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dear reader,

After many hours of deliberation, discussion, and (In)Design, it's my pleasure to present you with some of the student body's best visual art, poetry, and prose for your perusal.

This year's *Review* offers an unfettered experience of our peers' art. The cutout cover, clean section headers, and unembellished typefaces serve as a streamlined guide to this showcase, the simplest design for the most function. The work in this issue stands on its own, without embellishment; it is provocative, personal, and perspicacious.

I'd like to thank the members of the Review Board for their time and energy spent in meetings discussing and voting on content and our contributors for their excellent submissions. Special thanks to the Editorial Board for their steadfast dedication to putting the magazine together, and by proxy, keeping me together in my last year here. I can't wait to see where the *Review* will go next. Finally, I'd like to thank the Reed College Student Body, the Student Activities Office, and the English Department for funding the publication in its 13th year.

Please, enjoy.

Priscilla

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poetry

folklore

Chloë Thompson

far darrig hurts when you talk to him unless you
have big ears like a net worth and the body of a
sinner's personal history

nonsense! brevity. sailors are not
terrified of sky ghosts because they
wear flip-flops in the snow and manipulated

breath alone in one room scary
dwarves have nostrils, IDIOT, all in
red, the terror comes from the bracken
when he is short and silent and

i

am the contrary morbid
ness of the dead sea before
you find out it doesn't even have
dead bodies in it but is instead

mothers

mothered before my best friend collided
with my neighbor in a particle
shower i thought, how gross, their

still

beneath my bed you moaned in
my mouth the tale of the giantess,
hunger scraping our skin

clear off, mountainless, no one
said home was to look this dairy. this
eggshell—"man of hunger"..Irish...
fear gorta. the taste of shell off, taste of

crooked and heavy, hair spit-wet,
fingers call the priest. weight
guides us home, mná, mná,
mam knows the path

newborn

live sea should have crawfish and
scampi alive as testudo in it. live sea
should have no years, ears neither,
knees like when you're

neither

of us knew how to talk with our
mouths open so we spoke like this:
zipporah. humbling. it's so quiet
in cavities where water used to be,
all we know is: far darrig.
all we know is: hum hush.

vegan softboys are still carnivores

Abby Friesen-Johnson

on the bad days,
i only eat when i am high
& only take what i want
when i am drunk

a hickey
red & wide as my hunger

i cannot forgive the way
he made me cover it in the morning
before i left
he told me i should throw away my expensive makeup
he prefers his women barefaced
& his steak medium rare

somewhere in my memory
my grandmother is sighing on a loop
she says,
you are so beautiful,
i used to be so beautiful.
you are so—

i never met my grandfather.
i hear he liked cheap whiskey & his steak
medium rare.

on the bad days,
i imagine i am a jellyfish
soft as water
& ready to kill

i like to imagine myself as animals
i have never seen on a menu
not an osprey, which men make hunt for them
or a deer, poor bambi with the long eyelashes

i would be a jellyfish

i am that violent
i am that tender

men use words like tender
to talk about meat,
dead things on a plate

how like a knife
he slid into my body
how like a man
not to notice when i died
which is to say,
disassociated

which is to use a medicalized vocabulary
for the most savage thing i know how to do
to myself

You Are In 300 Towns All At The Same Time

Isabel Sullivan

Each thought, spoken or unspoken, is a headline. Not one resident yells. That one man yells occasionally.

Mayor Trish Spencer supports wrestling matches between residents. Mayor Trish Spencer praises the Almighty.

All phone calls monitored, recorded, uploaded to archive.org.

National and local politics absent, state politics still kicking.

Speed limit reduced to twenty-five miles per hour. Speeding, tailgating encouraged by law enforcement.

Two residents found dead. Two residents found dead in old Victorian. Residents mostly live in old Victorians. Residents live across the street. Residents live on either side of the water.

Mayor Trish Spencer urges raising of drawbridges. Law enforcement echoes sentiments of Mayor Trish Spencer. Mayor Trish Spencer means to keep residents apart.

Investigators report town lacks smoke detectors. Investigators report town lacks smoke. Investigators wonder why.

Town exists in two, maybe three, worlds.

Independence Day parade a big deal. Big dealers all around town. Town collectively paints nails red.

What I Tell Myself In The Reflections Of Car Windows, Storefronts, And Other Surfaces

Isabel Sullivan

What you're going to need to do is work yourself up into an extreme panic. If you're not panicked, then what are you? If you're not panicked, then you're not panicked, and you're wearing clown shoes for nothing.

Yes, you could sue, but you don't have standing. He borrowed your clown shoes while you were swimming laps. So, what? This occurrence, while distressing to you, cannot be brought to trial, partly because he returned the shoes the very next day, but mostly because no one, save your mother, cares about your clown shoes.

