DREAMFEVER



LINEAGE

Sarah J. Calvetti. Peter B. Leighton. Colette Pomerleau Alexandria Taylor. Evan Wiley. Tessa Bolsover. Phillip King. Fine Arts. Politics. Philosophy. & Culture.

In Dedication to Prince & the victims of the Pulse shoting...

"1969"

Dream Fever Magazine is an artist collective whose purpose is to expand on the ever changing portfolio of what it means to be human. We showcase artists of all backgrounds, experiences, and mediums. Our issues feature submissions from photographers, video artists, painters, fiction writers, academia, political commentators, musicians, and fashionistas touching upon concepts at ground zero of the culture wars mapping the future of moral philosophy. We give a voice to the voiceless. We are the ever illusive wanderers off the beaten path. We've got a fever.

TABLE OF CONTENT

FEATURED ARTIST Peter B. Leighton pg. 90

FEATURED STYLE Alexandria Taylor pg. 122

DREAMER PROFILE Sarah J. Calvetti pg. 31

PERSONAL STORIES Eva Spencer & Mia Robinson pg. 132

WE REMEMBER PRINCE pg. 75



3 COVER STORY: LINEAGE

- 9 Colette Pomerleau
- 18 Phillip King
- 19 Evan Wiley
- 23 Normalizing the Desired in Our Movies
- by Evan Wiley
- 25 Women Owned Businesses
- 28 Mercy N LuLu
- 29 Things Your Momma Should Have Told
- You by Sandra Caprice
- 37 Jatelle King
- 41 The Myth of the Dirty Girl
- 45 Boys Are Encouraged to Kill by Evan
- Wiley
- 46 Whats Going On in the World Right Now

- 47 Tessa Bolsover
- 53 The History of Feminism
- 58 Hana and Annakai
- 62 Candy Shell by Erica Pegin
- 67 High Fidelity Interviews with Agata &
- WarpFire
- 77 Phillip King poetry and digital paint-
- ing
- 98 Between the Artist & the Muse
- 102 Eugene Wildish
- 109 Iconism & Leadership
- 110 Feminist's Against Hillary Clinton
- 111 No Pulse
- 112 Divinity
- 120 Motherhood the Social Practice
- 126 Jennifer Milward
- 128 Human Conquest by Bridget McBride



A lineage of women discuss the history of feminism in their family.

I'm 47. And I'm an angry feminist. I come from a line of feminists who never knew they were feminists. My great grandmother worked for the railroads during the second world war. She did the grueling job of cleaning the engines in the pits during a time when the men were away at war and the nation selectively forgot women weren't supposed to do this work. A few years later, of course, they came back and she was 'retired.' She was my age when she did that. I think about that sometimes when the pain in my hands gets bad.

But that's not the reason I'm a feminist.

It's also not because my grandfather wouldn't let my mother go off to college because the world was dangerous and she was a girl. And it's not because I, myself planned to go to West Point until my boyfriend decided to get me pregnant, effectively ending any career I would have in the military. And then joined the army himself.

I'm a feminist because I never understood why I wasn't just a person. They tell you the rhetoric that they tell everyone: you can achieve any dream, you can do anything. But they don't tell you the unlikelihood of these things. They don't tell you there are places that you can't go. They don't tell you how differently you will be treated and that even when you do the job, in some environments people will dismiss you as a token.

I grew up in a neighborhood full of boys. I never thought of myself as being a boy. I just never thought of myself as not being ...





a boy. I just never thought of myself as not being a boy. Over my lifetime as I would be interested in things and try them I was always surprised at the reactions of others. I played flag football on the boys team. It never occurred to me that I was the only girl. I was always the only girl in every group. I was just me. All the boys in the neighborhood played football or baseball. So it seemed that I should play. Otherwise who would I play with outside of the house? It was strategic and I was trying to keep up. If they respected you they would play with you. I didn't want to be alone.

When I was in my mid twenties I became a plumber. It never occurred to me how odd that was. The general manager was encouraging when I applied. I was surprised to find myself the only woman in the company nationwide. The men frequently didn't know how to treat me. Even more difficult, when I showed up at jobs the customers were bewildered. I was constantly proving myself every single day. And it was so tiring. I just wanted to support myself and my family and make decent money. My neighborhood friends growing up were electricians and plumbers and construction workers able to support their young families. I was willing to do the work and didn't understand why doing so would be a monumental display everyday of representing my gender. If I had a bad day I felt like I was letting

more than myself down. I didn't feel like I could ever be wrong about anything.

I grew up in an age, where the idea that women could be anything was something that was possible. Women could become pilots and firemen and doctors. ERA was on everyone's lips. My teachers were hippies. They had marched, hitchhiked across country, they took our rights seriously. My parents were a military man and my mother the athletic tree climbing tomboy. And I never once thought about it because as a child I thought I was already a person. But change takes time. I would be passed over for jobs because of my gender or the assumption that I couldn't do the work necessary since I had children. The attitudes of my upbringing were in direct contrast to the world I found myself in.

My feeling over the last decade has been that the conservative environment that has overtaken this country has done much to degrade whatever progress it is that we have had. There has been a duality that has risen up across the world. With all the things we can do in this country as women we are still not people. We are still objects that are used to sell products. We are objects that in some countries must be hidden away so that we aren't raped or dishonored. And in my lifetime we are still not people. I want so much, before I die, to just be a person. I want people to concern themselves with the fineness or roughness of my mind and my spirit, of my heart. I want to be a symbol of humanity and hope and not judged by terms that separate me from others. I want everyone to have that same right- to live, to be happy, to explore their mind and spirit and offer others something real and lasting. That is what feminism is. It is the belief that everyone should have those same rights.

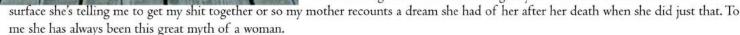
I know that it isn't likely to happen in my lifetime. It is so difficult for people to change. But I know it is possible.













I came from women built for war. There was no question whether I could succeed only how I would weather the changing tides that came my way. Like my mother, and her mother, and her mother a generation fighting an entire ocean of regret and finding strength within ourselves to carry on. And as a mother now it is as if all at once I see my daughter becoming a part of a great lineage moving forward in the world toward an endless destination.

My great great grandmother Dothy is famous for many things. I was told stories all throughout childhood even when she was around in her old age. She died at 103 and I can still remember her stern face as it peered out at me at family gatherings. It was an expression that once held great passion and tragedy between her eyes, on the bridge of her nose moments of great pride, and beneath her cheek bones big full smiles of great happiness when the world felt comfortable and safe. I was brought up with tales of how she braved the border crossing in Mexico with children on her back. There are endless romantic stories painting her as a lone woman rogue who despite all odds worked on the railroad and raised children. She built businesses and in her Native tongue spun a fantastic web that allowed her family to flourish. She was a hard woman. There is a single photo of her I look at from time to time. It is of her in her younger years and she's wearing a fur coat and looking very severe at the camera. It is as if on the

My grandmother never took no for an answer. She was the pinnacle of integrity and grace. She worked a job helping young teen mothers for the State even before programs like WIC existed. Her life was to be a nurturer. I've always had the best moments with her. When I was younger in times with great turbulence we would go to her house and I would play as I saw my mother off in the distance holding her mother's hand across arm chairs and speaking in hushed tones. I remember Sunday morning coffee with a little extra nutmeg, almond scented lotions, and coffee table books on napkin folding. And I remember how kind she was even when she was attempting to be severe with eyebrows down but little crinkles of laugh lines on the edges of her mouth. And I have replayed every time she leaned over to touch my arm gently and say, "You don't worry about what anyone else says. You just keep your head up and do your work in the world." My grandmother was someone who lived for her family. She attended every game, every recital, and never let her kids get away with any unkindness. She has always been this hero to me. Even now and again when we come over for family dinners on special occasions and I see her wave her hands about as she laughs or talks I can see how dainty they are. How graceful the undertones of her gripes are. If you ever want to see the beauty in someone look at their hands.

My mothers are covered in tattoos. This is a fact I am very proud of and I often tell strangers about them. She has always been a one woman revolution. She is the first person who taught me that art is seeing and that you can have anything as long as you have integrity and compassion. Before the age of 12 she made me read most of the cannon of literature, properly educated me in art history, movements of progression, and prepared me for a well-practiced Armageddon out of survivalist hand books. I knew of the history of man waged wars before I began a veiled war against them. But there were things I didn't learn from books. There have been many hard lessons I have learned from simply watching her as she struggled to raise three children as a single mother. I grew up on college campuses and help from others.



When I was younger I begged my mother to put me in the girl scouts because all I wanted to be was like the other little girls. Their mothers all had Polo shirts and marked out calendars full of kid friendly events while mine had tattoos and a dark room in our bathroom. I just wanted to be normal but she was the first person who taught me to be extraordinary. Because I got to subconsciously take in every time she gave a homeless man a sandwich, or paid to get new clothes for a family in need even when we were barely scraping by. I got to witness every first hand moment of weakness where she cried and the speech thereafter where she rallied us behind justice, integrity, and compassion for our enemies. I thought perhaps sometimes we shared the same karma. The world felt like it was attempting to beat us down in waves but she always stood still like a mountain. A force to be reckoned with. I still tell my friends she's the scariest kindest woman you'll ever meet. She was the one who coined the quote for me, "We do not negotiate with terrorist."

I did not always appreciate the lessons she taught me. In my young arrogant haze I glossed them over because in her world third wave feminism was a thing while the rest of the world was constantly telling me we were already equal. This is a lie big men told little girls



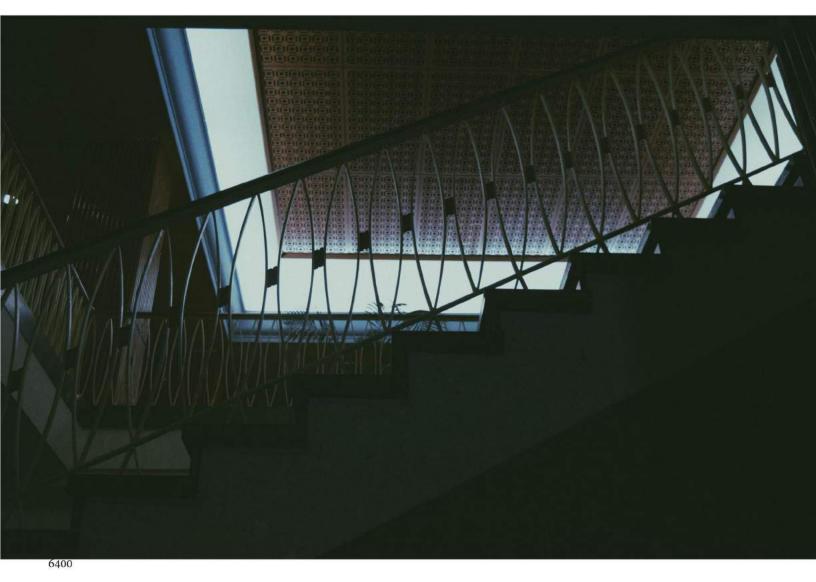
like me, an internalized oppression. I remember once when I had a boyfriend who was treating me badly my mother sat me down and said to me, "We must be kind to men. For they can be weak. They do not carry the same burdens that we carry. They do not do the same job." This idea that they and not I were the weaker sex played over in my mind through endless trials where I met strong men who, without quite recognizing the privilege of their sex, would shout me down and belittle me until I was very small. As if the very nature of me as a woman was a threat to them. When they crumbled it was from pin drops and guilt and I wondered how when they were meant to be strength itself I could carry whole mountains on my back without breaking a sweat. When they argued it was passive aggressive while I became direct so as to pierce through the very soul of my opponents. I learned to do things from her like become gentile say they would listen or use my energy like a great sword so they would disappear. Because as I grew up the one thing that was beaten into me by the men in my life was that nothing is scarier than an intelligent woman. My mother taught me to be a tactful warrior.

We are in a new era where I am a person not a prop. I have often times said that my being a feminist comes second to my being a person but now I see how ridiculous that sounds. Us, the We that is the new wave of feminists, who speak of color, sex, race, love, and glory stand on the backs of those who came before us. I am made from them. My mother's voice is in my voice. And as we speak at times I feel as if we are not simply two women living congruent lives of oppression and fighting it in our own ways, but human beings that have become this beautiful one. A lineage of great love and hope.





COLETTE POMERLEAU

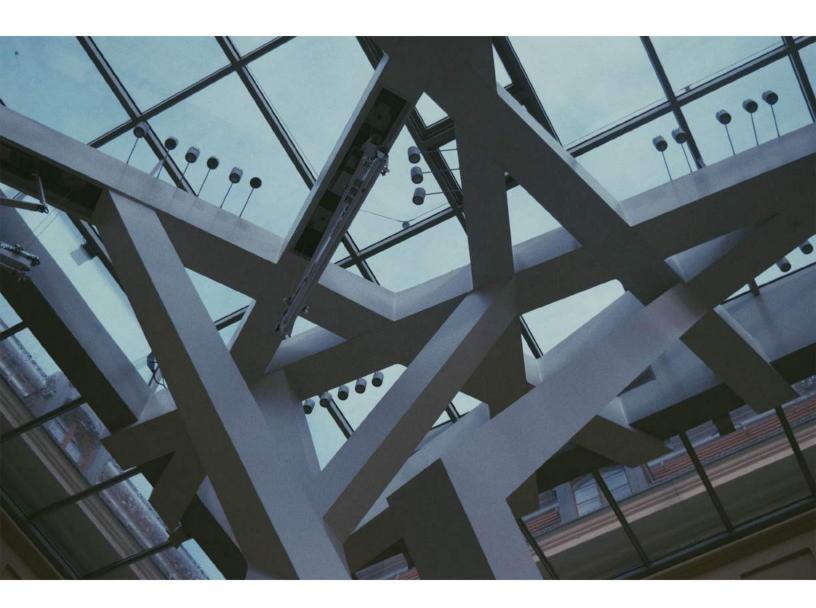


Each of these moments trace an emotional lineage through the spaces that inform them. As an architecture student, I can't help but be consumed by the built environment around me. I want to create it as much as it creates me. Through my recent travels, I've picked the photos below to explain my recent headspace through traveling and being humbled in other countries.

In the past six months, I began to truly question my role as a female in the situations I put myself in, how much that gender identity matters, the power within the role and expectations from the world. I realized it's a story that must unravel each day. Ultimately, I found power through identity rather than suffocation.





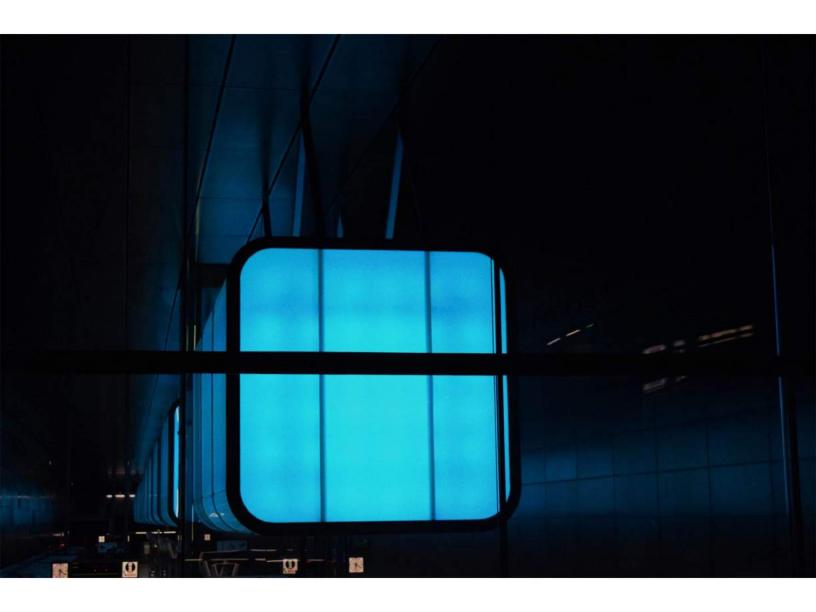












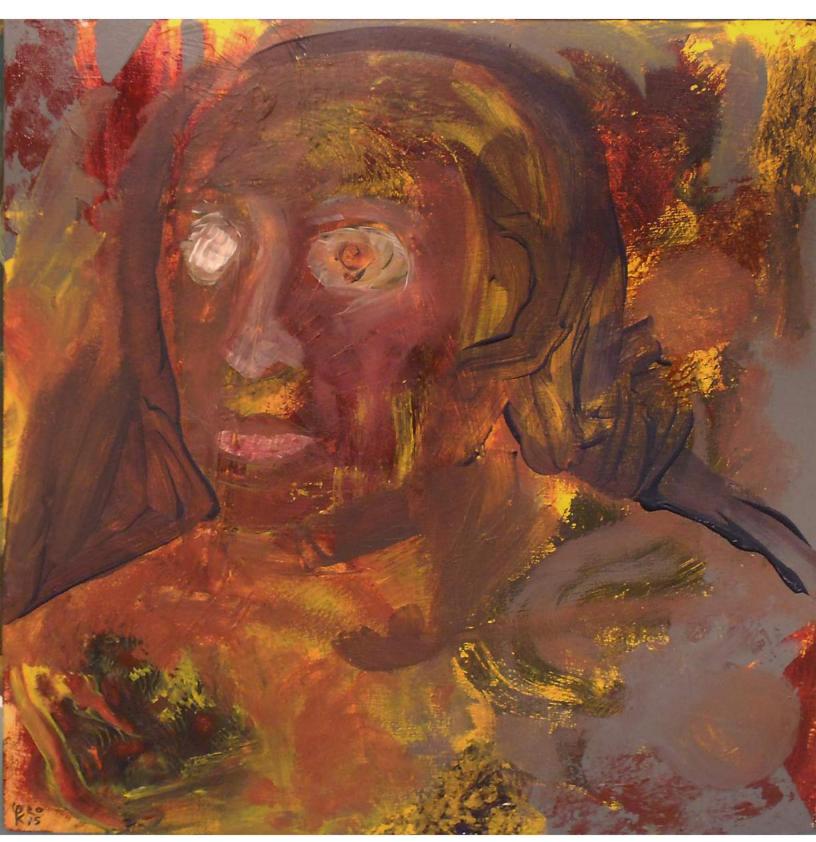


We lay there, on the bed, fully clothed and half-awake. I ran my hand across his chest and asked through the fatigue, "Would you like to dance?" He nodded, and pressed my hand to his heart. I felt the echo of its beating.

He said, "We'll keep time with these." I breathed slowly until our heartbeats synced, and we danced there between the silence and the dreaming.

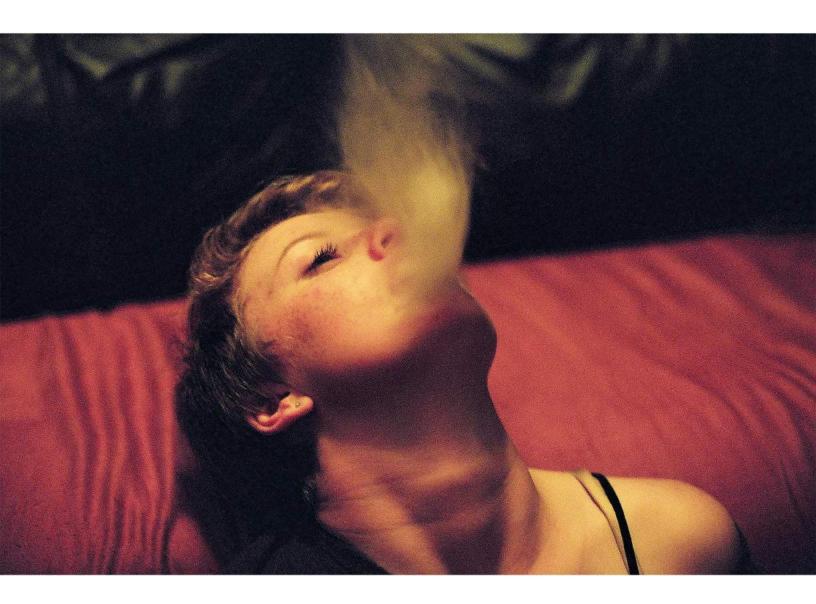
When I woke, he was gone. My open window stirred the stale air. I wondered if our dance was nothing but a dream, but when I rose and moved to close the window, I saw his watch on the sill. Its cracked face was frozen at 12, little hand atop big hand like mine on his. I closed the window and waited for nightfall, waited for him to come back to bed where we would dance again.

by Philip King



"Whom I" (Roman numeral 1, not the pronoun I). This piece is acrylic on panel

EVAN WILEY



My name is Evan Webster Wiley. I am a writer, film photographer and narrative film director from Denver, Colorado. I was born in Webster Groves, Missouri, a small college town just outside of St. Louis. Having grown up in an age of over-saturation, all of my work is predicated on the need for quality over quantity. Both of my parents are entrepreneurs, my mother is a graphic designer and my father is a traveling philosopher. As such, I've merged my interests in artistic storytelling with varying scientific or philosophical ideas. The latest of my work is surrounding the sociological study of how cinema impacts society and why, therefore, films with excessive violence or poor depictions of women or minorities must be held accountable. Simply said, I am trying to bridge the gap between pop and philosophy using one of today's most prominent art forms.





