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XL



PHOENIX

MMXX



Clark College, Vancouver, Washington

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# About Phoenix



*Phoenix* is published annually by the Associated Students of Clark College in collaboration with the Art and English departments. All contributors, editors, and volunteers are members of the Clark College community. Anyone who is a student, alumni, or faculty/staff member in the year of publication is eligible to submit work for possible inclusion. Submissions are chosen through a blind process by a selection committee composed of students, faculty and *Phoenix* staff. *Phoenix* is a non-profit publication paid for through student activity fees for the sole benefit of Clark students. It is distributed on campus free of charge. It is not available for purchase.

## How to Submit

We are seeking thought-provoking poems, works of fiction and creative non-fiction, original music, and visual art by Clark students, staff, faculty and alumni that resonate with us as readers, writers, listeners and viewers. Submissions are accepted year-round through the online submission system, Submittable. Submit online at: [clarkphoenix.com](http://clarkphoenix.com).

Send inquiries to:

Associated Students of Clark College  
1933 Fort Vancouver Way, Vancouver, WA 98663  
email: [phoenix@clark.edu](mailto:phoenix@clark.edu) | web: [www.clarkphoenix.com](http://www.clarkphoenix.com)

Literary Advisor: Prof. Elizabeth Donley, Art Advisor: Prof. Kathrena Halsinger

## Production Notes

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## Land Acknowledgement

We want to acknowledge that we gather as Clark College on the traditional land of the People's of the Lower Columbia past and present, an inclusive term that recognizes those smaller nations that have been absorbed and all tribes that have occupied these lands since time immemorial and the land that was stolen from them. We honor with gratitude the land itself, and the people who have stewarded it throughout the generations. While a land acknowledgement is not enough, it is an important social justice and decolonial practice that promotes indigenous visibility and a reminder that we are on settled indigenous land. Let this land acknowledgement be an opening for us to contemplate a way to join in decolonial and indigenous movements for sovereignty and self-determination.

—With acknowledgement of contributions from Elders of the Cowlitz and Nikki Peters, Co-Advisor to the Indigenous American Students of Clark College.



### Editor in Quarantine

The days are counting down  
From months of work  
January  
February  
March

Pages still left to be formatted  
In these days of global panic  
TP is down  
Anxiety is up

Only a week into quarantine  
And I reflect on the timeline of events  
That led to now  
And may come hereafter  
As a ginger haired man tells me  
From a century away  
To survive is to vote

In moments like these  
These words  
These images  
This book  
All feel  
Timeless



# The Last 100 Years



# The Next 100 Years





# Literary Works

## INTERVIEW

Jazz It Up: An Interview with Jazz Musician  
Sammuel Murry-Hawkins, by Kenedy Williams, pg 86  
*The timeless evolution of jazz.*

## POETRY

Bridges, Joymae Capps, pg 29  
*A bridge to nowhere.*

Delayed Acceptance, Macy Wienecke, pg 53  
*Another day at the office.*

To My Apple, Joel Moon, pg 56  
*The Garden of Eden was made for you and me.*

Play Clothes in Summer, Diane Irby, pg 64  
*You wore out my love.*

Happy People, Ashlee Nelson, pg 96  
*Happy people don't look like us.*

Garden Observer, Mattie Whitters, pg 109  
*Motionless in an ever-moving world.*

Late, Artemis Asbury, pg 118  
*Snooze button overuse.*

Prosaic, Joymae Capps, pg 128  
*The deglamorization of romanticization.*

## RANDOM THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW CENTURY

A Timeline, pg 4  
*Connecting our past, present and future.*

Tips & Tricks, Harold H. Herald, pg 143  
*Twenty things you should know from a time traveler.*

Vote, pg 144  
*The general election is around the corner.*

## FICTION

The Medicine Witch, Lynn McIlvain, pg 17  
*No amount of blood spilled will satiate the villagers.*

No Man's Land, Ashlee Nelson, pg 25  
*Washers, dryers, and a dead celebrity.*

Undercard, Amber Leckie, pg 49  
*It takes a boxing ring to raise a family.*

Deception, Calley Mihaiuc, pg 59  
*Truth hides within red string, coffee, and last night's events.*

Sunshine Yellow 610, Jenna Porter, pg 81  
*Happiness is a gallon of paint away.*

Metamorphosis, Joymae Capps, pg 121  
*Set me on fire, Daddy.*

## CREATIVE NONFICTION

The Appearance of Freedom, Jessica Hager, pg 113  
*Please don't take me home, country roads.*

# Visual & Performing Arts

## PHOTOGRAPHY

Storm, Deborah Corzine, pg 14

Illusive Horizon, David Bradley, pg 15

Couch & Grand, Kyle Pettyjohn, pg 22

Beyond the Pale of Sky, Dariya Sykalo, pg 23

Global Climate Strike, Emily Hancock, pg 30

Mistakes, Elle Lowe, pg 34

Blue and Broken, Christine Chandler, pg 35

Death In the Family, Garrett Mann, pg 36

Warm, Tyler Heniken, pg 44

I Guess That's Why They Call It the Blues, Diane Irby, pg 65

Inner Exploration, Dan Polacek, pg 78

Concrete Skies, Angela Mashinski, pg 79

Delaney's Eyes, Grace McNeill, pg 92

Portrait Studies, Bryce Van Patten, pg 94

Undaunted, Jessica Joner, pg 95

Red Light District, Autumn Winston, pg 98

Gene, Ian Beckett, pg 99

Into My Lens, Nico Strappazon, pg 100

Deep into the Woods, Elle Lowe, pg 101

Llama, Miranda Embrey, pg 102

Clearing, Seumas Dömhnaí Ross, pg 127

Painted Personality, Angelica Grebyonkin, pg 132

## DRAWING/WORKS ON PAPER

Letting Go, Jessica Joner, pg 8

la mort romantique no. 005, Diane Irby, pg 9

Inktober #2: Mindless, Isaac Carranza, pg 27

The Golden Gate, Dwight Worrell, pg 28

Heavy Heart, Aleksandra Hanchett, pg 32

Make a Difference, Gwendolyn Kangas, pg 33

Around the Corner, Jennie Westfall, pg 37

Space Cadet, Gavin Caldwell, pg 43

Created to Create, Jessica Joner, pg 47

Noise (That Ringing In My Ear), Cristal Hernandez-Patiño, pg 52

Bubble Blower, Tatum Eversole, pg 58

The Three Evils, Angelia Rossberg, pg 69

Me and My Badside, Tsk, Tsk, Mr Hyde Nathaniel Zoret-Russell, pg 70

Self-Portrait of My Evil Twin, Nathaniel Zoret-Russell, pg 71

Daze, Holly Singletary, pg 75

Bones, Annika McCarty, pg 76

Watermelon, Emily O'Neal, pg 77

Sutro Bathhouse 1922, Larissa Baldwin-Dillon, pg 93

Reclining Nude in Chalks, Bryce Van Patten, pg 104

All Work and No Play Will Kill You Someday, Nathaniel Zoret-Russell, pg 105

Seasonal, Patrick Foley, pg 108

Wildflower, Ann Hanlin, pg 117

Graphite Rendition of "Que Me Veux-tu," Joymae Capps, pg 120

Dead Ocean in a Plastic Cup, Miranda Embrey, pg 130

Maui Cool Down, Marilyn Hughes-Reed, pg 131

## CERAMICS

Loneliness, Erick Martinez, pg 16

Frozen Drip and Subtle Moss, Brighton Blair, pg 42

Escape, Emily Stivers, pg 45

Hopelessness and Guilt, Erick Martinez, pg 54-55

As I Am, Natalie Chisholm, pg 68

Generations, Claudia Carter, pg 73

Cityscape, Brenda Pereboom, pg 103

Grace, Jodi Evans, pg 106

## PAINTING

At First Glance, Melanie Cowden, pg 10

Overthinking, Taelor Adderly, pg 11

Drip Painting, Catarina Salazar, pg 13

Modoc, Gavin Caldwell, pg 38

A Stump in the Olympic Forest, Eli Campbell, pg 39

Falling, Ann Hanlin, pg 40

Corner Space and Simple Pleasures, Jessica Joner, pg 46

Caribbean, Autumn Winston, pg 66

Take Flight and Snowy Egret, Jana Pilcher-Weyant, pg 67

Ubuntu Sangoma, Larissa Baldwin-Dillon, pg 72

A Great Day for the Good Guys, Dwight Worrell, pg 74

Olly, Jordain Harrop, pg 97

Reflections, Lea Cherico, pg 110

Pamelekh Shofar, Ben Killen Rosenberg, pg 111

The Marsh, Jennie Westfall, pg 112

## DIGITAL MEDIA

Low Poly Self-Portrait, Ashley Conjugacion, pg 12

Urban Form I, Jonno Heyne, pg 24

Thread, Ashlee Nelson, pg 48

Head in Pyroclast, Tyler Reyes, pg 80

The Man in the Mirror, Stephen Hayes, pg 107

Dream of Jeans, Justin Stachowiak, pg 129

Maxwell, Joymae Capps, pg 133

## MUSIC, ANIMATION, VIDEO

Scaredy Cat, Miranda Embrey, pg 134

No Thoughts, Head Empty, Joymae Capps, pg 134

Universal Luxury, Kelsi Waible, pg 134

Dreams, Robert Coombs Jr., pg 135

The Auditory Sanctuary, Ezekiel Mitchell-Hopmeier, pg 135

Maroon, Garrett Mann, pg 135

The Time Is Now, Emily O'Neal, pg 135

Abide, Andrew Thompson, pg 135





*Letting Go*  
Jessica Joner | Chalk Pastel on Paper

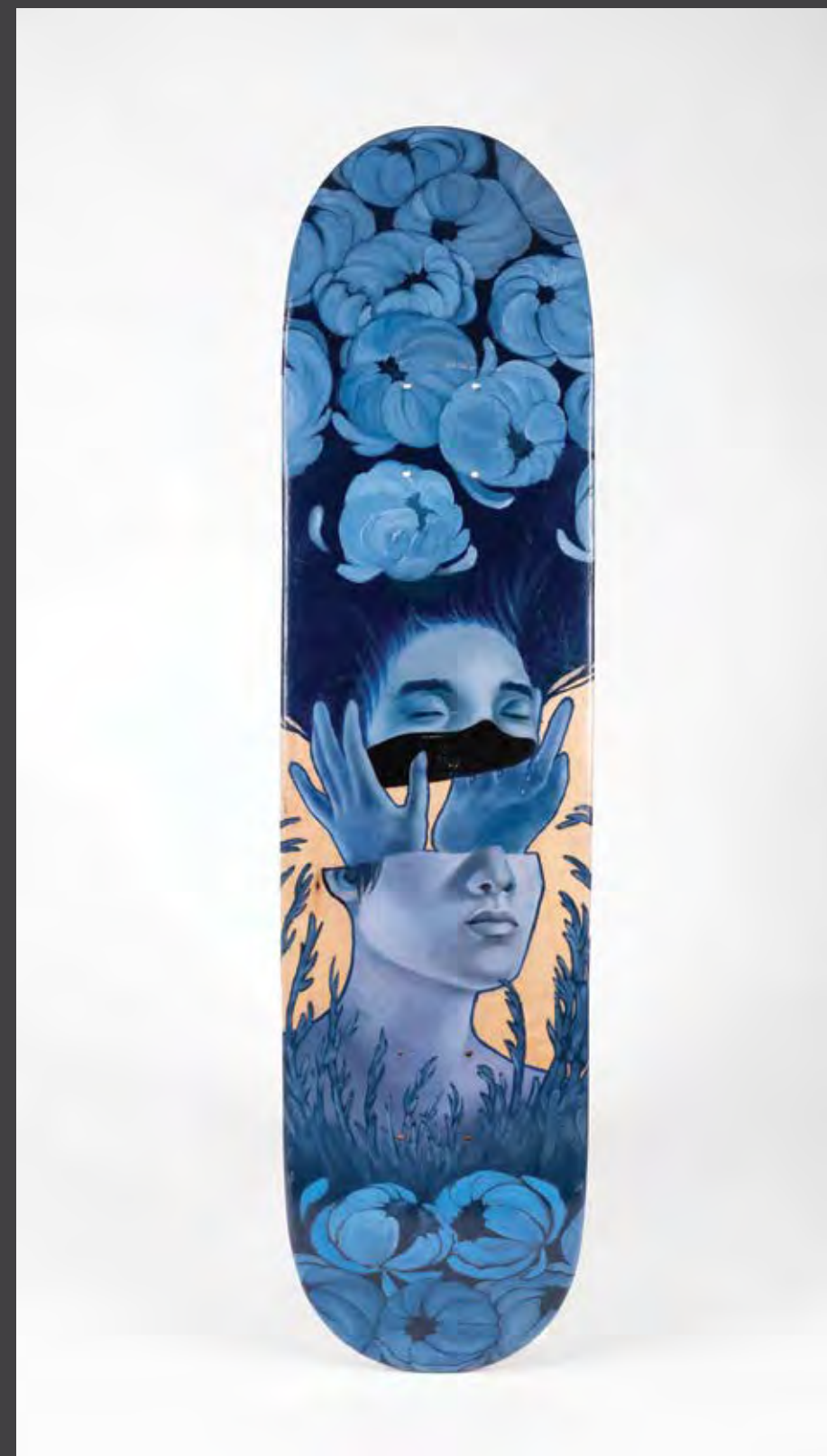


*la mort romantique no. 005*  
Diane Irby | Mixed Media Collage





*At First Glance*  
Melanie Cowden | Acrylic on Canvas



*Overthinking*  
Taelor Adderly | Oils on Wooden Skateboard





*Low Poly Self-Portrait*  
Ashley Conjugacion | Vector Illustration



*Drip Painting*  
Catarina Salazar | Acrylic on Canvas





*Storm*

Deborah Corzine | Digital Photography



*Illusive Horizon*

David Bradley | Digital Photography





*Loneliness, from the HUMAN series*  
Erick Martinez | Ceramic Mixed Media

# The Medicine Witch

## Lynn McIlvain

Hidden in the grove on the edge of the village sat a cottage that was half overgrown with vines. Inside lived a woman named Susanna, and laying on the dusty kitchen floorboards, that woman gave birth to a babe. That babe was Delphi. She came into the world kicking and screaming and surrounded by hot blood—so much blood that if God had loved her less, Susanna would have bled out on the floor with the dust and the ants.

Outside the cottage and downstream lay a still pool, rocks covered with green moss. When Delphi's screaming became too much, her mother carried her down the stream to the pool and held her above it to dip her toes in. Finally, the cool water on her feet calmed her, and her mother brought her back to her breast to nurse and be soothed.

Even many years later, Delphi didn't forget the chill of the spring as the water flowed over her feet. First, the feet of a child, then of a woman.

It was a good final memory.



"They come to me for bothers like your scraped knee there," Susanna explained, Delphi perched on her knee and staring raptly with eyes that unnerved the villagers. They were too wide, too blue, too intelligent for such a little girl.

Her mother's toes dipped in and out of the pool, making little splashes and ripples. Delphi's own legs were still too short to reach down into the water from their sitting rock. One day, she would grow tall and lean, but not yet. The feeder stream babbled in the distance, a conversation too far away to understand.

"Like the time Tommy called me a hag," Delphi said after a moment, "and you gave me the happy bread. You do that for them, too?"

Susanna smiled down at her. "Yes, little cat," she said. "And more. I help them fix all kinds of bothers."

Until her twelfth winter, that was as much as Delphi knew. As a child, she stopped on the forest paths to move fallen baby birds out of the range of stepping feet and was the first to bandage cut fingers and scraped knees of the younger children at school.

Once when she was old enough not quite to be a child and still too young to be an adult, she opened the door of the cottage to find a wild-haired, tear-stained woman standing on the threshold. Delphi's chest ached for her, and something behind her ribcage knew.

She wrapped her thin arms around the woman's waist. "I'm sorry about your husband," she whispered, her voice muffled in the woman's belly. "He's with God now. That's what my mama says."



Sobbing, the woman clung to her. Delphi's mother didn't interfere.

Later, however, Susanna led them both to the grove with the babbling spring's pool. She dipped her deer-bone comb into the water and brushed out the hair of the still-crying wife. Her sobs calmed with each stroke of the comb through her water-dark hair. Finally, she was quiet, and Susanna set aside the comb and stood.

Growing out of the mud at the edge of the pool, a flower swayed in the faint breeze. The petals quivered as Susanna plucked it and placed it on the tongue of the wife.

Delphi watched her pale mouth chew the flower, old tears staining the woman's cheeks. Her eyes closed as if heavy with sedation, and Susanna's lips spread in the ghost of a smile. With each lift of the wife's jaw, Delphi felt some of the pain in her own chest ease, as if draining away. When the woman left, her eyes were dry, and she hugged Delphi's mother like she never wanted to let go.

"You helped that lady," Delphi said, laying beside her that night. "How? Just with the flower?"

Her mother rolled towards her, and her eyes shone in the moonlight through the window. "We're the witches," she said softly. "The flower is a tool, but I'm the hand. I told you that I helped them with their bothers; that's how." She reached out and smoothed a strand of hair off Delphi's forehead. "You will, too, one day, little cat. When I'm with God."

Susanna never said *dead*. She always said, *with God*.

"Does that mean you can bring Papa back?" she asked. "Could I bring Papa back?" The thought excited her.

Solemnly, her mother shook her head. "I can only treat the pain left behind."

She hadn't realized how much she had wanted it to be true until disappointment hit her in the chest. "But you said you fix *all* sorts of bothers."

"I fix lots of kinds. Just not that one. I think it's the one thing witches can't fix. Only God can do that, and you've seen how often he does."

They lay in silence as the moon rose higher into the sky outside their window. Finally, awed, Delphi said, "Witches."

Her mother laughed. "Witches. But it's best to say *medicine women* around the village. Witch is a word that makes some people just a little skittish."

"Why?"

At that Susanna paused. Then she said, "Well, I suppose because it makes them feel as if we're different, and you'll see as you grow older that sometimes people are afraid of things that are different from themselves."

Less than two winters later, Delphi's mother died

silently in her bed. Delphi was preparing for her fifteenth winter. She first bled the summer previous and was at a time in her life that a girl needs her mother. Unfortunately, God and Death had other plans.

She dug the deep grave alone. Already, the winter chill hardened the ground, making digging difficult and exhausting. With dirty knees and palms, she rolled her mother—wrapped in a threadbare blanket—into the hole, then climbed in beside her.

For three nights and three days, Delphi laid in the grave, shoulder to shoulder with the corpse of her mother. She did not eat. She did not drink. Sometimes, she slept, though it was always without dreams and without meaning to.

At the end of the third day, as the sky darkened and the moon rose, a man came and stood above the hole. His eyes were swollen, his fingers stiff when he tucked them into the pockets of his trousers. He moved gingerly, as though it hurt him. Staring down at her and the corpse, he said, "I was told that the wise woman lives here."

For a moment, Delphi only stared at him, bewildered by his presence. Then she stood and brushed the dirt from her skirts before climbing from the grave.

"She does," Delphi said.

He told her what was wrong and Delphi led the man to the small pool. She stripped him naked, wordlessly, and bathed him by hand in the spring. The ends of her long hair grew wet, her skirts and bodice sodden. She herself hadn't bothered to disrobe.

Without the town, she would have faded away like a spectre, forgotten in a lonely grove at the edge of the forest.

The man took a strand of her damp hair between his fingertips. "You're young to be a wise woman," he told her.

"Young to be an orphan," she replied, washing the soft skin of his ankles.

He said nothing else.

When she led him from the water, she chewed one of her mother's quivering flowers. She destroyed the blossom slowly between her teeth, savoring the splitting of the delicate petals, the spilling of its sweet juices. Without swallowing, she took the man's face in her slender hands and pressed her flower-stained mouth to his. He kissed her back slowly as he accepted the crushed flower into his own mouth. He swallowed and pulled back.

"Is it done?" he asked.

Delphi nodded and turned away. "It's done," she said. "If the muscle pain returns, come back and drink from the spring. But that shouldn't be necessary."

It wasn't.

Her mother's reputation and the voice of the stiff man put credence to her name. Clients came in and out of the grove, a constantly-rotating cast. Of course, there were many regulars, as it was a small town, occupied only by peasants and the occasional willful merchant.

With each client she treated, she felt herself aging. She wondered more and more often if one day she would go to bed and never wake up, just as her mother had. She wondered if giving so much of herself had finally taken its toll on her mother. With time, a bitterness for these people who took so much and left nothing behind began to grow, but it was pointless. Without the town and its people, she would have faded away like a spectre, forgotten in a lonely grove at the edge of the forest.

And lonely it was. She lived only with herself, never taking a husband or bearing a child. This suited Delphi. Though she grew lonely, she did not try to move into the village. She much preferred the chattiness of the spring in the late afternoon to the dull conversations of the townspeople, who seemed to love her but still contemplated her with distrustful eyes. They spoke quietly about the medicine woman in the woods who had emerged from a freshly dug grave fully alive.

Despite the whispers, when winter came, she hung her red ribbon above the cottage door and lit a constantly-tended fire. One to keep away the spirits,

the other to keep away the cold. They may have thought she was one herself, but Delphi had no use for spirits or ghosts.

Though they judged her for it, it was not an uncommon occurrence for villagers to come to her doorstep, asking for a piece of her red ribbon as winter grew closer, the trees shedding their leaves and shadows hiding behind their trunks. She gave ribbon and salt to them and firewood if she could spare it. A small part of her hoped that perhaps one day, one of them would offer something back.

The storms came in Delphi's thirty-first winter. Great, rolling thunder, pouring rain, and lightning that scorched houses in the town. One night, it struck the butcher's shop, roasting all of the meat and the butcher himself to an overdone black.

Most of those stormy nights Delphi spent in her grove, where lightning was too scared to strike, naked beneath a cloak of moss and praying. The night after the butcher's death, his wife came before her and knelt on the wet grass respectfully. The little spring behind the two women was swollen and pregnant with rain.

"Return him to us," the butcher's wife begged, her tears mixing with the rain. Pained, the medicine witch turned away. Her chest ached.

"I can't," Delphi whispered. "I'm so sorry."

She did not stay to be bathed and brushed in the babbling creek's pool. She accepted no mudflowers. Instead, she drew her sooty cloak tight around her shoulders and, still crying, turned away from Delphi and back towards the village.

With her chest still aching from the butcher's wife's grief, Delphi slit a chicken's belly and let its entrails spill over her mother's grave. She hated to bloody her hands, but she found it necessary. She dug through the intestines, separated large from small, bladder from lungs, until she found the freshly-red, unbeating heart. She ate it quickly, then wiped the blood from her fingers onto her skirts.

For luck.

Her mother showed her the ritual once before she died, when Delphi was a child. She thought she hadn't meant it as instruction, but Delphi remembered it now clearly. A corn harvest failed, leaving only rot-tered produce and withered stalks. Villagers starved. Merchants stopped visiting.



"This is going to be very ugly, little cat," Susanna said. "But then we will prosper."

Delphi thought, *And now we will prosper.*



She was wrong.

A week passed, and the village's cows stopped giving milk. It wasn't long until the remaining milk soured in its bottles. Delphi slit open another hen's belly, ate another chicken's heart, but the storms still did not stop. It was so cold, and she had nothing left to give. The children fell ill. Some Delphi cured, tying wreaths around their necks, dripping spring water into their small, pink mouths.

It was late when an unsteady knock came at her door. She drew on her cloak and heaved the heavy wooden door open. In the dark, against the silhouette of the moon, she saw another storm brewing. The stranger standing on the doorstep was a man, his shoulders hunched and fingers clenched, though no longer stiff with pain. He was quite a few years older now, but then, so was she.

In his arms, he cradled a swaddled, dead babe.

Tears in her eyes, she pressed her hand to his wet cheek. Her chest hurt as it had never hurt before. He closed his eyes and leaned against her palm, jaw rough on her skin. "She was too small to survive the sickness," he told her quietly.

Delphi took the infant from his arms and into her own. "Let me bury her here," she offered, "where the grave won't be disturbed."

"There is nothing you can do?" he asked.

His voice was pleading, but his eyes were vacant. The wise woman shook her head. "I could try," she told him honestly, "but it would do no good and ease no one's pain."

He nodded as if expecting it. It had been years and years since she last saw him, and her hair had grown even longer, long enough to allow her to swath the babe in it. Two sets of tears fell onto the little girl's cold face. After a moment, the man said, "This is your fault, witch."

Though there was no fire in his voice, hardly any life at all, Delphi still flinched, holding his dead child to her breast with the care of the mother that she had never been.