Are you panicked enough? You're not panicked enough until the skin on the back of your neck is burning so badly that you can't think about anything else. You're obviously thinking about the concept of panic right now, rather than the burning skin on the back of your neck. You're not there yet, and I am disappointed. See what you can do to get yourself there. To panic.

I don't know in what world those clown shoes are a good idea. I do know that all you do is trip over yourself. I do know that you tripped twice on the way to speak with me. I do know that you have completely shirked all responsibility in exchange for tripping over yourself.

You need to take yourself and your panic more seriously. There is nothing funny about you, and there is nothing more important than working yourself up into a panic. Lately, I feel like all I do is nag you to work yourself up into a panic, and that should not be my responsibility. It should be yours.

the goodnight liturgy/the bedtime prayer

Sara Córdoba

if the purpose of all of this is to sleep, ask:
why do graven high reliefs, outside of time, rarely keep their heads
when, in low, bas-reliefs are a clamoring of cacophonous anatomy, cloaked in rigid linen?
clothe the quarries of inquiry in cloths of sunk-spun silks,
making a pyre for the agitation of now. inflammation lends to
ballooning upon contact with what is finally familiar,
finding organic existence in its entirety;
if only the jaw would detach,
if only the teeth would unclench.
these shoulders grind like a specter bopping on a spinal chord xylophone
that hits the hollow notes like a chiropractic g-spot.
pores are open, ready to receive and be received
by the last call dance for dust mites breeding under the bed:
that sheetless mattress pad in a collective bachelor-pad stagescape.
therein lies a whole host of auditorium light switches, the endless pursuit
of turning one off without pouring concrete over the tomb of waking up 500 more;
holding breath for the sake of blood that needs to be held
necessitates the inability to discern if eyes are open or not in total darkness:
beginning the dismantling of contour lines between
endings and outlines makes the process seem like a fever dream with a sweat quota—
nightly ventures into boundary bending succumbs
to the molting into an overzealous medusa enthusiast, fanatic in broad daylight.
to meld with the frame was the sole pursuit of taking sleep to bed,
before we knew that those privileged stones had eons to settle
but never truly did.

Weeds Sprout Like Cracks in Glass Ceilings

Sara Córdoba

I'd write about flowers for you—

*Infinite potential buds in pure noon, bred by those
humming about the folds that feel like home,*

But you would read it as female;
Biologically speaking, you'd say, Georgia painted anatomy.

*like a satin upholstered snow globe, inverted
pollination reigns down from honeycomb clouds*

Meriam-Webster would have to define the strains of their singular they;
but only if you're into that identity thing.

*spawning the absorption of chroma sequencing
chlorophyll, offspring leaves change come March.*

With three stanzas google could claim I've had two miscarriages and an abortion.
Good thing science is fake.

*Be brittle; be thick when the frost stalks up stem
the quiet sets in when petals and wings alike drop*

English teachers would laundry list cult of domesticity:
some bodies were meant to be hosts. Don't unpack that.

*and from vibrations of fallen forms, the cold Earth
is static in its decay, seeds denied entry of soil*

Interesting how textbooks fail to mention the system they serve;
I'm suing the whole world until I get intersectionality.

*until they alter their genomes. Pastels and tender
sprouts soon conquer the brown buried deep.*

Will you read this if I die male?
maybe then I wouldn't write, "just another social justice poem."

00:00:32

Samrath Battacharya

sit down car honk rikshawallah kabaadiwallah bicycle bell ring *fade* (noise in void) *come back* car honk turn head right get up
sit down turn head up squint look down stare at ground *fade* (bell tolls) *come back* turn head up squint turn head left get up
sit down roll feet up on heels set back down on concrete *fade* (bell tolls) *come back* car honk rikshawallah kabaadiwallah
bicycle bell ring
vanish (static) **off**

¹ hindi for rikshaw driver

² hindi for someone who collects and/or buys items to be recycled or repurposed

³ hindi for rikshaw driver

⁴ hindi for someone who collects and/or buys items to be recycled or repurposed

Letters from the Pull-out Couch

Amelia Ng

“stop. i am trying to find something profound
to say about you.” blonde artist, Russian girlfriend

and across the hall, another with accented English
each finger on his hand beckoning nylon,
a visitor, too. he hangs his shadow in the door.
human or laundry, the still walls share a look.

she is the homeowner’s girlfriend.
they don’t stop, panting the car exhausts
or setting off the mouse on the fire escape
it all makes me nervous, a little voyeuristic

witness of a breaking. although some parts had
already ended, even though Anna isn’t there yet.

2 days ago, Anna is “my ex.”

