

RATROCK

YEARBOOK ONE



RATROCK

YEARBOOK ONE

**Our website is ratrockmagazine.com
Like us on Facebook at Ratrock Magazine
Follow us on Instagram @ratrockmag**

STAFF



editor-in-chief

CAROLINE WALLIS



managing editor

JACQUELYN KLEIN



publication director

MIRANDA DIAZ



video editor

AMANDA VIOLETTA



copy editor

JEWEL BRITTON



logistics director

KATIE KLAİN



events editor

KIRSTEN CHEN



photo editor

CLARA HIRSCH



interviewer

JOELLE MILLMAN



photographer

SHELBY HETTLER



interviewer

MARY MA



interviewer

ALEX WARRICK



interviewer

GRACE NKEM



interviewer

JULIA FLASPHALER



interviewer

PERLA HANEY-JARDINE

**and
EMMA NOELLE
MATT MUNSIL
MIA NECENKO
CECILIA LEE**

letter from the editor

YOU ARE HOLDING IN YOUR HANDS A REAL-LIFE, HONEST-TO-GOD, PRINT VERSION OF RATROCK MAGAZINE.

We call it Yearbook One.

Upon arriving at Barnard in the fall of 2015, I was a little shocked at the relatively minimal resources and extracurriculars for the undergraduate arts community. In high school I was surrounded by students oriented entirely towards their creative pursuits so I saw this change of pace as a dose of reality, proof that there are places and institutions where the arts exist in the margins. However, I realized over the course of that semester that I had misjudged the situation. There were in fact tons of artists on campus, who all wanted badly to be seen. We weren't missing a community, but a community center. A visible, thriving hub for all the undergraduate artists on campus hadn't been firmly established at Columbia.

And so Ratrock was born. We had our first meeting on a very cold January night at Joe's and settled on the name Ratrock Magazine. 'Ratrock' came from our internet research about the geologic names of places near Columbia and, as Google will tell you, the original Ratrock is "an outcrop of Manhattan schist which protrudes from the Central Park bedrock in Manhattan named after the rats that used to swarm there at night". But really it was chosen because it was punchy, short, and easy to remember. For the record, I didn't vote for it, though it's grown on me in time.

Our vision for Ratrock evolved a lot over its first semester of existence before it officially became "the undergraduate student arts magazine of Columbia University". We developed a plan: each month we would feature nine artists on our website, interview some of them, and report the undergraduate art events occurring each week to help foster a community in physical space. We have since grown, adding our monthly Call to Artists (which weren't quite monthly this year) and Artist Updates which offer featured artists a space to publish new work.

Since my freshman fall, Columbia students have drastically improved the state of arts on campus. Just this January CU Records opened in Lerner Hall, providing students a free recording space on campus. The Journal of Art Criticism was founded in the spring of 2016, creating a print platform for undergraduate art and art criticism. The Memento Mori weekly comedy show was started in the fall and features student comedians alongside SNL cast members. Rare Candy is throwing bigger and better shows every semester, often while raising tons of money for charitable causes. Hoot Magazine is part of a growing digital, feminist fashion movement. 4x4, Orchestis, LateNite, CUSH, Postcrypt, WBAR, and many other student groups with long legacies continue to showcase student work. Even Spectator joined in and brought back their Arts & Entertainment section!

Ratrock in one voice in a chorus. This small attempt to bring campus artists out of their dorm rooms and into the digital space of our website, and now onto the pages of this book, has been more successful than we ever could have imagined. This is all thanks to the inspiring young artists who've entrusted us with their work.

Thank you all for supporting this endeavor.

Caroline Wallis

ARTISTS



page 57

ADDIE GLICKSTEIN



pages 26-27

ALISHA BANSAL



pages 70 & 72

ALYSSA GENGOS



pages 92 & 102

AMANDA BA



pages 46-47 & 62

ANDERSON PEGUERO



page 99

ANISA TAVANGAR



page 84

ANNIE MESA



page 37

ASPEN ZHENG



page 88

AVA RAVICH



page 69

BEN BIESER



pages 18 & 35

CALEB OLDHAM



page 73

CAMERON MORENO



page 37

CANADA CHOATE



page 85

CAROLINE STRAUSS



pages 12 & 31

CAROLINE WALLIS



pages 14 & 60

CLARA HIRSH



page 101

COLEMAN HUGHES



page 57

DANIELA CASALINO



pages 32 & 90

DAPHNE LIU



page 30 & 93

DAVID SIERRA



page 45

DOMINIQUE GROFFMAN



ELLA VISCARDI

pages 23, 59 & 93



ELIANA PIPES

page 107



ELIZA CALLAHAN

pages 42 & 74-76



EMMA SEELY-KATZ

page 98



ERIN REID

pages 96-97 & 119



FALLS KENNEDY

page 28



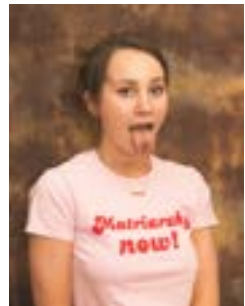
FINOLA GOUDY

page 113



GENEVIEVE NEMETH

pages 11 & 44



GINGER MAY

page 106



GRACE GRIM

page 113



GRACE NKEM

pages 20-22



ISAAC SLEATOR

pages 41 & 43



page 54

ISSIE IVINS



pages 13 & 91

JACQUELYN KLEIN



page 114

JACQUELINE MIX



page 58

JASMINE WEBER



page 56

JEANNIE RHYU



pages 66-67 & 73

JEEVAN FARIAS



pages 108-111

JONAH GOULD



page 101

JONAH HEMPHILL



page 65 & 100

JORDYN SIMMONS



page 42

JULIA BAILEN



pages 34, 51 & 61

KEA DE BURETEL



pages 80-82

KEENAN TEDDY SMITH



page 101

KING OF NOTHING



page 15

KIRSTEN CHEN



pages 52-53

LENA RUBIN



page 19

LOIE PLAUTZ



page 40

LUNA DE BURETEL



page 72

MAURICE GOLDBERG



page 83

MEKIA MACHINE



pages 25

MIA CIALELLA



page 50

MICHAELA PECOT



pages 86-87

MIRA DAYAL



pages 78 & 100

MORGAN HUGHES



pages 104-105

MORGANA VAN PEEBLES



page 90

OLIVIA FITZGERALD-HAREWOOD



pages 108-111

OLIVIA RODRIGUES



pages 0 & 38-39

PERLA HANEY-JARDINE



pages 16-18

PHIL ANASTASSIOU



page 114

RACHEL NG



page 19

RACHEL ROTH



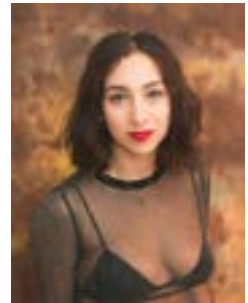
page 48

RUGURU NERIMA



pages 19 & 41

SAM PILAND



page 77

SAM WILLIGER



page 29 & 73

SARAH BILLINGS



pages 71 & 72

SEB CHO



page 24

SOPHIE FOX



page 36

SOPHIE KOVEL



page 15

TATJANA FREUND



pages 43 & 68

TEDDY OSTROW



page 55

VANESSA HOLYOAK



page 49

WILSON GREATON



pages 18 & 49

WILL CHURCH



page 103

WILLIAM JESS LAIRD



pages 64 & 79

ZACHARY HENDRIKSON



page 18

ZAK HAP



page 112

ZANE BHANSALI



page 95

ZIA



page 89

ZOE GUTTENPLAN



WORK

GENEVIEVE NEMETH

CAROLINE WALLIS



JACQUELYN KLEIN



CLARA HIRSCH



KIRSTEN CHEN



TATJANA FREUND



A photograph of a man with dark hair and glasses lying on his back on a grey paved surface. He is wearing a black t-shirt and has his hands clasped over his chest. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a textured pavement with some small yellowish-green specks scattered on it.

INTERVIEW I: PHIL ANASTASSIOU

photograph by Caroline Wallis

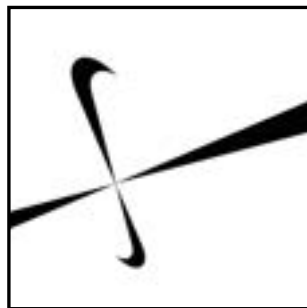
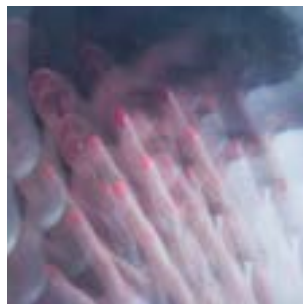
Give us a peek into your songwriting process. Feel free to do so in any format (diagram, elaborate metaphor, song itself...)

