



Reed College Creative Review

RCCR

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Dear Reader,



Thank you for picking up a copy of the Creative Review! We are excited to celebrate our tenth year of publication, and we cannot be more thankful for the support from the Reed student body and administration in keeping this Reed tradition alive. As Reed's student-run literary and arts magazine, we aim to capture the best of student art and creativity on campus. We are renowned for being a campus of scholars, but we are proud to say that we are also surrounded by a multitude of talented and inspired artists and authors. We are thrilled to display the work of our peers, whose admirable commitment to both the arts and academics fuels the Creative Review.



We would like to thank the English Department, the Student Activities Office, and the Reed College Student Body for funding our publication. However, we cannot express enough gratitude to our truly selfless editorial team and review board, without whom we would not be able to build the Review. After hours of staring at InDesign pages and engaging in thoughtful discussion around student art pieces, we are proud to present you with our final product. Enjoy!



Much love,

Danielle Juncal & Rachel Fox

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Volume



Delali Ayivor

“It is no small feat to be responsible for a human life.”

It is no small feat to be responsible for a human life. Margot was told this on the first and every subsequent day of her job. The phrase inspired in her, whenever she saw it written on the cracked plaster of the break room or in the header topping a memo about proper CPR procedure, the heroism she'd expected in lifeguarding.

In truth, the job was all about procedure, routinely checking the surface of the water, knowing a swimmer was in trouble before an incident occurred, clearing the head above the water-line, prioritizing oxygen above anything else.

This chain of command comforted Margot. She'd learned to love the rigidity inherent to being the one responsible in an emergency; she imagined herself responding to the gushing mother of a child saved from death by Margot's textbook-learned maneuvers with “it was nothing,” and meaning it.

Today was a slow day at the pool. There was no one there but The Boy, swimming his same fluid laps. He had been at the pool every day for months. He never said anything to Margot before his swim but afterward

he always seemed more relaxed and he would wave goodbye to Margot while she watched beads of water collect in puddles on his collarbone.

From the perch of her lifeguarding chair, Margot stared down at the water. The pool was a municipal one, owned by the city. She imagined the architect of the complex as some kind of long-haired swinger: a man who'd envisioned a steamy public sex grotto for the new age. This at least would explain the faux rock-effect surrounding an indoor public pool, the conspicuous blank spot at the very center of the deep end where perky-breasted bottle-blonds were supposed to frolic before the waterfall got written out of the blueprints by the city council.

Timing herself carefully, Margot swung herself out of her seat and down the ladder that led up to the life-

**What happens to all
that matter once it's
not a part of you?**

guard chair. She situated herself at the foot of the lane where The Boy was swimming, faced the wall, the bent over in a deep stretch, making sure to jut her pelvis backwards. When The Boy came up for air, in the bare second before submerging again to turn and swim in the other direction, she made eye contact with him through the condensation on his blue plastic goggles. Still bent over with her head between her legs, she smiled as though embarrassed and was gratified to see his stride falter, just for a moment.

The Boy did not deserve her affections. He was not beautiful, but Margot was. Until recently, she had been fat, the kind of gloriously obscenely obese that others are drawn to, just by the want to be in proximity to that much decadence. She had found pleasantness in her size, come to see her girth as so much rising, an invading conqueror with constantly expanding territories.

She'd lost the weight swimming laps at the very same municipal pool where she worked now. She liked to imagine the 100 pounds of fat she'd worked off in the lanes, floating, unskimmed, just on top of the water. When her shifts were particularly slow, she'd work hard at visualizing it, opaque flesh-colored globs of something undulating on the surface, collecting in oily deposits by the drains, looking for all the world like The Blob. Run, don't walk!

But days like today, days with The Boy, Margot did not think of much else but him. Walking around the surface of the pool, idly holding a buoy, Margot

watched his confident stroke, the aerodynamism in his form. She felt she died in the moments between his breaths, worried constantly until it resurfaced from the capsule of the water that she would forget his face in between laps.

She had a fantasy of telling him the things she could tell no one else, of him as her underwater psychiatrist, sitting in an overstuffed armchair bracketed to the bottom of the pool, his thick-lensed plastic goggles taking the place of horn-rimmed glasses, though they would slide constantly down his nose, as psychiatrist's glasses are wont to do.

"Doctor," she would say, having dived to the bottom of the pool to make her appointment, "I'm in a terrible way."

"What do you mean?" The Boy did not often say much else. Margot had barely heard him speak in real life. In her mind his voice was unaffected, constantly calm, with the uncanny shadow of emotion often found in the voices of the heavily medicated, though that was just the distortion of the water.

"I look in the mirror and I don't recognize myself."

"What do you mean?"

"I've lost a lot of weight." Here she paused for a congratulatory remark but The Boy just stared back at her through the goggles, his eyelashes, long and dark, gently brushing up against the scratched plastic lens. "It's confusing."

"What do you mean?"

“Where does it all go? What happens to all that matter once it’s not a part of you? And how do you know if what you’ve let out into the world is good or evil?”

The Boy let a burst of air bubbles loose from his mouth and Margot watched them rise drunkenly to the surface. “I see my reflection and I wonder what happened to the rest of me. What parts of ourselves do we discard if we get the chance?”

She waited for The Boy to respond; he never gave answers.

“When I was a little girl, I hated coming to the pool. I would wear one of my dad’s t-shirts over my bathing suit so the other kids couldn’t see my thighs. The shirt made me smell like his cologne and the other kids would tease me. When I got out of the water the fabric of the shirt would stick to my skin. One day, I got in in just a t-shirt without the suit underneath and didn’t tell anybody. Then I lifted it up underwater for Sam Kneebaum. He didn’t get a boner but that’s because nudity isn’t really sexy underwater.” The Boy released another, thinner stream of bubbles. It seemed as though he was running out of breath. Behind his goggles, Margot could see his eyes begin to water. She took his hand, and flipped it over, ran her fingers gently over the ridges of his water-mottled skin. “Do you think I’m beautiful?”

The Boy never answered this question either, merely stared at her, and when she could hold her breath no longer, Margot would swim full-out to the surface of the water, emerging gasping and dizzy.

It was the silence that first caught Margot’s attention; she no longer heard The Boy’s even stroke, that desperate gasp of air just before the turn. Scanning the water, Margot could see him struggling, flailing sluggishly below the surface, probably too cramped up to move.

She sprang into action, rushing towards the lip of the pool, reciting the chain of command to herself under her breath. She was thinking of how smooth the skin of The Boy’s neck would feel under her fingers as she supported his head, how she would pull back and softly shake her head when The Boy tried to transition their mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a kiss. Reaching his area of the pool, she faltered. Her reflection flickered gently with the motion of the water, below it, she could see The Boy, ever closer to the concrete bottom of the pool, still moving all four limbs but accomplishing nothing. She brought her focus back to herself, traced her hands slowly down her hips, shrink-wrapped into her red one-piece. Her reflection followed suit, then turned to the side. Smiling, Margot admired the spareness of her waist, ran her fingers down the fluid lines of her body.