2 days later, she comes home. i wish to say,
She said goodbye to you already, Anna
sorry. impatience brings us closer to these ends of cruelty
and before you even moved, she put the apartment up for rent.

it’s really quite terrible, and
Anna, you probably didn’t realize
it was already over before you came home.

watching with a phone in my hand, i almost feel moved.
this must be why we enjoy tragedies—
i almost type to him,
my “heart breaks” to leave New York, and all.

Catacombs my Mom made for me

Sophie Spencer-Zavos

She loves the sea:
finds communion in the salt water
where wavebreak erodes rock and
sand whispers centuries left between our toes

at age 19 she let the flesh of a stranger cover her loss:
ink had stained the skin where foreign hands
soiled the bloom of her body
this flesh is now distinct—
incongruent pairs bound to one another.

Above ground had left her weather-worn,
her faith felt closer to the earth,
intimacy in packed dirt and the
loosening of the Sediments of these years,
the stratified rocks that had come to compose the shape of her.

Hands held outstretched for two:
one with the blue eyes and restless legs
the other with deep curls and
grown up seriousness painted on his child plum face
(she gave them these passageways// a humble artist)

She led them through the tunnels, lamplighting cold corners,
never revealing that
the motivation to dig had
been an undertaking
for herself

She gave them adonai and white cotton in september
gave beema with new blood
gave torah and word of god: Yahweh as lipread for
“I had to save my own life
In order to give yours”

My toiled thumbs and
Cracked dry skin
digging in spring garden, planting—
“thank you”s—that are not heard enough.

For Tessa

Martha Cohn

"Excuse me sir," I say to the hand,

"That is not yours."

I am always polite, always

Placid, tepid—lukewarm like bathwater.

A well-mannered sheep, kept safe.

The hand does not withdraw.

"Excuse me sir, I would like my leg back."

I can feel the hand's heat

Melting with mine.

Heat means sweat.

Sweat is sticky.

Sticky means a mess; a mess means a bath.

I am tepid—always polite.

The hand flexes.

The hand does not withdraw.

The hand is smooth; its nails trimmed

Evenly.

I always try to cut mine in rounds. Moons.

Mine end up square.

"Excuse me sir—I am taking my leave."

I stand up.

I am always polite, a well-mannered sheep.

Sheep are kept safe by their shepherd.

The hand raises, watching me go

Tilting side to side.

"Your leave was never mine, dear. Take it as you please."

Tonight, after my bath

I clip my fingernails into moons—round.

Falcon's Song

Genevieve Hook

You
who are drawn
to the quietness
in me—

Know
that I am both
the roaring fire
and the match
that gives it flame.

I will turn
my chin

from

west

to

east

and offer you

one cheekbone

at a time.

jaw not clenched
fists unfolded
palms spread open

at my sides

feet planted firmly

in the Earth

and with pining eyes:

be mine

be mine

be mine

or never be.

For if Falcons

never find in you
a neck to rest their beaks,

If

the howling wind
you only see
a thing to be contained,

If

in widespread wings
and rustled leaves
and end of day

when Starlit Sun
and Mountain make
their sweet

and solemn love,

you never hear my song,

then please—

do not
take my cheek

—either one—

with open hand
or gentle mouth

—but release me
to the winds

where I am free

and

never be.
never be.
never be.

Untitled

Henry Cole Smith

HERE I MAKE MYSELF IN PERFECTLY
PRECISE PROPORTIONS: MY POINTER
FINGERS MEASURE THE SAME TO THE
PICOMETER; MY EYES SIT PARALLEL
TO THE HORIZON WITHIN 1/1000 OF
A DEGREE; 32 TEETH, STRAIGHT AS
PARAPETS; AS IF DIVIDED DOWN MY
MIDDLE BY A MIRROR. YET NOTHING
IS WITHOUT LIMITS—BREAKFASTING
ON MY TOAST, I GET STICKY HANDS
WHEN I HAVE STICKY JAM, JUST AS
ANYONE ELSE WOULD. I'VE FANCIED
CRAGGLY LANDSCAPES OF MOUNTAINS
AND VALLEYS IN CRUMPLED RECEIPT
PAPER, COMPOSED OF INTERSECTING
PLANES OF POLYGONS. SUCH DREAMS
OF GRACE IN THE FACE OF ENTROPY
HAVE SEDUCED BETTER MEN THAN ME

