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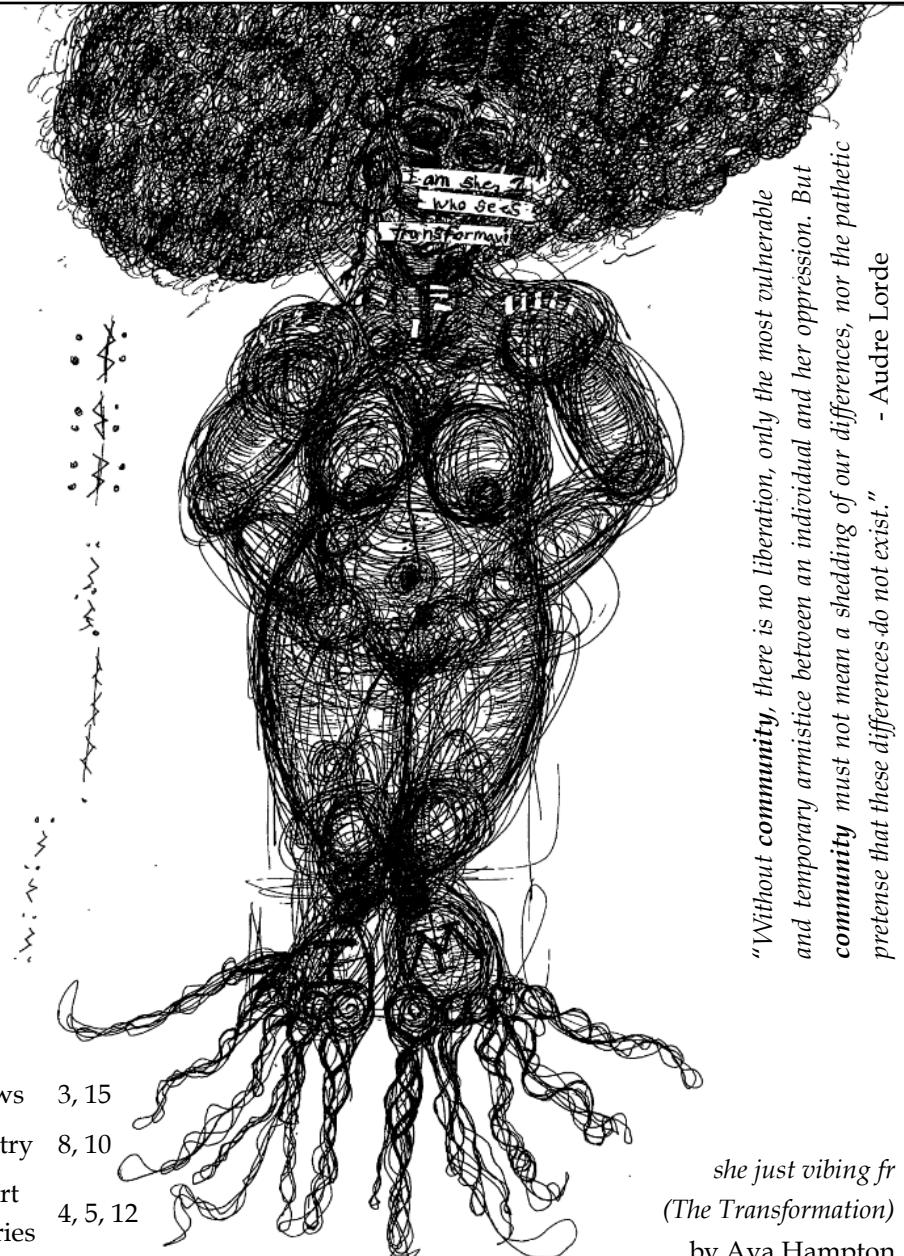
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Sunrise
Doobeebadubba
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Unicorn
Vibes
Pottery
Community
Wanted

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"Without community, there is no liberation, only the most vulnerable and temporary armistice between an individual and her oppression. But community must not mean a shedding of our differences, nor the pathetic pretense that these differences do not exist." - Audre Lorde

Indiscriminate Upcoming Events At CCP Main Campus

2 to 4 pm, Wednesday, November 20

Unique Synergy Club: Workshop "Debunking the Myth of Consistency"
Winnett Building, S2-03

*Hoodies distribution for members

11:30 am, Wednesday, November 20

Annual Thanksgiving Celebrations

Winnet Building, The Great Hall, Room S2-19

"This is a time when the College family comes together to eat some seasonal heart and belly-warming foods, such as roasted turkey, gravy, macaroni & cheese, yams, greens, desserts, and more!