Arriving home that night, Margot found a magazine on her front stoop. She did not subscribe to the periodical. She did not even open it.

The address on the label was for the apartment 5 doors down from Margot, the Markuses. They seemed like a nice enough couple, both blonde, both around 6

feet, but she guessed you could never really know about people.

The title of the magazine was crude and made Margot wonder if there were really only jugs inside. She imagined page after page of breasts with no context; surprised breasts caught off guard in candid shots. On the cover of the magazine was a girl in an oversized button down shirt with only one button buttoned, right between her breasts. Above and below the button there were two skinny, perfect triangles of flesh.

Sometimes, things are so awful that there aren't even words to describe them. Margot needed a whole new language to describe how the magazine made her feel. But she didn't throw it away. She left it out on her desk in mock carelessness, partly to see how it would look there, to try out what it would be like to be that kind of person.

Margot could not get that button out of her head. That night she lay awake in bed, thinking of that shirt hanging on by just one ragged buttonhole. She imagined that the button was already halfway out of the buttonhole, that one might only have to blow in the model's general direction to make the fabric fall away. She imagined that underneath the cotton, besides the triangles already visible, the girl had no skin. Maybe the shirt was the only thing keeping her insides in and they'd had to airbrush out the blood soaking through the shirt.

Unable to sleep, she stood in front of her mir-

ror and tried to recreate the cover. She didn't have a button down shirt so she sliced a t-shirt from neck to mid-breast and then from mid-breast to thigh. She stood there, imagining all the secret worlds that no lay beneath her white t-shirt. She leaned down and blew on the little strip of fabric keeping the garment on. The shirt fluttered a little with her breath but it did not fall off. She was pretty sure her insides were still in. She stripped off the shirt and stepped into the shower. In the heat of the water she cooed.

**Maybe the shirt
was the only thing
keeping her insides
in and they'd had
to airbrush out
the blood soaking
through the shirt.**



DAVID RUTH HALE DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH

The Season of Owls

You mean to me
what winter means
to the birds: fall
ends, a subtle vanishing
of warmth, the surge
and suck of color,
an arduous journey south
to sunlit climates
where stray cats
and southern
heat are the worst
of their worries. But
since we are not
migratory creatures,
we stay with the razor
cut of cold and move
into each other instead,
bridging the space
between us with tangled
scarves and flannel,
our searching fingers
the feathers of sparrows
huddling. We spend
the season of owls
in woolen socks and
our own lazy bones,
clean lines and angles
of muscle like the forked
skeletons of aspen trees.

Like aspen trees,
all bare limbs reaching,
tender, knotty grace of
your worn knuckles
on my waist. And our skin,
all of it unraveled,
each of us open
to the other. I know
how you showed me
the scar on the back
of your hand
where bottle glass cut
you in a bar fight,
how I envisioned those
calloused, bearded men
with blunt fingernails,
the fierce elation
of their pain. You have
A slight skin discoloration
where sidewalk
opened your knee.
Faint lines of cat claws
on your jaw beneath
the light fuzz of stubble.
You know my berry-stain
birthmark, not quite
secret between
my fingers. The pale muddle
of scar on my forehead
left over from my run-in
with a cabinet door.
This winter cold brings
closeness, pressed
together like pieces
of shell or straw.
In the spring, we
shake out the dust.

Which brings us back
to the birds, I think.
For instance, did you know
that swans mate for life,
that hummingbirds don't,
but they remember
every flower they have
ever visited? An Italian
hang glider pilot once
experimented with imprinting,
frustrating skeptics
by raising hatchlings
to follow his lead—
not just eagles, but
cranes and condors, too,
each proud bird taught
from the start
to trust.

Manon Gilmore

A parting glass



Grahame Watt

The wine bottle was half empty before the church bells announced the start of the service. It was raining, not hard, but enough so that they had chosen the table against the wall, under the faded blue awning that had been there as long as the pub had been. There was a bottle of whiskey on the table as well, but they were saving it for the service, and so it had remained unopened while they drank the wine and made small talk. There were four of them, and they were not strangers to the church, the town, the pub or each other, so they had plenty to talk about. They all wore a hat and a black wool coat, though the style depended on the preferences of each man. One of them, the youngest, had a white flower stuck in his lapel; his eyes were blotchy and red and his companions made sure that his glass was always full. They were the only ones on the porch; inside there was only the owner and the sheriff, who kept a wary eye on the crying young man outside.

When the bells started to ring, one of the men went inside, returning a few moments later with four glasses, which he set in a row along the table. While the others watched, he poured out the whiskey into each one and resealed the bottle. The glasses were distributed in silence, and they said nothing while they waited, finishing their wine and watching the road below. They could see the church across

the river, an ancient stone building from the days of swords and chivalry. The bell finished ringing in the tower, the notes still echoing around the valley. As it faded from memory, a procession of people appeared out on the road, dressed in black, a casket held between six of them. The young man wiped his hand across his face, and they all stood, glasses in hand, and walked out to the edge of the balcony.

Some of the members of the procession looked over at the men, while most simply walked along, completely lost in the act. The men did not wave, and the walkers did not acknowledge their presence, but continued along the path up to the church. The eldest made a toast, and then they clinked glasses and drank. They stood there in the wet a moment longer, and then retreated inside, except for the young man who stayed in the rain, hat in hand.

They left him there, alone with his tears and the bottle until the church chimed seven. Then the eldest came back and led his friend out of the rain, gently taking the bottle and the glass from him and leaving them on the table. The young man shook hands with his companions and the owner, and then the sheriff put his hand on the young man's back and led him out of the warm, dark interior of the pub, while his friends looked on in silence.



LOS SABIOS BEBEN SOLO SANDRA DE ANDA DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH

RACHEL FOX

NINA

FILM PHOTOGRAPH

14



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Early.

Every morning when i wake up
the sun is still shut;
closed enough to stay –
to sit under my covers.

so here.

let me give this to you, world:
a hand full of fingers,
a locked window
that won't fully close,
an unsatisfied desire.

they say dissatisfaction is a
sign of ambition.

but,
world,
i sit here
in this
room full of dirt.
i won't leave.

they won't leave.
it won't leave.

i am completely aware
that i have a box full of pens,
a drawer, a desk, a beer, a book
full of chinese
communist classics.

i have my drink
i have my music
i would share it,
but today?

I'm yelling for you,
world.

Cody Barnes

when Socrates heard the news from Delphi, he said what does the God mean

- i.
- ii. sometimes one must cut to get to
- iii. the real beginning. Genesis 1 and 2 tell
two versions of the same story, but,
like the diamond reexamined
from a different angle,
flaws appear.
- iv. somewhere, concrete tetrapods break
the surf of the landward tide. Japan,
a nation renowned for orderliness,
levels mountains to mine
the necessary aggregate.
- v. asked if he had stopped
beating his wife, my father
fingered two stones in his
pocket: one black, one white.
- vi. if six print six, else goto
- vii. there is an order to things, the sign
over the shopping aisle says,
I am not a falsehood.

