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Red Weather is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board. All comments go directly to the editors-in-chief. All submissions are conducted anonymously and reviewed by the boards.

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*Disillusionment of Ten O'Clock*

The houses are haunted  
By white night-gowns.  
None are green,  
Or purple with green rings,  
Or green with yellow rings,  
Or yellow with blue rings.  
None of them are strange,  
With socks of lace  
And beaded ceintures.  
People are not going  
To dream of baboons and periwinkles.  
Only, here and there, an old sailor,  
Drunk and asleep in his boots,  
Catches tigers  
In red weather.

blood

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guts

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MAC DOHERTY

DIANA SUDER

DIMA KAIGORODOV

PAT LEGATES

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we r gone soon: a note

hi everyone --

it's john and zoë  
we've been in charge of *Red Weather*  
for four semesters now  
but it is time to leave  
while we hope you do not forget us  
we look forward  
to a future  
that is both yr future + our own  
one that fits comfortably

double-sided, a bit moldy, a lil tongue peakin out  
twins, doppelgängers galore, mirror text images  
that ink showing up w/ a bit of warmth okay we  
re gettin out of this space to make way for others

twofold, a bye for now from yr lit duo,

+++++ w/ love  
from the bottom of the page + our <3s  
/ John Rufo & Zoë Bodzas



Jack Confry  
*Bugs*

MARISABEL REY

**VEO TUS DEDOS PASEANDO  
POR MIS MUSLOS**

Mientras me haces el amor con palabras  
Y susurras en mi oído y pienso  
En toda la decadencia que no puedo decir en voz alta  
Sobre mi cuerpo y el tuyo y mi piel contra tu piel y tus labios  
Sobre el deseo y la necesidad y el olvido y la soledad  
Que trae consigo hacer el amor sin quererlo.

MARISABEL REY

**I SEE YOUR FINGERS WALKING  
THROUGH MY THIGHS**

While you make love to me with words  
And whisper in my ear and I think  
In all the decadence that I can't say out loud  
About my body and yours and my skin against your skin and your lips  
About the lust and need and oblivion and solitude  
That comes with making love without wanting to.

ANNIE BERMAN  
**FLOOR PLAN**

I can hear you  
here YOU → ●  
through the big



the big hole in the floor

your chair scaping  
raw red scratches  
on the throat floor

big voice  
shrinks me

fear of being seen below  
2,000 lbs of concrete and

2 layers  
of paint



ME



Sarah Moore  
*Tree Series*

MAC DOHERTY  
MOLD POEM

the mold births itself in succession, an expanding microcosm of marbled settlers inhabiting what I left behind, their claimed lots like cracked pots spilling wooly flowers into bean cans, toast ends

the spores are inexhaustible in a way that I am not and so the dish assemblage swells, as does the dandelion fuzz, nebulous colonies pushing at the boundaries of one another

this kind-of-alive thing in the curdles of my coffee cream is burgeoning so steadily— its maturation loiters and sustains, growing like the softest olive moss on the belly of an overturned stone

clotted velvet blooms in neglect, and I spill reverence as I soak in the sight of it, forgetting that this should be like drowning— what other damp places have I forgotten to scrape?

DIANA SUDER  
MOLD COATS THE COW'S TONGUE

*Watching people talk is like watching grass bend. Moss grows between tiny teeth. Fungus nestles the inside of a nostril. Spores fly on aggressive breath, speckling the ears of the listener subjected to the poison it spews--*

You are in church. You do not want to be in church. You were forced to go to church because of encroaching fixations on spiritual piety. How can you possibly be a good person if you're not taught to do the right thing? You need guidance.

*Funny how the truth behind these hollow chants depends entirely on the assumption that you will be too content to question what you are told.*

*Stereoscopic images: Looking from different perspectives to acknowledge differing views--*

Yes, you are in church. You resent the fact that they have given this narcissist a literal raised platform to spin fantasies of exceptionality and everyone here just nods along solemnly as if they have no capacity to question the--

*Sentimentality: vice of all vices*

--narratology of the moment.

*Coats the tongue, coats the teeth, coats the roof of the mouth. You can taste it in your sinuses, that dull, clenching nasal sting of disgust creeping into your nose and ears and circulating into your blood and brain. It grows, slowly. You don't even notice it at first--*

Here you are, sitting in an empty church pew. Actually, it's full. Actually, it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter if there's anyone else here because this is a thought experiment.