"Mine," she echoed.

"You should have stopped this."

Delphi waited a moment for him to say more, then nodded. She should have, but she could not. She was empty, magic gone from her bones. *It is best to say medicine women around the village. Witch is a word that makes some people just a little skittish*, her mother had said so many lifetimes ago. But Delphi had not needed to call herself a witch. They did not need a word to hate her. They needed only Delphi and all the things she could not give them.

"I will bury her for you," she said. It was all she could do. "Tell your wife that you are both free to visit anytime."

He turned away from her, expression hidden, but it was much too late.



Delphi slipped into the darkness that shrouded the trees of the forest, away from the man's grief that ached in her chest, away from her own failure. After she buried the infant, she slept on the bank of the stream, half in and half out. The furious rain splashed down in the water around her as though God himself cried for the child and the town and what would become of Delphi, Susanna's daughter.

They would find her here after they looked in her cottage, where she did not want to die. Not like her mother.

The medicine witch hoped to die in the stream, with the water on her skin, reminding her of simpler days.

Dusk was falling the next day when they came for her. She did not fight. All she said as her villagers took her was, "I have healed this town for over half of my life, as my mother before me did."

They bound her wrists with unnecessary ropes.

Delphi lifted her chin. Her arms were heavy with the ropes and with the lingering weight of the man's stiff child in her arms. She was hollow and heavy with everything she had given away, and it was a victory when her chest stung. Finally from no one else's grief but her own.

They had never given her anything, and now they would take more from her yet.

In front of the gallows waited a modest crowd of villagers. Standing near the back was the baby's father. No woman stood beside him, and he kept his hands tucked into his trouser pockets, shoulders tight. He looked almost as if he had stepped from the past into this moment, and Delphi remembered viscerally

the sweetness of the heart-healing flower on his lips, the cool water caressing the tops of her pale feet, the thrill of knowing that she could heal.

It was the softness of the moss covering the grass that she thought of as they hung the heavy noose around her neck. It seemed to carry with it all of her failures, all of the children she had not buried that had died of a sickness she had not been able to heal, all of the scorched meat.

So she held tight to the feeling of the grass between her toes even as they forced her to step onto a crude wooden stool. She thought instead of the small birds whose wings she had been able to set and heal as a little girl, the warm scent of baking bread that could cure any menial sadness, the sound of her mother's laugh the first time that Delphi had tripped and fallen into the running spring that fed their pool.

The man standing in front of her—a man she had never seen before—said, "We accuse you of dark magic and witchery and put you to death. Do you understand your crimes?" Rain splattered on the rickety wood, chilling her bare feet like pooled stream water.

She wished she had lived a life beyond that pool. She wished she had baked bread for herself instead, eaten the flowers that grew instead of saving them for someone else. She wished she had prayed a little more often.

These were all things of the past now.

Did she understand her crimes?

"Yes," Delphi said. A calmness filled her. "But I don't believe that you do."

As the ground fell out from underneath her, she felt only the cool water of the stream flowing over her feet.







*Couch & Grand*  
Kyle Pettyjohn | Digital Photography



*Beyond the Pale of Sky*  
Dariya Sykalo | Digital Photography





*Urban Form I*

Jonno Heyne | Raster Illustration

# No Man's Land

Ashlee Nelson

A dead celebrity briefly appeared in a Sunshine Laundromat on 78th street—or at least that's what reporters were led to believe. A single attendee was popping gum at the counter and talking into his cellphone, his pimple-marked face against the screen, when the mystery man rolled in through the dented metal door. One woman, Heather Donovan, was pulling out delicates. The only other guest was shoving a mountain of children's t-shirts into the washer's metal mouth.

*Wrong building*, the first woman thought, tucking bleached hay hair behind a tiny, virgin ear. Everything Ms. Donovan had was bundled up and ready to go, but she stopped with the consideration that the elderly gentleman was lost. Who in their right mind would wander into this neighborhood at this time of night otherwise? With that white suit and pink tie, he was practically asking for the wrong type of attention.

The man in question waltzed across the floor and slipped off purple-tinted sunglasses, a deep smell of cigarettes wafting off him. His demeanor changed, but not out of disgust or surprise at this small and disappointing 24-hour establishment, explained Rebecca Scarola, a buxom and proud (*single*, she specified to the interviewer) mother of five. His feet seemed to have lost their bounce and his face dropped gravely, shoulders hunched forward ever so slightly. The man was curling in on himself, puffed chest deflated. Barely 5'6", his small frame was evident, his vulnerable age showing.

But he wasn't disappointed, Ms. Scarola reassured reporters, not at all. In fact, he *liked* her. Very much so, she was eager to add. He was more than happy to listen to stories about her children, later allowing Ms. Scarola the opportunity to pull out the photos in her wallet. She claimed he was a lovely man—well-dressed like an educated person but too handsome to be academic. His fascination with everything, as though he'd never seen soap or quarters or a dryer before, fueled Ms. Scarola's initial theory. His curiosity suggested they were all outsiders to him, that she was an alien and Earth was an alien planet.

Eventually his focus shifted to the red-faced teenager—Ian Scott—stationed behind the counter in the back of the laundromat. No one noticed, except 26-year-old Heather Donovan. Wary beyond her years, the waitress was familiar with unsettling stares. She didn't like the way he fixated on that boy. It did not matter if the man posed an actual threat—he just looked. That was all Ms. Donovan needed. One look and “—it wasn't right. I knew he was a weirdo. Have you checked the security footage? I knew something was wrong with him. We're always getting weirdos like that at all hours of the night in this neighborhood. No wonder no one wants to live here anymore,” became her statement to the police.

The man's gaze shifted. He stared at the buttons on the washing machine, at their shape and color. The majority were bright colors, worn in the middle due to the passing of several hands. After speaking with Ms. Scarola, Ian Scott speculated that this stranger had been dead for quite some time. He'd died before the technology boom and now that



he was back, the poor man out of time was as confused as ever. Ms. Scarola defended her change in deductions with this statement: He was unmistakably too polite to *not* be human.

While the now-human-dead-man-walking was still in her presence, Ms. Scarola began to realize that he was special, something new and tangible that she would never know otherwise, like a white picket fence and success. This was her only chance. Questions demanding answers took his attention, and he snapped replies to them with a curl of his thin

lips. Her uncertainty was dissipated by a cool grin full of wide Californian teeth that accentuated his fading tan. With his slicked-back hair, he was a silver fox again. Hands in his pockets, he seemed relaxed as she asked what his favorite car was, the most money he'd ever seen, how many wives he'd married. She went as far as to inquire if he ever went to boarding school, if he enjoyed the tropics. Her laundry beeped and embarrassment spread over her features a moment later when she realized she didn't have enough quarters for the dryer.

She forced upon him the empty clothes baskets and tugged out her overstuffed wallet from the pockets of her overalls. A few coupons escaped before she got to the photos of her babies, her teenagers, her faded pictures of her younger self with a short bob and bony legs textured with scabby knees. She smiled and sighed with a "bless their little hearts," and bravely concluded her life story with dry eyes that she patted with a tissue anyway.

Generous nods and "ahhs" were applied appropriately and genuinely enough, his focus completely on the woman addressing him. Ms. Scarola stated to the reporter she had never been treated so kindly in her life without expectations or motives waiting. At that point, the attendee switched to texting, indifferent. Ms. Donovan fought with the door, attempting to find a sufficient angle for herself and her basket where the two could slide through without raising a flag for assistance. The gentleman had offered, but in a no-nonsense tone she warded him off with an "I'm fine; just stay where you are." She bit her bottom lip to hide how it quivered.

He was unmistakably too polite to *not* be human.

No further invitation was needed from Ms. Scarola, however, as she regaled him with a tale about her uncle who supposedly had drinks with a diva once. She elaborated for as long as she could hold out, using words she'd heard once and sticking them in places where she just assumed they ought to fit. Hours later, after the police left and the news station arrived with their cameras, she cooed as she recounted that he'd touched her arm, demonstrating by placing her own hand on the reporter in a similar fashion. "It was gentle, like he knew how to treat a woman," Ms.

Scarola sighed. Lost in her thoughts of better days that came and went, she eventually went on to say that he excused himself to the bathroom. "Which normally customers weren't allowed in," Ian chirped, hoping to still have a job by the time his manager saw the report air on channel five. "But the man simply walked into the restroom like he owned the place," Ms. Donovan said. There was no objection as he stretched over the counter to retrieve the bathroom keys and headed to the back.

That was when our heroine Heather Donovan found it in herself to call the police, but by the time help arrived, the restroom was vacant.

"He was one of those 1930s actors. With class like they don't make anymore," Ms. Scarola first told the police.

"Or a ghost," Ian offered.

"I bet he danced. He could sing, too, I think. He's probably a baritone." Ms. Scarola closed her eyes dreamily.

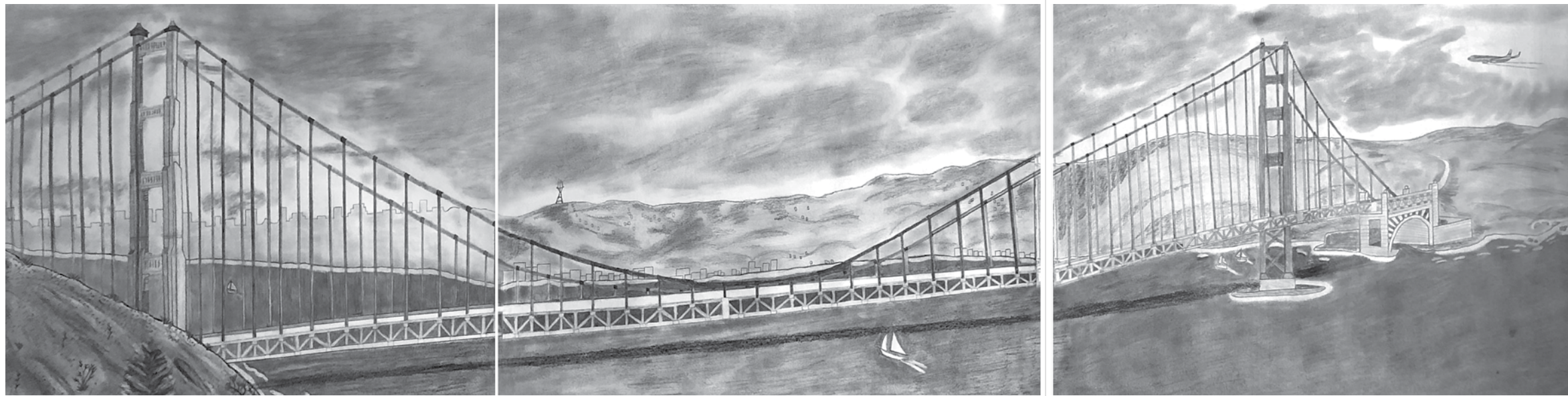
"Shouldn't the news be doing other things? Useful things? What about that elderly man with Alzheimer's who just walked out of his nursing home? No one was paying attention then. No one's paying attention now." Ms. Donovan's hands twitched as she looked down the street, checking near the alley with a flick of her eyes. Seeing no one behind her, she continued ranting to the interviewer who tried to get her account for the 11 AM story. "Why not mention that? Just how incompetent are you?"

Neither Rebecca Scarola or Ian Scott could state this celebrity's name to confirm or deny the allegations, but it seemed promising such a phenomenon truly occurred.



*Inktober #2: Mindless*  
Isaac Carranza | Digital and Ink on Paper





*The Golden Gate*  
Dwight Worrell | Graphite on Paper

# Bridges

Joymae Capps

How unappetizing it sounds  
being found bloated in a tub of blood,  
staining the fake porcelain like false dentures  
of a gingivitis overrun man.

How unappealing it seems  
being found by an unassuming kid,  
tied to a tree,  
a cold piñata  
swaying to the rhythm of earth's heartbeat.

Revolting it'd be  
to be in the limelight  
of a car going 50 in a 25,  
a human Pollock piece,  
splattered across the asphalt.

No.  
Nothing compares to the gorgeous bridge  
yawning over a freeway  
as the sun kisses its stone handrails  
before ascending to the heavens far above.

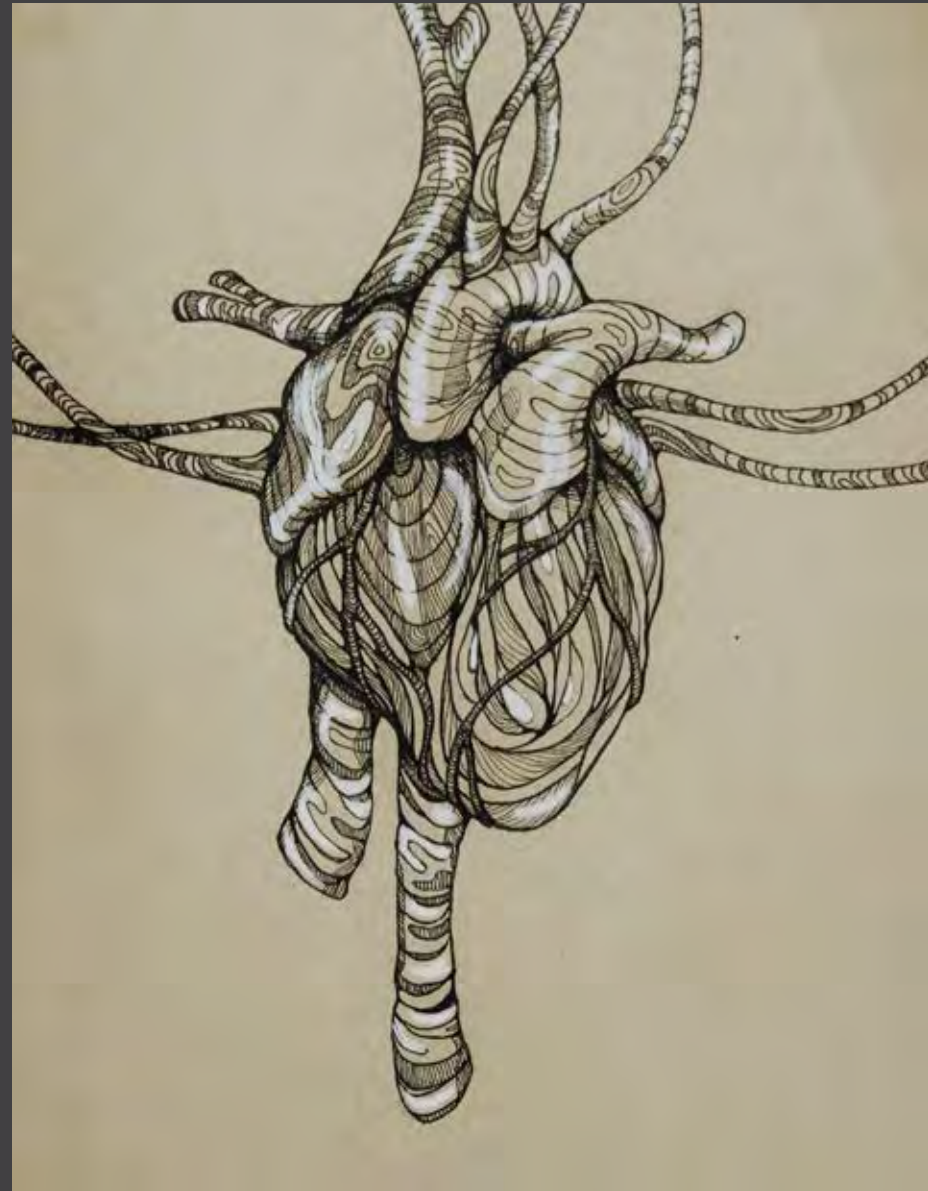
No.  
Nothing compares to the clement island  
far below the tip top of the bridge.  
Greenery blossoming,  
blanketing tough ground like a pillow  
so that I may rest my weary head,  
so that I may sleep;  
Comatose relief.  
Quiet to the world,  
where no one can find me.





*Global Climate Strike*  
Emily Hancock | Digital Photography





*Heavy Heart*  
Aleksandra Hanchett | Ink on Paper



*Make a Difference*  
Gwendolyn Kangas | Mixed Media on Paper





*Mistakes*  
Elle Lowe | Digital Photography



*Blue and Broken*  
Christine Chandler | Digital Photography





*Death In the Family*  
Garrett Mann | Silver Gelatin Prints



*Around The Corner*  
Jennie Westfall | Cut Paper on Wood Panel





*Modoc*  
Gavin Caldwell | Oil on Canvas



*A Stump in the Olympic Forest*  
Eli Campbell | Watercolor on Paper





*Falling*  
Ann Hanlin | Oil on Canvas







*Frozen Drip and Subtle Moss*  
Brighton Blair | Ceramic



*Space Cadet*  
Gavin Caldwell | Ink and Gouache on Paper





*Warm*

Tyler Heniken | Digital Photography



*Escape*

Emily Stivers | Stoneware





*Corner Space and Simple Pleasures*  
Jessica Joner | Gouache on Paper



*Created to Create*  
Jessica Joner | Chalk on Paper





### *Thread*

Ashlee Nelson | Raster Illustration

# Undercard

## Amber Leckie

The amphitheater was filled with rows of eager middle-aged men wearing oversized t-shirts and shimmering track pants, teenagers of all shapes and sizes who traveled in packs, all of whom shared an abundance of testosterone and a willingness to get blood sprayed on their cheeks. There was also a scattering of women who had never been to such an event before and felt a warranted amount of distrust for what they were about to see.

First into the ring was Howling Hugo Baynard. Standing at 6 feet 5 inches and 240 pounds, his presence cast a shadow that spread across the audience. Baynard clapped his hands over his head while being introduced, sending a cascade of movements down the bulbous muscles of his arms. The crowd began chanting his name in unison as he flexed. His wheat-colored hair was cut in a military style that added a hardness to his already scarred and combative face.

Two months ago, he and his wife had a bubbling baby girl with similar hair but a much kinder expression. He dreamt of being a father most of his life, though he had hoped for boys. Boys are durable, uncomplicated. The idea of a little girl felt foreign. That was until the nurse placed little Hillary in his arms, and he began to weep. He let her sleep in his embrace for hours, too scared to wake her to move a single of his many muscles.

The crowd switched their enthusiastic chants to the next contender, Mateo Majors. He was shorter than Baynard and twice as thick, with a broad chest, shoulders, and face. A python tattoo started at the tip of his ankle and curled its way up to the thick of his back. For his entrance, he swung himself quickly over the black ropes and landed with such force that the floor of the ring rippled slightly. He proceeded to rip his shirt in half with his hands before flinging the remains into the audience.

Just last year he was able to afford the small cottage that he'd had his eyes on since he was a little boy. The house had large cherry trees in the front, a greenhouse in the back with good soft soil, and plump worms that circled his fingers. The ladies from the botanical garden a few blocks down gave him some tomato and squash seedlings to get him started. His heart leapt with every new leaf and plump vegetable.

Each man was on his designated end of the ring. Majors sat in a low metal chair while his trainer rubbed his shoulders and whispered in his ear, occasionally pointing to some spot or another and nodding overtly. Baynard chose to stand, appearing to pump himself up while he did small jumps in place and shouted profanities that the audience absorbed and returned diligently.



Once the first bell rang, Majors chose to rush Baynard with a series of small jabs to his abdomen before flying his feet backward to avoid any response. Baynard stood amused at the swarmer, aware that he needed to use his height and wingspan to his advantage against his short and dense opponent. Majors wouldn't be able to move as quickly, but when he tried to bring himself back in, he saw the opportunity for an uppercut. His glove hit the brick wall that was Baynard's jaw and quickly recoiled as blood spilted from his opponent's lip.

Before the event, Hugo had put the finishing touches on Hillary's nursery. He painted zoo animals on the ceiling so he could

know they were smiling down on her while he was away. Most everything—from the crib, to the changing table, to the bookshelf—he assembled himself. He was sure to babyproof it all, though she was far from crawling. He worried that she would manage to roll out of her crib, so he left plush carpet underneath it. He padded all the doorways and drawers in case her chubby fingers ever managed to get caught.

Majors recovered himself from the blow quickly. He used the back of his glove to wipe the blood off his mouth, tasting the familiar metallic contents on his tongue. The crowd cheered as he flashed them a red smile before making his way back into Baynard's corner. He could see the splotches appear on his bare chest as he made a series of quick jabs, bouncing around him in a circle, so by the time Baynard made a move to retaliate, Majors was gone, leaving only pain in his path.

Mateo had started researching recipes to use for when his garden began to bloom. He prepared his kitchen with bright copper piping that flowed up from the stove and into the ceiling. The stove was double-chambered; the fridge was stainless steel with an extra drawer specifically for produce. His career required him to keep a high-protein diet of various meats, high-calorie cheeses, and carb-loaded breads and pastas. Once retired, he'd consider giving veganism a try and sustaining himself only on things he was able to grow.

The first round was given to Majors, 10-9, for his ability to avoid most of Baynard's responses and deliver rapid blows. Though he was slower on his feet, Baynard

was a switch-hitter. When the round began, savage swings from both his right and left hands would be enough to disorient Majors' fancy footwork. Once his opponent was in range, he delivered two direct blows on each side of his jaw, causing him to sway left then right before losing his balance and collapsing on one knee.

The crowd erupted in celebration of the immense physical suffering Baynard had just inflicted.

Already, Hugo had concerned himself with the suffering his daughter might experience. First skinned knee, first case of strep throat, first heartbreak, all taunted him with their eventuality. She seemed as fragile as hol-

low bones when he looked down on her sleeping softly in her crib. His wife assured him repeatedly that she would grow up to be a fighter, but he didn't want that for her. There only needed to be one member of the family intentionally putting themselves in harm's way. That's all a fighter is, someone willing to take a slam to the ribs for the pleasure of knocking someone on their ass.

Majors could not allow himself to stay down for too long as it would put him at risk for a point deduction, on top of what he already accumulated from being brought to his knees. He sprung himself up by forcing his body onto his gloved hands and to his feet, not letting himself respond to the ringing sound in his ears. His blurred surroundings were a few faded shades darker than before he took a blow to his face. Aware that boxing requires the ability to differentiate between reaction and vengeance, causing his opponent pain suddenly became his sole motivation. He parried around the fist, heading for another blow on his face and went in once again for jabs to the abdomen. Baynard tried to block, but Majors danced around his body too quickly for retaliation. He bent himself down and forced an uppercut against the top of his torso. Baynard lost his position and staggered back.

Mateo had plans over the following weekend to have his parents over for brunch. He knew to expect his mother to feign concern over his constantly cracked and blistered knuckles. His father would exclaim pride and content if the match was won and silence, followed by unwarranted advice, if it was lost. The only one

That's all a fighter is, someone willing to take a slam to the ribs for the pleasure of knocking someone on their ass.

who would appreciate his farm fresh eggs or imported cheeses was himself. That would not be the time or place to look back on his harsh day job but instead a time to appreciate his developed culinary prowess.

