

# RATBOCK

**YEARBOOK TWO**  
**2017 - 2018**



EMMA NOELLE

# **RATROCK**

## **YEARBOOK TWO**

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# ART IST S



**AJA ISABEL**



**AMBER LEWIS**



**ANGELO SIAS**



**ANNA KAPLAN**



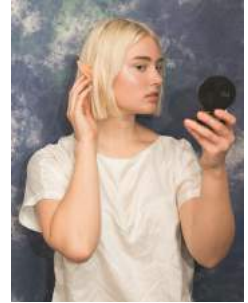
**ANYA SERKOVIC**



**ARIA HANSEN**



**ASHBY BLAND**



**AUGUSTA CHAPMAN**



**AVEGAIL MUNEZ**



**BEATRICE LITNER**



**BECCA TEICH  
DEVIKA KAPADIA**



**BERNADETTE BRIDGES**



**BLAKEY BESSIRE**



**CAMERON DOWNEY**



**CARINA HARDY**



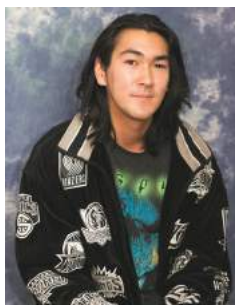
**CASSIDY LEVERETT**



**CHLOE MORRIS**



**CLARA BECCARO**



**CONNOR WARNICK**



**EDEN ARIELLE**



**ELIZA SIEGEL**



**ELLE WOLFLEY**



**ELLIE BOTOMAN**



**ELLY RODGERS**



**EMILY KIMURA**



**EMMA NOELLE**



**FRANCISCO ALVIDREZ**



**HANA RIVERS**



**HELEN LIU**



**HENRY SCHWARTZ**



**IKE ALLEN**



**INDIA HALSTED**



**IRIS WECHSLER**



**JESSICA AWH**



**JULIA GIARDONI**





**JULIA ROCHA**



**JULIETTE KANG**



**KAREN YOON**



**KETAKI ZODGEKAR**



**LAILA PAITHAN**



**LAURA CORTEZ**



**LENA NELSON**



**LILY ARZT**



**LING GROCIA**



**MABEL TAYLOR**



**MATT MALONE**



**MATT RIVERA**



**MAYA GARFINKEL**



**MO CHRIST**



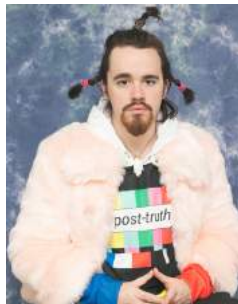
**NADIA HALIM**



**NATALIE TISCHLER**



**NATATCHI MEZ**



**NATHANIEL JAMESON**



**NICK RIBOLLA**



**OLIVIA LOOMIS**



**ONYEKATCHI IWU**



**OSCAR HOU**



**PAIGE KYTZIDIS**



**PHANESIA PAREL**





**PHOEBE JONES**



**RAFELLA MELONI**



**ROBERT JOHN BOYLE**



**SABINE JEAN-BAPTISTE**



**SARAH JINICH**



**SASKIA RANDLE**



**SHANGA LABOSSERIE**



**SHELBY HETTLER**



**TINA SHAN**



**VICTORIA MARTINEZ**



**XANDER BROWNE**



**YISEL GARCIA**



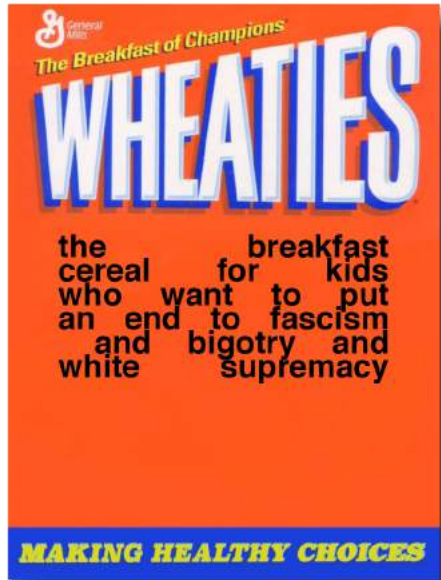
# WORK

ELLY RODGERS





CARINA HARDY



MABEL TAYLOR



BEATRICE LINTNER

# CASSIDY LEVERETT

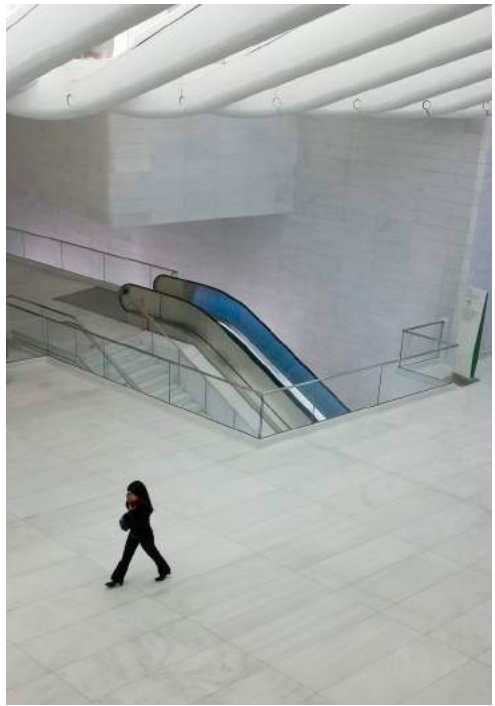


video by Teddy Ostrow

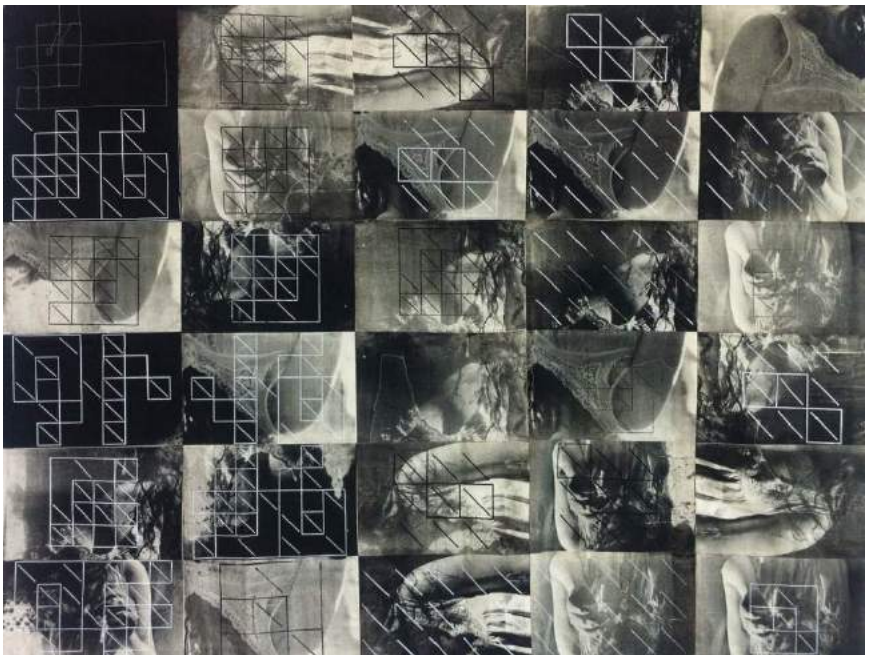




**“I keep going back to little kid imagery. I really do see the music as something that can be danced in the bedroom, because whenever I make something I make something, I like to dance around with it. And I never really even envisioned it as being something that would be played in a club, like club dancing. For me, it’s always like something that you do with the doors closed and you’re looking in your mirror, looking at yourself with a microphone and a hairbrush, singing and dancing along.”**



JULIA GIRARDONI



TINA SHAN



INDIA HALSTED



VICTORIA MARTINEZ

## Small Mourning

Forty eight hrs after:  
600-800 mg NSAID  
[ibuprofen because]  
2 hours before.