So you're in a full church pew and there it goes: the subtle sound of spores sprouting. Listen closely-- the crinkling deep in your ear canal calls your attention. You must concentrate to hear it but it's always there, the sound of planted fears taking root deep in your neck.

*Inhale poison, exhale relief, you feel the bitter sting of spores lodging themselves deep in your throat, coating your lungs in a thin layer of chalky panic, a gasp too close to the coals in a cold fireplace, failing to brace yourself for the eye-watering burn, coughing face-down--*

It's like that, except the dust is replete with fungus spores. You crinkle your nose in the rotting pew, full of degenerate growth characteristic of eras that refuse to change.

It grows, slowly, in the dark, in the damp folds of the brain. But it grows, slowly, while you're not paying attention, and one day you realize too late that the dull comfort of complacency is rooted too deep. You wonder how light your head could feel if it wasn't weighed down by all this mold.





Dima Kaigorodov  
*Obey*

PAT LEGATES  
**ASCENT, DESCENT**  
**(TO DIE WHILE MY BLOOD IS STILL WARM)**

breathing deep

in a vacuumesque landscape

effacing boundaries;

shape my armature,

I'll work my hands to the bone

but I used to be afraid of fading away.

almost nothing human is here

and yet this place is empathy

//

driving down amongst these lights it's like

shrinking

falling back onto that everything around us

boundless

wired contour of circuitry, fill me up

check this vessel, all of its contents:

the horror of a rigid body rotating

into empty space

KYANDREIA JONES

## WHY ARE YOU FOLLOWING ME

[Open to a young Hispanic man walking around an expensive coat shop. A salesclerk eyes him suspiciously and eventually begins to follow him around the store. The young man notices her trailing him.]

Young Hispanic Man: Why are you following me? You know what, mami don't answer. I'm looking for a really dope coat. The first snow came this morning and this one I'm wearing isn't doing the job. Nah, I'm not from this dusty ahh town. I'm from Miami. Hey, ma, pay attention the heat from my tongue may be the only warmth you experience for a while. Man look at all that snow out there! I haven't seen that much white since I toured every American campus that wasn't a historical school for minorities. Wow. Like I said I'm from the sunshine state. My friends from up here keep ragging on me. They say I don't know what it means to be cold. Ha! I tell them they don't know what it means to be hungry! That's why I'm going to college, you feel me? What are shivers compared to an empty stomach? Nada, mami. Nada. But yeah I'm looking for a coat. A coat I can put my arms in and trick myself into believing that I'm back home. A coat that carries the warmth of the sun in it...Do you have one of those? I'm looking for a coat with my Momma's home cooked Royo beans and rice in it's pockets. I'm looking for a coat that smells like the ocean to remind me how small I am and how I'm living just the same. Basically, I need a really dope coat, mami. [Looks down at her feet] Are you wearing sandals? On second thought let me have your coat. You already took me for a thief when I walked in here. You might as well just hand it over. If you don't care about your toes, you must not care about your jacket. Yes, please retrieve your manager, I want to have a word with her too. While she's here I'll tell her about your misconduct toward a respectable customer.



Paula Ortiz  
*Meditation Triptych*

JUNIOR DARE

**MOTHER TONGUE IS A GROSS PHRASE PEOPLE ARE NOT  
GOING TO DAYDREAM OF BABOONS AND PERIWINKLES  
ONLY U DINGUS ILLUSIONMENT IS A CHOICE OUR  
COMMITMENT TO IMAGINATION SHOULD INTERSECT  
W/ ACTION**

i like how your lips charge mine  
with over-lexicalisation  
i'm begging you with respect i can't map but in fragments  
but wow wow my dude  
a whole secret territory yours here by no birthright beyond laughter and upright [swish of tender bangs]  
[the kindness that gilds adaptability]  
find yourself building in these woods

and hill-crown partition plant  
experiment with loving the construction

all previous immersions compulsory but best of it made +  
jarkman the reality we've come to share & question

if we've not seen each other naked how can we be friends

perhaps hierarchy is inescapable but this hierarchy feels stifling and summer time still just an outline in  
some split night thunder i feel like

yr more sophisticated now than i ever was

i've not gone off the deep-end i've  
learned to prefer to swim in lakes  
i fancy teaching through reciprocal  
activity pedagogue joint grinnings  
for the commons man or trying to

learn the mawkish taste of precum  
i miss women thoughts splayed  
i miss women thoughts splayed  
in view of the attenuated twisting male type sinuous  
trunk slyph sacrum beneath cock promise