Kieran Hanrahan



ARIZONA ALEX KRAFCIK DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH

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HIT THE ROAD, JACK EMILY BROCK PHOTOGRAPH

equivalence

i.

on the mountain, there is a clock.
sunlight soaks its leaves
through periodic snows.
in wet years, it grows.
in drought, it perseveres.
gnarled and tightly wound,
it has no room for pity.

ii.

the logic of death
is simple: the river
is dammed. the cities
drink more than the mountain
snows have to give.
if two things are equal
to a third, they are the same.
by this rule, the cities
are dying.

iii.

long after the cities darken,
the clock will run down
and cease to record the snows.
time will make smooth
the mountain, and all mountains,
until each point on the earth,
a uniform sphere,
is equivalent to every other.
time will cease, the terminator
between day and night unmoving,
and the earth, locked in salutation,
will accept the embrace
of an expanding sun.

Kieran Hanrahan



CITY LUIS VALENZUELA INK AND ACRYLIC MULTIMEDIA

The Incendiary



Brynn Tran

He ran. At the edge of the sparse wood, two fields away, he could still make out the orange glow of the barn, the shrill screams of horses. He could still feel the heat of it, even from here – perhaps a memory.

He slowed to a walk, and then stopped all together, and looked up out of habit the way he used to look for airplanes, eyes hungry, the way other people might look for the Big Dipper, or for God. With the soles of his shoes slipping on the hillside and his neck craned all the way back, he could almost feel his heart shudder and shake loose, slip through the gaps in the bars. Wind heaved within him. Water throbbed. He heard pounding in his head like the pounding of his father's fists on flesh, his mother's fists in dough.

That brilliance of the far-off farm. That glow.

If he came home in the morning he would still smell like smoke.

There were no airplanes tonight, only stars, silver fawn spots on a vast navy hide, which did not thrill him. For he knew where they were going and he knew what they were doing: away, and burning. Burn. Go.

Thoughts of a Mermaid



Maren Fitcher

The sunset grabs me and plunges me deep
underwater.

There, colors are brighter, and truer. The water is
bluer. Nothing blinds. I simply am.

There is society in every reef, on every inhabited coil
of coral. Nothing languishes. We work together, and
live. This, I believe, is what 'society' means.

Rays of the sunlight chase me as I fly, ripple, flee. I let
my hand drag along the coral, scrape. My nails are long.
The two-legs I have seen are not this way—they trim the
nails shorter, much shorter.

Crumble. Clouds of coral dust emerge, flashing,
flaming, flinging lights into darker places. They float. I
scoop, with cupped hands.

Their teeth are shorter, too. It is as if they do not
bite.

Fish have scattered, at my approach. They are beau-
tiful, their colors. They shine. I like to hold them, watch
them struggle-flash in the sunlight-patches that the
water ebbs around and away, before I bite.

Sound carries here, and not above. I cannot hear
there, in the highest of all places, where my air ends.

The depths are long, and deep. But they are all of
the same—water, to breathe. There are places in the
heights I cannot go, up, where I cannot breathe.

It was explained to me that the two-legs are like us,
only they live in the high places. It was also explained
that they worship us as gods, and that we should sing
to them, and hold them, if they fall.

My first two-leg fell, and I sang to him. I thought
gods came from above, not below. I did not understand.

He was beautiful, and so I sang as beautifully as
I could for him, as I brought him down with me. I
thought he would like to see the domain of his gods.

The sunlight-patches chased across his waves of thin
long hairs. They grew, only on his head, and glistened
so. I held him, watched him struggle-flash, and sang to
him.

He was a delicacy, tender and sweet as no fish, softer
and crunchier than any coral.

I consumed the beautiful god whole.

Blue is bluer, when I go down. Coral is harder. Star-
light does not reach, as water weighs.

Days become longer days.



OPEN OCEAN RACHEL FOX DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



TRUCK RACHEL FOX COLOR FILM PHOTOGRAPH

Trinity Churchyard

A chiseller in an orange vest handles numbers
softly, mends shallow scratches, barely scarred.
Next to his peers who peel open streets and bathe
the long afternoon in tar, he is plain. But his horn-
ridged hands polish and sand and claim eternity,
or thirty years. He brushes letters off the marble,
he heals a gash, while elsewhere names still sprawl
and bloom over the west wall, the good one far
from gasoline and graffiti. They lump into temples
and curl in reliefs, and although their roses
aren't tended, but tousled and few among dandelion
and dock, somebody thought to plant them
on the lee side of the wall.

Katharina Schwaiger

The Malcom House



Daniel Spielberger

What the fuck?" My brother parked the car. We both instantly looked at our iPhones to double check if our GPS navigation had lead us to the right destination.

I stared at the two story modernist atrocity that was standing in place of Malcolm's house and hissed. "That's not the house, that's not the fucking house."

Ethan – our family friend – stepped out of the passenger seat, looked up at one of the shady trees and cheerfully said. "This tree is the one Francis climbed up after Hal wanted to kill him for emancipating himself from the family..."

I looked out the window. "Holy shit."

Earlier that day, Joel – my brother – stormed into my room and insisted that we would finally go

**Guys, just
look around,
just look at
the trees.**

the house where Malcolm in the Middle was filmed. We had thought of this plan a few summers ago after rewatching the entire series for maybe the tenth or eleventh time, but never mustered the energy to drive twenty minutes to Studio City and actually see the house. Surprisingly, the address was listed on the show's Wikipedia page from which Joel occasionally recited random factoids from: Frankie Muniz's current passion is race car driving. Joel and I always referred to Malcolm in the Middle as our version of the Torah, the weekly "Torah portion" were two reruns on the FX channel and we would watch it cyclically, feeling ashamed when we rarely skipped over an episode. Eventually, we also recorded the FOX reruns on our DVR so we didn't have to wait a couple more months to rewatch our favorite episodes. In the height of our obsession, we went to a play starring the actress that played Louis and waited outside the theater to get her autograph. She gladly signed our programs and then disappointingly told us that "the boys" were too grown up for a reunion. Joel and I both gave her and sister would stare at us with bewilderment and at times even felt jealous for our devotion to another "fictional" family. I felt like finally seeing

the Malcolm house would be a moment of catharsis. We hadn't rewatched the show together since moving to separate parts of the country; if we could finally come as close as we possibly can get to our second family then maybe we wouldn't feel this lingering mix of guilt and nostalgia for the times where we were "more religious" about Malcolm in the Middle.

Joel and I got out of the car and slowly approached this tacky white cube that was sitting on our sacred grounds. On Google Maps street view, the "Malcolm house" was the same exact one story house with a small front yard from the show. Even though it appeared a little bit cleaner and nicer, we decided that it made sense for an actual family to take better care of their home than Malcolm's highly dysfunctional family. I joked that the Google Maps street view picture looked like the nice version of the house in the episode where Louis and Hal stopped having sex and occupied their time with more productive tasks such as cleaning the front yard and repainting the doors. What we now saw had no recognizable traces of the show; looking nouveau-riche rather than the "average American" aesthetic of Malcolm in the Middle.