Four pills in cheek let dissolve,  
sips of water and  
a paste under the tongue.

i never asked - to be -  
nurturing  
unnatural  
to me

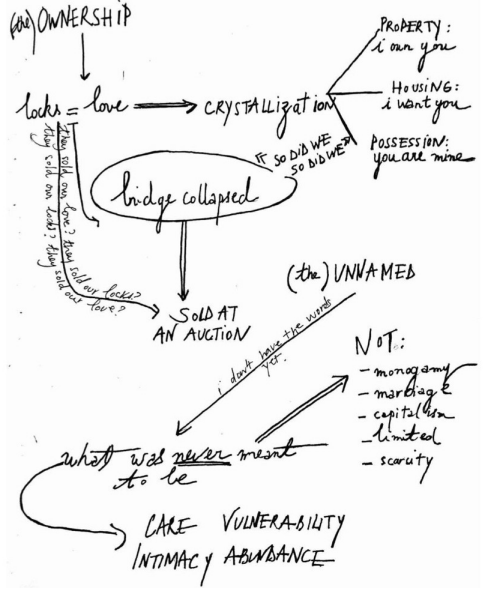
each time you call me [that]  
a part of myself breaks off -  
currency -  
in your palm

then there's nothing left  
but blood - clots -  
and a small mourning

i carry.  
a cranial appendage  
in the back of my neck.

CHLOE MORRIS

how i love you



CLARA BECCARO







INDIA HALSTED



ANNA KAPLAN



# ANĪSA TAVANGAR



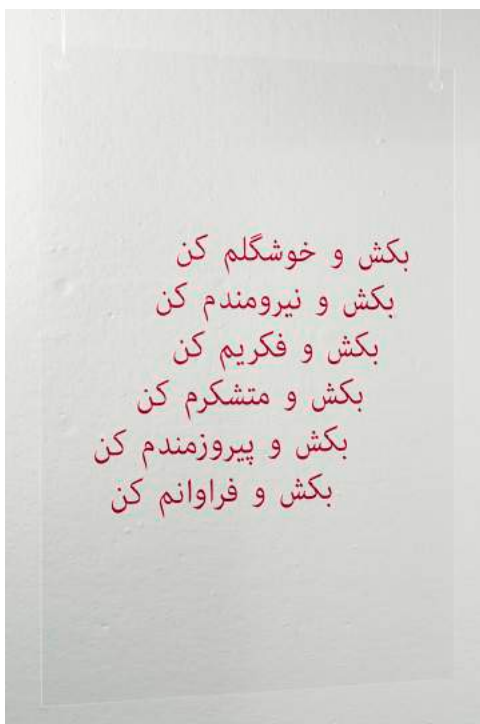
photograph by Emma Noelle

## I hear fashion and makeup are your forté— how have you engaged and explored those interests at CU?

It's interesting that people (I mean I run Hoot, so hello fashion!) peg me as very into fashion, but I don't like fashion that much. I don't know— I think I like every avenue that allows me to make things and make an impact. In high school, fashion was a very convenient medium— I read a lot of blogs and took a sewing and construction class— and I think fashion is an interesting medium in terms of sculpture and performance. It's a very structured, fabricated medium— especially in terms of performance.

I just think it's interesting that I look at art as a very spiritual thing. I mean, to me, the art of making something and the quality of creativity is a uniquely human thing and it's really a spiritual quality: the ability to be creative. And so I definitely look at art through that lens, while I think that when things are strictly material, because there is a way to create things that are strictly material, they lose their meaning. The material aspect of creating, when things are made solely in that way— meaning vanishes. Fashion week is like that, it's not an experience of art or design, expression, ideas— its material. And all the structures and hierarchies within it are false. They are made up, and stuck— so why are we taking them for granted?

Thinking of things in terms of a continuum and not a spectrum is interesting, because spectrums have endings that you have to bounce in between— but continuums can go on. There's room for growth; I'm into infinity. In the end nothing matters but being a good person, everything else is fake! Those aren't elegant words, but the only things that are universally true are these qualities: kindness, generosity, justice. Not what's on a runway. A runway or gallery can only select those and emulate those. Yeah. That's what I'm about these days.



## INHERITANCE

I.  
She speak in broken  
English  
how much a pidgin worth  
her Cracked Wings, made whole  
in the Mouth of the tongue that Swims  
in her same dialect

Joy evoked when she fly back to Native,  
Code Switch can break smile  
Broke the Water of her Tongue,  
Gave Birth to an inferiority  
defined by western supremacy

Yet I jealous her  
How her tongue's connected to Mother's  
I consciously break phrases  
as if English isn't the only water  
I know  
wet palate and privilege,  
but my Mother and Father be Atlantic and Pacific,  
Water in multiple Languages

*Nwatram Mmiri*, Give me Water, my Father(*Nna*) says to me in Igbo  
*Nna*, *Nwatram Mmiri*, the water that is your language

II.  
The names I am given speak  
more Languages than I know.

My middle name is *Nneoma*, translating to  
*Good Mother*, from the *Igbo* Language

Language is waters broken and cords umbilical,  
I am born from mind to mouth, sounds  
came out, and Pronounced me  
*Good Mother*.

Language as a  
Life can be Taken for granted, or Life  
is privilege, granted, be grateful for the Tongue  
even when it attempts to Kill.

Language as a  
Lie: I am not *Good*.  
I broke waters and waters bore me  
human. Gave me mind, connected it to mouth and



I don't know what to Say or how to raise up Language  
like a *Good Mother*

Language as God,  
producer of all things visible and unseen, and I've  
heard of words dying, of entire Languages buried and it makes me  
want to reverse the waters from which I came, and  
drown

Or  
Languages as Gods, and some Gods are more  
deadly than others the only Language I can pray in was  
born from foreign intrusion  
in my Mother's land  
my tongue is a golden apple from the Tree of Colonialism  
from this fruit, I will continue to Bear.

My first name, *Natachi*  
means *From God* in my Mother's first Language,  
so *From God* comes a *Good Mother* and a need for translation  
British colonization tried to deem God a White Man,  
my own Mother cries  
Blasphemy and my last name was  
shortened by my Father,  
and in the cropping,  
there was no God left, just parched throats  
What remains but for me  
To drink from my own cup

NATATCHI MEZ

# consumption



JULIA GIRARDONI

**CALL TO ARTISTS**

**PURER & HIGHER  
PURER & HIGHER  
& GREATER  
& GREATER**

*"...the vilest offender who truly believes..."*  
-F. Crosby

*you promise to pardon me  
& i believe it.  
you wish not to save prevent  
or heal until dead  
& i forgive it. you gave mouth  
& i use it to lie &  
pray&repent&sin&dream  
i wish you taught me how to be silent.  
like crumbling church-arch  
i split open  
my heart-gate-chest  
hope already abandoned*