holiday with me some lissome noon brief

freed from the constant and necessary concerns  
for subtlety we can lock the door we can only  
tell your friends when you're drunk or never we can keep the pronouns  
individual as you want i promise

i just think right now there is some mutual harm in consenting only  
to romance grammars and narrative surrender  
i still prefer words and letters prime  
deployed in service

of experience | of sensation



martha redmond  
*acidic*



Amy Zhang  
*untitled*

COLLIN SPINNEY

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF NATURAL PARTS

Galveston's oceans are puking up creatures. Mounds of them, working like bio-gelatinous cities in the sand. Like birthday balloons that suffered the rhythm of waves. Wet and tired. Bluebottle. Floating Terror.

And they are quiet, with their danger tucked in the white of the sand. Twisting long braided bodies of pain and capture under the local beach.

Think of time as part of the picture, broken in its arranged pieces. Think of it like the windshield with a crack through it, like the unseeing eyes do in glare. Image taken by the pinprick rainbow confined to the iris. A minute dismantling of present senses. Like realizing there's a backstage. Like seeing your mother drunk, laying on the hardwood.

A vacationing youngster kneels in the grains, sinks into the white with little hesitation. Awe spreads, he sees the whole aquamarine spectacle of the beast. Ignored warnings to kneel at the altar of ocean's dangling traveler.

Scream starts in the sand. Hurdles over lips. As venom seeps deep into every nerve on the boy's body and brands them with singeing barbs. Shrieks until the blank-panel white of everything becomes mother, becomes the rental car backseat, becomes a store aisle and the car and promises of care once again. All broken shots of sequence moving.

Of loved ones slipping between here and gone. Of time escaped. Of the unseen words playing in the spaces his frame sits. A jagged cut in the picture separating he-as-audience and he-as-participant, a self halved, a self doubled.

Seeing between selves, he nurses on the darkness. Sucks at its unfeeling completeness. Recognition of harm floats beyond consciousness. Just the undeniable ache of a body in flux.

A bruise is never the story, what's left of one maybe.

A boy wakes in a hotel with mom and grandpa in the other room. With sleep slipping between now and just-now, a moment erased before recognized. The recovery comes and goes like an eye half minding something.





Zoe Tessler  
*Cemetery*



Anne Homans  
*Ert Muvva*



Paula Ortiz  
*Night*

**SHELBY CASTILLO**  
**SOMOS UNO**

Beans and rice on a stove  
We are soaking in their smell.  
Chicken and Adobo are in our blood.  
We pour it over the fiery pan.

Olive oil drops from our fingertips,  
We rub some salt on bread then butter it.  
Sofrito we make with red and green peppers  
We pull it from our skin and sprinkle it in the pot.

Season with the season  
Sancocho when it's cold, empanadas when it's not  
We cut our curls and boil them for noodles.  
We stir our heart into mofongo.

We stir our soul into gandules  
Into pastelitos,  
Into pernil,  
Into tostones,

“Boricua, You are what you eat.”

**JULIA ROSENBAUM**  
**I NEED SLEEP**

The old woman was a non-somniac. She ran that bathhouse on the hill with three hours of sleep. She put her head down at six. Awoke at nine. Her daughter was a fat ballerina. She felt the weight of her legs as they swung. Swung instead of waved. Flopped instead of flowed.

That non-somniac fell asleep balancing her forehead on her fist. As to not disrupt her hair. As it was arranged in swooping layers. Blown-dry at three a.m. While her fat daughter slept. And dreamed of ballerina legs. That looked like that Russian girl's. That moved like that Russian girl's. That Russian girl who lived on a different hill. Who didn't live in this world at all. That non-somniac ate at five thirty. Stirred udon noodles into a deep pot. Watched her window for bathhouse customers. Her daughter at the ballet concert. In the back. Waved her thick legs and called it dancing. Ate from a vending machine at the concert hall. Fell asleep and dreamed of moving. Moving out. Past the mountain. The non-somniac removed clumps of hair from the bath drains. Splashed water against a used tub. Didn't hear her ballerina throw her slippers into the dark woods. The non-somniac decided to try sleeping for a little longer. 4 hours. 5. But now, when she awoke, she was tired. She put her head down more often. Left the noodles in the pot. The stove unlit. Crumpled her swooping layers against the pillow. Her ballerina turned on all the water. In all the baths. It glided over the sides. In majestic wave. She waded through. Flowed through the rooms of the bathhouse. Moved like a Russian girl.