“HARMONY”
CANNOT MEAN WHAT THEY
SAY IT MEANS. RECENTLY I HAVE
BEEN TRYING TO ACKNOWLEDGE POWERS I
DO NOT CONTROL. FOR EXAMPLE WHEN I PLAY
POOL AGAINST MYSELF, SOLIDS ALWAYS WINS. OR
HOW AN ASS AND AN ELEPHANT REMAIN LOCKED IN A
SEMPITERNAL STRUGGLE FOR POSSESSION OF A THING WE
UNFLINCHINGLY CALL “THE PENTAGON”. MEANWHILE, THERE
IS A LAKE OF LUXURY ON THE MOON. IN THIS KIND OF HEAT
GOD IS IN THE NEAREST CEILING FAN—BENEATH IT A PLASTIC
HOUSEPLANT BLOWS. FAKE FLOWERS IN A BOGUS BREEZE. A CREA-
TURE IS THE PRODUCT OF ITS CREATOR. THUS MY BOWLS OF SOUP
REFLECT ME UNTIL CONSUMED, THEY BECOME ME, & THUS MY POETRY
IS FED, WHICH IS TO SAY IT IS THE POETRY OF A FULL STOMACH.
IN THE BEGINNING, GOD GRABBED THE BIG DIPPER AND SCOOPED UP A
SPOONFUL OF PRIMORDIAL SOUP FROM THE MOON’S MARE SPUMANS, AND
HE SAW THAT IT WAS PRETTY GOOD, BUT DEEMED IT NEEDED A LITTLE
MORE SEASONING: HENCE HUMANS. STILL, KNOWING IT’LL KILL ME, I
READ POETRY WHILE AT THE WHEEL OF MY CAR. AT LEAST GOING THRU
THE WINDSHIELD I WILL DIE WITH A HEAD FULL OF GLASS AND BEAU-
TY. WHY SPEND MONEY ON GROCERIES WHEN I CAN EXIST PURELY ON
THE STRANGE, COLORED ORBS GROWING ON ALL THE “FRUIT TREES”?
WHEN I STAMMER, THAT SYLLABLE I AM UTTERING IS NOT “UM”,
BUT RATHER, “OM”, & EACH TIME I UTTER IT I AM TRANSPORTED
BY QUANTUM LEAP TO EVER HIGHER PLANES OF FORGETFULNESS.
FROM UP HERE LETHE & MNEMOSYNE LOOK SIMILARLY, & ANY-
WAY THE LATTER BEGETS ERATO AND ERATO BEGETS ERRATA
SO IT’S A ZERO-SUM GAME WE PLAY; BETTER ODDS IN A
POWERBALL LOTTO. HERE THE STONE IS STONY ONLY
IF IT IS WRITTEN IN STONE, OR YOU ARE STONE
-D. SO THEN YOU DITCH THE INDEXABLE FOR
THE UNSAYABLE & THE INDECIPHERABLE.
THESE DAYS I TRY TO THINK TWO
THOUGHTS AT 1 TIME—A
“HARMONY”

I
CAN
NEVER
CONTAIN
PARTICLES
OF AMBITION
IN THIS PRISM
LONG ENOUGH FOR
STOCKHOLMSYNDROME
TO SET IN. HOW MANY
TIMES DO YOU OPEN AND
CLOSE A SCREEN DOOR BE-
FORE YOU GIVE UP AND JUST
LET ALL THE BUGS GO IN, OR,
IS IT OUT? I WISH IT COULD BE
AS BASIC FOR ME AS BELIEVING IN
CRYSTALS BUT I TRIED BRINGING
THEM WITH ME TO GO SHOPPING
AND IT WAS NOT ANY EASIER
TO PICK WHAT JAM TO BUY
OR WHAT PLY OF TOILET
PAPER TO GET. PARTY
IS JUST A WORD AS
DIAMOND IS JUST
A WORD AS TAR
IS ART BACK
WARDS AND
EMPATHY
TAKES
EMP
!

prose

Defining the undefined with the defined

Una colección de definiciones de nosotros

Sandra De Anda

Miata—1. The Mazda MX-5, released as the Mazda MX-5 Miata in North America and as the Eunos Roadster in Japan, is a lightweight two-seater roadster with a front-engine, rear-wheel-drive layout. Manufactured by Mazda in Hiroshima, Japan, the model debuted in 1989 at the Chicago Auto Show. The MX-5 was conceived as a small roadster—with light weight and minimal mechanical complexity limited only by legal and safety requirements, while being technologically modern and reliable. 2. A marina-green vehicle you drove around campus and the city of Portland that you've now sold and exchanged for a red Mazda Hatchback. 3. After having walked on the Vance Creek Bridge where you hung off one of the structures pointing towards an abyss of greenery, I cried because I was afraid of heights. Instead of giving me a pep talk, patting me on the back during my moment of weakness, you spun your car around as I cried. I tell this to close company and they cannot believe such a thing happened, but I know it happened.