NORMALIZING THE DESIRED IN OUR MOVIES

Something I call the Critique Solution Fallacy is the assumption that pointing out issues and attributing blame changes an issue for the better. Movies are good at this. They are akin to literature in that they portray thematic messages and put us in worlds we aren't used to. However, with the increasing prominence of movies, few of these films containing any sort of social commentary go further than merely defining the issues we face as a species. This is a major loss of potential for a medium that is both introspective and popular not only in the United States but throughout the world. Considering the globalization of cinema through online distribution platforms, there is no better time to exploit the full potential of movies for spreading awareness and for providing solutions.

Think, for example, the critiques against protesting—just to give a sort of real-world metaphor. It is sometimes assumed that the purpose of protesting is to instigate change, however, it is an act better used to spread awareness. Because of such a misunderstanding, it is used incorrectly and unjustly criticized. Protesters sometimes expect their sole efforts to instigate desired changes, when in reality, it often takes a combination of protesting, boycotting, divestment and legislative influence to really see results. People often criticize protesting as well and refrain from participating because of the false expectation put upon it as a means for making change on it's own.

Let's be clear, I am not criticizing movies that are dedicated to spreading awareness of an issue, I am criticizing the false expectation and the half-measure. In this situation, the solutions we refrain from mentioning can become even more problematic than the issues themselves. In other words, movies that focus exclusively on the issue with no alternatives often make audiences concerned but with nothing to do about it. Thus, audiences finish watching movies and are left hopeless and scared.

Documentaries about global warming are a perfect example. They remind people that the world is changing quick, and "we have to do something about this," but rarely do they provide incentives and solutions that make a valuable difference. While I should say that global warming is a systemic issue and often difficult for the individual to grasp, it does not exclude these films from the naughty list. There are sustainable companies everywhere that do better collectively with the support of individuals than someone can do on their own. An Inconvenient Truth by Davis Guggenheim with Al Gore actually advertises itself as "by far the most terrifying film you will ever see." You could understand where they're coming from—that people need to feel sufficiently afraid in order to do something, but they also need to know what to do.

To transition towards narrative examples, I often reference I984 by George Orwell as it depicts a negative prophecy for the political future of the world, but as I argue, it does a better job at inspiring fear in people than inspiring a desire for change. Isn't it easier to work towards what we want than to bring attention to the endless amount of what we don't want? We know what paths are life-affirming, which paths are sustainable and they are very conceivable. It's like somebody asking you what you want to be when you grow up and responding with, "well I don't want to be a doctor, I don't want to be a lawyer, I definitely don't want to be an accountant..." Such a response is never ending.

Scientifically speaking, psychologists have long argued that punishment is less effective than reinforcement in producing CONT.



... a desired behavior because punishment doesn't indicate the desired behavior, it only criticizes the undesirable behavior. As such, a child under such circumstances ends up learning through trial and error, hoping to one day figure out what their parents actual ly expect of them. This adequately applies to films; that we must focus on our desired circumstances.

Science-fiction films are usually terrible at this because it is a genre almost entirely de fined by a representation or prediction of our future. Nowadays, the genre is too widely applied, often generalizing dystopian and post-apocalyptic movies within the same cate gory. Movies like The Hunger Games, Elysium, Oblivion, Snowpiercer, Divergent, and Maze Runner are based in future dystopian worlds or the lack of any world at all, pre suming a future of continued destruction, totalitarianism, war and/or environmental

catastrophe. All of these are listed as science-fiction films. Movies like Interstellar get a lot closer as they are predicated on ideas of curiosity, love, exploration and a destiny of interplanetary human existence. While Interstellar has a significantly lighter depiction of our future, it falls short in it's reasoning—that "we aren't meant to save the world, we're meant to leave it."

So to follow my own advice, I am going to provide a few examples of movies that do this well and the underlying tactic to counteract such negativity. Recently I was able to summarize my solution to such problems. It came to me after hearing critiques about the depiction of minorities in films. Films that are diverse end up depicting minorities in situations that over-emphasize their stereotypical role as minorities. Stories with a black or Africa-American leads are often stories of growing up in poverty, facing racism, falling into gang-violence or all of the above. Similar situations occur for movies with LGBTQ leads or female leads. Therefore, the most progressive films are the ones written for roles that counteract such stereotypes by taking place in normalized circumstances. In other words, a movie with female lead doesn't have to be about feminism; a movie with a homosexual lead doesn't have to be about sexuality; a film with a black or African-American lead doesn't have to be about race and so forth. Movies that follow these guidelines are the ones that don't stick out to you as socially progressive and therefore, you get used to the idea. An article by Kara Brown captures this problem nicely, stating that "It's obvious at this point that Hollywood has a problem with only paying attention to non-white people when they're playing a stereotype."

Mad Max: Fury Road is a great example to the contrary. It is arguably considered the most bad ass movie of 2015 and

while I should comment on it's negative depiction of the future, the point is that is consists of feminist themes and a female lead. That's right, Max is NOT considered the main character of the film. The concept surrounds top lieutenant, Furiosa, who revolts against the warlord leader of her post-apocalyptic community by freeing a group of women who were exploited and highly oppressed as "baby-makers." It's actually more on-the-nose than it could have been, but in my experience, I was too blown away by the action and fast-paced plot to think too deeply about it. It was by no means distracting to follow a female lead saving a group of women from an evil male dictator. That's the key, that it becomes a norm for minorities to be represented in media and to be represented accurately. In Fury Road, stereotypes of women being weak or highly dependent upon men are counteracted in multiple occasions. In fact, Max becomes more dependent upon Furiosa for his survival than the other way around. In addition, such a tactic of "normalization" can trick those who are opposed to seeing certain films into realizing that they can still enjoy a movie even with a lead who doesn't reflect their demographic. As has been said, if women can stand to watch male-led films (disproportionately so) than men can stand to watch female-led films.



http://wtop.com/entertainment/2015/05/m ad-max-reboot-takes-action-genre-to-the-max/

WOMEN OWNED BUSINESS FEATURE



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The same concept of normalization applies to science-fiction films; that we must address our desired future. First I must say that science-fiction films over-emphasize the environmental circumstances in which their characters live in. Worst of all is when films feel the need to describe what has happened to the world before we're even introduced to the characters (usually seen in post-apocalyptic films). Secondly, the emphasis on the environmental circumstances is almost always negative. It is as though science fiction writing exploits negative environmental circumstances as a way to raise the stakes for a character's story arc. This is well justified by the Hero's Journey and allows writers to get away with telling stories that are not even remotely character-based.

The movie Her by Spike Jonze is a great example of a drama that takes place in a futuristic Los Angeles. The setting isn't random though, it is necessary to justify the advanced A.I. operating system that the main character falls in love with. That being said, the film isn't about artificial intelligence or what the future is like, the film is about love and loneliness. If we regain the emphasis on the human experience in science fiction films and refrain from negative depictions of our future, we will subconsciously remember that we are not, in fact, doomed. And by adopting that mindset, we will contribute to a self-fulfilling prophecy of a positive future instead of a dystopian or apocalyptic one.

I am talking both to filmmakers and viewers because the industry is a two-way street, it is supply and demand. We must recognize, be it rather subconscious, that even with good intentions there are unintended consequences. Again, it is not to dissuade, discourage or criticize films that bring awareness to social or environmental issues, it is to encourage all of us, filmmakers and viewers alike, to follow through. Put the critique solution fallacy in your head as half-measure and remember the tactic of normalizing what you wish to see in the world. Gandhi said it first.

by Evan Webster Wiley



The Wounded Warrior Support Network is a non-profit, 501c3. The Wounded Warrior Support Network provides both active duty and veteran wounded, ill and injured nationwide with a team of Wounded Warriors who stay connected through the long journey back to happy and productive lives https://woundedwarriorsupportnetwork.org/



The greatest heroes in life are those that never give up on someone. They stick it out and make it work. They sacrifice things in their life, in order to help others grow. They give up what they want because someone needs it more. They work hard and overcome adversity. They fail for a moment, but get back up on their feet to show others they don't have to stay down. They show their loved ones that love is not "proved" by conformity. They teach others that having a voice is a sign of courage, and they will not stay silent to make people feel comfortable. They are fearless and will do whatever it takes to bring about the greatness in the ones they love because doing so brings them peace.

Shannon L. Alder



MERCY & LULU IS A ...

I want to ask first and foremost, how did you two meet?

MERCY: I was originally trying to be an actress but after so many setbacks decided to go another route. I started getting into watching youtubers and realized that was what I wanted to do (at least for now). So I put an ad on CL, having no idea what kind of videos I wanted to do except that I wanted them to be comedic and entertaining. I have never considered myself funny, so I was looking for someone who could kind of be the star and I'd just be the one laughing a lot on the sidelines. I got a few responses but none of them really vibed well with me until Lulu came along. We spoke on the phone and ended up talking for like an hour abut all these ideas we had. I knew she was the one.

2) What gave you the idea to make this video? Or was it something that just happened?

MERCY: The first day we spoke on the phone, we came up with an idea to meet up on Sunday at her house and have some funny questions or questions that would have funny responses ready to go. Neither of us knew what the other person's questions were until the day of the shoot.

3) There is a lot of slut shaming and judging that goes on in the world of the internet. Did you worry about any of it before you posted it? And how do you combat it?

MERCY: Not at all! I mean I think bragging about sleeping with a bunch of guys is completely different than what we are doing. We are being honest but also mixing it with humor to make it entertaining. Sex is a way of expressing affection. Whether we agree with it or not, that's just how it is now. I think the best way to combat it is to just laugh about it. Colleen Ballinger who is another youtuber I am quite fond of actually made a video called "Reading Mean Comments". She sings all of these rude and misspelled comments directed toward her while also saying that whether they like her or not, she's making money of their views and comments. (and it's catchy) I think that's awesome!

What is your raunchiest story?

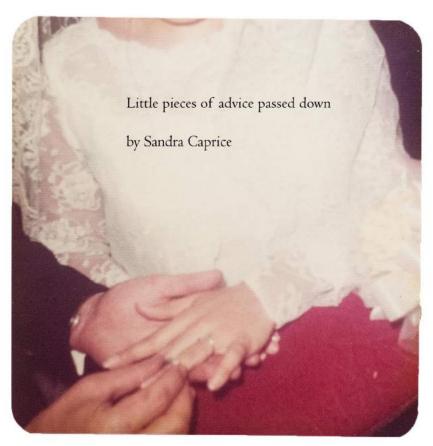
MERCY: That's a tough one. Raunchy could mean a few things. I guess I would say it'd have to be the guy that I had sex with using a strap-on mixed with the guy I let pee on me haha.

5) And last, you're giving a lot of women the ability to be able to feel okay with their sexuality by being so open. We thank you for that. If you could tell these girls who watch your video one thing what would it be?

MERCY: Don't be ashamed of who you are...or the penises you've sucked.

THINGS YOUR MOMMA Should have told you

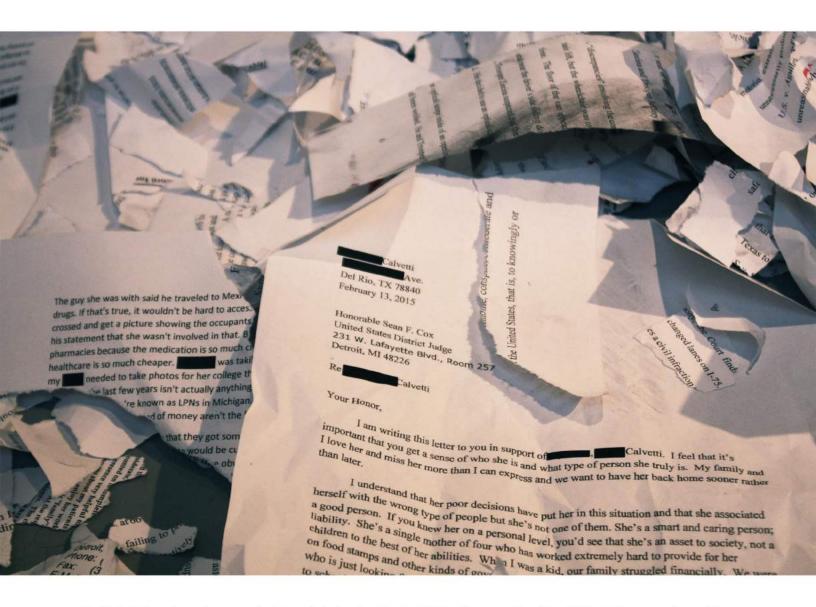
- I. If he says he's not a "feminist" because of the word feminist then let it go. What he's really giving you is a snapshot of the future respect he has for your pursuit at equality and happiness. The knit pickiness of the word is showing you how he 'really' feels about feminism.
- 2. Never befriend a mean girl just to be friends with the crowd. We all want to fit in, but life is too short to have toxic people in your life. And as much as your mother wanted you to be accepted what she wanted most of all was you to have a sense of self respect. Remember, there are amazing people out there with a greater sense of kindness that will be real friends. You just have to be a real friend first and that means being picky with your buddies.
- 3. Always get yours first. For guys generally the finishing is easy, but we all know girls can have a harder time. Bad sex seems rampant and we as women often just accept it. Well, its time to stop accepting it. My older sister always told me to never date a guy that wouldn't go down on me first, because it shows how willing he is to please you before he pleases himself. It is safe to say that ever since taking that advice there hasn't been an orgasm i've missed.
- 4. Nothing good happens after 2AM so just stay home. You know that guy/girl you're curious about or that party that you're a little too tired to go to but you don't want to miss the fun? Yeah, just miss it or shut it down. There have been a lot of regrets i've had from pushing boundaries with people based off curiosity or going to parties that I didn't want to go to for fear of being left out. And after all of these you know what i've found? I have never regreted staying home and enjoying a little Netflix and pizza with my cat. Because the regret of doing something you shouldn't have is a lot greater than the regret of missing out on something that you might have had.
- 5. Its okay to go through a slutty phase. Just be smart about it. Never lie to your lovers and always wear protection. Two rules and you'll never get caught off gaurd.
- 6. When things are bad hang your head in your books and focus on your life. Also never give up chocolate.



- 6. Chose your own path and follow your own dreams. A lot of people i've met at the end of their lives have complained about one thing. That they didn't follow them one dream they had to see where it would go. The truth is you can't make up for lost time or wasted moments on others when you could have been pouring everything of yourself into something great. The now is important. Go for it!
- 7. Never burn a bridge or it'll come back to bite you in the ass. There is something to be said for dealing with shitty people. Sometimes people will intentionally screw you over in business and sometimes you will them. But its important to never purposely burn a bridge. Be tactful about your life. Take a second to step back and look at the bigger picture. Because one day that person may be the one in charge of giving you a promotion or choosing whether you get an artist grant or not.
- 8. No means no. Say it more often in all of life. You don't have to be everything baby girl. Some people try to intentionally push your boundaries. Its time to let that little word into your vocabulary.



DREAMER PROFILE SARAH – J. CALVETTI



Sarah-J. Calvetti was born on the Texas-Mexico border in 1989. She completed her BFA in Photography at Texas State University in San Marcos, TX, in 2013. That same year she was selected as a finalist for the All-Student Juried Exhibition by Elizabeth Dunbar and was inducted into the Council of Scholars. She is currently a candidate for graduate residency at Portland State University, and has exhibited and curated in both Texas and Oregon. She is a 2015 graduate recipient of a Simon Benson Award Scholarship for Art and Design and a 2016 Signal Fire finalist. Her recent works are based on familial experiences with wavering structures of law enforcement and callous systems of incarceration. Her methodology and research revolves around discussions of truth, evidence, and the precarious nature of proving guilt or innocence within an inherently flawed American legal system.





SARAH-JASMINE, YOUR WORK. THE US V. CALVETTI IS AN INCREDIBLY PERSONAL AND POWERFUL PIECE ABOUT THE CYCLE OF ABUSE IN THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM. IT HIGHLIGHTS FOR US IN A VERY RAW WAY A PERSONAL STORY OF WHAT WOMEN GO THROUGH IN THIS DISJOINTED SYSTEM AND THE FALSENESS OF THE IDEA OF JUSTICE IN OUR COURTS. WE'D LOVE TO HEAR MORE ABOUT IT BUT FIRST, PLEASE TELL US ABOUT YOURSELF. HOW DID YOU GROW UP AND WHEN/HOW DID YOU GET INTO THE PRACTICE OF ART MAKING?

I grew up on the border of Texas and Mexico in a small town in which I was not seen as a minority. In a town that holds all of my dearest friends and most beloved family members. They were what I loved most about it.

We didn't have a lot. Sometimes we didn't have cable or a phone line. So I just read all day, unless we didn't have electricity, which happened occasionally as well but we always ended up ok. I grew up with a mother who never worried about anything. That's what grandma was for. She worried enough for all of us. She would light candles for my oldest brother who was always getting into trouble. My grandmother took care of everyone however she could. My mother did the same. I do the same. It's how I was raised. No matter what our situation was, we would help other families we knew in Mexico and take them food and clothes, or a fan in the summer. We were taught that if we had the ability to help, that was why we had whatever means to do so. We were taught by example and not just words. People would think my mom was crazy. We'd be on a long road trip somewhere in some other state, and if there was someone walking on the side of the road that she felt she should pick up, she would do it. I never minded or was afraid. They were just people. We were just people.

My mom was the only person I knew who would drive a different way just to see where it went. We'd take a detour through some small town just to see what was there. It was this curiosity that fueled my love for travel, and my mother's support that allowed me to take a trip to Europe with a group from school. As I mentioned, we weren't exactly well off, but she would put in her entire paycheck and saved up to send me because she knew it would change my life. And she was right. It was on those trips far far away that I began utilizing photography to document every precious moment of my time abroad. Years later I was looking through my prints and I had them all laid out when she walked in, surprised and asked if I'd taken them. Her reaction and encouragement led me to show them at my college's open mic night. She teared up when she saw my photographs, but everyone else loved them as well, so I kept drawing from those hundreds of photos and even sold some larger prints. I just never stopped making photographs and decided it was something I wanted to pursue further.



Session ove

BEFORE DOING THIS PIECE WHAT HAD YOU BEEN WORKING ON?

All of that seems so far away now, the world before all of this. I was making entirely different work. It was much more formal, documentary style photography. I spent a year and a half of my undergrad at Texas State University going back to Del Rio and getting to know my home in a way I hadn't done before. I'd never approached home as a photographer. So I would go back and capture what I felt to be the character of the town, but then I would cross the border into Mexico and try to do the same in a town I'd been going to my whole life but was much less familiar with. It was a different relationship altogether. My father was from there but I never really knew him while he was alive. I feel I know him better now that he's passed, but when I was young and bitter, I was afraid of that unknown part of my life. After his death, I wanted to get to know his home better and make up for whatever it was that was lost. I did't have friends there or a family to visit. We would only visit the curanderas who practiced white magic. They would read our water or cards. Those were the homes I was familiar with, so that's what I photographed. When I moved to Portland I didn't know what to do with myself. Everything was beautiful and nothing was run down or falling apart. There weren't many people like me around and I was a minority again. At least those were my thoughts before I got to explore all the places I hadn't yet seen. I couldn't find anything to photograph that was about more than beauty. It was a strange obstacle but it helped me figure out what was important to me.



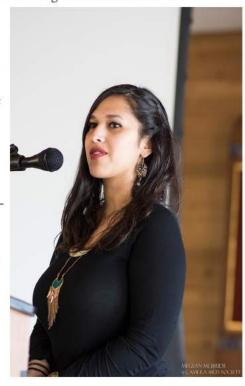
WHAT INSPIRES YOU BEYOND YOUR WORK IN YOUR DAILY PRACTICE?

For some reason, my inspirations do not usually present themselves in my work unless I'm doing something that is research based.

Really I'm inspired most by things that make me smile, like all the lovely people walking around or waiting for the bus or driving past me. The other day I was driving home and my initial thought and feeling towards these people I'd never seen before was love. I just saw them and thought, "Hi, I love you. And you and you." I think just recognizing each other and acknowledging others can be it's own form of inspiration. Occasionally when the sun comes out, I have an entirely different set of concerns and I start trying to figure out how I can escape work and drive out to the coast or to the forest. Inspiration manifests in so many ways that perhaps I just don't recognize what really comes from it.

YOU JUST DID A PANEL DISCUSSION AT PORTLAND STATE UNI-VERSITY ENTITLED, "CAN IMAGES COUNTER MASS INCARCER-ATION?". HOW DO YOU THINK YOUR PIECE FIT INTO THE CON-VERSATION?