Carrie Rudd

*7:05am*



Ysabel Coss  
*An Arab Spring*

**TULIA DAY**

**POPS**

Junkie tinker in a junkyard,  
addict dad who sees skyscrapers  
in the dinosaur bones of old cars.

You've got blueprints of rocketships,  
you're manic and sweaty.

You've never been small.  
Six feet tall  
curled up in the womb.  
You were a born contortionist.

Needle father-  
I am blue and trembling before you.  
What little skin I've got left is knotted and numb.

All a man needs is  
a wife and two kids  
in a park across the street  
and a pair of binoculars.

My god,  
it seems like everything depends on you.



MARTHA REDMOND  
**CLEVER EQUIPMENT**

corporeal envelope so well lined  
found a new birthmark  
want to cut my hair, grow my arms out long



Anne Homans  
*Hand Study*

FELICIA TSAO  
EMPIRE



We are all children of the Qing:  
under tin roofs  
coddled in pods  
below caverns,  
against mountains,  
huddled together.  
Under sheets of  
fluctuating gray  
we are sick from  
mountain air.  
Slick fatigue  
on the edge of  
chicken feet soup  
with no salt  
only skin  
flailing thinly.  
Damp flags of  
a thousand blue dragons  
bow  
down.



Carrie Rudd

*A bust (w/ maybe three boobs)*

JESSYE MCGARRY

## SALAD DAYS

Last year, the Alpha Alpha Alpha fraternity mistakenly invited a pair of salmon shorts to a society event.

*An oversight*, Francis Dillinger called it.

*An almost disastrous mistake*, Jake Donner insisted.

*Next year we'll be better, my brothers, we'll only pick people, no pants or shorts*, Horace Duncan, then a junior and just the vice president, swore. He attempted a blood oath but couldn't find a knife sharp enough. The campus police removed all pointed objects from their house when one student hemorrhaged after trying to promise in blood that he'd shotgun a beer before his Econ 101 exam.

Thankfully, the brothers realized they had mistaken a pair of shorts for a freshman boy named "Size 34 Ralph Lauren" once they remembered they had met the "boy" in a closet, and that he could not talk, and that he was an article of clothing. High out of their minds on a little of sophomore member Hellerton Bardery's prescription Adderall and a lot of Hellerton Bardery's inheritance money (the brothers played a game in which they'd smell a wad of Benjamins until they passed out), they wandered into the closet and took to the pair of shorts so much they thought they ought to invite him to pledge AAA right there.

They saw themselves in the shorts: name brand, bland, and boring as hell. Yet, the shorts still seemed desirable since they looked like a mirror reflection of the brothers, and there was nothing more attractive to the brothers than the brothers themselves.

If the news about the shorts had been leaked to campus, the AAA reputation would have been destroyed. Reputations were practically currency on the campus, excepting real cash.

It was Saturday, and the brothers had woken up the earliest they had on a weekend all semester—five-thirty in the evening—to finalize details for the induction ceremony later that night. The sunlight illuminated the Great Room as it poured in from the stained glass window. The AAA castle was initially an academic building, but when the brothers threw a party in the building in 1904, the administration decided it was better to just give the building to the fraternity rather than attempt to clean it.

Their school had done away with the entire pledging process, acknowledging that nothing good could ever possibly come from it. This enraged the brothers initially, but now they reveled in this decision since it meant less paperwork.

Instead of a months long process, the brothers would choose inductees after throwing a few events early in the school year, then they'd reveal their new members to the campus at a party. The men they had chosen could hold liquor in their stomachs and hands, which were the only two requirements. Looking at the twelve inductees spread out on the wooden table, Horace was confident he had led the brothers in selecting a

dozen of the campus's most alive humans and least inanimate objects.

*Much better*, Francis Dillinger said.

*Yes well done brothers*, Jake Donner cheered.

*We will remain the best fraternity, we will not lose our crown*, Horace Duncan proclaimed.

Horace Duncan's grandfather, Heinrich Duncan, had founded the chapter in 1907. Thus, the Duncan name became synonymous with the Alpha Alpha Alpha name. Heinrich ensured that the future Duncan men would be granted access into the Alpha Alpha Alpha world under one condition: they needed a high amount of self-confidence despite being oppressively average.