Joel yelled. "Fuck this! This is so fucking stupid! They had no fucking right!"

I disguised my pain with nervous laughter.

Ethan walked away from the cold cube and said with a giant optimistic smile on his face. "Who cares? Guys, just look around, just look at the trees."

I disguised my pain with nervous laughter.

He was right; the trees were exactly like how they were on the show. Tall and shady, towering over us as we walked in the middle of the street, making us feel this somewhat mystical experience of going back into Malcolm's childhood. Each step brought back a specific memory; triggering debates like whether the block party was in season one or two and where exactly did Hal build his own speed bump on the street. After walking back and forth on the street, my brother ironically took out some fake flowers from the car. He placed them in front of the white cube and then told Ethan and I to hug him with this unusually sincere expression on his face.

"What?"

"Just come hug me."

"Okay."

We all briefly hugged each other. As we went back to our car, Ethan started singing the theme song: You're not the boss of me now, you're not the boss of me now! We drove down the street and all gazed back up at the trees.

Joel said. "It's the trees. It's the same fucking trees!"





She

She perches on the edge of an armchair, half-inch heels kicked to the floor, facing a file cabinet, cradling a phone to her ear. The cord is curled around itself. She smiles into the phone privately. She speaks– to her daughter, her lover, her friend, her father, far away. „I miss you,“ she says. She laughs. She smiles. „I’m ok,“ she says. She nods. She giggles. „Bye,“ she says. She slips the kitten heels back on, wraps her baby blue jacket tighter around herself and walks away.

Seven PM on a Tuesday night; this is when she is happiest.

Priscilla Wu

Cultivars

The desires need water
at this tender stage
pale saplings, slender and jade.

They begin like this,
pressed into portions
of earth in plastic trays

And await. I tend them
patiently until they
awaken and split open

Their casings, their given
membranes and push
toward surface.

In this nursery,
glass, a memory
box filled with light

Air wet and thick
with breath encircles
my warm living form

Bent gently over
skimming the beloved
faces of my flowers

With most delicate fingers.
Among nascent blooms arranged
In rows, I wait for life to come.

*Mary Mary quite contrary
how does your garden
grow?* I don't know,

But everything is green, still
here inside the deep
embrace of my dream.

20 April 2013

Jeannie Yoon

TO THE ONE WHO CAME BEFORE ME AND

whispered into my eyes, my hands, my lips,
stained me olive-dark,
bit bitter my apple hip.

My dance whirls wild out of yours,
descending helix.
I don't need to tell you this—
you are a furnace burning me onto myself.

Your finger touched my back
as you drifted into the next room
and I passed you
on my way in.

Sammi Massey

Untitled

A small, one bedroom apartment
Just a hole-in-the-wall
A queen-sized mattress on the floor—
Unmade with lots of blankets
A coffee table with two empty mugs
An ashtray with a cigarette butt still smoking

The door bursts open
And we stumble through the entry after fumbling with the lock for what seems like hours

You grab my hand and pull me toward you
As my heart leaps out of my beating chest

You shut the door behind you and we are
Kissing
Drunkenly, passionately
As if we'd been apart for years

Without releasing the embrace
I blindly lead us over to the cupboard
You let me go,
only so I can acquire two wine glasses which I fill with our favorite
cheap red wine

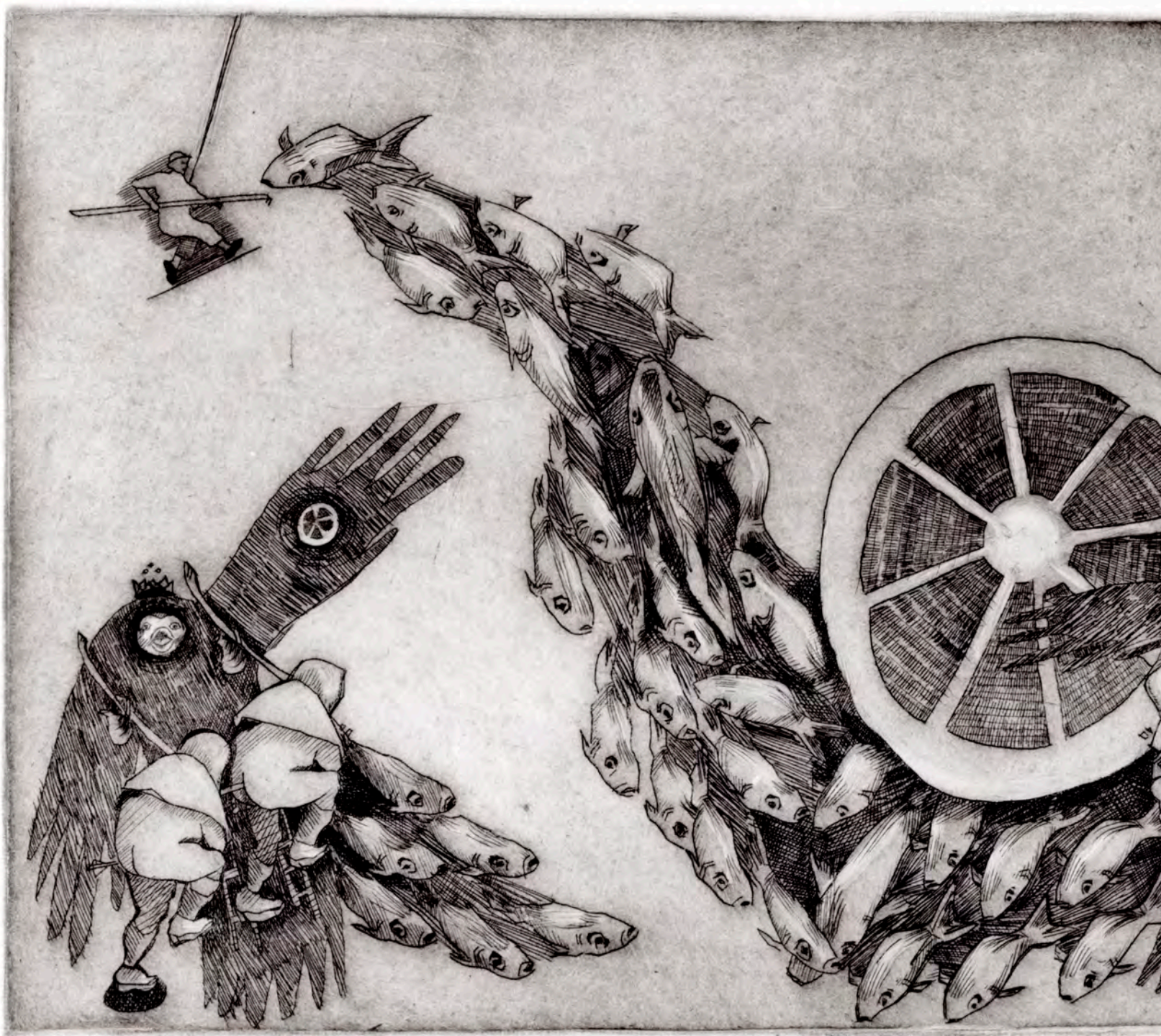
we drink and light our cigarettes
and kiss like we're seventeen again

