



LOGOS

- the journal of CAPSR, the Community Association
of Pacific School of Religion

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Privilege and Self-Awareness Evolving

by Alexandra McGee

Last fall I saw a documentary called “Mirrors of Privilege: Making Whiteness Visible.” After that, I started to look more carefully at the ways that I as white person get privilege without realizing it. It was my second semester living here at PSR with my dog, and I realized that all the other dog owners are white (or appear to me to be white). I asked myself what goes along with this package. We are all native English speakers and we are all in our home culture. In other words, dogs are part of the dominant paradigm. I noticed that dogs hold power by being associated with the people who hold privilege. This privilege is often unnamed and unrecognized.

When I realized this, I felt deeply disturbed. I began to keep my dog on leash more and to try to watch the reactions of other people around my dog. I slipped up often, and when I was in a hurry, sometimes took the easy option of tying my dog up outside the dining hall, forgetting my resolution not to leave him in other people’s path. Even now as I write this, I fear that I am opening myself to criticism, but I think that writing about it is better than letting me and other dog owners continue to do what we want without feedback.

Although PSR has many residents who are not native English speakers and are not in their home culture, none of these people own dogs. I began to wonder how it might be for them to see dogs in their home. For a while, I kept my dog

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The Ever Present Eye

by Eric Hanson, sans respire reporter

On a recent Wednesday past (October 17) I went for a leisurely stroll. It had all the ingredients of a stroll: the easy swaggering gait, the arms flopping about like a G.I. Joe figure with bad rubber bands, the wandering course and eye. My belly was filled with coffee busy metabolizing caffeine which percolated into my brain wearied by another week of graduate school. All was well with the world.

As I passed the intersection of Shattuck and Center, I heard what could have been described as a gaggle of geese if ‘gaggle’ was a sound and if shouting people sounded like geese. My stomach murmured an invitation to give it a base to balance its acid and I invited it to shut up and come with me to investigate. After all, if I’m to keep my “Encyclopedia Brown” cred, I’ve got to do some foot work.

Lo and behold I walked into a washing machine spin cycle of frothy mouths and less than happy eyes. Being Wednesday, it was another weekly protest of Code Pink at the Marine Recruitment Office and I was lucky enough to be there to see Code Pink’s Yin meet the ‘Support The Troops’ Yang.

It turns out Code Pink, an anti-war movement, had been protesting the recruitment of Semper Fi’s for a while at the Marine recruitment office. A local conservative radio personality took umbrage to this and mobilized folks to come and give some props to the few, the proud, the Marines. As a Minnesotan, I’m a conflict avoidant hermit by nature and by the looks of it this protest/counter protest would be like meeting an ex whose CD collection you still have: uncomfortable. I paused and thought about jumping into the fray. It was like a whiskey milk: dangerous, but enticingly so.

I turned and nearly bumped into a lovely young woman who was somehow making a t-shirt wrapped on her head look really good. I apologized loudly (I had to, there was a lot of screaming and howling going on) and we started chatting. It turns out her twin sister had joined the Army, went to Iraq and was killed.

“Man, I nearly went crazy when she died,” she said

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From the Editor, Audrey deCoursey
Christian Treehugger Corner: Bag the Poop

Waste – from humans as well as from other animals – is an environmental issue. How much is there? Where does it go? Who has to deal with it? These questions about waste bring aromatic attention to basic issues of fair social distribution.

Our stuff has to go somewhere. Neither we nor our stuff are created ex nihilo, out of nothing, and neither we nor our stuff disappear into nothingness at the end of our life cycles/lives or our stuff's "lives" (i.e. however long we want to deal with it). We are all one planetary community, we and all our waste, and that is a good thing. Waste is not inherently problematic, in sustainable moderation and of organic composition. The 'dirty' parts of living need not be a cause of fear or scorn, so long as we ensure that our community shares responsibility in dealing with the basic processes of life.

Rev. Peter Sawtell, the Executive Director of Eco-Justice Ministries, points out a simple way to start solving two challenges to the urban environment: use the plastic bags your daily newspaper comes in to pick up your dog's poop on your daily walks. It's a first step in reducing two forms of urban waste. Could PSR perhaps provide small boxes at the entrances to campus, for folks to stash and retrieve newspaper bags?