Luckily, Horace fit this mold. White, male, and wealthy, he was the most important person in whatever room he entered, and whatever room he entered was the most important room in the world. He was a scholar: he received the median grade on every exam he took and was exactly in the fiftieth percentile of his high school and college graduating classes. He was a diplomat: he had studied abroad in Copenhagen and had only left his cell phone in a bar twice per month. He was a gentleman: he always held the door open for himself when no one was around to hold it for him. People often told him how much he looked like someone else they knew, but that someone always just turned out to be Horace himself, as he had no distinguishing features whatsoever.

Horace stood up from his seat at the head of the table and raised his arms to the heavens, summoning the courage to make a speech. Above him hung a painting of himself, which he personally commissioned from the Art Collective after it was announced last spring that he would be president this fall. Thinking ahead seasonally, he requested to be surrounded by foliage in the image. The Art Collective, angry with AAA for running over their origami sculpture garden with an Audi, decided to paint a large leaf over Horace Duncan's face. Yet, due to Horace's utter un-remarkability, every member of AAA saw a likeness to Horace's real face in the leaf. They regarded it as an even better painting than the one his father, Hal Duncan, had commissioned for Horace's 18th birthday.

Now, shouting up toward the chandelier, Horace Duncan let out a battle cry: *The big party is nigh, my brothers!*

Every weekend was the big party. In order to ensure that all parties reach peak fun, the brothers of AAA stuck to a script. It was initially written by Horace's grandfather, a mediocre playwright who went on to pen several sold-out off-Broadway productions in which men shouted at other men about oil prices. Every semester, the brothers recast the parts in the party in order to stay challenged as actors. The script began as such:

EXT. ALPHA ALPHA ALPHA FRATERNITY CASTLE

We open on a lively frat house, lightly decaying but only to show how much partying has happened there. A brother approaches a Caucasian woman, brown hair, size 4:

BROTHER

I am a brother of ALPHA ALPHA ALPHA. I have a few marketable skills but I sleep on a pile of money. My Daddy owns Connecticut.

WOMAN

Good yes I am woman.

BROTHER

~~Cowabunga+ Cool-man+ Dope!~~

The script has been amended throughout the years, most notably due to the United States Supreme Court cases *Brown v. Board of Education*, *Roe v. Wade*, and *Obergefell v. Hodges*.

Everyone who was anyone on campus would be coming to the big party: the sisters of Beta Beta Beta, the rugby team, an EMT, the dance team and their friend Lisa, the custodial staff, Dean of Students Jane Bower, a family that got separated from their campus tour group ten hours earlier, and even the Art Collective. Everyone who wasn't exactly an "anyone" but was still one of the four thousand people in the campus community would be coming too: the brothers of Phi Phi Phi, the giants of Fee Fi Fo Fum, Visiting Professor of Mathematics Glen "Parabola" O'Halligan, the RA of York Hall, the campus police, and, regretfully, the Ebersson triplets.

Although it was just six in the evening, and the brothers had only been awake for half an hour, they needed to take a power nap before their party.

*Off to dream land, then we will rage ourselves awake!* Horace exclaimed.

The brothers headed off to the napping room, but Horace remained seated at the table. He checked his phone for texts. He hadn't received any messages, though he wished he received one from Macy Lincoln. Horace had been infatuated with Macy from the first time they had met at a rave themed party two years ago. She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen under a black light (large teeth, small pupils).

They met the night after he read the *The Great Gatsby's* SparkNotes page in order to write a fifteen-page paper in two hours. At the rave party he said to her

*The Great Gatz* by F. Scott Fitz is my favorite book. He loved the book because it was about parties and America, two things he articulated well enough to receive a sympathetic C- on his paper.

She laughed and began walking away, her neon green glow stick disappearing into the crowd. Ever since then, his heart raced whenever he saw a green light, which made driving through intersections with stoplights rather nerve-wracking for him.

Inspired by Macy's bravery to always walk away from him even though he was a total catch, he decided to make a move. He texted her "u up," then stared at his phone for the entire two hours of naptime, except for twenty minutes when he decided to clear his mind by gazing out the window. The quad was navy and dark green since it was still early on a late September night. Horace's legs started to cramp so he checked his phone again. She still hadn't responded, but Horace had to hit the wake up gong to get the night's festivities started.

As he swung the mallet, he called out to his brothers:

*Rise and open up the floodgates! The party must begin!*

The brothers marched out of the napping room in a single file procession. Because they were ready to go out at every time of day, they didn't have to spend any time fixing their appearance.

The sophomore twins, Jeremy and Cool Jeremy, pushed the steel doors open.

*Yes my brothers! Send a message to everyone you know! Fill up your chalices and imbibe!*

Horace declared.