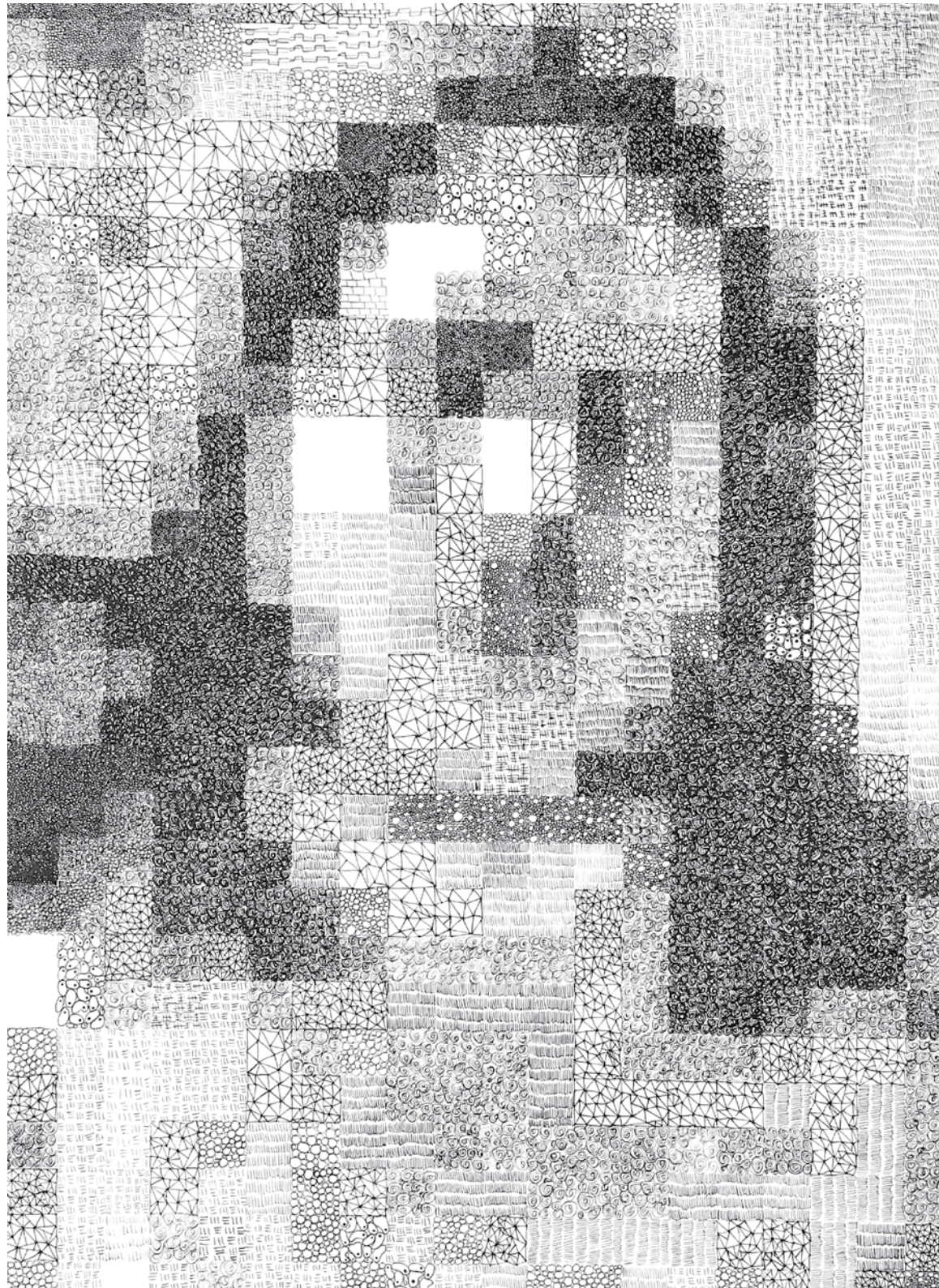
The odor of sweat, the applause from the crowd, and the taste of potential triumph left Baynard quickly and was replaced by a pounding ache in his chest that spread out to his fingertips. He could feel his heart rate increase and air rush out of his mouth in fits as he sank slowly to the floor. The referee climbed into the ring and the audience joined in as he flicked off his fingers, counting to ten. His eyes pulsed open and closed, each time revealing images of his baby girl and wife smiling up at him with unwavering confidence. He was able to recover his breathing, standing slowly, but regaining himself before the count got to ten. The crowd seemed excited at that prospect as well. Anything that would inflict pain, whether it be possible defeat or the possibility for further punches to be thrown, they celebrated.

Elaborate throws, dodges, pivots, uppercuts, and jabs continued until the end of round ten. They exited the ring while varying threats and offers of congratulations were made by bystanders. Through years of fighting and various matches, Baynard and Majors had become fairly acquainted. Exiting the locker room, Majors gave his congratulations on his opponent's new baby, and Baynard asked some questions about cooking without butter. Each one left wishing the best for the other.

Baynard went home that night to be welcomed by smiling faces. He climbed into bed slowly, ice wrapped around his arms and legs. His daughter's soft snores echoed over the baby monitor. Majors decided to stop by his local nursery before turning in, picking up some pamphlets on legumes and the dos and don'ts of making fertilizer. Both would wake with the thought of the pain and bruises they'd caused the night before, going about their day off and trying to enjoy their simple pleasures, as most do.







*Noise (That Ringing In My Ear)*  
Cristal Hernandez-Patiño | Ink on Paper

# Delayed Acceptance

Macy Wienecke

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Life seems simple, watching others  
Grappling the same themes; reactions  
Predictable almost, then, it happens  
To you, but you can handle it.  
It has been, after all, two months.

You are a professional—  
Until, you aren't.

You walk the street, clock in, go to work.  
You sit in the same drab leather chair,  
Same broken wheel,  
Organize papers; staple work.

Then, it happens.

Another knock on the door—  
Only a co-worker asking for a new pen.  
You cannot respond;  
Hesitation follows each

new.

syllable.

A light rain drips on your quarterly quotas.  
Your co-worker stares confused and alarmed.





*Hopelessness, from the HUMAN series*  
Erick Martinez | Ceramic



*Guilt, from the HUMAN series*  
Erick Martinez | Ceramic



# To My Apple

## Joel Moon



He only loves me when he's inside me  
He only loves me while I lay there  
Looking at jeans thrown on the floor  
Dirtied, unwashed, worn  
Feeling nails lightly hover  
back and forth about my sides  
My body meek in his arms  
Tonight's lover rests till dawn  
As I lay awake, looking at a wall  
Listening to his breath as I hear the shallow  
Pitter patter of rain  
Falling, masking tears

As I lay with my "someone"  
Torn: My back from the night before  
Scared is my heart, ripped  
Into new shapes and forms  
Guilt, shallow shame, temptation  
And vice lay their waste  
At soul: a war

My vice, my flesh, our skins touch  
In darkness, I write of you  
In silence we lie, not a word spoken  
In each hour of the day, I think of you  
But our mouths are void of words  
Of converse or commerce  
Or trade of emotion  
Our room black, with only the amber hue  
Of a door, which is closed

He only wants me while I lie there  
While I am only a silhouette  
To feel me, eat me, every  
Bit of me  
*Fuck me*  
One day, will he love?  
Not lust me, not covet, but  
Truly  
Love me

Hate him, sleep by, back's blood  
Feel brine, burn deep, nails tearing  
Warm flesh, skin to skin  
Body is pinned, poisoned by his words

I only want to be free  
Free from you: My Apple





*Bubble Blower*  
Tatum Eversole | Woodcut

## Deception

Calley Mihaiuc

*I'm innocent*, I reminded myself. My hands dropped into my lap. I twiddled my thumbs, picking at the skin around my nails until they bled.

The man in front of me, Detective Collins, appeared drained as he repeated the question. It was getting late and it seemed he was making little progress on the case. Shadows beneath his eyes indicated he hadn't slept in days. My nose crinkled at the stench of cigarettes that filled the room when he spoke. He made no effort to appear intimidating, but the silence alone made me uneasy.

I would have rather talked about anything else. Anything other than what happened last night. I tried to convince myself it was a dream, even though I knew that wasn't the case.

"Miss Hayes?" Detective Collins repeated, pulling me away from my thoughts.

My face scrunched up at the sound of my name. Whenever I got called by my last name, I felt like I was in trouble; like I was guilty of something, an unwanted feeling to experience in an interrogation room.

"Last night I was at my apartment," I said.

The detective nodded. "Can you tell me anything about Scott Winslow's former roommate, Matthew Simmons? He recently dropped off the radar and we have strong reasons to believe he could be involved."

"Scott kicked him out weeks ago when he discovered he was stealing from him. They had a huge fight about it, but I haven't heard anything since then."

My eyes darted around the room. I couldn't help but think about last night, the last time I saw Scott alive.



A shrill ring had echoed throughout my apartment, waking me up with little effort. I'd always been a light sleeper. I squinted at the blinking numbers on my alarm clock. 2:07 a.m. *Who could be calling me at this hour?*

The warmth of my bed in no way prepared me for the floor, the contrast in temperature making me hesitate from getting up. I sat there for a moment, trying to drown out the sound of my phone. But the noise persisted and I got up. I tip-toed around piles of laundry and scattered papers, rolling my eyes as soon as I saw the name that appeared on the screen. *What did he want now?*

"Scott, please let me go back to sleep," I said.

"I know, it's late. But get this! I've been working for hours on the case about the



break-in and I haven't slept in days. Well, that's not true. I actually took a short nap..." he rambled.

"Get to the point!"

"Right, sorry. The point is, I think I finally got a lead on this case and I just had to tell someone. And believe it or not, Andrea, I actually consider us to be friends."

"Friends don't wake each other up at two o'clock in the morning."

It felt strange referring to him as my friend. We'd lived in the same apartment complex for a while and used to make small talk whenever we saw each other. That had changed over the last few months when we discovered we had more in common than we first realized. We hung out on the weekends and talked about our work lives. Then I started seeing him at Alberta Jewelers, the store I worked at. After we got broken into, the owner decided to hire a private investigator, which happened to be Scott.

I guess I spent more time with him than I realized. Perhaps we were friends now.

"But I'm so close to solving this case," Scott said.

I knew that was impossible. Yet, the small chance that he was close to solving it was not something I would risk missing.

There were times where I would forget Scott was a private investigator. Mainly because he was an awful one; he was oblivious to everything around him. Scott wouldn't be able to solve a case if the guilty party was standing right in front of him, but I could hear the excitement and energy in his voice, as if he were a kid who had too much candy. The break-in at Alberta Jewelers was the first case he'd been hired for in a while, and I knew he had spent long nights working on it. He might've been onto something this time.

"I'm guessing you want me to go over there?" I asked. At that moment, I wished we didn't live so close. If we didn't, I'd still have a chance of going back to bed.

"Yep, and hurry up." He hung up the phone.

I dragged myself out of my apartment, still wearing my pajamas and grumbling each step of the way down.



My stomach twisted into a knot thinking back at the simple decision that changed everything. I should've stayed home.

Detective Collins cleared his throat. "Andrea,

according to his phone records, you were the last person in contact with Scott Winslow before he was killed. Anything that he told you could help shed some light on the situation and help us find who killed him."

It was difficult to accept the reality of the situation. He's gone. My throat felt as if I swallowed glue; every word I spoke took an effort to choke out. My vision grew blurry with tears forming in my eyes. It was difficult to describe the way I felt, though I knew sadness wasn't the right word. It felt like sadness overcome by fear. Fear for what might happen if I said the wrong words.

"I didn't kill him. He's my friend," I said. My voice sounded an octave higher. I paused for a moment, then corrected myself. "He was my friend." Never would I have imagined myself in this situation. None of this was supposed to happen.

Detective Collins leaned forward in his chair. His weary demeanor was now replaced with an expression of intrigue. "I'm not saying you did," he said. "But we need some more information on what he told you. Did he say anything regarding his former roommate, Matthew Simmons?"

"No. He only called me that night to tell me about the case he was working on. That's the last I heard from him."

A knock at the door of the interrogation room sent Detective Collins to his feet. A young woman with oversized glasses peered into the room. "Collins, two new witnesses came forward and gave their statements for the Winslow case," she said.

He followed her out of the room. Any sound was muffled by both the wall and the pounding in my ears as my heart rate increased. A nauseous feeling crept into my stomach. It was pointless trying to see them through the one-way window. The only thing visible was my reflection, although the person in the mirror was unrecognizable. With mascara smudged around my eyes, all I saw was a weak creature on the verge of a breakdown. I looked worse than the detective did. *Hold it together a little while longer.*

Collins entered the room, standing by the door until it was closed. His gaze was fixated on nothing in particular as if he were thinking of what to say. He must have received new information, and judging by the look on his face, it wasn't good. I waited for him to speak but was only greeted with silence. His glare penetrated my facade, confirming my initial fear when I first entered the interrogation room. The scathing

look on his face shifted my fear into defeat.

He pulled the metal chair closer to the table and sat down in a stiff position. "Let's try this again, shall we?" His tone was now serious. "We just had two witnesses give a statement claiming they saw you leave Scott Winslow's apartment last night."

The detective carefully looked me up and down. "Looks like you left out a part of your story. What happened after your phone call with Scott Winslow?"

It was as if Detective Collins' attention abandoned Matthew Simmons, who was not too long ago his lead suspect, and decided to focus on me instead. I sat there silently, unable to come up with a believable answer and hoping that I could miraculously get out of this situation. Regret filled my thoughts. I should have stayed home and everything would have been fine.

"Okay then," Collins squinted at his watch. "If you don't want to talk, we may be here for a while. Get comfortable."

I scoffed under my breath at the suggestion. Comfort was unachievable in my case. Despite the frigidness of the room, sweat beaded down my forehead. I wiped it away on my sleeve and crossed my arms. The ticking clock in the corner stole the room's silence. *I'm innocent*, I repeated to myself like a prayer. *I'm innocent*. The simple words filled my mind, desperately trying to convince me of their truth.

From the moment I stepped into Scott's apartment, I knew I had made the wrong choice.



Scott had opened the door with energy, despite the rings that rested beneath his eyes. I walked in with hesitance, but was fueled with curiosity about Scott's case.

"You want some coffee?" he asked.

I nodded. If he woke me up this early, the least he could do was make me coffee.

His apartment smelled of rotting food, and the aroma of coffee did little to suppress the scent. The table in front of me was covered in half-empty glasses next to important-looking documents. A disaster waiting to happen. There was a shelf filled with participation trophies and collectors' items from the days Scott dabbled in golf, all sitting under a layer of dust.

Next to it, papers covered the wall with red string connecting them, just like in the crime movies Scott rambled about all the time.

I walked closer to the wall, analyzing whatever I could. He truly had no clue what he was doing. The red string connected information that seemed to barely relate to the investigation.

## The person in the mirror was unrecognizable.

Scott brushed past me holding two cups of coffee that were filled to the brim. He hissed as some of it splashed out of the cup and onto his fingers. Passing one of the mugs to me and setting the other down on the table behind us, he wiped his hands on his clothes.

"After I got all the information on this case, I have to admit I was completely lost. There was nothing left at the crime scene to go off of. Until I noticed this." He pointed to the pictures of Alberta Jewelers' pinned on the wall. "There wasn't a forced entry. The glass door and display cases would've been smashed to pieces, but both are perfectly fine. So they must've been unlocked."

"You think this was an inside job?" I asked. I examined the information closer and began to make sense of Scott's thinking process.

"Looks like it."

"But anyone could've stolen a key to the display cases from the store. A few of the employees are pretty careless." I looked at Scott who appeared to be dozing off even though he was still standing.

"Scott?"

"I'm awake," he said unconvincingly. "And I thought about that, but there were no keys reported missing to your boss." He rubbed his eyes and let out a yawn.

It was impressive work for Scott. When he called me down here, I thought he was going to propose a ridiculous idea about the case that would waste my time. Though his unshaven face and tousled hair made him look like a madman, perhaps the coffee and lack of sleep helped him think clearly. I underestimated him.

"This is part of the reason why I called you. Well, the main reason actually. I need to know about the employees you work with and if you



know anything about their financial status. Anything that might have motivated them to rob the store.”

“Most of us are college students, so we’re all pretty broke.” I shrugged. Scott looked at me, probably wishing I could have been more helpful. I’d never seen him this determined. Strangely, it also made me nervous to be around him. His actions were sporadic and unpredictable. Coffee-infused, sleep-deprived Scott was nothing like the Scott I knew.

He pressed his forehead against the wall and let out a defeated groan. “I’m never going to figure this out, am I?”

We both stood in silence.

Scott perked his head up, encouraged by a new theory. “What if this wasn’t a one-person job?”

It seemed like a random suggestion, but he could’ve been right. “Interesting idea. But there’s no way of knowing since the security tapes were stolen,” I said.

Scott paused for a moment, narrowing his eyes at me. He took a step closer looking more alert than ever. “I never told you about the security tapes.”



I kept replaying the situation over in my head, constantly thinking about what I would have done differently.

Detective Collins kept his focus on me as the silence weighed heavily in the room. I wondered if he could hear my heart beating as loud as I could, or if he knew how uncomfortable the silence was making me. I shifted back and forth in my chair, trying to look anywhere besides the detective. I drummed my fingers against the edge of the table and looked down at my shoes. Despite this, I could feel his glare out of the corner of my eye.

I couldn’t tell him what happened after I got off the phone with Scott. I knew he was waiting for a response, but the only one I had would make me look guilty. Still, I had to say something. Anything. I couldn’t take another second of silence.

“I went down to Scott’s apartment to help him with the case. But I got tired and went back to my

apartment soon after. That’s it.”

“That’s it? Then why did you say your phone call was the last you heard from Scott?” Collins asked.

My story had too many holes, and I kept slipping up. The lack of sleep was doing little to help me think. The accusing look on Collins’ face was strikingly similar to the expression on Scott’s face last night. The last time I slipped up.

“Andrea, how did you know the security tapes were missing?” Scott asked.

I shoved my free hand in my pocket, staring down at my feet. I couldn’t stand to see the judgmental look on his face; a look that filled me with disgust. I blocked his glare by finishing the last sip of my coffee. “I work there, of course I know. The owner told me.”

“He specifically told me not to disclose that information with anyone. He thought it would make him look bad that someone could steal that much because of his sloppy security. That’s the main reason why he called me and decided not to get the cops involved.” Scott glared at me, unconvinced.

The conversation was delicate, like balancing on a wire, and I was about to fall. “Andrea,” he paused. His voice was distraught. “Did you do it?” I’d never heard him speak in such a tone.

I crossed my arms, furious at the claim. My face burned with betrayal. He was supposed to be my friend. “How could you even say something like that?” I could hear my voice growing louder with each word I spat out at him.

“Did you break into the store?” he repeated, pointing his finger at me accusingly.

“You haven’t slept in days. You’re not thinking straight!”

“I’m thinking perfectly fine right now.” He shot another glare at me and turned towards his phone.

“What are you doing?”

“Turning you in.”

It felt as if someone had punched me in the stomach. My heart was racing and my feet were stuck to the floor. I breathed in deeply, trying to clear my mind, but had little success.

“You have no proof!” My hands moved vigorously with my words. I barely realized that they were capable of slamming my mug onto the floor. The pottery

The conversation was delicate, like balancing on a wire, and I was about to fall.

splintered in all directions, covering the floor with fragments.

Scott’s calm persona shifted to a level of anger I’d never seen in him. His fingers coiled around my wrist firmly. His voice shook from rage and I could feel his breath on my face as he spoke. “When the cops get a warrant to search your apartment, they’ll find all the proof they need.”

He released his grip, pushing me away. He picked up the phone, ready to dial the three-digit number that would condemn me to years in prison.

Before I could think of a rational solution, my fingers gripped the nearest object I could find, one of the metal trophies on the shelf next to me. With strength fueled by adrenaline, I whipped it against the side of Scott’s head. He fell to the floor and I struck him with a second blow. Before I realized what I was doing, it was too late. From the moment Scott crumpled to the ground I knew he was gone. I stared in horror at the bloody object in my hand and then at the person who I once considered a friend. *What did I just do?*

My head was pounding, and I couldn’t think clearly. My feet scrambled to the door, ready to flee his apartment, but a realization panged in my chest. If I left now, I was going to get caught. The place was filled with evidence that would be traced back to me. I had to erase every bit of it.

My fingers fumbled through different cabinets, looking for cleaning supplies. I should have known the only thing Scott would own is a tub of wet wipes along with soap and paper towels. Still, I worked with what I had and wiped down everything I touched. For a participation trophy, it was massive. I washed the blood from the trophy and did my best to get rid of any fingerprints on it. Then I placed it back on the shelf as if it had been there all along. I found a broom and carefully swept the shards into a neat pile to be disposed of. The entire time I couldn’t bring myself to look at Scott’s body, although it was difficult to ignore. I knew if I looked I would lose what little composure I had left.

I had no clue what I was doing. Tears trickled down my face as I put away the last of the cleaning supplies. This wasn’t me. I wasn’t a murderer. I wiped my tears with my jacket sleeve, dreading what might happen because of my actions. I could only hope that I had eliminated every trace of my presence from Scott’s apartment.



Detective Collins waited patiently for my response. The only route I could think of, the one I dreaded most, was being honest.

“I said that I last spoke with him on the phone because I thought it would make me look guilty if I was at his apartment the night he was murdered.”

“Well, you’re right about that. However, the neighbors’ statement said they heard shouting before you left, but that alone isn’t enough. Forensics is currently analyzing the partial prints that were throughout the crime scene.”

I thought about mulling over the potential places I missed while cleaning up, but it was pointless. My deceptive facade was shattered by my ignorance, and that ignorance would cost me greatly. Though we were on opposite sides of the table, in completely different situations, Detective Collins and I could agree on one thing: I was not innocent.





# Play Clothes in Summer

Diane Irby



You wore out my love  
like play clothes in summer  
and carelessly paid no mind to the frays.  
Rips on knees, like tattered wounds on my heart;  
Your lies, stains, set in from the start.  
You'd give affection like charity, then toss me aside,  
but I just wanted you more terribly with each patch applied.  
My trust, for so long, that held on by a thread  
became a once vibrant pattern now faded away.  
From your hand-me-down love, will I ever recover?  
For my moth-eaten heart has seen better days.