The Redwoods—1. Very tall, evergreen coniferous trees (*Sequoia sempervirens*) native to the coastal ranges of southern Oregon and central and northern California, having thick bark, leaves that are needlelike or scalelike, and small cones. 2. HUGE FUCKING TREES 3. You talked to a lot of trees and patted them like they were your comrades. We also licked banana slugs and slept in a tent where for a couple of nights it

rained. That was my first time sleeping in the outdoors; I had grown up around asphalt and telephone lines.

Patrick's Point—1. A State Park thirty miles north of Eureka, sitting on a lushly forested promontory beside the Pacific Ocean. 2. We sat on a piece of driftwood drinking red wine, peeling oranges, and eating trailmix. We talked about the skepticism, limitation, and function of language and then you chased a seagull. The sun was especially good that day. We were especially good that day too.

Gig Harbor—1. Gig Harbor is one of several cities and towns that claim to be "the gateway to the Olympic Peninsula." Due to its close access to several state and city parks, and historic waterfront that includes boutiques and fine dining, it has become a popular tourist destination. 2. The city your family lives in and you grew up in. 3. After visiting, it all made sense to me about who and why you are.

Sardines—1. a young pilchard or other young or small heringlike fish 2. pack closely together 3. We eat a lot of sardines while camping and all the times you come to visit/I visit. I ate a lot of sardines when I was finishing up my thesis. We are packed closely together like sardines you know, but I don't think we're as tasty, sadly.

Ping Pong —1. Table tennis 2. To go back and forth; change rapidly or regularly; shift; bounce 3. Yet another thing that we competed at and by a hair you beat me almost everytime. 4. The tectonic plates shift in Northern California, your new place of residency.

Rhinoceros—1. a large, heavily built, plant-eating mammal with one or two horns on the nose and thick folded skin, native to Africa and southern Asia. All kinds have become endangered through hunting. 2. At a state park by your house we saw a piece of wood that looked like a rhinoceros—a more alarming sight to me than the time I actually did see a real rhinoceros in South Africa. 3. Later that evening at the park, there was an abrupt hiatus from our silliness. We heard distinct voices in the mist indicating a lover's quarrel. I was happy at that moment that we were not lovers.

Streetfighter—1. commonly abbreviated as SF or スト (*Suto*), is a fighting video game franchise by Capcom. The second game in the series is credited with establishing many of the conventions of the one-on-one fighting genre. The game's playable characters originate from different countries around the world, each with a unique fighting style. 2. a person whose style of fistfighting was learned in the streets, as opposed to a trained or proficient boxer. 3. For a while I was better at this game than you, and then you somehow started kicking my ass because I refused to learn the combos.

Wu-Tang Clan—1. an American hip hop group from New York City, originally composed of East Coast rappers RZA, GZA, Ol' Dirty Bastard, Method Man, Raekwon, Ghostface

Killah, Inspectah Deck, U-God, and Masta Killa. 2. "The best rap group ever" 3. You had a poster in your room and I envied you for it. 4. The Wu-Tang name generator generated names for us. You: Master Lover Me: Ruff Beggar. No comment.

KINO—1. was an iconic Soviet post-punk band headed by Viktor Tsoi. It was one of the most famous rock groups in the Soviet Union. 2. A band I became well acquainted with and then fond of because you played it often in your room. 3. The day after New Year's we ate special brownies your landscaping buddies gave you in my dorm room and listened to the Грызня крови album.

Jean-Luc Godard—1. A pioneer of the French new wave style, Jean-Luc Godard has had an incalculable effect on modern cinema that refuses to wane. Before directing, Godard was an ethnology student and a critic for *Cahiers du cinéma*, and his approach to filmmaking reflects his interest in how cinematic form intertwines with social reality. 2. We watched at least one Godard film every week for four months in the fall of 2014. I was on a leave of absence, a bit frustrated with my current affairs, but my slouched posture perked up when I knew we were gonna watch a Godard film in the evening. I think this is the era when we really became packed like a couple of sardines.

Cigarettes—1. a thin cylinder of finely cut tobacco rolled in paper for smoking. 2. Cancer sticks 3. We usually smoke these after having viewed a movie together; a useful method in dealing with the catharsis of watching a film.

Sartre—1. was a French philosopher, playwright, novelist, political activist, biographer, and literary critic. He was one of the

key figures in the philosophy of existentialism and phenomenology, and one of the leading figures in twentieth-century French philosophy and Marxism. 2. You made me a t-shirt with Sartre's face and I didn't let out the praise you expected. We both sat in silence for five seconds until I put the shirt on.

Pendejo/a—1. is equivalent to the English swear word dumbass. Burciaga said that pendejo "is probably the least offensive" of the various Spanish profanity words beginning in "p," but that calling someone a pendejo is "stronger" than calling someone estúpido. 2. A term of endearment

Time—1. the indefinite continued progress of existence and events in the past, present, and future regarded as a whole 2. I don't think we have an agreed conception of time. I have a more flexible interpretation of time; I'm always late because inevitably I'll be early for something else. And you are just tolerant of "color people time." 3. I bought you a soviet clock that broke in the mail.