He knew he had to order the brothers to send texts now that their castle doors were open, but the memory of Macy's lack of response made him so sad that he barely even wanted to throw back a Bud Light Lime. His brothers ran to the kitchen to start drinking but he slumped his shoulders and sat back down at the Great Room table.

*Ab, this must be what they call a bad mood,* Horace wondered aloud.

He looked back at the twelve headshots still scattered on the table's surface. The new boys looked so happy in their photos, because they had been told to smile for the pictures at the final rush event. One of the photos looked a little strange to him, but he could not figure out why.

Horace thought about how delighted they must be to join the coolest frat on campus. There were eight other frats but everyone in AAA agreed that AAA was the cool one. He reminded himself that this night was about the new members. Sometimes, you have to get blackout drunk for someone else, even though all you want to do is get blackout drunk for yourself. Horace leapt out of his chair and dashed into the kitchen. At least thirty people had already showed up to the party.

*JELLO SHOTS!* Francis Dillinger screamed.

*BODY SHOTS!* Jake Donner chanted.

*TETANUS SHOTS!* Edna Walker, a nurse from the health center, shouted.

For a brief fifty minutes, Horace Duncan took several of each shot to guarantee that he was drunk and protected from rusty metals.

The party was in full swing. A girl was listing every Disney Channel Original Movie, two people thought they were making out with a stranger only to pull away and realize they were already married to each other, and the room was ripe with koozies.

Since the party had gotten good, it was time for the new members to be revealed to the crowd. The new and existing members would first reconvene in the Great Room, which was closed at parties for anyone who was not a member.

Horace would hand the new members a small sword, and then all the brothers would march toward the deck where the new members would greet the campus as AAA men for the first time.

*Come hither to the Great Room! It is time for the ceremony to begin!* Horace texted the brothers. There was still no word from Macy. He began to publicly wonder, *Maybe, just maybe, she is not "up" after all.*

Once the brothers were in the Great Room, Horace counted to make sure that all twenty-six existing members were present, and that the twelve new boys were there as well. The counting took a while since everyone was drunk, but Horace figured that he got it right. Counting was his best type of math.

He admired the boys around him. It was like looking into a lake and seeing your own image reflected back more beautifully than you had ever imagined. Horace placed his hands down on the table, balancing himself, and began to explain the induction procedure:

*I will call your names. You will step forward and receive a sword. We used to hand out real swords. Not anymore. You will notice that these tiny plastic swords would look great as an accessory to a summertime cocktail. You are correct to assume that, but please, find another tiny plastic sword to use in your daiquiri. These are special and should be placed in your lapel.*

Horace had always wanted to be the AAA president. His grandfather Heinrich used to tell him stories of his AAA days, and he'd tell Horace that the proudest he could ever be of him is if he became the president of the fraternity. Horace was finally making his grandfather proud. He needed to uphold the AAA and Duncan name.

There was no reason to let Macy ruin his night. The induction night big party was always his favorite big party of the weekend. He was over her. He thought, I don't even care if she dies, then decided that was too strong, so he thought *I'd only care a little if she died, maybe a moderate amount, depending on how she died.* Horace was a nice guy like that.



He had handed out eleven of the twelve tiny swords when his phone buzzed. He shrieked with joy. Macy had responded! She replied: “Of course I’m up it’s 9 at night wtf.” He spun around while clutching his phone to his chest.

The brothers stared in awe, but only because they loved the choreography of Horace’s twirl.

*You should join Dancing with the Stars*, Francis Dillinger complimented.

*Yes, dashing move, but maybe finish ceremony*, Jake Donner replied. Jake was the fraternity’s timekeeper. He was the only one allowed to edit the great calendar.

Horace remembered that he still had one final sword to hand out. He gave it to the twelfth inductee, who happened to be Callahan McDonald. Callahan was the one who had looked a little strange to him before. Horace still found the boy a little quirky, but he pushed the sword at him regardless. Then, the members shared a group clap, and they began their arm in arm procession to the deck.

Jeremy and Cool Jeremy slid open the screen door leading to the deck. Horace surveyed the party below him. It was the biggest big party he had ever seen. It was gorgeous: drinks were being spilled, the music was so loud that no one could hear anyone else, and everyone looked really hot, which was so important to Horace, because he always preferred attractive people to unattractive people.

Richard Waterly cut the music. It was time for the reveal. Horace cleared his throat and found a balled up fifty-dollar bill in there, then began.