Each song sort of calls for its own unique writing process, but the music almost always comes first for me. Sometimes I'll sit with a basic idea of a song for months before the right circumstances will come up in my life that'll compel me to add words. I've tried, but I can't usually write anything that feels worth listening to unless I'm actively experiencing the feeling I'm trying to capture in a song as I'm writing it. If I'm in the right mood, it can take a few hours from start to finish. Sometimes it'll take years. Regardless of how long it takes, though, I always try to approach every song I'm working on with complete honesty and emotional transparency. I used to self-censor a lot when writing lyrics because I was scared of how it might change the way people perceived me if I were to be a little too candid when I'd talk about my mental health, just as one example. But the more and more I do this, the more I begin to understand that it's that sort of honesty that turns people to music in the first place and I've been learning to embrace that lately.

interview by Alex Warrick



videography by James Kolsby



CALEB OLDHAM

Dob Kylan

This Is Where I'll Burn



WILL CHURCH

Dirty Will

4 Tracks [Remastered]

PHIL ANASTASSIOU

Drug Bug

Holy Moly

Nortriptyline

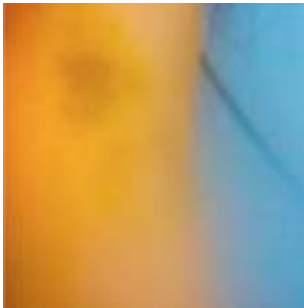
Familiar Haunt

20 Seeing Stars

ZAK HAP
Zak Hap
Intermezzo
A Little Called Pauline
kintsugi



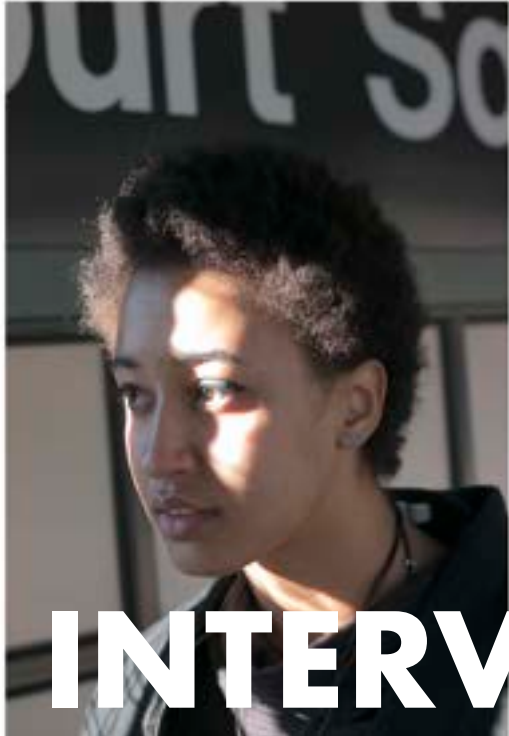
SAM PILAND
Brown Sam
 Isidro
 Wavy Boyz
 Wavy Boyz (video)



RACHEL ROTH
watergh0st
 Take The Time You
 Need
 Blood Girl
 im sorry



LOIE PLAUTZ
TrashKing
 Misery
 Lady Parts
 Spacebar (video)



INTERVIEW II: GRACE NKEM



Your work undeniably plays in surrealism's toolbox. What draws you to depart from reality in your work?

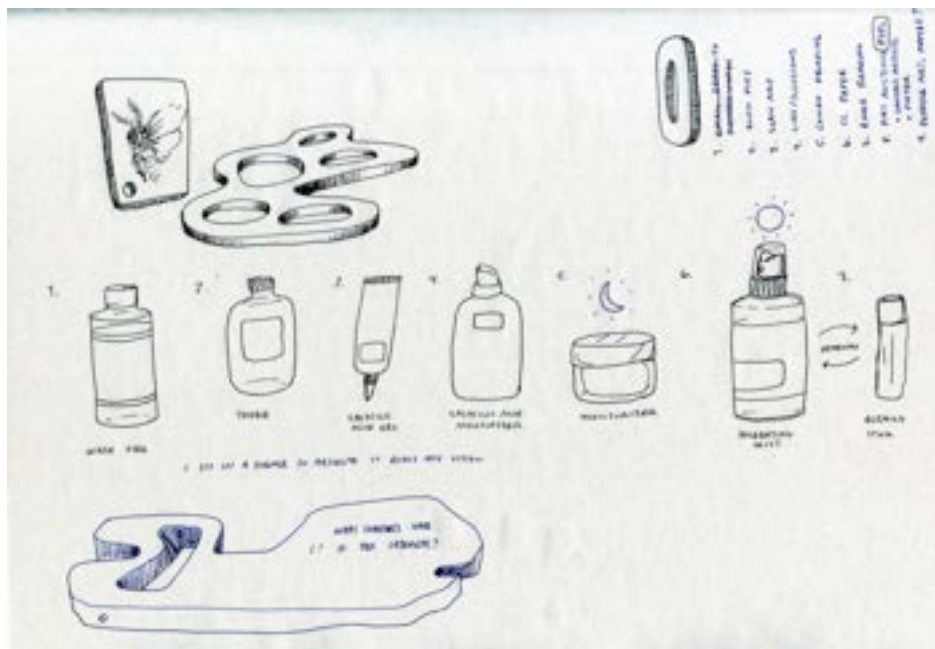
I just don't want my artwork to have the feeling of art with an agenda- there's no commentary in it. That is to say, I want none. So I'm just left with introspection, self-reference, and things that don't really have an 'objective' subject-matter.

I mean: I've been trying to peg what I don't like about certain art I see right now and aside from irony and cynicism, there's a lot of hanging, blasé reference; art that is all 'show it don't say it,' but in a very bad way. Like Tips for Artists Who Want to Sell, Solid Gold Pepe (it is relevant and I don't care if it's literally Pepe the Frog™!), or B*nk's work. Warhol too, though he kind of started it. Point is, we live in an environment that puts the artist at such a distance from their work that the artist also begins to (sub?)consciously distance themselves, and eventually they are reduced to a mere observer who makes snide or catchy remarks through art and whose work is merely an indicator, directing a viewer to make an observation and telling them what feelings to leave with. I feel like that sums up all of B*nk's oeuvre. An icon and an index, but hardly a symbol (I'll expand this thought someday).

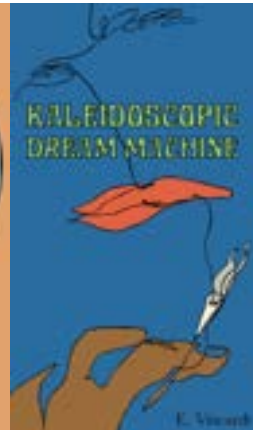
I feel like that's why wit and irony have such a hold right now, and I don't like irony one bit. I don't think you should ever do something ironically. So for now I'm just avoiding depicting anything I can observe (figuratively- I am always staring) and depicting things that I am not perceiving in an effort to eliminate commentary in my work, (but goodness do I make a lot of commentary outside of my 'work'), so it leaves only room for introspection, which naturally puts me in the vicinity of surrealism, stuck with this imagery for now.

interview by Alex Warrick





ELLA VISCARDI





Quaker Valley High TIMES



"Fall Back Into Fall!"

SPORTS ANNOUNCEMENTS



During last week's basketball game against the Lewisville Cavaliers, the best of the day out crashed through the defensive ceiling, startling players and fans alike. The hand touched around a bit, until finally a booming voice asked, "Is James Martin here?" Martin, a star basketballer on the Quaker Valley High team, was startled about from the game. When alerted of this occurrence, witnesses say the giant hand reached down from the ceiling, and the same booming voice replied, "Yes".



Mrs. Audrey Deery
Industrial Arts

Deery, Mrs. Deery's starting this week under Valley High will be the new industrial arts teacher Mrs. Deery. She will be teaching industrial arts, the government mandated course for all high schools around the country. It includes steel making, logging, and manufacturing. She is moving here from an undisclosed location under mysterious circumstances, and it should be noted that she doesn't respond to her name. When asked what details about her personal life she would like to disclose here, Mrs. Deery's eyes hardened and she ominously intoned the name of each one who was asking. "Mortimer," she whispered, "if you value your life," so if you see her in the hallway, make sure to say "Hi" and introduce yourself! And on behalf of us all at the Quaker Valley Times, welcome, Mrs. Deery! - by Harold Harding



Mr. Victor A. Nakamura
High School Principal

Dear Students,
In light of recent incidents, I am writing to remind you of the school's policy regarding unauthorized personal activities, which includes a ban on chain smoking. The principal's office reports transmission in the cafeteria of various large-scale activities, an activity begging you to stop smoking and to quit and never smoke of anything from the day of hell during lunch. Please inquire you no more, though it seems unlikely.
Principal Nakamura

SPORTS ANNOUNCEMENTS

John Williams, number 22 on the team says he was able to read the face of the water that was in the hand's wrist. He claims there were no catches, only the phrase "Your line has run out." "I think it's safe to assume James is going to stay for a few more days," said Williams. "That guy was always up to some stuff." Some of Martin's friends or family may have seen him since the day of the game.
Following the hand's departure, the High team won against the Cavaliers 10 to 11. 50 Score!

Story by Sally Chapman.

Picture by Robert Lantz.

Music Appreciation



Club

By Jim Mias

This week, we're highlighting our Music Appreciation Club! The goal of the club is to "appreciate, listen to, and discuss music of all genres, nationalities, genders, and species." We talked to Julie Goodwin, the head of SAC, and asked her to speak more on what the club does. "Of all sorts of stuff I love, vinyl now, we are all pretty into experimental digital-age and underground vaporwave music. We're a small group, but we love having people stop by to hear 'Friday Night at 1 in the abandoned windows in the school basement'" (ouch, Quaker Valley!)

Quaker Valley Club Members of the Week



Thomas E. Allen



Patricia E. Cameron

Thomas pulled a yellow lightning bolt a mistake that opened up in the hallway between 2nd and 3rd period. We lost two fingers in the process, but are a lot to be all.

They raised over 11,000 through her-organ, eternal. We'll make last night. The money will be donated to the local animal shelter up all these fun, thank!

ADVERTISEMENT

R. D. Cole Phone 10-404

RICHARD D. COLE FUNERAL HOME

Funeral Director

Address Home

"We'll Get It Right This Time!"

100 Grove Street, Lewisville, Pa.

Service continues to be held in the home

a gift by Mia Ciallella

INTERVIEW III: ALISHA BANSAL



photograph by Clara Hirsch



What does creativity mean?

What does it mean? (laughs). For me, it's connecting a lot of different things to make sense of something, to create something larger.

I was never math/science or humanities person, I was always somewhere in the middle. I think that shows with my two majors- I'm not quite one or the other. I think that's very valuable to make connections like that. In class today, we were talking about Bob Dylan winning the Nobel prize, and someone said "why wouldn't it go to Kendrick Lamar?" One thought I had was well, they only give those prizes to people who are almost dead, or to someone who had just died, and the reason they do that is to create scarcity in the number of people who are alive as Nobel Prize winners. To keep the award prestigious. That scarcity is an economic theory, a very practical theory, versus a humanities based approach to it.

Do you think that crosses over to dance?