*I Guess That's Why They Call It The Blues*  
Diane Irby | Digital Photography





*Caribbean*  
Autumn Winston | Acrylic on Canvas



*Take Flight and Snowy Egret*  
Jana Pilcher-Weyant | Watercolor on Paper





*As I Am*  
Natalie Chisholm | Ceramic



*The Three Evils*  
Angelia Rossberg | Mixed Media on Paper





*Me and My Badside, Tsk, Tsk, Mr Hyde*  
Nathaniel Zoret-Russell | Monoprint



*Self-Portrait of My Evil Twin*  
Nathaniel Zoret-Russell | Monoprint





*Ubuntu Sangoma*  
Larissa Baldwin-Dillon | Oil on Panel



*Generations*  
Claudia Carter | Ceramic



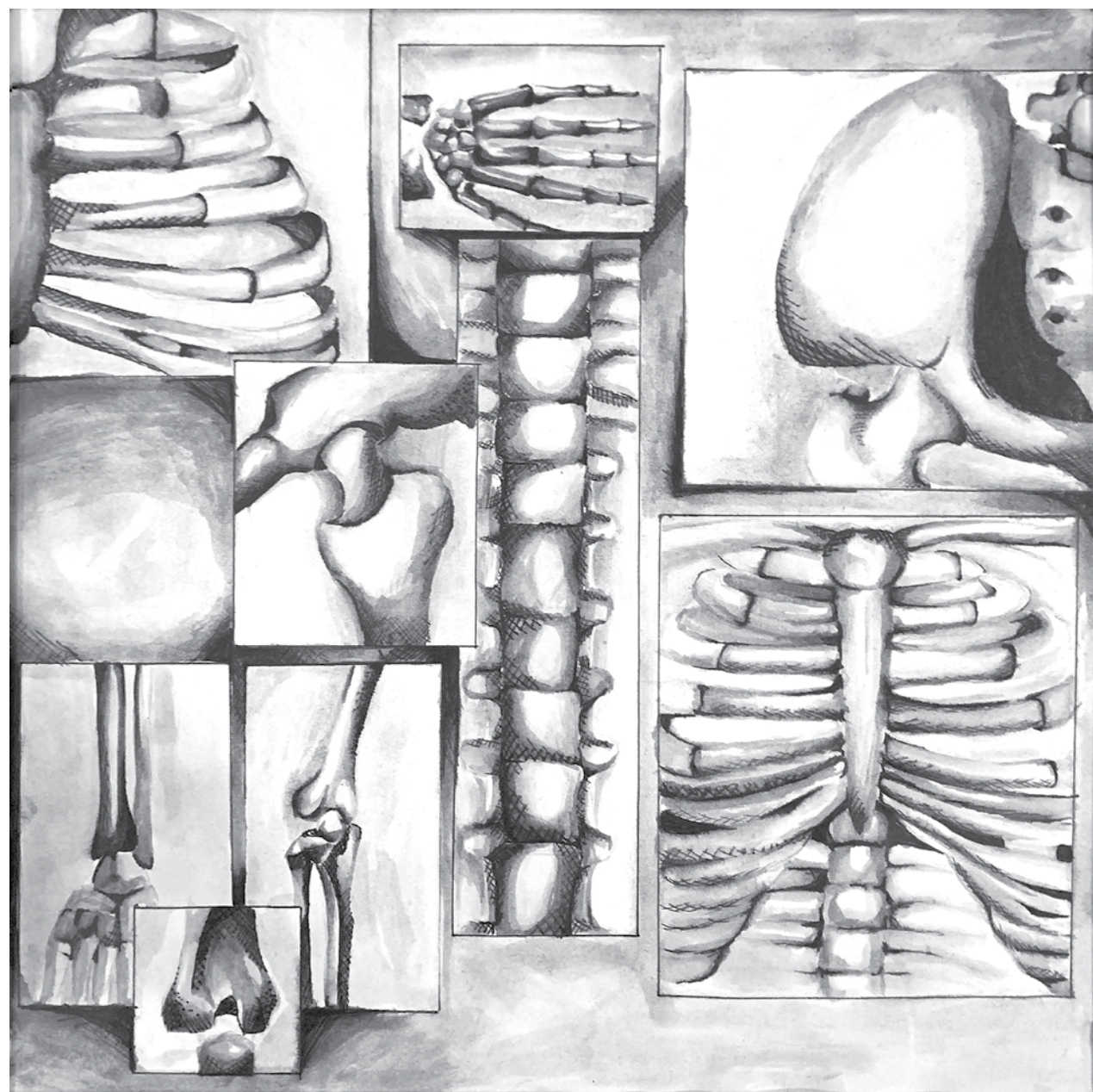


*A Great Day for the Good Guys*  
Dwight Worrell | Oil on Canvas



*Daze*  
Holly Singletary | Ink on Paper





*Bones*  
Annika McCarty | Ink on Paper

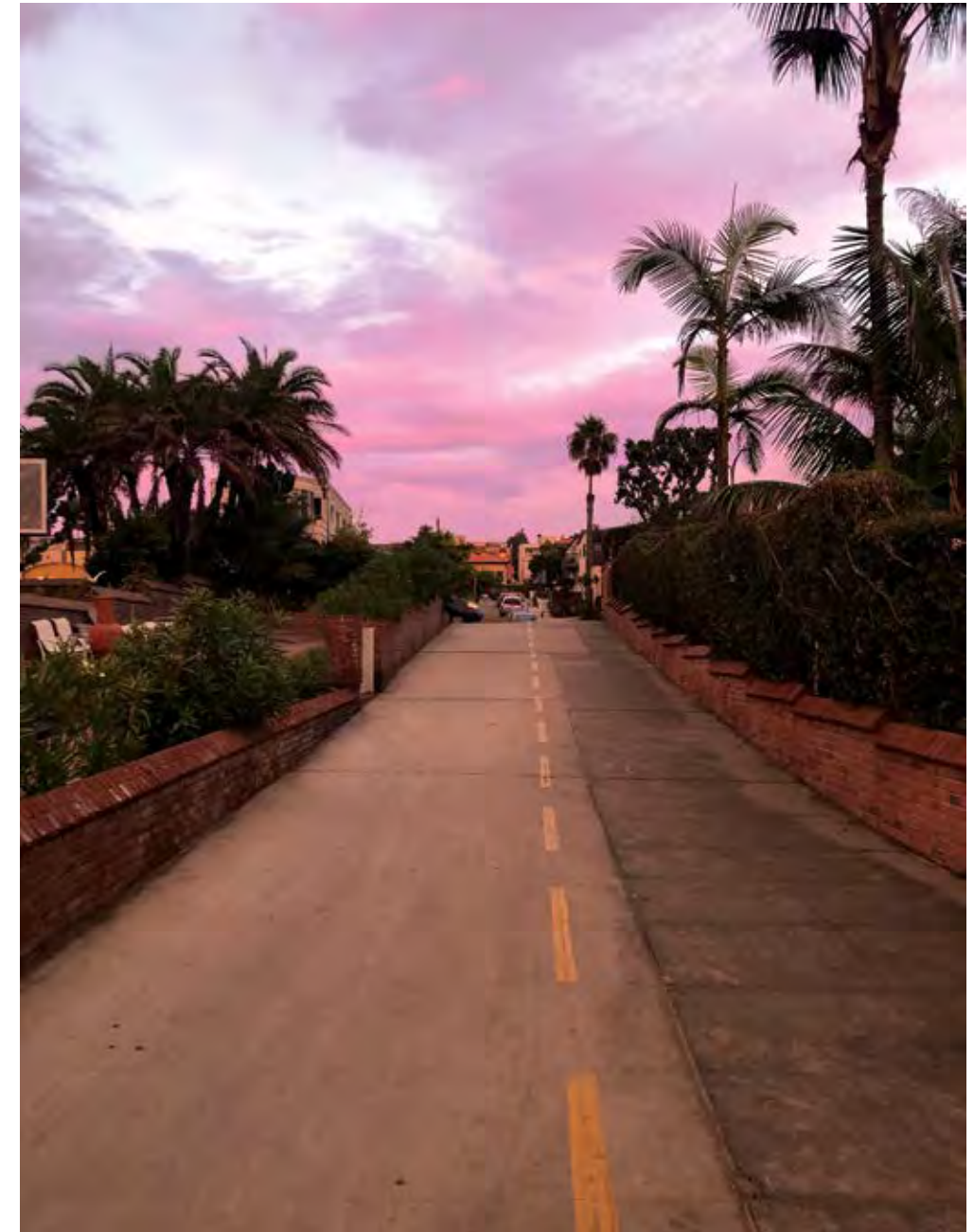


*Watermelon*  
Emily O'Neal | Mixed Media on Paper





*Inner Exploration*  
Dan Polacek | Photomontage



*Concrete Skies*  
Angela Mashinski | Digital Photography





*Head in Pyroclast*  
Tyler Reyes | Raster Illustration

# Sunshine Yellow 610

Jenna Porter

"Sawyer, where were you last night."

She said it as a statement. A test of my honesty. Lying would get me nowhere, but I was too numb to it all to care.

"Studying at Spencer's," I said. It was a stupid lie, really. Studying wasn't a believable activity I could fall back on. I was at Nora's, but I wasn't going to tell her that. "Spacey and unfocused, that girl," she would say. My mom didn't seem to be in a pleasant mood, so I wasn't going to make anything worse. My shoulders hunched in the hope that making myself smaller would maybe squeeze an ounce of sympathy from her. She didn't give that out as often as she used to.

She stepped forward, eyes tired and unamused. "Phone." She jutted her hand out, ready to snatch away my privacy.

There was nothing there. I had learned by then to delete messages as soon as they were sent. No pictures—I'd printed the ones I wanted to keep. No social media. Blank and clean like a good girl should be. Her hand hovered in front of my torso as I thought about how in a few months I'd be holding Nora's hand while we looked through cheap, shitty apartments. It'd smell like mold but we'd buy some candles and those scented things you plug into the wall. Something with a warm scent, anything but peppermint. That smell coated the walls of my house. An oil diffuser in every room, pumping out the sharp stench. The couch we'd buy wouldn't be tight leather like the one sitting in my living room. It would be old and used, but Nora would buy some tasteful decorative pillows to make it look good. She was good at picking that stuff out.

A wedding ring stung my cheek as I pictured soft grey sheets and a big floral duvet. I shoved my phone into my mom's hand.

"Go." Sharp and simple. She wasn't one for elaborate words. Not anymore. Unused smile lines made her frown sag farther. I thought about saying a "yes, ma'am," but that seemed too generous.

I slammed my door shut, hoping the vibrations would shake the building enough to make it crumble down on top of her. It didn't. I wasn't that lucky.



My arm ached satisfyingly as I pushed the roller up the wall. The yellow paint trailed my movements, making a squishing sound as I lifted it up to refill it. Five hours ago, Nora and I had been at Home Depot buying a new light-bulb for her Nana's dining room. I was halfway down one of the aisles, picking at the fading scab on my cheek before I realized Nora's hand wasn't brushing mine. She was staring at the wall of paint chips, her hand plucking a card out, cheeks lifting in a smile.

"This one," she had said when I joined her.

"What about it?" I could tell where this was going, the way she looked at the small square paper like it was the key to her future.

"I wanna get it. For my room."

I nodded sagely, playing along with her earnest and excited expression. I stuffed down the grin that wanted to surface.



She bounced on her toes as we waited in the checkout line. We went home with a four-pack of light bulbs and two gallons of Sunshine Yellow 610.

Nora was now in the corner on the floor, her knees up by her ears, touching up the wall near the floor trim with a smaller brush. She chewed on the inside of her cheek. Her lips scrunched back and forth as she switched sides to gnaw on.

I set the roller in the pan, my feet sticking to the thin plastic covering the floor, as I padded over to her. Her concentration stayed when I sat behind her, resting my chin on her shoulder, breathing in vanilla.

"You tired already?" I could feel her grin against my forehead.

I pressed a kiss to her neck in response and indulged in the way it made her hand pause for a moment, before starting up those careful motions again.

"Let's take a break," she decided, setting the brush down and wiping her hands on her jeans, adding Sunshine Yellow 610 to the plethora of colors already stained on them. I liked these pants. Like a scrapbook you could wear. I didn't scrapbook—I didn't have the patience or the skill. But Nora did. Not with paper but with paint and patches and small pieces of embroidery added over time to anything and everything in her closet. There was a small rose on the cuff of my own jeans.

We stood and admired the work we had done so far. One and a half walls were covered in the bright paint, the sun reflecting off the shiny coating.

"This is gonna look great when it's finished." Nora beamed. "Then maybe I can finally get a bigger bed, so we're not so squished when you stay over." She gestured to the twin bed that had been moved to the center of the room for painting purposes. "And I've been thinking of getting rid of some clothes and clearing a drawer out for you since you're over here so often." She patted her dresser lightly, grinning again with toes bouncing, and tucked a lock of hair back into the large blonde bun piled on top of her head.

"Well, we can just get a bigger bed when we move." I shrugged.

Nora gave a short hum.

"Want something to drink?" she asked.

Before handing me a glass, Nora took a sip of each. I smirked. It was our thing—"what's mine is yours." It was stupidly cheesy, but I always ended up not caring. Not when she giggled as she handed me my drink, joy sparking across her face. Those big eyes melted the cliché away.

We sat out on the back porch, collapsing in the bench swing facing the yard. The vegetable garden was to the right, flower garden to the left, and lawn in the center with the greenhouse just past it.

"Nana and I are gonna redo the greenhouse so we can grow plants during the winter." Nora took a small sip of her lemonade. "We were thinking of doing mostly flowers, so we can have bouquets in the house when it's cold out. And no mint, so you can help us if you want." Nora winked at me.

I smiled back, lacing our hands together. Splotches of yellow stained her palms. "You're gonna make our place a jungle; I just know it." I chuckled, picturing Nora engulfed in plants in a small apartment living room.

Nora let go of my hand to take another drink, replying to my comment with a quick nod. She unraveled her hair from the top-knot, letting it cascade down and brush her hip-bones. I tugged lightly on the end of a strand, and she smiled at me, cheeks rosy.

"We should sleep outside tonight," she whispered, looking back at the yard and tucking her feet up onto the bench.

I smiled at her version of adventure as I traced a small blue fish she had sewn into her jeans after we had spent the day at the creek. Nora's idea of thrilling was walking to the store with no shoes on or spontaneously painting her room. I liked the quietness of those moments, sauntering on the edge of familiarity and the unknown. I wanted familiar—just somewhere else. I wanted a new apartment to feel like home, for an untouched mattress to feel worn in. I wanted to find familiar away from my mother.

Nora tipped her head onto my shoulder, breathing gently against my collar bone. Maybe I'd like peppermint more when we left. But at the moment, I was content with vanilla, rose, and a little scent of paint in the air beside me.



I sat at the curved desk, trying to ignore the faint beeping noises around me and the continuous coughing of the patient down the hall. My phone lit up with more photos of Nora's finished room. I chuckled at her crappy photography skills, as half the photos were terribly out of focus.

"Wanna do rounds with me?"

My mother stared down at me, inky hair brushing her white lab coat and a tentative smile raising

her cheekbones. There she went, trying to casually get me to love being a doctor. At this point, the internship was just a reason for me to get out of the house.

"Okay." I shoved my phone in my pocket, not wanting to piss her off. Besides, her ring was strung on a silver chain while she was at work.

"Have you finished that scholarship I sent you last week?" Her tone told me that she already expected it to be done and sent off.

"Almost," I replied, even though I hadn't even opened the email.

Her lips thinned. "What were you laughing at?" The way she clutched the binder against her chest made her look like a child with their favorite stuffed animal.

"Nora," I said quickly. "Just pictures of her room. She finished painting."

She nodded, her smile becoming tighter with each step down the linoleum hallway. "Is that where you've been the past few days?"

"Yeah," I mumbled, putting one more foot of distance between us as we walked. She nodded again, which annoyed me for some reason.

"I just say that because I feel like I don't see you anymore."

I glanced at her. It was these kinds of things that threw me off guard. Did she seriously miss me? Or was she upset that I didn't tell her where I was? Her free hand fiddled with the ring around her neck, and I just shrugged. What was I supposed to say to that? I missed you too? I didn't even know if that's what she meant. I did miss her, but not in the way that she might have thought. I missed the mom that tucked me into bed with silly sound effects. I missed the mom who cut my sandwiches into four triangles. The mom who would let me listen to her heart with her "steppa-coat." The mom that would actually come home in the evenings after work and kiss Dad hello while he made dinner.

I continued to zone out as we visited her patients, greeting them with warm smiles that made me a little jealous. Jealous that the patients got all these smiles, and I didn't.

I stared at the ring dangling from her neck. It had been ten years since my dad left us without notice, and she still wore it. It made me want to throw up. I wondered what she would do if I ripped the chain from her neck. How could she keep it? He left us. Which was code for he didn't want me anymore.

I slammed my door shut, hoping the vibrations would shake the building enough to make it crumble down on top of her.

Couldn't handle it. Decided that he couldn't stand to be around us anymore and just had to leave. As I got older, things around me became more apparent, the black and white melting into something a bit more grey. To Mom, it had to be my fault. I

assumed it was some form of self-preservation, an act of self defense. That's what I told myself as I covered bruises with concealer and dabbed cuts with a damp towel. I took the hits, so she could go on being okay with herself. A big part of me resented myself for doing it while the other resented her for making me. But it was better than her leaving too.

I tried not to think about it as I sat back behind the desk, texting Nora between my busy-work. Our text thread was filled with yellow-themed emojis and blurry selfies.



It was too warm to stay in the house with no air conditioning, full-force summer turning it sticky and uncomfortable, so Nora suggested we spend the day outside. Mom was spending the weekend at a hospital up-state so I grabbed my toothbrush and an extra shirt and drove to Nora's.

I lay in the grass, my black curls splayed around my head, strategically covered from the sun by a big umbrella propped against the ground. Nora was weeding to my left, a large straw hat shielding her face, her thick braid laying over her spine.

I could hear her whispering as she carefully pulled up crabgrass from the ground around each rose bush. I found it a little strange, but also unfairly cute. *Humans flourish under kindness, so why shouldn't plants?* Nora had told me once.

I turned to my side, watching her lips move softly.

"How do you know that works?" I asked her, smirking. She turned around, eyebrows perched on her forehead.

"I just do." She wiped the dirt from her hands and crawled over beside me, settling onto her stomach.

I rolled my eyes. "Okay."

"Maybe I'm magic," she mused, emphasized with the wiggling of her fingers.

"A garden witch?"



She shrugged, removing her hat and setting it gently in the grass. Single strands of hair flew around her head like sparklers in the wind. "There's always a little magic in the world, don't you think?"

"If you say so."

She snorted, flicking me on the shoulder. I didn't mean to flinch, but my torso jerked slightly to the side.

Nora's hand quickly flew back, chocolatey eyes melting into worry. "Sorry."

"I'm fine." I shook my head, not wanting to make it a thing.

Nora pursed her lips, clearly not convinced, eyes glancing down to the bandaids on my forearms. "You didn't tell me what these ones were from."

"Nora it's fine—"

"Sawyer." Her voice was firm, yet gentle. A desperate need to understand and comfort.

I looked at my arms, remembering my mom storming home to find that the dishes weren't done, the glassware shooting across the counter, colliding with the marble column, and shattering in all directions. Me, holding a paper towel to my arm as she helped me sweep the shards into a dustpan and muttering, "I didn't mean to. I'm sorry, baby."

I shrugged at Nora. "Just some glass."

"Sawyer." That's all she could seem to say. But I liked the way she said it. The way she pronounced every letter, where others would mash it into one utterance.

I sat up, moving closer and brushing my thumb over her cheek. "I'm fine. It'll all be gone soon anyway. We'll be gone."

I felt Nora's face fall away from my hand. She kept her gaze down into the grass. "Sawyer, I've talked to Nana and she said you could stay here with us if you wanted to, and at least you could get away from your mom for a little bit." It was all released in one breath, and I watched her rub her thumb against her palm.

"How is that gonna help anything?"

Nora's hands stopped. "It would get you out of that house. It would stop you from getting hurt." Her voice was tight, the sound of her holding back tears.

"It's not gonna—she's still going to be here. I'm still gonna be within her arm's reach. I've gotta get out of this place, Nora." Just out of a place where I wouldn't be reminded of what my mom used to be, and what she was now.

Nora spoke quietly, nodding slowly with eyes

still glued to the grass. "I know. I'm gonna finish up; then we can go make some dinner." She stood and pressed one last kiss to my forehead before returning to the flower bed.



The next evening I leaned against the wall, legs stretched out on Nora's bed and a laptop on my knees, sheets rumped beneath me. Nora lounged on the floor, stitching a pattern around the hem of a shirt.

"There's some cool places in Portland. They're a little pricey, but ya know." I shrugged, scrolling through the page of apartment listings. "Nora?"

She finally looked up. I had been talking for the last five minutes and she hadn't said a word. She looked nervous, which was unsettling. We had been on an unfamiliar edge since yesterday.

I closed the lid of the laptop with a loud click. "What's wrong." A statement. Because something was wrong, there was no use asking questions.

There were fresh frown lines tracing the corners of her lips. "Sawyer," she sighed, breath unsteady and hands pausing. "I don't know if this is a good idea."

"Not sure if what is a good idea?" I didn't want to continue this conversation. We had already done this yesterday, and again, her thumbnail was pressed into her palm. She set her sewing aside and came to join me on the bed.

"Don't know if we are a good idea?" It was a reach, but she wasn't saying anything. The silence that used to be a comfort between us had become stale.

"No, no. I—" She sucked in a breath. "I don't think leaving is a good idea."

I stared at her. As soon as her words were out in the air, I felt the thickness of them seep into my lungs. She hadn't been explicit yesterday, and it was vastly different hearing it out loud.

I pushed the laptop onto the bed. "I thought that's... I thought we had a plan."

I thought everything was gonna work itself out.

"I know that you had plans, but let's just talk about this, okay?" Her words were even, but the smooth tone didn't do much to calm the pressure in my chest.

"We wanted this." I corrected her. "We made plans." Maybe the more I said it, the more likely she'd change her mind.

"Sawyer." She swung her legs off the bed, crossing her ankles. "We can't just leave. Do you know how unwise that would be? I'm not even eighteen yet, and we don't even know what we're doing. We don't

actually have anything tangible planned." Her hand moved to my thigh, thumb moving back and forth.

It sounded so much like my mom that I almost hated her for a moment. I mentally prepared for the impending hit.

She kept going. "And Nana is gonna need more help as she gets older, and if you just stayed with us for a while, we could figure everything out."

I was cataloging through every conversation we had had about this. Every idea, every hope. Past afternoons with Nora telling how she'd set up her own terrace garden. How fun it would be to decorate with paintings and pillows.

But it was all just fun for her, a fantasy. It was never going to be our reality.

"Why didn't you tell me all this sooner?" I stood, her hand falling away from my lap. I didn't want her to touch me anymore. I wanted her to agree with me.

"Sawyer." She shook her head, long blonde hair shielding her face.

"What?" My volume startled me, but I couldn't stop. "What is it? Tell me why you don't want to go with me!" Didn't she get that I couldn't stay here? Didn't she understand that I needed the chance to breathe air that my parents hadn't contaminated? I was shaking, my passion turning sour, my heart melting into resentment. The walls of her room felt too bright and too warm, and I began to pace, feeling as though I was going to vibrate out of my skin.

"Sawyer, let's just talk about this." Her voice sounded far away, faded.

"We have talked about it." My voice was not my own. My heart was racing too fast and my lungs were collapsing and I needed her to listen and understand, and I just needed her to be with me.

"Sawyer, please just calm down—"

Nora's words cut off, and she stumbled back onto the bed.

I blinked at her, confused. My pacing stopped. I watched as her hand reached up to hold her bicep, rubbing it carefully, discreetly. I unclenched my fist. For the first time, she looked at me with fear.

"Nora," I breathed. It felt wrong to say her name.

Her face softened, though still laced with unease. "Why

The walls of her room felt too bright and too warm, and I began to pace, feeling as though I was going to vibrate out of my skin.

don't you go home? We'll talk tomorrow."

I didn't deserve that softness. I didn't belong here. I didn't belong with her.



I didn't remember how I got home. Nor how I packed a bag or how I ended up two hours away sitting on a springy motel bed that smelled like mold. I tore my shoes off, my feet feeling suffocated. Nora didn't seem real to me anymore, as if the farther I went away, the more she disappeared. The more she became something unattainable. Something unreachable. And I became unlovable. Unworthy. If I was a crier, now would be the time. Instead, I sat there with a tight throat and an upset stomach. I had thrown up when I parked in front of the motel, ripping the door open to empty my stomach, my

guilt spilling onto the concrete.

I had my mother's hair and her harshness. My father's eyes and his tendency to run.



The slow-moving pressure my mom dealt out was all too clear now. The need to make things into something she could handle. To keep me close, but not too close. Her subtle, but tight grasp on everything, so she could feel some ounce of control. I hated how it all made sense.

I wanted to wonder what Nora was doing, but I felt too numb to even try. Maybe it wasn't my fault when Dad left, but this was. All this was my fault. My words. My anger. My fist. Maybe I would never understand why Dad took off. Or why Mom still held onto that ring. Or why I had to go and add a bruise to soft, delicate skin. Maybe I never really understood anything, but then I was my parents' daughter. Trying to pick up the fragments and put them together again had become too much, blindsiding me with unrelenting honesty. I looked up at the wall across from me, stained near the ceiling and peeling in the corners. Cracks ran down perpendicular to each other, breaking the wall into puzzle pieces of Sunshine Yellow.







# JASS IT UP

## An Interview with Jazz Musician Sammuel Murry-Hawkins



By Kenedy Williams  
Images by Garrett Mann

*We were inspired to interview a jazz musician to fit into our theme of “Timeless” and the design elements of the book that were inspired by the Jazz Age and the Roaring Twenties, when jazz music was most popular. Despite a drop in popularity, jazz music is still played today—even in Vancouver, Washington—and Sammuel Murry-Hawkins is one of the musicians keeping this genre of music alive.*

*Sammuel Murry-Hawkins is the orchestra leader and vocalist for a prominent jazz band in the Portland area, the NE Plus Ultra Jass Orchestra, which is Latin for “no further beyond” or “the top.” The name refers to the most expensive models of instruments, the NE Plus Ultra models. He is also the steward of the Herman Kenin Library, a catalogued collection of work put together by dance-band leader Herman Kenin. Murry-Hawkins has catalogued 2,200 titles into a database to date.*

*We met Murry-Hawkins on the Clark College campus, eager to talk to someone with a unique wealth of information about the history of jazz. What follows is a conversation about the historical accuracy of Disney’s The Aristocats, the various trends that have occurred in the decades since jazz was spawned, and old-fashioned copyright laws that unintentionally created gay love songs, called “lavender tunes.”*

**Williams:** How does your orchestra capture that period sound of 1920s jazz?

**Murry-Hawkins:** What’s nice about the music we play is that everybody is playing from their own sheet music; they are not trying to interpret without any sort of guidelines. We also have musicians who use period instruments. Our banjo player plays on a period lady banjo, and our drummer plays from a complete 1920s lady drum period kit. We use a sousaphone instead of double bass, and there is a specific reason for that. The first jazz recording was the original Dixieland jazz band in 1917, and when recording this music they found that guitars and double basses did not pick up on the recording equipment. In order to get a nice strong rhythmic pulse, they had to utilize tuba and banjo, which had a much more percussive and cutting sound that would pick up on those early recordings tools. By using those instruments instead of guitars and double basses, we have a much more period sound. In 1930, the recording equipment had changed, and they were able to utilize guitars and double basses, and we see that transition in the sheet music. You see this development of orchestration over the course of 20 or 30 years.

**Williams:** So new technology blends out old instruments?

**Murry-Hawkins:** Right, and it led from what was known as the “hot dance band era” into the “sweet dance band era” of the 1930s.