*Hello, my crowd! We present to you for the first time, yes, for the very first time, the new members of Alpha Alpha Alpha!*

The new members took a step forward as Horace announced their names. Then Brian Trembler, AAA treasurer, set off the fireworks (one big sparkler) as Richard Waterly turned the music back on. The crowd went wild: there were muted claps as they turned away from the deck and started dancing again.

*That went well*, Francis Dillinger exclaimed.

*They are nice new human brothers very well done my not new brothers*, Jake Donner added.

*They are kind faced men and we did good*, Horace Duncan stated.

Although Horace did what he thought was an excellent job handing out swords and kicking off the party, he felt like there was something he forgot to do. He needed some time alone, so he scanned the crowd for a place to go.

Suddenly, a flash of green light caught his eye. He knew it had to be Macy. She must be wearing a green glow stick in order to remind him of their first night together. He bounded down the steps toward the light. “His dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it” (SparkNotes).

*Macy! It is I, Horace Duncan, here to take your hand!*

Unfortunately, when he reached the glowing green spot, he realized it was not Macy’s glow stick. It was a Heineken bottle placed directly in front of a string light.

Horace put his hands into his khaki pockets. He was mad at Macy, but he felt mad at himself, too. He couldn’t shake the feeling that something was off, or that something had gone wrong in their induction process.

*Excuse me! You seen any good rocks to kick?* he shouted at the person next to him.

*Horace?* the person asked.

Horace turned and gasped. It was Macy. She looked magnificent: she had hair, face, and body.

*Macy! Please tell me you are having fun time at big party.*

*It’s fine. Hey, why did you introduce a block of wood instead of a person?*

*What? Explain yourself!*

Macy shook her head. *One of the new members was just a block of wood. You introduced it as Callahan McDonald.*

Horace knew he had felt strange about Callahan, but he was certain that Callahan was a person.

*If you don’t believe me, one of your brothers is walking toward us, and he literally has his arm around a block of wood*, Macy continued.

Horace turned. Francis Dillinger and Callahan McDonald approached him.

*Brothers! I must tell you the strangest thing. Macy claims Callahan is a block of wood, not a person!*

Francis Dillinger cracked up. *Of course this is a person.*

*Francis, put your arm down. See if “Callahan” keeps standing.*

Francis removed his arm. The block of wood fell to the ground.

Horace felt betrayed by the wood. It had all of the charming expressions and mannerisms of an AAA man. It must have always been inside the Great Room, and he must have mistaken it for a new member.

Horace was angry that the wood had tricked him like this, but he was also worried. Christmas would be a nightmare for Horace if this mistake destroyed AAA’s reputation, which was especially unfortunate since Horace loved to receive gifts.

Other AAA men flocked to the commotion.

Horace questioned his brothers, *Why did no one stop me from referring to this plank as Callahan?*

*That is Callahan! I spoke to him*, Herbert Porter insisted.

*Did he respond?* Macy questioned.

*No, but I thought it was because he was shy*, Herbert Porter said. *He covered his mouth with his hands. Brothers! This might be a block of wood! It is like the shorts!*

The brothers argued as a girl approached the block of wood on the ground.

*Is that Callahan? He's so funny, lying on the ground like that! Anyway, I wanted to let him know that my friend said she'd make out with him.*

The girl reentered the crowd, but the brothers froze in amazement. She had just granted the block of wood the highest honor of a night out.

*Block of wood or not, he must be a great guy,* Francis Dillinger defended.

*He must be one of us,* Jake Donner argued.

*Brothers, this might be crazy, but what if we let the block of wood stay as an AAA brother?* Horace asked.

*He does look just like us. He does fit in with our vibes,* Keith Wooley agreed.

*But he is a block of wood! Not a person!* Macy shouted as she threw up her arms.

Horace couldn't believe it. Now that he had really had the chance to hang with Macy, he realized they didn't get along as well as he thought. Maybe he didn't love her. He thought back through other people he had loved, and he had only ever loved or liked people who had agreed with him. She also seemed intolerant because she did not think blocks of wood were people like Horace did.

*Macy, I take back my "u up" text. Please leave us brothers to be brothers, Callahan The Block Of Wood included,* Horace declared.

Horace didn't care if Macy walked away from him this time, which worked well for him, because she did exactly that.

*BROTHERS! THE BLOCK OF WOOD WILL STAY! HE IS ONE OF US,* Horace screamed.

The brothers sang *ONE OF US* over and over as they formed a circle around the block of wood, still resting in a puddle of mud and Smirnoff Ice.