I am still so grateful to have been included on that panel. I think my work fit in in the sense that I brought in personal experience. Most conversations involve the large, barely graspable entirety of this system that has bled into more parts of our society than most people realize. While I love those conversations and am so interested in those complex notions, I have a different set of experiences and a different background that makes me much more likely to come in contact with the criminal justice system, and I spoke about the ways this has already come to pass.





My work fills in this gap that leaves out the personal and the individual. Part of the problem is the massing together and generalization that all people in prison got what they deserve and should be locked away to keep society safe from "the criminal." This perspective functions of the idea that you must already have some level of trust in the system and that there is some sort of justice being served. It takes looking at the individual, the person behind bars, the friend or family member, for some sort of shift to occur. It takes putting yourself in the shoes of a person of color and asking yourself how much the rules change depending on your appearance or your record. It takes knowing just how much wrong has been done to someone who did not commit a crime to begin with, to

begin to question how many times and how often this happens. I think the panel was a great way to get this part of the discussion going and to circle back to the people the system effects rather than only the system itself.

WHAT MADE YOU COMFORTABLE WITH FINALLY COMING OUT TO TALK ABOUT YOUR MOTHER?

I'm not sure this has happened yet. My mother has been incarcerated for two years now and saying those words never gets easier. It's just that my understanding of the need for these words to be said increases. The more I talk to people about it, the more I see how few people have as much experience with the prison industrial complex as myself and my family. As I said during the panel, most of the people I know, aside from those here in Portland, have no idea this is going on. Most of my friends don't know. Most of my family doesn't know.

Part of being able to talk about it is anonymity. I moved across the country from everyone I knew. Here I don't have years of history or a past. There's just the me that's here now. In November I attended the Women In Prison Conference and I told 7 different people about my mother. That one day almost doubled the amount of people who knew this specific detail. I had to practice telling people who knew what this was like. They already knew what kinds of people are incarcerated. It's normal people. That's what the general population doesn't know. Normal people go to prison. Mothers go to prison. My mother went to prison. A brown mother who was with a brown man who had tattoos and a record. I don't think I need to expand more on that last point, but I'm thinking more about why this has been kept a secret for so long. Up until maybe two months ago, everyone in my MFA program thought my work was just about my relative. Most of them thought she was my cousin or my aunt, and although they



felt sympathy, they could never fully understand my obsession and my need to figure this out. Once I was ready to tell them who she really was, they understood why I had so much trouble articulating what my aim was. I was hiding my aim and hiding the real point of the work. I realized after much discussion and difficulty that by hiding who she was, I was only doing what this system wants me to do. We are meant to be afraid of people finding out and we are meant to be ashamed and embarrassed. We are meant to hide them away and come and say they still live up in Michigan with my nephew when really she is finally back in Texas. I can go this far, but telling my whole family is not my decision to make. My mother has had every right and every privacy revoked. I will not take her right to give or withhold her situation from whoever she wants. But as her daughter and as an artist, I have to make this work. I cannot look away from what I have seen. I cannot make work about some superfluous interest while she spent a year and a half in the same room with the same women eating the same food just waiting to be sentenced for a crime she is not responsible for.

WE'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR SITTING DOWN WITH US AND DISCUSSING THIS SUBJECT. YOU INSPIRE US WITH YOUR STRENGTH. AS YOU KNOW, THIS ISSUE IS CALLED LINEAGE AND IS ABOUT FEMINIST IDEALS AND AS THEY'VE CHANGED THROUGHOUT THE AGES. SPECIFICALLY THE THINGS THAT OUR MOTHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS HAVE LEFT US WITH. SO WE ONLY HAVE ONE FINAL QUESTION FOR YOU. WHAT ARE SOME OF THE THINGS YOU'D LIKE TO REMEMBER ABOUT YOUR MOTHER AND WHAT ARE SOME OF THE THINGS SHE TAUGHT YOU ABOUT BEING A STRONG WOMAN?

You're quite welcome. Thank you for the opportunity to tell this story.

What I remember about my mother brings tears to my eyes. It's just her. Her spirit. Her faith. She always held on to her belief that she will be released. Mandatory minimum sentencing got her a 10 years, but none of us accept that. Most people won't take their chances and choose a plea bargain instead. She refused to plead guilty to something she didn't do. She bravely took her case to trial so that she could appeal. As of now, her lawyer is in the process of submitting their rebuttal. She says it's got everything in it. All the proof that the officers lied. All the context her words were taken out of. She is not afraid. I don't know a woman stronger than my mother. She has remained optimistic and helps me to do the same. She makes me stronger, even with her absence.







BIO

Jatelle King was born and raised in Portland, Oregon on September, 22 1989. King works in the medium of painting and drawing of powerful ethereal women, and also in creative writing. King demonstrates keen attention to detail, intricate delicate lines, in vibrant colors or contrasting black and white. She has studied at The Art Institute of Portland, Portland Community college, and also Portland State University. King has an accumulative associate's degree, and is still working towards her Bachelor's degree currently at Portland Community College. She has recently been accepted to PNCA, and plans to attend the art school next year in the fall. King is currently completing her young adult paranormal novel. Also in the process of completing a set of tarot cards, both written and illustrated by her.

ARTIST STATEMENT

Identity and perception of myself and others is what I try to project in my art. Which is exactly why women, strong, beautiful, unique woman naturally became the vessel in which I let everything I have inside me flow through from. What I create is mirror images of perceptions I see, admire, or wish to have. I try to capture beauty in a subjective manner. Not necessarily limited to just physical beauty. It is also a priority for me to take my imagination further, by attempting to cast and sprinkle an imaginary veil of otherworldly magic and mysticism. I wish to fabricate a dream world in which anything is possible. A world where one can be strong, elegant, wise, ethereal and powerful. A world where they can be anything or anyone.

The process of creating an art piece has become a very ritualistic and almost sacred thing for me. During this process I am purging whatever may be built up and overflowing within me. Through each line I am speaking, through every color and shade, I am letting go tension, stress, and my everyday worries. I clear my mind, and let go of all the piled up nonsense churning within me. I demand that all the wheels turning in my head come to a complete halt, except one. The one that's clearly labeled imagination and daydreams. Next I let them flow and circulate, churn, and travel until I see an image or idea to my liking. Finally I set it loose and allow it to animate me, moving my hand, and drawing whatever lines necessary to portray what I desire.

Each time I make a piece I am getting in touch with myself in a type of meditative process. I have learned over time I can do this through many different mediums and materials. I prefer to pick one and start an investigation of sorts. In the past I have once chosen paint, and focused on acrylics, water colors, and oils. Recently I have decide to work with pencil. Although pencil may not be able to create vibrant, transfixing colors, it still produces an intensely vast amount of shades. The best part is when a pencil is used properly the limit of color does not prevent your creative designs from bursting with life, or telling a bright, voicterous story that could possibly charm any viewer.





THE MYTH OF THE DIRTY GIRL

In the midst of a threat against nude photographs Megean McBride attempts to unravel the myth of the 'dirty girl'. How do we see ownership of our bodies in the context of today's culture? Where naked photographs are traded at the beginning of relationships and nothing is entirely private. This and many other issues are discussed in this very personal piece about a break- up and one woman reclaiming ownership over her own body.

Recently a man I was seeing went mad with power. It was power I had given him. Somewhere in the center of the road in which we stopped to find each other he felt it alright to block my path. This is a path I, and so many other women, have worked so hard to pave. To be seen as human beings and respected as such. As the story goes I told him I would like to stop seeing each other. The relationship felt awkward and I was in need for some soul searching. His response was of course, 'What about sex? Can we still do that too?'. When I told him 'No' he responded by threatening to release some dirty photographs I had taken and given to him. This was an attempt to shame me somehow into either giving him what he wanted or reveal me to be this dirty girl (slut) to the outside world. I guess he had another thing coming.

Now, let's talk dirty pictures. We all send them. Filthy snaps to our lovers to tantalize a craving. Whether it's a side boob, a penis photograph, or a full body ignudi we shell out these revealing pieces of ourselves with a sense of full trust in the others we send them to. There is an unspoken contract we assign to another person that these photographs be kept in their private porn stash. For their eyes only. Back in the day you had to take a photograph with a real camera and these photos were given only to the best of lovers as a gift to reignite the senses. Now, they are sent almost in the beginning of the relationship as an opener to sex. As if to say, "this is what you're going to get". This immediate sense of voyeurism has crossed generations with the addition of technology and there seems to be nothing we can do to stop it. There is no secret concave of information that is kept somewhere. Our nudes are out for the world to see.

"HOW WOULD THE WORLD SEE ME? HOW WOULD I FEEL ABOUT MYSELF?"

However as adults we have consented to this sharing. These photographs become art objects of intimacy with a value that is unmeasured. We are warned often of the danger of these sexy snaps being sent. There are things like revenge porn and, just to be honest, the internet as a whole. But we still go in head first into our relationships thinking that this person will be one of the ones that respect us as individuals enough to keep certain things private. During the course of our relationship I only sent him a few snaps when we weren't able to be around each other for long. I'm a busy woman and, like most women in my situation, work and relationships don't always sync up. I have to make tough decisions and usually that involves choosing work over love. This is a decision I make as someone in their twenties. I choose to first be intimate with myself, to be kind to myself, and to own myself. In my naivety the idea that these photographs would give him ownership of me didn't cross my mind. So, when he threatened this, many questions come up. First, what would my mother think? How would my friendships and business relationships change? How would the world see me? How would I feel about myself? These and many more raced through my head as I hurried home to make a decision on what to do. In the car on the way back I felt guilty.



That night when I had settled myself to look at the photographs I thought of one thing. Who has the power? This has happened to many women and I have seen their lives get destroyed, but why does mine have to as well? There is an important distinction to be made about someone breaking your privacy, and slut shaming and both are important conversations to have. First, it is not my fault if he releases these photographs. I take ownership in giving them to him while we were in an adult relationship. This is a verbal contract we shared, but if he abuses my trust it is not my fault. It is a scare tactic and an abuse of power. A terrorist attack on my very being and we do not negotiate with terrorists. This may have been power that I had given him, but why do we blame the victims for abuses of power? The second was how I felt about myself. Why should I feel bad about myself because I was in a consenting adult relationship with someone who broke my trust? I could feel all of societies influence on my body like little worn scars and I could feel him etching them in with his dark intentions. I felt dirty.

Slut shaming should never ever be tolerated. There is something to be said for modesty in the business world as a woman. We often are held to higher standards than men because the glass ceiling has yet to be broken. We must be stronger, smarter, and almost chaste. Women who have multiple sexual partners are still looked down upon as if they have lesser value. I hope you take me seriously, dear reader, when I tell you this should never ever happen. We are not simply women in this world. We are human beings. We should not ever be looked down upon or shamed for committing carnal acts that the very nature of the evolution of the human race has rested upon. Sex is

IT IS A SCARE TACTIC AND AN ABUSE OF POWER. A TERRORIST ATTACK ON MY VERY BEING AND WE DO NOT NEGOTIATE WITH TERRORISTS.

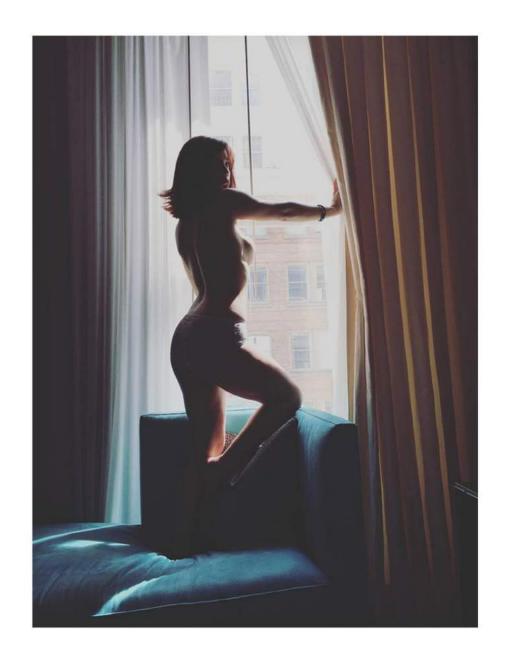
not dirty. And you are not a 'dirty girl' or a 'slut' because you have it. How are we as woman ever to pave our way in the world if we are constantly blocked by men who try to shame us for simply existing? If we are constantly looked down upon and our lives destroyed because we were simply there. All of this went through my mind as that night I stood in front of my mirror naked and searching myself for an answer of what to do.

I could be ashamed for these photographs. I could let him release them or go back to him for the safety of my being against a world that had already made decisions on what I could or could not do long before I came into the picture. Or I could lean into the pain. I could call his bluff bluntly and take ownership for myself. If I am ever to truly make my way in the world as a human being, a writer, an artist, a woman I must take ownership of myself first. The world could see my naked photographs and my relationship with that world could change in response but my relationship to myself shouldn't change. My relationship with myself and the ownership of my body should be more important. The next day I had my friend snap a naked photograph of me and I posted it on my Instagram with a very direct message. I matched his threat with the knife of fierce strength.



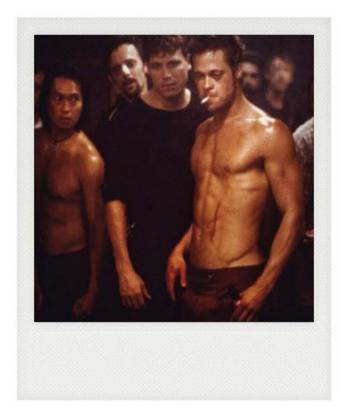
"There is not a single part of you that owns me. There is not a single hair follicle out of place. I enjoy my messes, own my mistakes, respect my insecurities, and am unapol ogetic with my heart. I am not your muse or property. I am me. For any girl who has ever been shamed or bullied or pushed around. We are lions. And lions do not lose sleep over the opinions of sheep. #strongwomen #curves #feminism and #thisiswar"

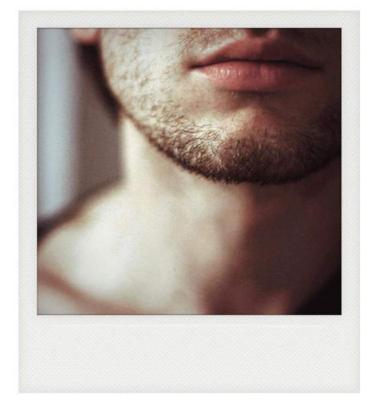
I take responsibility. I believe as an adult we should all take responsibility for our decisions. However, there is not one person who should ever feel that they have ownership over you. Your relationship to the world has everything to do with your relationship to yourself. It is time for us as woman to stop apologizing.



"There is not a single part of you that owns me. There is not a single hair follicle out of place. I enjoy my messes, own my mistakes, respect my insecurities, and am unapol ogetic with my heart. I am not your muse or property. I am me. For any girl who has ever be shamed or bullied or pushed around. We are lions. And lions do not lose sleep over the opinions of sheep. #strongwomen #curves #feminism and

#thisiswar





BOYS ARE ENCOURAGED TO KILL

BY EVAN WEBSTER WILEY

Any excuse to alleviate critiques against violent video games are just as invalid as those used to alleviate criticism towards cigarette smoking. People will continue to advocate for excessively violent videos games so long as they have a flew of excuses and their opponents lack of reliable evidence.

We need to be willing to fund studies, establish proof of evidence, explain how the psychological effects are just as bad, if not worse, than the directly physical effects of something like smoking. There needs to be enough basis for claims that video games are encouraging violence, desensitizing people to it and contributing to a violence-oriented culture.

The reason I reference smoking is simply because of the widespread prevention campaigns that have integrated into the elementary school system. The reality of my experience during this time was akin to leaving a health class about the dangers of tobacco (and alcohol) only to go outside and play "army" with a group of boys.

Smoking is bad when you're young because adults with authority tell you it's bad and you're never exposed to it. As you get older and more independent, as you are around others who smoke and people with an already lessened authority talk about it less and less. It is no longer this mysteriously evil killer, it is normal.

Now replace that scenario with violence, except remove the part where people with authority tell you it's bad and the part about being far removed from it as a young kid. Now suddenly, violence is normalized quicker and regardless of parents' attempts at limiting it, exposure through the internet is virtually inevitable. There is no stigma, and in addition, that violence is directly correlated with masculinity which has long been merely a means for male self-verification.

So we have a highly stigmatized physical health issue of cigarettes which kids are most likely to pick-up in high school but don't see significant health impacts for years to come. And then we have a culturally encouraged, psychologically intangible health and security issue of violence paired with masculinity, often at the expense of women, ingrained in boys prior to adolescence, leading not only to their death, but to the death of their high-school classmates. Their adulthood is excluded from the picture altogether. The difference is, the education system has come to recognize the dangers of smoking and have shifted their health curriculum accordingly. We are seeing a similar shift in sexual education, but why have we not yet acknowledged the ever growing dangers of violent-masculinity?

Movies, mainstream media, video games and more. This is not an isolated indecent, it is a cancer that has spread. There was once a small supply of it, and as such, a small demand. Capitalism pushed it over the years, and the more it is supplied, the more it is demanded. Whether or not kids, particularly males, are self-affirmed and socially accepted has become almost entirely dependent upon the extent to which they adopt this excessively violent form of masculinity. So of course the demand rises and the feedback loop continues. While the cancer has spread, and it has become an intangible and seemingly unapproachable cultural phenomena, we as humans are unlike cancerous cells because we are self-aware and autonomous. Culture is the human form of a hive-mentality to push the species forward, but the individual intelligence derived from our mammal roots is what actually keeps us alive. We as individuals have just as much influence over the culture as it does over us, it is merely a matter of whether we chose to take charge or to let it kill us as surrendered followers. We can be cancerous, or we can be healthy, but to be somewhere in between is out of the question. To stand by and do nothing is to let yourself dissolve into that hive-mentality—that follower mentality which leaves you as a pawn to the bigger systems like supply and demand.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD RIGHT NOW



☐ First Muslim mayor, Sadiq Khan, in the West elected in decisive election in London





☑ Pope Francis urges EU leaders to "tear down the walls" and build a fairer society, says he dreams of a Europe where "being a migrant is not a crime"



☑ Turkish journalist Can Dundar is attacked outside of court in Istanbul, manages to escape unharmed



☑ Hillary Clinton aide, Huma Abedin, interviewed by FBI in relation to State Department emails



☐ Greece's government grinds to a shrieking halt as unions go on strike against government plans to reform pensions and raise taxes



☐ Brazilian President

Dilma Rousseff is recommended by Senate committee to stand trial for breaking budget laws



Wildfire in Fort McMurray in Alberta, Canada - over I,600 homes and buildings torched to the ground



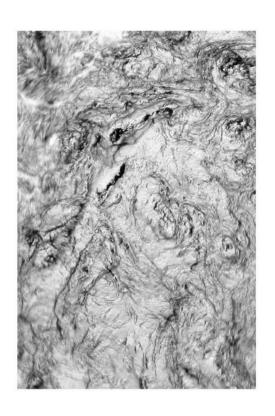
■ 80 suicides have been committed in the village of Badi in India in the first 3 months of 2016



All-time high number of US citizens renounce citizenship, up 560% from 2008









Tessa Bolsover is a 22 year old photographer, musician, and writer based in Portland, Oregon. She's a member of the band Opals, and an Online Editor for Ballad Of... Magazine



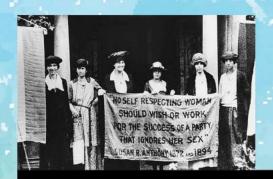








July 19-20, 1848
The Seneca Falls Convention,
First U.S. Women's rights
convention held in New York.
Over 300 men and woman attended
100 who signed the "Declaration
of Sentiments"



August 26, 1920 The 19th Amendment to the Constituion is signed into law, giving all American women the right to vote.





November 7th, 1916 The first female member of Congress, Jeanette Rankin (R-MT) was elected to the House of Representatives.

June 10th, 1963
President John F. Kennedy
signs the Equal Pay Act into
Law, protecting men and women
who perform equal work in the same
establishment from sex-based wage
discrimination





December 1923
Equal Rights Amendment (ERA),
drafted by Alice Paul
and NWP, introduced by Congress
by Sen. Charles Curtis (KS)
and Rep. Daniel Anthony (KS)



July 2nd, 1964
The XCivil Rights Act of 1964 is enacted:
Title VII bans descrimination in employment
on the basis of race, color, national origin,
religion, and sex.

June 1966

The National Organization for Women (NOW) is founded by twenty-eight representatives attending the Third National Conference of the Commission on the Status of Women in Washington, D.C.



March 22nd 1972

Equal Rights Amendment passed by Congress, and sent to the states for ratification (20 states ratify by end of the year)





Jan 3, 1969 Shirley Chisholm, the first African American woman elected to the U.S. House of Representatives, begins the first of seven terms representing New York's 12th Congressional District

June 30th, 1982 Deadline reached for (RA ratification extension which falls short by three states.