Perhaps surprisingly, Sawtell uses Scripture to ground his argument for responsibly dealing with excrement (both human and canine):

"You shall have a designated area outside the camp to which you shall go. With your utensils you shall have a trowel; when you relieve yourself outside, you shall dig a hole with it and then cover up your excrement." (Deuteronomy 23:12-13)

So, plastic bag the puppy poo. And if anyone asks, tell them God told you to.

Having run out of space elsewhere (!), find here Jon Harvey's tribute to one of PSR's most beloved pets, Pierre:

Au revoir mon ami Pierre	Goodbye, brother Pierre
le rongeur le plus juste	Rodent most fair
parangon des animaux	Paragon of animals
auteur passionné	Passionate writer
mascotte des LOGOS	Mascot of LOGOS
aimé de Margaret	Beloved of Margaret

Nous saluons votre dépassement	We salute your parting
Votre temps sur terre	Your time on earth
était un moment du raccordement	Was a moment of recollection
à la chaleur tranquille et à la joie simple	Of quiet warmth and simple joy

Nous nous rappelons	We remember
Cobaye extraordinaire	extraordinary guinea pig
notre frère Pierre	Our brother Pierre

- Jonathan Harvey

Logos Submission Guidelines

Who can submit

All members of the Pacific School of Religion community are invited to submit to Logos: students, faculty, staff, alumni, trustees, family members, and supporters of PSR.

What to submit

Original work of interest to the PSR community:

- Opinion pieces, news, feature stories
- Reviews: books, movies, concerts, albums
- Poetry, Prayers
- Event and group announcements
- Drawings
- Photography: artistic, news-related, social

How to submit

Email: adecoursey@psr.gtulink.edu

When to submit

Upcoming Priority Deadlines:

December 6 (Thursday)

spotlight on Seminarians and the System:
Student Representation at PSR and the
Theology of Working with/in Institutions

More guidelines

- Please limit submissions to 1,000 words.
- Publication is subject to the needs of the newsletter and the discretion of the Editor-in-Chief and Logos Editorial Board. The Editor-in-Chief and Editorial Board reserve the right to edit submissions for publication.
- If you have any questions about submissions, feel free to talk with the Editor-in-Chief or email her at adecoursey@psr.gtulink.edu.

Thanks. We look forward to hearing from you.

*(Privilege and Self Awareness, continued
from page 1)*

away from all Koreans---well, everyone that I thought was Korean. Then, I realized that I was lumping people together in a generalization. Is that a form of racism?

I have a dream---that all of us who live here at PSR would sit in a circle and go around the circle and tell stories about images of dogs from our childhoods. Were dogs dirty? Scary? Unpredictable? Cuddly? Comforting? Protective? In the barnyard? In the living room? In the local dump? Were dogs something that "other" people had?

And yet, this kind of learning about each other is not just about dogs. In any community, learning stories from each others' pasts---whether it is stories about mental health, food, money, sexual abuse---will help us respect each other and live together better.

Last spring I went to a workshop about the Christian mandate of giving voice to the voiceless. If I look around the PSR quad on the typical afternoon, who are the voiceless? Children? People who are more fluent in other languages than English? I can not help but notice that most of the kids at PSR are in families visiting the U.S. I reflect on the times in my life when I have been a student in other countries. I tried to fit in. I tried to respect

the host culture. It would not have occurred to me to ask for a change in the use of public space.

Therefore, when I find myself here and now in the dominant, host culture, I think that the hospitable way to give voice to the voiceless would be to prioritize children playing on the quad over dogs playing on the quad. Envision a slide or climbing bars and benches for parents. Right now, I don't think the quad is very kid-friendly. Is that how we as a seminary community want it to be? As a dog-owner, I am willing to keep my dog on leash more and take my dog elsewhere to run in order that children and families can play more easily in our community.

During the first week of this semester, my spouse interrupted a class I was in. It was the kind of moment that I had hoped would never happen. She was noticeably upset and said she needed to speak with me. When I heard the news I felt nauseous and struggled to hold back tears. She had just witnessed our cat, Vince, having a violent seizure. I immediately went back into class grabbed my bag and left with her.