*I have an idea! Let us play a slumber party game,* Eric Quartz suggested.

Without discussion, the brothers knew to place their fingers under the block of wood. As the party raged around them, together they chanted light as a feather, stiff as a board. They could feel that there was something special about Callahan. In their many attempts to play this game, they had never once been able to lift someone off the ground. But that night, they lifted Callahan above their heads within seconds.

They lowered him back down to the ground and several brothers carried him toward the tables to play beer pong. Horace returned to the deck. Since he was a senior, this was his last big party during the last week of September, ever. He was ready to kick back and enjoy it. He didn't care if his family would be mad that he had let a block of wood into his society. Their views were more antiquated than his, and he knew that once they met Callahan, they'd love him.

He took it all in and hoped to remember it forever: the overflowing garbage can, loose cigarettes scattered like piñata candy, a tenured professor vomiting into his briefcase.

He remembered a quote from his favorite book and wondered aloud, *So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past* (SparkNotes).

IRENE LIN

WAT R WE

a note from the editors: Irene Lin's video *wat r we* could not, perhaps for obvious reasons, be published in our print issue. In lieu of the video, we've provided a short statement from Irene Lin and a series of photo stills from the piece. While this does not *replicate* the experience of *wat r we*, the artist and *Red Weather* hope to provide a different mode of presenting the work.

A somewhat explanation of the piece.

This was made as the final project for the Introduction to Sculpture class with Professor B. Peterson last semester. The prompt was “something borrowed, something blue, something old, something new.”

Since the prompt related to themes of marriage and romance, I decided to tie that in to something that James Larson '17 said to me earlier in the same semester. He told me that you never really know what you're going to get until you ask - he then said, “I think about all the dates that have never happened because people were too afraid to ask.” Although this is a fairly simple or obvious concept, I thought it was beautifully put and profound. I built off of this conversation, and decided to make a mask/helmet.



For the items, I chose the following:

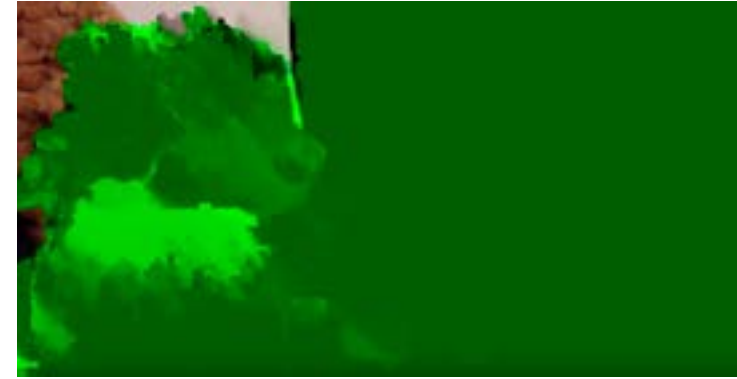
- borrowed: bag of alpaca fur from Lily Johnston '16, and faux fur of Kelsey Babcock '17
- blue: stress ball in the shape of a die from Baruch College
- old: iPod nano that I stopped using in around 8th grade
- new: conduction speaker that I won from a WHCL contest

Since the helmet is a hollow object, it acts as a great speaker for the conduction speaker. There is no opening where the mouth should be (inability to ‘ask’), and no openings to hear ambient noise - instead, a small tunnel for the eyes. In the line of vision, I hung the blue die and scratched out the numbers (a visual representation of “no chance”).





I also covered the whole helmet with the alpaca fur, making it feel almost like a safety blanket or a stuffed animal. Using Kelsey Babcock's faux fur, I made the words "WAT R WE" - an homage to the popular millennial meme, and also to my friend who stopped talking to a girl that he liked after he said that exact phrase to her. The iPod is filled with songs from middle school, which are largely sad, punk rock songs from that era that describe romances that can never be. [helmet --> stuck in your head --> fantasy].



It is made to fit my dimensions so that I can wear it comfortably

# THANKS

Literature & Creative Writing Department  
Art Department  
Print Shop  
Wellin Initiative for Student Engagement  
Wellin Museum  
Days Massolo Center  
Nesbitt-Johnston Writing Center  
Feminists of Color Collective  
Womyn's Center  
Media Board (esp. Noelle Niznik)  
Cafe Opus 1 & 2  
Jo Pitkin, founder  
Andrew Rippeon, letterpress-in-chief  
Past & future Red Weathers  
& U

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H E R R E D W

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