"Everyone will have an opportunity to eat together, and reflect on what they are grateful for with the CCP Lion family as the family-style meal is served by Dr. Generals, CCP President, his cabinet, and the Lion Leaders."

*** Free and open to the students***

5:00pm, Tuesday, November 26

End of Semester Concert for the Hip Hop Ensemble.
Spring Garden Records Recording Studio, M2-08

Presented by CCP's Music Department Students

- Joined by groundbreaking guest Spring Garden Records Artist-in-Residence Christopher Michael Stevens.

- Special participation of Electronic Ensemble

*** Free and open to the students***

For more info please contact Paul Geissinger at pgeissinger@ccp.edu M2-10.

Pottery Sale Brings Art to Life at CCP

M.P. HASSEL & E.L.K. NOSZKA

NOVEMBER 13th—On Wednesday, the Community College of Philadelphia's Art Department held their yearly pottery sale in the Bonnell Lobby from 11:00am to 5:00pm. Students and faculty browsed tables full of brightly painted ceramics both sculptural and functional. A kaleidoscope of bowls, plates, coffee mugs, vases, goblets, and more caught the eye of passersby, showcased talent from student's beginner to advanced.

Maria Jimenez worked at the sale counter. An Art and Design major, with a speciality in Graphic Design, Jimenez said she would "highly recommend those who are interested to take Art 109 Ceramics 1 to explore the art of glazing and wheel throwing."

Ceramics students learn how to form pottery from the pinching method to wheel throwing. Students purchase their own clay and sculpting tools at the beginning of class. At the end of the semester, students can take home their classwork, which generally includes cups, mugs, bowls, dishes, and a vessel for storing food, among other more advanced pieces. Some students donate their work to the Art Department. Along with class demonstrations by instructors, these dona-

tions are collected and sold at the pottery sale every year. The prices range from \$5 -10 for small bowls, cups, and mugs to \$15 - 20 for larger pieces.

"The pottery sale is an awesome experience, it's primarily used to raise money for the art club." Jimenez said, "it was also a very special sale because it included some of Karen Aumanns work, one of the most dear and esteemed professors in the Art Department who passed this year."

Ben Peterson, director of "The Pottery Gym" studio-gallery on N. Randolph St., held pottery-wheel demonstrations for students. Throwing on the wheel demands full attention. While tools like a water bowl, sponge, wooden knife, wire tool, and others are close at hand, your hands remain the primary instruments, hydrating and guiding the clay into shape. Beginners often find the process humbling, as the spinning wheel requires steady hands to maintain control while the clay rotates. Over time, practice develops muscle memory, making the clay's responsiveness feel more intuitive. Eventually, throwing on the wheel becomes a meditative escape from distractions, allowing you to be fully present in the

moment.

Professor Roberta Massuch, an accomplished potter, participated in the sale run by the Art Department. Massuch manages the kilns and glazes for the Art Department. When a student forms their clay into a beautiful little cup, the cup gets fired in the kiln. By the next class, that cup will be clay bisque, akin to terracotta. Once fired, the cup is then painted with an assortment of glazes, mixed specially by Massuch herself, then fired once more for a final product.

Ceramics 1, also called ART109, is available to all students seeking elective credits or a creative outlet. Either

way, after attending the pottery sale, we at *The Independent* can confirm you will meet more than a few talented ceramicists amongst your classmates.

"It is something that happens every November," Massuch tells *The Independent*. "Mark it in your calendars."

HAVE SOMETHING YOU'D LIKE TO SHARE?