**Williams:** So is that where your website URL [<https://www.classicmusicsweetandhot.com>] comes from?

**Murry-Hawkins:** Classic music sweet and hot, yeah.

**Williams:** What do you think influenced changes, more than just recording devices?

**Murry-Hawkins:** A lot of it was done because of the advent in recording, but the popularity of the saxophone definitely influenced jazz music too. As I'm cataloging, I see the change of orchestration in what was popular in dance music. It starts out sounding very classically-based, and then in about 1903 to 1915-16 you have very ragtime-feeling music, one-steps and two-steps. You start seeing syncopated rhythms in about 1918, which is what we really identify as jazz music. Original orchestrations for dance music prior to 1915 was string-heavy music. "Society music" is the best way to describe what that might be. The saxophone was created in the 1840s by Adolf Sax and was used in classical music but didn't really find a strong presence in classical music, except in some French compositions in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Then in 1917, you start seeing the addition of a first alto and second tenor sax part, and then in 1921 you start seeing the addition of a banjo.

**Williams:** Who is Herman Kenin, and what is the Herman Kenin library?

**Murry-Hawkins:** Herman Kenin was a famous dance band leader in the 1920s and 1930s and became the president of the American Federation of Musicians and the vice president of American Federation of Labor Unions. He also helped establish the National Endowment of Arts and Humanities and eventually was placed on the House Un-American Activities black list as a result of his union activities.

Kenin played violin with George Olson's orchestra at the Oregon Hotel. In the 20s and 30s, it was standard to go to big fancy hotels that had a house band that performed regularly. When Olson moved down to Los Angeles, Kenin stayed behind and led the orchestra at the Oregon Hotel and then became the orchestra leader for the Multnomah Hotel. In 1926-27, Victor Records made a record with Kenin that put him on the map nationally. Kenin also frequently led the band at the Peacock Ballroom at Lotus Island Amusement

park, which existed from 1930 to 1932 on Tomahawk Island. It was the largest ballroom in the nation. It could accommodate 6,000 guests, and his band were regular performers at that. Unfortunately the ballroom was burned down, so performances there obviously stopped.

In 1970 on July 21st Kenin died in New York of a heart attack. He left behind a wife and two children and he left his entire collection of sheet music to the local 99 in Portland. In 2018, I recognized that this collection was a gold mine of opportunities to play music that hasn't been heard for the last 85 or 90 years. It was 11 book cases and 45 boxes of music, so somewhere between 10 to 16 thousand arrangements. So, I put together a proposal for what I wanted to do with the library, mostly outlining that I thought it was important for the music to be cataloged, stored properly, and scanned, as well as performed. I'm now the steward of the collection but with the stipulation that I have everything catalogued. Since January of 2019, I have been going through the collection and putting all of the music in the same order. To date I've entered about 2,200 hundred titles into the database. The music is not printed on acid-free papers, so a lot of these charts are slowly deteriorating. It's important to get this work done before the original copies crumble away to dust forever.

**Williams:** I read in your bio on your website that you switched from classical music to jazz. Can you explain why?

**Murry-Hawkins:** When I was studying classical flute and voice in college, playing the flute was a difficult career to pursue. It's one of two most competitive instruments to play as a professional musician. I recognized that there was really no opportunity to continue and pursue a career in flute with the level I was playing at collegiately. I was very interested in the music of [John] Kander and [Fred] Ebb, who wrote *Chicago* and *Cabaret*, which are both set in the 1920s as well. I played banjo in the pit orchestra for one production of *Chicago* right around the time that the orchestra was forming. I just found it dynamic and really interesting, and few groups worldwide were playing this music in this format.

**Williams:** Do you mentor any musicians? Is there any significance to passing the torch with a dated style of music?

**Murry-Hawkins:** Most of our orchestra is made up of retirees. The average age of our players is about 65.

But as far as mentoring other young musicians, we really haven't had the opportunity, except that for every dance we produce in the Village Ballroom, we offer free admission to students sixteen years and younger. We have about twelve young people who come to every dance who are also musicians interested in this style of music. I think it's extremely important to keep it alive and try to branch out to younger audiences, because right now our main audience that comes and dances at our orchestra are people in their 40s, 50s, 60s, and 70s. Trying to cultivate an audience and interest in this music has been a challenge, but a fun one.

**Williams:** Have you seen any change in demographics of the audience or performers of young generations?

**Murry-Hawkins:** It's a hard question to answer in the Pacific Northwest because our audiences are particularly white, which is a shame, because the music we play was really born out of St. Louis, New Orleans, and Chicago from the turn of the century. This music really comes out of a black tradition of music. Unfortunately, we have not had a person of color interested in playing with our orchestra. And again, the musicians that I have access to are, unfortunately, all old white men. When seeking new musicians, I do put a call out on local musician forums and social media looking for anyone who's interested in that music. Our audiences are largely made up of people in the swing dance community, which is also white in this area. Even the young people who come to our shows are primarily white. Unfortunately, I don't know how to reach other audiences with the resources we have right now. We're just trying to keep the music alive by playing and continuing to grow our audience base by having performance opportunities.

**Williams:** What is something people assume about jazz music? Are there any myths or stereotypes about jazz musicians?

**Murry-Hawkins:** I would definitely say that what people think 1920s and 30s jazz music is, is not 1920s and

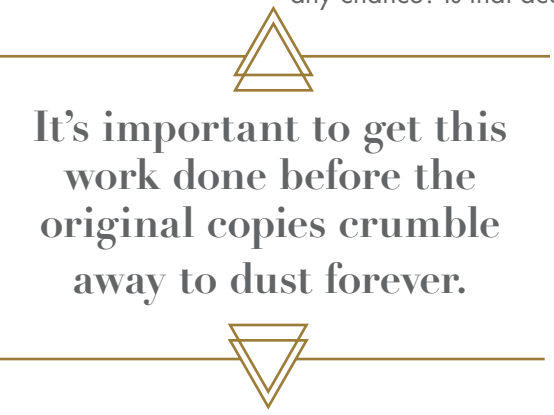
1930s music. People often misidentify swing music as 1920s dance band music. In the 1950s and into the 1960s there was a "Dixieland revival," which was taking this music and the orchestrations and distilling it down to one trumpet, one clarinet, or soprano sax, banjo, and drums. It just really didn't capture the true flavor and sound of the music from the era. I think a lot of people associate sort of these Disneyland-style bands, the sort of ensembles that you might see on the Main Street of Disneyland or an amusement park [with jazz music], but really what we're playing is closer to the original music as it would have been heard by audiences in the 20s and 30s.

**Williams:** Have you seen the movie *The Aristocats* by any chance? Is that accurate to 20s music?

**Murry-Hawkins:** Yes! It is sort of accurate, but it's definitely a product of that Dixieland revival. *The Aristocats* came out in 1970, so it was right when all of this music was sort of being revived.

**Williams:** Would you describe jazz as genre-fluid?

**Murry-Hawkins:** Certainly! People who say they play jazz, or jazz musicians, have a hard time identifying the type of music we play as jazz. An interesting, maybe apocryphal, story about the term "jazz" comes from an edition of *The Etude* magazine from 1924. The cover of it says "The Jazz Problem" and it's modern classical musicians' viewpoints on what jazz is and how it needs to be addressed in America. All of these different classical musicians had pretty negative things to say about this new music craze, except for John Phillip Sousa, who was very adamant about having to go with the flow and accept that music is fluid and changes over time. But in this edition of *The Etude's* letter to the editor, it speaks of a music group down in New Orleans. The drummer is named Charles, and when he had an opportunity to take a hot solo on the drums, everyone in the band would yell "chas it up!" C-H-A-S, short for Charles. So Chas allegedly developed into the word Jazz. The original spelling of jazz, J-A-S-S is what we use with our orchestra, and the Original Dixieland Jass Band was also spelled with S instead of Z. They



**It's important to get this work done before the original copies crumble away to dust forever.**



changed their spelling to Zs because little boys were scratching the Js off posters, which led them to use Zs instead.

**Williams:** That's a clever switch! More music nerd questions: What's your favorite jazz standard?

**Murry-Hawkins:** For a long time, it was "Dream a Little Dream of Me," which was first recorded on February 16th, 1931 by Ozzie Nelson. Of course, that song would have a resurgence in popularity when Mama Cass Elliot sang it with the Mamas and Papas in the late 60s. I would say currently my favorite song from the era is a tune called "He's My Secret Passion." What's also interesting about music from this era is that in the early years of recording this music, it was considered an infringement of copyright to change the pronouns to make it gender appropriate for conventions of the time. So if a male artist or recording company wanted a male artist to sing one of these songs, they would have to sing it with the original lyrics. The first time I heard a recording of "He's My Secret Passion" it was sung by a man named Smith Ballew, who was a cowboy actor in early films. It's this wonderful song recorded in 1930, and it sounds like a gay love song because it's sung

by a man. There's a wonderful recording of a tune by Paul Whiteman who gave Bing Crosby his start as a member of the vocal trio called the Rhythm Boys with Paul Whiteman's orchestra and it's a recording of "There Ain't No Sweet Man That's Worth the Salt of My Tears." Again, it's a lamenting love song about how horrible men are, sung by Bing Crosby. These tunes are what they called "lavender tunes" because of the way they came across.

**Williams:** If someone wanted to listen to jazz music in the Portland/Vancouver area, where should they go?

**Murry-Hawkins:** Well, we perform 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. every third Friday of the month at the Village Ballroom, which is at the Oregon Public House at 704 NE Dekum St. In Vancouver, the new Brickhouse Bar on Main Street and Mill Plain has been bringing in the Tom Grant trio to perform Sunday evenings. Down in Portland, there's a club off Mississippi Ave called The 1905 that has small jazz ensembles. The only jazz club that's large enough to hold other big orchestras like ours is the Jack London Review, which is located under the old hall on 4th and Alder in downtown Portland.



*Dream a Little Dream With Me*  
Ozzie Nelson  
Orchestra



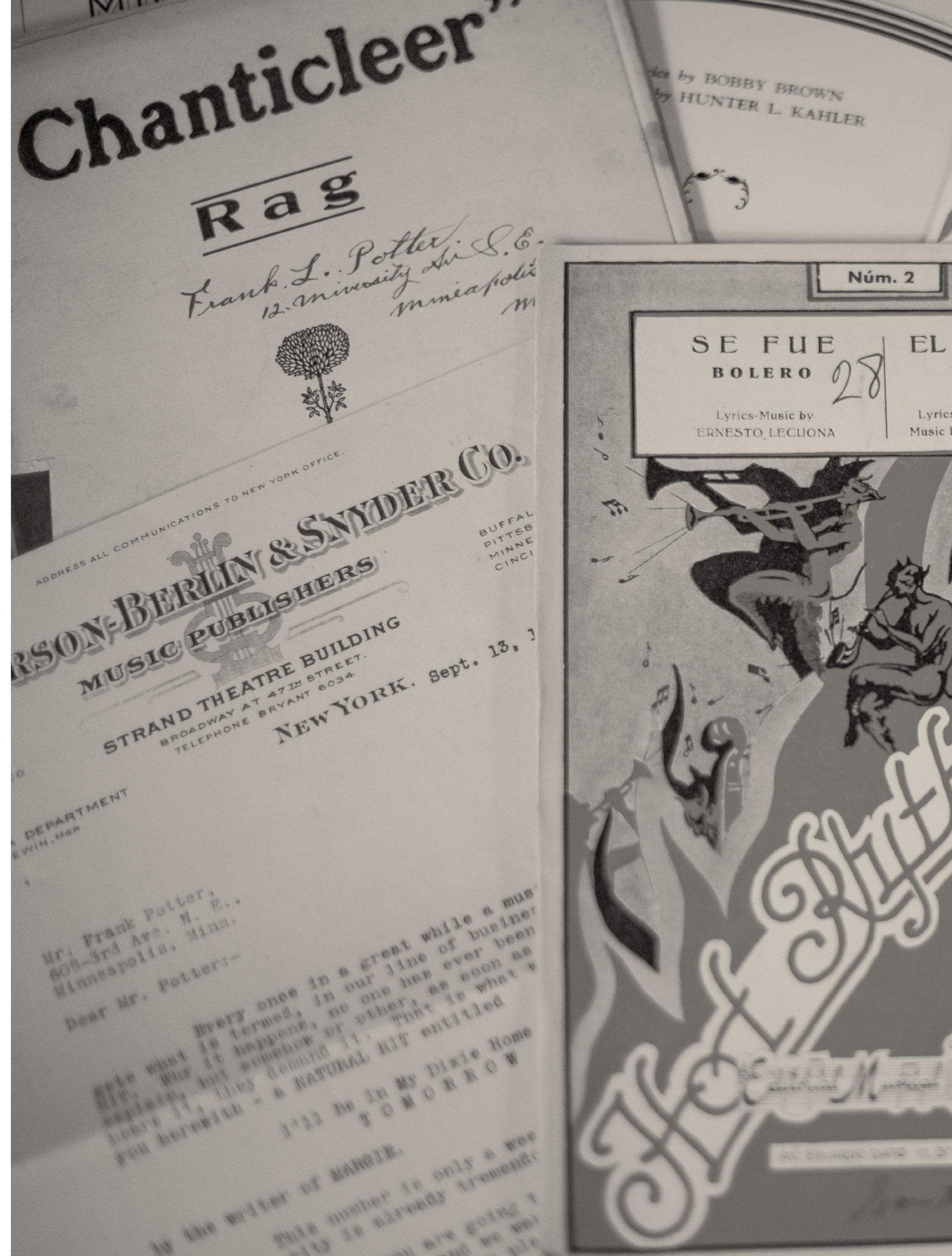
*He's my Secret Passion*  
Smith Ballew vocals and  
Danny Yates Orchestra



*Some Other Day*  
Herman Kenin and his  
Multnomah Hotel  
Orchestra



*There Ain't No Sweet Man that's Worth the Salt of my Tears*  
Paul Whiteman and his  
Orchestra







*Delaney's Eyes*  
Grace McNeill | Silver Gelatin Print



*Sutro Bathhouse 1922*  
Larissa Baldwin-Dillon | Woodcut Print





*Portrait Studies*  
Bryce Van Patten | Digital Photography



*Undaunted*  
Jessica Joner | Digital Photography



# Happy People

Ashlee Nelson

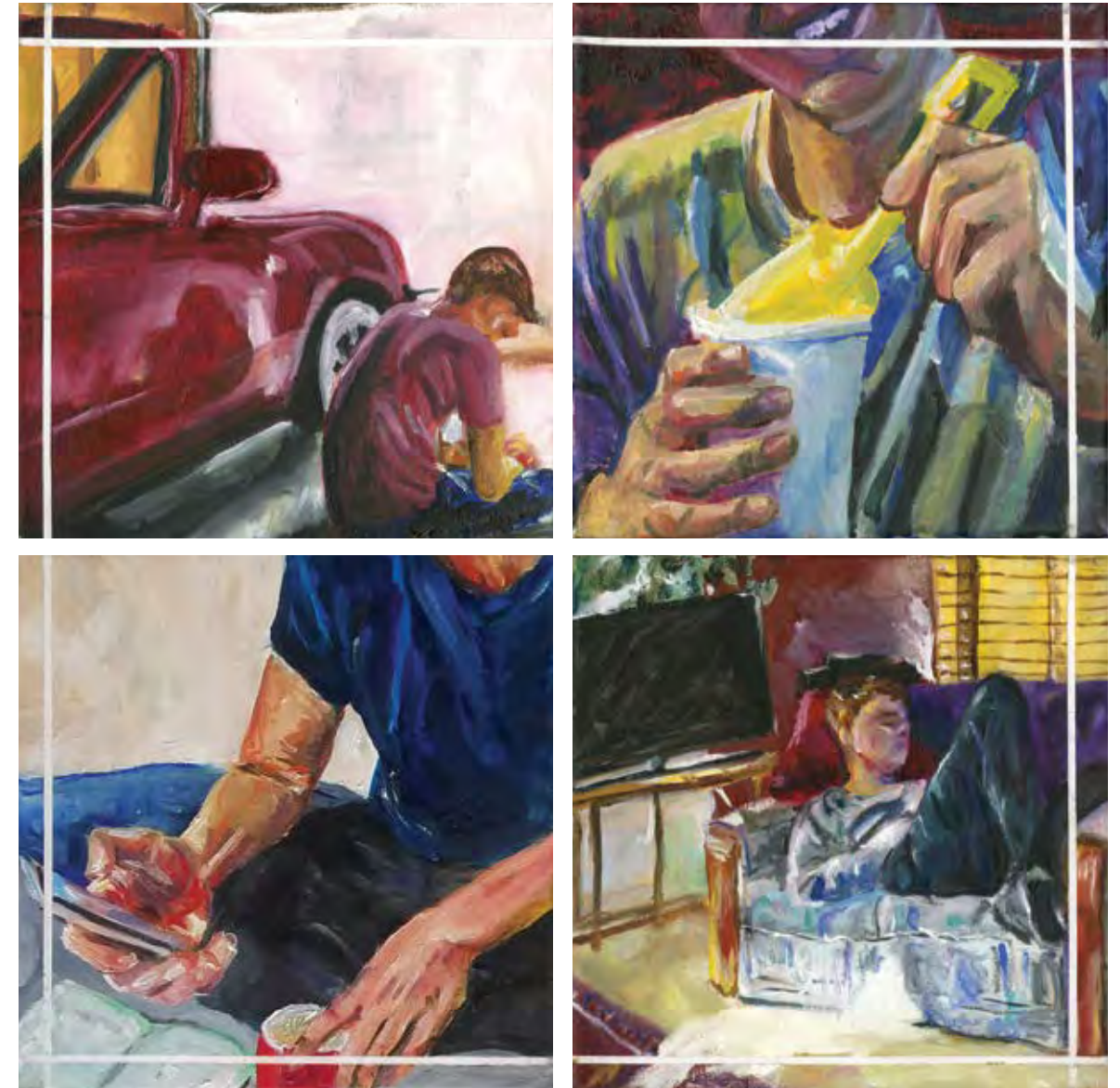
Warn me what looking  
at the other side of the fence  
will cost later

Because right now it's two a.m. and we're both  
stupid with exhaustion,  
years late and slow to realize:

happy people don't look like us

If we were meant to be slotted  
next to each other in bed,  
the shape of us would be  
God's hands clasping  
in joy, tender like spring

We would be  
balanced, earth and sky  
I, the flower turned to you  
our minds green and at peace

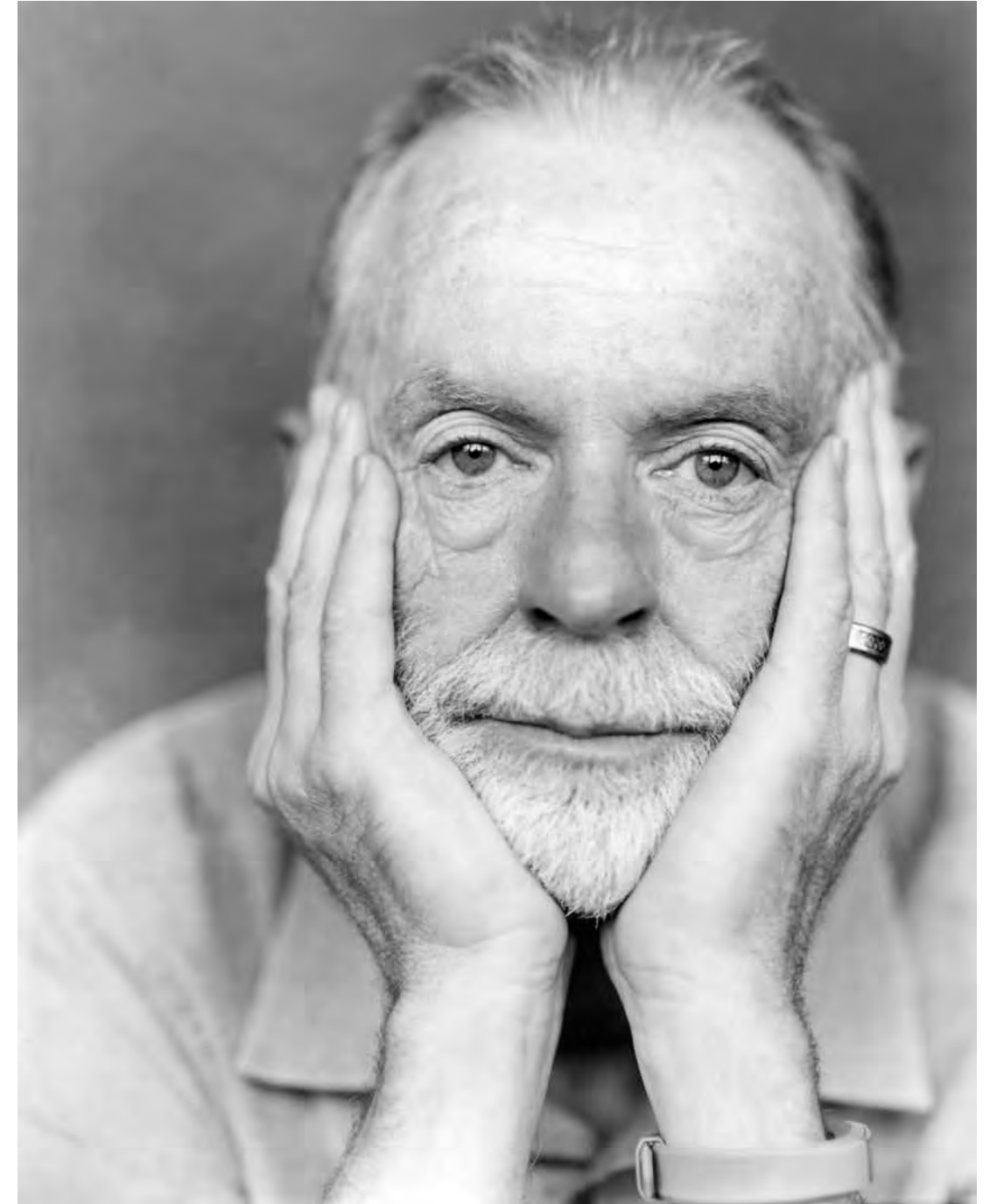


*Olly*  
Jordain Harrop | Oil on Canvas





*Red Light District*  
Autumn Winston | Digital Photography



*Gene*  
Ian Beckett | Silver Gelatin Print





*Into My Lens*  
Nico Strappazon | Silver Gelatin Print



*Deep Into The Woods*  
Elle Lowe | Digital Photography





*Llama*

Miranda Embrey | Remixed Digital Photography



*Cityscape*  
Brenda Pereboom | Stoneware







*Reclining Nude in Chalks*  
Bryce Van Patten | Chalk on Paper

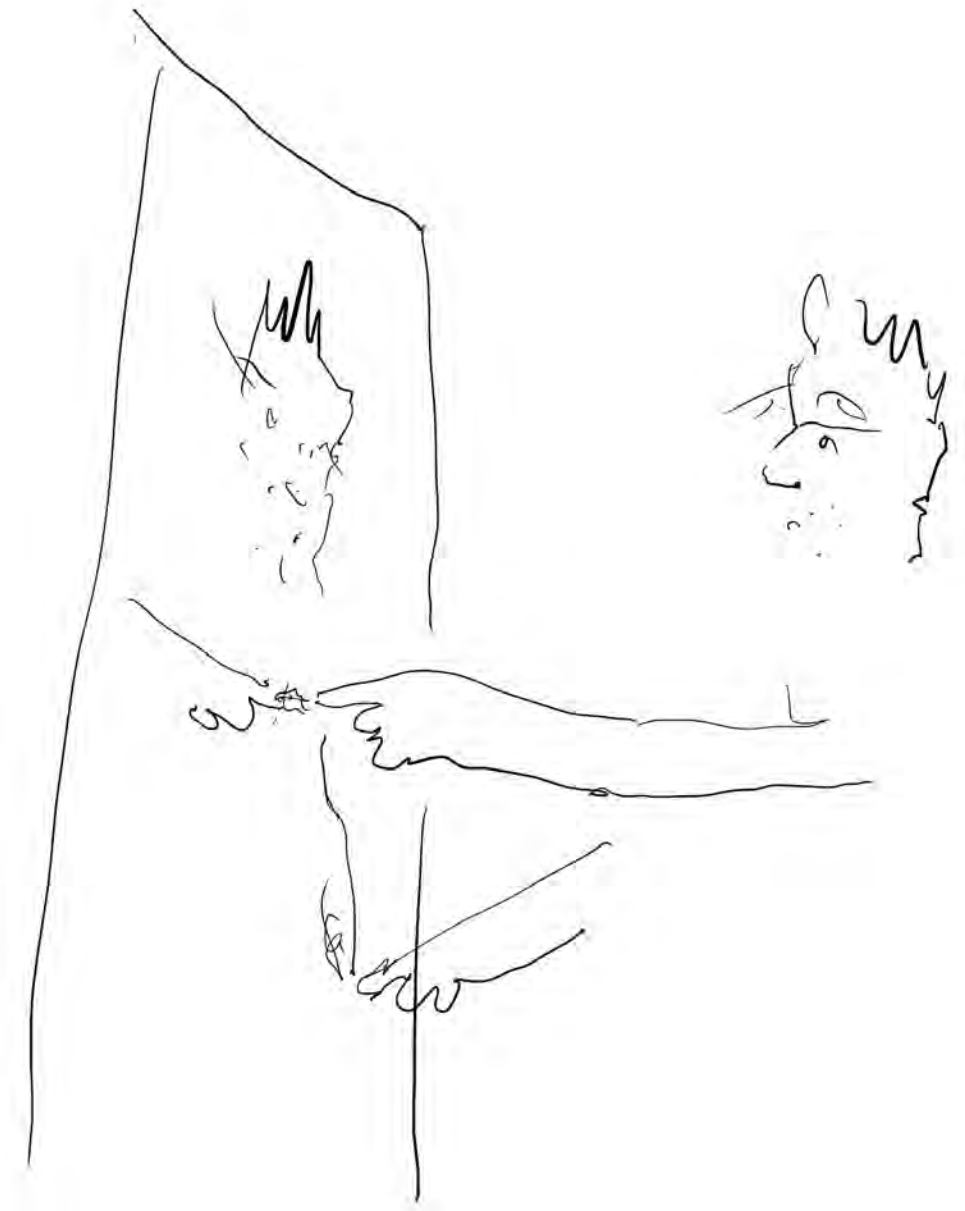


*All Work and No Play Will Kill You Someday*  
Nathaniel Zoret-Russell | Oil on Paper





