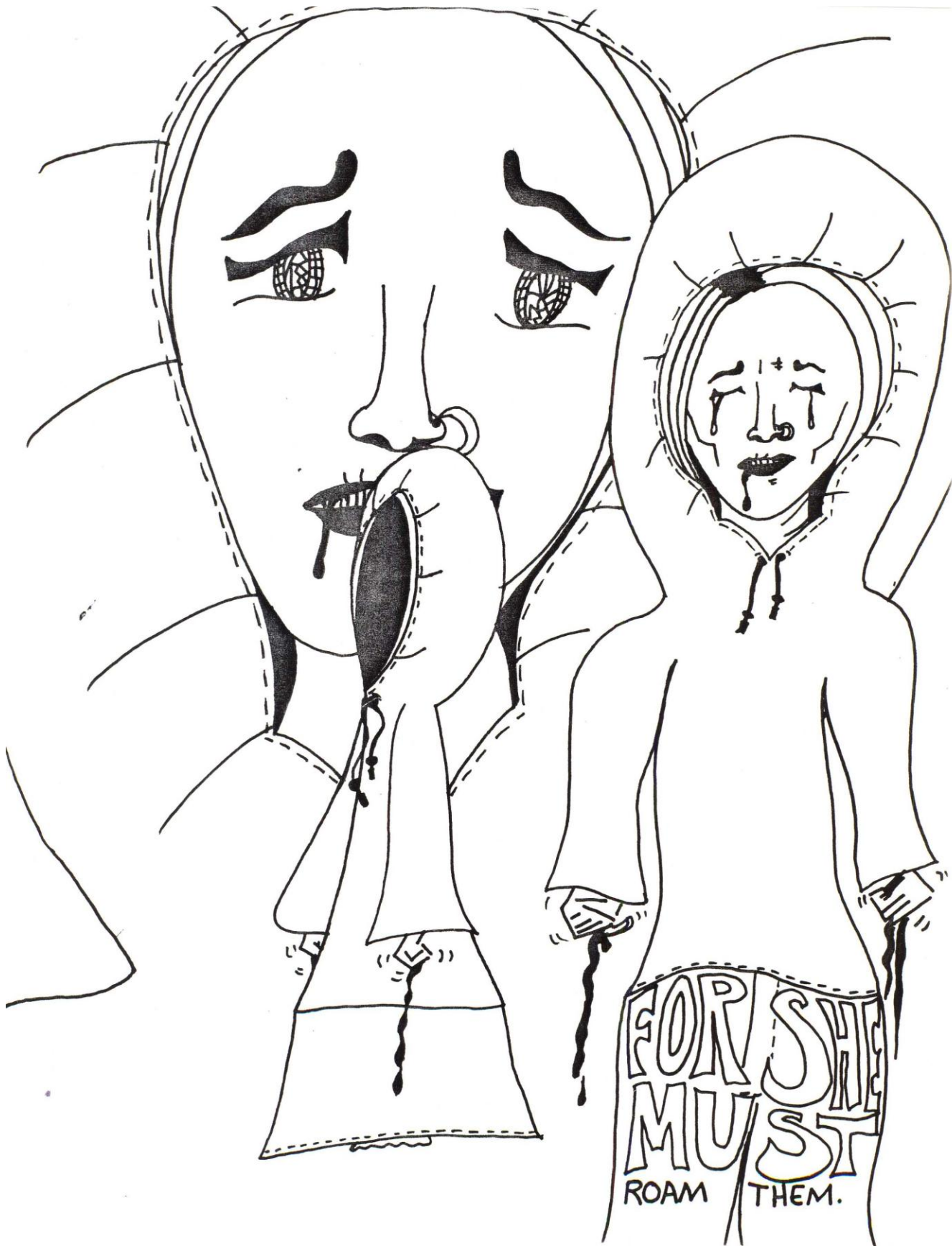
Please enjoy “The Loner”!





SHE WALKS THE STREETS AIMLESSLY







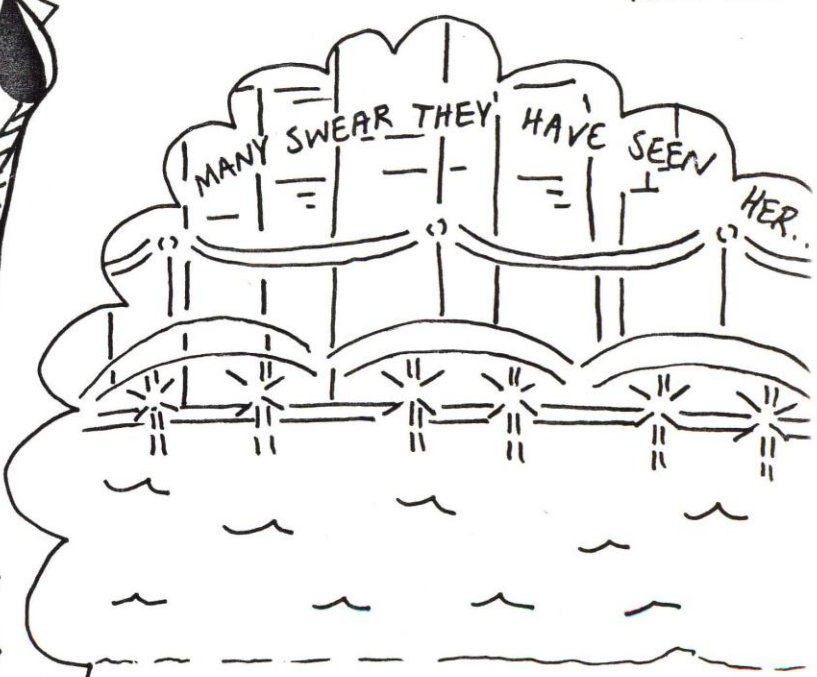


IF SHE SEES A CHILD IN ANGUISH



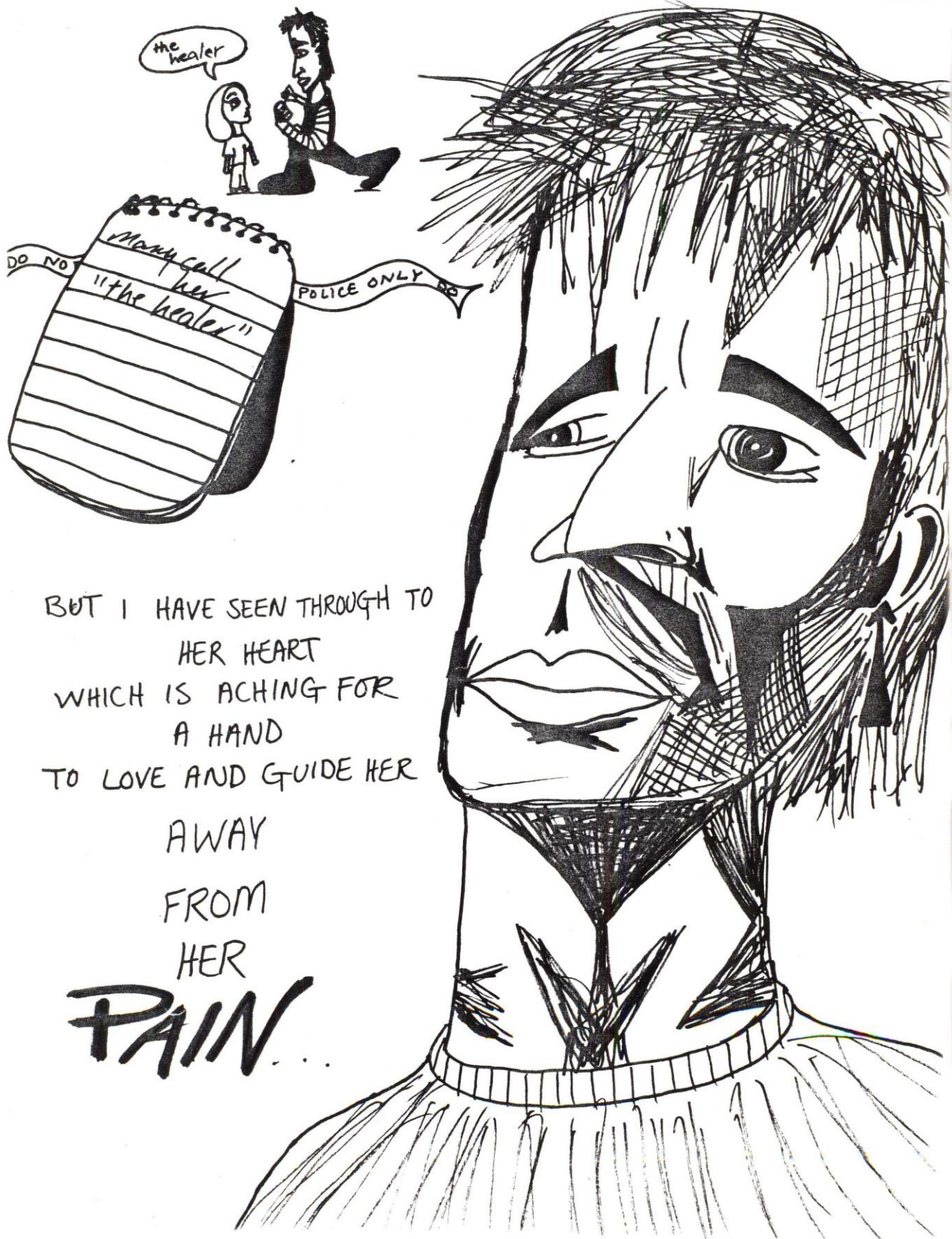
SHE MUST RELIEVE THEIR PAIN

FOR SHE HAS SUFFERED HERSELF  
AND REFUSES  
TO SEE OTHERS  
GO THROUGH  
TORMENT.