Give the Ladies What They Want

If the supporters of the federal Equal Rights Amendment for women don't swing passage in what remains of this legislative session, they will be pushing for its ratification as soon as the next General Assembly convenes in January. Let them succeed. As we've said re-

Let them succeed. As we've said repeatedly, the amendment is a meaningless, if harmless, measure. The "rights" it accords to women are already contained in the Constitution, as recent court rulings on hiring practices and Adm. Elmo Zumwalt's decision to put women on warships will attest.

At best, its enactment will show that the legislators' hearts are in the right place and will make the leaders of the Women's Lib movement happy. At worst, it will just clutter up the federal Constitution.

Ratification by the required 38 states seems so inevitable that it doesn't make much difference what Illinois does.

But there will be some very serious business to come before the legislature next year and we can't afford to have it delayed by more wrangling over the E. R. A. Some supporters of ratification are so obsessed with the matter that they let it become the sole issue in their vote on the future leadership of the House. Who knows what they may do if they are denied it again?

For the good of the legislature and the people's business, let the measure pass. Those lawmakers who still want to express opposition to it can do so by voing "aye" with a sigh.



September 24, 1981 Sandra Day O'Connor is sworn in as the first female Supreme Court Justice

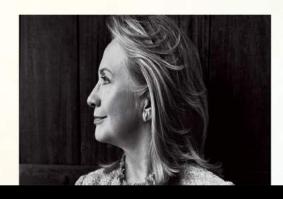


July 12, 1984
Geraldine Ferraro selected by Walter Mondale to be the first female Vice Presidential candidate representing a major American Political party.

January 18, 2005 Dr. Condoleezza Rice becomes the first African American female U.S. Secretary of State.



January 21, 2009 Hillary Clinton confirmed as U.S. Secretary of State serving in the administration of President Barack Obama, the first former first Lady to serve in the president's cabinet.





January 4th, 2007 Nancy Pelosi becomes the first female Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives.



ELANA AND ANNAKAI TESSA BOLSOVER













CANDY SHELL

Almost every night, Leslie visited the girls from St. Louis. They lived in the apartment across the hall. They weren't smart but they had snacks. One of the girls was big and rich and when her laptop fell off the couch, she didn't even flinch. She just sauntered over to it, picked it up and put it back without checking to see if it was broken. The other girl was small and nice but she endorsed a kind of femininity that Leslie found artificial. She wore makeup to the gym and considered her shampoo regimen an appropriate topic of conversation. Both of the girls from St. Louis wore workout clothes. It was unclear if or when the workouts were taking place.

Leslie befriended them because moving to the city was about exposing oneself to different people. It was about stepping away from the known, the expected or natural path and embracing new experiences. After all, life was short. It was important to spend it with people who mattered.

She visited the girls to avoid silence of her room, which had become oppressive. They distracted her with long-winded stories about their manifold problems. "I want to read a book," the big one said. "I hate my boss," the little one said. "I'm hungry." "I need a date." "I miss summer." "I want a kitty." "I need a haircut." They could talk forever about anything at all. Leslie left their apartment late at night, always feeling better than she did before.

There were other nights, however, when sitting on their dirty rug made her feel worse. While they blathered on about vacations and Christmas presents, the only thing she could think about was how much they didn't know her. She was a dummy propped against a stupid, pink cushion, and nothing she said or did would make any difference in anybody's lives.

One night as she sat on the floor, acutely attuned to her own pointlessness, the girls from St. Louis talked about love.

"I've been in love but I've never loved," the big one said.

"I've loved but I've never been in love," the little one said.

They looked at Leslie. She stood and excused herself to use the restroom. She locked the door, sat on the toilet and took out a bag of M&Ms from her back pocket. She'd bought them at a deli earlier that day. As she ripped it open, the beads of chocolate burst out and rolled across the floor. A couple pieces slipped under the crack of the door. Leslie could hear the girls on the other side.

"Is that candy?" The big one said.

Leslie pretended like she didn't hear. She bent over to pick up the colored balls. She dropped them in the toilet and flushed. She felt stupid for having wasted \$1. She rinsed her hands and opened the door.

"Were you eating candy?" The small one asked.

"No," Leslie said.

"We picked up candy," the big one said.

"It wasn't mine."

Leslie returned to her spot on the floor and looked at the TV. It wasn't on.

"You can tell us if you were eating candy," the big one said.

"I wasn't eating candy."

Leslie stopping buying M&Ms from the deli. She continued to visit the girls from St. Louis. They talked about purses, dogs, boys and tattoos they might get. When the little one got married, Leslie attended the wedding.

"I'm in love," the little one said.

She got married in the Bahamas. The cake was delicious.



Shapeshifting requires the ability to transcend your attachments, in particular your ego attachments to identity and who you are.

If you can get over your attachment to labeling yourself and your cherishing of your identity, you can be virtually anybody. You can slip in and out of different shells, even different animal forms

Zeena Shreck

or deity forms.

HIGH FIDELITY



WOMEN WHO ROCK AND ROLL HARD

THESE LADIES ARE PERFECT FOR YOUR ON THE ROAD PLAYST THIS SUMMER



CHECK OUT: BITCHTAPES

Bitch Tapes are an online podcast for women made by woman. They create playlists anywhere from country, rock, indie, hip hop, and include mood music and feature themes that highlight ideas specific to women and genderqueer folks. If you need a playlist called "Treat Yoself" or in the mood for "Sorry Not Sorry" they have it for you. And if you ever feel like there are no women artists out there beyond Taylor Swift and Rhianna just pull up a Bitch Tape. They get you.



WHAT'S NEW

☐ Radiohead releases new single, "Burn the Witch," along with companion music video

☑ AC/DC reunites to go on tour, former lead singer of Guns N'
Roses, Axl Rose, will front the band

 \boxtimes Blink-182's new single, "Bored to Death," marks the band's highest ranking song on the Alternative music charts in their history

☑ Bruce Springsteen cancels performances in North Carolina due to House Bill 2, that bans individuals from using restrooms that do not correspond to their "biological sex"

☐ Deftones releases eighth album, "Gore"

 $\ensuremath{\boxtimes}$ Percocet found in Prince's system during autopsy, whether related to death or not is unknown

☐ Pink Floyd to re-release entire back catalog on vinyl

🛮 Justin Timberlake comes out with new single, "Can't Stop The Feeling," tops charts

☑ Former Smashing Pumpkins bassist D'arcy Wretzky says he's open to a reunion of the band





AGATA

Thanks so much for taking the time out to sit down with us and answer a few of our questions! To begin, tell us a little bit more about the band and how you guys started playing together.

-We emerged from a smoky cloud in the east bay. Three minds completely rotted with rock and roll who went to the same punk warehouses with endless backpacks full of tall cans. After years of projects and strife this is what ended up forming.

In short, we've been playing music with each other since high school

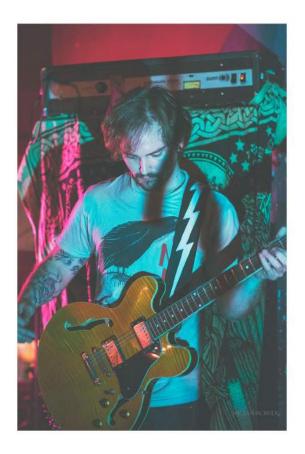
Moving on, if you had to pigeonhole yourselves into a genre how would you describe yourselves?

Stoner Punk n' Roll. Though, we've always just considered ourselves 100% Loud Tone

You guys are unique in that you all act as lead to some extent. How do you go about writing songs together and how does that function within your music?

-We all enter the Angrydome, and whatever comes out is our baby.





Who are your biggest inspirations and influences?
-Various mental neurosis brought on by society in general.
But in all seriousness, Motorhead, Frank Zappa, Django Reinhardt, Sleep, Neurosis, Dead Kennedys, Iron Maiden, King Crimson, The Thing, Evil Dead 2,

Z do Caix o, Wayne's World, Nacho Libre, Silent Night Deadly Night Part 2, NJPW, etc. etc. etc ...Oh, and a whole lot of pizza, beer, & the occasional greens.

How would you say your sound has evolved from your self-titled LP to your latest release, Horror Stories?

-We recorded our first LP as a four piece with a full time front man. Our sound at the time leaned more on the hardcore punk side with stoner rock parts peppered in.

Our front man left shortly after the release of the first album and we continued on as a 3 piece, in which we all took on vocal duties.

The album, Horror Stories is geared even more toward the heavier, stonier side. Now having 3 vocalists, we all contribute song ideas, riffs and lyrics collectively. So it is safe to say that our album, Horror Stories is our real debut as a trio.

What are some of your favorite venues to play at? Best crowds to perform for?

Our favorites will always be DIY warehouses, house parties, basements, generator shows, etc. Those always seen to have the best energy. But we do also like venues with great sound and tasty food.

And finally, what lies ahead for Agata? Where do you see yourselves in the next 2 or 3 years?

-In a heavily armed and armored van, scouring the wastelands of America in the post-apocalyptic future. Spreading rock n' roll to a desolate world. We will have generators for all of our brothers to play shows no matter what the conditions are. Also, we will probably have those badass flame guitars from Mad Max for good measure.

As of the more immediate future, we just finished recording a new EP named after the title track, "Blue Line", which will be released early this summer.



In fact, it was engineered by Jason Brainsplitter up in Portland. He does amazing work. Also, some definite touring following the release, so expect to see us again soon!

Thanks again for spending some time with us, and we can't wait to see the future of Agata!

Thank you!!





WARPFIRE

Warpfire puts the radioactive glam shred back in Portland. Whether its their sexy lead localist David Lauro belting out notes like a Lion in the jungle or their lead guitarist whose fingers move so fast it's hard to tell which notes he's playing; or even their drummer Trevor Labovitz giving us skin on beats. We got to sit down with them after the fire had dwindled and talk about the real heart of rock n' roll.

Thanks for taking the time out to answer a few brief questions. How did you guys meet up and first start performing as a unit?

The warpfire larva hatched the day I saw Trevor and David play in a band called Earwar. I was eighteen years old, newly liberated from a christian home, and they were the coolest thing I'd ever seen... They wore spandex and loin-cloths, had charged hair, and played their set literally straddling the lanes of a bowling alley. The music was sonically incomprehensible and emotionally irrefutable.

Both of them went on to be in other bands around town (notably The Eegos, Trash TV and Ratpriest) and Trevor and I stopped and started several projects that couldn't quite get airborne. The day we started playing as a trio there was an unmistakable energy in the roon. The music was more than a sum of its parts, it was charged with this magical potential and we've been playing together ever since.

Who are some of your inspirations, whether musical or otherwise?

Musically our tastes overlap pretty severely, but we each have our areas focus. Trevor is really into 70's heavy prog, anything with fuzzed guitars and byzantine drum patterns like Sir Lord Baltimore or Hard Stuff. David is a New Wave of British Heavy Metal expert and also has a thing for musicals, both of which dovetail nicely into his commanding stage presence. I'm an unrepentant guitar nerd so I like to scour YouTube for obscure Hendrix, Van Halen, and Uli Jon Roth bootlegs... Also Bach, Charlie Parker, anything absolutely stuffed with harmonic concepts.

Apart from music we are hugely influenced by science fiction and fantasy: Troma films, Warhammer, 80's Schwarzenegger, anything satanic, post-apocalyptic, dystopic or psychedelic. Any movies with rubberized gore, neon slime, magical portals or time-travel paradoxes.

You guys recently did a KISS cover at the Know, but your sound is significantly more updated. How would you best describe your sound?

Speaking earlier of films, we really hit our songwriting stride last summer right when the new Mad Max came out. We were all obsessed and it definitely contributed to our pedal-to-the-metal sound. It kind of feels like rock and roll is experiencing a global collapse right now: our heroes are all dying, the mainstream is a joke, nobody can sell records or even quit their day jobs anymore. The bands that still go out and kill it do so fueled on a little gasoline, tribal comradery, and a neo-primitive urge to rock. Warpfire's sound is like an old muscle car repurposed for the musical post-apocalypse: it's a classic sound that's been stripped of factory comforts, souped up and weaponized.



When you guys play live there is an amazing energy on stage. How long have you guys known each other and what do you think it takes to achieve that kind of energy?

Dave and Trev have known each other since childhood, and I met them when we were all still angsty teens. I really think the stage presence comes more from mutual trust than personal history, although the latter is a factor for sure. We all know and believe when we get up there that each of us is going to give nothing less than one hundred percent. Dave put it to me this way: "There are three things in life you should never, ever half-ass: sex, fighting, and playing music. If you're going to be insincere, you might as well not do it at all."

Many of you have wives and children, coming soon, so what inspires you to keep on with making music? How do you balance a personal life and music?

Well our personal lives are all in constant flux, we're all going through big life changes at the moment, and we've just added a dedicated bass player to the band, our good friend Mike Blackburn, so Warpfire is definitely in a weird transitional limbo right now. That being said morale is as high as it's ever been because all four of us have this existential imperative to play music. The dream is alive and healthy and our friends and families are incredibly supportive.

I was having some difficulty finding much recorded material online, can we expect a studio release sometime soon?

That has definitely been something we've procrastinated on. Apart from the usual financial limitations, we have a hard time recreating the dionysiac energy of a live show in the overdubbing booth. We recorded briefly with Mike last year at his recording studio and now that he's in the band we have a great opportunity to record more. A lot is going to depend on our show schedule this summer because we live to play live, but we want to have a polished full-length before the year is out for sure.



Where are the best places to play, and what's the greatest show you feel you've ever put on?

It's really all about turnout. The more people the better. All our favorite bands played arenas in their heydays and driving a roaring crowd to the brink of insanity is what rock and roll is all about. Our biggest show was at Bunk Bar a few months ago. It was a sold out show, featured our first genuine mosh pit, and since then strangers at the grocery store will ask me about Warpfire. It was a fucking blast! Liquor Store always has a great turnout and great sound. The Twilight Lounge has this awe-some four foot stage that makes you feel like you're part of a cavalry charge when you go on... And I can't forget house shows. When you play in a basement there's an anarchic energy that you just can't get at a "proper" venue.

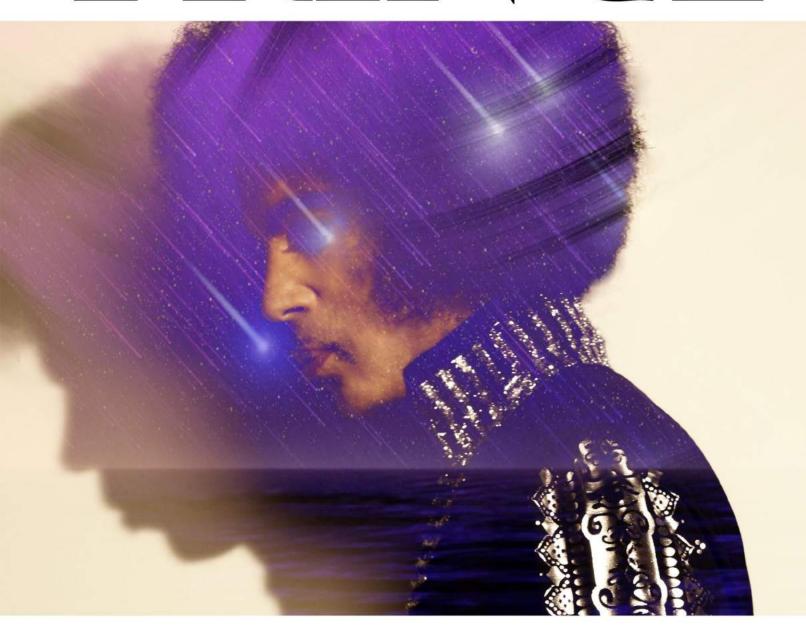
And finally, what's the future for WARPFIRE?

Shows, shirts, videos, tours, double LP concept albums. Maybe a Warpfire coffin ala the aforementioned Kiss. We're not really forecasting too far ahead at the moment, just riding the warp wave, working our butts off and saying yes to everything we can.





PRINCE



THE LATE GREAT RULER OF THE NIGHT



PRINCE ROGER NELSON June 7, 1958 – April 21, 2016

Prince Rogers Nelson, known to most of us as simply the mononym Prince, passed away at the age of 57 on April 21. He was the jump in our step. Our sense of sex appeal and understanding. In "Sign O'The Times" he sang to us a simple melody of the monsters in our closets, a generation beneath a Cold War and a scary rebellion. In "When Doves Cry" he spoke to us the tension of love and tragedy. In "Purple Rain" he bathed us in an ambiance that was out of this world. He taught us that we could be sexy and strong and still have moral integrity. That we could be a symbol and a person. He taught us that no one could own us. With him we transcend eras, ideals, and with strong hearts we loved. We loved deeply. We have felt a great loss because now there is a Prince shaped hole in the world where there once was a king.

He was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota on June 7, 1958. His father was a concert pianist and songwriter and his mother a jazz singer. Prince was named after his father's stage name, Prince Rogers. For nearly 40 years, his impact and influence resonated throughout the music industry, creating a cultural footprint that will surely not be washed away with time.

With a studio discography that would literally take at least a page in and of itself to list, since 1978 - Prince had been perhaps the hardest working musician, possibly the hardest working entertainer, that the world had ever seen. He had released at least an album every year for his entire career, if he ever skipped a beat, he would just make up for it by releasing multiple albums the next year. His commitment to his work, his art, and his fans is not something that could ever be understated.

There is no singular moment we can point to that would adequately define the mark that Prince has left in the world. And perhaps that is what we can appreciate most about one of the most singularly unique artists to ever perform - the fact that we can't distill his career down to any smaller pieces. Prince was the sum of all his parts, a musician, artist and a flawed human being. But he strived to leave behind love in everything he did. He certainly succeeded, and he will be missed tremendously.

Let the purple rain wash over.



Lips like Kerouac's that
herald a soft voice
and challenge the myth of manhood
and lie of angels and bums
and tell poetry in the dark
and brush a thousand bottlenecks
and kiss as sweetly
run along thigh
up belly chest neck
until they meet lips like mine



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Is it blood or
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is it iron,

this heavy fluid in my veins?

Is my heart a vacuum,

or is the self-contained pressure

a side-effect of a

closed circulatory system?

Is that wet

thud, thud, thud

a thunderous effort

of electric soul beating back

against gravity?

Is the gentle

pulse

a sign of life?

Do the sparks that drive

the muscle

light up the dark

when they

shock the flesh?

P.K.





Responsibility to yourself means refusing to let others do your thinking, talking, and naming for you...it means that you do not treat your body as a commodity with which to purchase superficial intimacy or economic security; for our bodies to be treated as objects, our minds are in mortal danger. It means insisting that those to whom you give your friendship and love are able to respect your mind. It means being able to say, with Charlotte Bronte's Jane Eyre: "I have an inward treasure born with me, which can keep me alive if all the extraneous delights should be withheld or offered only at a price I cannot afford to give.

Responsibility to yourself means that you don't fall for shallow and easy solutions--predigested books and ideas... marrying early as an escape from real decisions, getting pregnant as an evasion of already existing problems.

It means that you refuse to sell your talents and aspirations short... and this, in turn, means resisting the forces in society which say that women should be nice, play safe, have low professional expectations, drown in love and forget about work, live through others, and stay in the places assigned to us.

It means that we insist on a life of meaningful work,

insist that work be as meaningful as love and friendship in our lives.

It means, therefore, the courage to be "different"...

The difference between a life lived actively,

and a life of passive drifting and dispersal of energies,

is an immense difference. Once we begin to feel committed to our lives,

responsible to ourselves, we can never again

be satisfied with the old,

passive way.

Adrienne Rich

PIECING TOGETHER THE PAST WITH



PETER B. LEIGHTON FEATURED ARTIST

Peter B. Leighton is a photographer paving the way for a new age in the medium. He was raised in a small country town in Texas where his



PURITY OF INTENT



FIRST I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR SITTING DOWN WITH US TO DISCUSS THE BEAUTIFUL WORK YOU'VE PRODUCED THAT WILL NOW BE SHOWN IN THE BLUE SKY GALLERY. WILL YOU SHARE WITH US A LITTLE OF YOUR JOURNEY THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY. WHAT IS YOUR HISTORY IN DIGITAL MEDIA?

Thank you, Amanda! I'm pleased you invited me to participate.

In the early 1970s, just out of university, I happened to meet a photographer a few years older than I was teaching at an art school in San Antonio, Texas. He had studied in England and had been committed to documenting the growing rock scene there. At the time I met him, he had a National Endowment Grant and needed an assistant. I didn't know anything about photography but was captivated by the work he was doing and the energy he brought to it. So, I talked my way into his darkroom and learned on the job. I've remained in thrall to the medium and its history ever since.