Vince was okay, but it took about a month to figure that out through various tests and consultations. During that time, I was met with sincere concern from many people in the PSR community. The immediate week after the seizure, many individuals from the class that had been disrupted asked me what had happened. When I told them about Vince, their concern did not cease because of his feline status. I also told my professor and she replied with understanding and compassion. As other students at PSR found out about Vince, they regularly checked in to see how he was doing. In my quest to find out what was wrong with Vince, I ended up needing to miss a class to take him to a specialist for a spinal tap. Another professor was warm and sympathetic.

To be honest, I was overwhelmed. On the one hand I was overwhelmed with grief and anxiety wondering what was wrong with Vince and hoping that the problem could be fixed. But I was also overwhelmed by the tremendous support I received from the PSR community. My cats, Vince and Belle, are beloved members of my family. And while I am cognizant that there are people who do not understand that, I was and continue to be amazed by the number of people in the PSR community who do. Not one person made me feel like I was wrong for being upset or concerned about Vince. Not one person made me feel like Vince's health should not be a priority.

When I first inquired about PSR, their animal-friendly atmosphere immediately impressed me. The housing policy allowed for animals in most of the buildings, which for me was a necessity. And when I visited PSR for the first time, I was overjoyed by the presence of dogs playing merrily on campus. But my experience this semester pushed my appreciation even further. It showed that not only was this community tolerant of the presence of animals, but it also showed that this community understands the bonds that are possible between humans and animals and that those bonds are significant.

- Peter Smith

Are You Responsible? 13 Tips for Being A Responsible PSR Dog Owner

Dog owners at PSR have a responsibility to the community to make sure their dogs act as good citizens. Here are some important tips for you and your pet:

1. Obedience-train your dog so that you have him/her in check in all situations including: around other dogs, on the quad, in Holbrook, around skateboards, stroller, bikes, scooters, wheelchairs etc. By living in a community such as PSR, our dogs have to display better manners than the average canine in order to ensure that the whole community is comfortable with their presence. Please remember that obedience training any dog is not a one-shot deal - reinforcing a dog's obedience requires a committed owner who's willing to work with their dog daily.

2. Neuter/Spay your Dog to curb territorial aggression, to prevent more (and more and more) unwanted puppies (even if you want puppies, remember that there are thousands of homeless puppies euthanized yearly that you could adopt from shelters/rescues) and to prevent your dog from roaming. All dogs are MUCH nicer to be around when they've been fixed!

3. Keep your dog a Social Butterfly. Socialize him with as many different people as possible - with kids, seniors, disabled folks, and people of all different identities. Just as you ask another person for their consent before giving a hug, you should ask first if someone would like to meet your dog.

4. Socialize your dog with other dogs...at a level that is GOOD for your dog. All play should be supervised to make sure behaviors remain friendly and appropriate and it's important that dogs are separated from each other when they can't be watched. They all benefit from well-structured socialization in an appropriate environment. At PSR, the quad is not the appropriate place for dog socialization, so make plans to go to the dog park or take a walk together. Don't use your PSR housing unit either--allow the dogs to meet on neutral territory.

If your dog has matured beyond his dog-friendly youngster days, being off leash around strange dogs could be asking too much of him. Better to let him mingle with other dogs on leash so he can stay accustomed to their presence in safety. Obedience classes are a great place to give your mature dog important socialization experience.

5. Become a dedicated student of "Dog Body Language" and get to know your dog like the back of your hand in order to anticipate his reactions in different settings and to prevent any problems. Learn about behaviors that indicate a dog is raising the stakes during a play session and be ready to intervene and watch for other triggers that could excite your dog into conflict. Under no circumstances, should PSR quad be your testing ground for play session behavior. It is a people-first space.

6. Respect the Leash Laws! Leash laws are a dog owner's best friend and can make those who are not so comfortable around dogs feel a bit more comfortable if they know there is a human at the end of the leash! "Except in an area specifically set aside and designated by the City Council as a 'dog park' or 'off-leash' area, no owner/guardian or keeper of dog shall allow or permit such dog, whether licensed or unlicensed, to be or run at large in or upon any public place or premises, or in or upon any private place or premises other than those of said owner/guardian or keeper except with the consent of the person in charge of said private place or premises, unless such dog is securely restrained by a substantial leash not to exceed six feet in length and is in charge and control. An obedience-trained dog under effective charge and control within six feet of his master shall be deemed to be on leash" (Berkeley Municipal Code 10.04.090 "Running at large prohibited").