Write a letter to the editor:
mhassel1@student.ccp.edu



Amore Mio by Paulina Reyes

I sit in silence as the music plays and I reminisce on my life before I got here. I have reached a moment of peace. I have found a home. For the longest time I prayed to the Universe to notice my gentle yearning and send me something soft and unbroken. Something real I could hold onto, something I could make entirely all my own. In this house I live in, it always burns palo santo incense and my sister's grown sage. The jasmine perfume stains my clothes, my cat's fur and my dark hair leaving my essence in the air for it to linger once I am gone. Music fills the air, morning and night are the same to me. The days I spent. I have made these 400 square feet mine. I stay here alone and write till my hand aches and my head hurts. I cook till the smoke fills up the four walls. My cats jump sporadically attempting to fly. I miss my father, his green eyes,

his mean temper, and his ability to get up time after time. His loud laugh and his terrible singing. I think of the time he sang me old love boleros, the ones from old Mexican cinema and or the one your grandma played sitting peacefully knitting and knitting you a warm sweater. I think of everything that has fallen apart, everything I have had to leave behind and put back together. I have stretched in my skin, I have burned, raped, cut, and fallen apart. I have left myself half empty, barely full without a drop of light in my eyes. Yet I have persisted because it is only selfish not to. I do not want all the attention on me, I want to be seen and appreciated in glimpses of my life I have been full and alive. Being held by lovers or caressed by my best friends. In my home, it will be safe to come as you are, whatever level of fullness and know you will always be safe here. On the corner of my room sits my poetry and altar. Scattered with prayers and offerings of whiskey, oranges, pomegranates, and perfume. A broken angel sits on top with a pink virgin Mary candle always perfumed with roses and ash. Old photos of loved ones and love letters I never sent him scattered about in the room. Stupid confessions of loyalty and a hopeful future all bleed through the ink with my tears, nothing no one will ever see. A note of an endearing passion that be sealed in a box to suffer silently in desire and want. My hands bleed and ache, bruised and hidden so you do not see how pained I am. In my home, I'll make you your favorite meal, the one your mom made you in childhood and I'll complete it with just enough touch of my own love, something in you and me will finally feel complete. Like I have known you forever and you have known me and no matter however time apart you still return to a cup of oolong tea, black coffee and your favorite kind of blueberry muffin and sweet bread. I follow my routine like it's my last saving grace. You are like hot melting gold that flushes my soul and holds me still. I wake up in the morning and kiss you sweetly, hold you tight as we are wrapped in cotton sheets and heat. We get up when we want to, smoke all the weed we want, and eat till our stomachs feel full. I'll invite our friends over to spend our nights singing together, the music entrances us to dance to be together in community. For the first time in my life, I know I have everything I need and need not more. That is the home that I built. It's complete with hens and roosters, orange blossoms, a mango tree, and the gardenias outside the windowsill that blossom in the springtime. And every night You will accompany me, as I read You my old poetry, make Your cup of coffee and You help me do my goddamn taxes.

Horoscopes

AMBER GRIS

Aries (March 21 – April 19)

Darling Aries, the world is your canvas this week. A bold idea or daring escapade calls your name—answer with abandon. Whisper your dreams to the stars and let heartfelt conversations weave new magic into your life. Joy awaits in the unexpected.

Taurus (April 20 – May 20)

Cher Taurus, change can be daunting, but it is your gentle companion now. Trust your heart to guide you toward love or success, choose wisely Taurus. *Vouloir, c'est pouvoir.* Step forward with poise and claim it, for you are worth the moon and more.

Gemini (May 21 – June 20)

Sweet Gemini, your mind dances this week, eager for depth and connection. Speak boldly; your words have the power to rouse brilliant possibilities. Seek kindred spirits who dream as vividly as you—together, you can shape something extraordinary.

Cancer (June 21 – July 22)

Tender Cancer, let this week be your cocoon of healing. Embrace vulnerability; it is your superpower, deepening the love you give and the peace you deserve. Wrap yourself in tender care, both body and soul, and let the world wait just a little longer.