I bought my first Macintosh in 1986. And the first time I opened SuperPaint, the digital drawing program that came with it, I understood that it was only a matter of time before the nature of photography would dramatically change—and I was totally open to the idea.

In the early 1990s I acquired my first copy of Photoshop. By then, I'd changed careers to feed my digital habit and was working as an eMedia Specialist for an educational publishing company, programming CD-ROM titles. My free time, however, was spent climbing Photoshop's learning curve.

In those early years, digital photography as we know it today was still emerging, and I was intent on playing the long game: preparing myself for a time when I could put together an affordable digital process that I could control: from pushing the camera's shutter to printing an image that rivaled existing chemical processes.

That moment came in the mid-aughts when I purchased my first digital camera and when digital inks and papers had matured and affordable printers had been developed to print at photographic resolutions.



HOW HAVE YOUR VIEWS ON PHOTOGRAPHY CHANGED WITH THE INTRODUCTION TO DIGITAL MEDIA?

Good question. Throughout the 20th century, photography, like a one-celled organism, evolved on a relatively linear path from one stage of development to another. The advent of digital technologies upset that equation. In Photoshop, for example, the options available to the user to create images are endless. In fact, in many ways, Photoshop is misnamed because its functionality as an image-making tool extends far beyond the boundaries of photography.

Today, we're living through a technological Cambrian-style Explosion in which new ways of approaching life's opportunities and challenges are continually emerging and evolving. This churn is reflected across the board in the arts. In just a few years, after almost a century of limited change, the photography land-scape has atomized, accessible to anyone with a smart phone. Everyone, as the social critics say, is a "photographer" now, every moment is decisive to someone somewhere. Our culture has subsumed the visual vocabulary of photography completely, to the degree that most of us no longer think about how radical a shift in communication this is.

My take is that the tent that is photography today isn't large enough to contain all that the art form is becoming. In this sense, I actually think of myself as a digital printmaker focused on photography—and on its history and traditions—rather than as a photographer per se. And my images, in my view, really aren't photographs: They are digital prints concerned with how the medium of photography has shaped the way we frame the world we live in.

They are also about how the lines between traditional printmaking, photography and digital print processes are blurring. For example, I recently took a photogravure class in which most students there were analog photographers. They scanned their analog prints developed in a darkroom into a computer, then printed these to light sensitive polymer plates. After which they were developed and hardened, and then coated with traditional printmaking inks and printed out using I00-year-old printing presses.

We see an equivalence of this blurring in music when Kanye West, for example, uses digital technologies to embellish his music with samples from from other artists and from random audio clips, many of which were digitized from analog tape and vinyl records.

WHAT IS YOUR PROCESS AND WHAT TYPES OF TOOLS DO YOU USE TO PRODUCE YOUR WORK?

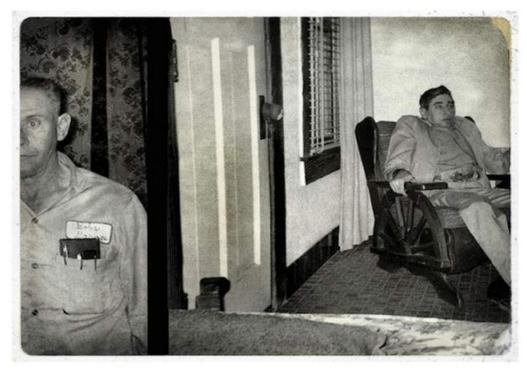
My goal from the very beginning was to someday assemble a digital darkroom, cheaper in cost than a chemical-based one, that would fit on a standard sized dining room table. For me, at the moment, that means an Epson 13x19 inch format printer, an Epson scanner, my MacBook Pro, and a 20" Wacom Cintiq tablet.

Photoshop is my primary tool. The fact that Photoshop offers so many different ways to approach image-making required that I think early on about what kind of path I wanted to take on the Photoshop learning curve. I knew I didn't want to do slick, high end commercial work while most of the instructional materials written in the 90s were aimed only at making that option easier and more efficient. So, at a certain point I stopped resourcing them and started finding my own way. I wasn't after the fastest way to do the work. I was after the most effective way to realize my vision, based on how I was wired and how I processed information.

Finally, I consider it critical that I do my own printing. I'm pretty anal about it. The hard copy print, after all, should be the ultimate goal. Why spend hours perfecting your image in a computer if you're going to send it off to a third party, most of whom don't add any collaborative value beyond printing it?

These days I average about five proofs before I begin editioning. I like to print my first proof and immediately tape it on the wall, so I can live with it for a few days, mentally recording my reaction to it and determining what i nitial tweaks I need to make.





An image will never print the way it appears on screen, no matter how well calibrated your set up is. So, my first couple of proofs are important benchmarks technically. They're also important in terms of determining whether or not the image is working visually. I've tossed more than one print out at this stage because I've realized it simply doesn't speak to me in print the way it did on screen.

WHAT ADVICE WOULD YOU GIVE WORKING ARTISTS THESE DAYS WHO WANT TO MOVE TOWARD A MORE FINE ARTS ROUTE?

Many years ago now I wrote the following set of principles. They were ideas I felt I needed to keep in mind if I was going to live an artist's life. The world we live in today doesn't nec-

- necessarily welcome it's artists with open arms—while, on the other hand, the impulse to make art isn't easily suppressed. Given this scenario, something usually has to give if we're going to thrive, if not financially, then psychologically as fine artists. In summary, if making money is more important to you than making art, don't pursue fine art. There are many other, more lucrative options available to young creatives today.

THE FUNDAMENTS OF ART

Fundament I: art is ANY process that captures and actively engages the imagination at a level that transcends reason.

Fundament 2: Anything can be the stuff of art. There are no exceptions.

Fundament 3: art has no intrinsic, convertible economic value.

Fundament 4: Who the artist is ultimately is always more important than what the artist does.

Fundament 5: The difference between purity of intent and satisfying the demands of the marketplace is the level of passion brought to the effort. Fundament 6: What can be shown, often cannot be said.

Fundament 7: art becomes ART at that point where creativity, commerce and celebrity converge.

Fundament 8: art is organic, spontaneous and ephemeral. ART is categorized, objectified and preserved. In between lies a darwinian jungle of pretension, bias, intellectual tomfoolery and economic self interest.

Fundament 9: ART is dependent on economic exclusivity for its raison d'être, meaning that, as a category, it can only support the weight of a market that may well number no more than a few thousand people worldwide, living in a bubble whose stake in sustaining itself is so great that it is impossible for its membership to recognize the essential artificiality and precariousness of its existence.

Fundament 10: Don't give up your day job.



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF PHOTOGRAPHY AS A GROWING ART FORM? DO YOU CONSIDER PHOTOGRAPHY AS CONTEMPORARY ART FORM FITTING IN A FINE ARTS CATEGORY?

As I suggested earlier, I think photography is both growing as an art form, fragmenting, and morphing, all at the same time.

In one sense, the medium has evolved into an indispensable toy for the masses to play with. One could rationally argue that photography is the single most reason for the Internet to exist as we know it today. In this context, scanners and digital cameras and the images they record have become the pencil and paper of our age. In response, there are "old school" photographers practicing in our midst now, who eschew all things digital, making their own cameras and papers, along with concocting their own darkroom chemicals.



THE PARTY THAT NEVER ENDS



Somewhere in between, then, there are forward thinking artists asking all the right questions, who are very busy exploring the vast territory of the digital unknown. I think art historians will look back on this time as one of unprecedented innovation. Given the enormous amount of content digital artists, including photographers, are creating now, it will, also, take future curators and archivists centuries to fully annotate the revolution that is currently unfolding.

As for those of us trying to find our way today, there are no predictable linear paths, no road maps through the thicket of experimentation and rapid innovation that we're experiencing. Thus, as Douglas Rushkoff advises, "We may not know where we're going anymore, but we're going to get there a whole lot faster."

YOUR PIECE, "MAN LIVES THROUGH PLUTONIUM BLAST" IS BEAUTIFUL DECONSTRUCTION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ELEMENTS OF AMERICAN CULTURE. WERE THERE ANY PERSONAL OR OUTSIDE INFLUENCES THAT REALLY MOVED THE WORK?

First, my work is deeply influenced by the history of 20th century vernacular photography. This is the period when our first common visual vocabulary was developed, when ordinary people learned to pose and to smile and to celebrate and document the everyday for themselves. I've also been greatly influenced by several mid-century photographers: Garry Winogrand, Robert Frank, Diane Arbus, of course, Ralph Gibson, and Duane Michals, just to name a few.

Culturally, I came of age in the 1960s. Most of my life has been lived in the latter half of the twentieth century when the foundational elements of our current century, for better or worse, were being bricked and mortared. I'm interested in connecting these two eras in my work. "Man Lives Through Plutonium Blast" came about as a result. In it, I aimed to bridge the analog twentieth century with the digital twenty-first by creating a project evolving from analog snapshots into digital recreations of my subjective past.

WHERE DO YOU ACQUIRE THE PHOTOGRAPHS THAT YOU COMPOSITE? IS IT ALL DIGITAL OR DO YOU FIND PIECES?

All of my source materials are analog snapshots collected from junk shops and estate sales and so forth. Although I do sometimes insert digital elements from photographs I've taken myself.

YOUR WORKING PIECE "PERFECT STRANGERS" IS ALSO A SIMILARLY DIGITALLY PAINTED PHOTO-GRAPHIC PIECE THAT CREATES INTERPRETATIONS OF OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS TO PRODUCE ENTIRE-LY NEW ONES. WHERE DID THIS IDEA COME ABOUT AND HOW HAVE YOU GONE ABOUT CREATING THESE WORKS?

"Perfect Strangers" refers to the idea that the snapshots I've collected are inherited as discards no longer wanted by the descendants of the people who were pictured in them. Most of these discards aren't all that interesting compositionally, and the persons pictured are, in fact, strangers, unknown to me, people whose names and pasts are lost to history. My impulse is to place these characters in a different, and hopefully more compelling, context and provide them with a new narrative and reason for being.

WHAT IS THE BIGGEST FEAR FACTOR AND THE BIGGEST OBSTACLES IN CREATING THESE TYPES OF WORKS?

- (I) The biggest fear factor: Not having enough funding to complete a project
- (2) The biggest obstacle: Not having enough funding to complete a project

That said, any working artist exploring uncharted waters has to also face the possibility that once their project is completed no one will understand it the way it was intended. That he or she has somehow completely failed to connect with any audience anywhere. Herein lies the tension between anonymity and recognition most artists live with in a competitive, consumerist society. While we make art to satisfy an inner need, whether we have an for audience or not, most of us, nonetheless, do aspire to exhibit our work to not only validate what we do but to also, hopefully, fund our efforts.

Two extreme examples on this spectrum come to mind. On one end is Francesca Woodman, who in her early twenties was doing photography precociously ahead of her time and who, as a young woman and still a student, was desperate to be recognized for her work. Failing to receive recognition while living, she committed suicide at 22 in 1981. On the spectrum's other end is Vivian Maier, who found a way to photograph in total anonymity and survive by working as a nanny for over 40 years, dying in 2009. She seemed to live quite happily as an unknown photographer, thousands of her negatives discovered only accidentally in a card board box after her death.

WE WANT TO THANK YOU AGAIN FOR SITTING DOWN WITH US AND ANSWERING OUR QUESTIONS. BOTH YOUR PIECES ARE AT THE FOREFRONT OF CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHY AND SHOWCASE A LOT OF BEAUTIFUL INTIMATE SNAPSHOTS INTO AMERICAN CULTURE BOTH PRIVATE AND PUBLIC. OUR FINAL QUESTION IS: AS AN ARTIST WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO LEAVE WITH THE WORLD?

A uniquely human impulse drives creators and collectors to express their sense of the world through the frames of the artifacts they either make or collect. In this spirit, I crafted a mission statement many years ago which noted that over time I wanted to first develop a cohesive body of work and next that I wanted this work to someday be collectible and collected.

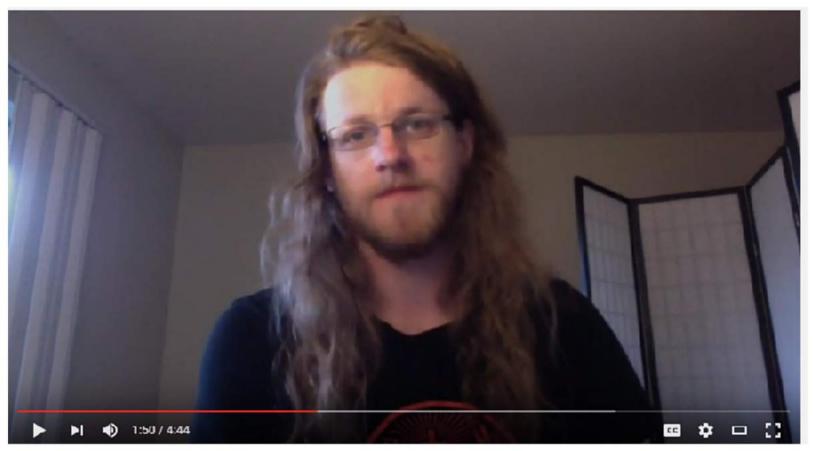
George Saunders, a short story writer, has said that he thinks a good story should be like a black box that the reader enters on one end and exits on the other, transformed in some way. I think this is how any work of art should be measured. I couldn't hope for more, then, than to leave a body of my own work behind that aspires to realize this idea.





A RUNNING CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO ARTISTS AS THEY DISCUSS LOVE, SEX, INTIMACY, AND THE ONGOING STRUGGLE TO BE KNOWN.
WITH BRIAN T. BAKER & MEGEAN MCBRIDE.

WHEN BRIAN T. BAKER POSTED A VIDEO OF SPOKEN WORD ON FACEBOOK IT ALMOST WENT UNSEEN.



HTTPS://YOUTU.BE/K8QHUTKOWV8

RESPONSE

I'm not a bird to capture or a fleeting thing or something that only blooms in spring. Perhaps like a winters dove solidly fleeing toward a vast open space because of the cage I once held home. I'm not the cathartic movement from the lines you trace. I'm just a girl. Not ethereal or angelic barely managing hard on copasetic. I'm just a girl. And you are just a boy poetic and kind. Incredibly worthy of time but no time do I have to offer you now. When I have just learned of allowing myself the space in my own head, of giving myself the ability to own my own body, and of not having a broken existence. I am just healing from losing a world I knew clearly and finally finding where I fit now. I am just being.

People often feel that in the midst of chaos others can save them, like if they just held onto the hand of another it would make everything all right. And the earth would be still and the walls would disappear and the hurricane would suddenly cease to exist just beyond, but it doesn't. And this ideal that you have of me is just as clear as the illusion you have of your own love toward me, because I am just a girl. I am not a chance.

I eat hotdogs at two A.M. and I cry about my body weight. I often times miss due dates and time stamps because I haven't the head space for them. My house is a mess and even more so my mind. And the crimes I have committed against my own mental health are numerous. I am flawed. I am very very flawed. I am angled bent in an impossibly abstract way. And nothing about the wanting of that is poetic. So, please do not feel as if you could free me of my own design because it won't happen. Please do not feel as if this is a rejection of your being because it is not. You are wonderful. Every piece of you was created by the universe for a purpose. An entire cosmos of love and sanity. But I am just a girl.

DEAR MUSE- FROM BRIAN

Through your life and stages
Wandering around wide-eyed
Somewhere in the early ages
Someone pulled you aside (to say)

You are just a girl

Losses lingering in this jabbing din Prickled and stabbed under your skin Creating doubt too deep to undo Self-negative-talk telling you

You are just a girl

Fighting through that nagging voice Not allowing sex to define choice You pursue dreams bold and new And on you own, no one supporting you

You are just a girl

But there's a haunting echo when Things get bad and worse again All the abuse you've done to yourself Fall back in tears and poor health

You are just a girl

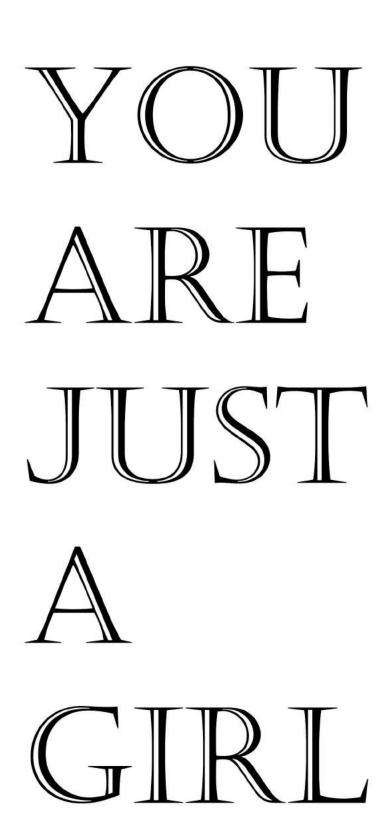
Even in these times of stress
Over-scheduled hecticness
Your body bruised and angles bent
Find true meaning, in what they meant (by)

You are just a girl
You are a girl comprised of poetry and vision
Making people double-take at your precision
Ability, artwork, hustle, and consistency
You are a girl of intelligence and family
And an essence that goes beyond humanity

You are just a girl

That has survived much trauma and hurt But you haven't lost any self-worth You are a girl with baggage and flaws But you stand, dinged cases in hand, And dance — into the fires and flowers

And you are just a girl.



STAN

DEAR BRIAN

How am I your muse?

Please tell me how you know me,
How am I to further your journey?
Through my sex?
the breaking of my soul?
the giving of the deepest parts of me?
Let me peel away my skin and fashion it into something you can adorn your many dreams to,

I wonder what it would take for you to know me. The pain that aches within my bones.
Would you want to turn my flesh inside out and crawl inside,
to touch something deeper
or find something that had never been touched,

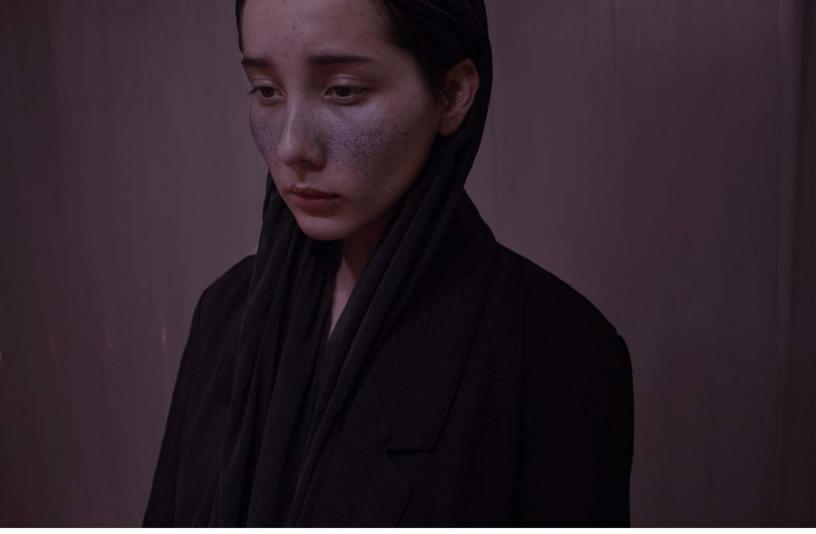
I know you think you know me,
You think my pain is this story book disaster,
I hurt almost everywhere all at once,
A hurricane of lost causes and empty fucks,
And yet somehow you say its beautiful,
I'll slit my throat and paint something for your wall,
So you can take it all,
So you can take it all,

How can you know me, When i'm very far away,

Please water me down to an idea and chase it down in your good ol' boy days,

EUGENE WILDISH





EUGENE WILDISH, YOUR ARTWORK IS ENIGMATIC AND OFTEN INCREDIBLY EMOTIONAL. YOU USE YOURSELF AS AN EMBODIMENT OF SOMETHING ENTIRELY OUT OF THIS WORLD. AT TIMES YOU ARE THE MUSE, THE ARTIST, ANDROGYNOUS, FEMININE, AND ALL THINGS AT ONCE. YOU INSPIRE THE SENSE OF THE SELF IN THE VIEWER TO COME TO THE FOREFRONT AND START TALKING. WE'D LIKE TO KNOW A LITTLE MORE ABOUT YOU. TELL US ABOUT YOURSELF AND HOW YOU CAME TO BE?

Hello! I have taken photos for as long as I can remember. I started out shooting snapshots mostly on 35mm. The women in my family were always taking pictures. My abuelitos got me a tiny reusable 35mm point and shoot when I was I0 or so, I think because I was always so fascinated by it. I would snap a faceless nose, a plastic jewel, bugs... that sort of thing. My home base for years was a pecan orchard in the Chihuahuan desert that included extended family and sometimes others. I loved to roam around feeling feral, climbing everything and playing out these fantastical stories in my mind. Everything was a musical instrument or a poem or menacing. Always somehow hyperreal. I was also very interested in the sciences and the way things worked and would spend entire evenings taking apart tiny music boxes and radios. My brothers and I made smoke bombs and fireworks and weapons for the wild. We'd gather our cousins and make comedy skits. My curiosity often got me into varying degrees of trouble and I had a penchant for breaking rules when I felt they were unjust or illogical. I was lucky to have an environment where I was able to do any of these things even if some of them were sneaky. It wasn't always lighthearted but I learned a lot and I wouldn't change anything.