7. Understand that any sign of aggression towards humans is a major red flag and should be dealt with immediately with the help of an experienced trainer or behaviorist. Dogs that show an inability to improve should be safeguarded from the community (in secure housing for example) or in some cases, humanely euthanized.

8. Exercise your dog regularly so s/he can burn off energy. Get to know the amount of exercise your dog requires; strive to meet that daily need. Remember: a tired dog is a well-behaved dog!

9. Understand that many people have had negative experiences with dogs and sincerely are afraid of them. Communicate with dorm mates, floor mates, and those in neighboring apartments - even people you pass on a daily basis--to make sure that everyone feels comfortable with your dog's presence, and if not, what you can do to make them feel comfortable.

10. When out with your dog on the quad or anywhere on campus, pay attention to your surroundings and balance the needs of the PSR community with your dog's needs. This means: pick up after your dog, do not let him/her jump on or annoy others, and avoid off leash dogs that may run up and instigate a fight or undesirable interaction. If you dog is off-leash, do not allow him/her to go up to anyone or any dog (especially those on-leash) without first asking permission of the person or owner.

11. Communicate with other dog owners, those who are members of the PSR community and those who are passing through or hanging out on the quad. Get to know other dog owners in order to trouble-shoot dog issues, arrange play dates,

Reflections from the
"Dog-owners Sharing Circle"
Report submitted by Alex McGee

find pet-sitters, and hold each other accountable for responsible dog-ownership on campus. (It is not the responsibility of non-dog owners to keep us in check!)

12. Research your dog's breed, including the history and original purpose of the breed so you can understand his/her behavior as well as how to explain your dog to others. This can be fun, particularly if you have a mixed breed!

13. Despite all the work, enjoy your dog! Whether your buddy loves a long hike, a fast swim, or just a rip snorin' power nap, enjoy your dog!!

Debbie Goldberg is the proud partner of Megan Dowdell (PSR MA student) and the even prouder owner of Owen, her teenaged Pit Bull mix. In her most recent career, Debbie was the adoption outreach coordinator for Tony La Russa's Animal Rescue Foundation (ARF) in Walnut Creek. Before that, she was a veterinary assistant in Brookline, MA. Besides being an all-around animal enthusiast, Debbie is interested in animal behavior and training. She welcomes your questions, comments and any discussion of responsible pet ownership with dog owners and non-owners alike! She can be reached by e-mail (dgoldberg24@gmail.com) or if you see her out and about on campus!

Recently some of us dog owners decided to initiate a sharing circle to help build understanding among each other. On October 1, nine dog owners (out of approximately twenty) met and shared dog stories and things we've learned since living here at PSR with our dogs. We also talked about the request by the Housing Committee for ideas toward building a dog policy. We didn't try to address cat issues, or non-pet-owner issues at this time, although we are aware those exist. Here are some ideas that I remember from our discussion:

- Berkeley law says that dogs must be on leash or under voice control. It is fine to ask someone to demonstrate that their dog is under voice control.
- Most of us think that people and dogs should not be approached by dogs unless they ask to interact with the dog.
- Ideas for dog training and resources are available from Debbie Goldberg, partner of Megan Dowdell.
- People who are uncomfortable with dogs are invited to initiate conversation with dog-owners about how to understand dog behavior.
- We hope that grievances issued by members of the community can be resolved as quickly as possible.
- On stairways, holding dogs aside on a close leash to let other people pass can help prevent the dogs from tripping people.
- We encourage people to contribute ideas to the Housing Committee for pet policy.
- One idea for a pet policy: "On-leash hours on quad." This would mean that staff and families could count on times that dogs will definitely be on leash. For example, 8 am - 6 pm. Dog playtime could happen respectfully before 8 am or after 6 pm. Again, this is just an idea.
- Letting our non-PSR neighbors know what we expect from them about respecting our quad.
- Distinguishing between two kinds of running: 1) Running after a ball in a focused way that doesn't bother others; 2) Running up to people in a way that makes them nervous.
- In enclosed spaces or crowds, dog-owners can hold the dog still and let other people pass by (this might help relieve nervousness of people who aren't used to being close to dogs)
- Some of us have discovered that taking our dogs to the dog park to get exercise has better outcomes than exercising our dogs on the quad.
- All of us are evolving as dog-owners, and everyone is evolving as a member of the PSR community---no reactions are set in stone.
- Communication is key! Let's ask each other about community norms, let people know what you expect of your dog, and ask other people if you don't understand their dog's behavior.