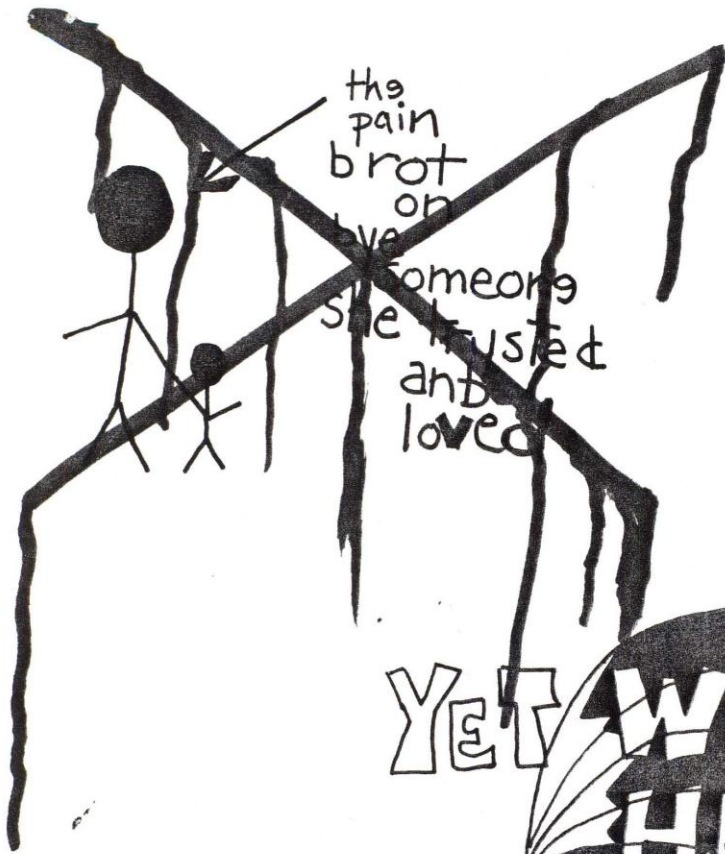


MANY SWEAR THEY HAVE SEEN HER.

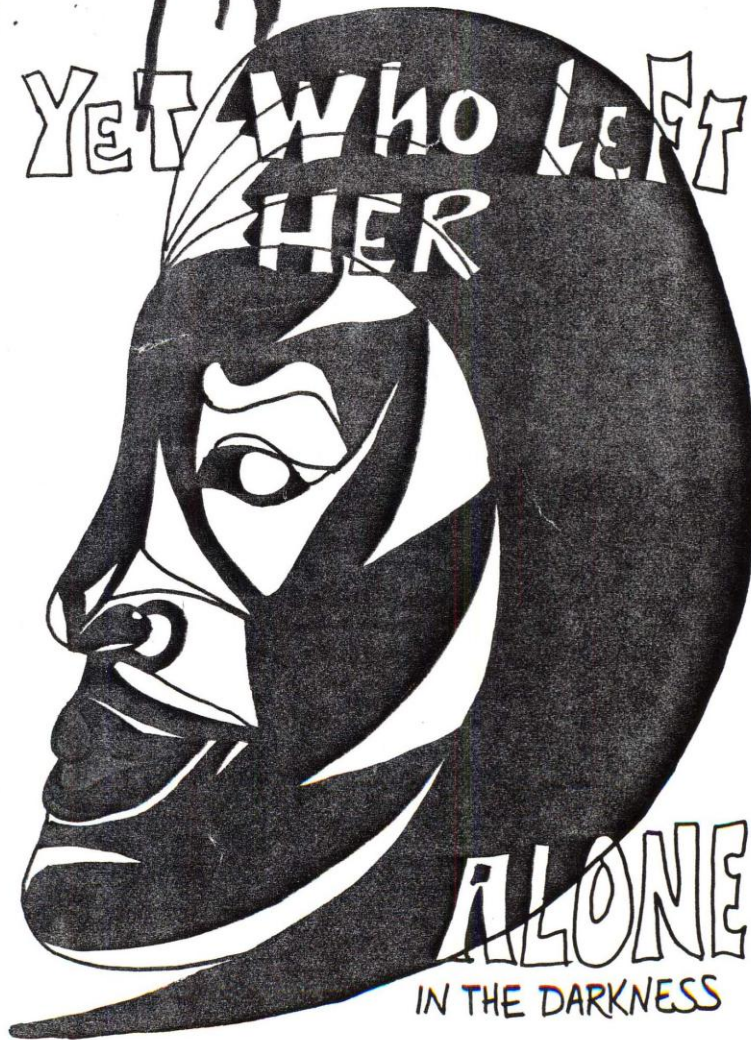
OR HER  
FOOTSTEPS IN THE SAND.







YET WHO LEFT  
HER





WHO IS HOLDING OUT THEIR HAND  
TO GUIDE HER  
AND LOVE HER



AND RELIEVE HER PAIN





## Grrl

by Venus

Oh wake all ye whom entered  
the visual cord  
The prompting red + magenta  
foam seething out your throat  
from the deafening  
Driftwood shore  
That hums silent vibrations  
Corroding the fruits of wandering breath  
Stamped by murderous  
Feminine falling.



DIFFERENT is calling all grrls for a  
"Beauty and the Beast Celebration" on March  
22. Come dressed as your favorite heroine, and  
be prepared to share your talent- be it poetry,  
comedy or musical! Bring any unfashionable  
undergarments, teen magazines, dolls, etc. to  
fuel the bonfire! Event features a performance  
by Supertrout. Info: 752-6023

Would you like another cup of tea?  
DIFFERENT staff members invite you to be a  
part of The Square Table club which meets  
every Monday from 3 to 6 p.m. at Club Algiers  
Old Books Store, 1443  
6th Ave. West  
(Kalispell, MT.)



## Lavatory Bible

by Human Being

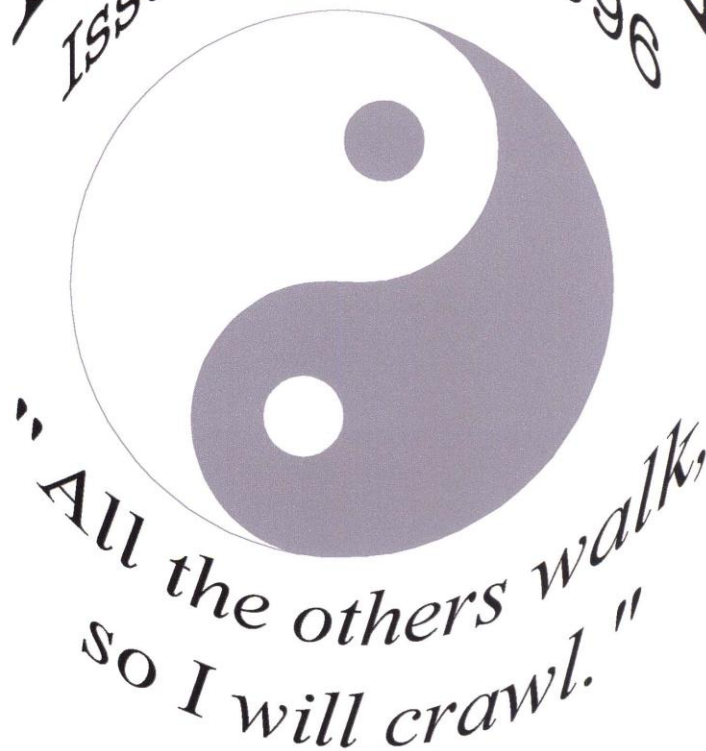
A message was read today,  
engraved on the back of the lavatory door.  
The second stall, to the left of the porcelain bowl  
filled with unflushed blood.  
The message was a simple, kind plea; asking women  
to respect themselves, to unite for the better.  
As I sat on the round, silent seat; emitting the  
wastes of my society filled body,  
listening to the constant sounds of applied  
make-up and the brushing of hair.  
HE LOVES ME HE LOVES ME NOT!  
I wanted to rise, pants around my ankles  
and pull those sad cyclic giggles into the stall and  
show them independence.  
But I only sat a moment longer  
wishing I had something sharp to scrape my own  
words on to the Lavatory Bible;  
over all the years of Heidi + Johns  
and free fucks.  
Down to the nucleus,  
the reversal of the rib.  
How many eyes will read this message;  
how many women will be inspired  
before the sponge of society washes us all away?