Leo (July 23 – August 22)

My radiant Leo, the spotlight beckons, and your passions demand centerstage. Life's little surprises are tailor-made for your zestful spirit. *C'est la joie de vivre!* Bask in your glow – the world is smitten and utterly charmed.

Virgo (August 23 – Sept. 22)

Dearest Virgo, it's time to tidy the corners of your beautiful life. With grace, release what no longer serves your spirit. Cling to what brings joy to your heart. Your cherished circle remains both your refuge and your compass.

Libra (Sept. 23 – Oct. 22)

Ah, Libra, this week your key to enchantment is curiosity. Explore, connect, and let the richness of life fill your cup. Whether in love, study, or stargazing, joy awaits when you follow your heart's quiet urgings.

Scorpio (Oct. 23 – Nov. 21)

Scorpio enchanteur, your depths are illuminated this week. Dive fearlessly into your emotions, love. There, you will uncover treasures of truth and tenderness. Honesty in love and life will transform you into something even more beautiful than before.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 – Dec. 21)

Bold Sagittarius, it is your season of adventure! Seek out connections that challenge and inspire you. The spark of creativity may light your way toward thrilling new pursuits. Embrace your boundless spirit— your gift to the world.

May the stars guide your steps

and your heart find its rhythm. Remember,
every twist and turn is part of your journey.

From my pen to your soul, *toujours à vous*— Amber Gris

Capricorn (Dec. 22 – Jan. 19)

Dear Capricorn, as the heavy clouds of Pluto drift away, you find your skies clearer and brighter. Use this clarity to recalibrate your path. Treat yourself with care and tenderness—you've earned this quiet moment of renewal.

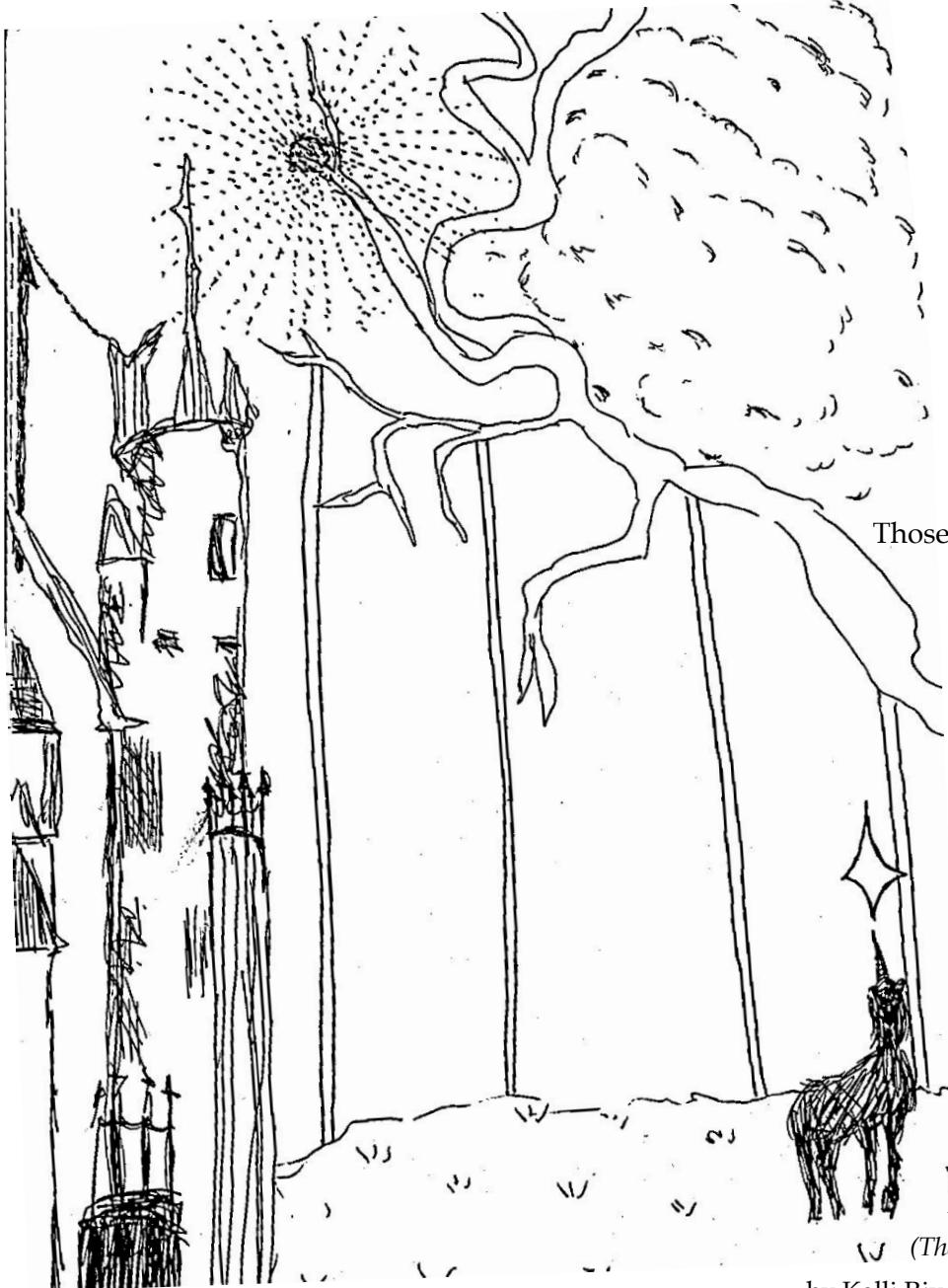
Aquarius (Jan. 20 – Feb. 18)