I think it does. You need a bunch of different skills to choreograph. In dance, there is a lot of math, geometry. Most basic form is formations, but a lot of complicated choreography has a lot of different counting. It's very musical. Music, in that way, can be very mathematical, in form, but in order to overlay patterns of music as well as spacing on top of music can be very complicated. It requires a lot of analytical skills.

Being able to make those connections is creativity.

interview by Joelle Millman

FALLS KENNEDY



SARAH BILLINGS



DAVID LEE SIERRA

finely cut, finally shut

i've never been sliced open
never had any surgeries
but i'm incessantly under the
knife
constantly nipped, tucked,
sliced, and fucked

line of sight
edge of a blade

a certain anonymity i've
never had
the knife, however you like

plunged deep, scratching
shallow
no movement though still
turbulent

line of sight
edge of a blade

tiny fragment
finely cut
tiny torment
finally shut

a friend gave me roses and
babys breath

i meant to place them in
water
for rest

but in haste i cried and laid
them on
my bed

i couldn't sleep alone so i
stayed out
instead

i came back two days later
and the flowers
were dead

since the flowers died

i nailed them to the wall
above my bed

blossoms suspended above
earth
stems pointing toward the
stars

sharp steel piercing stalks
in drought
no water to prolong life

CALL TO ARTISTS PROTEST



Caroline Wallis



left and below by Grace Grim



patches by Daphne Liu

Daniela Quaresma

CLAMOR

But how do you call for a revolution when you have no mouth?
But how do you find the end of your personal tunnels when you have no lights?
But how do you mourn for your fallen comrades when you have no eyes?
But how do you struggle for a long-yearned freedom when you have no rights?

The tongue they stole from me was sharper than all their blades...

I begged

Give me a voice
Give me a voice with the weight of the tears of my brothers
Give me a voice able to withstand the pain of a thousand mothers
Give me a voice
ready
to penetrate the most ignorant armored doors, the most hidden dark caves
set
to protect these countless repetitive lies, sermons at their fake churches and I will
go
and spit it all until the burning earth swallows their impertinent bodies, until they
don't
breathe anymore, until I stare in their dead eyes murdered by their own poison, until I
stop
thinking of myself as a lifeless pawn on a chessboard larger than my horizons

I begged

Give me a voice that will break with screams
the walls of sound
the walls around men's hearts and dreams
the walls they're building to divide mankind
the walls-cells, the walls-slaughterhouses
the walls-battlegrounds, the walls-bars
the walls-in-my-mind-that-i-punch-in-vain
the walls-lets-keep-out-the-foreign-insane
the walls-lets-forget-our-brother's-pain

I begged

Give me a voice that riots
Give me a voice that kills
Give me a voice that yells in the night
Give me a voice that cracks the silence
Give me a voice violence
Give me a voice bite
Give me a voice flashlight
Give me a voice abright
Give me a voice whistle
Give me a voice missile
Give me a voice distress
Give me a voice protest
Give me a voice progress
Give a voice somehow
Give me
a voice
now,

I claimed



works on this page by Kea De Buretel

CALEB OLDHAM



SOPHIE KOVEL



CANADA CHOATE



ASPEN ZHANG





INTERVIEW IV: PERLA HANEY-JARDINE

photograph by Caroline Wallis

What is art to you? Do your poetry and visual art grow from the same interests?

My poetry and my visual art are definitely, totally linked. I am such a visual person – I like looking at shit, you know, and drawing from everywhere. I'm constantly in that mindset, where I'm thinking about how I can translate something stylistically, or how I can translate something I notice into a poem. Art is the only way I can interpret the world and the things I'm ingesting every day. I have to constantly do it or else I'd be super depressed.

I really like excess. I wish I was better at being simple, more fine-tuned, but I love layering, adding detail, building. I'm really interested in symbols, lately. I think we operate in a very semiotic world where everything means something, whether we recognize it or not. We're so entrenched in symbolism and I've started thinking about how the symbols I see every day affect me and my identity. I also think the people who hold power politically and economically also have the power to determine our symbolic world. By using unconventional symbols in my work, I am trying to question what we consider normal and what we consider weird and grotesque and gross.

Also, I'm really not a very good committer. I've quit everything I've ever tried – karate, any musical instrument. Art has been the only constant thing in my life that I've been doing basically forever. I don't even consider art a hobby because it's something I've always done, without even thinking, really. It's only recently that I've started to take my art to a further level of introspection, while I've been making art for basically my entire life because it's simply how I process my experiences.

interview by Amanda Violetto



LUNA DE BURETEL



SAM PILAND



ISAAC SLEATOR





ELIZA CALLAHAN

Purr

formerly **Jack & Eliza**

Gentle Warnings

Quarter Past the Hour
(video)

Secrets (video)



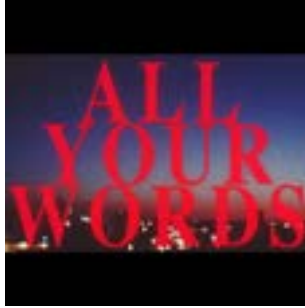
JULIA BAILEN

Bailen

Something Tells Me
Stand Me Up (video)

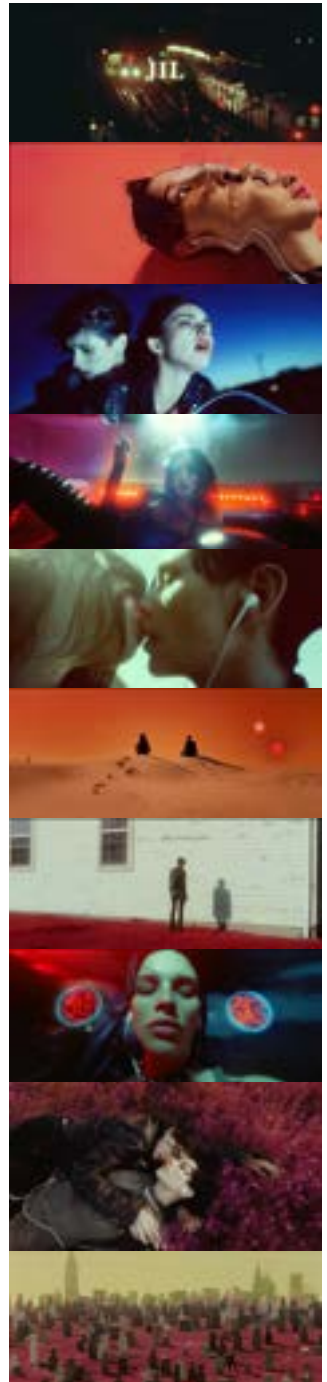


TEDDY OSTROW
they callem ted
Summer 2016 EP



ISAAC SLEATOR
JIL

All Your Words
Emotional Heat
All Your Words (video)



GENEVIEVE NEMETH



DOMINIQUE GROFFMAN



photograph by Jacquelyn Klein

A man with short, dark hair is standing on a set of wide, light-colored stone steps. He is wearing a black, heavy jacket with a fur collar, a black t-shirt, black pants, and brown leather boots. He has his hands pressed against his face, covering his eyes and nose. The background consists of large, classical-style stone columns and arches. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

INTERVIEW V: ANDERSON PEGUERO

Are there any stereotypes about poetry that you'd like to challenge?

Yeah that's interesting actually. In high school, before I started poetry, - I've been writing fiction my whole life, but I started poetry junior year of high school- I didn't want to start earlier because I was afraid of people would be like "oh this kid writes poetry and he's all sad and it's so girly and pathetic" but actually once I started writing poetry, nobody said that to me. I've never had that happen to me, which I was surprised about; I still kind of am.

A lot of people, when you tell them that you write poetry, they'll imagine something soft like "roses are red, violets are blue, it's raining on my curtains", and then on the other hand, a lot of people when they hear you're a person of color doing poetry, they imagine you're on a stage all the time telling people you need to "fight back against the like slave masters" and "your religion is not real". I think that poetry is as versatile a medium as fiction writing. When you say you're a writer, no one assumes you're writing Twilight Part Two. So, I guess just freeing myself from the trappings of genres and what I look like; I write as a person.

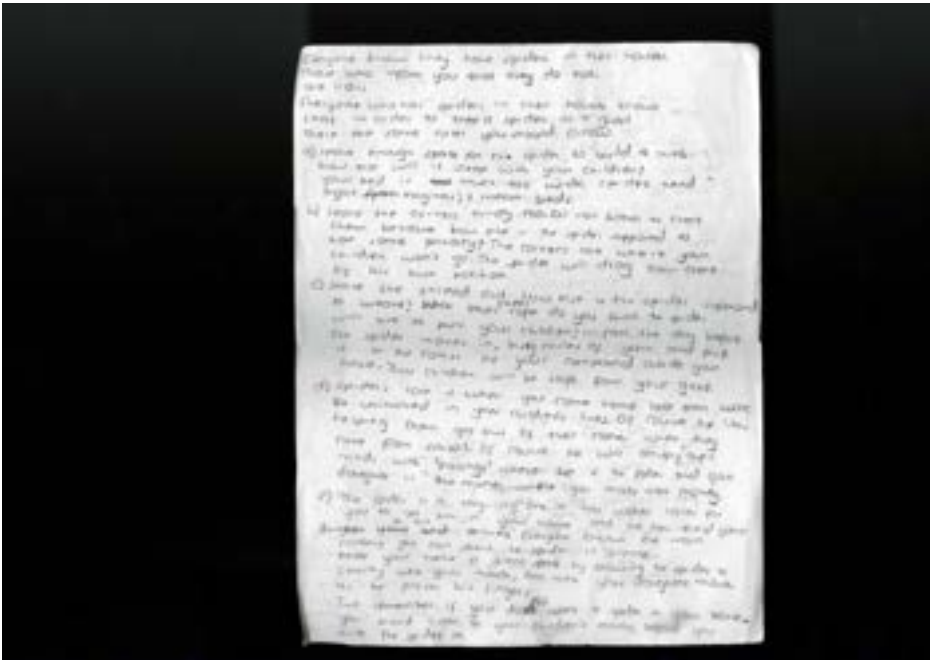
interview by Cecilia Lee

the tears of saint peter always moved me
even though I never had a god, not really
tick tick tock day out tock tock
I saw saint peter painted white
of new york my [city] not [disciple]
would always have to work twice as hard
deny her 3 times that his gold thread
& the upside down cross & my clock
[the # of moons & my mama's sons
youngest girl] we are all God's
to death maybe it is us
"3 times you will deny me" 3 times
no one weeps for us until we are gone
drink safe" how many denials do I give
will I still be here after it is over
will be my tears my blue lips