**DIFFERENT**  
**Your**  
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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #24 April 1996



**Featured writers include:**

**Amazon Womyn, Wandering Mind,  
me, Blag, Dream Weaver,  
Anova Justice, and Pisces Rain**



# History In The Making

**Technology has finally reached a borderline. Is this a prediction or old news?**

Through the predictions of George Orwell, author of the science fiction classic "1984", we see history in the making. Orwell predicted a totalitarian government of his near future. A world where history would be rewritten on a continual basis, to alter lives and opinions; to keep actions unquestioned... By most.

I hope I am not the only one who is questioning the advancements of today's technologies. How can these tools be exploited? Are they being exploited? Who is the real benefactor? What are the repercussions?

Before my time there was atomic warfare. Now there are fears of biological warfare, and questions as to whether or not we may already be experiencing the affects of it.

by Pisces Rain



*"A computer  
generated human  
could one day be  
walking our streets."*

The media is another tool that has rapidly advanced in the past century. There are rules that have been established to protect the sanctity of the truth, but who enforces them? Direct quotes, data, and original images can be altered, edited, eliminated, or censored; manipulated.

I recently saw a magazine where the featured "Woman of the Year" was a computer generated compilation of various female faces from across America. It made me shudder to think that this woman does not exist, but with the use of genetic engineering, perhaps one day soon she will be.

Computer generated images have the capability to print false histories, enemies, heroes... There are computer graphics and web site programs available today that a terrorist or a dictator could easily purchase and use. Who will stop them?

Be aware of the possibilities. What brought technology to it's greatness may also be it's undoing. I recall Frankenstein's monster...

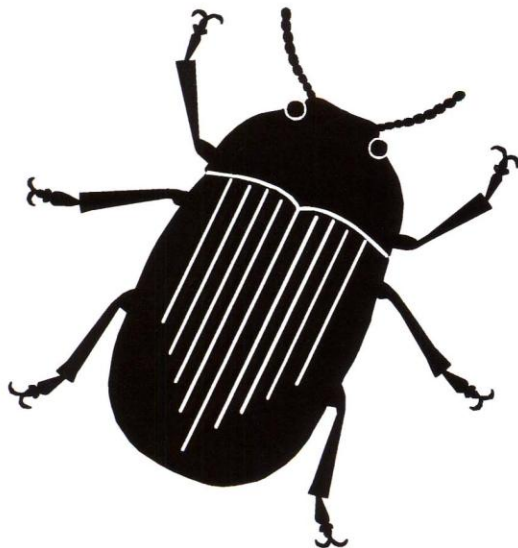
# Poetry

## Faded Star

by Wandering Mind

Even the famous  
Can have hatred  
A disembowelment of the mind  
Pumped the fire of anxiety  
Through his veins  
His mind raced frantically  
Addiction to his curse  
Heroin its weapon  
His body slumped on the floor  
His scars disappeared  
The music told his story  
His life a murmur  
In the earthquake of his success

Remembrance is the only way  
To cure us of our pain  
You were a god to all of us  
Almighty Kurt Cobain.



## peeled

by me

im over now  
i was never on  
im nothing now  
i never was  
im not someone  
i cant even cry  
my eyes arent wet  
i cant pretend  
you dont know me  
you think you do  
not possible  
impossible  
there is no me  
im nothing now  
im over

## The Meaning of Life

by Blag

It's odd, I can't figure it out.  
I understand completely  
Shut up  
Turmoil  
I fall into an endless sleep  
Happy  
I wake up  
Sad  
Follow the rules  
We'd like to kill you now  
That's not nice  
I'd be happy if you'd do me the favor  
Bugs get off easy  
They have a purpose  
I squash bugs  
I fulfill their purpose, I guess  
I'm feeling like it is okay to crawl  
All the others walk,  
so I will crawl  
Will someone squash me?



# Marionette

by Pisces Rain

He sits paranoid  
As they watch his life  
with their jaws dropped wide  
Crying over lost memory  
He seems to fail to notice  
his own life is collapsing  
Expressing what he cannot feel  
He force-feeds his next meal  
Throbbing head smiles in agony  
Nodding as his head pulses  
The veins won't let him go  
He's not really enjoying the feast  
they've "laid out" for him  
They take the credit for its flavor  
He's earned  
but cannot accept their favors  
Like an incurable disease  
he goes into denial  
Knowing the truth the whole time  
hiding behind fits of rage  
he knows of the cures for his pain  
the drink to go with their food  
in this animal world  
White blood cells  
to pus up infection troubles  
Spreading... they explode!  
Your head  
"Please," I cry,  
"don't take my life from me  
don't hurt me  
more than you have to"  
They take everything from you  
and you come to me for revenge  
I try to hide  
everything which could hurt him  
Including myself  
with numb feeling  
A mirrored image  
screams silently  
On the other side  
there is nothing  
A tuneless piano  
plays different tunes  
Over and over  
without repetition  
It is not a beautiful thing  
it is unharmonious

to those who can see  
beyond listening  
A silent cry  
A silent film  
Prepare a soundtrack  
and close your ears  
You closed off your ears  
to your baby's cries  
to my pleas  
He loves pain  
Yet I know he wants to live  
in his questionable ironic misery  
I don't want you to hurt  
and at the same time  
I hate you!  
What good can come of that?  
I see your expressionless  
head bobbing like the puppet  
it is  
Inside  
you want to pull the strings  
on your anger-clenched jaw  
inflict yourself for saying  
what you think you always say  
wrong  
You sit so paranoid  
flashing your joyous misery  
in my face  
I try to burn it away  
but you don't want to be free!  
You fan out my rage  
and drown me with you  
Your words  
strings of venom  
Twist and contort the truth  
burn my eyes with their poison  
I don't want to hear of your pain  
It makes my eyes water  
I go blind to it and stop listening  
I know you don't want  
to control your own fate  
you want me to take control of your life  
So whatever becomes of you  
I will be to blame  
I am your punching bag  
and stuffed full I know too much  
Like you I cannot admit it  
A matted whore  
crying tears of defeat and bewilderment  
Yes, I am your cursed puppeteer  
You cry out to me and I do not hear  
What more can I do  
I am only cold, vacant porcelain

I have no strings  
I am not jealous of yours  
nor am I free myself  
I would love the option  
of the full life which you could have  
It was not granted me  
You can move  
if only you knew  
how to control yourself  
But I will not complain as I can see  
your headache is weighing you down.  
The string pulled taught  
You wrench your very soul from your guts  
to string an instrument  
no one can understand hear or see  
You pluck these strings  
They emit a beautiful sound to your ears  
They break  
You collapse on the floor  
With one hand on your aching forehead  
and your other hand on your burning stomach  
But your codependency does not allow for this freedom  
Banished to a limbo of self-annihilation  
Always wondering what might have been  
They took everyone you love! YOU LET THEM WIN!  
Never good enough for everyone  
Why didn't you accept the unanswerable?  
Deep down in your burning innards  
you knew the truth already and you were scared  
You couldn't handle what I couldn't understand  
Barely grasp  
when I reach out my hand to try to save you  
I tried to burn off the strings  
that would forever bind you  
but they got so complicated and tangled  
I didn't know what to do  
How you would hint out the secrets of life  
But like every other mortal  
I could not guess as to what they meant  
and what they lead to  
I thought they would lead to nowhere  
on your death crusade/rampage  
on a road with hazard signs  
Was I the horrid slave-driving puppeteer?  
I wish now I would have paid closer attention to details  
so I would have known to yield  
Missing out on the secrets we could have shared  
between the universe  
We came to a dead end  
I wish now that I had known how to drive  
so I could have taken the wheel for you  
How you wanted me to understand so badly!  
I'm sorry- I loved you so much.

# Poetry

## This Life

by Dream Weaver

This life that I live  
'Tis too short for glory  
and 'tis too long for hope  
I always fuck up  
and make people mad  
If it's not that  
then I pretend everything is fine  
This life that I live  
'Tis too short for fun  
and 'tis too long for sadness  
This life that I live  
'Tis too short for you  
and 'tis too long  
for the likes of me

## Alas, Dear Atlas

by Pisces Rain

Kurt Cobain. The man who  
sold the world. The man  
who carried the weight of  
the world's problems on his  
shoulders for a complete  
generation. When the  
media said that the sky was  
falling, we all knew what  
would be coming next.  
"And all the King's horses  
and all the King's men"  
wouldn't be able to save  
him from his collapse. How  
I wish I could have told him  
he wasn't the only one  
holding up the Earth. That  
we are all in this together.  
But he was too high to hear  
me. When you're on top of  
the world looking down you  
only see your own feet.