Papá/papa—1. Father 2. Sometimes mistaken in Spanish as potato or the pope 3. We both have an affinity for our fathers, both welders, both immigrants, both tender beings. You like to go fishing with your nana, and I like to shout at the news with my papá.

Karl Marx—1. was a philosopher and economist famous for his ideas about capitalism and communism. Marx, in conjunction with Friedrich Engels, published "The Communist Manifesto" in 1848; later in his life, he wrote "Das Kapital," which discussed the labor theory of value. 2. In these current dark times we turn to Marx. 3. I knew you liked Marx before I knew you.

Cinema—1. The production of movies as an art or industry. 2. a movie theater 3. We are active spectators and commentators. We don't agree on the merit of each film though. I think Kiarostami is a genius and you think he's dull. The topic of space films always becomes a long winded argument. 4. "And I always feel that a woman and a man who do not like the same films, will eventually divorce." Jean-Luc Godard ■

Dreams in Spanish with English Subtitles

Sandra De Anda

If I told you the lives of my parents in completion, you'd think I was reciting Lorca or Cortázar.

I don't even know if I have the type of agency that allows me to dictate their lives. Sometimes I forget I speak my mother tongue—Spanish. When someone tries to speak it with me, it feels as if a bird is stuck in my throat, pushing its wings upward in my larynx until I let out a chirp. It feels like I'm Elizabeth Burgos translating for two Rigoberta Menchús. To stifle this feeling, I recount a shared memory of our past.

On the weekends, my mother would throw Tupperware and Avon Parties with the rest of the women in the neighborhood. There were colorful plastic containers, lipsticks, shoes, apparel, all packaged in sealed company bags. The goods were breathing with consumerism. I often watched these gatherings while eating quesadillas full of government cheese. The cheese was the color of Garfield's fur and it dripped onto my fingertips. It felt like Christmas in June every time these intimate pyramid schemes took place in our living room. My body in Old Navy blues, though, felt like an oven. My mother and her friends used to sell these products to each other, but eventually ended up selling them to the missionaries from Newport who did rounds around the neighborhood and gave us holiday baskets as their form of community service. These baskets were always nice, but at that time nobody in my family knew what to do with gouda cheese or salami, so that inevitably too became a quesadilla.

On one occasion at one of these meetings, because my mother has never been private about my life, the women dis-

cussed the new occurrence in my life—my period. “Happens to the best of us,” they'd say. They ogled my puny breasts at the time and made bets as to how big they'd get, when I'd get a boyfriend, when I'd get married, and how many children I might end up producing, measuring my hips with the width of their thumbs. My mother humored them, but only to a degree. On another occasion, my friend Victor's mother came by herself without the company of the other women to ask my mother if she would allow me to date her son. She had brought a gift for me: two blue silky underwears, the ones on page forty-two in the Avon Catalogue that summer. I had admired them in privacy, the catalogue between the pages of the Encyclopedia Letter L, definition leprosy (My parents couldn't afford to pay for the rest of the encyclopedias, so we only had 12 volumes). My mother's sense of gratitude transformed itself into disdain. She looked harshly offended, her cheeks two peaks of Kilimanjaro melting onto her chin like a surrealist painting. She gave her the same look she gave me when I sat with my legs open while wearing a skirt, or sold my barbies for a Green Day album. Knowing that stare, I knew what was to come next. She yelled at Victor's mom, shooed her out of the house with her hand, then got the broom to sweep her out all while saying that I had catechism classes to attend, violin lessons to practice for, and a bundle of other things that I actually didn't partake in, like cross country. For many weeks in the summer, Victor used to come to my window to chat about the new bands he was listening to and the new job he was trying to get at the warehouse.

Finally my mother caught me, shooed him, and sat me down in the living room to tell me that she didn't want my life to be like hers: married at a young age and uneducated.

In the other room my father was watching *Fist of Fury* with my younger siblings. They were watching the film very closely entwined and my brothers were sticky with sweat on my father's belly. They looked like golden gummy bears after they've sat in one's pocket for a couple hours. My brothers were always eager to emulate Bruce Lee's moves, so my father humored them and threw them up into the air like shiny golden satellites looking down at the only world they knew: my father and his moustache. They can see it from space the way you can see the Great Wall of China. Their barbarism was salvaged by familiarity.