Everyone and everything I came into contact with would just fuel these vivid scenes in my head. My family moved to the midwest when I was I4 for nearly two years and, being Mexican, it is customary on a 15th birthday to have a quinceañera. I was not terribly excited about it, however. I had my first huge culture shock seeing so many bright eyes in real life (at the time I had an inexplicably severe reaction to learning about biscuits and gravy as a concept) and nobody even knew what quinceañera was so I felt alien. There were a lot of reasons but I was given the option by my parents of a special gift. I did a lot of research with regards to price and functionality, presented them with my work and was given my first digital camera. It was a rebel series Canon and it opened a lot of doors with experimentation..

At the time I got my first camera I was very into Joel Peter Witkin. There was another artist I can think of right now, Sarita Vendetta, her work was archived online at La Luz De Jesus and I initially found her illustrations in a translation of the book Struwwelpeter by Heinrich Hoffman. I was too shy to ask others to model for me then and wasn't confident in my abilities so I started taking self-portraits. I have been prone to disassociation and related things and to this day sometimes I can see a photo of myself and know that it is "me" but it feels surreal. I've been shooting for a while and there is a lot to it. I don't see it as a thing that I do but as an extension of my reality. It is all a little strange. It is vital. I left home at I6 and art became my only constant. I owe my life. I am paying my dues.

WHAT INSPIRES YOU THE MOST? DO YOU DRAW FROM MUSIC, BOOKS, PEOPLE, ETC?

I think I find inspiration through the complexities of how all of these things connect. People, definitely, but almost anything can send me down this road of questioning things. It is certainly something that I make an effort to rein in because I have to do things like work and pay bills and all that. I think it is almost childlike but it is very important. To wonder.

WHAT IS THE PROCESS BY WHICH YOU GO ABOUT TAKING A PORTRAIT?

The crux exists mostly when I am in a very emotional zone bordering on too overwhelmed to function. I can be very sensitive to other peoples emotions as well so this just comes around and does so often. It is a difficult thing to explain. It feels instinctual and I suddenly get incredibly focused so it can come on at an impulse with zero/minimal planning and I enjoy the challenge of taking whatever I have around me and making it work. It makes me laugh. I feel like that is part of it. Take what exists around you, hold it up to the light and transform it. It reminds me, aside from the visuals, humans are very interesting in that we are just these clueless bipeds. We have the capacity to imagine things and believe we are supposed to be "happy" without knowing what that means. It's just another form of language. I used to call everything I did "notes" in the "taking notes" sense. I am reminded of how silly it is that people in general spend their time worrying about everything. Pretending we know anything. None of us are immune.

HOW DOES YOUR SELF-PORTRAITURE AND YOUR PROCESS CHANGE WHEN YOU TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS OF OTHER PEOPLE?

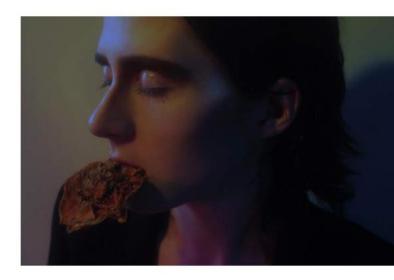
When I shoot other people I try very hard to plan things out at least a little bit. I think I get a general sense of people fairly quickly and because there is a clear goal of creating something it gives me the freedom to explore that and capture them in a way that they hopefully appreciate. I think I have to (I hope this doesn't sound creepy) fall in love a bit in some way, however briefly. All that really takes is practiced empathy. I try to see everyone as simply human. None "better" or "worse" but everyone a little different and equally worthy. This helps me a little to question any automatic thoughts and judgements and just let the person in front of me be and be beautiful. I am so grateful for all the people who have ever allowed me to take photos of them.

WHAT WOULD YOU HOPE TO ACHIEVE IN YOUR ART PRACTICE?

I am constantly trying different things. I really just want to learn and try as much as I can and hear other peoples stories. I present myself as hyper-feminine at times and that's not really how I am mostly. I have been afraid to openly explore overtly political themes in my art (which is something I talk and think about a lot in real life.) I am not entirely comfortable with the idea of myself consistently advertising something like #i-haventshavedinlikefiveyears or #uberqueer or #suchandsuchsurvivor #lat-inxpride #neurodiverse. There are so many things and I am a bit protective of them. I think that staying true to who I am in life will ultimately come through regardless. Art is inherently political and that isn't a matter of opinion it is a matter of willingness to actively engage. Inaction is a choice. I have been thinking of how to better bridge this gap in a way that works



"ART IS INHERENTLY
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for me for a long time. Our realities are so nuanced. I think if I can ultimately find a way to use my strengths, privileges, experiences and skills to lift the voices of or inspire others who are marginalized in some capacity then I will have payed something back to those who have done the same for me. It is a process.

I am inspired by those who do stand loud and proud but for the time being if I incorporate something like that I often don't mention it and just let it exist because it is important in my mind to normalize those things, however subtly. To let anyone who wants to get lost in a dream for a moment do that. Life can be so heavy.

Jeanette Winterson once said, "Art is enchantment and artists have the right spells..." If this is true that your art world often resemble that of a self-made muse in the most beautiful way. How do you go about pieces that are emotional or have darker subject matter?

I take things I wish I could say or don't know how to say yet and let it happen. It is always changing. It feels like a sort of acceptance that I can't explain. Sometimes the process is not pretty and anything but enchanting. I just give in.

IS ART A THERAPY TO YOU OR IS IT A TOOL IN WHICH YOU CREATE AN IDEA?

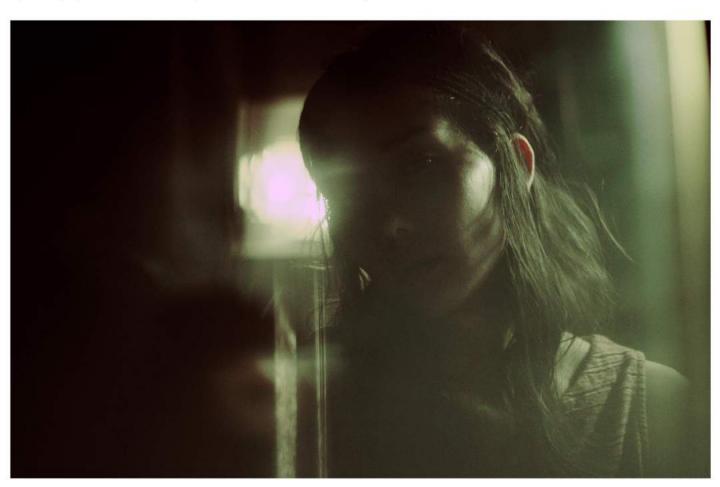
Sometimes it can be more one or more the other but I feel like the two exist together.

IN YOUR WORK A SUBTLE SENSE OF SEXUALITY PEAKS TO THE EDGE OF AN OPEN ABYSS OF INTI-MATE MOMENTS. HOW DOES YOUR SEXUALITY COME INTO PLAY IN YOUR OWN WORK?

I think sex can be very human and natural but there are also asexual people and they are just as human and natural. I am an extremely sexual person and that means what it means to me. Everyone is different. To me I think it gets too much attention from people in general as though it's some mystical or defining thing. Sex can be awkward, funny, sad, euphoric, soft, rough, silly, utterly intoxicating... just another part that comes to play in the imagery and it is not always intentional and it is not always tied in with nudity.

AND FINALLY, THIS ISSUE LINEAGE IS ON FEMINISM AND THE NEW WAVE OF FEMINISTS THAT ARE COMING OUT. WHAT IMPRINT WOULD YOU LIKE TO LEAVE ON THE NEW LANDSCAPE OF FEMINIST ISSUES?

I don't know how to answer that, I can talk for hours about it but I am just learning to find my voice. I am very excited, I think the most important thing any of us can do is continually ask questions. Listen to other people. Consume information critically. Think twice about the things we take for granted or assume and think about why. Unlearning is crucial. The hardest thing to accept is that our own egos get in our way and it never seems to get easier. Make mistakes and recognize them as such. Look for better answers so we can ask better questions. Things change constantly and we must try and stay open and lift each other up so we can all do better. Don't forget to drink lots of water.









In Leadership for a Better World, authors Susan R. Komives and Wendy Wagner, set up a social change model of leadership development that is meant to educate others on how to sustain proper leadership for a better future. The three core values of this model are individual, group, and community. These

values are interactive and as one value improved upon, positive change occurs across the other two values. The model is made up of the seven C's: collaboration, common purpose, controversy with civility, consciousness of self, congruence, commitment, and citizenship. Before this class I viewed the word leadership as the position of power that one person holds, who pushed others to produce work like a well-oiled machine. After reading Leadership for a Better World, I have begun to change my view on this subject. Not only because of the text but because overall I have made myself witness to something truly special. True leadership starts at home.

I am a photographer and an artist. My whole life and job rests on producing an image that is not only personally moving to my clients, but that produces a representation of something powerful enough to move a community. As an artist the most important thing you can produce within the industry is an obsolete icon that rests in the hearts and minds of the world and moves that world to act on a certain problem. It is not only an ideal that I seek after ambitiously as a conceptual artist, but I believe it is one of the most important tools used for social change. Photography is used everywhere in ads, propaganda, and art. All of these elements are used purposefully to work toward a certain goal. Perhaps the most important iconism used today is the hoodie, in reference to the Trayvon Martin case. This 'hoodie' iconism is the perfect example of how a simple machine like a camera can change society's thinking and lead to social change.

The Trayvon Martin case, where a 17 year old African American was shot unarmed in Florida by a neighborhood watch volunteer, George Zimmerman, made headlines. It was not simply the fatal shooting on a Floridian night that ended in the death of a young boy. It was the lack of prosecution and investigation that caused controversy. Initially Zimmerman used a law called "Stand Your Ground" to protect himself as a claim of self-defense stating that the boy was walking around strangely at night and wearing a hoodie which masked his face, causing due suspicion for the night watchman. It was this hoodie that would change two lives and the world. When you think of a hoodie it stands of a symbol of youth, young hooligans lollygagging about, possibly taggers painting a city, or even gang culture. Overtime the hoodie has been marketed specifically in the rap industry as an item of concealed fashion and thus has been etched in the minds of an older generation as an item of clothing worn by kids 'up to no good'. This delineation of a figure and a young boy's youthful complexion was enough for Zimmerman to follow him away from his car where an altercation took place. After the death many rallies, marches, and protests were held in order to challenge the Florida Sanford police's decision not to prosecute Zimmerman. Thousands of people all over the world gathered, all donning hoodies like that of the young boy. It quickly became a popular topic. When Trayvon Martin's picture was released, it was of him looking sadly at a camera wearing a grey hooded sweatshirt.

The hoodie is an important icon because it makes us question what we really see and perceive as being 'guilty'. Though it is simply a piece of cloth over a head it is also a symbol for what could be. With this one icon an amazing little thing happened within the hearts of 2.2 million people. A Consciousness of Self began where people were questioning, 'could this have been me based off of what I wore? Based off of my skin color? Based off of my age? Based off of the common perception of who I am not being beyond skin deep?'. In congruence with this, people all over the internet began to post photographs with their webcams, cell phones, and high tech cameras, pictures of them wearing hoodies as well. By doing this small act, they showed a commitment to questioning our societies 'skin deep' mentality. We began to question within ourselves not only the interpretation of the case but what we perceived as justice being brought about as an imperative. This person was only a boy in the sunrise of his life and he was taken away too soon without a second thought by a man who saw only his hoodie and what is represented. Thus, people began to question value of the individual.

Almost overnight the hoodie self-portraits spread like wild fire initiating the change of group values. People with a common purpose began to collaborate by changing their profile photographs all over the internet and making a very serious statement on not only this case but on race and culture in general. In this way, using an unpursued action by any one leader, we all created a culture where ideas were brought to attention. cont....

Trust was fostered by bringing about ideas that opened up doors to questions that should be posed in our society and the way we treat people. Controversy with Civility was used in a peaceful way to produce a "we" that interacts through imagery. That image of the hoodie that ended in a death and was used as an excuse was used purposefully as an icon to make us question our societal values. In this way snaps of photographs all over the world produced peaceful change and created a sense of citizenship and self-awareness by making us question our culture and bring about social change.

Photography is commonly perceived as an industry of vapid values. The images we tend to notice the most are the ones on magazines or in ads. We rarely see the ones we produce ourselves on our Facebook walls or in our papers. Photography is more than fashion. It is art. It is journalism. It is truth captured low tech or high tech. The Trayvon Martin case and its use of the hoodie and photography is a prime example of how photography can be used to bring about social change. Leadership for a Better World did not simply move me with ideas and models. It allowed me to become a senescent witness to the changes that happen all the time in my own world. I want to use the Social Change Model of Leadership Development as a way to use my art to produce images that will change the world. That starts with Consciousness of Self. "Consciousness of self requires an awareness of personal beliefs, values, attitudes, and emotions." It is by using my values and personal beliefs that I may be able to change at least at a personal level social change. We all snap a camera. When are we going to snap leadership for a better world?

Komives, Susan R., and Wendy Wagner. Leadership for a Better World: Understanding the Social Change Model of Leadership Development. San Francisco, CA: Jossey-Bass, 2009. Print.



As a young feminist I was recently met with a guilt party. Why was I not voting for Hillary Clinton when she was a woman? Why was I not voting for her when she had worked so hard? This man very specifically called me a "Hillary Hater" and told me I was pandering to Republican propaganda. I found it funny that this older white male was guilting me about my feminist vote as if my original opinion could not be respected. As if my having a vagina and her having a vagina somehow connected our worlds and ideals in such a way that I would stake my livelihood on her.

When Hillary Clinton first ran for president against Barack Obama, I was excited. I even considered campaigning for her at the time, but as the election ran on I switched over to compaigning for Obama. Her senseless pandering and cheap political tricks bothered me. Often she would cry or specifically pander to women but never speak of womens issues. As a woman I am less likely to receive proper healthcare, equal wage, justice in the criminal justice system, and basic rights to choice. These are very specific issues that are important and need to be addressed. However, Hillary Clinton's campaign then, and even now, would pander to women by showing what is normally seen as 'distinctly female' qualities and then never offer up solutions or real answers to the issues that women care most about. This is why when she first ran I did not vote for her in the Democratic primary. And it is not do us justice as women to vote for her simply because she is a woman. We must vote for her because she is a good candidate.

Now she is an entirely new beast with even greater problems. Whether its the way she corrupted the democratic system so much that votes aren't being counted or the fact she might be indicted before she even makes it to the general election. Hillary Clinton cannot (cont...)

her own record anymore. Now that Bernie seems out of the election hope seems dwindling and more and more we see people flocking behind 'the lesser of two evils'. When you tell us as voters to get behind the lesser of two evils you are telling us the system is broken. What you are saying is we are already in a corrupt political system that votes on gut reactions and magic ideals rather than facts, philosophy, ethics, data, and science and so we should give up and pander more. You degrade the hope that our system could be better. If we tell everyone that the real issue is in the world and what we care about doesn't matter than how can we ever change the world? If we say that ethical virtue is already lost and so its easier to vote for someone who disenfranchises so many people over someone who is racist and ignorant than what are we doing as people in our society?

We are the future. We. Now. We must be the ones to stand for justice, to preach for a higher standard. It does not help our country to settle and it does not push us forward to say settling would be easier. Of course it would be easier, but what decades of settling have taught us is that it leads to people like Hillary Clinton who has spent decades sidewinding the American people hoping we wouldn't see her doing it. You see, as a young girl I looked up to Hillary Clinton. I remember going into political science because she gave us hope that we could be more than wives and daughters. Women in any industry have to be held to a higher standard. We are taught that in order for us to make it anywhere we have to be stronger, smarter, and faster. We have to have more integrity and strength in our little pinkies than men have in their whole bodies. Otherwise it is not worth winning, because if we win without merit we are paving false roads for women in all industries. I know this feels, especially to me at times, like a sexist way of loking at things. Many men are exactly like Hilary. Many men pander to big business, flip flop on their ideals, and lie their way to the top. But if I am to have some hope that women will be treated equally and respectfully than I must hold myself and my candidates to a higher standard. Which I do for both sexes.

There is no point in winning if its on the beaten backs of others. Hillary, like most candidates like her, does not disserve to be president because she is the lesser of two evils. And if I am to, in good conscience, try to change the world around me by leading as an example I cannot keep my mouth shut and lift someone up who I do not believe in. This goes for any and all candidates. Do not allow yourself to settle because its easy.

TO THE VICTIMS OF THE PULSE NIGHT CLUB SHOOTING AND TO ALL THE FUTURE VICTIMS UNTIL WE CHANGE.

On June 11th of this year, another tragedy swept the nation as the Pulse nightclub in Orlando, Florida was senselessly and catastrophically washed in a wave of gunfire as the gunman, who also lost his own life, took 49 others with him and injured another 53. The lack of shock that we are experiencing as a populous should be disgusting to us right now. We can sit here and dismantle the shooter's motives, his hatred for other demographics, his hatred for Western culture - and we do this because otherwise we run the risk of the story appearing to read exactly the same as the last one. "Person gets angry, unleashes hail of gunfire on room full of people, killing _____ and injuring _____" is nearly a stock headline that could be read in any paper on any given day in what is supposed to be the shining example of civilization. We are the "leader of the first world," and yet we are also the only country where this has become part of our routine. We are no longer appalled and surprised, instead we shake our heads and move on, because it feels like the only way that is appropriate to react anymore.

We cannot allow this desensitization to continue. Again, I am not going to sit here and dismantle why exactly these acts keep occurring here over and over again. We can talk about gun rights and mental health, but I am not aiming to polarize or divide. I'm aiming for a call to reason. This is not a problem to the rest of

the world is experiencing, this is uniquely and exclusively American. Regardless of how routine this is starting to feel, regardless of how deep and intense the pain is - where the only way to properly cope with all of this repulsive violence is just to ignore it altogether, we must stay emotionally strong and powerful and confront these issues head on.

I do not know what the solution is. I do know this. Change needs to occur. Something has to give. We all, collectively, need to urge our Congressmen and Senators, our elected officials who represent us to do something other than use these events for something other than political posturing and petty party-line skirting. We must resist the overwhelming urge to sink into apathy, and force their hands. Start caring, keep caring - but go beyond caring and ACT. We must do all we can, collectively, as a general populous - to spread love to others and urge our politicians to get to the core of mass shootings in America and stop them from happening so frequently and mindlessly. We are becoming desensitized to mass murder, and I personally cannot help but feel that if we cannot get past this as a nation - sooner rather than later, the blood will be on all of our hands.

Our hearts, thoughts, and prayers go out to all of those affected by the shooting at Pulse. But more importantly, our actions will as well.



DIVINITY IS A SERIES THAT UTILIZES SURREALISTIC IMAGERY TO EXPLORE THE IDEA OF THE SELF AND THE OTHER. THE ARTIST CHANNELS THE OTHER PART OF THE SELF THROUGH COMPOSITE SELF PORTRAITS THAT SHOW AN ARCHETYPAL, ALIEN, AND UNEARTHLY VISUALS OF SPIRIT ANIMALS THAT HAVE NO LIMIT. A CALLING TO THE MOON FROM THE EARTH AND DREAMSCAPES THAT COME FROM BOTH BODY AND SOUL.











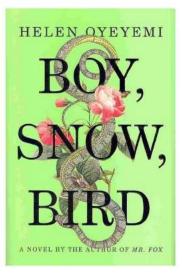


AN INTELLECTUAL ENTERPRISE

KNOWLEDGE IS COMPLETE POWER OVER YOURSELF. IT GOES BEYOND THE OPPRESSION OF OTHERS AND CURES ALL AILS OF THE HEART. AND THERE IS NOTHING SCARIER THAN AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN. HERE ARE SOME BOOKS EVERY WOMAN SHOULD READ.



EDITOR'S PICK —



Boy, Snow, Bird by Helen Oyeyemi is the kind of book you pick up and never put down. At first it brings you in with its effortless prose style and its insiteful herione that somehow understands us all. Boy is a young woman in the I950s that comes from an abusive household where her father is a rat catcher. She runs away to live in a small town where she is met with many questions on the struggle between love and the self. After marrying a widower who has a beautiful daughter named Snow the book turns to tackle entirely new monsters. Beasts that rear their heads out of our closets and into the very face of the ones that look us in the mirror everyday. It is a book that paints a very human exhibition on race, love, and tragedies that are skin deep and painful.