## ?????

by me

plunking on the piano  
the depression sinks into my sponge  
my hollow plastic hands  
caress your translucent concrete face  
and then im alone,  
in the room in my dream  
and there's a mirror  
where i see myself like real people see me  
and i start to cry  
and i fall to the floor  
the cold purple marble cools me  
calms me  
and what was i crying about  
but that was a dream  
and now im awake  
& im lying there  
crying  
remembering you and everyone and the mirror  
and i die in myself





## **Please Don't** **Forget Me**

**by Amazon Womyn**

You don't ever have to wonder  
If I'll remember your ways  
For I will never forget how you  
Brought sunshine to my days  
I'm overflowing with knowledge  
Of the things you taught me  
Those things I will never forget  
I've also made many mistakes  
Yet I've learned from those mistakes  
None of which I will ever regret  
A piece of my heart please take with you  
So you'll always know I really did care  
I'll remember your words  
I'll remember your touch  
I'll remember your laugh  
And the smile that it brought  
Just please do one simple thing for me  
Please whatever you do  
Wherever you go  
Just don't forget me  
I always want you to remember  
The love in my heart  
The love now which is distant and dark

# **Empty**

**by Anova Justice**

Black, darkness, evil, void of life  
hovering, covering, lingering stagnant in the air  
steadily yet quickly it moved through our care  
I didn't want it  
It took over my mother  
consuming her, encompassing her, surrounding her  
with it's large dark mass  
It's arms encircle her, taking her prisoner  
Let her go, I scream!  
Is this reality or is it a waking dream?  
Scared, angry, shocked, terrified,  
It hovers every day  
Lingers, holding her  
Mom... It doesn't want to go away.  
The fright of this disease is like no other  
as it clings to my mother  
-CANCER-  
Black, darkness, evil, void of life  
hovering, covering, lingering stagnant in the air.



EDITOR'S NOTE- THE FREEST, MOST "PATRIOTICALLY ANARCHIC" FORM OF  
EXPRESSION? QUITE POSSIBLY THE ART OF DOODLING. THIS  
MEMBER  
EXPRESSES

WHAT THIS  
MY NAME'S  
NIC.

PAPER "PREACHES":  
INDIVIDUAL  
MASS  
MEDIA

ENJOY  
DIFFERENT'S  
DOODLE-  
BUG!

TO SUBSCRIBE TO  
DIFFERENT SEND  
CHECK OR MONEY ORDER  
TO: DIFFERENT  
1117 6th St W #3  
Kalispell, MT  
59901

We'll  
keep our  
addresses  
updated.

HER REMINDS  
ME OF  
OUR  
HUNGARIAN  
FRIEND!

HER NAMES  
"PAVEMENT"  
-KR

I DREW  
YOU  
CUTE,  
HUH?

-NICE  
GUY-

THIS PAGE IS A DREAM  
COME TRUE

DIRECTOR

LIBERTY  
MY PALE

by  
Kevlar

LOOK  
EMILY-  
IT'S YOU!!

CHAN-  
Doodle-Plug

APRIL 26th  
AT  
CLUB  
ALGHERS  
OLD  
BOOKS-

PERFORMANCES  
BY  
CREEP  
SUBMISSION  
+  
SUPERTRUIT

Gemini Hija

COFFEE, MUSIC, POETRY.  
257-BOOK/1443 6th AV. W. (C.A.)

INNER  
AMERICA

MY  
NAME

"SOLO TU  
SERAS TU"  
-PEDRO  
SALINAS

REFLECTION  
-KR

ADDRESS OVER THERE  
SEE C. A.

A "DIFFERENT  
PERSPECTIVE"  
THE SQUARE  
TABLE  
(MEETS  
EVERY  
MONDAY  
FROM  
3-6  
AT  
CLUB  
ALGHERS)





**DIFFERENT  
Your  
Alternative  
Newspaper!**

**EDITOR'S NOTE**

It is the goal of this paper to provide the reader with a forum for expression. We hope to challenge the reader with a variety of opinions on numerous issues. The reason why Different has chosen a yin-yang as our symbol is because it represents a balance. We feel our contributors should express their opinions freely, and utilize their freedom of speech even if it is offensive! If you are offended by what you read in DIFFERENT simply contact the editor with your comments, questions, and/or contributions! We look forward to your response!

**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #25 May 1996



**Featured writers include:**

**Amazon Womyn, Sweating Pig,  
Liam Noir, Personal Rage,  
Liberty Rosenblum, me, Viver,  
and Die Umkleidakabine**

# You Don't Know Abuse?

**The following story isn't the "story of my life", just one of many accounts.**

by Personal Rage

Just another trial in the struggle of life which has provided me with overflowing fountains of wisdom. I feel it is imperative that I should share this wisdom with the world. Indeed, what I am about to expose is long overdue.

All my life I have known my purpose here in the world was to share my wisdom with others so that they too may grow. I knew that this wisdom was too pure and good to go without opposition. I knew that evil would try to destroy this good, because evil is weak and obsessive and has no other purpose but a driving jealousy. It knew the way to start the process of destruction. Family.

I have always seen the world through my eyes. I have been an individual from day one; making my own decisions and being independent. This is life on this planet, and it is a wonderful gift. My so-called family tried to destroy this independence, but I always grew stronger and beyond them.

There was physical and sexual abuse, favoritism and the disgusting

sickness of denial that is equivalent to insanity. There were threats of incarceration in a mental institution and accusations of drug abuse towards an innocent ten year old child. Even now, I know if they were reading this, they would deny it, sue me for slander, and try to have me locked away.

I know the truth. Abuse and denial are a cycle in my family. "You don't know abuse" they tell me. You can't deny the truth, but you can deny the power it has over you. I don't care about what they do with their lives, but they will never have control over mine.

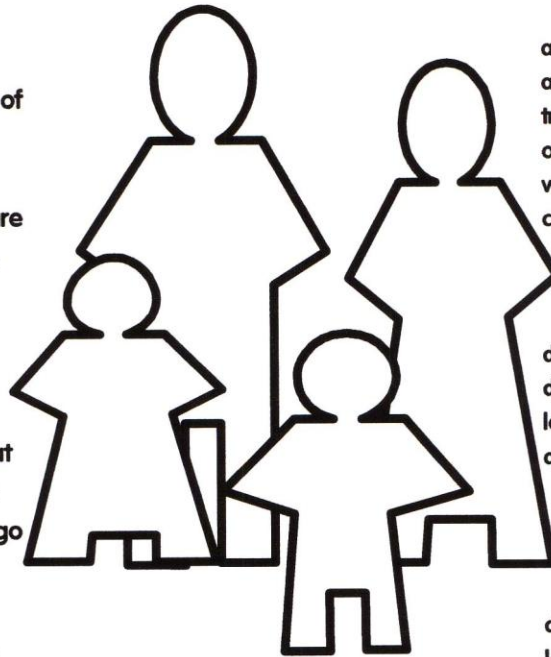
I moved out before I turned 18 because I could wait no longer. I had to save my life before the numerous death threats and murder attempts discovered success. Why did I wait so long and why didn't I contact the authorities? There is no justice for children in our society! I fazed out my pain and only considered my survival.

When I moved out I went from home to home; belongings en-tow. When I didn't know if I could keep it up any longer God sent me His angels. I came across an old friend who let me stay with her new family. For the first time I got to experience what a loving family really is. I am extremely grateful for this valuable lesson and gift.

Recently I fell in love. I was never able to trust before. You must let go of your pride, fear and anger or miss out on the beauty of life.

I can hardly believe I can actually see myself getting married one day and having children of my own! Having a family that isn't based on impurity and the past, but based on love and hope for a better future.

I no longer have anything to hide. My soul, as always, but now evidently, is free.



*"I fazed out  
my pain and  
only considered  
my survival."*



# Poetry

## Easter Prayer

by Sweating Pig

Easter Sunday  
was not Monday  
Look around the Table  
AT my christian family  
sitting quietly  
Think I will Bring up  
A topic for conversation  
Hmmmmm  
Think I'll talk about  
Masturbation  
from the Table to the  
floor give em the finger  
as I walk out the Door  
Amen

## belladonna dreams

by Die Umkleidekabine

them easy puppies  
chain + lick + smear  
my drunk delirious belladonna dreams  
i sigh  
the visions mean nothing  
=====  
"Goddamn it Mom. Things cost money!"  
that little girl said  
what did she know  
Always looking only at the piano  
through the corner of her eye  
because she couldn't see anything before her  
Seeing only sideways  
she did look inside  
and her heart became the master  
"Boom boom... Boom boom. You can't walk the cement  
today. It is too gray, and the chambers are throbbing  
with blood." is what the master said.  
But did she listen.