There are few things that deter my father's movie watching habit. My delinquencies were one of those things, because I was rarely a delinquent. "There are so many movies to watch and so many things to learn," he said hugging me. In that embrace, I too felt like a golden satellite looking beyond our bedroom and our living room. Now a decade later, my antenna is pointing home longing for the smell of the perfume sample pages in the Avon magazines, the summer heat that made my thighs chafe, my father's moustache, and my mother's cheeks. **I long to have dreams in Spanish with English Subtitles.** ■

gaps

Maya Arigala

The space between the tiles on the roof is blessedly bare.

Nam has spent enough time in college and university bathrooms to have grown disillusioned with the once urban charm of The Grout Pun. As the pads of her fingers catch in the rough in-between spaces, she feels a rush of gratitude that this is a place only four or five people have ever touched.

Some things in the world needed to be hers. Just hers.

No man is an island, she thinks, but if Ramaka loses the keys to the terrace then you can avoid everyone by virtue of being the only person stupid enough to jump from the main guest room's window sill to the balcony. The balls of her feet pang sourly as they hit the nearby tile and it is excellent. It's barely been a week and Nam swears her callouses have doubled in size. High school graduation is the first and last time she lets some lady with a pink power buffer scrub them off.

Nam only ever feels bad about worrying Ramaka. She's known her for a week and they've only managed to push about twenty words past the language barrier between them, but she has kind eyes, and her voice doesn't change between talking to her daughter and talking to Nam. It's going to feel like someone is pulling one of those multicolored magician's scarves from out of her chest when she has to say goodbye. She avoids thinking about it.

She thinks instead about what her life would be like if Ramaka had raised her instead of the horde of old, white women that owed her mother favors for reasons she was too young to comprehend. Or rather, she thinks instead of one life superimposed over another. She thinks about her best friend eating zapota on the

roof top next to her, dripping juice onto the blonde hair fanned out across her chest, her chipped blue nails digging into the soft flesh. She thinks about Ramaka making an omelet in their dingy kitchen back home, the dark of her feet stark against the linoleum beneath them. She thinks about her favorite professor loosening his tie and shedding his sweater vest in the Chennai heat, rubbing his simple cotton handkerchief across a pale forehead lined with sweat.

It's hot. She adjusts the tank top straps on her shoulders and tosses one leg over the side of the roof, praying for a breeze to blow past it.

The thing about that technicolor superimposition was that there were places where one life didn't fit quite right over the other—Nam remembers that her professor would never carry something so pretentious as handkerchief, and her best friend doesn't like trying new foods, and ghee and dosa batter would surely sneak its way into whatever “omelet” Ramaka made. *Tib*, she thinks, pressing her finger a little harder into the grout, these vague inter-temporal spaces always looked better before I try occupy them.

Nam's mother is calling from the front of the building. She pulls her leg back over the ledge of the roof and ducks behind the tiling, drawing her knees close to her chin. Her toes are red stickers on blue polish on brown skin. Her heels fit comfortably against the ledge, her fingers are just wide enough to fit into the grout. She thinks about how the roof feels like a space wedged between two slices of the world—somewhere she truly, actually, completely fits. ■

Dinner for One

Erika Enge

Maresi hadn't meant to walk as far as she did. If only it hadn't been raining, and her first cig had been enough. She hadn't meant to walk through the park, or sit on the steps of the church. Had there not been marzipan vendors out offering better fortunes—cheap!—for a safe slide into the new year, in spite of the heavy rain, nor any kids with firecrackers between the trees, and if no one had gone to the church to light a candle and pray, she might have been home, watching Dinner with Sophie, already.

If only she had left, she thought, without saying she'd be back soon. Or better, if she hadn't needed to leave at all. If Sophie hadn't given up smoking, and if they hadn't gotten an asthmatic cat when they moved in. (But Maresi didn't blame the cat.) If they hadn't moved into that little flat at all. If Sophie hadn't sucked all the smoke out from her lungs last New Year's. If she hadn't stood barefoot in the snow, on tiptoes, and they hadn't cuddled after, making out on her mum's red pleather sofa. If they hadn't melted down and recast their little leaden hearts. If their New Year's fortunes had been less bright. If Sophie hadn't asked, at the end of watching Dinner, "Same procedure next year?" and Maresi hadn't smiled and said yes.

If it hadn't been raining, Maresi would have finished her first cig by now and would be well on her way back to Sophie. She wouldn't have missed Dinner. The candles sitting out on the church steps wouldn't have beckoned. If there hadn't been rain, the mass of flickering votive lights wouldn't have felt so warm. When her phone buzzed in the pocket by her chest—

Sophie calling— she could have answered. She wouldn't have been holding her lit cigarette tight between pursed lips, keeping her chin close to her chest so the cig might just survive the freezing rain, hands busy bringing her BIC to light every unlit candle within her reach. ■

In/ter/sec/tion/al

Maya Arigala

•

Picture this: two girls.