Oh, Aquarius, a metamorphosis begins, and you emerge more dazzling than ever. Trust in the magic of change—it adores you and whispers of potential beyond your wildest dreams. Your intuition is your compass; follow it to the stars.

Pisces (Feb. 19 – March 20)

Gentle Pisces, the tides of your soul are shifting, drawing you toward tranquility. Dreams and reflection offer clarity; trust their wisdom. Release old hurts and embrace the beauty waiting in your heart's horizon. Peace is your sweetest companion now.

Poetry



Unicorn Forest Castle on
Planet Doobeebadubbababububa
(The Moon Is Currently In Taurus)
by Kalli Rivera

Clouded

Some ashen mist floats in through my mouth
And into my lungs they go.
Fill up my cavities,
Take away gravity,
Leave me where reap does not sow.

Silky soft smoke leaves out of the chamber
And into my mouth they go.
Let me do tricks with you,
Do what I will with you.
Leave me where reap does not sow.

Those clouded vapors drive up through my nose
And into my brain they go.
Grind up my cognizance,
Drown out my consciousness,
Leave me where reap does not sow;
To wherever ache does not flow.

Ava Hampton

Sunrise

In thicket, I stumble
Battle prickled branches,
Bleed on the overbrush.

The sun's warmth, immortalized
in your touch
our collision, cosmic

Overhead, your rays cut
Through treachery,
thorns bleed me
in my pursuit,

Stumbling through thicket,
battling prickled branches
I claw through the brambles
and collapse onto you.

Allison Miller

For the love of your light

I would live on the moon, except I think I'd miss the moonlight,
The way you pull my oceans into restless tides,
How you soften my edges with your moonlit touch,
I would miss the way the light bends across distance
To reach me, span me, light me

I would be the earth beneath your light,
The one who turns to meet you, spinning just to catch a glimpse
The one who knows your glow but can never grasp it
The one who knows you must stay far to remain what you are

You are not mine-how could you be?
You belong to the endless palettes of pink skies blurred into golden
dusks
To the waves that reach for you only to fall back on themselves
To the shadows born from your presence,

To love you is to understand the beauty of distance,
To stand still while you pull me closer
To surrender the dream of holding you close
For the mercy of fleeting moments
Knowing that to claim it is to break it