## The Family of All

by Vivir

My family may seem strange to you  
But you don't see them in my eyes  
My family is the same as yours  
Which should come as no surprise  
My Father is the sky  
for he shows me what's out there  
But protects and gives me solstice  
in the time I must prepare  
My mother is the water  
for my body is made of her  
She has been my life and essence  
since the moment I began to stir  
My brothers are the animals  
for they give their lives to me  
For I become the grass they eat  
When my spirit is set free  
My maker is the earth itself  
For it is wherst I come  
It gives me my solidarity  
and echoes my heart beat like a drum  
But my home is in the spirit  
and this is where I'll stay  
And I hope and wish and promise  
You'll join me here someday.

# Poetry

## Pain by Liberty Rosenblum

Everyone who ever loved me  
has gone from me  
No hope just pain  
Will they ever know  
Its not me Its the way I am  
Can never stay with anyone forever  
Something always happens  
Then they're gone  
No control Just pain  
The pain is enormous and it doesn't go away  
Too bad it happened this way  
My life  
days roll on by  
All alone  
and ready to die

## thinking of you

by Amazon Womyn

In late afternoon the leaves are deep, the contrast is intense,  
and i am alone listening to the beat of an endless song and  
staring into the dark night into a sky of distant images. Thoughts  
of you enter my mind as i try to close them off, hoping to stop  
them from entering. I feel your cheek against my tear stained  
face. I feel your heart with me now. I know you're not here. My  
fever takes me to the border of reality and i see your ghosts  
dancing together in the flickering shadows. Tears come to my  
eyes as i think of how young i am and how there is no one to  
protect me How i am not safe from this pain of reality How i  
have no kin, or comfort I found myself unwilling to live outside  
my mind without that comfort a hibernation of spirit You've  
torn the dusky cotton of my frown, woven with the yellow of  
smiling fear and the sunken apple skin of my truths is now  
burnished because you have fluttered your syrup of sparkles to  
my lips the gate of my soul was yours alone i abandoned my  
life's shield to you at a mere glance and all the tears in my body  
from my eyelashes lips and thighs felt safe felt comfort now as  
the tears fall onto a face aching for comfort i think of you

## Sunday Night Dilution

by Liam Noir

Fast peaks of anger shouted  
cowboy sailors  
sobbing wet  
moments later  
caffeine  
obese virgin girls  
dying to see cocks hard  
pierced slow  
drugs  
needles  
tasteful murder  
committed in delirium  
so your mother hated you  
my father beat me  
my affliction grew with my affection  
drawn in blood  
blood that flows from your veins  
horizontally  
slightly feeling the tip of lost aspirations  
pathetic urination  
filmed vaguely  
apathetic and angry  
sitting  
the same table  
the birth  
harassing mentors  
preside in the distance  
bodies twitch language slurred  
locked in a room with strangers sadness  
taught not to hate  
told by hot sun  
forcing smiles on blank faces  
one face scattered  
broken scared



# *Declaration Against Censorship*



SO FAR, DURING MY SHORT LIVED LIFE, I HAVE FORMED THE OPINION THAT IN THIS "FREE" COUNTRY THE CENSORSHIP OF ANYTHING IS COMPLETELY, UTTERLY AND TOTALLY WRONG.

SO I HAVE RESOLVED TO STAND UP AGAINST THIS INVASION ON THE PEOPLE'S

"RIGHTS" BY BREAKING THE LAW AND COMMITTING MANY MANY TERRORIST ACTS. SUCH AS HOLDING UP CONVENIENCE STORES, BLOWING UP ANIMAL SHELTERS AND TAKING LIBERAL HOSTAGES. I'LL BLOW UP AIRLINERS TOO.

MY BASE OF OPERATIONS WILL BE IN... SEATTLE. AND I'LL HAVE MANY MANY TERRORIST FRIENDS. I'LL ALSO WALK THROUGH MANY GOOGOPLEX MALLS RANDOMLY SHOOTING INNOCENT PEOPLE IN THE HEAD. BECAUSE CENSORSHIP IS WRONG. VERY VERY WRONG.

THEN ME AND ALL MY TERRORIST FRIENDS WILL MOVE TO NEVADA AND BUY A BUNCH OF LAND. AND WE'LL HAVE THIS BIG RANCH AND MAYBE A FEW HUNDRED COWS. IT'LL BE NICE.

WE WILL DECLARE OUR RANCH A SEPARATE COUNTRY AND WE WILL SLOWLY TAKE OVER ALL OF NEVADA AND WE WILL CHANGE THE NAME TO "EL RANCHO"

## **El Rancho**



AND CENSORSHIP IS WRONG.



**DIFFERENT**  
**Your**  
**Alternative**  
**Newspaper!**

EDITOR'S NOTE

The following is compiled to restore hope in the mass of the bewildered student body. You are not alone in your feelings! DIFFERENT is here today to share with you the experience of running an underground newspaper.

It is the hope of the DIFFERENT staff that if you decide to start up your own newspaper you will look towards DIFFERENT as an example.

This issue is somewhat of an annual of our progress. It was recommended by staff members Andromedus Mochai, Aquarius Fire, and Eley Arily.

IN THIS ISSUE  
Issue #26 June 1996



*"The story of DIFFERENT  
and a manual for the future."*

**This issue can be found interspersed  
throughout DARE TO BE,  
as introductions to the  
various years of publication.**



**DIFFERENT**  
**Your**  
**Alternative**  
**Newspaper!**

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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #27 July 1996



*"Live or die.  
It is your choosing."*

**Featured writers include:**

**Lonesome Dove,  
elcy arily, Sweating Pig,  
Gypsy, me, and Pisces Rain**

# Poetry

Floral by me

beautiful flowers  
and her beautiful grin  
they fall to the ground  
dead  
i see her face and hope  
we should never have met  
shes like the flowers  
dead



## **DANDELION DREAMS**

**by Pisces Rain**

the grass  
is freshly mowed  
oh that which  
we would have  
made love upon  
torn and tattered  
dandelion dreams  
not a chance  
not a seed  
to pass through  
my body

**Untitled**

**by Pisces Rain**

I want nothing more  
than to stare into your eyes  
listen to your breathing  
chest fall and rise  
From afar as the sun  
I feel your warmth as potent  
I feel your strength as pure  
if any cloud were before it  
How I long to be that flower  
to feel that ray  
that shining power  
Now I wither as I go  
without you  
I cannot grow



"Silence is the space and time before the H2O hits the hand,  
before the music begins to play, silence is peace before an  
emotion, silence is serenity, silence is death, silence is space,  
the sun, the moon, earth, sky, silence is silence."

-by Gypsy





## **ENTIRY**

**I WANT THE KEY  
TO OPEN ME  
COME THROUGH MY DOORS  
THEY OPEN QUIETLY  
PERMITTING PASSAGE  
OF SEMINAL VOYAGE  
WITHIN EACH ENTRY  
COMES A NEXUS  
OF INTERREALITY**

### **-Pisces Rain**

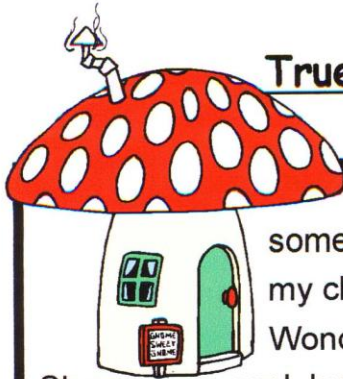
THE SEAMS ON MY BODY ARE CUT OPEN  
like a FAT MANS belly  
THE fluids spill OUT of ME  
draining ME LEAVING ME EMPTY  
nothing BUT my shell  
'THAT WAS ME,' i SAY  
AS you look OVER AT a body full of life  
happiness  
i lie THERE MOTIONLESS, UNMOVING  
while FLOWERS AND WEEDS grow  
FROM my decaying body  
i REALIZE THAT NOT EVEN THE SHELL IS MINE  
NOT EVEN THE EMPTY SHELL  
THE TRUE darkness falls AROUND ME  
-decay- by ME

## **UNTITLED**

BY ME  
IN MY LAND OF TEMPTATIONS  
i AM NOT TEMPTED AT ALL  
MY LOCKET OF FEAR  
IS SLOWLY CLOSING  
i AM NOT DEAD  
im NOT ALIVE

HUM by Sweating Pig  
Take it to yourself take it to them  
I wanna live I wanna breathe  
Breathe for my Self  
Take a look at your self  
Show them your Helth  
Killing my self is the essence of Helth  
I'm burning my face  
take a look at my self  
My life is a shelf  
Ya so you can! you can! Put it on Me!

*Is there something I should know  
Did you do something you shouldn't have  
you may regret it  
then again you might not  
Did you go to a party did you get hammered  
Were your hormones running wild  
you look guilty be honest don't lie  
if you lie you will hurt me more  
get it all out I want the truth  
Did you fuck her I sure hope you didn't  
If you did I'm gone Our dreams just  
went down the drain  
-Lonesome Dove*



## True Blue Heroism

by elcy arily

A hero was something I lacked in my childhood. Sure Wonder Woman and She-ra were cool, but what about Barbie? Point being, beauty does not make the hero.