Malice

even though he never was a disciple of my god
other than the 1 winding my clock day in
the denial of repentance once, twice, thrice
in the metropolitan museum of art in the city
I cried. mama told me I'd rise & that we
to get 1/2 as far she never told me I would
came back in style & the oversized key
always ticking impaled in my heart 3
& denials of saint peter & age of Eric Garner's
youngest I wonder who is choking Him
He did warn us that we would do it
we did or will & only then will we weep
denied mama says "drive safe be safe
do I get to cry after it is over
will someone paint me white, too? my blood
my lost prayers repentance tick

RUGURU NERIMA



WILSON GREATON



WILL CHURCH



MICHAELA PECOT

Quasi Prayer

A black girl grew up wishing
never let go of want for her black mother's

blue eyes lighted like
A cascade of sky filled with grey on occasion,

the sky such a teal whose joy
was to skip generations

let the ones in between ponder their unblessing
stare into the darkness of their iris
fail to separate pupil and color

A black woman remembers quasi prayers and
casual colloquial addresses to god, *tomorrow, let me wake up*

endowed in lighter pieces, thanks--

Once a month, when god showed to her his closed ear, she prayed to

the devil. she could not visualize his evil
and woke up with all parts darker than her mother

Twice a year, she entered the house of her coffee bean black
grandmother, uninteresting black, smooth black, too black and peered

into a picture of dead relatives who gave birth to black babies from their light bodies
Half a night she spent in another photograph, frame to frame filled with dark skin people

the sharpness of antebellum in their eyes. she stayed in those eyes
christmas and thanksgiving, eating yams and turkey meat and scared of the poignancy of color in
the

small fragile center of her heart

Oh, how your blackness would be ashamed to cover your body if it had a mind.



photograph by Clara Hirsch

A close-up portrait of a young woman with short, dark hair, looking slightly to the left. She is wearing a dark, ribbed turtleneck sweater. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with buildings and a clear sky.

INTERVIEW VI: LENA RUBIN

For you, what is the purpose of your poetry? Do you see it as self-expression, self-exploration, societal exploration? Or is it just whatever strikes you?

I think writing is just a way to keep myself happy. I like when other people read it and I'm happy it was published, but I don't-- I think a lot of-- I've always written because it's a way to regulate -- so the poet Anne Carson, she has this quote, I forget which book it is, where she talks about her mom. But she talks about writing as like-- everyone is always carrying things around and you need to find a way to put them down, and that's sort of what writing is for me, because I'm very neurotic so it helps to break the cycle of that by just putting stuff down on paper. I think in my fiction which I'm working on now I'm trying to do more journalistic-type writing to capture people and places without involving myself as much.

It seems like you go into deep emotional spaces and also intellectual questions in your poetry, do you find that process cathartic, usually?

Yeah. I think-- definitely. I think that emotional and intellectual questions are often really intertwined for me. And thinking about intellectual questions allows me to think about-- being intellectually stimulated is a big part of my emotional life, and vice versa.

interview by Matt Munsil

Hydrophilia

There are laws for things.

For rhymes or textiles even.

Remember how you were, or do you remember
how you might have been? Not both.

At least make it midway, won't you -
you're half-finished, like a fish tank.

Sometimes I fool myself
but once I walked half of a whole two blocks,
and three avenues, all of it wrapped in the night gauze

and I was too busy, burning a hole straight through, remembering fear, and re-remembering: if
you'll understand, I was creating memory.

Antidote, anecdote, coda; all of it, any of it, whichever device would pull its weight:
and at the end it was a quilt.

Every June my mother's left foot was splintered
with a ten year old wooden shard.

The age of a child, two years my senior,
my impossible elder.

We were not allowed to play on the wooden deck without shoes.

ISSIE IVINS

Gratitude

In the mornings it looked like a ship, she said, the sheets covering construction on the south side of one ten. From below scant sheath poked out trestles of a building in transition, I'd passed aside before.

Strange to think of what is noticed and when:

the lamp at evening's close; the theme of a fruitful revisiting.

Sitting side by side on the mattress, I traced circuits around her knuckles with the tip of a finger. Once released my eyes moved north, scaling her jaw, hitching on the ear, slowly out the window. She yawned as I looked to the ship.

Enough turns of the wheel of memory shall sort even those most urgent hours into a series of dreams.

Strange to think

of what is noticed,

and strange to think of when.

And strange to think of loss as if escaped from expectation.

I expected this, and yet. I expected this, and still,

am left dangling: that morose dance typically reserved for heretics,

the brilliance of death through the years:

for in still moves of sleep, she had also turned.

One in which I had no language.

One in which I liked it.

One in which I was inside every yellow light restaurant at the same time all at once.

My love is threaded by the tug of nostalgia and that is why I'll dream.

The idea that one can escape the solipsism of readiness, of precision, and lift the head into a scene where the bridge stands beside the tunnel.

Where desire, when it walks, walks on the ground.

Where the ideal burns brightly through its shell.

VANESSA HOLYOAK



When she awoke she found herself floating across a vast body of water. The girl was beside her, swimming with sweeping strokes of her arms and legs that left her speechless in bafflement. She saw the scene from above. The girl was smiling, stretching across the waves and inviting her to join. She watched herself refuse, again and again, scared to move from her rigid position for fear that the water would drown her. The girl did not force her. She only continued to swim joyously, beckoning with her blue body.