Sample conversation starters: "What's it like having a dog at PSR?" "How do you feel about dogs?" "What led you to get a dog?" "Does my dog scare you?"

Let's keep the dialogue open!

(Eric Eyes a Protest, from page 1)

and I saw her eyes retreat to tiredness.

"What do you make of all this?" I asked.

She shifted her weight like a fighter.

"Everybody has got the right to serve their country if they want. Look at Pat Tillman (the one time NFL football player who was later killed by friendly fire in Afghanistan). He didn't need to, he wanted to."

We were standing near a group of Code Pinks and a few women holding "Bay Area Women In Black" signs.

"President Bush started a cult. This war in Iraq is unnecessary. There's no reason, unless there's a theological reason." She continued, "WMD? Right! We're getting blown up for nuthin'. This isn't about anything but money and power."

"This scene is pretty crazy, huh?" I said like a comment on the weather (which was really warming up).

"I'm glad this protest is happening. It needs to. Its getting the point across. Look, my sister died. Bush needs to send his kids there. But he won't."

The local conservative radio personality was really getting going on her bullhorn:

"Our soldiers are not traitors!" I wondered who had said they were.

"We honor our troops! Code Pink are the real traitors!" Her crowd loved this and began chanting: "USA! USA! USA!" which is really a chant that should be reserved for Olympic hockey games and Rocky films.

I tried to get a better look at some of the signs held by the Support The Troops camp and I was caught staring at a woman's sign that read: "Code Pink's actions cause our military to bleed" on one side and "Americans cannot defend themselves with pink roses!" on the other.

"Hello," I said.

She looked absolutely frightened. I smiled big to show her I was friendly. But I think I smiled so big and hard I looked like those toddlers who try to smile but end up looking like they're growling. I quickly thought of something to say.

"Come to protests often?"

At that, she pulled her husband over.

"I've never wanted to protest before in my life," she said.

"Me neither," her kind looking husband in a San Francisco 49er's jacket said.

"But when we heard about them [Code Pink] vandalizing the office like that, we had to come."

(I've searched the information superhighway since and I can't find anything that positively links Code Pink with any vandalism. Apparently, someone did put up a mis-

spelled sign that said "Marine Assassination [sic] Office" on their window.)

"Vandalism isn't right. That's not what America is about." He had a gentle way about him and I liked him right off the bat. We started talking and it turned out that the two of them were traveling around the country but lived in Arizona. I told them my parents are from Phoenix and are doing the same thing.

"This is a good country," he said.

"Yeah, my parents say the same thing."

I asked him if he thought that any thing good could come from the day's protests.

"I don't know. They're too extreme. There's no way to have a reasonable talk with them. When we stay at RV parks, we'll all come around the fire at night and talk politics. We'll all disagree over a couple of beers and then do the same thing the next night. I don't think we could do that with these folks here."

I wanted to ask the two of them to take me with them on their cross-country, booze sodden political debates and live on the open road, but I knew I had a paper for Theology of Religions due soon.

I wished them a safe trip back to Arizona and I really hoped they would bump into my parents at some state park and they could tell them their story of a protest where they met a nice young man in Berkeley and my parents would be like: "Our son is a nice young man in Berkeley!" and they'd have a "small world after all" moment.

A "CODE PINK SUPPORTS JIHADISTS!" sign hung in my face like Poe's raven.

A tussle broke out and people started pushing each other between the two groups. Cops jumped into action like over-worked tricycle-riding circus bears. They yelled over the confusion and I suspect that it was only due to the veteran protesters present having had to do this before that they moved at all.

Code Pink and the other protesters were guided across the street from the Marine office and the others who got to stay surged in volume as though this in itself was a battle won in a larger war.

The radio host on her bullhorn yelled, "Why don't you go bug Nancy Pelosi or Hillary Clinton? Huh? Hillary's your gal!"

A chant of "She's your gal" was repeated over and over; their American flags waving in ecstasy.

On the other side of the street, there were looks of befuddlement.