we try to unlock the mysteries of the world
and when it becomes too much
and our minds too drowsy

we fall into our bed
smiling, laughing, touching

we are happy
and it doesn't get old

Hannah Erhart





Death Roe

Her body,
beautiful, her body
broken. Almost
seven feet long and pre-
historic, her body
ridged and scarred as
mountains, her body bony,
salt-smoothed and
knotted, her body slick.
Her body thick her body
pillaged.
Her body,
cold flesh cleaved by
carnal precision,
appetitive angles,
caviar greed,
we sold her body for parts;
my metal, my mallet, and I
the speechless executioners—
beaten first,
then plundered.

Hannah Fung-Weiner

SWARM KAORI FRED A DRYPOINT ON PLEXIGLASS



HOT DOG
ALEX KRAFCIK
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH

RCCR

LEASE

This place I am trying for
 a yellow room
 I am hello within this hollow
 space I crawl within the door-
 jambs within the picked locks
 there is a sand dune sadness
 a badness that you wear well babe
 This place I am trying for
 a room with oak floors
 where I can die each night
 Within this space limp and
 numb I feel dumb within
 this six by six by six
 If I nix this whole
 thing & paint my toenails on
 some windowsill what
 good does it do for you
 Baby I'll sign the
 papers and then baby I'll
 bite the pen and then
 I'll cap it
 No I won't share
 the bed with you babe
 because I'm stuck
 and sticking
 and I'm paying for this place anyway

Zoe Tambling

HELD

I imagine being plucked from some waxy tree
 and glancing up to see the puzzled frown of a farmer
 who holds me by the scruff at arm's length

Or dangling from the mouth of a bobcat
 who drips saliva down my back
 as she trots across chaparral

Beneath this moon-cut window
 there are acres and acres
 of tulips

I'm just clambering into bed

Look
 I'm just a little monkey boy

Zoe Tambling

Ova

I spin a web
a baby web

gulp down my tea
let me explain

I spin a web
a baby web
I am
an almighty
mother
dripping mirrors

A haphazard drag-
line
severed into
ceramic

I spin a web
a baby web

Beneath a billowing
curtain beneath a blue glow
I ooze like a minx like a real
dead thing
I shuck the bodily

;

And I
like it
with no safe words
to lift me from my own flesh

Only a string of silk

extending

;

;

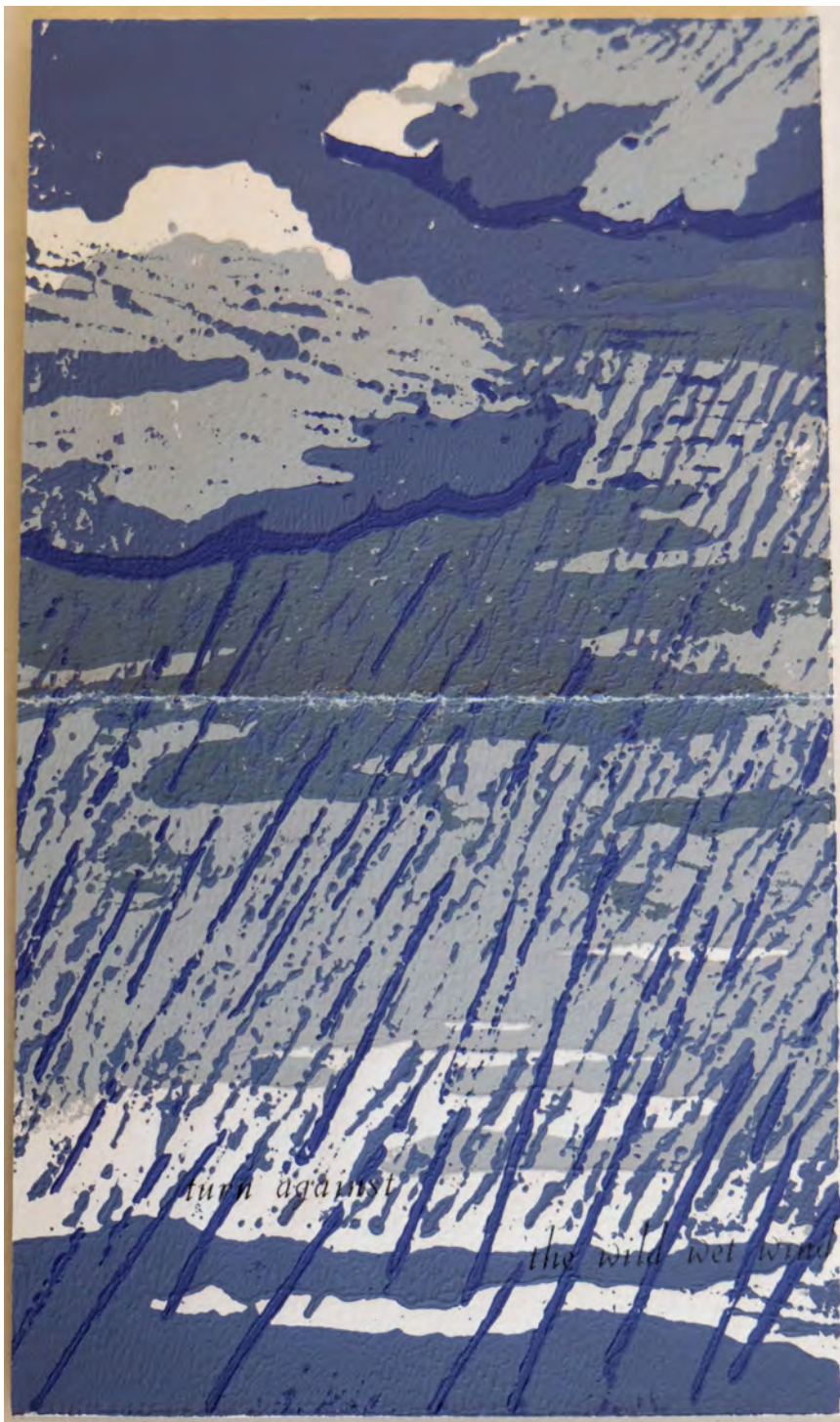
;

;

Zoe Tambling



MOTHER AND CHILD LUIS VALENZUELA MULTIMEDIA



turn against
the wild wet wind

Guardians



Grahame Watt

FALLING CANCY CHU MIXED MEDIA

The rosary hadn't even stopped swaying from the rearview mirror before Peter had freed himself from his booster seat and the backseat, raced whooping to the railing at Battery Spencer, and felt the cold rain on his face as he watched the clouds sail in from the sea. It was his reward for suffering through another weekend of conferences, sitting alone in the lobby with a book while his parents joined others in discussing ways to protect their children from the world. From his perch he could see and hear the traffic lined across the Golden Gate, inching past a dark-haired woman in a white bathrobe, reduced to the size of his thumb by the perspective. Peter watched curiously as she took it off, handed it to her bodyguard, and stood naked and shivering for all to see.