There was one back then that really did make a difference to me and my little mind, and the more I think about his wisdom, I am tickled because I still think of him that way.

This wonderful man is known as Papa Smurf. A real hero if I remember correctly. You see, all 99 Smurfs were loved and cared for equally, being as diverse as they were, by the older white bearded gent.

Papa not only loved his little Smurfs, he loved all their surroundings as well: their village, crops; everything Mother Nature did for/to them. To top all this off, Papa Smurf even found a way to love Azrael and Gargamel. At least he understood them and tried to explain to the Smurfs why there was evil, and not to hate it; thus feeding it.

Papa Smurf was wise and magnificent to me without trying to be a savior. Heroism truly pumps in Papa's blood.

## A FRUIT SALAD TIME BOMB

by Pisces Rain

'Whats it going to be then, eh?' Howv me ole droogs been ittying along, eh? Eets been a malenky bit since our last session, or starry govoreet on various vesches, or jeezny in general. In such suspended endlessness I have doubtlessly pulled an unreasonable amount of doubt over your malenky gullivers. But WAKE UP! My droogs it be a fair and just justice in store O my... Yes, O my... Lions and tigers and all that koskhas cal. Prepare o ladies and or tigers for a malenky bit of krovvy, vonny, and quite obvious truth... If your rassoodocks can rabbit out the absolution: Within this plott remains several doors with available kloodches. We may choose to open or close these doors. Just as we may choose which roads to itty our malenky jeeznies off along and on again. These doors are as pendelumdummies swing swing with the opening or closing. Tick tick tick tick tick. Eets enough to make ye sick. (be it ladies or noga roobies you can't itty domy dearest Dothy... A musical interlude for the exceptionally bezoomney. Can you pony?) Eet's quite a bit for the ole tick-tocker, eh? That is to live, I mean to say. To open your senses or close them completely off like some lomtick of vonny icktaste not worth the itty.

Here is the messel (for those who still can't pony):

Live or die. It is your choosing. O my.

this planeta

this anaranjada

this jeezney

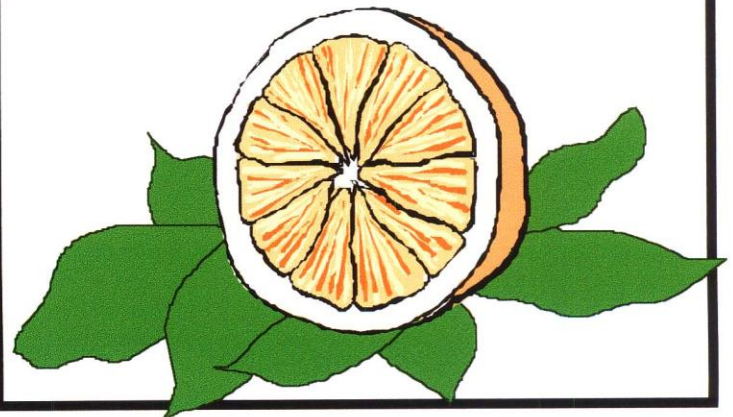
is your oddy knocky

In so choosing you prove your existence

'What's it going to be then, eh?'

Muchas gracias para los horrorshow slovos in nadsat

Tony B.- and much tost salid.





**DIFFERENT  
Your  
Alternative  
Newspaper!**

**EDITOR'S NOTE**

It is the goal of this paper to provide the reader with a forum for expression. We hope to challenge the reader with a variety of opinions on numerous issues. The reason why Different has chosen a yin-yang as our symbol is because it represents a balance. We feel our contributors should express their opinions freely, and utilize their freedom of speech even if it is offensive! If you are offended by what you read in DIFFERENT simply contact the editor with your comments, questions, and/or contributions! We look forward to your response!

**IN THIS ISSUE**  
Issue #28



**Pisces Rain says,  
"So Long!"  
(but not for long)**

## EDITOR'S NOTE

Despite the incredible slack off and lack of technology, DIFFERENT is back in publication to celebrate it's four-year anniversary. I'm not sure how much longer I will be running DIFFERENT, because I have recently moved from Montana to major in film. I am attending Allan Hancock College in Santa Maria, California.

Don't worry though! I have a new project in the works! It is called HOOKED, and the original concept was to be something of a chat-room style newsletter. This is a difficult layout to achieve, however. I think it will eventually become a personal update newsletter.

I do enjoy providing a forum for new talent. It has been a true honor being an editor for DIFFERENT over the years.

In retrospect I think the staff achieved everything DIFFERENT was intended to do. We made an impact and touched many lives; possibly saved others.

I am proud of the work I and others have done, and hope that the spirit of DIFFERENT lives on.

## A Different Response

by Pisces Rain

It's a wonder that the violence-in-the-media-bashers feel the way they do. The basic complaint is that American audiences can somehow not decipher the difference between right and wrong; we're easily influenced; naive. Perhaps it is from reading more, and watching less, that I have developed a positive perspective into this issue.

Plot structure, intention, visual effects... or propaganda, subliminal messages. Yes, there is violence on television that is unacceptable. That violence is the portrayal of humans as animalistic; without soul or conscience.

Violence in the media could be a tool to prevent it. A small town news station may advertise violence more than a two hour Hollywood movie. What is worse, a fantasy or a reality?

The reason why I bring this old issue up again is because I have noticed that producers are. For some reason they think violence is something their audience wants. Is it?

Recently I unfortunately witnessed a popular soap opera reinsert warped values about the treatment of women. Maybe you could call it bad acting, bad direction, or bad writing... But what I saw was a victim being raped, just flinging her arms about like a poor bird and not even screaming or trying to knee this sex offender in the 'nads. I couldn't help but think of how this airtime could have been utilized in a far more positive way.

So often I see rape victims portrayed in the media as "hos" and "sluts". This is a stereotype that has only hurt the movement of keeping rapists behind bars, because a society is convinced that if a woman dresses a certain way "she wanted it."

Abused women in the media do not need to be portrayed as submissive, weak and unintelligent. Let's make them smart. Let's see some vengeance, and true justice... a society that handles the results of violence responsibly and a producer that handles an issue accurately.

Let's see rape victims going to the hospital after being raped, instead of the standard cheap nudie shots of the victim crying in the shower. And why don't these characters ever call the cops? Because the writers think that would be too easy and they wouldn't be able to carry out the plot for another seven months?

Instead of posing on the front cover of a soap opera magazine with your rapist, let's see the producers and hear what they have to say about the issue, and how they are helping to prevent violence instead of foster it.



**Soft warmth is me  
As I die for years  
Life is soft  
unlike I had thought  
Before,  
breaking me  
making me  
making love to life  
Ending my relationship  
With hate  
May peace prevail  
on Mars**

**-Sweating Pig**

"DHARMA GATE BEYOND MEASURE  
i VOW TO RESTRAIN."  
i CAN HEAR THE CHANTING IN THE BASEMENT  
EVERY SUNDAY THIS NOISE IS MY CHURCH  
THE WORDS BLEND INTO ONE LOW DEEP SOUND  
like THE liquids, rapids, FROZEN IN TIME  
EMITTING ONE NEVER CHANGING NOISE  
THE RAPIDS PUSH ME DOWN THE FROZEN RIVER  
i AM THE WATER: COLD, STILL, ALIVE.  
i AM THE SYLLABLES.

-die umkliedekabine

PON

BY PISCES RAIN  
AS I LAY IN BED BLEEDING  
i WONDER  
WILL IT STOP  
THIS FLOW  
OF MINUS-VENTURE  
YOU'RE BURNING OUT LIGHTBULB GIRL  
AND IT'S TIME TO TAKE OUT THE TRASH

NIGHT by Lonesome Dove

I have been one acquainted with the night. I am asleep, but in my sleep is silent and lifeless. Then all of a sudden my dream becomes loud. Gunshots fired, bullets flying, people falling to the ground. Sharp high pitched screams yelling for help and forgiveness. But nobody answers their cry for help. They just walk by thanking God that its not them lying on the ground wishing for someone to help THEM UP now those people who were once walking by are now lying in their own puddles of blood

yelling for help they get walked by and stomped on just like they once did to others. Unfortunately this is not a dream it is a reality.

reality is where we are living in  
One minute nice and clear  
and the next in a suicidal rage  
in reality you understand everyone  
until the truth is known  
and then you don't know where you're living...

-Reepicheep Puddleglum

Untitled by me  
i hate myself  
dont you too?  
my body is numb  
my head is unscrewed

IN THIS FINAL ISSUE

Issue #29



*"Wanted something important."*

**Featured writers include:**

**S.O.C., Die Umkleidekabine,**

**Taxi Driver, and Pisces Rain**



# Untitled

by S.O.C.