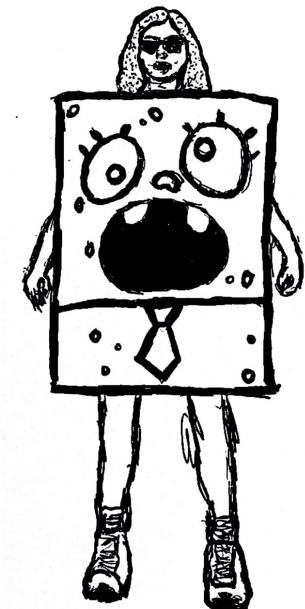
I borrow your light just to feel near you,
And though you're cold, distant, and even cruel
You warm my earth with the glow you share to me
Adrift in this empty solar sea,
You pull me home— my gravity

How could I leave you,
When is every part of me shaped by your touch?
Tilt the axis scatter the stars
And still I am tethered to you

I'd rather stay here,
Turning always to find you,
Content to watch you drift just far enough
That I can never truly reach you,
But close enough to live in the shadows your light creates,

You are my moon,
My constant companion,
My endless muse.
And though I'll never touch you,
you light my whole sky.

Ashton Arellano



Mehoy Minoy

by Jaritsa Hernandez-Orsini

Ordinary Woman by Allison Miller

a hairbrush muddled with dust, oil, resting beside a myriad of products; oils, creams, gels, mousse, hairspray. 'hair is everything', someone probably says somewhere, addressing a primarily woman audience. a tedious and thorough routine of soaking, oiling, sectioning, raking, detangling, brushing, combing, brushing, combing. she recalls conversations with her ex partners about how they can't remember if shampoo or conditioner comes first. now that she's got a moment to gather her thoughts, she notices her current partner has never showered as long as she has combed her hair. he may never. she wonders often, about men, how little she knows about them- and, possibly even other women- in her time spent maintaining herself. between the soaking, the combing, but most of all; the thinking, time has escaped her; the sun has long descended into the depths of night. through this day lost to her efforts, she believes she's one step closer to it. closer to what? she wonders, rinsing her hands of those various hair products — to what end?

she rises from sleep, knowing no rest. peering over her bare shoulder, as if under supervision, she watches the early rays of winter sunlight fight their way through her blinds: 'i've got to wake up earlier...' she tells herself. the demands of life, labor, her people; all keep her up late into the night, and require her in the early morning. rushing towards readiness began with her usual morning gaze out the window, greeting the rest of the world with her bare breasts and navel. 'there's never enough time to take it all in', she feels, fogging up the glass with some disapproving exhale. she closes the shutters in the name of keeping in the warmth, with little regard for the opinions of her neighbors. *who cares who sees?* has always been her philosophy, dreaming of some uncertain future where she is most acknowledged for who she is.

to reduce some of the stress each new day brings her, she has greatly simplified her approach to getting dressed. even with so many choices, she typically defaults to the staple articles she's decided she looks best in: flared pants, heeled boots, long-sleeved tops. *the heel helps pull everything together*, she tells herself, diminishing some persisting guilt on not braving a more feminine, less casual dress. she deeply admires women who feel empowered by adorning the frilly skirt or crop-top, but her fear of deviating from her familiar styles leaves her; and those that observe her, wondering what it is that she's *really* afraid of.

leaving the house has many rules, and these rules create lots of noise. it seems all women know them, but she can't recall being taught. these things are learned over time, written in blood, enforced by the continuing tragedies of the women killed for their ignorance. the first few minutes of a woman's walk outdoors are the loudest. somewhat profoundly, this noise is scattered with tenacious reminders to maintain her beauty:

Look straight ahead. are you wearing chapstick? Know where you're going, Look as if you're certain, and Have a backup plan. you brought the lip oil that you need to reapply every 15 minutes. Wear your headphones; the music should drown out the strange men's advances. i wonder if any girls will compliment my outfit today, but i also wonder if its too out of this season's trends. Don't play your music too loud, or you won't hear them when they threaten you. I should see if any new songs came out from my favorite artist. Be Pleasant towards the neighbors that know you; rumors spread quickly. did i remember to bring my perfume oil with me today? Surely, you didn't leave your mace at home this time? surely, i didn't ,leave my change of shoes in my other bag, for when these boots blister my feet. Make sure the security guards don't see, you can't afford to have no way to defend yourself.