JEANNIE RHYU



DANIELA CASALINO



ADDIE GLICKSTEIN

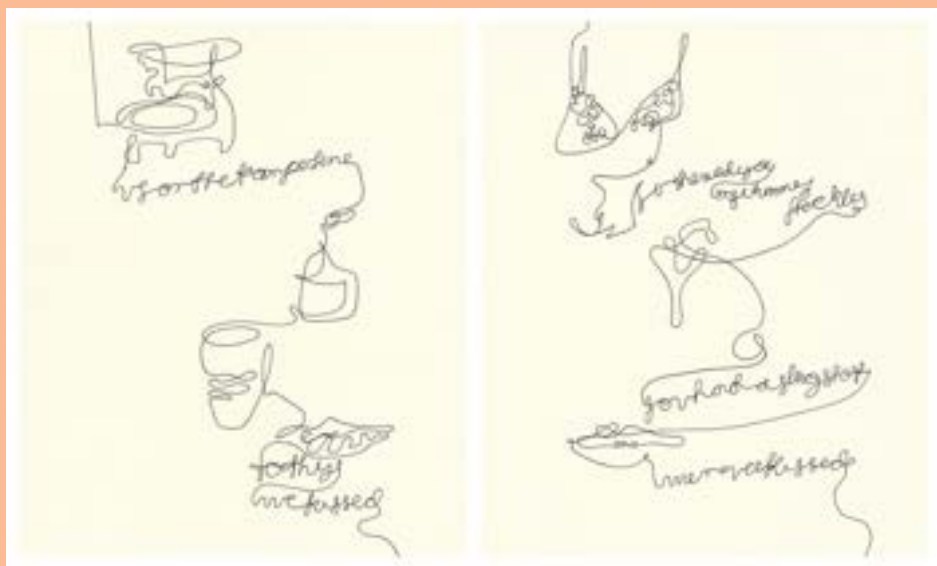


JASMINE WEBER

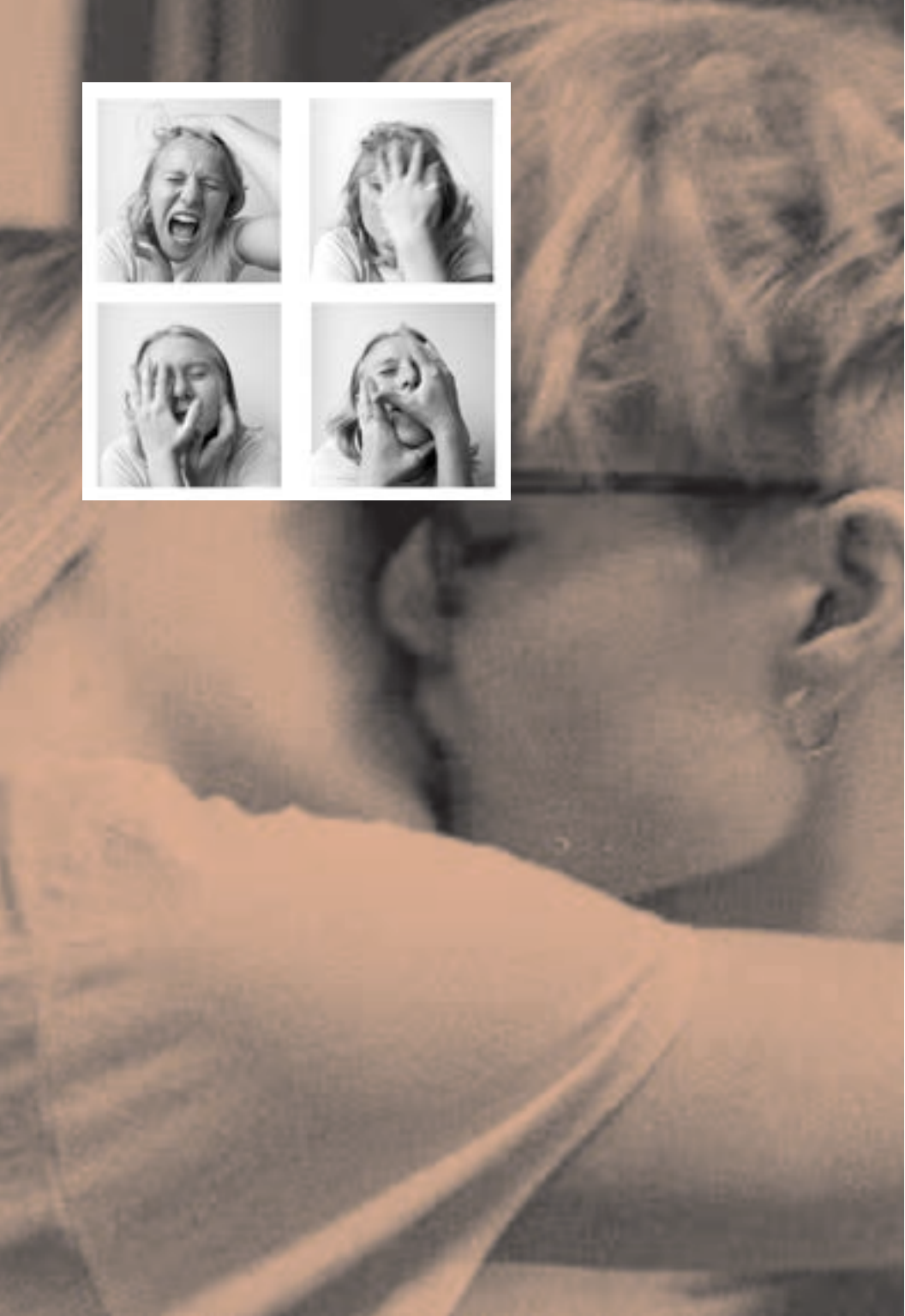


CALL TO ARTISTS

intimacy



Ella Viscardi



photos by Kea DeBuretel



works on opposite page: background by Clara Hirsch, inset by Julia Giardoni

Anderson Peguero
For Dolls

I sleep with the city on my back and when the moon impales me I dream
About you who are more specter than embrace
You who does not believe in the operating table
You who does not listen.

I miss when I was alive.
Beauty will be within my broken form or it will not be at all.
Is not the twist of bone in this beauty? Is not this eye hanging from wire-vein
With which I see you become the loss of
Is not this ulcer-hole of a mouth which you kissed
Is not this aorta-gear just reaching its arch what you loved?

The children we might have borne shuffle around me transparent and efficient.
They strive to please you even after you have long since left. They remind me of
myself in their bent spines and twitching hands and too-loving eyes. The worst part
isn't that I can see them though you have left. It is that they cannot see me.

You were you before and after you were mine.
I have torn apart so much of myself looking for your remains.
In the spring snow a priest prayed vehemently
In the pixel temple a Roman god wept fire
In my engine-heart there is only the smell of ash

I laid beneath the earth to remember what it was like to lay beneath our sheets.
The days go by, not I.
The nights are better
I forget what it is I have forgot
You are all that remains
You in your exile
You in your empire-flesh
You in what I have drowned in
You still in the earth swallowed



top by Camille Ramos, bottom by Emma Noelle

Zachary Hendrickson
[a work in progress]

i'm still learning how to write a love poem
what cadence and intonation do I use
to give breath to the silence of the moon?

shooting glances like a game of marbles over the
pool table
dinner table
bedside table
gotta grow up sometime
but maybe not today
wishing I could shift the landscape sideways
build a dock along its axis
and take this boat for a fishing trip in the sky
what strange fish we would find there
are our kindergarten daydreams still, safe
floating
if I was an engineer
maybe i'd make some elaborate contraption
and bring them back to ground
and feed the 5000 fearful

i'm still learning how to write a love poem
maybe those bright red balloons would remind me

why'd we ever let them go
is this the beyond we were sending them to --

JORDYN SIMMONS



photograph by Caroline Wallis

A young man with dark hair, wearing a dark beanie and a dark jacket with a patterned scarf, sits on a wooden park bench. He is looking back over his shoulder towards the camera. The background shows a park with bare trees and a building in the distance. The ground is paved with cobblestones.

INTERVIEW VI: JEEVAN FARIAS

Do you think that politics or larger ideas influence your life and art? Or is it just the object?

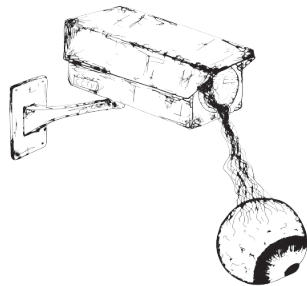
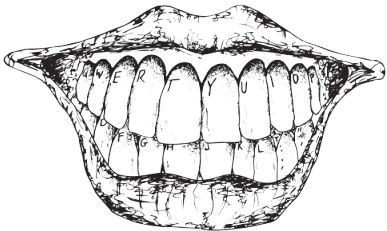
No, definitely. A lot of the drawings I made, mostly about surveillance, which is something I'm still very interested in and fighting against. Environmental activism is really important to me- the whole plastic thing is about that. This obsession with design for people to have a small selection of objects is about that: consume, but consume on a small scale. Consume long-lasting things that are actually important to you.

Would you consider yourself an activist?

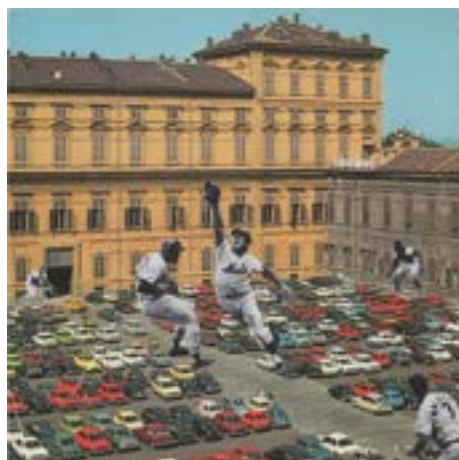
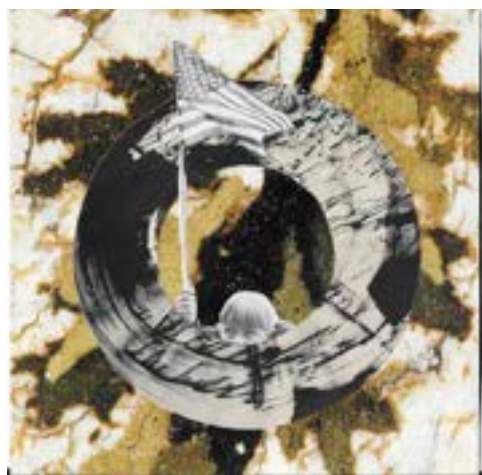
Yeah, I think so. Yeah, definitely. That question is hard for the same reason that 'do you consider yourself an artist' is hard. I think it has a lot of gravity of 'do you really put your money where your mouth is' kinda deal. But, also, activism is similar to art in that it's not one thing. Activism is not only protesting- that's not true because protesting isn't even one thing. Activism is not just vocally gathering and chanting with signs. Direct action is great, but it's not the only activism. It's also trying to be aware and up to date as you can be, and to always have conversations with people and calling people out when they say something you don't agree with. Being confrontational in a way in which you're not fighting, but trying to educate and learn, and have other people learn, and stuff like that.

I think being an activist means caring about things, to be honest.

interview by Joelle Milman



TEDDY OSTROW



BEN BIESER

REVIEW: Elysia Crampton - Demon City

To inhabit Demon City is to navigate its airhorn stabs, its huayno and cumbia cultural psychogeography.

"Trans is the whereness of withness."

- Eva Hayward, attributed by Elysia Crampton

"[A]nd he dropped like an ash tree / which, on the crest of a mountain glittering far about, cut down / with the bronze axe scatters on the ground its delicate leafage."

- Homer, Iliad

"The depressive position is a site of potentiality and not simply a breakdown of the self or the social fabric. Reparation is part of the depressive position; it signals a certain kind of hope."

- Jose Esteban Muñoz, *Feeling Brown, Feeling Down: Latina Affect, the Performativity of Race, and the Depressive Position*

Ephemera litters Demon City. From grotesquely unfunny laugh tracks to the sputtering radio snippets to the chilling temporal prognosis of *The Darkest Hour*, fleeting traces, glimmers, residues, and specks of things punctuate the unstable syntax of the epic poem that is Elysia Crampton's sophomore release. And as the clownishly clunky album title explicitly indicates, Elysia Crampton presents *Demon City*; in the words of José Esteban Muñoz, the critical theorist Crampton frequently mentions in interviews as an inspiration, *Demon City* coalesces as a series of "queer acts" that Crampton as architect performs. To inhabit *Demon City* is to navigate its airhorn stabs, its huayno and cumbia cultural psychogeography. To inhabit *Demon City* is to "navigate futurity" (as Crampton herself designates as an aim for her music) in that the place concretizes a kinetically queer ontology that invites participation. To inhabit *Demon City* is to Climb: past Sundered rock, past Slough of despond, to slip infinitely into a newly established and transcendent Here.

But *Demon City* isn't solid like *Troy*. Unlike that other quintessential setting of epic poetry, Homer's mythical *Troy*, a locale permanently moored to northwest Anatolia as much by its decaying stone acropolis and crumbling walls as its static locus in the Western cultural imaginary, *Demon City* breathes, seethes, and squelches. *Demon City* is unstuck, and it typifies the Muñozian realm of queer performance that exists only in its doing. A caption on a recent Instagram post of Crampton's describes the "beingness" of the indigenous Aymara people as one "signaled historically by roads, not fixed states or points." A counterpoint to the fixity of Homer's *Troy*, a city besieged for seven nigh-unending years of stalemate, Crampton's *Demon City* predicated on flux; *Demon City*'s spatial poetics map a "performatively polyvalent" landscape that typifies Muñoz's ephemera as a zone of queer being-qua-doing. *Demon City* finds its acts rehearsed in the Severo style, "an ongoing process of becoming-with" whose ephemera defy trans and minoritarian erasure.