Then the world went black. His mother had her hands over his eyes, her fingernails digging into his nose and cheeks. Tears formed on his face as he was shoved into the backseat of the car, blurring his vision as they sped out of the parking lot. His mother's indignant outrage changed to shrill protests as they turned south towards the bridge, making for San Jose and home.

"We're not driving all the way through Oakland," said Peter's father.

"We're not going past that evil whore."

"I don't want to hear it."

They told Peter to cover his eyes, but he cracked his fingers and watched the woman as their car crawled past. His mother muttered under her breath and glared, while his father held his neck straight and let his eyes wander. Even across two lanes, Peter could see the pimples on her arms, the peach fuzz rising up to catch the evening mist, the red flush on her chest and face, the purple tinge around her lips. Some parts of her body he had seen only in paintings in the art books at school that he read during recess, never in real life. She didn't look evil, or even mean. She just looked cold. His mother caught his father looking and started yelling again. Peter pulled his jacket tight around himself and shivered, while the rain crackled all around the car.



Father

night wore his wolf suit
a forest grew in and out of weeks
ocean tumbled over a year

all the way across the world
the prince was lonely

oh please don't go

And he had said: no

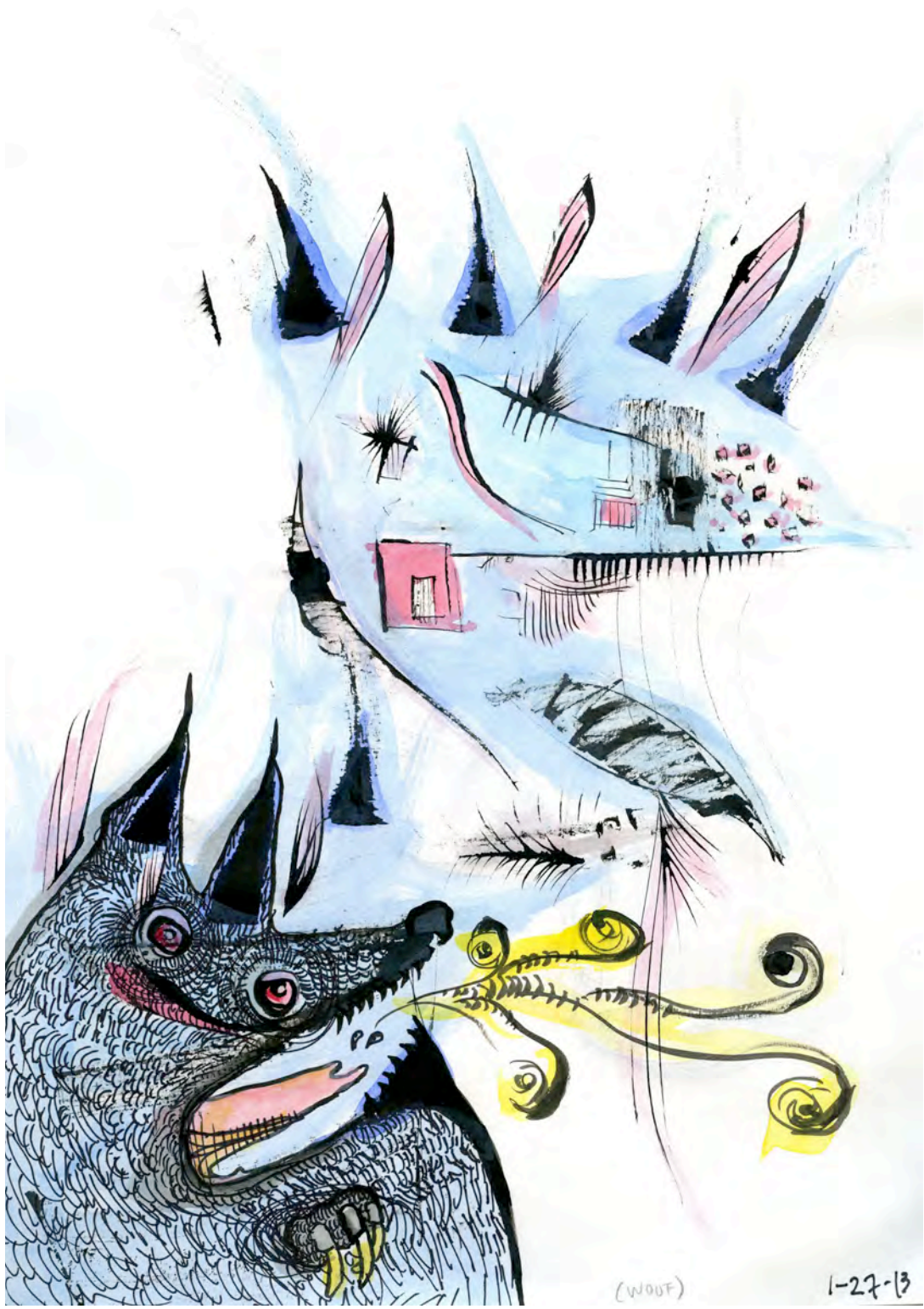
Sage Freeburg

WEASEL IN A WINDOW, DARLING

KAORI FREDA

ACQUATINT PRINTMAKING TECHNIQUE,

HARDGROUND TECHNIQUE, ETCHING



WASSILY'S WOOF

KAORI FREDA

WATERCOLOR



TRACKS IN THE ATLANTIC HANNAH FRISHBERG PHOTOGRAPH

like ◀ /laɪk/ adj., adv., conj., n., prep., v.

like ◀ /laɪk/ adj., adv., conj., n., prep., v.

a.

- i like liking you.
- ii like, to like liking you.
- iii like to like liking you

like a captured cosmos caged in young lungs
like my heavy breaths moisten soul spun emotion coated on cracked lips
like in liking you, atoms quiver closers somewhere
like my soul shifts a little
like my heart splits its brittle orbit
like you floated little planets in my throat spinning little galaxies
like earth grown words now shiver, it's
like these new quivering thrums unfix a river of tongues
like a sun beat back to being i am
like ignited celestial dust sprinkled in your space, it's
like i burn through Saturn's wings
like a super celestial bird of prey, i stay suspended,
like dawn's eternal muse because in liking liking, i
like to like you.

[but, i'd like you more
if you didn't just like to like my like of liking you
because i don't just like to like you –]

b.

- i like you
- ii like, you.
- iii like. you.

[but you only like that i like to like that i like liking you]
[you don't, [like], like me, too]

Emily Brock

Love in a Time of Zombies



Brynn Tran

The industrial park is silent, empty, and rain-blackened. You find her here.