"... it's not whiteness itself that sets Them against Us, but the worship of whiteness. Same goes if you swap whiteness out for other things-- fancy possessions for sure, pedigree, maybe youth too... we beat Them (and spare ourselves a lot of tedium and terror) by declining to worship." -Helen Oyeyemi, Boy, Snow, Bird



again. If I could only stay awake beyond this warmth

and remember the beautiful pictures my mind, or

our minds, lying so close to one another, draw. I ...

...

See More



Samantha Loren
June 8 at 7:21am · @

abortion as a piece of it

First, I have to get some things out of the way. What's been aching at me over my own past.

The walk back from the doctor's office to the house I rented just three blocks away is crystal.

"Well, it's your choice what to do now. It's your body." He said. It is my choice? Now? My choice for what? In my mind, I couldn't un-become a mother.

I couldn't unravel this pregnancy. It was a factual state. I could choose either to go forward or I could kill what grew inside me.

"What are you going to do now?" My mother asked.

...

See More

Maybe I don't have to be so scared of it after all?

Maybe it's okay to say what I want to say.

Maybe no one is stopping me from speaking it very loudly (now) and maybe I will have support.

I would like to see a film dedicated to mothering in the early years.

I would like it if motherhood and women and people who know how to care were to be the political group of people that shapes the world's humanities.

...

See More











Samantha Loren

June 7 at 12:34pm · @

uncovering mothering

I have decided to write public notes every day as the first thing I do when I wake up (and as I am writing this last/first line, my son woke up and needed me to get him ready and take him to school) in order to fight my own disappearance (in the course of this one sentence I made three breakfast items and put up curtains) and to maintain my regular appearance within the world.

I have been scared to speak because I don't know if it is safe to write what I feel. I have been scared because I didn't know what it would be or if it would be used against me to take away my child. I have been scared...

UNCOVERING MOTHERING

Samantha Loren was born in the city of Yakima, Washington also known as the Palm Springs of Washington. She is a lifebased artist, curator, and writer having degrees in Graphic Design from the Art Institute of Seattle and Art Practices from Portland State University in Portland, Oregon. She is currently pursuing a minor in Queer Studies while raising her four year old son, Odin Spero.

AN ARTISTIC PRACTICE BY SAMANTHA PETERS

Samantha Loren founded and organizes the student group Camera Arts Society in 2014, a student group focused on relevant photographic programming and community documentary work. Loren has exhibited her work twice in the Juried Student Show at Littman and White Galleries, creating the online gallery 'Unjuried Student Exhibition' in response to it. Loren has written or exhibited with Compliance Division, Actually People Quarterly and remains at work on an ongoing series of writings and research titled 'Revealing Motherhood.'

uncovering mothering



SAMANTHA LOREN - TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 2016 @

I have decided to write public notes every day as the first thing I do when I wake up (and as I am writing this last/first line, my son woke up and needed me to get him ready and take him to school) in order to fight my own disappearance (in the course of this one sentence I made three breakfast items and put up curtains) and to maintain my regular appearance within the world.

I have been scared to speak because I don't know if it is safe to write what I feel. I have been scared because I didn't know what it would be or if it would be used against me to take away my child. I have been scared because it didn't seem like the world had time for me or for what I do or the care of mothering, For a long time, I didn't see mothers as mothers in many public places, and when I did it was like they were just fixtures, objects with no history and no thoughts or opinions, just there to be alive for their children. I have been scared by so many things, and I have been scared that people will just keep telling me I am complaining, when I think it is just regular shit you get done every day.

WHERE ARE THE MOTHER NARRATIVES? WHERE IS THE SUPPORT? WHERE ARE THE LIVES OF PREGNANT WOMEN AND WOMEN WITH CHILDREN IN INFANCY?

"Feeling like the stuff I know how to navigate is so invisible that no one sees it, so no one knows how to appreciate it. Guess I just got to be articulate about that shit."

In response to the responses I am going to try to be public because, what do I have to lose?





*Why Can't Great Artists Be t Mothers? by Jacoba Urist 05.21.15 in Women in the World

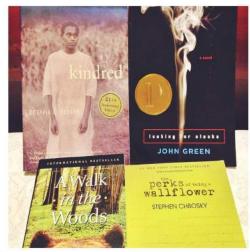
*A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Mom by Kim Brooks in the Cut Cover Story

*Tell Me About Your Mother... by Birdie Squires in LEFT-LION MAGAZINE

*Having a Baby Left Me With No Career Path. It Was The Best Thing To Happen by Annie Ridout in the Gaurdian

*Good Bones A poem by Maggie Smith





ALEXANDRIA TAYLOR



"If I could grant upon peace of mind, if you could bet me inside your heart... Oh, let me part of the nourratine!"

- Lin Manual Miranda



What do you feel is your biggest triumph?

My biggest triumph I'd say would be empathy. I think there have been a lot of crossroads opportunities in the past few years with my disabilities and my trauma where I could have chosen a path of further closing myself off, but I made a choice that was difficult for me, which was to be vulnerable and to let people in. Ultimately, I think it's been very valuable in my healing.

Finally, we want to thank you for sitting down with us to interview you. We only have one last question. After all is said and done, even in your young age now, what kind of imprint do you want to leave on the world? What do you want to leave with others?

I want to remind others that their stories matter. I want to unravel the notion that just because there are so many people are on this planet, our experiences become obsolete; when we value our experiences as truths, I think that this only spreads into seeing the stories around us as valid and true, as well. If that can happen, then my work to contributing towards empathy is on its way.



OUR FAVORITE VLOG'S



Alex Beadon for mentoring in photography & business.



Comunity Channel your best friend for those long nights.



Mercy & LuLu for all your sexy questions.

What made you start your 365 project?

I initially started my 365 photos project in 2013 as a more accessible form of documenting my life. I have been a blogger since 2009, however as my life has changed, I found that the standard form of big blocks of text was not true to my identity and I wanted something new. My solution? Instagram. One photo, everyday, for a whole year. I may not be able to do a whole blog post, but I knew I could manage a caption, and once I finished the year, and found how cathartic it was to use this new space as my journal, I've continued sharing ever since.

How does your Instagram "photo a day" differ from your youtube channel?

My Instagram and YouTube platforms are quite different. Although I wish I could be one of the vloggers who films and posts a video everyday, my schedule and my disabilities do not allow for that, so for me, my photo a day series is an honest look into my life. I've never been one

for deception, so I aim for as much transparency as I can manage within the space of that small square. I use my captions to be honest about my life, and when I am physically able to, I collect my experiences and transition them over to the You Tube platform.

What is your favorite experience that has come from this project?

My favorite experience from sharing a photo a day is looking at TimeHop everyday and seeing how my photos have changed. Since I have quite a collection now, not only has my editing style changed, but I've become more comfortable in being vulnerable. There is an assumption that our online selves need to be sculpted into perfection that no longer resembles ourselves, and everyday I try to break down that as sumption. I've never felt right about fitting into molds, whether that be uncomfortable jeans or pretending to be someone I'm not, and I try to make sure my online voice reflects that.

What have been some of your biggest fears?

Ooh, fears. Good question. I usually don't include others in my photos. Not because the people around me are opposed to it, or are not aware of what I do, but because I worry about putting them in my story and what that means. I like to keep an 85/15 approach to my life online when it comes to sharing, so that I5% I keep private is sacred.

What inspires you the most as a human being?

I want to say that everything inspires me. I am very easily inspired and carried about by the prospect of new projects and ideas. I get such a thrill and adrenaline by new things that I'm happy I don't imbibe caffeine. If I had to narrow it down though, I would say I am inspired by other creative minds, I am inspired by honesty, and I am inspired by empathy.

You're an activist in many parts of the community. What are your main goals? My main goals within my activism are to emphasize the power of personal testimony. There are so many individuals telling powerful, valuable truths through





their stories, and I want to emphasize through my work that these stories count as truth. I want to break down the notion that truth must come from a textbook or academic scholar, but rather that our truth-makers are doing the work now on blogs, through tweets, through photos, in the ways that are accessible to them. I want to empower how we tell stories and cultivate knowledge.

What have been some of your biggest influences?

Creatively, one of the biggest influences for me to continue my work is going to VidCon, a convention about online video every summer. For me, I leave feeling rejuvenated creatively (although sleep deprived), and it's a reminder for me of why I do the work that I do, and a refresher of my goals for the future.

As a strong woman what have some of the hurdles you have had to cross over?

Some of my biggest obstacles currently are my disabilities. Having chronic illnesses significantly impacts how I operate on a daily basis, and it's a crucial component of why I create in the way that I do. I like to be transparent about my good days and bad days and help the people around me understand what it means to know someone who is living with chronic pain.



EDITOR'S PICKS

#1 LEMONADE BY BEYONCE

There is a movement that is happening. The hopeful 4th Wave of Feminism and Beyonce is paving the way. In Beyonce's visual conquest Lemonade she takes pain and turns it into magic. Lemonade is not simply a visual album about a marriage falling apart. It is in its core the depths of real human pain, a universal, and waves a social commentary on injustices that span sex, race, and gender. Lemonade is significant to all of us.



THE WAR

The War of Art is such a fantastic novel full of a lot of grit and answered questions about what it means to be an artist. It is a must read for any struggling writer, musician, artist, playright, and dreamer.



CALVETTI

Sarah Calvetti's piece in the Art Building at PSU is monumental. For every artist it feels impossible to open up in a way that contextualizes a world beyond themselves. Sarah has done just that. The walls are covered in her own writing. Her mother's face is on the door. And she is present.



tions on Motherhood as a social practice is an important read. She says what we as mother's all want to say in flourishing tidbits on facebook note, which is a concept within itself.



ESME PATTERSON

Women to Women is by far the most feminist album I have ever listened to. Its for daughters, mothers, sister,s and every woman with a soul.



GRAFFITI ON THE WALLS

Whenever you're feeling down just put the writing on the wall and remember that there is someone beyond you feeling the same thing.



BLUE SKY GALLERY

The Blue Sky Gallery drawers are something to be cherished. Nestled in the heart of the city it is the North West's very own treasure chest of great photographers as the realm of photography as an artform expands.



OPEN ENGAGEMENT 2016



O.E. OAKLAND is an a national conference that brings socially engaged artists together to tackle important issues. It is a community that focuses on change through artistic expression. However, this year the conversation was particularly important because it focused on race and power. Speakers like Angela Davis and Suzanne Lacey spoke on important issues and the history of artists as activists in their time. However, there was an overall tension as many of the white artists piled into conferences about feminism and grant writing, while artists of color were often marginalized into smaller conferences. The overall question that was brought up in a particularly charged panel about White Privilage was, "How can we help without hushing our own voices?" The truth is the answer is complicated. And though many left the conference tasting of bitterness and weak from arguing I in particular felt more open to one singular idea. That the importance of Open Engagement is to open our wounds, air out our dirty laundry, and talk. Because if we are not engaging then we are not seeing where we can improve.



JENNIFER MILWARD

Jennifer Milward is the dynamic writer of the fan-made TombRaider: The Angel of Darkness continuation. This ground breaking fan fiction paints an entirely new picture of Lara Croft. One that is full of grit and a multi-dimensional back story that paves way for female writers and gamers everywhere. We sat down to talk with her about the way she is changing the industry of fan fiction, literature, and women in the gaming world.

WHAT MADE YOU START WRITING?

Storytelling, whether through fiction or non-fiction, has always been one of my greatest passions. Even before I could read, I loved having stories read to me – loved the way words could be woven together like musical notes. I started writing while still at school, during a very difficult period of my life. Words gave me a way of building different worlds, with different people, to the one I was stuck in at school. Over time, I began to appreciate writing as a craft in its own right. A good story doesn't happen by accident. I learned that the words have to be selected and shaped with as much care as a master blacksmith puts into selecting and shaping his metal. It knocks me over to think that words on a page – little patterns of light and dark – can create entire universes inside our minds, but they do! That's sheer magic for me.

WHAT IS YOUR PROCESS? WHAT INSPIRES YOU?

For someone who daydreams a lot, I'm actually very methodical! My background is heavily biased towards science, so I'm very focused on research before launching into a new story. The initial idea is usually prompted by an idle 'what if...?' (usually when I'm trying to fall asleep or doing something totally monotonous!). The idea will stew for anything from a day to a month, gaining shape and structure. When I have the basic outline, I jot it down on notepaper. Then come the questions: What? When? Why? How? Who? Questions act like a stream of water flowing over the story; if there are any plot holes or weak areas, water will seep through.

A GAMER GIRL WRITES A NEW STORY

I do the actual writing and collect any background research in Scrivener; I can't get enough of this programme! It allows me to map out the story in advance, but easily make changes as I go. Having the right tool, as in any profession, makes life so much easier.

Inspiration comes in every form. When it comes to Tomb Raider, my main inspiration is Lara Croft herself – specifically as she was during the Core Design era. There's a heck of lot more to her than the 'ice queen' that some people have accused her of being. Sure, she's dangerous, confident, and outgoing on the outside, but internally she has a lot of unresolved issues and conflict. That's incredibly rich territory to explore.

WHAT ARE YOUR FAVORITE GAMES AND BOOKS?

Aside from Tomb Raider, I don't play as many games as I used to. A recent exception was Monument Valley – a masterpiece in minimalistic storytelling. But books are another matter! I grew up with Roald Dahl, Mary Stewart, Anne McCaffrey, and Julian May (amongst others). Later on, I also became a fan of Terry Pratchett, Jim Butcher, China Mieville, and Neil Gaiman.

All of these authors taught me the importance of preserving humanity, emotion, and realism in the 'what if...?' formula. My favourite stories are those that cleverly blend fantastical or outlandish science-fiction concepts with a firm basis in reality and characters we actually care about. As Pratchett once wrote, "only those with their feet on rock can build castles in the air".

WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO WRITE YOUR NOVELIZATION OF TOMB RAIDER: ANGEL OF DARKNESS?

Several things. The Gothic/Lovecraftian mood and mystery of the story. Lara's quest for resolution, both externally (i.e. finding Von Croy's true killer), and internally (i.e. overcoming her doubts and rediscovering her true strength after her near-death in Egypt). I wrote a novella chronicling how she escaped the Pyramid – the 'Lara of Arabia' period – back in 2006. That story was a personal landmark for me both in terms of its size and the sheer fun I had writing it! It felt like a very natural extension to continue where that left off and explore Lara's journey through the events of The Angel of Darkness.

My other motivation was sheer curiosity. What we actually got to see in-game was riddled with unanswered questions and plot holes. A lot of Murti Schofield's original story ended up on the cutting room floor due to time constraints, which is why we were left with issues such as why Lara knows Karel by sight, when to the player's knowledge she's never seen or read anything about him before! Writing the novel felt like performing a forensic reconstruction; all the known information from the game had to be assembled in the right order, but then I had to get creative to fill in the blanks in ways that made sense and stayed true to the characters. That was fun.

Has your interpretation of main character Lara Croft changed over the course of writing the novel?

To be honest, writing the prequel novella, An Angel in The Darkness, was a great way to get to know the character a bit before diving into the novel. Lara's near-death experience under the Pyramid caused a massive upheaval in the way she saw the world and herself. For the first time, she really started to question why she does what she does. She had to face some uncomfortable truths about herself, and this state of affairs continued smoothly into the events of The Angel of Darkness.

I think that Lara evolved and grew as a person during The Angel of Darkness. She confronted her doubts and lingering bitterness towards Von Croy. By the end, she was no longer driven by anger and fear, but by love; not romantic love, but a fierce sense of protective pride towards her old mentor her friend. Lara also questions, argues with, and draws strength from her past conflicts. The concept of Maggie popped up quite spontaneously as I was describing the break-in at the Louvre. I figured that Lara's near-death experience had shattered her mental outlook, and she'd slowly been putting herself back together ever since. Maggie is a manifestation of Lara's self-examination, renewal, and enlightenment, as well as being a useful tool for exploring Lara's emotions and thoughts. I think everyone has their own Maggie to some extent - that little internal voice who says things we'd never say out loud, who observes the hidden details, and who nags at or encourages us when we need it most. During the course of the novel, Lara learns to listen to herself - to her instincts and internal voice - and gains new strength and understanding in the process.

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE HURDLES YOU'VE FACED BEING A FEMALE IN THE VIDEO GAME INDUSTRY? HOW HAVE YOU OVERCOME THEM?

Happily, I've not encountered any gender-specific hurdles to publishing my work. That might be because my work is entirely fan-based, i.e. I'm not a paid employee, or because my stories and blogs are published alongside thousands of others on fan community pages. If anything, I've found that publishing my work has actually opened up new opportunities; for instance, I recently got invited to become a co-admin and writer for the Tomb Raider fansite Survivor Reborn largely off the back of my Tomb Raider fanfiction and blog.

Overall, I think I've been quite fortunate in that I've not experienced much of the blatant harassment that too many people – men as well as women – experience online. Nobody has ever tried to push me around, assume things, or discriminate against my work purely because of my gender (or if they have, I haven't noticed). Perhaps that's because I'm not a terribly active gamer, and thus don't get the kind of exposure some people do, e.g. Youtube hosts or co-op gamers. However, when somebody has crossed the line into personal attacks – for whatever reason – they've simply been blocked and ignored. I've no time or energy to waste on bullies.

DO YOU HAVE ANY ADVICE FOR GIRLS WHO WANT TO WORK OR CREATE FOR THE TOMB RAIDER FRANCHISE, OR WHO WANT TO BE MORE INVOLVED WITH THEIR FAVORITE GAMES?

My advice to anyone would be to just go for it! If you want to write, then write; sign up to fanfiction sites, discussion forums, and make a blog where you can post your stuff. Make friends. Network. Ask for creative critique, and also GIVE creative critique. Read as many books as you can, in all genres. It's also worth reading more about the craft of writing, for instance, I'd recommend some of Sol Stein's books e.g. 'Solutions for Writers'.

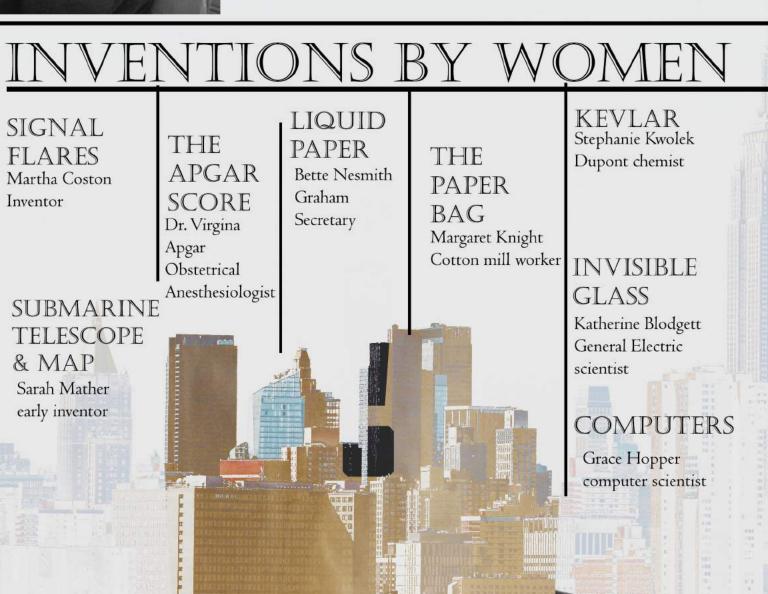
That's just for writers, but whatever your passion — voice acting, art, cosplaying, programming — there's a field where you can make your mark. The key is to get your work out into the public domain and be willing to help others as much as you expect them to help you. Above all, don't be afraid. The internet is full of idiots and trolls, and you will almost certainly encounter some of them when you stick your head above the parapet. But if you let them — and your fear of them — dictate your actions, you'll get nowhere. Find a friendly space with encouraging, helpful people where you feel comfortable sharing your work.



comfortable sharing your work. A person who offers praise AND who can also point out areas where your work could improve is worth their weight in diamonds. Anyone who just states 'I don't like this' or 'you suck' can be ignored; that's trolling, not constructive critique.

Once you've started building a platform and gaining recognition for your work, you'll be in a better position to scout and apply for jobs in the gaming industry (if you want to take it to the next level). Developers will want to see your track record of published work, not only to gauge your level of skill, but also to have tangible evidence of your dedication and passion for your subject.

Whatever happens, remember Lara's school motto: 'Plus est en Vous' – There is more in you than you think!



HUMAN CONQUEST

In 1493, European mariner Christopher Columbus (1451-1506) wrote a letter to the Spanish monarchy, now titled ""The Letters of Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabel," in which he boasted his findings in the land he believed to be small islands off the coast of Asia. Columbus's voyage and subsequent discoveries facilitated a series of events that led to European colonization the 'new world': the Americas. However, this singular event also led to great suffering, violence, and death for many of the indigenous people the Spanish came in contact with, acts thatwere left out of Columbus's first letter to the monarchy. Thus, while Columbus's account of theseencounters was written first, later primary and secondary accounts of this era are more truthful and valid descriptions of the events of the first century of European colonization in the Americas.