Yet Crampton and Homer—the two epic poets responsible for the zones of *Demon City* and *Troy*—do share some thematic interests. Homer's iconic use of simile, a nearly alchemical bridge transmuting man into flora and rivers into demigods, finds expression in Crampton's *Donna Haraway*- and José Muñoz-inspired radical reinvention of race and species "on a geological level." This reconsideration, this new ontology "ruptures hierarchies and taxonomical divides as we find ourselves already deeply enmeshed in the strangeness and vast timescales of the lithic" as Crampton expounds to Resident Advisor. When Homer's Imbrios the spearfighter receives a fatal blow to the ear, he "drop[s] like an ash tree," his "glittering"

ephemerality playing out beneath Teukros's spear, the simile dismantles arbitrary taxonomical partitions not unlike Crampton's definition of Severo as both "accumulation" and "accretion"—at once traditionally human and traditionally telluric.

Both poets also read the body as the site of epic doing. Depicting the sculpted bodies of the Achaeans and Trojans struggling to mutilate each other, Homer exhibits an anxious remapping of the battlefield from the terrestrial on to the corporeal. Such a move prefigures Crampton's lived architecture of *Demon City*. As Crampton remarks (citing Eva Hayward) on the aforementioned Instagram post, "trans marks is the whereness of withness;" it, like *Demon City* and Homer's bodily battlefield, locates and concretizes the unstable beingness of queer ephemera.

The most prominent of these performative ephemera that outline the jutting forms of *Demon City* is almost ridiculous. It's laughter. From the sinister chuckle-as-booby-prize of the first climax of Irreducible Horizon to the percussive guffaws propelling the chugging, tense rhythmic bounce of 'Dummy Track' to the slapstick boss-battle chortle prefacing 'After Woman' to the barrage of contorted belly laughs issuing from the 'Children from Hell', laughter serves as a performative blueprint to *Demon City*'s dense landscape. A sound produced in a physical, body-heaving motion, laughter again links the sonic backdrop of *Demon City* to its Muñozian framework of doing. What's more, laughter in *Demon City* functions as a unique form of communication, a dialectic forged within Crampton's queer ontology that both refuses to participate in the normative linguistic expression co-opted by structures of power through rules of diction and syntax and repudiates the explicit violence of yelling or cursing.

The French word for 'smile,' *sourire*, literally means underneath the laugh. Beneath Crampton's laughing fit lies a goofy, innocuous grin. But inherent to the smile is a bearing of teeth, a fierce gesture more demonic than mirthful. Ultimately, the tension between the grating metal, warped gunshots, and curdling bass characteristic of collaborators Rabit and Chino Amobi through 'After Woman', 'Dummy Track', 'Demon City', and 'Children of Hell' and the cautiously optimistic symphonic textures of 'Esposas' performs the doubled nature of the "depressive position" that Muñoz suggests as an experiential definition of race in his essay *Feeling Brown, Feeling Down: Latina Affect*. This depressive position, according to Muñoz, emblemizes a performance of race that establishes commonality through sense and action rather than static identification—much like the ontology of doing that Crampton's *Demon City* establishes as *de facto* law. Muñoz characterizes the specific depressive position of brownness as at once a "feeling down" and a "site of potentiality of hope"—two spatial modes actualized by the ugliness of queer violence manifested in *Demon City*'s more unforgiving tracks and the melodic, expansive hopefulness of the latter few. Masterfully orchestrating this diptych—wherein two paintings are technically separated but remain part of a shared frame—of the isolation and pain of systemic and bodily violence and the optimism of a new, collaborative queer ontology, of deconstruction and reconstruction, Crampton crystallizes Muñoz's "brown affect" by doing.

A complement to Homer, whose exquisite myth catapulted the bard himself into the realm of myth, Crampton fashions a performative poetics that performs its own brown, queer, and sublime reality. But all she can do is laugh.

Rating: 9/10

ALYSSA GENGOS



SEB CHOE



Serverscape: a speculative intervention in the Kontraskjæret park area of Oslo, Norway. The proposal features a subterranean data center, public pavilion, and deployed network of wi-fi hotspots. Serverscape grants a physical presence to the invisible resource network behind common smartphone usage, and serves as a space to educate visitors about the unsustainable practice of unfettered data usage. Proposal presented to architects and urban planners from Planning and Building Services Agency Oslo, Center for Urban Pedagogy, Snøhetta, Space Group, and others.



MAURICE GOLDBERG
Sunspeaker
I Will Not Love You



ALYSSA GENGOS
MAURICE GOLDBERG
SEBASTIAN CHOE
+ TIM GOODWIN

Gold Medal
Perfect Picture
Last Thing



ALYSSA GENGOS
kythra
kanan/piuma
ancestors
I was raised in a
perpetual summer



SEBASTIAN CHOE
Broken Spear
True



JEEVAN FARIAS

jvn

24 hours 35 minutes

shrubby and
pointalism



SARAH BILLINGS

Sarah Billings

The Water-Seller's

Song in the Rain

At The Party

Last Time / UFO



CAMERON MORENO

Valley Access

navigational artifact,
found in the dust of
SANDL, data stricken,
bare

Double Shot



INTERVIEW VII: ELIZA CALLAHAN

photograph by Shelby Hettler

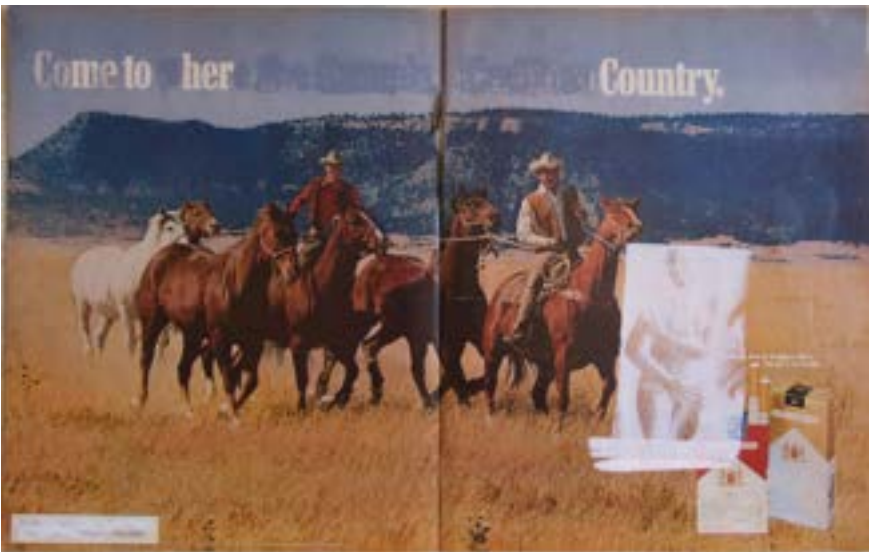
Do you think your political beliefs seep into your work?

I actually had this crazy thing happen: so last semester, in a pre-Trump America, I was thinking quite directly about presentation of fact versus fiction in history and trying to create my own system of prevention of false fact. As someone who is also a writer, I was drawn to the idea of creating false narratives, effectually short stories and histories and presenting them as fact, or artifact through my ceramic object. Thinking about the way in which different histories come together and pile up, notions of how we store things and archive art histories. I've been thinking of myself as kind of a preemptive archeologist- someone who is making something look as though it was part of history, and considering the way something in the present or recent past might be dug up in the future, discovered this way. Thinking about chronologies and nostalgia for the present.

I'm thinking of myself as someone that's kind of conning the viewer in my presentation of "False object"— The politicians kissing on the weird mug-like structures pulls images from a United Colors of Benetton ad campaign. It's a clothing label that made a large ad campaign that came under fire for photoshopping images of world leaders kissing (without their permission) that everyone forgot about pretty quickly. I wanted to take these images that were already photoshopped, not photoshopped by me, and were presented in a way that could have been truth or fiction if you did not know better, and petrify them- literally turn them to stone so that in a future they would be "discovered" as fact. Then we entered the era of POST TRUTH and along comes Kellyanne and her "alternative facts"! Precisely touching on what I was dealing with and giving it a nice little title to boot. I could never have guessed that post truth would become cliched over the course of this school semester.

I guess I'm now inadvertently making pop art...





works on this page by Eliza Callahan

SAM WILLIGER



MORGAN HUGHES



ZACHARY HENDRICKSON

Settled in Full

There's something speaking to me today
It's creeping through the receiver
Silently at first

Then with a rage

Like those floods at my old place
I'm watching it
Drizzle and pour
washing all my clothes out into the front yard

My words were never meant to be set to music
The static in the air is better accompaniment
For this unwelcome entrance
a friend once hungry, now full

Dinner is served and it's sitting in my seat at the table
I'm on the floor with the water
Doing headstands in the mire

*If it's ok with everyone, I'll just tap dance through the rest of this and put on a show for the folks at home,
alright?*

Casting rave lights for the homestuck club kids on 30th and Plum
An idiosyncratic array of brake lights
Turn signals going nowhere
Will-o-wisp dreams on a trail in the dark

*Actually,
I don't cook or tap dance
Or perform
Or create meaningful connections with other people*

*These last few stanzas are lies
I use them to make "poetry"
Sometimes I use them to make me feel better
But mostly they're just for pretend*

*This one is about failure, I think
Maybe it's motion
I'm not sure yet
But the day is marked on my calendar*

Because I'm talking to myself again
Through cracked iPhone screens
And overrun credit cards
And the statues that live in barroom booze troughs and apartment buildings with my keys on the counter

And everyone everywhere is talk'n bout home

INTERVIEW IX: KEENAN TEDDY SMITH



photograph by Caroline Wallis

What are some of your biggest inspirations as a poet?