*Grace*  
Jodi Evans | Ceramic



*The Man in the Mirror*  
Stephen Hayes | Raster Illustration



# Garden Observer

Mattie Whitters



Sitting at garden's edge  
Silent watch dogs with beards  
Friendly smiles painted on their faces  
Hats tall and pointed  
Never moving

Watching the stars freckle the night sky  
As sun does skin  
Listening to the frogs sing  
Watching bees  
Pollinate flowers  
But never moving

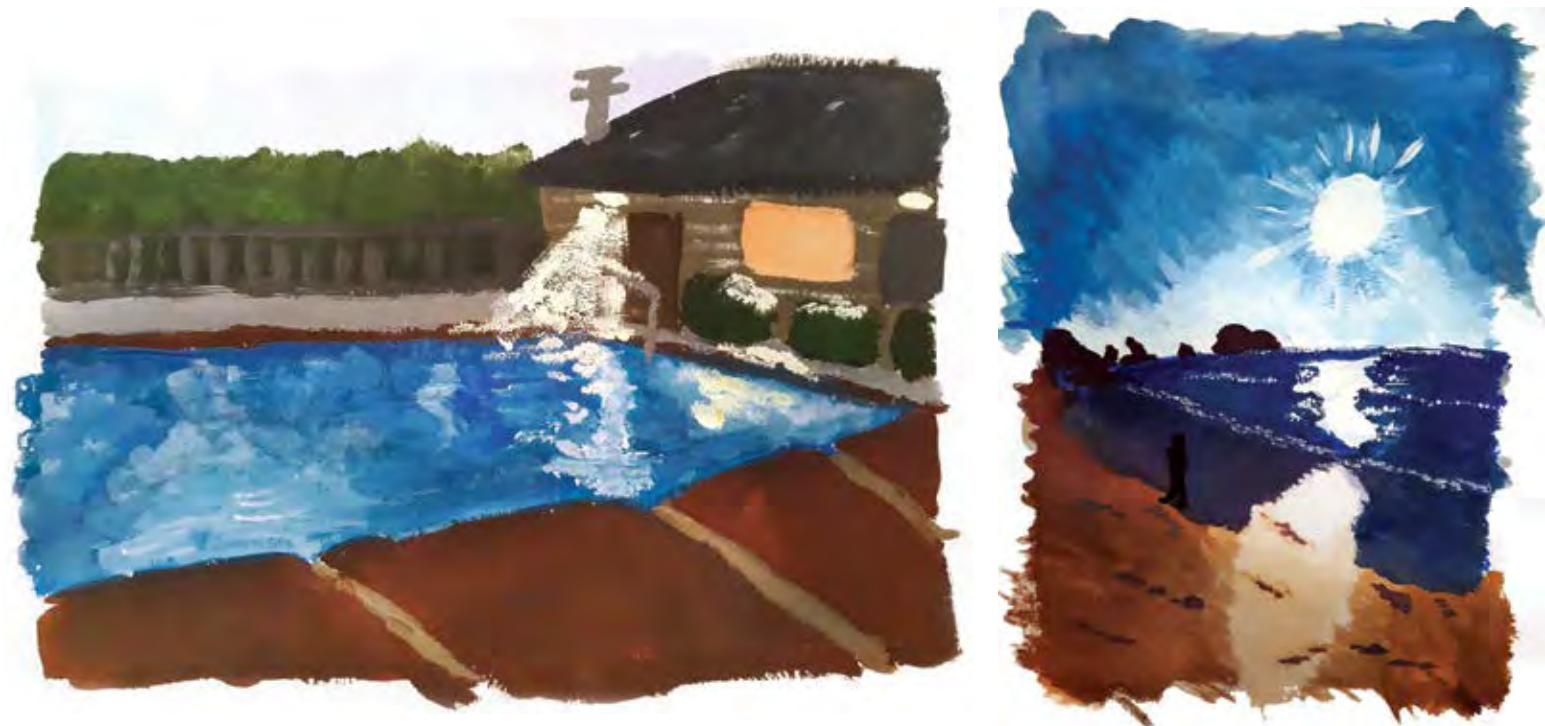
Never moving  
Always seeing  
Observing  
Watching years come to pass  
People growing and leaving

Keeping secrets  
They didn't even know they had  
Eyes never shutting  
Weathered but not broken  
Grass growing tall  
Taller than their hats  
Weeds blooming



*Seasonal*  
Patrick Foley | Cut Paper





*Reflections*  
Lea Cherico | Gouache on Paper



*Pamelekh Shofar*  
Ben Killen Rosenberg | Oil on Wood Panel





*The Marsh*  
Jennie Westfall | Oil on Canvas

# The Appearance of Freedom

Jessica Hager

When I was younger, my father only let us go to one spot for vacation: camping in Bend, Oregon. I've been there so many times that I could probably drive there myself without any guidance whatsoever. I'm not sure why he fixated on that location specifically, except for the fact that it was usually sunny and warm, which he preferred over the rainy weather of Vancouver. Those vacations are the closest thing I have to a fond childhood memory involving my father. He had a knack for ruining things with his explosive tendencies, and even these memories are tainted in some way due to his involvement in them. His presence evokes a constant low-level anxiety in me, an unspoken fear of "What if?" or "What might he do?" I learned to ignore him as I grew older, but the fear never fully went away.

Bend has always represented freedom, something I lacked whenever I was around my father, who was basically a dictator. I have always lapped up every bit of freedom that I could get, even if it was scarce. My father never wavered from his strict rules for behavior and cleanliness, and his wrath could burst out at any moment, but he seemed to relax a little in Bend. For one, he was rendered a little powerless by the dirt, and the floor by the door of the trailer was almost always covered in it, despite his best efforts to keep it clean. Additionally, he just seemed to be in his element out there, which perhaps affected his demeanor. He would let us all venture out a bit more, and our activities were not so focused on how clean they were. Considering that this was a rare event, I always looked forward to it.

I would always get so excited the night before we left, hardly able to sleep from the anticipation. How could I sleep if we were actually doing something, if I was actually allowed to go out and not be forced to stay inside the house all day? Though I was always extremely introverted and not necessarily thrilled to be in public, I would take any chance I could get to leave that house that was barricaded by the chain link fence, locked up like a maximum security prison. Every time the locks were lifted, I felt my heart lighten ever so slightly.

The routine was the same every time there was a day off from school or any significant break, up until I was nine years old: Get up at 5:00 a.m. or so, eat a quick snack, and then get into the black truck that was parked in the street, our last luggage in tow. Our somewhat dilapidated trailer had been hooked up to the back of the truck the night before, as always. We would then have to wait an hour or more so he could satisfy his obsessive tendencies. We could not leave until he had gone through the entire



house, making sure that every light switch was off, the oven knobs were in line, the water was turned off, the windows were locked and closed (we were never allowed to open them), and every other precaution he deemed necessary. To this day, I distinctly remember seeing him forming his hand in a straight line and comparing it to the oven knob in front of him, going down the line of knobs until he decided that they were perfectly straight. All of these things were done in the name of safety, of making sure that the house was “secure” before we left. We weren’t allowed back into the house while he was doing this, as it would throw him off, and he’d need to start over. My brother and I would sit in the truck, my mother in the front seat, half-asleep, breathing in the frosty morning air. It was always so much calmer when he wasn’t around. No yelling, no put-downs, no volatile temper to worry about, no reason to be constantly on guard for the next meltdown. As I got older, I found myself wishing that he would never come back out.

After he was done with his procedures, he would finally join us in the truck, and we would be off. I was fairly young then, and I’ve never been a morning person, so I would often drift off during the four hour-long drive. In the meantime, a John Denver CD that always started with “Take Me Home, Country Roads” would play throughout the drive. That song never fails to transport me back to these times, and it remains one of the only completely untainted memories I have involving him. Oftentimes, we’d all sing with the song, our voices almost combining into one, and for three minutes, I could almost forget about the monster that was my father. Maybe, for that moment, I could pretend that we were a normal, loving family.

When I was awake, I’d often look out the window, watching nature blur past me. As anyone who lives in Vancouver and surrounding areas knows, the landscape is marked with lush, green vegetation, lots of trees and green grass. This would change once we drove around Mount Hood. I wasn’t often awake during the journey through the mountain pass, but there wasn’t much to see anyway besides pine trees and the snow-capped mountain. A little while later, I’d wake up and find that the landscape had changed to that of a desert, with the primary vegetation being sagebrush. We still had a ways to go, and we passed through several more towns without stopping: Madras, Terrebonne, and Redmond. I remember commenting on how tiny Terrebonne was, the city not much more

than a grocery store and a gas station. Sometimes, we’d stop in Redmond for gas, but we usually adhered to the rule: No stops of any kind until we got to Bend. I thought nothing of this at the time, but now I realize that it’s not normal to expect very young children to avoid using the bathroom during a four-hour-long car drive. That and other ridiculous rules were just part of life for us.

Eventually, we’d find ourselves in Bend. However, we weren’t staying in the city; we were going camping, after all, and all good campers camp in the wilderness. We drove straight through the city, only stopping for gas if we had not gotten it elsewhere, and I always knew we had left the city and crossed into the wilderness once we drove over railroad tracks. From that point forward, the road turned a little more bumpy, and there were fewer signs of civilization and more signs of dead grass and sagebrush. A little further down, we’d reach China Hat Road and then we’d take a left. From there, we’d drive down a path that was littered with rocks, to the point where I could feel my entire body jostling. I used to watch my hat, which always hung on a hook next to the window, sway back and forth as he drove down this path. Over the years, my father made attempts to clear the road of rocks, but it consistently remained a bumpy ride. Eventually, the bumps would stop, and we would reach our spot.

My legs always got sore from sitting so long in the relatively cramped backseat, so I was always excited to leave the truck. I would soon regret that, as the truck was air-conditioned and our trailer was not. We would always complain about being made to face the elements, and he would always say that he would get on it, but ultimately to no avail. I never have handled heat well, and I vividly remember dripping in sweat on more than one occasion. It’s hard not to when there is no air conditioning when it’s over 100 degrees outside.

Then there was the ordeal of backing the trailer in exactly the right spot. My brother and I were made to leave the truck, as was my mother, while my father attempted to position it correctly. If we were lucky, he would get the trailer backed in quickly, but that was fairly rare. More often than not, my brother and I would watch the numerous failed attempts and hear my father’s voice steadily rising while my mother did her best to direct him. Some trips were ruined before they even started in this manner.

The activities from there would vary. Being a gun-lover and a proud supporter of the Second Amendment, my father decided it was a good idea to teach me how to shoot a BB gun, and eventually a .22 rifle. He would tape up printed targets to trees, sometimes letting us use milk cartons or soda cans as targets instead. My brother and I would alternate, each of us getting a chance to shoot. I was the better shot of the two of us, and my parents knew it, though my father never acknowledged it. He never could acknowledge the times when I outshone his perfect son. I had infinite patience, where my brother had almost none. I generally hit the targets squarely, though not always in the absolute center. I took my time, staring down the sight of the gun and making sure that everything was perfectly aligned. I even knew how to compensate for the weight of the bullet. If I aimed it just a little above where I actually wanted the bullet to go, I would hit the target almost exactly. I would have made a good sniper.

I probably seemed to take an unreasonable amount of time between shots to an outside observer, but my father had long since ingrained in me the idea that it was unacceptable to make any kind of mistake. I knew for certain that I *could not* miss the target. If I ever did, my chest would instantly tighten and my heart would sink, my mind filling with anxieties. I feared that my father would yell at me, berate me for being worthless, and that fear was enough to compel me to try so hard.

In addition, some part of me longed for approval, for praise. I almost never got it from him, and I sought after it for most of my younger years. I thought that if I could just hit the targets well, he would be proud of me, even if it was only a little bit. Unfortunately, I slowly came to realize that my efforts were in vain, but my mother always seemed pleased with me. After a successful shot, I would often look back at her and share a grin as she let out a “Good job!” Sometimes, she affectionately referred to me as “little Annie Oakley.” I wanted her approval, too, and it warmed me to know that I had gotten it in those moments.

However, my favorite parts of the trips were the nights. I looked forward to them almost more than anything else. For one, it would cool down a lot, and

I was glad to get some relief from the heat. I also looked forward to the campfires that happened almost every night. I think, to a certain extent, all of us did.


My mother was constantly cold, even in the extreme heat, so she would sit as close to the fire as she could, warming up her body or “roisserie-ing herself,” as she would call it. She always hated these trips, citing her dislike for getting dirty and for being cooped up with him for up to a week in the trailer. All the same, I think she liked the campfires the most too.

Oftentimes, my brother would be messing around with the shovel, digging holes or terrorizing some bugs. On one occasion, he threw shovel after shovel full of dirt into my jacket hood, heedless to the fact that I was sitting behind him as he dug. I honestly never paid that much attention to him, and he did likewise.


Even my father seemed to change when it was time for the campfire. The term “pyro” does not exactly do him justice. He was always interested in the flames and seemed to take great joy in setting things on fire. On many occasions, I watched him dump way too much gasoline all over the wood and other materials he wanted to burn. Something seemed to light in his eyes when he struck a match and threw it onto the pile, the fire suddenly blazing to life. Sometimes, I would watch him at the fire when he wasn’t looking, a subtle fear of looking him in the eye overpowering me. The campfire reflected off his glasses in a way that made him appear as if he had Vulcan eyebrows, making him look even more severe. Occasionally I would gather up enough courage to speak, commenting to him that he looked like Spock. He wouldn’t necessarily acknowledge my comment aside from a grunt or half-hearted laugh, but my mother found it pretty clever.

I have never been close to my father. He willingly pushed me away, degraded me because I was a girl, because I did not like math and all of the things that he did. He never understood the simple fact that you cannot force someone to like something, to be something. I did not come out of the womb as his clone, and for that, he was forever disappointed in me.

We continued to go on these trips after my mother left him, and eventually, his new wife sat in the front seat, waiting with us until he finished his checks. The



For three minutes,  
I could almost forget  
about the monster that  
was my father.

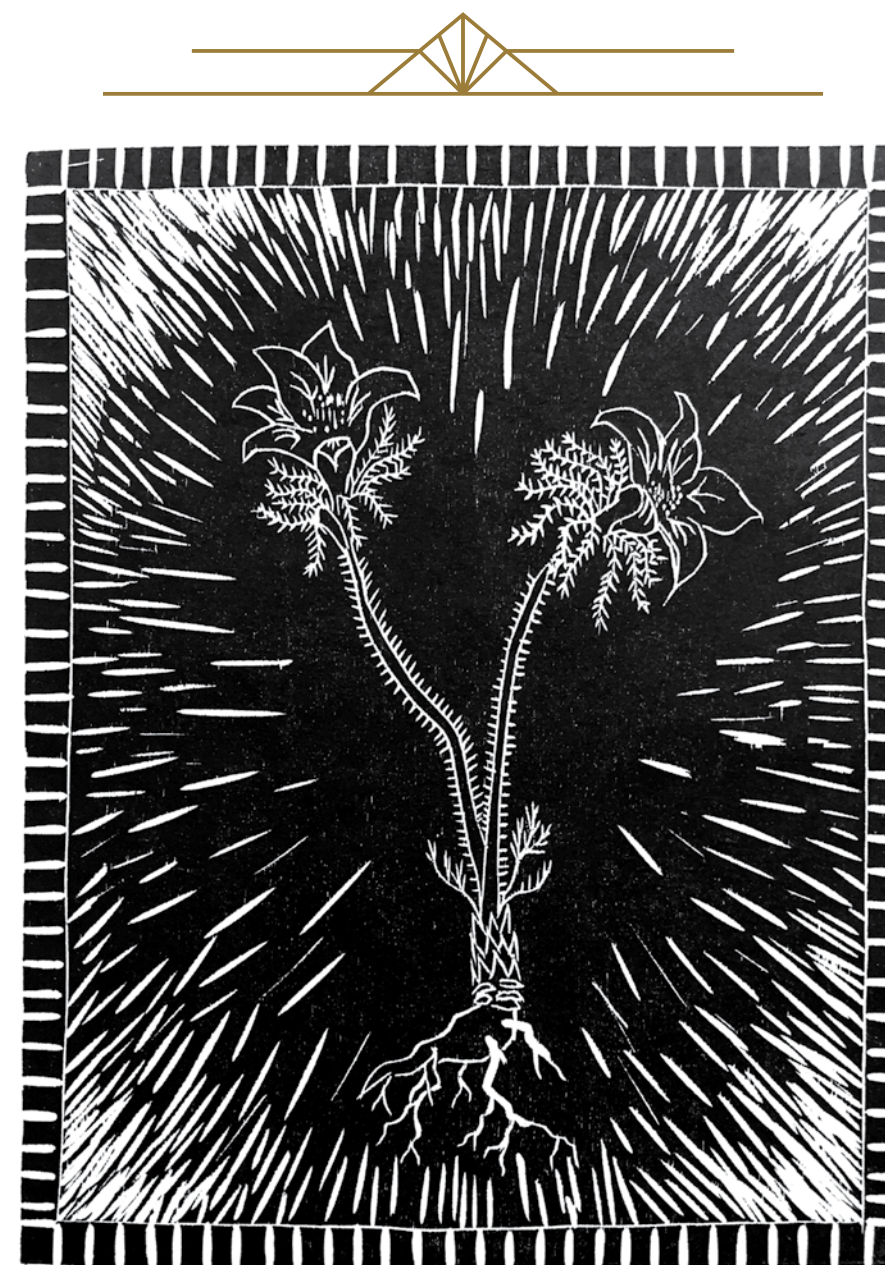




process was basically the same, but she was much less willing to protect us from him and fight against him than my mother. His new wife had almost no semblance of a spine, so she often bent to his will. I resented her for it, but at that point, I had learned to stand up for myself. I finally learned how to beat back my anxiety and fight against his tyrannical rule.

I no longer see my father at all, and I haven't been to Bend in about three years. Despite this, I feel the repercussions of his influence almost daily. That ever-present anxiety has not left me, even though he has. Over time, it has slowly ebbed away, fading the longer he has been gone. I suppose that some vestige of it will always stay with me.

Sometimes, I wonder if I'll ever go back to Bend, and I certainly hope that I never run into him there. If all goes perfectly as planned, I will never see him again. I wouldn't mind seeing that desert landscape again someday, though, without his terrifying presence to accompany me.



*Wildflower*  
Ann Hanlin | Woodcut Print



# Late

## Artemis Asbury



Fading into consciousness  
My eyes are already open  
Dried sleep crystals scratch at my eyelids  
I'm in a bed I don't recognize  
The floor scattered with clothes  
Blurring in the edges of my vision  
The alarm clock reads 5:02  
AM...PM?  
I force a blink, 5:15

Last night, I met a man who could dance  
He smelled flammable  
We hadn't been dancing long  
When he asked if I wanted a hit  
How could I refuse on my birthday?  
Smoke went in through my mouth  
And floated to the top of my skull  
Until I couldn't feel my stomach aching with hunger

My eyes are frozen shut  
Time is an icy river sending me far downstream  
I can't move  
My heart pounds as nausea washes over me  
How much time has passed in this room while  
I struggle to fight the current?  
Confusing scents waft around me  
Dolce & Gabbana's Light Blue mixed with piss  
And the intruding taste of boiling bile

The clock reads 6:47, I sigh in relief.  
It means I still have a few more hours  
I'm grateful that time can go backwards  
My body sinks into the sheets  
Surrendering to the numbness of sleep

I roll off the bed and hit the floor  
I feel nothing  
My thick sweatshirt cushioned  
The fall  
My suspended state  
Restored enough strength  
To raise myself from the ground  
Like the living dead

11:22

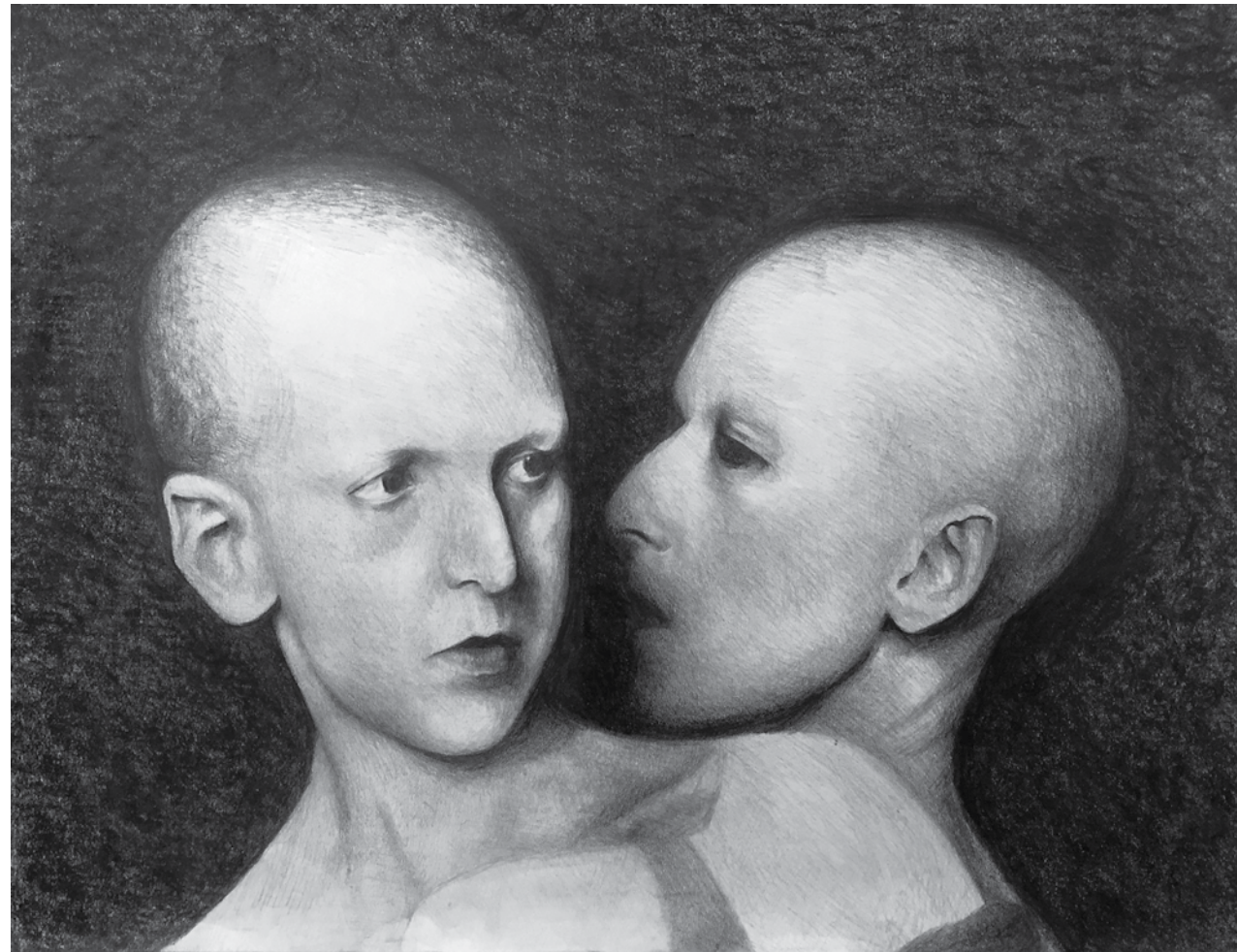
There's a pot of coffee waiting for me  
Downstairs in the dark  
It went cold a long time ago

My car is nowhere to be seen  
Stepping outside, a frozen wind stings my skin  
Through the holes in my jeans

Crystalline snowflakes drift  
From a black, midnight sky  
The trees, the road, the glowing lamp posts  
Covered in white  
A mask over the city, shrouding all imperfection

*We'll figure it out.*  
I start walking.