Big brain

Intellectual

Fact Stimulated

Precision Oriented

Chosen and scored above the following flock of  
despondents:

The small minded, ignorant redneck

The loud mouthed and arrogant athlete

The rebellious and complacent slacker

The snooty social light

The weak effeminate

Ambivalent to:

The simple honesty, and hard working morality of  
conservative folk

The aspiration and ability to overcome obstacles to  
achieve success

The ability to think new thoughts and go  
against the grain of a overstructured society

The ability to be enthusiastic and show the  
bright side of the human disposition to others

The ability to be openly sensitive and in that way  
stronger than those who don't

Big brain

Intellectual

Fact stimulated

precision oriented

one-sided, therefore

small minded, ignorant

loud mouthed arrogant

complacent

and weak

## **POETRY** BY TAXI DRIVER

Beaten down by a dark wind;  
Brown trodden blades smashed flat.  
Advancing gusts force the retreat  
of pillowy mustard haze;  
Soldiers scream in trenches  
carved by water  
After a whole night of rain

\*\*\*\*\*

Intestines writhe- snakes under taunt  
skin-small shocks in nervous ambition-  
here the soul resides.  
Tonight I thought we had nothing in  
common and stared straight at the wall  
(I still haven't seen any  
white butterflies.)

\*\*\*\*\*

Voyeurism & Innuendo (Angles make me  
invisible)An orange light blinks and a car  
moans to pause-A tree drops leaves, one  
by one, onto mown grass-A boy stands,  
hands in pockets, on wet curb in dark  
jacket-A drop of water stands on end and  
plunges 30 feet to its death-A puddle  
catches God in a billion drops-The car  
turned and the boy crossed the street.



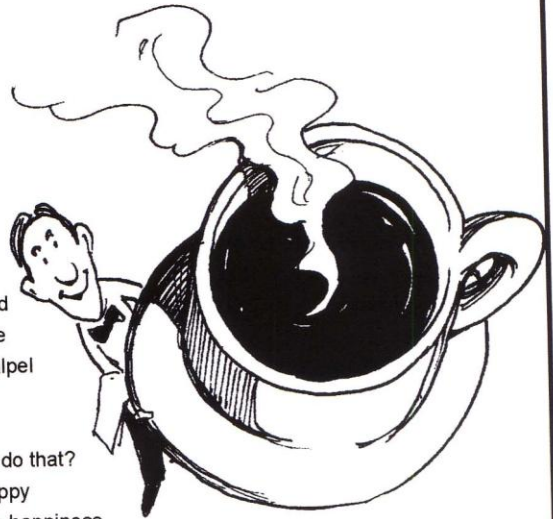
### Seaweed

by Pisces Rain

Do you? Can you even fathom  
the extent of my devotion  
potent vaginal ocean  
sea of comfort and purity  
embryonic symphonic orchestra  
A reality infinite in ecstacial glory  
And where are you lost ship  
uncomprehensive to the swallowing abyss  
I Neptuna will lead you to your riches  
in turn of sacrifice  
for every exploit must pay a price  
and for your disease  
the waves with surely capsize  
no one dare surmise  
the powers of the leagues  
that truth and beauty bequeath

## MISSAPOINTMENT by Pisces Rain

The coffee stained  
her delicate brain  
tissues mesmerized  
by formaldehyde  
and she shivered  
and she laughed  
and her body quivered  
and she wanted to die  
and they took the scalpel  
and stole her soul  
and why  
why did they have to do that?  
She wanted to be happy  
and wished everyone happiness  
and hope and promise  
but everyone was backwards  
and she grew tired  
give me another cup  
another sip of that  
caffeine addict  
couldn't sleep  
couldn't hear straight  
Wanted another alternative  
Wanted something important



## Fight The Man

By Die Umkleidekabine

The blackened calico cat was keeping me awake last night in the bend of my knees  
+ when I no longer could hear the purring I fell asleep  
The bracelet was on both of my hands like mental handcuffs in a sci fi movie  
+ the day before I saw the movie with flashbacks reminding me of things  
I don't want to remember anymore because I have remembered them enough  
I'm here lying still in this room that should no longer feel strange,  
and the warm cat  
that likes to bite my hand  
is gone



# **DARE TO BE**

## **-A DIFFERENT Index-**

*The following is an alphabetized list of DIFFERENT pseudonyms. Underneath an author's name is a comprehensive list of their featured work and what issues the work appears in.*

### **Tatiana Alya**

Iss. 1- My True Self  
Iss. 11- Shroomin'  
Iss. 13- Do Not Judge Me  
Iss. 13- Understanding

### **Alethea Ambrose**

Iss. 2- Death  
Iss. 2- The Peace Drug  
Iss. 2- WANNABE original?  
Iss. 3- Stairway  
Iss. 3- Vege-Fable?  
Iss. 4- MUD  
Iss. 4- Perfection?  
Iss. 5- Untitled  
Iss. 13- Mother

### **Anonymous**

Iss. 6- Not A Scream  
Iss. 9- Redefining Life  
Iss. 9- Note to the Editor...  
Iss. 10- To Whom It May Concern  
Iss. 12- Note To Editor  
Iss. 14- Note To Editor

### **Elcy Arily**

Iss. 13- Oh Mother  
Iss. 14- Cursed Pandorians  
Iss. 27- True Blue Heroism

### **Blag**

Iss. 24- The Meaning of Life

### **Cinderblossom Blowtorch**

Iss. 20- Bitch

Iss. 21- The Day My Friend Went Away  
Iss. 22- Untitled

**Copper Hearts**

Iss. 6- Awake  
Iss. 6- Alone  
Iss. 12- Cobain Refrain

**December Frost**

Iss. 9- Freedom?  
Iss. 11- Lost In It All  
Iss. 12- Deteriorating Playground  
Iss. 17- A New Math?

**Azucar D'Leo**

Iss. 2- Envidia  
Iss. 18- Untitled

**Die Umkleidekabine**

Iss. 25- belladonna dreams  
Iss. 28- Untitled  
Iss. 29- Fight The Man

**Dream Weaver**

Iss. 24- This Life

**Patriotica A. Eagleton**

Iss. 18- Life Doesn't Frighten Me At All

**emmett**

Iss. 5- Proof-Read  
Iss. 6- Disdain  
Iss. 13- Note To Editor  
Iss. 21- Untitled

**James Ensor**

Iss. 14- SHIT

**Kaleidoscope Eternity**

Iss. 3- Soul Asylum  
Iss. 4- No Two Are Ever Alike

**Gavin Eurydice**

Iss. 7- Musik

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**Aquarius Fire**

Iss. 2- Most Embarrassing Moments  
Iss. 4- The Bee  
Iss. 5- Conflict  
Iss. 7- Leave  
Iss. 8- Withdrawal

**Fupa, the Electric One**

Iss. 11- We Need Cool Radio Stations  
Iss. 11- AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAahhhhhh!  
Iss. 12- Almost Everything Sucks

**Fyodor Fingolfin**

Iss. 14- Pyromancer

**Gypsy**

Iss. 27- Silence

**Gemini Hija**

Iss. 12- Aneurysm  
Iss. 13- "Welcome"  
Iss. 13- Anal-Fixation  
Iss. 14- Holy Book Worms!  
Iss. 17- A New Math?  
Iss. 20- Rebels Without A Cause

**Human Being**

Iss. 23- Lavatory Bible

**Juniper**

Iss. 19- Their 21-gun Salute To Us  
Iss. 22- Is It, Really.

**Jupiter's Daughter**

Iss. 19- O Beautiful  
Iss. 21- Not Exactly  
Iss. 22- Mmmmm....

**Anova Justice**

Iss. 3- Can't He See?  
Iss. 18- Get Real!  
Iss. 21- Thunder  
Iss. 22- The Battle  
Iss. 24- Empty

**Scorpion Lagoon**

Iss. 6- Cracked  
Iss. 7- How I Feel  
Iss. 8- Silent Conversation  
Iss. 9- What the Hell?  
Iss. 14- Holy Book Worms!