ANDERSON PEGUERO



ANINA KAPLAN





CHARLOTTE FORCE



EMMA NOELLE



LAURA DABALSA



LILY ARZT



LILY ARZT



ARIA HANSEN

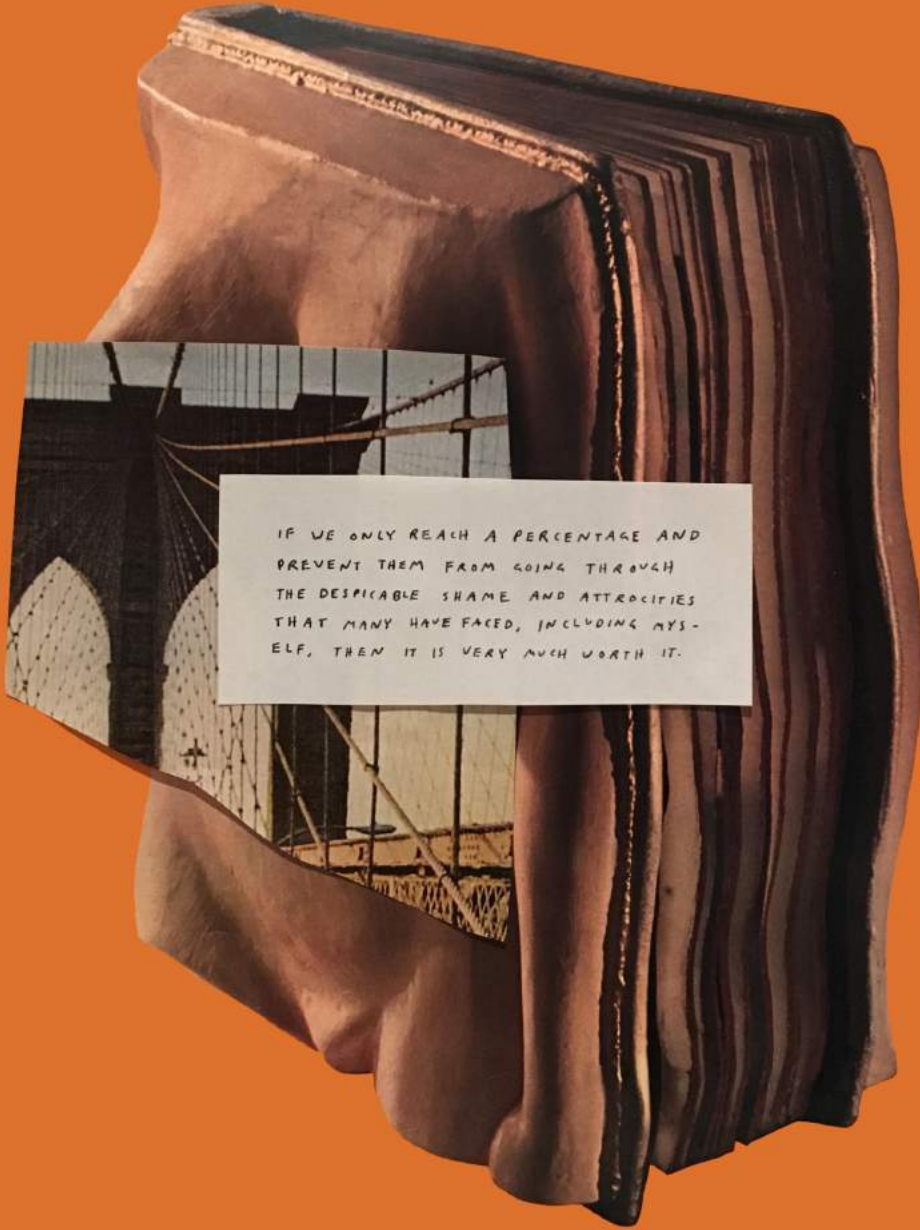


ARIA HANSEN



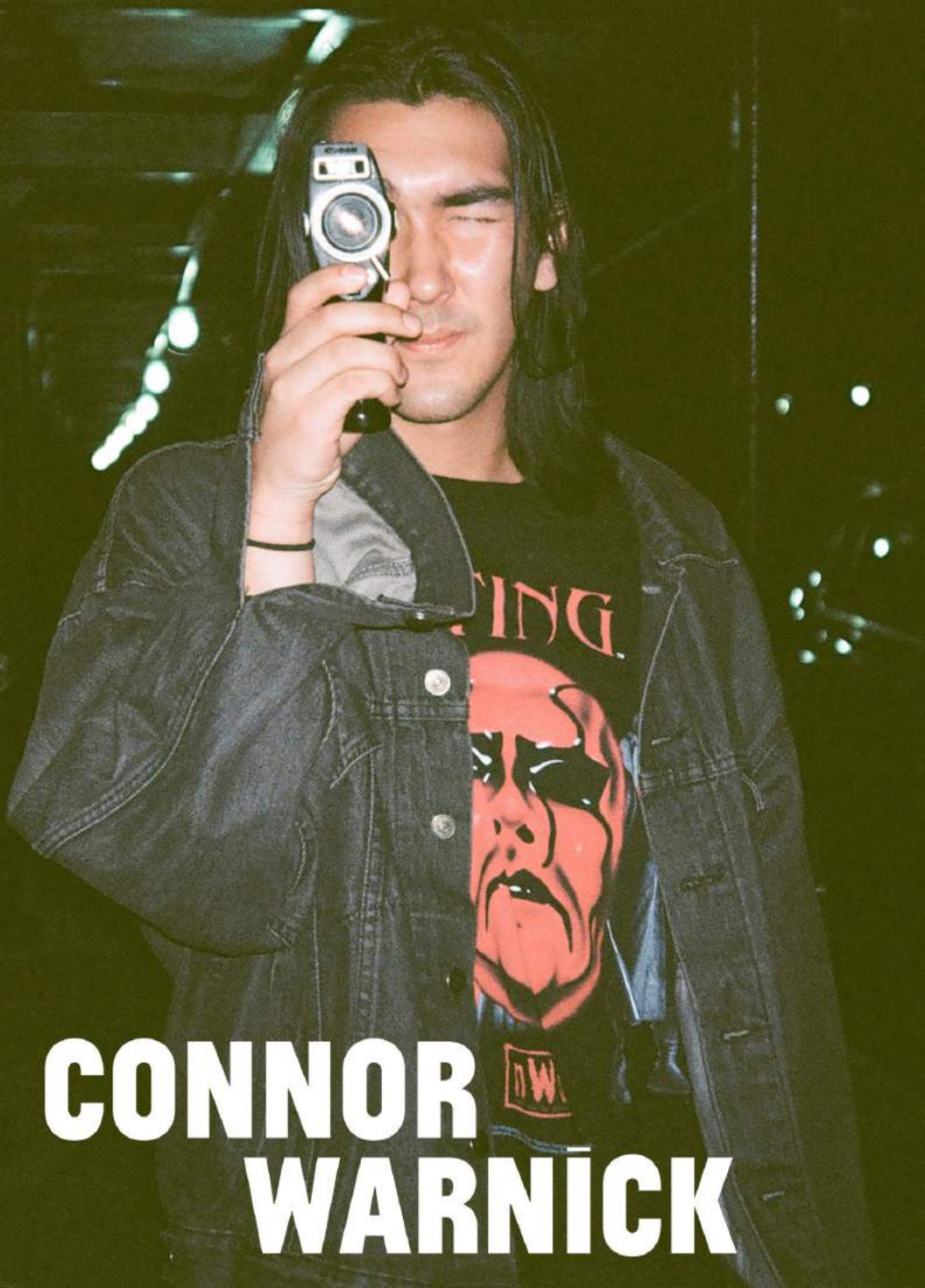
AMBER LEWIS





IF WE ONLY REACH A PERCENTAGE AND  
PREVENT THEM FROM GOING THROUGH  
THE DESPICABLE SHAME AND ATROCITIES  
THAT MANY HAVE FACED, INCLUDING MYS-  
ELF, THEN IT IS VERY MUCH WORTH IT.

photograph by Charis Morgan



**CONNOR  
WARNICK**

**You're a filmmaker, fashion designer, and a visual artist. How do all of those things inform each other?**

I think that my end goal right now is to just be making films. I want to be a director. I think all of the things I'm interested in-- fashion or costume design, visual art and art direction, photography, writing -- film is the medium where I can do all those things equally and create my own worlds with it and do everything all at once. That is how I think about it. Film can unite those other things. I think that over the 20th century, and definitely in my life, film has been the most influential art form.

**So, popular with the masses and accessible?**

In that sense, yeah, but that's not really why. I think less so now-- now I think music and fashion are probably the two most relevant or omnipresent art forms in our lives, and the way those two mediums have come to be widely communicated is cinematically, or through moving images -- I'm thinking of music videos, concerts, performances, fashion runway shows, etc. But that sort of reality/ultra-reality was established because of film's widespread influence, and screen culture and visual culture in the 20th century. And in my own personal experience, as a kid, I would watch a ton of movies and play a lot of video games.







ANYA SERKOVIC



LAURA CORTÉZ





AUGUSTA CHAPMAN



AUGUSTA CHAPMAN

*Interlude:*

You shot my legs down before I could run from you.