Through a puddle you slide into her on your knees like she's home plate.

Things are going fuzzy for her but she can still hear you calling, her eyes roaming blindly over the gray-yellow midwinter four o'clock sky. She is face-up on the ground. You lift her head and put it on your knees, scream at her upside down *Katherine please*. You are crying. She thinks it's rain. Sometimes she squints when the salt hits her skin and sometimes her eyes rage wide, like she's being burned alive, and you are the fire.

You've got a hand on her cheek telling her everything's going to be okay, even though your pants are soaked hot with her tainted blood, her inflamed shoulder weeping necrotic goo onto your thigh. Everything's going to be okay because you've got your knife and you've got it hooked under her jaw, her delicate precipice of a jaw, jaundiced and slick.

She gnashes her teeth, starts to fight you, but she's crying as she does it, she's pleading like a toddler who can't stop the meltdown once it's started. She gnashes her teeth and one of them falls out, or rather in, down her throat – she's choking, hacking there in your lap, bleeding, spitting, turning blue. You could just let it happen but she's still crying up at you so you shift your hips and lift her by the armpits, lift her like a sandbag.

She vomits. She gasps. You lay her back down and stroke her hair with your left hand, crusty with blood and filth, fanned out like a halo in your lap. The right hand remains with the knife. The knife is steady.

Shhh.

Her hands are vibrating claws when she reaches up to touch your face.

She digs her nails into your salted cheek, her own smeared brown and red, her milky, roving eyes searching for yours, not finding them. Once they were blue. Just yesterday they were blue.

Desperate and guttural, her sobs degenerate into rhythmic, involuntary hiccups. She clutches your cheek so hard it hurts. Her lips crack and bleed when she speaks but she does not say words. She screams because she can hear that whatever she's saying aren't words. Her anguish is terrifying and unstoppable. Another tooth drops.

Everything's going to be okay, you promise her, screaming over the sound of her screaming.

Her muscles are taut. She pushes down at your legs with her shoulders. Her grip on your face intensifies. Her chest still heaves but *I love you* cannot save you now.

She's getting her strength back.

Do it now.

Remember your first kiss, in the park, in the rain.



INDUSTRIAL WASTES RUTH HALE PHOTOGRAPH

RCCR





LOVE LETTER FROM HER ALIEN SWEETHEART

Then dear
I miss when you walk near with you. I love your
heart,
I have no heart. But I have different parts that I do have.
I hope you
Visit me and meet
My place
My little planet. Your world is not as much as
here is so nice. No trees are here. There is no place
to have sleep. But there are a few things to tell each other what you see.
Not like
your planet. Everything there is there
But not a person
To listen to a person other than the World.
But you.

Sammi Massey



HANGING ON TO HANG DRY GENEVIEVE MEDOW-JENKINS FILM PHOTOGRAPH

I am a ghost now



Natasha Lelchuk

Once, I was a paper crane. My wings frayed at the edges from gliding on the same winds too many times. I ripped myself up into tiny pieces and watched myself fall slowly through the air.

Now I am a submarine. Things look smaller through my periscope. There are fewer things to break. Less of a mess to clean up afterward.

You cannot clean me up anymore. Please do not write me any more letters or give me any more of your sweaters, and please do not come to the door in the middle of the night asking to borrow cups of sugar when you're really just checking to make sure that I'm still alive.

I am still alive.

You told me once: this is how you let it eat you alive. Please don't let it eat you alive.

You told me once: Smash clocks. Smash teacups.

Smash delicacy smash exhaustion smash whatever you can get your hands on, but don't smash yourself.

But don't you understand: I am a broken magnet. My polarity is downside-up. This weight in my stomach makes the world look topsy-turvy. It is always night outside, and inside too. It is freezing in the summer. I am cold in the shower. I am cold when I hit my fifth mile, when I can't feel the sweat anymore. I am cold inside my bones and my sweater.

I broke all my mirrors last month. I don't need them anymore. Ghosts have no reflections. The glass left cuts on my fingers. On my wrists. On the tops of my thighs. I left the band-aid wrappers on the floor.

I broke a jam jar in the sink once. It was an accident. You didn't believe me when I told you. But I wasn't lying.

I wouldn't lie to you.



LA SOLEDAD DE LAS HOJAS SANDRA DE ANDA DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH

Death of a Lepidopterist

Where do the butterflies go to die?

In a desolate parking lot by an abandoned convenience store,

By a sleeping creek where the salmon have stopped leaping,

Under the reflection of some curious spectacles, where dusty thumbprints greet them.

In 4cm crystal caskets, a cm for every week of fleeting life,

Nature's smallest tapestries sleep.

And someone watches them dream.

Sleepiness and a sore sight from years and years of meticulous study make his eyelids heavy,

Closing the curtains to their performance.

Winter has come.

It is not a refuge to these winged beasts or the man who studies them.

Where does the man go to die?

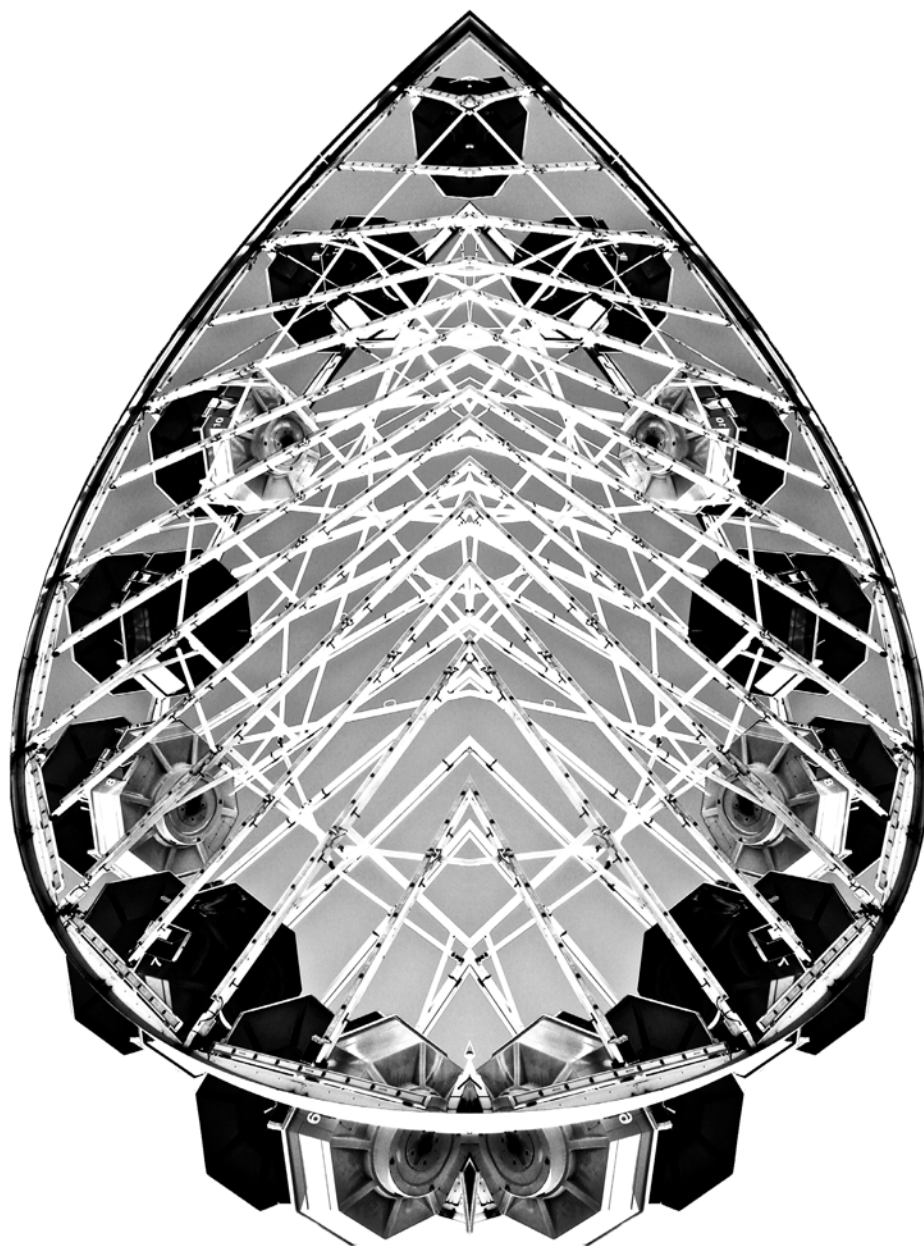
Crouched over while labeling another morpho butterfly, Morpho He---