I'd say that my biggest inspiration would be lyrics. I think that I've always struggled because I've found lyrics to be some of the most moving forms of textual expression but simultaneously felt like they weren't legitimate enough. Like lyrics weren't as real as poetry or fiction or prose. So I was always judging myself for doing so [writing lyrics]. I'd say my largest influences have been different song lyrics from different genres. Some of them I've used for who they're coming from instead of the words themselves. Or taking the words of songs that are popular and using those to fit them into something else and having it be its own sort of style. Other times, it's just really listening to songs on repeat and trying to listen to the melodies and the rhythms of what's being said. I'm really trying to engage with that impression.

If you could only consume one type of media for the rest of your life starting today, what would it be and why?

I would probably do music. My other inclination was to say TV, because I feel like movies are beautiful, but I like the diversity of narratives that come from television. You can have a show with a set of characters, but those characters can end up in vastly different places than they were when they started. Whereas a movie is an hour and a half to two hours, quite finite. But I'd probably choose music because it's something that's so diverse in the ways you can experience it, there are moments that are incredibly mellow, and you're really savoring every note, and there are moments that are much more up-tempo that make you want to dance. You can do so many things with music and to the sound of music that aren't the same. You can sleep to music, you can have sex to music, you can dance to music, you can talk over music. I think music is the most consistent, persistent media. People don't recognize they're constantly experiencing it.

interview by Perla Haney-Jardine

in the meadow.

are you liberated
if you register yourself
still a semblance
of death?
past the goalpost,
rolling without breath
down the muddy
hill, leaving
chainlinks in
your grassy wake.
was it ever
passioned bondage,
dusty dreams laid storage,
to brandish your oozing heart
or
did you allow
it to chill
over time
on your own?

Brown

Who's home musters this brown shade?
Tall trees stand firm against the open hard wind under moonlight.
Children bloom through wicked waters beating down heartily.
Be gone the days of yester,
focusing on the now over how.
The dirt you ate,
sweet silly kitchen bread break,
sacrificing righteous rum for solid scotch.
If we saplings could bend down,
stretch beyond our limbs,
reaching farther back than redwoods could dream,
and pull our roots up to our forgetting eyes,
we would see rainbows in the browns,
we would know beauty in brown.
Yesterday I was green but today,
o today,
I am nothing but brown.

MEKIA MACHINE



ANNIE MESA



CAROLINE STRAUSS

Spring chewed away
The last bones of Winter.
Once white, Winter now wanes.
Strangers found home
in its unforgiving plainness.

Summer plucked at
the strings of Spring:
Conducting songs
of love and pain.
The sun, its rays
like memories unchanged
weighed warm and heavy
upon your chest.

Autumn stoked
the setting fires of Summer.
Ravished as in a dream
and lusting after screaming stillness
Some lost forever in its baby teeth.

Winter smothered
the memory of Autumn
in a sheath of frozen silk.
Bound to earth
her eager fledglings,
who never knew their mother's milk.

photograph by Caroline Wallis

A close-up portrait of Mira Dayal, a young woman with dark hair pulled back, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a red sweater. The background is a blurred blue and white pattern.

INTERVIEW X: MIRA DAYAL



How do the materials you use embody your ideas? Can you talk about the transition from concept to material?

In my recent studio work, when I was thinking about materials, the overarching concept I was working with was disgust—creating simultaneous attraction and repulsion for the viewer. Materials like vaseline give the paper a very wet look. After sitting on paper for several months, it no longer has the same kind of sticky surface, but it's very beautiful because it forms this weird, shining, undulating surface, almost like an ocean. It's very attractive but kind of gross and you don't want to touch it. A lot of the compositions and "weird" materials come from dreams. Which sounds cheesy, but the way I think about my dreams is that my mind subconsciously combines things that I'm seeing --I think of that as a subconscious collage that has come into a lot of my sculptural stuff. It's a weird process to be delivering the objects of your dreams and making that thing that you feel like you just saw. I once had a dream in which I was reaching to the back of my leg and found that there were all these strange bumps on my skin. It gave me a queasy feeling. Working with that idea of repulsion, I made a cast of my leg and embedded blueberries and almonds into the back of the leg, in the paper-mache, to form the bumps. So that was about how I could get to that sort of visual effect—how do I get the same kind of reaction from the viewer?

interview by Mary Ma



AVA RAVICH



ZOE GUTTENPLAN



DAPHNE LIU



OLIVIA FITZGERALD HAREWOOD



CALL TO ARTISTS

lies and illusions



Jacqueline Klein



Amanda Ba



Ella Viscardi

birth and death are tropes often present in _____
there's a fixation on these moments, these events of dramatic stature
is this because we birth ourselves?

we give life to our own experience, existence
we name our own bodies, we bear our own bodies in silent screams of pain and joy
is it because we know death,
we know it's _____, it's presence, and the absence is gives birth to?

is it because life is a constellation of endless genesis and cessation,
moving between and around—dancing
through the bounds of existence,
spilling over the confines of a world that assigns us dead at birth?

that misrecognizes, that predetermines _____
that necessitates our movement to bear ourselves as our children,
and tend to ourselves as our own parents?

David Sierra



He looks in the mirror, under the illusion that he'll find his real self after doing acid at 1 PM on a Sunday. His face is covered with his roommate's shaving cream that he is strictly prohibited from using. His flailing hand, in search of toilet-paper, is valiantly fighting against an empty toilet-paper dispenser which dauntlessly fights back and defeats him, but only because it is truly empty. His mind is wondering why he is attempting to use toilet-paper to take the shaving cream off his face when he could just wash his face in the sink.

But it's fine. He just uses his roommate's sweater to wipe his roommate's shaving cream off.

'Don't you just love the mental space you're in whenever you're thinking of the word "off" and you're in the part where you're just left with the last remaining "f"? That mental space is my safe space. Okay, okay, not "safe space" but "happy space" okay? I just don't wanna say "safe space" because that implies I'm not safe in other spaces, which may or may not be true, but getting reminded of that every time I think of my safe space is definitely not helpful. Okay I really need to get the fuck out of this storm RIGHT NOW.'

He is in a hurry and he doesn't know WHY. He has to go somewhere and he doesn't know WHERE.

'Yes, yeah okay OKAY; I'm that guy.'

I'm that guy who adds you on Facebook but never talks to you in real life. Maybe I'll give you a shy smile if I'm feeling brave.

I'm that guy who does acid impulsively on a Sunday afternoon but wait sorry we already covered that. And yes, I'm definitely that guy who always forgets what's covered.

I'm that guy who likes crying in the rain so no one sees that I'm peeing.

I'm that guy who has heart-to-heart conversations with the smoke detector in his room, which is not a what but a who because all the second-hand Marijuana exhalations have made the smoke detector self-aware. Miss Smoke Detector doesn't go off anymore, because she's woke enough to know that she doesn't have to "detect" smoke just because her name tells her so. Also, she goes by Melissa now. Her parents consider her dysfunctional, but Melissa is finally over needing their approval for her happiness.



INTERVIEW XI: ERIN REID



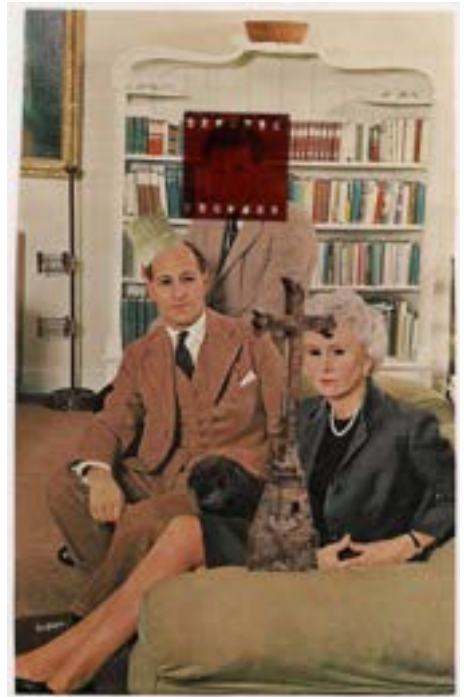
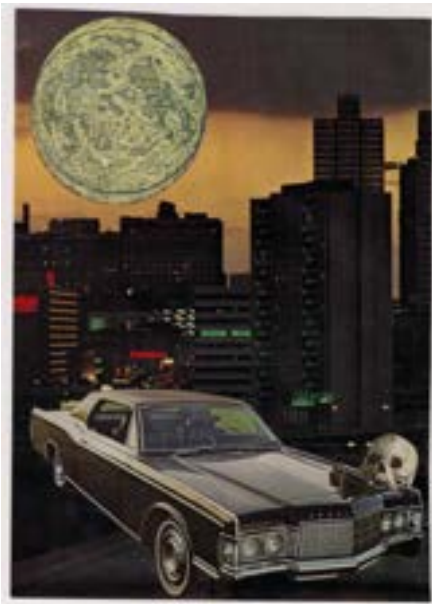
photograph by Shelby Hettler

What drew you to collage?

I like a lot of things about collage. I like the immediacy of it. Sometimes when I'm doing collage it's just that I'm feeling super anxious and I need to do something with my hands, and it's super easy. I also like the idea of layering things- kind of like Tumblr! I feel like Tumblr is just one big collage where there is all of these things that you are connecting together- that's something that has always connected with me. Even when I draw or paint, there are elements of multi-media- I never just do a pen drawing- there will always be other elements or layers. So collage just seemed like the most natural thing- it is inherently made of different things coming together.