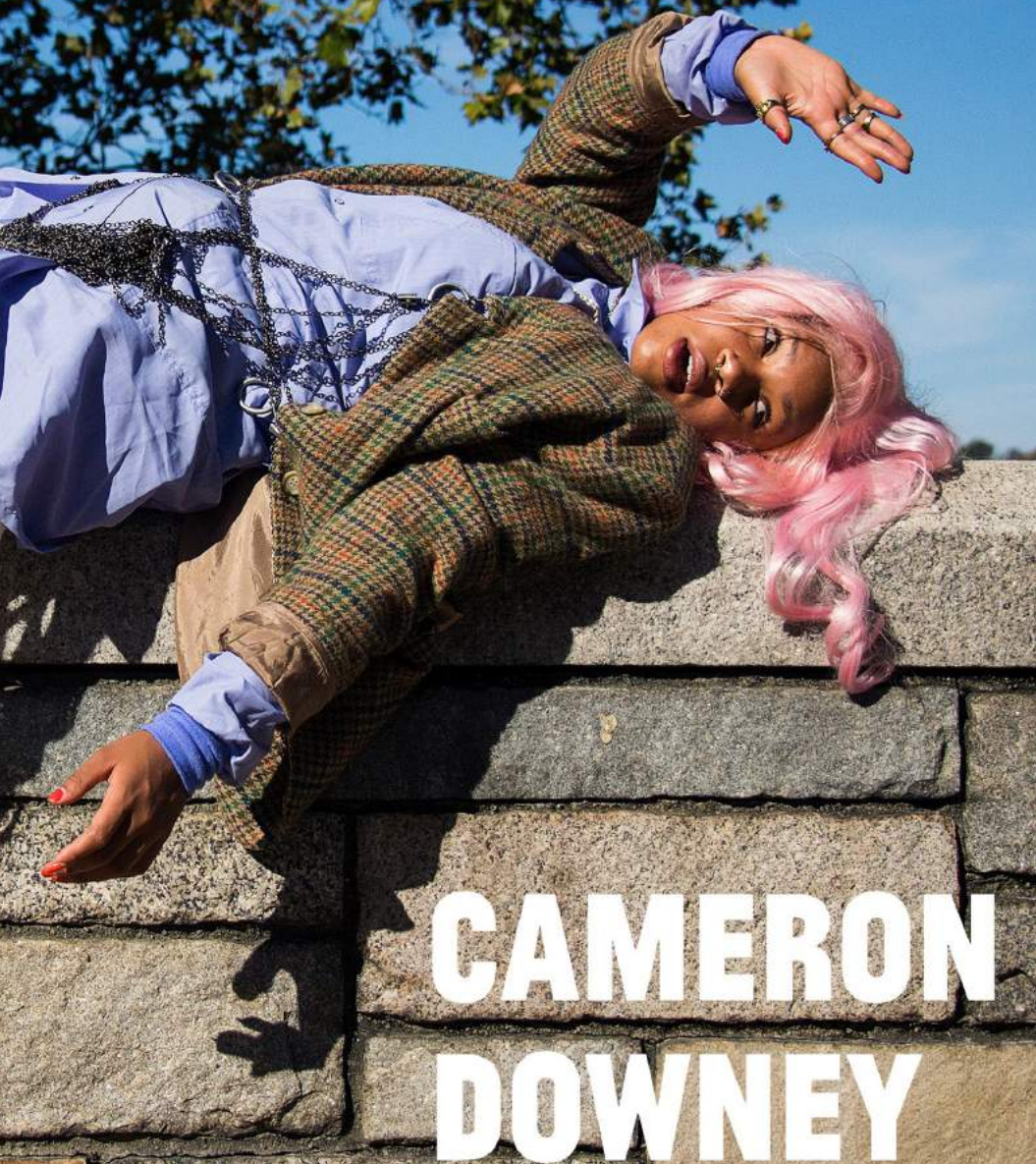
**Poem 2**

Unbothered  
I can't be surprised  
That y'all keep leaving  
I'm here  
I've been here  
Waiting to feel sunshine rays against my skin  
I feel half kisses  
Open door  
Old thong ripped on the floor  
I bring the milk and cookies  
You bring the inconsistencies  
I know I am shrinking  
I am my mother's daughter  
The stretching woman  
Caribbean  
I reached into all parts of me  
To keep you entertained  
While you lightly stroked my nipples  
Soft lies soft love shaky stroke  
I deserve so much more than a call  
I deserve so much more than  
Tearing/shaking/hating/waiting/hoping/listening/  
you'll find love one day  
Mhm my Nubian prince is just one email away  
Fuck that.  
I deserve better than myself  
A book on a white mans shelf  
Dad/pun man/Mexican/blue eyes  
Tickled my thighs  
Fleeing my eyes  
The stretching woman continues her act  
Until she breaks  
And the circus of love carries on





photograph by Elle Wolfley



**CAMERON  
DOWNEY**



**How does being a black woman influence your art? Are you conscious of your identity, and if so, how do you perceive identity in your work?**

When we go back to the idea that art is you announcing who you are to the world, being a black woman, we face a lot of pushback. And even from studying successful people in the conceptual art world and successful black people in conceptual art, a lot of the time feminine voices in general and feminine concepts are taken less seriously. You shouldn't have to have some sort of qualification to announce an idea to the world. But somehow the imagination of women—and especially the imagination of black women—is kind of demeaned or seen as impractical. Black women are supposed to shoulder all of these responsibilities for everybody else and we're supposed to be the most pragmatic, and I think that's part of the reason why our voices in all aspects of the word, especially in art has been silenced. But black women have been trailblazers in the art world. It takes imagination to foresee freedom, and that idea of freedom is put into my work.

**Going off of your last answer, of finding freedom in your art, Have you found it, or are you still searching?**

I think I find freedom in the process. As I've grown as an artist I've found freedom in telling myself that my ideas are valid. And now, as I'm getting older, I'm more comfortable in saying just that. I exist, and my art exists.



and to-tomorrow ill be quicker.  
ill catch what i can.

and to-tomorrow ill be stronger.  
ill lift the world up.

cant you see,  
we are enemies.  
we do disagree.

yeah to-tomorrow ill be flying.  
exist high in the sky.

yeah to-tomorrow i wont be lying.  
ill be myself again.

cant you see,  
we are enemies.  
we do disagree.

and to-tomorrow ill be faster.  
ill swallow all of you up.

yeah to-tomorrow i will be better.  
ill be who i can.

cant you see,  
we are enemies.  
we do disagree.

PAIGE KYTZIDIS



XANDER BROWNE

# Epistemological



NICK RIBOLLA



SARAH JINICH



ROBERT JOHN BOYLE

# VACANCY IN THE NIGHT

Copyright © MMXVI By Rivera-Sennett Films



MATT RIVERA



## **Towns of Greater North America**

Achilles, Oklahoma  
Antioch, California  
Ajax, South Dakota  
Apollo Beach, Florida  
Arcadia, South Carolina  
Ares Peak, New Mexico  
Argo, Texas  
Athens, Georgia  
Calypso, North Carolina  
Cassandra, Pennsylvania  
Corinth, Kentucky  
Crete, Illinois  
Daphne, Alabama  
Eros, Arizona  
Elysian Minnesota  
Hades Creek, Washington  
Helen, West Virginia  
Hercules, California  
Homer Nebraska  
Iris, South Carolina  
Ithaca, New York  
Mars Hill, Maine  
Medusa, New York  
Mercury Nevada  
Minerva Kentucky  
Muse, Pennsylvania  
Orion, Michigan  
Olympia Fields, Illinois  
Parthenon, Arkansas  
Sparta, New Jersey  
Thebes, Illinois  
Ulysses, Kansas  
Uranus, Alaska  
Zephyr, Nevada

ELLIE BOTOMAN

# postrufwurl

*two charactr sit at table n talk to each othr*

1. do u kno wat

2. wat

1. i have frnd who tel me we are livng in pos truf wurl

2. wat u meen pos truf

1. truf idiote truf lik opposit fals

2. i kno this wurd dum bich i want to kno wat do it meen pos truf

1. it meen we liv in societee tht ly to us all th tym to point wher nowon kno wat is truf n wat is fals. events r oursmpfly by medea so much tht all valuabl meening get los. in absens of reel purpos we distrac ourself wif illusori materialis paradyme wich altho comftring provid littl overal reeson for existens. as result we gro alienate frm wurl aroun us n retreat into ourselfs. thus we becum increasingli ignoran n dependen on th very structur of powr we had sott to rebel agains