*Graphite Rendition of "Que Me Veux-tu"*  
Joymae Capps | Graphite on Paper



# Metamorphosis

## Joymae Capps



Standing on a hill, Jade was momentarily captivated by the readily approaching death of a butterfly that lay in his palms. It flexed its wings for a moment, boasting its fluorescent sapphire and pumpkin hues before its life slipped away. It was so light in his hands that if he didn't hold it carefully enough, its corpse would fly back into the wind to take one last flight before swaying back onto the ground. While it seemed like a silly idea, Jade placed its body into a tulip's bell. His fingers brushed its wings with unsaid envy, and he caught himself feeling his chest tighten with the same sadness one would have for an old acquaintance.

He looked away, into the eyes of the town that sprawled itself before him, and it stared back at him. Houses were splotted haphazardly across the unruly land like anthills, bushy evergreens encompassing the town, isolating it from the rest of the world. Jade watched as people marched in organized chaos down below, following their designated routine, unaware or uncaring of what sights lay past the evergreens' shielding arms. His eyes set towards the sky, the sun peering at him from just over the west treetops. The thought of being watched made Jade retract his gaze, bringing it back to the tulip.

*Battus Philenor, adieu*, he thought to his freshly deceased friend as he descended, making his way back to his anthill once more.

Upon arriving back at his house, he was ceremonially greeted with a cloud of nicotine. Once it dissipated, the smell mingled with the chemical stench of nail polish remover. His sister, Tera, stood near the side of their house, a cig snuggled between her fingers, trailing ash that resembled dying fireflies, their light quickly fading as they reached the ground.

"Where have you been?" She giggled. "Out with your gross bug friends again?"

He shrugged, only to be elbowed in the stomach. He winced.

"But really, what weird story do you have this time?"

"I went to a funeral service."

"Oh, how did that go?"

"It's a funeral. Those don't usually go well."

"It would if it was an imaginary one." She directed another billowing mass of smoke in his direction, the smell sticking to him this time like a new layer of skin.

"Oh yeah. Dad wanted to see you." She continued, "Said you stole some cigs or something. He seems pretty peeved." He watched with little surprise as she flaunted her fresh pack of Camels, winking with an unbearably wide grin that was all too familiar to him.

"I guess I shouldn't leave him waiting." He didn't let this revelation bother him. After all, it was routine at this point.



Not entertaining her any longer, he made his way back to his father's study.



By now he knew what to expect, but as he waited to be let into his father's den, he couldn't help but feel a bezoar of dread amalgamate at the bottom of his stomach. He waited to hear his father's muffled voice before entering the immaculate room. Everything was in its place from the engraved nameplate that read "Maxwell Jones" to the butterflies that lined the back wall like tiles. Each had been pinned excessively to their bulletin, creating a kaleidoscope of colors that threatened to break free of their glass encampments. Anytime Jade had been summoned to his father's workroom, he could have sworn he'd seen a few of their wings twitch, struggling to free themselves from their pins.

Maxwell was a stain in the middle of this prism of color. The color faded around him, reverting to rudimentary greys, creating a monochromatic halo around him wherever he went. He brought lifelessness to even the most lively of things-

"Jade Jones."

His father's voice came back into focus with the sharp flick of his tongue. He glared pointedly at him from his chair, and Jade's mind scattered momentarily before the last bit of his thoughts went silent at Maxwell's continuation.

"The door. *Close it.*"

Jade nodded as he did so swiftly, rendered instantly mute under his impatient gaze.

Mr. Jones shifted forward in his chair, hands folded over his chin. "The police came earlier. They told me that you stole some cigarettes from the corner store. Is that true?"

Jade shook his head.

Max got up, peeling away his jacket like skin and folding it onto the shoulders of his chair before walking over to him. His steps were silent enough that Jade could have sworn he heard the butterflies' wings shivering against their steel restraints. His father stopped only a few inches away from him, his breath tangible from where he stood.

"Why do you always have to lie to me, Jade?"

"I didn't."

Max paused for a moment before he leaned forward, a tetchy grin tightening his lips.

"Then why do you smell like smoke?" These words

slithered down his spine, and his father pulled back to meet his eyes. Their grey smiled slightly at Jade's grounded brown.

"I don't know."

A deep chuckle rose from Maxwell, and Jade felt his chest cave.

"It's your birthday in a few days, isn't it?" He quickly changed the subject as he began to comb out his son's hair, easily getting the loose strands to obey his hand.

"It's tomorrow."

"Oh, yes. That's right." He continued to fix some strands, not meeting his eyes. "I suppose I can let this little incident go. After all, you're only a kid for one more day."

"Thank y—."

"However." He clutched his son's hair and yanked him forward until his lips brushed his ear.

"That also means that you're going to have to start acting like an adult. And adults keep their promises, don't they?"

Jade tried to nod before he realized that he couldn't.

"Yes." Now cradling his son's head closer, he continued, "If you want me to provide the money for you to live on your own, I think it's only appropriate to take care of this matter by tomorrow, don't you think?"

"What matter?"

Max frowned, pulling his son's head back, forcing him to meet his eyes once more. "Don't start acting dumb. This is a serious matter, Jade Jones."

"I know." Jade didn't let his exterior slip, watching his father's eyes search him for a moment before letting him go.

"I certainly hope so."

Jade took a moment to recollect himself but as he opened his mouth to respond, Tera barged into the room, slamming herself into Max, her arms caged around him. He brought his arms around Tera in return.

"What's the matter, darling?" Their father's eyes softened, meeting the glassy marbles of Tera's.

"Jade isn't going to be arrested, is he?"

"No one is being arrested. You don't need to worry yourself about that." He leaned down to tighten his hug with a sigh, cradling the back of her head with sprawled fingertips.

For a moment, Jade could see the innards of this chrysalis they weaved. This facade was nothing more than a shell they shared, barely concealing the rotten filth that lay within.

Maxwell's touch was cautious, but from over Tera's

shoulder he looked back over to Jade giving him an achromatic glare. Their promise was clear. Tera wouldn't be alive in the morning.



Maxwell stood in front of a sink, glaring at his reflection in the mirror. He had been able to pry Tera away from him, but his antsiness prevented him from being able to focus on work. The wrinkles set on his marble complexion resembled cracks. He found himself staring into these cracks, staring into the hollow void left behind by his long lost youth. He watched his brows furrow before grabbing for a half empty pill bottle, quick to swallow the bit of sadness that brushed his stone exterior.

His reflection remained unchanged as he waited for his medication to kick in. His eyes shifted to a small pot of blue flowers, and for a moment, their petals shifted into the wrinkled heads of baby birds, their necks wrung around a small hand. Their heads bobbed, restrained only by their necks like leashes. They spoke to him, voices hushed, yet their beaks pinched the air above them as they started a scattered chorus of chants. "*Regret. Old. Alone. Burdened.*" They repeated their horrid song until Max closed his eyes, opening them again only to the sight of forget-me-nots.

His chest tightened at seeing his thoughts manifest in such a way, and he felt a burning sensation hit his nose. Struggling to counter the onslaught of tears, he splashed his face with cold water, noting the gentle streams that ran down his neck. Even with this small comfort, he couldn't avoid the few warm tears that slithered down his cheeks. He hated how familiar they were and how weak he felt.

He couldn't help but feel envious of Jade. The way he never seemed to crack like he had, a truly emotionless monument. Thinking back to only moments ago, his son's words filled him with doubt. He'd never been sure if what he said was true, but he only had tonight to see. Just maybe, he'd be able to feel relief.

Tera, Jade, they'd been a testament of his weakness, living reminders of his shortcomings. Reminders that he'd never be able to provide the warmth that normal people seemed to give so earnestly.

He slowly met the puffy eyes of his reflection. The grey in his irises were as dull as unpolished moonstones. With a deep sigh, his reflection distorted itself under his breath, becoming a grey blotch, a stain on the bathroom mirror.



Jade had retreated back into his room that was sheltered in dusk. He stared at the hatchet that lay in his hands. Its metal head dimly outlined by what little light remained outside. The weight of it in his hands

made his entire body feel heavy. It'd been a few years since he had gotten it as a birthday present from Maxwell and in all that time it stayed dormant, wrapped in a pillowcase and wedged between his mattress and the wooden beams of his bed. Each night it sat there, a pin that stuck him

to this god-damned house. He just wanted to be an entomologist, but here he was, a bug confined to Maxwell's corkboard. But maybe tonight, he'd be able to yank the pins on his wings, so that he may be able to fly.



Tera held herself in her room, painting her nails in silence. The walls had been coated with impasto marks of varying colors, each a different swatch that created a forest of hues and tints on her walls. Some areas had layers of polish stacked like pancakes. She did what she could to keep the walls from caving, from making the room feel any smaller than it already was. But there were still chips in the paint that threatened to make the walls collapse around her.

She focused back onto her nails, forcing a steady grip on the brush, delicately slicing the brush forward a few times until she finished a coat. For each finger, she'd repeat this ritual before starting on another layer.

Layering them on somehow made her feel more secure. Once, when she was younger, Jade had made an offhand joke that if she was angry all the time, her fingernails would fall off. While she knew that was a stupid joke, she couldn't help but feel that idea stick in her mind.

But for some reason, it made sense. The same could be said about people. No one wants to be around someone who threw fits all the time. Though she

—◆—  
**Their promise was  
clear. Tera wouldn't be  
alive in the morning.**  
—◆—



wondered if those people were really worth keeping around anyhow. Isn't it that the best people to keep around are the people who would love you even when you're at your worst? Like her dad, he'd known her at her worst and still didn't have the courage to kill her directly. Sure, he was rough around the edges, but who wasn't?

She frowned, the polish on one nail creased, revealing a ring of dried blood that was wedged underneath. Getting up, she reached her closet, opening it to towers of nail polish remover. She took out one of the building's roofs, readying herself to mask the blood with nitrocellulose.



Jade inched his way to Tera's room, hatchet held close to his chest. His heart heaved against his ears, adrenaline propelling him forward towards her door. Touching the doorknob he could feel himself hesitate, but desperation quickly hit him. He was close.

For just a moment he could see the remnants of a new possibility within his reach. A safe future, away from the shithole he found himself stuck in. Somewhere he wasn't forced to numb his desires, somewhere he might be able to find himself.

He clenched the knob and silently opened the door. Before anything, chemicals mingled in the air, breaching his lungs and squirming down his throat. He struggled to keep from choking on the parasitic air as he continued to walk towards his sister. A clock ticked in front of where she sat. Just feet in front of him on the floor, she sat on her knees, her back towards him. It'll be easy, he tried to convince himself as he counted the ticks it took to reach her. But as he counted down, he couldn't help but feel guilt twisting his insides. He couldn't feel guilty for something he hadn't even done yet, right?

Raising the hatchet slowly he closed his eyes, filling his lungs again with the dizzying smell.

"Do it."

His eyes flew open, glancing down at Tera who hadn't turned to meet his eyes yet.

"What?"

"I said to go ahead and do it."

Tick.

Jade's arms shook, gaze staring down at the back of her head with greater guilt. His silence was met with an irritated yet shaky sigh.

"Do it, you lil' bitch." Tera looked over her shoulder at Jade. While she smirked at him, he could see her lip quiver.

"O-oh no. I can't. You called me a bitch," he attempted to retort. But seeing the tiniest bit of fear in Tera made his words involuntarily waver into a whisper.

"I know you can't."

Tick.

Jade stared at her, hatchet fluttering in his hands. He tried to conjure any anger he had reserved within himself, every bit of exhaustion and pain he felt from years of having to be his sister's punching bag. The innumerable bruises that followed him for years. The few therapists in town that didn't seem to notice her peculiar behavior despite how many neighbors' pets had shown up mangled on their doorstep. He remembered the owners' faces, grief-stricken with the loss of their beloved pet. Wouldn't that be best, a world without Tera, one where fewer people would get hurt? Who was to say that she wouldn't escalate further?

"Jade. I don't want to die."

Tick.

Why didn't she stop him? She could have stopped him by now. She could have overpowered him. She could have—

Tick.

Tick.

Tick.

Jade felt the answer settle in his brain. It seemed surreal, but in her eyes he saw something he'd never seen from her before. Something that felt almost familiar from when he'd handle bugs when he was little. At that moment, Tera was small in the palm of his hands, and in her eyes she felt just one thing that paralyzed her: fear.

He slowly lowered the hatchet down before letting its blade wedge itself into the floor. She was right.

He heard her let out a shaky relieved breath, staring down at the floor. She held her hands close to her chest, and he could have sworn he saw them shaking.

They remained silent for a while before she looked back over to Jade. "If I help you get out of here, will you promise me you'll never do that again?"

Jade glanced up at the clock. It was a little after midnight now.

"That'd be the 'adult' thing to do."



Mr. Jones clicked a ballpoint between his fingers, impatiently letting his thoughts overwhelm him. He lost track of the number of clicks it took for the silence of the house to be torn by the sound of a scream. It took a moment for the sound to even register. Multiple feelings took hold of him, but he silenced them as he stood up, setting his pen down and going to investigate.

Twisting from room to room, he checked each part of the house. Every room seemed to be drenched in the smell of acetone, the flowers in each room doubling over and wrenching against the toxic air. The smell only escalated as he approached the hallway to Tera's room. From the adjacent hall, he could see someone's shadow sprawled against the dimly lit woodgrain. Turning into the corner he saw Jade, hatchet in hand.

Max kept just a few paces away from his son, keeping close enough to attempt to read his face.

"She's dead?"

"Yeah."

"Let me check."

As Max tried to pass Jade in the hallway, his stomach was met with the flat top of the hatchet.

"I don't think so." Jade looked up at him, pushing him back slightly with the hatchet until he took a step back.

He frowned, struggling to find the truth behind his son's cold expression.

"I want to make sure you keep up your part of our promise."

"And I'm telling you that I have. But then again, you don't really listen to me, do you?"

"Jade, this isn't the time to be joking around."

"I'm not. I want you to listen to me. I didn't want to kill her."

"We have good intentions—"

"Bullshit. I'm not a vessel for your 'good intentions.' I'm your son. I want to know why you've been jeering me to do this for so long."

"I told you—"

"No. You didn't." He raised his hatchet pointedly at Max. "Tell me the truth."

Seeing the unfamiliar hint of vulnerability in his son's eyes, he stepped forward, pushing the hatchet down. "I never wanted kids. You know how people

always say that you will eventually?"

Jade furrowed his brow.

"Can you believe my surprise when I felt nothing? I held you and all I could feel afterward was dread."

"Why would you choose to have kids in the first place then?"

Max shrugged. "I suppose I wanted to see if what everyone said was true, but I was wrong. When your mother died, I was stuck with the two of you."

"That still doesn't explain why you wouldn't just give us up to foster care."

"Do you really think Tera wouldn't try to find me again later? No matter what I'd do, knowing you kids are still alive, I wouldn't

be able to sleep at night. Can't you understand, Jade? You remind me a lot of myself when I was young."

"You're wrong."

"Oh, son. Trust me. I know I'm not."

"No. I'm nothing like you." Jade pushed him back, picking up a bottle that was at his feet and flinging its contents towards Max.

"What—"

"Nail polish remover. Did you have any idea how much of that shit Tera hoarded in her room?"

"What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm going to burn the house down; what do you think?"

For the first time in eighteen years, Max saw his son smile. As he did, Max realized just how much his son looked like him, only with his youth and potential still intact.

Jade reached over to an ashtray on the ground, picking up a still lit cigarette.

Max's eyes widened as he made a quick grab for it, only to be deterred by Jade's hatchet.

"I thought you'd let the cig thing slide."

They stood in tandem, father and son. For once, their hearts drummed in unison.

"You could have tried to love me."

"If I said I loved you, they'd just be empty words, Jade." Maxwell smiled bitterly.

"Besides, don't you think I tried?"

Jade tossed the cig.

"You should have tried harder."

Maxwell stepped away before it hit the floor. From the corner of his eye, he saw flames filling the hallway in a hellish glow that framed the dark silhouette of his son.





It didn't take long for firemen to make their way to the house. It took even less time for the fire to swallow the building whole. As the walls and roof caved, rotting into ash, geysers tempted to tame the flames, firemen prodded him, asking if there was anyone else in the house, but all Mr. Jones could muster was a no.

He couldn't help but grin, confronted with the idea that, if he was lucky, he would have gotten what he wanted. But his suspicions were only confirmed as Tera ran out, tears trailing into her bunches.

Their bodies collided, Tera shoving her arms tightly around him.

"Oh Dad! I'm so glad you're okay."

As she wept into his chest, he felt his body grow numb.

"Yes...I'm glad that you're fine too ..."

He couldn't bring himself to hug her back.



Standing on a hill, Jade was momentarily captivated by the fire that engulfed a familiar anthill. Slung over his arm he held the bare essentials, and in his free hand he held a hatchet. As he stood under the moonless sky, he couldn't help but watch the inferno below. He felt a grin tease at his lips as he looked down at the flames that produced small amber fireflies from its abdomen. They smiled back at him, waving their small yet radiant bodies as they fizzled into the sky.

*What a warm goodbye,* he thought.

Before he left to finally find peace, he looked into the bell of a familiar tulip; the pipevine swallowtail's corpse still lay in its makeshift casket. It was still dead, but the light of the fire seeped into the petals of the tulip, drenching the butterfly in a reddish glow. His envy had faded, instead replaced with a strange and unfamiliar feeling.

This butterfly had died, but with its death came the renewed youth of larvae, ready to feast upon the freedom bestowed upon it.

He turned into the forest and began to run. As he did, he forgot about the "family" he was leaving behind; he forgot about what he was told was his home; he forgot about the boy who was Jade Jones.

In all that he forgot, he made room for whatever would turn out to be his new home, not as Jade Jones, but as a larva, reborn.



*Clearing*

Seumas Dòmhnal Ross | Digital Photography



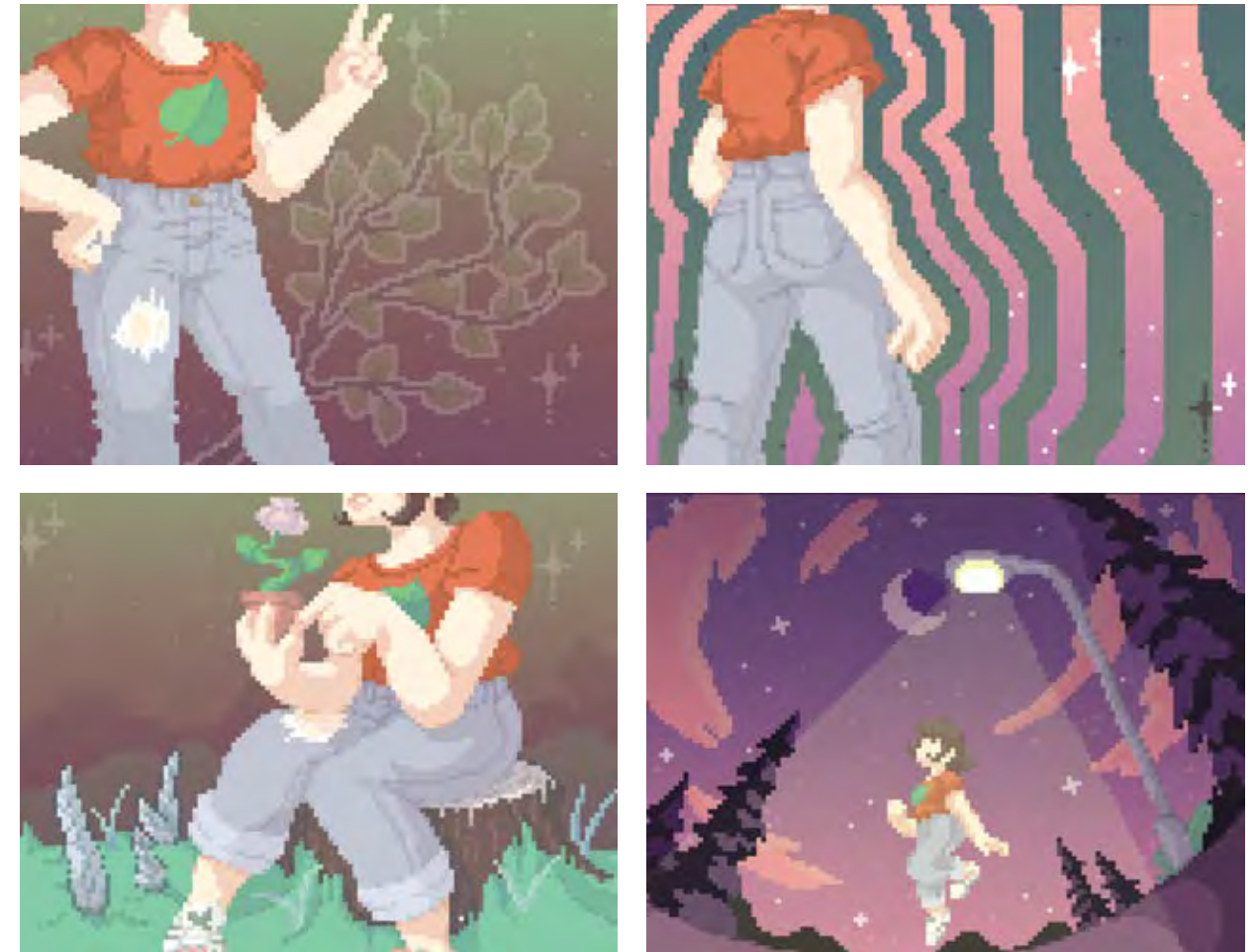
# Prosaic

## Joymae Capps

Smashing into the solid grounds of reality  
I realize I have the makings of neither  
a hero  
nor villain.  
I am no different than the rest of my species,  
merely a fleshy sack of moist bones  
and slowly deteriorating livers,  
waiting for that last shot  
to immerse ourselves in the tales we cherished as children.  
Fighting dragons,  
Being dragons,  
Knowing who is good  
And who is evil.

We hit the after effects of our delirium,  
finding ourselves to be only what we *are*:  
Collections of viscera merely coping with the world around them.  
Coping from pain.  
Coping from loss.  
Coping from regret.

I know now  
The differences we may have only lie as deep  
as our misguided corneas,  
reality being processed,  
moving along the optic nerve trail  
to the organ that only seeks a way to cope.  
Neither good  
nor evil  
Only coping  
for another day.