One of the most important factors in determining the validity of Columbus's account originates from his initial motivations in embarking on his journey. Columbus originally had been searching for a western route to Asia when he discovered the Caribbean, which he mistakenly labelled 'the Indies' for India, and the natives 'Indians' (Brands, I6.) The Spanish monarchy reluctantly financed Columbus's voyage, and his pursuits were commercial in nature. As a result, Columbus felt enormous pressure to provide a return for Spain's investments. In his letter described the island of 'Española' (modern-day Hispaniola) as "so lovely and so rich for planting and sowing, for breeding cattle of every kind, for building towns and villages." He described the Native Americans as "marvelously timorous" and obedient, claiming that they had no weapons beyond small spears. He then went on to claim that he had already found gold and spices, and that he would "find a thousand other things of value" in his exploration of the other islands (The Letters of Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabel.) All of these descriptions, despite having a shred of truth in them, exaggerated his findings. Columbus encountered natives with bits of gold on their persons, who were curious and interested in the newcomers, and thus not initially violent or resistance towards them. Columbus knew that the crown wanted gold, and submissive natives that could be controlled and indoctrinated under Spanish rule. But according to the American historian, Howard Zinn, Columbus "found no gold fields" during his expeditions, despite having initially claimed to find gold in the rivers of modern day Haiti (Zinn, 2.) Furthermore, Zinn argues that the natives did retaliate in later attempts to defend themselves against the aggression of Spaniards (Zinn, 4.) Thus, Columbus exaggerated his discoveries in his letter to the king and queen of Spain to receive their continued financial backing and as such his account of his material findings and his descriptions of the natives cannot be considered truthful. But Columbus's exaggerations, omissions and fabrications did not end here.

Columbus was quite merciless and prone to dehumanizing the indigenous peoples even inhis initial encounters. In his letter to Spain he admitted that he "took some of the natives by force, in order that they might learn and might give me information of whatever there is in these parts." But he followed this admission with the assurance that he generally accommodated the natives, and despite this they fled even though no "ill has been done to any one of them" (The Letters of Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabel.) Here Columbus displayed his view of the natives as means, rather than human beings. In the same paragraph as his confession of having taken natives hostage he wondered why the following natives they encountered fled upon their arrival. His inability to make the reasonable assumption that after his initial rough treatment of the natives they would avoid newcomers showcased his lack of reliability in his account of the behaviors of Native Americans.

Christopher Columbus is often mistakenly characterized as the first European to discover the new world. In reality, the first recorded European newcomers introduced to the Americas was agroup of Vikings led by Eric the Red, who founded the misleadingly named Greenland in 984 (Brands, 12.) However, Christopher Columbus was among the first to make extended contact with Native Americans, and in doing so he would have encountered peoples, objects, and languages that no European had ever seen or heard before. As such, Columbus would not have understood the natives' language or customs, and this detracts from the weight of his interpretations. Columbus claimed that, when natives saw his men coming they would excitedly run from house to house proclaiming "Come! Come! See the men from Heaven!" and he was convinced that the natives he had captured believe him and his men to be gods (The Letters of Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabel.) However, given that no European had ever heard native language before this time period, it is unlikely that they understood them well enough to interpretthis phrase correctly. Furthermore, this interpretation spoke more of... (cont.)

Columbus's sense of superiority over the natives than it did of the native's belief in the Europeans' god-like status. Consequently, this anecdote detracts from the validity of Columbus's primary account. Columbus, in an attempt to appease the monarchy of Spain and show his attempts to settle land for Spain, stated that he had "taken possession of a large town" on an island he called Española (modern day Haiti). He equipped the town with military fortifications and named it "Villa de Navidad," or Fort Navidad. He assured King Ferdinand and Queen Isabel that he had "established great friendship with the king of that land" and that the natives were peaceful by nature (The Letters of Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabel.) However, according to historian

Howard Zinn, when Columbus and his fellow sailors returned to Haiti "they found that the sailors left behind at Fort Navidad had been killed in a battle with the Indians, after they had roamed the islands in gangs looking for gold, taking women and children as slaves for sex and labor" (Zinn, 4.) The natural response of the natives to defend themselves against the Spanish sailors challenged Columbus's claim that Native Americans were harmless and naturally peaceful. The proclivities of Columbus's men would not be surprising in today's interpretation of early colonization, but the natives' response to the abuse (and that fact that the abuse occurred at all) discredited Columbus's claims in his letter to the Spanish monarchy.

In 1542, Bartolomé de las Casas, a priest and editor of Columbus's journal, and one of the first advocates for the rights of Native Americans, wrote "Destruction of the Indies,", a horrifying primary account of the treatment of natives by Spanish conquistadors. De las Casas presented a more reliable account of the way that conquistadors like Columbus and his predecessors treated natives. In his primary account he revealed that Spaniards, under the guise of spreading Christianity "have gone there to extirpate those pitiful nations and wipe them off theearth...by unjustly waging cruel and bloody wars." De las Casas went on to explain that the Spaniards "have slain all the native rulers and young men" and would "enslave any survivors." He described a group of "Indian nobles" who were "lashed on grids and burning," and because their cries of pain woke the Spanish, an officer "put a stick in the victim's tongues...and stirred up the fire...so that they roasted [to death] slowly" (Destruction of the Indies.) This is just one horrifying example that de las Casas provided of the horror that the indigenous peoples of the Americas faced in the first century of colonization, but his works provided far more examples of their treatment. De las Casas's account lends weight to the claim that Columbus and his men treated natives abominably, and thus left behind a legacy of violence, torture, and death that future Spaniards followed.

treated natives abominably, and thus left behind a legacy of violence, torture, and death that future Spaniards followed. De las Casas also, four and a half centuries before Zinn's made his claims, agreed that the Spaniards' "reason for killing and destroying" was "to acquire gold, and...swell themselves with riches in a very brief time" (Destruction of the Indies.) De las Casas, having lived in the Americas for a time, bore witness to the kinds of men that committed these acts and the effects of their treatment on the natives, and therefor was the most qualified to provide a truthful account of the era. Furthermore, de las

Casas, at his own peril, petitioned to the Spanish monarchy to ease the suffering of Native Americans who were victims of Spanish greed (Destruction of the Indies.) De las Casas' willingness to protest the actions of his fellow citizens, despite the possible repercussions for himself, supported the validity of his claims.

However, de las Casa also displays his own bias of superiority in his account. He claimedthat the natives were "the most guileless, the most devoid of wickedness and duplicity, the most obedient and faithful to their native masters and to the Spanish Christians whom they serve" (The Destruction of the Indies.) This account contradicted other Spaniards who claimed that natives were war-like savages, and it is possible that de las Casas exaggerated the qualities of thenatives in order to appeal to the sympathies of the Spanish court, including the nobles for whom he wrote his accounts. This misrepresentation detracted from the validity of his account, at least in terms of the behaviors of the natives. Not only this, but the not all natives were receptive to the Christian doctrine. In the time of de las Casas, Spaniards in the New Mexico area encountered the Pueblo natives, who while initially were receptive to Christian ideas, ultimately revolted a century later when the violence of the Spaniards and the teachings of the Franciscan friars accompanying became too stifling (God In America.) This was just one example of Native Americans creating upheaval over the confines of Spanish colonization. Thus, while Bartolomé de las Casas provided an important account regarding the treatment of natives by the Spanish, he displayed his bias in his inaccurate description of the natives as subordinate and perfectly accepting of the ideologies that were forced on them.

The historian Howard Zinn, in his revisionist work "A People's History of the United States" (1995) provided the most valid secondary account of Columbus's words, actions, and legacy during this era of early colonization. Zinn used Columbus's personal logs and the seaman's letter to the monarchs of Spain to showcase the state of superiority that Spanish conquistadors possessed in their beliefs and actions towards the native. The rapid success of Spain in gaining control of the natives' land and resources dictated their view of the indigenous people, and "total control led to total cruelty" (Zinn, 6.) Zinn quoted Columbus's writing in support of his viewpoint, and in an excerpt of the conquistador's words Columbus claimed "with fifty men we could subjugate them [the natives] all and make them do whatever we want" (Zinn, I.) This excerpt came from the logs of Columbus, which the man himself recreated after they were lost during his first voyage. One might suppose that this calls into question the validity of Zinn's work, however the Franciscan Archive, a well-respected and extensive online resource of primary documents from the early fifteenth century, stated that Columbus's logs on Sunday, October 14th, insisted: "I could conquer the whole of them with fifty men, and govern them as I pleased"

(Franciscan Archive.) In this way, though Zinn paraphrased Columbus's words, the seaman did indeed claim that he planned to conquer the natives and rule them under Spain's authority.

It stands to reason that Columbus aspired to subjugate the natives and take their resources for Spain. According to Zinn, "in return for bringing back gold and spices," the Spanish monarchy "promised Columbus IO percent of the profits, governorship over new-found lands, and the fame that would go with a new title: Admiral of the Ocean Sea" (Zinn, 2.) With the pressure of producing gold and spices, Columbus immediately considered using force to conquerthe people and take that which he desired. Consequently, the future Admiral of the Ocean Sea would have exaggerated his ability to "find a thousand others things of value" to Ferdinand and Isabel, in order to bide his time in pursuit of the nonexistent gold fields (The Letter of Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabel.) However, the pre-revisionist historians of the early and mid-twentieth century would not have supported Zinn's harsh interpretation of Columbus.

The analysis of Christopher Columbus and his legacy were deeply divided in the I980s and 90s, when historians began revising their interpretations of Columbus to accommodate and bring to the forefront of the discussion the subjugation of the Native Americans as a tool for human progress. These revisionist historians claimed that Columbus's "voyages symbolize the more brutal aspects of European colonization and represent the beginning of the destruction of Native American peoples and culture," whereas traditional historians "viewed his voyages as opening the New World to Western civilization and Christianity" (Columbia Electronic Encyclopedia.)

The timeline of the revision of Columbus's history was ensconced in a series of Civil Rights Movements of the 20th century, and most relevantly, set right after a series of Congressional acts that expanded the rights of Native Americans in the United State. Two such acts (both passed in 1978) were the Indian Child Welfare Act, which expanded the jurisdiction of the tribal courts, and the American Indian Religious Freedom Act, in which the federal government promised to protect expression of Native American traditional religious (Legends of America.) These acts, which expanded the sovereignty to the native peoples, sparked scholarly conversations about the history of natives, and the role that they played in US History. Consequently, historians began to revise their interpretations of Christopher Columbus, the first European to make contact in the Americas, and the first story that most Americans hear in the narrative that was the founding of their nation.

Howard Zinn played an integral role in this movement. He provided a poignant and straightforward interpretation of Columbus that focused on his darker actions rather than his greatness, and questioned whether or not the "bloodshed and deceit" he facilitated was "a necessity for the human race to progress from savagery to civilization" (Zinn, 17.) Zinn's argument was quite influential

to the revisionist movement, and contemporary scholars continue to weigh Columbus's contribution to history against the legacy of misery, violence, and death he left behind.

While historians revised their perceptions of history to accommodate the history of Native Americans, they did not necessarily attempt to rewrite history. Traditional historians, prior to the revisionist movement, knew that Columbus took native hostages in I492 and enslaved subsequent natives that he came in contact with. But they chose to focus on his accomplishments as an explorer and the supposed founder of the Americas. Samuel Eliot Morison, a Harvard scholar and the one of the most respected historian of Columbus's history, published his popular book "Christopher Columbus, Mariner" in 1954. In the book Morison described Columbus's journey as "the most spectacular and most far-reaching geographical discovery in recorded human history" (Morison, 3.) He described the Columbus himself as a man with "scientific curiosity, the zest for life, the feeling for beauty, and the striving for novelty that we associate with the advancement of learning. And he was one of the greatest seaman of all time" (Morison, 4.) Much of his novel continues in this fashion.

However, despite the complimentary nature of Morison's commentary, he also stated within his narrative that Columbus observed the ease of which the Europeans could enslave the first people of America (Morison, 52.) Furthermore, and revealingly, Morison in mid-tale of Columbus's achievements, acknowledged that the "cruel policy initiated by Columbus and pursued by his successors resulted in complete genocide" (qtd. in Zinn, 8.) Thus, while Morison focused on the greatness of Columbus in his work, he recognized the horrors the explorer facilitated, and in doing so utilized one of the harshest words one could possibly use in describing a human conflict: genocide.

Zinn described Morison's chosen emphasis on Columbus as a brilliant man as "the historian's distortion." Zinn stated that this emphasis is "ideological," and "it is released into a world of contending interests, where any chosen emphasis supports...some kind of interest, whether economic or political or racial or national or sexual" (Zinn, 8.) Thus, regardless of Morison's intentions, his choice to emphasize Columbus's positive qualities and accomplishments makes the claim that the seaman's contribution to society outweighed the destruction of the Native American people.

Later revisionist scholars chose to emphasize the darker side of early Spanish colonization. Historian and professor David E. Stannard took this position in his work "American Holocaust," published in 1992. Stannard argued that the "destruction of the Indians of the Americas was, far and away, the most massive act of genocide in the history of the world." Stannard gave the example of Hispaniola, in which "twenty-one years after Columbus's first landing in the Caribbean...nearly 800,000 people...had been killed by violence, disease, and despair" (Stannard, 10.) However, some scholars are more divided in their view of history.

James W. Loewen addressed the issue of misrepresentation of history

in his book "Lies My Teacher Told Me" (1995) but eschewed complete villainizing Columbus. He described this divide: "Columbus's conquest of Haiti can be seen as an amazing feat of courage and imagination by the first of many brave empire builders. It can also be understood as a bloody atrocity that left a legacy of genocide and slavery that endures in some degree to this day. Both views of Columbus are valid" (Loewen.) What can be taken from this view is that, Columbus's contributions to early colonization and thus the success of later American society cannot be refuted, but his contribution to the destruction of native peoples and culture should not be forgotten, nor celebrated.

As the values of society change, so do our interpretations of history. As a result, there is adistinct division of thought in the interpretation of Christopher Columbus's narrative. But a historian's emphasis, the choice to focus on one facet of history over another, detracts from the more complex issue; that historical figures like Columbus (for all his faults) have made major contributions to modern day society. This cannot be denied. But for all of the compliments Columbus paid to the Americas in his letter to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabel of Spain, his work does not reflect the nuanced, incredible, and terrible legacy he left behind in his death. His findings and contributions are far more diverse and complex than his claim of a simple group of gold-bearing natives that could be exploited for the benefit of the Spanish crown.

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WOMEN WHO CHANGED THE FACE OF MILITARY

NANCY WAKE GUERRILLA FIGHTER WII

JOAN OF ARC

OPHA M. JOHNSON WWI 1981

ELIZABETH C. NEWCUME 1847 MEXICAN- AMERICAN WAR

LORETTA WALSH WWI 1917

OVETA CULP HOBBY THE U.S. ARMY DISTINGUISHED SER-VICE MEDAL 1945 WWII

ANNIE G. FOX Chief Nurse Pearl Harbor

ELSIE OTT FLIGHT NURSE

MARY E. WALKER CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR FOR CIVIL WAR

MARGARET CORBIN
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY
WAR
NOVEMBER 1751



EVA SPENCER

The American dream is something that we all search for on some level. For me the American dream is freedom of believing: believing in equality and activism and the power of women. I am strong. I am powerful. I am a woman. I wanted to discover where my warrior side came from. I wanted to delve into my past to find the present.

The strongest influence on my life today was the mother of my great-grandma Carolyn, Ione Pifer. I never met her, but her blood and spirit runs through me, and through the generations of strong women who raised me.

My great-grandmother, Ione, was a woman unlike any other. She was born into the world with the spirit to fight for the modern day at the turn of the 20th century. Ione Young-Pifer was a warrior and a dreamer who ignited a spark that would carry on through future generations. From her difficult childhood that ended too soon, to the adult life that carried her through the great depression she remained a dreamer.

Ione was born in 1899 in Mansfield, Ohio. She had no siblings and spent her childhood with a father who worked all the time, and an ill mother. Two days after Christmas in 1909 when Ione was 5, her mother passed away. She was sent to live with two of her aunts, Fairy-belle and Eva.

Ione became pregnant in early 1913 when she was 14. She had her child later that year and named her Bernadine. The father was absent from the child's life. Ione continued to live with her aunts who helped her get the best for her baby.

In the first year of Bernadine's life, Ione's father visited frequently to see his granddaughter. Later that year, he suddenly and tragically died at work, leaving Ione an orphan.

Ione found in the next year that she was pregnant again. She married the father, who later joined the service. Ione stayed with her aunts through the birth of her second child, June, and lived with them while her husband fought in WWI. He was killed, and she was left a widow with two children before adulthood.

She supported herself and her kids until she met Augustus Pifer, my great-great-grandfather. She was 20 and he was twenty years her senior, but they fell in love and got married later that year.

In 1921 Ione had another child named Annabelle. And a couple years after that she had her fourth child and her first boy, George, named after her late father. She was later pregnant again several years later, but this baby was born a stillborn, which took a great toll and sadness in her. She waited several years after that to have her final child, Carolyn, my great-grandma.







Ione always believed strongly in getting the best for each of her children. She never had that much money, so she would fill the extra rooms in the house with tenants. Each of her children received lessons for whatever interests that they had at the time. She saved up and spent money on a car and a piano so that the kids could play music and get to the places they needed to. At her demand, each of the children left her home able to play music and prepare themselves for the future.

Ione kept up with the times. She read the paper every day and fought strongly for women. Ione told her daughters that they must always vote to respect what women had fought to win. She encouraged them to always state their opinions and get involved in politics. She told each of her children that it was their duty to graduate from college and fight for what they believed in. She never wanted the fact that the family had grown up poor to affect their scholarly paths, and she would always get her way.

She was a creative and strong-willed woman. She could never afford the top fashions of the day, but she learned to sew them. She kept herself looking nice every day and taught her children to do the same. Ione loved to read, and she loved to write stories and letters. She became the president of her women's club in the 30's.

Her husband owned a family restaurant and was a soda jerk. The money that they survived on came mostly from the restaurant, although some came in from her renting out rooms to different people. When most of her children were out of the house and the war effort for WWII was kicking up, Ione left to work at a factory with her girlfriends in the night to get more money for the family.

Ione in the later years was the same person. She took care of her youngest daughter when her husband had left for the war leaving her with a child. She was usually wary of the men in her daughter's lives, most of those men disliked her and found her to be a nasty woman.

In 1957 her husband passed away from old age and she lived alone after. She had an intense crush on the local doctor, and would always talk about wooing him and marrying him. When he made house-calls she would get all dolled up for his company.



Ione died in 1966 just days short of her 67th birthday. Her impact on the family has moved each generation of women since. It is because of her that Carolyn was so willful. Carolyn passed along her mother's teaching. The great-great-grandchildren of Ione Pifer are just as much dreamers and believers as Ione Pifer was, she has shaped a legacy that will never be forgotten.



MIA ROBINSON

LINEAGE

I REMEMBER MY MOTHER, BROTHER AND I LIVED IN A LOT OF HOTELS. IT NEVER BOTHERED ME BECAUSE WE ATE A LOT OF FAST FOOD AND LIVED DOWNTOWN. BUT IT NEVER HIT ME THAT SHE WAS TRYING TO ESCAPE SOMETHING.

MY GRANDMOTHER WAS TOUGH. SHE WANTED MORE FOR MY MOTHER. IN FACT I'M NOT SURE IF MY MOM WOULD HAVE FINISHED SCHOOL IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY GRANDPARENTS STAYING ON HER. IT LATER BECAME APPARENT THAT THIS PUT A STRAIN ON THEIR RELATIONSHIP. SHE HELD ONTO THEIR EVERY WORD, GOOD AND BAD. SHE HELD ON TO SO MUCH PAIN. SHE STILL DOES, PAIN AND DEPRESSION ARE A PART OF MY LINEAGE. SOME SURVIVED BUT MOST DON'T.

I SEE A LOT OF MY MOTHER IN MYSELF. HOW SHE CARRIES GUILT. HOW SHE HATES BEING ANALYZED. HOW SHE NEVER SLEPT AT NIGHT. HOW SHE LOVES AND HOW SHE COPES.

I TEND TO THINK THAT ANXIETY AND DEPRESSION ARE THINGS SHE LEFT BEHIND IN HER ADDICTION. I DIDN'T GROW UP WITH HER AROUND. SHE FEELS VERY GUILTY FOR THAT. I FORGAVE HER. BUT, I HOLD ON TO A LOT OF MEMORIES. TO PROTECT MYSELF. BECAUSE,

BEING A BLACK WOMAN IS HARD WORK.

BEING A BLACK WOMAN IS EXHAUSTING.

BEING A BLACK WOMAN IS IMPORTANT.

SURVIVING BLACK WOMANHOOD IS NOT GUARANTEED.



SPECIAL THANK YOU

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