2. waow tht is vry intresting

1. i kno rite

2. haha syke it wass actulli borng as fuk

1. wat th hel i cant belief u wood ly to me lik this

2. how is tht for pos truf wurl

1. i wan to die

*end*

# DELIRIOUS

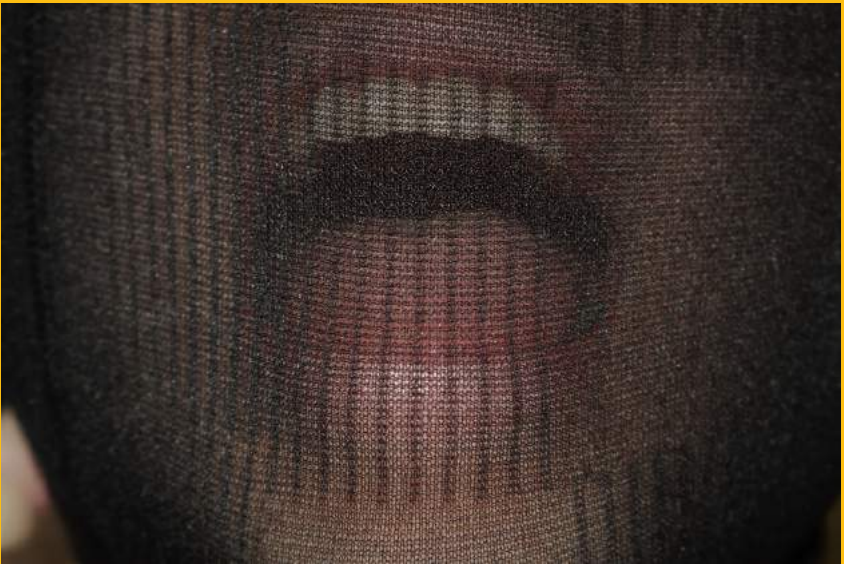


EMMA NOELLE

**CALL TO ARTISTS**



INDIA HALSTED



LILLIAN ZHANG







EILE WOIFLEY



IRIS WECHSLER





A black and white photograph of a woman with dark, wavy hair and bangs, wearing a textured, speckled zip-up jacket over a black turtleneck. She is looking slightly to the right of the camera. Her shadow is cast on a glass surface to her left. The text 'ASHBY BLAND' is overlaid in large, bold, white capital letters on the left side of the image.

# ASHBY BLAND

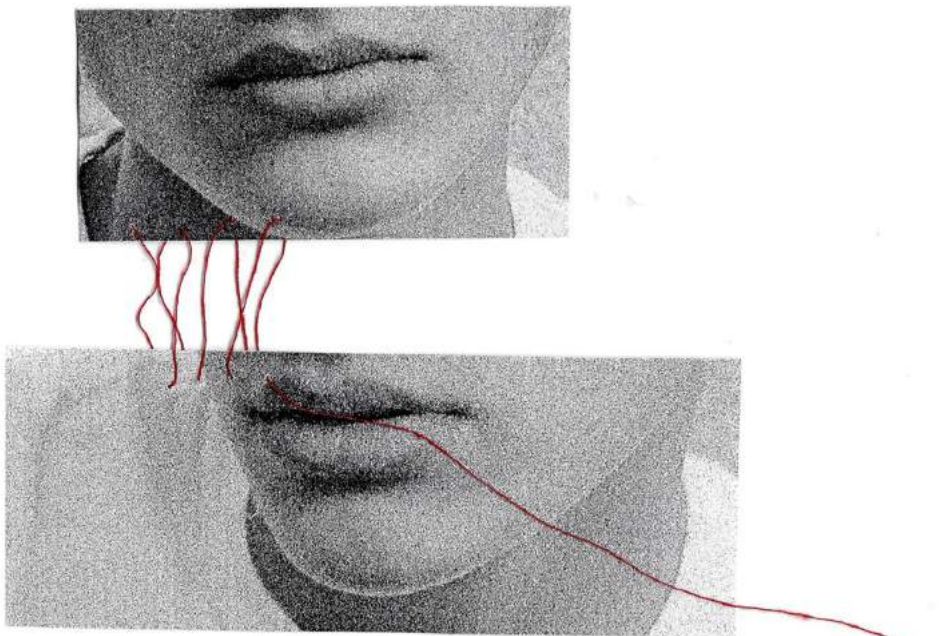
photograph by Aarushi Jain



## Is mixed media your personal favorite of what you create?

Yes, not necessarily with thread, but just the freedom to put whatever I want on a piece of paper. All my collages I've done recently, I've taken all those photos; the real reason I got into photography is to have original photos to collage. Having that mix of photography with painting, drawing, or sculpture making ... It's about me being able to make mistakes. All of my collages are never how I originally intended them to be. It's a cathartic thing -- my art is purely indulgent. I'll make art for a certain mood that I'm in. I let my hand freely combine things, that's why there are rips and shit because I'll mess up and think, 'well, I don't want this anymore and I can't get rid of it so I'll just rip this piece off. Then there will be a hole in the paper. It's very reactionary.

I love photography and I think it's great, but whenever I take a photo, I don't think it's good enough. I can do something more -- why not? Take a photo of a person: why not print it out and add something else to it? I always end up layering photos or ripping them or adding a color. That's me being indulgent and not satisfied with anything-- I'm always changing things. I like playing with my hands. I've always been into design, creative directing, knowing where to put things ... I'm really not doing anything other than just putting things places. The act of putting things places is what art is. You decide. If I take a photo, I don't just want to leave it on my iPhone or computer, I want to print it out and have a physical piece of paper. I could punch a hole in it and I don't think it looks worse or better, just different. It allows me to put my energy in a certain place. There's a versatility too -- I can have the original photo and the one that I edited a bit, and I feel happy with both.



## Constellations

Hungarian Pastry Shop,  
Sunday morning, just after rain.  
Prayer is watching milk swirl through coffee.  
Catching the light.  
Moth's wings  
on soil.

Soft light  
abstract life  
pomegranates  
upon the branches of time.

Our God is the God in the poem  
in the neon lights bent into words  
in the faces in the trees  
and on the subway  
sewn together by the needle of the mind.

Here are cathedrals of smoke,  
here are hymns the wind sang once  
when we belonged to the sea.

Here are the angels  
here are the lovers  
blown like dandelions  
in the fields of summer

rocket ship roses on a cosmic jukebox  
stars landing like seeds  
upon the darkness and the deep  
among that rain and soil.

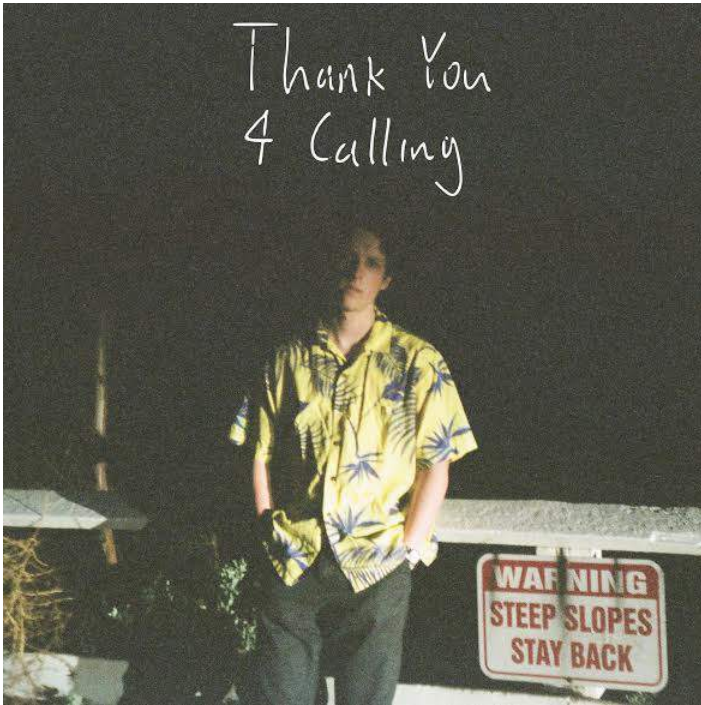
An accidental earth  
spun into a story.

How I have loved everyone that ever lived  
how we have all lain under this moon  
in each other's arms  
in another life.

EDEN ARIELLE



AJA ISABEL



HENRY SCHWARTZ



EMILY KIMURA



IKE ALLEN



NATALIE TISCHLER



OLIVIA LOOMIS



# SOPHIE KOVEL



photograph by India Halsted



**How do you define mummification and what does this process mean to your work?**

Mummification alludes to the journalistic original. It's also a kind of psychoanalytic process. The masking (through gauze and wax, or in another case, Neosporin) re-enacts repression but at the same time it's also a preservation, a way to bring the repressed material to light.