the low hum of this sort of noise is incessant, controlling her every thought and action. she cannot separate what she has learned about what it means to perform womanhood, and what she has learned about surviving a man's world. she knows she will never be able to. she has become her routines, efforts, and practices to minimize the workload of womanhood, practicing them daily, multiple times per day, fulfilling her role. she wonders, each day, pursuing womanhood tirelessly as if it's her full-time job, 'am i doing a good job?' she asks, her every word laced with self-doubt. who, or what will assure her?

who wins that competition, 'best at womanhood'? would it be the models, with their beauty? mothers, for their strength? young women, with their bravery? old women, with their resilience?

the ordinary woman, who greets her open bedroom window with discontent, longing for a restful night's sleep, dreaming often of a less stressful, lonely tomorrow.

the ordinary woman rises in unrest, braving the man's world; a bare breasted dreamer.

Confession in NA by Nea H

"Hello. My name is Nea, and I'm an addict."

"Hello Nea," they said in unison.

"So, I used to drink and get high to feel better because I felt like shit because I felt like I ruined my life – which I hadn't had much faith in regardless – and that I would never be anything more than what I was, and I've been doing the same this year too.

"I'd get down and pitiful because I'd be neglecting my responsibilities with work and class and shit because I didn't want to do it because I'd get frustrated because I wouldn't understand the material because I wasn't in class to learn it because I didn't want to get out of bed because I didn't want to experience this again; living another day as someone who wasn't where she thought she would be in life and who blames and criticizes and supervises herself constantly, someone who is exhausted all the time but also so fucking insatiably restless – probably because there's a fucking war inside me and I've been trying to ignore it. But it's ripping me apart.

"I don't even like the feeling of being high anymore, or drunk. Don't get me wrong - it feels great, but it's not enough. An illusion of serenity is not really what I need right now, I think. When I'm drinking or smoking or whatever, the consequence of feeling good isn't the work I put in to feel that way – you know - usually some kind of hard work or physical labor. The consequence of feeling good now is the hangover I get and the brain fog and the need to feel good again and again and the fear that without it, all the pleasure in my life will be gone in perpetuity. Now my consequence is all other methods of joy becoming secondary, and I don't like the person I become when that happens. I don't want that anymore.

"So... now I'm here. I'm at the start of this journey for the millionth fucking time. Let's hope the millionth time is the charm."

The room was still.

"Thank you for sharing." the instructor said, permeating the silence.

"Okay, who's next?"

College Gives Raises to Administrators

A.C. WARD

The College approved a 5% raise that allows their non-union employees like College Administrators, Grant Administrators, and Confidential staff, retroactive to September 1, 2024. The approved raise for non-union employees is an attempt to pressure the union into accepting a less ambitious contract, according to sources familiar with the matter.

Amid festering negotiations between the administration and the union at CCP which represents Full-Time Faculty, Part-Time Faculty, and Classified Staff, preemptively granting raises to non-union employees embodies the unwillingness of the administration to meet the union's demands. Traditionally, non-union administrators and staff receive the same raises as union workers after contracts are finalized.

The union is demanding an 11% raise in the first year of a four-year contract to account for inflation and the rising cost of living. Then in the second year a 9% raise, a 7% in the third, and 5% in the final year.

The counter proposal from the administration has more conservative raises: 5% in the first year of a three-

year contract, followed by 4% in both subsequent years.

Many faculty and staff of CCP claim the union bargaining team conceded too much during the last contract negotiations in 2019. Facing mounting pressure to reach a settlement, the union settled for increased semesterly classloads for teachers with underwhelming increases in salaries.

This year, according to the union bargaining updates, the College's table team suggests sweeping changes to job security and academic freedom, such as firing faculty in their first two years without cause, giving Deans power to terminate "at whim," adding vague duties on top of teachers' classloads, and making evaluations increasingly bureaucratic. These proposals come with no evidence of improving outcomes for students.

Whether the administration's strategy of giving raises to non-union employees will succeed in curbing the union's demands or provoke further pushback remains to be seen.