*Dreams of Jeans*  
Justin Stachowiak | Raster Illustration





*Dead Ocean in a Plastic Cup*  
Miranda Embrey | Watercolor on Paper



*Maui Cool Down*  
Marilyn Hughes-Reed | Mixed Media on Paper





*Painted Personality*  
Angelica Grebyonkin | Digital Photography

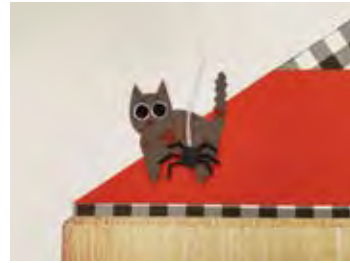


*Maxwell*  
Joymae Capps | Raster Illustration



# TIME-BASED & PERFORMANCE ART

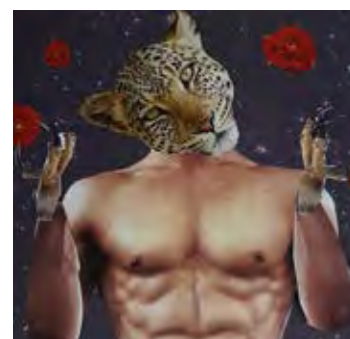
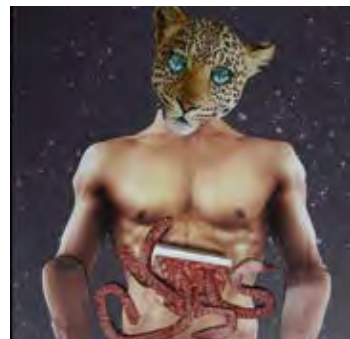
## ANIMATION



*Scaredy Cat* | Miranda Embrey | Stop Motion Animation



*No Thoughts, Head Empty* | Joymae Capps | Hand-drawn Animation



*Universal Luxury* | Kelsi Waible | Stop Motion Animation



## MUSIC



*Dreams*  
Robert Coombs Jr.  
Original Song & Performance

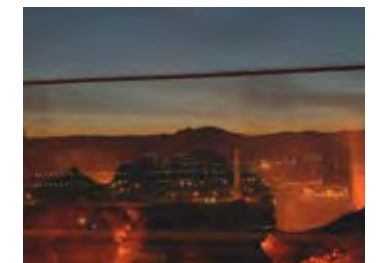
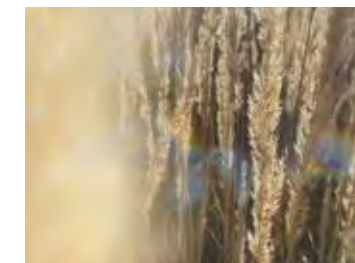


*The Auditory Sanctuary*  
Ezekiel Mitchell-Hopmeier  
Original Song & Performance



*Maroon*  
Garrett Mann  
Original Song & Performance

## VIDEO



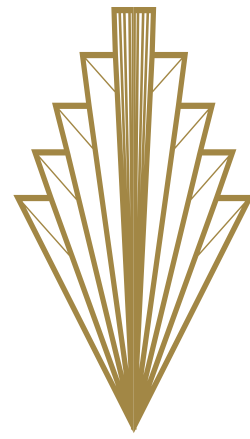
*The Time Is Now* | Emily O'Neal | Video



*Abide* | Andrew Thompson | Video







## Contributors

**Taelor Adderly** is always making art or doing something creative with a goal to grow, perfect her skills, and eventually have a gallery. Her creative process is sketching, crossing things out, and adding in new things until she gets what she's looking for, and then translating that into the final result.

**Artemis Asbury's** creative writing process usually involves listening to new music or a podcast to get inspired and then jotting down as many ideas as possible on the page. To her, creativity means visualizing something in your head and figuring out how to orchestrate words in a way that gets others to see the same thing.

**Larissa Baldwin-Dillon** is currently getting her AFA in studio art and aspires for a bachelor's degree in character design, hoping to someday work in the gaming industry. For now, she works for herself as an illustrator, graphic designer, and product photographer.

**Ian Beckett** has been the Instructional Technician for the Clark College Art Department for the past 18 years. He tries to dedicate each summer to working on a new skill or refining an old one. He wanted to recreate the classic headshot and demonstrate the quality that can be produced by a camera that is over 60 years old.

**Brighton Blair** started with woodworking and has been involved with ceramics for many years. He believes that there are constantly new ways to make dirt look elegant and formal so that someone might want to display it.

When **David Bradley** was a child, he was always told that he wasn't good enough. Even in the turmoil, all he could think of was picking up the pen again or capturing the next shot. He stopped trying to satisfy the world and started to focus on satisfying himself because, in the end, the short stories were him.

**Gavin Caldwell**, a born and raised Alaskan, is good at finding ways to keep himself entertained. He values learning and connection above all else and plans to go into psychiatry and devote himself to understanding and helping others. His creativity means expressing what he feels without hesitation or fear of judgement.

**Eli Campbell** is a multimedia artist and holds a bachelor's degree from WSU-V. He loves illustration work and creating imaginary worlds. He enjoys working collaboratively with an eye towards making beautiful things that help make the world suck a little less.

While **Joymae Capps** has never had a brush with the law, they're always peering over their shoulder to ensure that it stays that way. Constantly living in a fantasy world, they are wooed by the idea of learning more with every experience. They hope that one day they can make people cry with their stories, even if they remain a permanent fixture in the Pacific Northwest.

**Isaac Carranza** is going to school for Network Technology but wants to be a storyboard artist and work in the animation industry. His life goal is to successfully create an animated series, and incorporate his original music. His biggest influences are punk music, *SpongeBob SquarePants*, *Malcolm in the Middle*, *South Park*, *Laika*, *Looney Tunes*, and *Gendy Tartakovsky*.

**Claudia Carter** has been doing ceramic work for five years now. Each year she improves the vision for her work. Art is a labor of love between her and the clay.

**Christine Chandler** is fairly new to the digital design world but has quickly developed a passion for it and for photography. She looks forward to diving further into this world as she works towards her bachelor's degree

**Lea Cherico** is an art student who plans to pursue freelance illustration post college. She always has her phone's camera ready to take pictures of anything that sparks inspiration to draw from later.

**Natalie Chisholm** fell in love with ceramics at a point when her mental health was low. It's incredibly relaxing and she likes the freedom that comes with the medium. She's attending Washington State University now and plans to earn a dual degree in psychology and human development.

**Ashley Conjugaion** is fascinated by low-poly and geometric designs. She loves learning why some elements and

designs work so well together, such as comfortable page margins, the psychology behind color palettes, and the trends of modern design.

**Robert Coombs Jr.** grew up in a household of strong women. His mother has always been his primary source of support and encouragement as well as his grandmother. He considers himself lucky to have such a supportive and wonderful family.

**Deborah Corzine** has been taking photos since she was a little girl. As she grew older, she found herself intrigued with mysterious or eerie images like reflections, fog, sunsets, and storms.

**Melanie Cowden** is a sketch artist and painter based in Vancouver. Be it paint or pencil, she strives to mimic the natural beauties of the world. She is often inspired by nature and people, which offers the opportunity to experiment with technique. She plans to become a professional artist and linguist in the future.

**Miranda Embrey** is a web and graphic design student at Clark. She also works as a page layout editor for The Indy. Her creative process starts out a little messy and organizes itself as it goes.

**Jodi Evans** is a Clark College student pursuing a degree in human services who has recently discovered a passion for hand-building pottery. Creativity has opened doors to healing that he didn't know existed.

Art holds a special place in **Tatum Eversole's** heart. She experiments with any form that she gets the chance to, but her favorite medium will always be pencil and paper. In her work "Bubble Blower," there is a powerful story that she felt others could enjoy interpreting.

**Patrick Foley** is a mechanical CADD student at Clark. His work is a byproduct of the technical aspect of his education and his desire to create. He hopes to go from school to a career when he can continue creating, utilizing his education as an influence for future works and aspirations.

**Angelica Grebyonkin** is in her second year at Clark, and she is studying fine art/graphic design. She's been experimenting with photography for as long as she can remember, but she's been taking it seriously the last six years. Growing up, she remembers seeing her uncle take pictures 24/7, which may have inspired her to do the same from a young age.

**Jessica Hager** has always loved to write. Usually it's a cathartic process; she deals with her problems through writing. Most of her writing falls under the creative nonfiction and occasionally poetry genres.

**Aleksandra Hanchett** has a passion for art and anatomy. She always tries to find ways to make them work together.

**Emily Hancock** is a 21-year-old student, activist, photographer, writer, and radical intersectional feminist based in Vancouver, WA. She has been featured in publications such as *The Indy*, *The Columbian* and *The Reflector*. She's inspired by the work of Kimya Dawson, Pete Souza, and Jessica Valenti. Like them, she hopes to help change the world.

**Ann Hanlin** plans to hit the ground running after graduation selling pottery at local shows and on Etsy. Her mom studied to be an art teacher, which greatly influenced her passion. Her work includes a love of nature and a need for play in art.

**Jordain Harrop** is pursuing a double bachelor's in science and fine arts. She believes this pairing helps fully craft the person she is aiming to become. Art is how she communicates and retains personal knowledge.

**Stephen Hayes** was born and raised in Washington D.C. but has made Portland, OR his home since 1985. He is an award-winning artist whose works have been exhibited and collected locally, nationally, and internationally. Stephen has been a dedicated and enthusiastic member of the Clark College adjunct faculty since 2013.

**Tyler Heniken** is a returning student to Clark pursuing candid and portrait photography as a hobby. He wants his pictures to spark dialogue and connection between the viewer and the captured.

**Harold H. Herald** is a licensed member of the Toronto Time-Travel Commission, et al. and the standing Vice Director Principal of the Committee of Past and Quasi-Future Foreign Affairs. He enjoys spending his free time worrying about the present and knitting.

**Cristal Hernandez-Patiño** is a Latin American artist. Having grown up around strong symbols of nature in Vancouver, she observed the plants, clouds, and people that surrounded her, and this began her interest in art.

**Jonno Heyne** is a comic book artist and advocate for youth literacy. He loves to inspire others with stories about ordinary people who discover superpowers within themselves.

**Marilyn Hughes-Reed** is an AFA student graduating in Spring 2020. Creativity is the fuel that feeds her soul. Painting is her greatest love, but she also enjoys drawing and designing custom jewelry.

**Diane Irby** is a multidisciplinary artist and writer whose artwork can be found in collections and galleries throughout the U.S., across the globe, and in television set design. In her works, she brings to light the beauty in sadness, nostalgia, solitude, longing, and decay.

**Jessica Joner** is enrolled in Clark's Fine Arts Program and plans to transfer to PSU. For her, art is a means of connecting with others and expressing hope, light, and beauty to the world.

**Gwendolyn "Gweny" Kangas** has been drawing for many years now and finds it very therapeutic. Her plan is to graduate with a graphic design degree and become a freelance designer, specializing in logos and fun projects.

**Amber Leckie** is in her senior year studying English, criminal justice, and political science at WSU-V. Her short fiction has been previously published in *Phoenix* and *Salmon Creek Journal*, and her work is often satirical and attempts to examine the human condition. She wrote "Undercard" to exemplify that people are often not what they appear to be.



**Elle Lowe** is a mother of two, a (future) graphic designer, a (mostly lifestyle) photographer, and a writer.

**Garrett Mann** is a seasonally depressed, 27-year-old graphic designer and musician, trying to figure out how he wants to spend his time on earth and make a living doing so. He is passionate about motorcycles, coffee, creative ventures, muscle cars, photography, music, and anything that bangs or pops.

**Erick Martinez** was born and raised in Bogota, Colombia. Communicating emotions through the human figure is a constant challenge for him. His goal is that his sculptures amplify emotions and communicate that these emotions hold wisdom and self-knowledge.

**Angela Mashinski** is currently a senior in high school participating in the Running Start program at Clark College. She wants to graduate with her AA, transfer to a 4-year university, and get a degree in English. She hopes to be a screenwriter.

**Annika McCarty** is working towards an AA in biology. To her, creativity means freedom of expression and from judgement. When producing something truly creative and having her work judged critically, she doesn't find herself getting upset because what was made is a part of her.

**Lynnne Mellvain** has been published twice previously in *Phoenix* and received second place for the Bostwick/Gallivan Award for Creative Writing in 2019. She is a Clark College alumna, now pursuing a bachelor's degree in the classics at the University of Puget Sound. She has been attacked by birds five times in her life.

**Grace McNeill** is a 17 year old student with a love for art and design. She hopes to inspire others with her work, to have the same love in them as well.

**Calley Mihaiuc** is a Clark College student who is planning to receive her Associate of Arts degree in June of 2020. For her, creativity means being able to express yourself in the best way you can, whether that is through writing, art, music, or any other type of media. Creativity is an important outlet to show others who you are.

**Ezekiel Mitchell-Hopmeier** purchased his first music software at 8 years old. The lack of rulebooks telling him what to do with the medium of electronic music influenced him to use unconventional song structures and samples in his tracks. His music aims to create auditory experiences that move people.

**Joel Moon** is a third-year Clark student whose relationship with writing is complicated. His writing explores themes of depression and sexuality, and he takes inspiration from events that have happened in his life.

**Ashlee Nelson** is a queer artist, writer, and editor. She graduated from Clark in 2017 and earned a certificate in editing through the University of Washington. Currently, she is pursuing her creative endeavors in Philadelphia.

**Emily O'Neal** is interested in women's history, mythology, archetypes, and symbolism. Using drawing, collage, and printmaking techniques, her creative process starts with some basic elements in a journey of exploration. It allows her to shed light on her inner world and understand her relationship with the outer one.

**Brenda Pereboom**, as a ceramic artist, derives inspiration and aspirations from what she sees in her environments everyday. She prefers creating art that is functional, but she recently began exploring organic and abstract subjects, which she is trying to incorporate.

**Kyle Pettyjohn** is a 24-year-old student who has returned to school after working in professional racing. He plans to pursue a career in photography and believes that creativity is a matter of interpretation within the eye of the beholder.

**Jana Pilcher-Weyant** enjoys watercolor because it has such a beautiful glow when the paint mixes together properly. She has been painting for over twenty years but only seriously in the past five. She is studying graphic design at Clark.

**Dan Polacek** was raised on a steady diet of cold cereal, commercials, comics, and cartoons. He is a graphic designer and a nationally-recognized communications professional with a passion to create.

**Jenna Porter** loves to let the characters drive her story, pulling from her own emotions and hoping that her readers have connections to the tone and characters she carefully crafts. Besides writing, she enjoys reading contemporary novels with aesthetic book covers and playing guitar quietly enough to not disturb her neighbors.

**Tyler Reyes** wishes to specialize in publication, motion, and illustrative design. When it comes to personal projects, he used to wait for inspiration/motivation to hit, then action would follow. He knows now that he had it backwards.

**Ben Killen Rosenberg** has been teaching at Clark College in Vancouver since 2007. His art ranges from drawings, paintings, ceramics, and sculptures, to public art commissions. He is represented by Augen Gallery in Portland and The Secret Gallery in Astoria. In his spare time, he can be seen walking his cat Bunny around the neighborhood on a leash.

For **Seumas Dòmhnal Ross**, photography became a passion in high school in the 1980s. While he occasionally shoots film, digital has become his primary method, showcasing landscapes, abstract, black and white as well as natural subjects. In 2019, his work attracted the attention of a publisher and is now available on Amazon and in other markets.

**Angelia Rossberg** was raised in a small town in the high desert of Eastern Oregon and is currently completing her graphic design degree at Clark. Her goal is to challenge social norms and highlight outcasted beauty through her art and photography. She advocates to redefine beauty standards to be more attainable and inclusive.

**Catarina Salazar's** goal is to become an art therapist. She tries to learn every art medium she can, so she is able to give others more options on how they want to express themselves. She has been taking art classes for eight years but has been drawing much longer than that.

**Holly Singletary** is a first year Running Start student at Clark working on her AFA in Studio Arts. She enjoys sketching, painting, and photography. Art was a huge part of her childhood as being homeschooled she had many free hours to work on her art.

**Justin Stachowiak** is a young digital artist, musician, and animator in the Vancouver area. He haphazardly and spontaneously over-commits to most creative ideas.

**Nico Strappazon** is a college student, a photographer, a filmmaker, and a business owner. Creative work has recently come to the forefront of his aspirations as he's started to unravel the mystery of how to make a living off being an artist. In the future, he is planning to direct and edit a film on the meaning of time and how important it is to spend it wisely.

**Emily Stivers** wanted to become an artist when she grew up. She has learned that she really enjoys taking something and changing it in a way people might not expect. She hopes to continue doing work like this in the future and learn more about her artistic vision.

**Dariya Sykalo** was born in Ukraine. When she was a child, she loved to take pictures with the family's point-and-shoot film camera. It has always been a mystery how one can capture a moment and see it develop in photographs.

**Andrew Thompson** has had a camera in his hands since he was nine years old, filming directly onto old scratched VHS tapes with a cassette camera that sported a broken viewport. He loves telling stories through film and game design. Several years ago with his best friend, he launched a channel, Diode Short Film.

**Bryce Van Patten** returned to school in 2016 after a life-changing injury. Clark has been an amazing place for him to learn photography and become a better artist. He

loves trying new things, making art, and exploring new ideas and techniques.

**Kelsi Waible** is currently a student at Clark, working on her degree in graphic design. Her video was made in her Time-Based Art and Design class. She used paper, which she printed images on, for this stop-motion piece.

**Jennie Westfall** is a mother, wife, and artist. Three young children make it hard to carve out time to create. She has found that without creativity in her life, she is not her full, true self. A sense of urgency about how she uses her time and her desire for growth as an artist, inspires her devotion.

**Macy Wienecke** is a Clark College student with a passion for literature, photography, drawing, and calligraphy. She works to analyze canonical and local works by looking in-depth at the decisions made in literature. Through this process, she attempts to portray an honest take on natural human thoughts and choices.

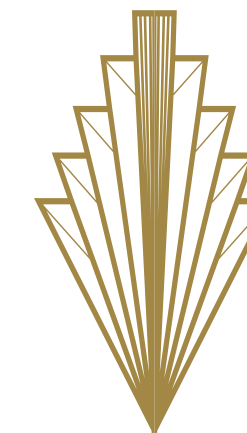
**Kenedy Williams** is a Clark College student graduating with an Associate in Arts degree this June. She is transferring to University of Alaska Southeast in fall of 2020. Kenedy is close friends with Harold H. Herald, another author featured in *Phoenix*; she feels honored to know a time traveler.

**Autumn Winston** is inspired by creativity all around her. She thinks about it at night and longs for the time to play. Her creative process is often delayed because she always comes around to say, "I'll do this another day."

**Mattie Whitters** left college and didn't return for three years. After signing up for a creative writing class, writing became a passion of hers. She fell in love with poetry and how it allowed her to express herself in as few words as possible.

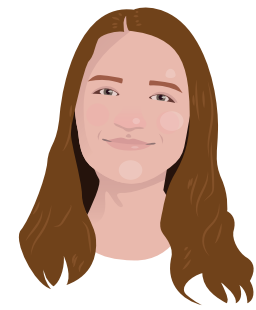
**Dwight Worrell** is a graphic arts student at Clark College. He loves drawing and painting and someday would like to work for a graphic arts studio which draws comics. He is a pilot and he loves everything aviation.

**Nathaniel Zoret-Russell** doesn't restrict himself to one medium because learning different processes, even those that aren't inherently artistic, will help inspire creative thinking.





## EDITORIAL STAFF



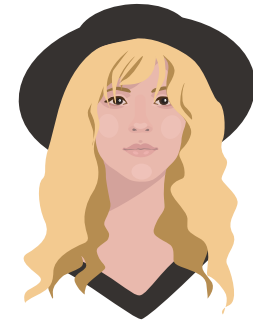
Jessica Hager



Joymae Capps



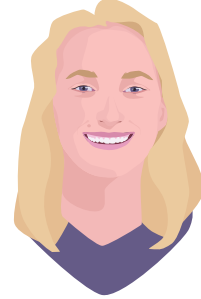
Garrett Mann



Aleksandra Hanchett



Kenedy Williams



Victoria Duvalko



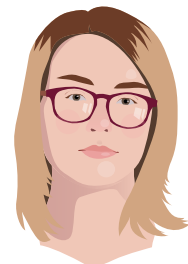
Jana Pilcher-Weyant



Jonno Heyne

## ASSISTANT EDITORS

*Not Pictured: Brian Brown and Vanessa Khachik*



Abigail Stone



Nicole Tolmie



Angela Mashinski



Alexis Jindra



Artemis Asbury



Emily Hancock



Vincent Pettis



Diane Irby

## ART & DESIGN STAFF



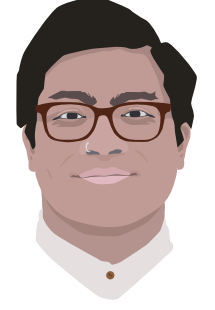
Ashley Conjugacion



Will Coker



Grace Lindley



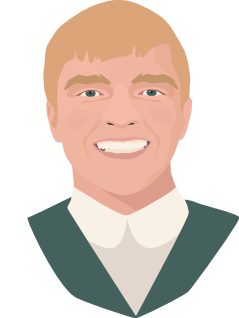
Joshen Bonifacio



Alex Cvek



Alexis Whiteis



Kjell Forland



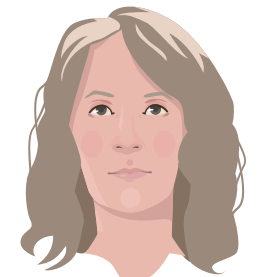
Miriam Young



Perth Alacar



Elle Lowe



Corlene Ankrum



Takuma Ikawa



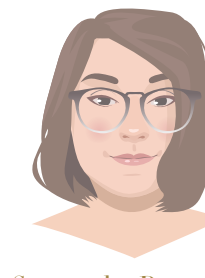
Miranda Embrey



Caden O'Dell



Kurt Olstead



Samantha Barcenas



Jessy Nguyen



Roxanne Stevens





*Harold H. Herald*  
Portrait by Aleksandra Hanchett

# Tips & Tricks

FOR SURVIVORS OF MMXX

by Harold H. Herald

1. Keep wet wipes, snacks, an extra pair of shoes, and a towel in your trunk.
2. AOTC & LLC, noun. (1) federal tax credits applicable to most students who pay their tuition (2) an easy \$2,500.
3. Repeat after me: "I will do what I need to do, I will do well, and I will not cry."
4. You think the Area 51 raid is over???
5. Just because your neighbors haven't spoken up about you photographing them from your standard-issue Amazon freelance government surveillance drone doesn't mean that it doesn't make them uncomfortable.
6. Dogs can smell fear. And bombs. And the weed in your backpack.
7. The password is "shellfish allergy."
8. Lint-roll yourself often. A black market clone of you will be a very upsetting surprise to your spouse and children.
9. Salt makes pineapple, watermelon or ~~demorabla~~ sweeter.
10. Did you turn it off and on again?
11. Use loose change to pay for your coffee and parking.
12. Wear a helmet to raise your defense stat against COVID-19 poison damage.
13. Always have health insurance (expensive) or an assortment of medicinal herbs and salves (free.)
14. v1.14.3 corrected an issue where theater patrons respond to the cashier "You too," when told to enjoy their movie. Now both parties spontaneously combust instead.
15. Learn to say "no" more often. And also "yes." And sometimes "weather permitting."
16. You're never truly alone--monkeys have entered the stone age.
17. Sand your tires smooth to go jmuyp rapido!
18. If we finish melting the ice caps we'll have more water...But why do that when we can just use less water and not kill polar bears?
19. Vote. For god's sake, please vote.
20. Don't vote for Walt Disney's Head 2068. We had issues with the guillotine after it didn't work out.



# Vote



## Please Remember to Vote In the General Election on November 3, 2020!

Those ages 18-53 outnumber baby boomers and older generations, and most people who don't vote are ages 18-24. Think about it: if everyone from this demographic turned out to vote it could completely change the outcome of the general election. As human rights activist Loung Ung once said, "Voting is not only our right, it is our power. When we vote, we take back our power to choose, to speak up, and to stand with those who support us and each other."

### How to Vote

Washington State Voter Registration updates must be completed by Election Day. You can register to vote in person anytime before 8:00 p.m. on Election Day or online/by mail up to 8 days before election day. You can register to vote with your Washington State Driver's License or ID.

**In person at the Elections office:** 1408 Franklin Street Vancouver, WA 98660.

**Online:** <https://voter.votewa.gov/WhereToVote.aspx>

**By mail:** <https://www.sos.wa.gov/elections/register-mail.aspx>

Your ballot must be postmarked no later than Election Day, or you can turn in your ballot to a designated ballot drop box or to the Elections office by 8:00 p.m. on Election day. You can find a list of ballot drop boxes here: <https://www.clark.wa.gov/elections/ballot-deposit-locations>

### Requirements to Vote

You must be a U.S. citizen who is a legal resident of Washington state and will be at least 18 years old by Election Day. You cannot vote if you are disqualified due to a court order or if you are a felon who is under the Department of Corrections supervision. When you register to vote, you must provide your legal name, date of birth, residential address, mailing address, Washington driver's licence number/ID card number or last four digits of your social security number, as well as your signature.

### Find Out Where You Stand

A Voter's Guide pamphlet should be mailed to you before you receive your ballot to give you information about the policies and values of presidential candidates.

You can take a free quiz at <https://www.isidewith.com/political-quiz> to learn which political candidate's policies you most agree with.

You can take the Political Compass Test at <https://www.politicalcompass.org/test> to discover where you stand on the political spectrum.

For more information on how to register to vote, voter eligibility requirements, as well as dates and deadlines visit: <https://www.sos.wa.gov/elections/register.aspx>



# TIMELESS



*“It eluded us then, but that’s no matter—  
tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our  
arms farther...And then one fine morning—  
So we beat on, boats against the current,  
borne back ceaselessly into the past.”*

*—E. Scott Fitzgerald*