**Does the process of mummification bring you closer or farther away from the original?**

It's hard to call myself a witness because I wasn't there. I try to emphasize my distance in all of my work and yet I think of my work as a kind of bearing witness. The process of mummification represents my distance but it also brings me closer because I needed to work through these events. I didn't just want to hear about the ash that was falling on my friend's car in Los Angeles when Southern California was ravaged with fires soon after [those in Santa Rosa] and not process it. There's the witnessing and experiencing of these images and then there's also its aftereffects. The aftermath of these events carried with them an atmosphere, both environmentally and psychologically. Photography always raises the question of the original. But calling these appropriated images "sources" rather than "originals" more closely approximates what I'm trying to do.



ANGELO SIAS



LAILA PATHAN



# displacement



TIFFANY FANG

**CALL TO ARTISTS**

*And the owner said a river, like there had been long ago*

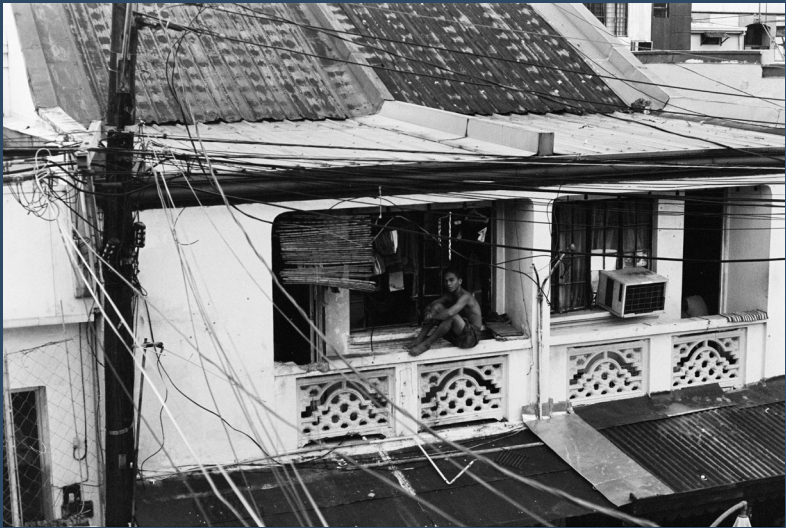


*In a cafe in Exarcheia,*

RUBY MASTRODIMOS



NAOMI CHANG



EMMA NOELLE



We Don't Want Your  
"Progress"



# THE OPPOSITIONAL

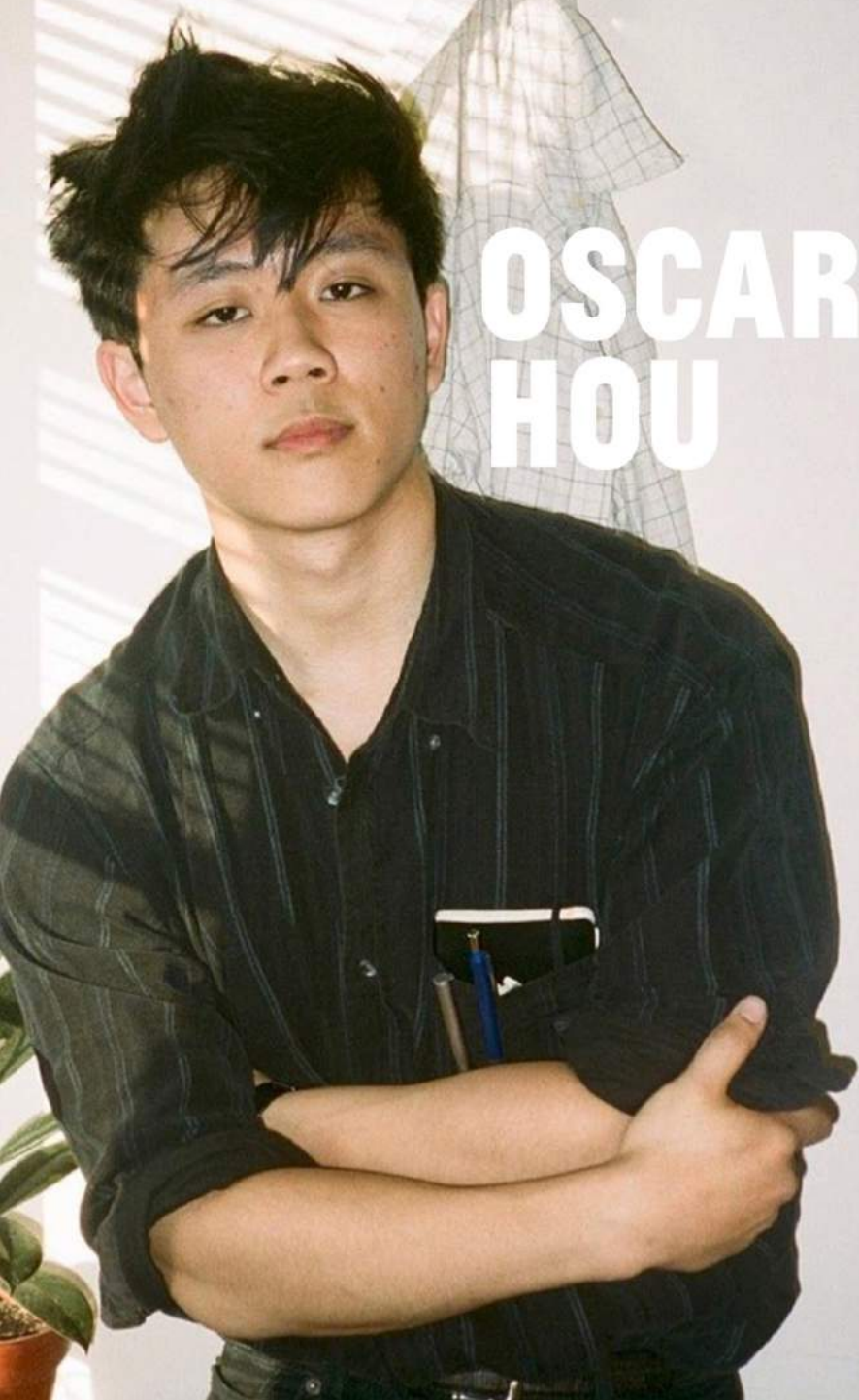


# GAZE:

REIMAGINING  
SPECTATORSHIP

photograph by Maya Hertz

# OSCAR HOU





### **Does your photography and painting overlap?**

Not really. Any kind of artistic expression I have comes out through the most conducive path that leads me to where I want to go. Sometimes it'd be photographs, sometimes its paintings, sometimes music. I would say they all come from the same source, but I wouldn't say they interfere with each other that much. When I take a photograph, I see it as a completed art piece I've made, and there is a reason why I haven't painted that, because it only works well as a photograph. Like action shots or the feeling of being in the moment, that's mainly expressed through photography, it wouldn't be the same thing painted. Paintings are more conceptual.



SHELBY HETTLER



SHELBY HETTLER



# *nostalgia*



**CALL TO ARTISTS**





EMMA NOELLE







## Parabola

blurry girl drags cigarette,  
puffs out neon wire of smoke

mouth curves in  
greyscale parabola

(positive slope)

ELIZA SIEGAL





PHOEBE JONES



HANA RIVERS



KETAKI ZODGEKAR



RAFFAELLA MELONI



# SHANGA LABOSSERIE



**Let's go to "A Dream of My Ancestors". You mesh this idea of your cultural identity and your identity as a writer. "My pen is my machete," you write. How is writing empowering you to investigate your identity in a way that wouldn't have otherwise been afforded to you?**

Since I started writing, seventh or eighth grade, my first 'big' slam piece—big is in quotation marks because looking back I could've done a lot better but yeah—it was really introspective and talking about how I felt at that time, always feeling the need to kind of investigate myself and to try to characterize what I'm feeling. How is my pen my machete? My family comes from Haiti, and in the poem there's an image of the unknown maroon and he has a conch shell—the call to rise—in one hand and a machete—the weapon—in the other. I guess my pen is my weapon more or less, in a figurative sense of course, just using it as a tool. I write as an emotional release, like in "Animals" and "Beacons of Liberation", I write to fight, to challenge, to promote change and whatnot.