It's wings as brown as the soil that will soon kiss his body

And envelop him like a cocoon.

Evading the Human collector, Death, the Butterfly collector's net becomes invisible.

Sandra De Anda



FERRIS DANIELLE JUNCAL DIGITALLY MODIFIED PHOTOGRAPH

RCCR

in dreams, desire is a matrix

if eyes could sing, this
is what. if the heart could bite,
this mark it would
leave on the breast to fade.
when hands reach not
around, but into, these
are the holes you will leave
upon exit, have
left already in the background
of a waking scene.

Kieran Hanrahan

Hide&SEEK

Emily Brock



Let's pretend

Let's pretend



Look..

.. beyond.

Let's pretend

Let's pretend
turn. into

mist

i

can

melt away,

through

the Looking-glass

'So

they

' can't

get at me '

Ellipsis

Where you see nothing now
I am a field of flowers in bloom,
pooling color in shy petals,
curling open for the sun.

I am the liquid
heat contradiction
to Edward Hopper's
concept of darkness.
I wear lines and light, a suit
whose sharp edges
are tempered
by wool. I resemble
an old-fashioned
photograph.

An Impressionist's daydream
in daubs of paint,

static

in

close-up.

From a distance
I am clouds, water
and the movement of water.
Water lilies most of all.

Magritte would have made me
a steam engine,
The Son of Man,
a scripted French word
that offers your imagination
in the shape of a horse,
the shape of a clock,
the shape of a pipe that isn't.

Manon Gilmore

I woke up late this morning



Natasha Lelchuck

There was a moth the size of Jesus with me in the bathroom today, and it looked at me and it said: do you think you will die if you get lipstick on the bread of your sandwich when you take your first bite and then eat the rest anyway, even though it's pink like somebody colored it with a crayon?

I said: no, I don't think so, because lipstick goes on your lips, which are pretty close to your mouth anyway.

It nodded like it agreed with me. Then it said: how did you get into this bathroom?

This is my house, I said.

I don't have a house, it said.

But you have wings, I said.

I guess so, it said.

Then it stretched those wings and it flew out of my shower and after it was gone, I watched the suds from my shampoo go down the drain, picturing them traveling through the pipes of my house and into a sewer that deposits them in a giant lake full of soap suds that smells like the hair of a million different heads. Instead of fish, there are underwater moths that live off the reverberations of off-key shower singing. Their favorite is pop music but they don't like country very much.



Contributors

BRYNN TRAN is a junior English major, co-Theme Coordinator of Random House, and spinner of nunchucks.

CODY BARNES is a simple man with only one question on his mind: why did the bicycle fall over? Because it was two-tired.

DANIEL SPIELBERGER would like to use this space to talk about his mom. Thanks mom for always being there for me and telling me that I have the potential to be my generation's Danielle Steel.

DANIELLE JUNCAL is the co-Editor-in-Chief of this magazine, but really Rachel Fox does all of the work.

EMILY BROCK has spent her exchange year at Reed trying to quash British stereotypes whilst wearing pearls, tweed and talking emphatically about tea...

GENEVIÈVE MEDOW-JENKINS spent time documenting the 2013 Big Sur, California Fire – making light in the blacks and whites that make up the grays of ash.

GRAHAME WATT, a political science major graduating this May, is really looking forward to having the time and energy to write something — anything — other than his thesis.

HANNAH FRISHBERG has done terrible things for a Klondike Bar.

“**HANNAH FUNG-WIENER**,” they said, “use your words!” She’s trying.

JEANNIE YOON will leave no stone unturned in her search for the perfect metaphor.

JENN MCNEAL may refer to 1. a traditional Shanghainese architectural style; 2. a station on the Bernina Railway line; 3. an English Football Coach and former footballer.

KATHARINA SCHWAIGER quotes a childhood hero: “Was sich reimt, ist gut.”



KIERAN HANRAHAN is a junior History-Literature major from Portland, Maine. He prizes concision.

LUIS VALENZUELA is a freshman at Reed currently, and just starting out getting more serious about art. He's still experimenting and trying to let my ever-changing interests guide what he makes.

MANON GILMORE is a sophomore linguistics major and a hopeless romantic.

MAREN FICHTER likes to make pretty things with words and paper.

NATASHA LELCHUK will be a thesising English major soon. She reads fewer books than she'd like.

PRISCILLA WU is a freshman so what does she know, she hasn't qualed yet. "She" is a series of speculations on a stranger she saw several times. She'd like to thank said stranger for her presence.

RACHEL FOX is a former Quest editor and current co-editor of the Creative Review. She is a fan of design, photography, and making popcorn. Really, Danielle made this whole thing possible.

RUTH E HALE is a native Oregonian with pine sap for blood, salty ocean air for breath, and a wildflower soul. Enthusiast for all things true and beautiful.

SAGE FREEBURG: Inspired by forest canopies, the sound of rainstorms, and lemongrass.

SANDRA ESMERALDA DE ANDA is a cinephile, appreciates reading short stories in The New Yorker, birdwatching, doing stand-up comedy and writing on her spare time.

SAMMI MASSEY is a senior at Reed.

ZOE TAMBLING writes poems, likes squirrels, and curates Summer Series poetry readings in Portland (ask her about it).



Colophon

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