I saw a young woman in an army jacket across the street in the midst of American flags trying to hold up

a sign that said "White Supremacy Must End" and had a cartoon of a grinning idiot and the American, British, and Israeli flags. She was being harassed more and more and to each taunt she responded with choice words and a manic's grin. She was being squeezed out of the crowd, but she would dip down and come squirting up at the front again only to be sucked back again by a human undertow.

She came out from their scrum looking like someone who's just roped her first calf.

"They weren't taking kindly to you, were they?" I asked.

"I love that. The rougher the better." She panted. "Nobody likes this." She pointed to her sign.

"You protest a lot?"

"Huh? What makes you ask that?" She face set into something like Clint Eastwood grimace.

"You had said no one ever likes your sign."

"Who are you?"

"Eric Hanson."

"Show me some I.D."

I pulled out my driver's license.

She peered at it as though I was the kid with a bad fake trying to buy beer at Seven Eleven.

I guess this appeased her and she handed it back to me looking at the photo and said, "I like your hair in this better."

"I'm trying something different."

She told me that the World Bank was behind the Iraq war.

"Did you know that? Huh. Follow the money! Who's winning? Well? The bankers."

I tried to make friends with her and told her I had read a lot of Lyndon LeRouche over the summer.

"Yeah. I know about him. I think he might be CIA." She was a spry and cheerful woman who broke into wide, attractive smiles like punctuation.

"I traveled the world in 2000 and I found that I loved everyone in the world. I have nothing but love for all my brothers and sisters. But I'll tell ya, I had one question- 'why is there all this fighting?'. The World Bank is behind Myanmar - did you know that?"

As we chatted it came out that I am studying theology.

"Why would you do that?"

"I want to be a teacher."

She looked at me like I had just said that Michael Vick and I force pandas and koalas to fight each other.

"So you want to join the establishment! Education? Huh. Why do you think everyone is so ignorant?"

I tried to change the subject and asked her if she

had heard about the vandalism at the office.

"Do you think Code Pink did that?"

"Are you kidding me? Those soccer moms? They wouldn't do anything like that. They're too scared!"

She checked my I.D. again and set out to get back into the mosh pit of Stars and Stripes. She touched my arm and gave me a wink.

Somebody must have been getting bored yelling about war because I heard over a bull horn: "A woman has the right to choose what she does with her body!"

I was sapped. I felt like a tree scheduled to be chopped down without anyone to live in my limbs and save me.

I bought a magazine from a Communist just to participate in ironic capitalism and a ribbon from a woman who wanted to impeach Bush and Cheney. As hard as I looked, I couldn't find anyone selling Pepcid.

I did run into a couple of Berkeley high schoolers named Keefe and James. They had been walking to get Thai food during lunch and like me had heard a gaggle of geese.

"Keefe, what's going on here?" I felt like a grunt asking his Sarge for wisdom.

"A lot of silliness. Each side's become a parody of themselves and the only reason they're here at all is to oppose each other. People need to see there are two sides of any debate. If you asked anyone here to give one good point from the other side, they wouldn't be able to. Its unintelligence. They're both too self righteous to get any good done." We stared at the street for a while.

"Well, we should get back to school."

He didn't hear me whisper goodbye because my stomach was wrenched up tight as an agate. It was getting warmer and I was sweating like Britney in her "I'm a Slave 4 U" video. I headed back down the street, dodged a woman who tried to hand me a "Free Mumia" flyer; and was nearly ran over a pack of Harley-riding guys in leather waving huge Marine Corps flags.

How I felt could not be completely caused by the three mugs of coffee I'd had on an empty stomach, but I couldn't seem to place it. What could have caused how I felt?

I turned the corner and I found one possible explanation posted on a street sign:

"Rabies Alert! A rabid bat was recently found in this neighborhood."

I hoped that I had been surreptitiously bit that morning. Rabies is nasty, but at least it's a problem with a relatively easy solution.

In Memoriam: Doug Adams

Doug Adams
made his students nuts

He made us peanuts
Showing sublime statues
We melted like butter

He made us pecans
Appreciating modern painting
was now as easy as pie

He made us almonds
as we ingested that fragrant
amaretto liquor.

Taking his tour of Dante's Inferno
Let you in on that chestnut experience.

His own nuts in high demand
The macademia of academia

He let his TAs tell us
when we were up a tree

Knowing great creators were a little cracked
helped all of us come out of our shells.

- Jonathan Harvey