A Dream of My Ancestors

August, 1791:

I am an unknown maroon,  
Perched on the mountains of Saint Domingue, now Haiti.  
Watching my ancestors toil and boil,  
blanketed by the hot summer sun in the sugar plantations.  
Whips and flesh beget screams in the distance,  
I sit up there, watching and listening,  
Somehow...

Start of nightfall,  
my ears catch onto a pulse:  
a beat-beat  
beat-beat  
of drums,  
circulation of reverberation reaches my legs  
and I unwillingly tumble down the mountain  
taking off through the forests of the north—  
each drum strike commands my feet to step,  
conducting me to a rhythm,  
directing me to an unknown.

The more I listen  
the more I decipher this  
coded calling,  
this crescendo of whispers as I get closer and closer:

Fatiman, Boukman

Fatiman, Boukman

Bois Caïman, Bois Caïman,

Bois Caïman.

I can hear the drums shouting

as I arrive

and see more of them—

more of the people I watched,

more of us.

We are gathered encircling a sacred fire.

I feel the dancing red-orange spirit,

I hear the prayer and its layered vocal composition,

I taste the metallic melange of swine and blood.

The people,

my people,

look at me,

two approach me—

Northern leader Télémaque Canga and Southern leader Goman.

They hand me a machete and a conch shell,

among other things—

my pen is my machete

and this,

this is me blowing my conch shell:

a calling to rise.

SHANGA LABOSSERIE



SABINE OSTINVIL



LENA NELSON



\* \* \*

Distending an event into enduring time transforms and even fictionalizes the event, where the flash of a photograph is a thin-slicing that betrays itself in the retaining. The faintness of the reminiscence is a kind of ghostliness, where in the pleats and what is discovered within them goes on “remained.” Something is lost and not, grapple with the difficult necessary stop-and-start fragmentation of representing that which is now memory, a pleat in the skirt that hardens into an object and dematerializes as ghost

\* \* \*

BECCA TEICH + DEVIKA KAPADIA





SASKIA RANDLE



NADIA HALIM



# RUGURU NERĪMA



photograph by Shelby Hettler

## **Do you believe art should be politicized? If so, why?**

I believe in Audre Lorde's words that the "the personal is political". I never understand the people who say we have to separate the art from the artist. What kind of mental gymnastics are they doing? The same brain that produces these fucked up political ideas, is the same brain that produces this artwork.

The things that we produce in the world are a patch up of the experiences we have had both subconsciously and consciously. If this person is politically fucked up, and even if they are making this art, somewhere in there, the political fuckedupness is embedded in that art, and that's an energy that shouldn't be tolerated.

I definitely think art is political because it's simply created by human beings in societies, and human beings existing in societies are political, especially if you're a human being that has a certain kind of position enforced on you in a society that politicizes your existence. Because you exist in such a backdrop, there is no way that everything you do is not political. In America for example, being a black women is the most revolutionary existence. Even thinking about you and I sitting here on Columbia's campus is political. Columbia literally owned slaves, or the people that founded this University owned slaves, and the boys would harass and assault black women slaves. And you and I are here sitting in Columbia's campus. I don't have the luxury to not be political because the backdrop I'm living in is politically volatile.



*This is an excerpt from my working novel, Letters From A Dead Black Woman. The novel tells the story of Anika, a 30-something black queer woman who has recently died. She writes letters to her love, Evelyn, as she describes navigating life and death as a dead black woman.*

November 18th, 2016

Dear Love,

Something wonderful has happened. Well, not something so wonderful as, perhaps, extraordinary.

I am quite aware of my circumstances. I am quite aware that you are too. I want to thank you for being there at the ceremony. I know it was a decision motivated by politeness, a courtesy you might have given to any faculty member. Nevertheless, I am grateful. I am happy. I am better.

You looked wonderful, of course. You wore that black dress you wore when we chaperoned together at homecoming, was it, two years ago? A simple black dress that complimented you. You didn't appear as sad as everyone else. Your eyes were quiet. Kind. Shining with concern. You stood towards the middle of the church with the other faculty, sandwiched between Mrs. Klausen's Sunday church hat and Coach Howard's boxing shoulders.

You didn't cry. You didn't cry when you heard my mother screaming. You never made a sound. You didn't raise your hand when the pastor looked around and said, "Does anyone else have any final words?" You didn't blink when they lowered me down into the earth.

You saw my mother afterwards. You hugged her and said, "I'm sorry." This was the first time you spoke. I remember you telling me once that you hated when people apologized when bad things happened. That you can't apologize for something you never caused. That a "sorry" doesn't fix anything. But you said sorry. And I think you understood that the universe would not apologize. And that a million small voices, a million small sorries, could perhaps equal the weight of the universe and make it feel fixed. Just for a little while. Just for a moment. My mother thanked you quietly. "I just don't understand it," she said. "I never understood her. Not for a moment." I don't think I'd ever seen my mother cry that terribly in all my life. Not since my father died. And she walked away, holding onto young Phillip and my Aunt Rose as if her legs and knees and lungs were broken.

You got into your car, and you sighed. You folded up my face on the obituary and hid it deep in your purse. You turned on the radio, and let the music hide you. But you couldn't drive. You didn't know why. So you called your fiance.

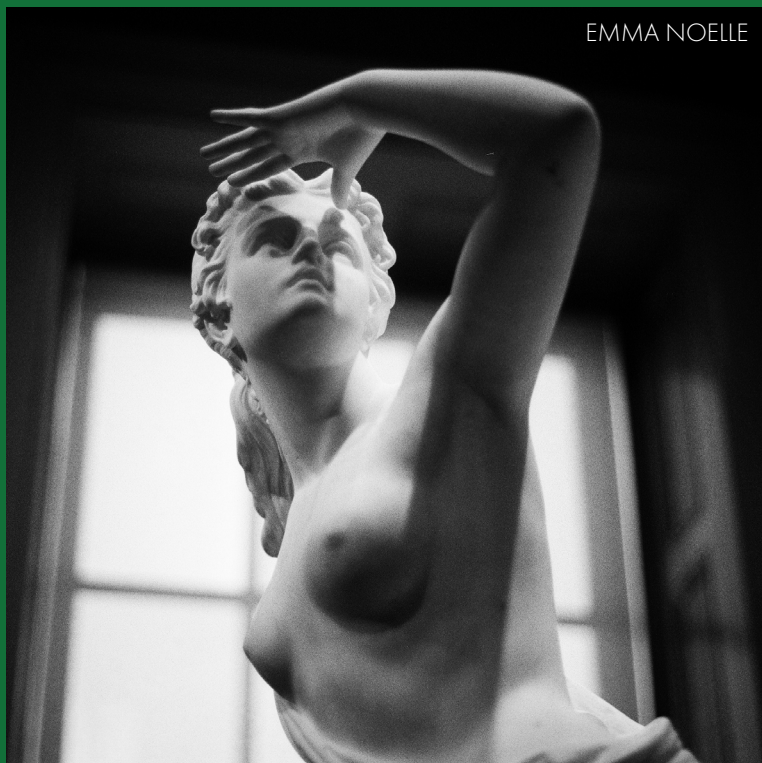
I'm very sorry, Evelyn. I know it doesn't fix it. But I'm very sorry.