I also like to be able to collect weird magazines. Collage has allowed me to see things differently- like I'll be at my friend's house and see a weird pamphlet for a foot massage clinic and the image on it will be really funny, and I'll be like "can I have that?!" So I kind of developed these weird obsessive collecting tendencies through that, but it's fun thinking all the time about what I could juxtapose an image with based on what I already have. I've also recently gotten into creating poems from cut outs of text and juxtaposing them. Especially in absurd collages, text becomes really important- I'll see a strange headline and I'll think it would look hilarious with this pig or something! Collage always makes more sense to me because I'm always processing all these images and this is a way that they can come together.

interview by Jewel Britton



EMMA SEELY-KATZ

2000s Tween With Lots Of Feelings Who Is Repeatedly Told "You're Just Emotionally Mature For Your Age, The Boys In Your Grade Will Catch Up Soon Enough" Starter Pack



Tag Yourself: MTA Edition

by @cranker_sore

J

- will go nuts if nobody for too long
- internal everything
- knowledgeable about the intricacies of adult love production
- secretly hates the every decision they make or worry (thinking to Rushmore being one of them)

L

- dropouts, utterly attractive and hated for it
- "kind of regan"
- has induced countless humanity
- prosecutes society through Twitter messaging
- stresses about nobody

2

- every reasonable warning
- incredibly study hard
- gets at least 1 paper a day
- always a straight A student
- from college introduction
- gets really hard on assignments sometimes

A

- has been through shit and choked it
- when sitting in parks alone staring at happy families and thinking about their childhood
- favorite food is anything from a salad to...
- never pay but live by about it

1

- once parenting got checked from missing too many papers
- wants to be a Premier Office
- loves quality times (Maggie Nelson)
- once late night depression
- returns at least once a week

G

- only separation anxiety when they were 8 months old
- they don't get out at least once a week, they have at night breakdown
- wants to be a doctor
- talk to them with every third person they see on the train, it's ridiculous when they get off
- wants to be invisible, to not exist

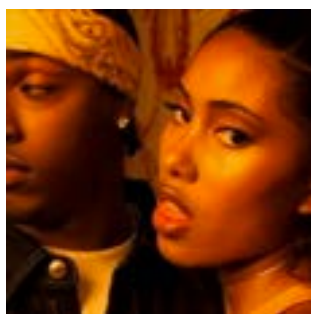
TFW you unabashedly enjoy things and try your best to be unironically kind to people as much as possible because postmodern meta-cynicism is overrated and you don't have enough energy to performatively reject your natural empathetic tendencies and desire to connect in this often cold and lonely existence



ANISA TAVANGAR



Photogravure is a 19th century printmaking technique that involves exposing a photographic positive onto gelatin tissue, transferring the exposed issue onto a copper plate, and etching the image into the plate in various densities of ferric chloride baths. The entire process takes about three days of work to produce a plate, plus about 20 minutes to print each image, not including drying time. Snapchat is a digital medium in which images exist for up to 10 second increments for 24 hours at a time.



JORDYN SIMMONS
DJ JODY
Feels 2.0
finesse



MORGAN HUGHES

TrillMah
Kiki
No Body
Kiki (video)
Katie (video)





JONAH HEMPHILL
June Apollo
Sunday



COLEMAN HUGHES
Coldman
Neutrotika
I Am A Pussy



KING OF NOTHING
(aka Daren Napier)
King of Nothing
Coke White Tiger
4Criss!

AMANDA BA



WILLIAM JESS LAIRD



Milk documents the illicit distribution and sale of raw dairy products within New York State. The substance shown here is kefir, a thick drink made through a process of fermenting milk with live bacteria cultures. Each strained glass of kefir in Milk is made from a different batch of raw milk illegally purchased at one of the sites shown. At the moment of sale these previously random locations become defined as crime scenes under State and Federal laws mandated by The Food and Drug Administration. Widely considered one of the greatest public health revolutions of the 20th century, pasteurization is the process of heating milk in order to kill harmful bacteria. This project finds itself at a peculiar moment in this history. The proliferation of such networks meant to provide access to unpasteurized, "natural" products marks a critical skepticism in the government's interest in health and well-being. The paranoia that pasteurization has become a mechanism of political repression suggests an insecurity over sources of power and control in the post 9/11 American psyche.



**INTERVIEW XII:
MORGANA VAN PEEBLES**

Do you feel like you're conscious of being a female artist? Does that play out in your work at all?

Kind of. I think that I'm more aware of it in film. It was something that everyone made me be aware of. I feel like when people talk to me about the female gaze, they expect that I'm going to represent females in the industry as a woman of color. That's a lot of pressure. Just because I've created something, doesn't mean that you should take it as the work of a female woman of color who is now directing. You should see it as a work from a person, or just any other director. It's something I was made to be aware of because I felt like, without even seeing my work, people were putting it in the scope of a female person of color. But that's not even what my work is speaking on. My work is speaking on me, as a person. You can't just label me and only view my work through such a limited scope.

I noticed that you work with a bunch of different kinds of art - what are your mediums?

I never really stick to one medium for too long because I get bored really easily. I remember in art class we'd have to do step-by-step paintings where you let it sit and dry and come back and do more. I could never do it. I would always want to do everything at once. It got to the point where I started crossing things over because I enjoy certain aspects of everything. Or there were times when I would start writing a film and I would think, oh gosh, this would be a great photo series. And then I would think, oh this would be a great idea for a collage. So one thing would lead to another thing, and then I would eventually cross everything over.

interview by Julia Flasphaler



GINGER MAY

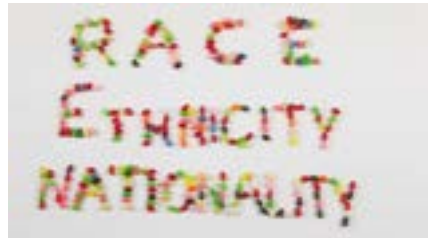
There is always
the fear that even
though I love myself and
put myself so
fully into this city

that it would reject
me. But I learnt it
doesn't need me
and I didn't
really need it, and
I realized my self destruction
stemmed from primary
apathy.

But I am
too vast, too
expansive, too wild
to self-
destruct.



ELIANA PIPES





INTERVIEW XIII: OLIVIA RODRIGUES & JONAH GOULD

A FILMED CONVERSATION AND PERFORMANCE

Olivia: What's your favorite part of doing our show together?

Jonah: I love that we're doing our own thing. I love the way every little thing is us, because often you go to a comedy club and everything is kind of...I don't know, I often feel in that environment like somehow something I love so much is just suddenly something I hate, in that environment. So I love that everything feels like it's very us.

Olivia: It's weird how, like, improv and stand-up comedy are two things that are so easy to hate, and like, I kind of hate them, because...

Jonah: Oh, I hate them.

Olivia: Yeah! Freshman year I was like "fuck this, I'll never be on an improv team ever, like that's the dumbest fucking shit," and like, now it's like kind of my life.

Jonah: We take it very seriously, and we love it-

Olivia: -but we take it so seriously-

Jonah: -but I hate it.

Olivia: I hate it.

Jonah: I hate the word comedy

Olivia: And I hate stand-up, I hate going to stand-up shows, I hate amateur stand-up, I hate college stand up...

Jonah: If anyone ever tells me, "hey how's comedy going," I'm like, "hell no, stop, I don't do comedy."

Olivia: I strangle them right there on the spot.

Jonah: I kill them right there.

Olivia: I strangle them.

Jonah: Well, not to death, that's take a lot of...

Olivia: Strength.

Jonah: Olivia has a sixth sense for every person she used to know, who was hot at the time, who's grown up to be ugly.

Olivia: [laughing]

Jonah: You can list them, by like, name, province...like you have a whole friggin' database in your head.

Olivia: I do...so if we take a tour, I'll know exactly who's gonna be there. It's true.

Olivia: It's "Wild World," by fucking Cat Stevens...Do you even know what we're doing here, Jonah? Or are you drunk, again? You too pilled out?

Jonah: I'm all pilled out, I took so many b12s this morning.

Olivia: [laughing] Healthiest drug addict ever.

Jonah: Vitamin Ds, too, okay, I don't have a problem.

Olivia: I'm feelin' pretty woozy, took like four Flintstone gummies...

Jonah: [gestures to Olivia, whispers in eye] I just feel like, like I know this is your band, but, um, I just wondered if there's just like little cool moments that I could have, like, I don't know, like little rockin' moments or something?

Olivia: No. Mom bought me the guitar...so, no.

OLIVIA RODRIGUES



JONAH GOULD



ZANE BHANSALI



FINOLA GOUDY



GRACE GRIM



RACHEL NG



JACQUELINE MIX



University Housewares & University Hardware

2901-2905 Broadway
(212) 882-2798

Monday	8AM-8PM
Tuesday	8AM-8PM
Wednesday	8AM-8PM
Thursday	8AM-8PM
Friday	8AM-8PM
Saturday	9AM-7PM
Sunday	10AM-6PM

AD DESIGNED BY CAROLINE WALLIS WITH PHOTO BY SAM PILAND

IVY LEAGUE STATIONERS & PRINTERS



thank you for your support

AD DESIGNED BY JACQUELYN KLEIN WITH ART BY KIRSTEN CHEN

JANOFF'S TYPEWRITER AND STATIONARY

2870 BROADWAY,
NYC, NY, 10027

MON - THURS — 8:30am - 7:30pm


FRI — 8:30am - 6:30 pm

SAT — 9:00am - 6:30pm

SUN — 10:00am - 6:30pm



**Morningside
Heights' local art
& craft supply
store.**



**From acrylic
paints to
thermosensitive
sheets of acrylic,
they have you
covered.**

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

KEY SPONSORS

Anthony Haney
Bryan Violetto
Ike Allen
Janoff's Art Supply
Katherine Dieckmann
Margaret Talbot
Sheri Halfon
University Housewares

SPONSORS

Addie Glickstein
Amy Chen
Anisa Tavangar
Anonymous
Anonymous
Anonymous
Aspen Zhang
Caleb Oldham
Barbara Klein
Cena Loffredo
Daniela Casalino
Erin Reid
Hannah Cho
Kirsten Chen
Jennifer MacDonald
John Gearheart
Leland Chen
Loie Plautz
Mira Dayal
Nasreen Abd Elal
Rasyqiana AndiKasim
Richard Klein
Sarann Klain
Sebastian Choe
Shelby Street
Suzanne Goldsmith-Hirsch

ARTS
INITIATIVE
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Supported in part by the **ARTS INITIATIVE** at COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Printed by  SMARTPRESS