**Lee Leeman**

Iss. 6- My Mind

**Liam Noir**

Iss. 25- Sunday Night Dilution

**Liberty Rosenblum**

Iss. 1- Expressing Love  
Iss. 1- Hurting  
Iss. 1- Religion- A Touchy Subject  
Iss. 4- Untitled  
Iss. 7- My Cry For Help  
Iss. 7- X-Generation  
Iss. 7- Magic Words  
Iss. 8- Deep Secrets  
Iss. 10- Cupid  
Iss. 12- Cobain Refrain  
Iss. 21- 99.9% of Men  
Iss. 25- Pain

**Lightening Freedom**

Iss. 21- WANNABE me

**Lonesome Dove**

Iss. 27- Untitled  
Iss. 28- Night

**Marjureen Raspberry**

Iss. 15- Drummer Boy

**marqui de sade**

Iss. 8- Wish For A Vampire

**me**

Iss. 18- Inconclusive  
Iss. 18- without you  
Iss. 18- institutionalized  
Iss. 19- Subversion



Iss. 20- Untitled  
Iss. 21- desolation  
Iss. 22- desire  
Iss. 24- peeled  
Iss. 24- ?????  
Iss. 25- Declaration Against Censorship  
Iss. 27- Floral  
Iss. 27- Untitled  
Iss. 27- Decay  
Iss. 28- Untitled

**Andromedus Mochai**

Iss. 2- Black Clover

**Morbid Worm**

Iss. 11- We Need Cool Radio Stations  
Iss. 11- AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAahhhhhh!  
Iss. 12- Almost Everything Sucks

**Mysterious Enchantment**

Iss. 14- Untitled  
Iss. 21- Poem (as reflected in a mirror)

**Taurus Nobull**

Iss. 3- Woodshock

**Oger Ulrick**

Iss. 7- Mary Jane

**Iris Ophineas**

Iss. 7- Rambling Thoughts  
Iss. 8- Insomnia

**Pansy**

Iss. 18- BE

**Reepicheep Puddleglum**

Iss. 14- The Loss Of "Reality"  
Iss. 21- Untitled  
Iss. 28- Untitled

**Delta Puertaysol**

Iss. 1- Jim Morrison

**Ivy Pelagia**

Iss. 2- Misery  
Iss. 3- Revelation  
Iss. 6- Invocation  
Iss. 8- Good Things Come In No Packages  
Iss. 9- The Mental Block

### **Personal Rage**

Iss. 25- You Don't Know Abuse?

### **Pisces Rain**

Iss. 1- Expressing Love  
Iss. 1- Sex and the Media  
Iss. 1- Deep Thoughts & Stupid Questions  
Iss. 1- The Lost Generation  
Iss. 2- April Fools!  
Iss. 2- WANNABE original?  
Iss. 3- Heroes  
Iss. 3- Woodshock  
Iss. 3- Vege-Fable?  
Iss. 4- The Age of No Innocence  
Iss. 5- Making A Different  
Iss. 6- Lighten Up?  
Iss. 7- Subjugation  
Iss. 7- X-ing Out An Era?  
Iss. 8- Good Things Come In No Packages  
Iss. 9- Musketeer  
Iss. 9- The Mental Block  
Iss. 10- Sex & Different  
Iss. 11- Patriotic Patriarch  
Iss. 12- He Paid To Play  
Iss. 13- Classic Nude or Raunchy Lewd?  
Iss. 13- Zelda  
Iss. 14- Holy Book Worms!  
Iss. 14- Superheroes  
Iss. 15- Acid Trial  
Iss. 15- Cheap Appeal  
Iss. 16- Of Mice Or Money?  
Iss. 16- Wee People  
Iss. 16- Weak People  
Iss. 17- Long Live The Dead  
Iss. 17- A New Math?  
Iss. 18- Word Of The Skies  
Iss. 19- U.S. -VS- THEM  
Iss. 20- I Want To Tell You  
Iss. 21- Lost and Found



Iss. 22- Real Jeanius  
Iss. 22- The Door of Desolation  
Iss. 23- Home Alone- Tales of a Nomad  
Iss. 24- History In The Making  
Iss. 24- Marionette  
Iss. 24- Alas, Dear Atlas  
Iss. 27- Untitled  
Iss. 27- Dandelion Dreams  
Iss. 27- Entiry  
Iss. 27- A Fruit Salad Time Bomb  
Iss. 28- A Different Response  
Iss. 28- Pon  
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**Tigris River**

Iss. 8- Untitled  
Iss. 20- An End To Madness

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Iss. 29- Untitled

**Serendipity Wordia Hird**

Iss. 18- Senioridous

**Electricia Starbrite**

Iss. 4- Dead Shrouds  
Iss. 8- Don't Crucify Me!

**Suicidal Lover**

Iss. 21- Waiting...

**Sunflower Aloewishus**

Iss. 5- Benediction  
Iss. 8- I'm Sick Of Prejudice!  
Iss. 10- Has My Time Come?

**Super Schnookems**

Iss. 6- A New Day  
Iss. 6- I'm Tired

**Sweating Pig**

Iss. 25- Easter Prayer  
Iss. 27- HUM  
Iss. 28- Untitled

**Sweetums**

Iss. 8- Untitled

Iss. 8- NOW!

**Taxi Driver**

Issue. 29- Poetry

**Stone Traveler**

Iss. 8- Untitled Poems

Iss. 9- Untitled

**Unchosen Voyager**

Iss. 14- Superwho

Iss. 15- Untitled

Iss. 21- Untitled

Iss. 21- Mr. Ciran

Iss. 21- Holland

**Venus**

Iss. 20- The War

Iss. 21- Untitled

Iss. 22- Real Jeanius

Iss. 23- Grrl

**Viver**

Iss. 20- Peace

Iss. 25- The Family of All

**Wandering Mind**

Iss. 24- Faded Star

**White Tiger**

Iss. 13- Jill

**Amazon Womyn**

Iss. 21- the silence of my cries

Iss. 21- Someone Like You

Iss. 21- i of the lonelies

Iss. 22- Love's Dimension

Iss. 22- Someone

Iss. 23- The Loner

Iss. 24- Please Don't Forget Me

Iss. 25- thinking of you

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Strumming her guitar is future rock star senior Brooke Mason. "I'm out to help people through my music and lyrics," says Mason. (Annual photo by Andrew Clark)

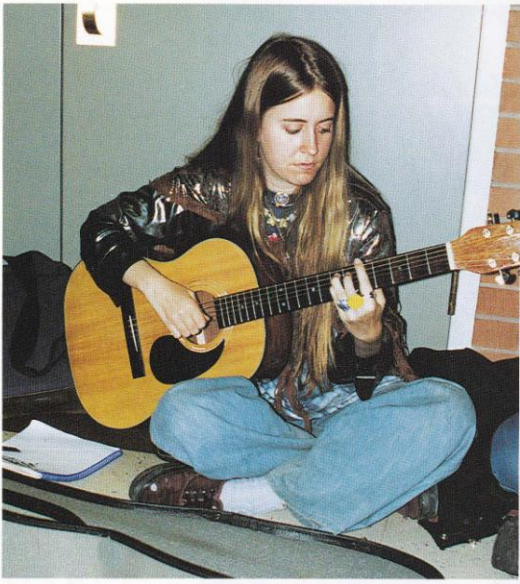
#### MOST LIKELY TO BE A...

##### Movie Star: BROOKE MASON

Plans After High School: "I'm an editor of an underground newspaper called 'different,' and I've been doing that since I was a sophomore, so I want to stay with that. Then there is my music and my writing and freedom."

Pastimes/Hobbies: Play guitar and art.

Best Friend/Teacher: No comment.



*Above: Brooke in her high school annual about twenty years ago...*

Brooke Trout, otherwise known as Pisces Rain, is a singer/songwriter known for her polyphonic blend of rock, blues and surf tones. Her music has charted on WXIN, WPNR and The Deli Magazine. Her sophomore release *Networth* was awarded "Most Original In Alternative Rock" on Garageband.com and she was nominated for All Access Magazine's Music Award Show for best female guitarist in a rock, melodic blues category, best female guitarist in a pop, alternative category and best songwriter.

Brooke Trout's previous albums include *The Red Herring – Chasing Windmills* (2012), *Networth* (2009) and *Bittersweet* (2006). These albums achieved airplay on several radio stations and podcasts, as well as positive reviews where Trout was compared to alternative artists like Souixsie Souix, Exene Cervenka and Sinéad O'Connor. *Networth* featured the musicianship of two bands, The Treble Hooks & The Anchor Men, capturing a sound that was compared to Siouxsie & the Banshees, The B-52s, and X. Her next band The Red Herring received similar comparisons. You can expect a dark surf rock sound from this fish! As music critic Billy Sheppard writes, "This level of music pain is a serrated cut of raw Souixshe left in the sun near the mayonnaise for too damn long."

Trout's current project Brill is an acoustic alternative harmonizing duo with former Flat Cat Radio host, singer/songwriter Dave Strauss. The group is currently in the production phase of their debut album "Fish Out of Water" to be released in the Spring of 2015. The group has performed in support of nonprofits including Foodshare and the San Fernando Valley Arts Council since their formation in Spring of 2013.

Brooke Trout is the stage name of Brooke Mason, an experienced journalist and former editor for The Santa Maria Times, Martin Literary Management and Mahoganygirl.com. Brooke has worked as a media coordinator with nonprofits including The San Fernando Valley Arts Council (DCA), Friends of Taxco (PTPI), Songsalive and AFSP. Brooke is also a contributing writer for Music Connection, All Access Magazine and Bitchin Entertainment and was a monthly guest cohost for Flat Cat Radio.

Brooke Trout began playing guitar at the age of 14, and quickly saw music as a positive medium for her message. At 15 she founded her own school newspaper and literary club as a forum for sensitive subjects including teen suicide and domestic violence. She continues to assist nonprofit organizations with newsletter and social media needs and is available upon request. Brooke can be contacted at her web page at [www.brooketrout.com](http://www.brooketrout.com).



*Above: Brooke today with Dave Strauss in Brill. It's still all about music, writing and freedom!*