Good wishes, always,  
Anika



# FOUND

EMMA NOELLE



**CALL TO ARTISTS**

Map

After *Sonnet* by Elizabeth Bishop

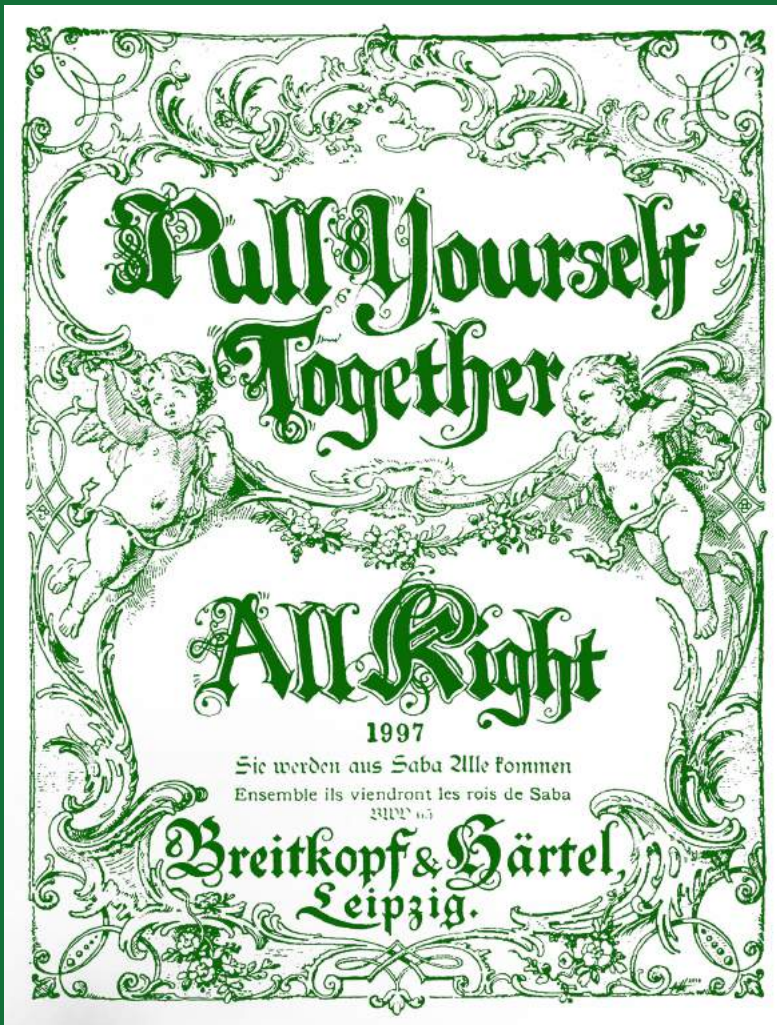
Lost -- the hands  
in the every-day,  
appendages unheld;  
and the voice  
lilting and clinging,  
unsure.

Bloomed -- the heart  
devotion's organ  
unbreathing crescendo;  
and the pink lips  
on the brink  
of your angel face  
insistent, true!

SARAH BARLOW-OCHSHORN

INDIA HALSTED





# Pull Yourself Together

## All Right

1997

Sie werden aus Saba Alle kommen

Ensemble ils viendront les rois de Saba

WV 63

Breitkopf & Härtel  
Leipzig.

JACQUELYN KLEIN

CAROLINE WALLIS





### Behind my Appalachian Teeth

is a small sky  
Shriveled in the shadow of a mountain  
Covered in kudzu  
The untamable invasive vine  
Strangling the sun into a muggy cloud  
That sits, heaviest, in August.

The first boy died and the creek bank burst  
Like grandpa's jar of moonshine  
Like a backyard brawl  
Like a memory distilled  
Into a purer kind of childhood  
One of crawfish  
    and Pizza Hut  
        and dirt under our fingernails  
        and heroin

The second boy died and it was his first time  
Beating back the vines  
It was an accident  
How the rivers and the pharmacies dried up  
    How the air clouded lungs  
        How a boiling summer will take  
            Whatever it can get its hands on  
            Whatever will dull the burn

The third boy died and I forgot for a moment  
How greasy my hair used to get underneath his helmet  
Forgot the rumble of dirt bike pedal under sneakers  
Forgot where I come from  
It's easy to grow up in the country  
    To be young and alive and thoughtless  
        With algae bloom and scraped knees  
            And neighborhood boys  
            soft like lamb's ears

I straightened my Appalachian teeth too long ago  
To remember how the trees taste  
I filled the gaps with wire  
Spineless  
Like an old book about a city  
    or a train station  
        or a planet that might support a life one day  
        far from the sunburnt blue collar tick hounds of home

Behind my Appalachian teeth is smog and sewage  
And something shiny that keeps me from going back there.  
That keeps me here on fire escapes  
    and behind skyscrapers  
        and locked into a grid of streets and avenues  
            with no mountains to lose my breath in  
            and no creek beds to suck me under

Back home  
When it rains  
The kudzu swallows entire houses  
It licks its lips  
Locks the door behind itself  
Leaves the key with a needle and a spoon

We all want to leave sometimes  
We don't all want to come back



KAREN YOON





video by Ling Grocia



**DOMINIQUE  
GROFFMAN**



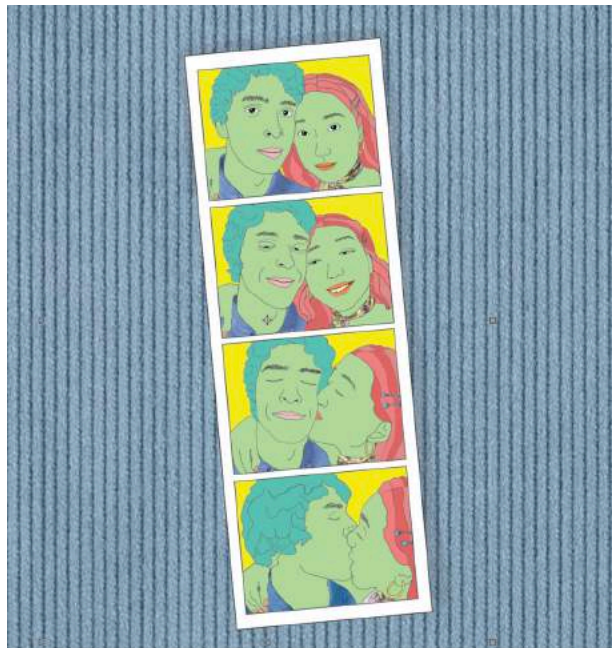
**“It’s also interesting with decorative arts, because what are they doing? What are these sculptures doing? They sit on a shelf, but they’re also— I don’t know— but, that’s also not a bad thing. That’s not the ‘lesser thing.’ I think we’re still engaging with them in a certain way but it’s definitely a really different treatment of the material.”**

**“When I start a project, I often don’t have the fully formed concept in mind. Usually, I want to play around with something that the clay does.”**

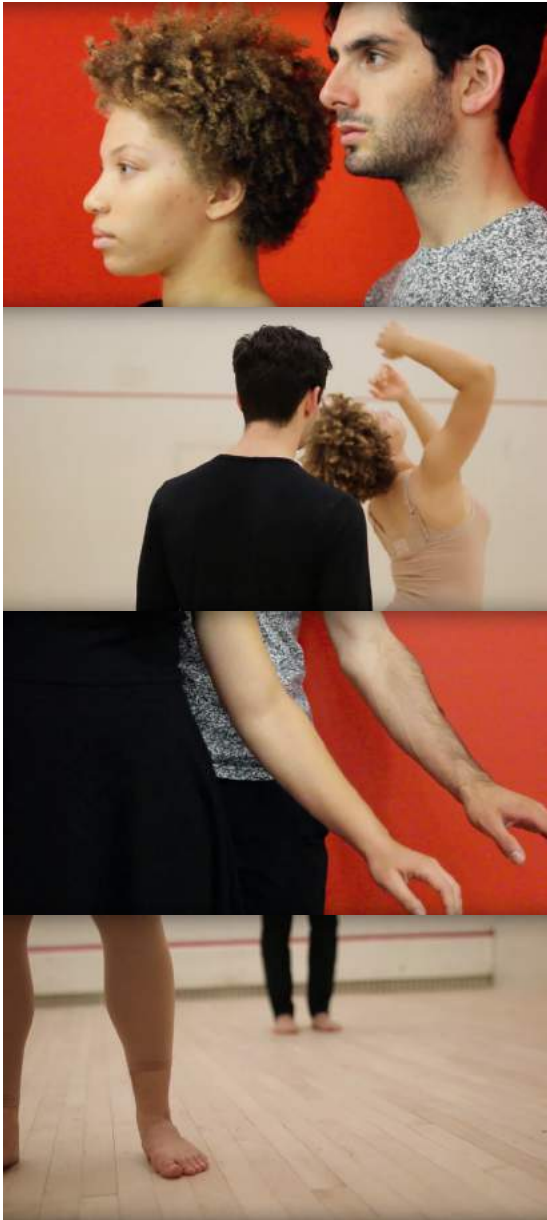




YISEL GARCIA



JULIETTE KANG



BERNADETTE BRIDGES

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