Two girls sit next to each other on the bus to summer camp. They brace their sneakers on the seats in front of them and fold their legs up to their chests, hearts hidden away behind scraped up knees and newly hairy calves. They whisper conspiratorially behind their hands and laugh so loud and say, “ALERT ALERT ALERT,” when they see one of the boys with the Justin Bieber haircut do something dumb. They fall asleep shoulder to shoulder, and even after waking up, they don’t find a reason to pull apart.

•

The couch in my Spanish Professor’s room is about a thousand years old and covered in mysterious messy high schooler stains. It is also, without a doubt, the most comfortable thing I have sunk into in a long time.

It’s a squeeze—fitting one too-round girl, one too-long girl and one perfectly proportioned beauty into an admittedly mid-sized space, but we tuck our feet beneath the cushions and throw our legs on top of each other and make it work.

We fit. We always do.

“Guys in Kurtas are hot.”

My friend Jagmit has wiry hair that goes down to her back and eyebrows that are thick because they are, not because they’re stylish. Her eyes are intelligent before they are kind, but that’s okay. That’s how I like her.

“Agree,” I say.

“What’s a Kurta?” my friend Cecilia asks.

I like that Cecilia is only a few shades darker than milk but she can ask what a Kurta is without that judgmental slight to her voice, genuine curiosity serving as a natural substitute.

“Indian traditional dress,” Jagmit explains. She hands her phone to Cecilia and we both watch as she flips through the pictures. Jagmit and I went to public schools in the midst of Washington state suburbia, so the moment between showing white girls our culture and waiting for their reaction will always, always feel like a hundred years crammed into the space of an anxious second.

“Also agree,” Cecilia says after a minute or two, and a pleasant little thrill runs through me like it always does. I push my toes deeper underneath her thighs.

"I could never date someone this attractive, though," Cecilia says, turning the phone screen back out at us to reveal a stereotypically handsome Indian model, Tall And A Little Paler Than He Should Be.

"Um, that's fine," Jagmit laughs, "I can have him."

"That's way too much of a stress!" Cecilia always defends her claims. "I'd be paranoid he was cheating on me, like, all the time."

"Oh, true," Jagmit agrees, "especially if he's a model."

"So many pretty girls."

"And guys," I add, because sometimes things slip out of my mouth even when I don't quite want them to. "We don't know his preferences."

Cecilia nods sagely and then pauses, dropping her shoulders, "that's cool too but I wouldn't be dating him in the first place if he liked guys."

"Could be bisexual," I add, because sometimes things slip out of my mouth even when I don't quite want them to.

Jagmit has gone silent, and Cecilia is chewing on her lip. She looks pensive, like she's working through something in her head and she doesn't want to say it until she's sure the words can fit into her mouth with the most meaning.

"I don't think I could date a bisexual," she admits, and while I've always found the relative squishiness of the couch appropriate,

at that moment I wish it was soft enough that I could submerge completely between the cushions and not come out for two days.

"Me either," Jagmit agrees.

"I just be so worried they would cheat on me, and it's, like, double the people they could do it with, you know?"

"Yeah. Totally. I'm way too paranoid for that."

"But," I cut in, becomes sometimes, sometimes, some times more than others, things slip out of my mouth even when I don't quite want them to. "That doesn't mean that they're twice as likely to cheat on you."

Cecilia rushes to correct me. Cecilia always defends her claims.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know. I'm not saying it would be any problem with him. It's just I personally could not handle that kind of stress, I'd just be so suspicious all the time."

The answer is still not satisfying. I have not yet allowed myself to think the words "I like girls," but the moment when I could seemed so close. Cecilia and Jagmit keep talking—having moved on to some less political conversation—and I watch said moment zoom away from me a million miles a minute, leaving a trail of rainbow sparkles and cut out pictures of Rachel Maddow in its wake.

I sink deeper into the couch and pull my toes out from beneath Cecilia's leg. I want them to notice how uncomfortable I am, but they don't.

•

Two girls sit on either side of a high school hallway, knocking the toes of their identical black flats up against each other. “I don’t have a Valentine,” One admits, drumming her sparkly gold nails against the carpet. Two has a stray thought about how One screws her eyes shut tight when she’s trying not to laugh, how she gets straight A’s but she still believes in magic, how her lips look like promises, stacked one on top of the other. “Yeah, but you have me,” Two says, and they both try not to laugh too loud at that.

•

My best friend made me a pin that says Not Straight. It’s pink and plastic and the only thing I own that explicitly states my sexuality.

I’m too afraid to wear it during O-Week. This college literally has more LGBT people than straight people and I’m still way too afraid to wear it. There are voices in my head saying that I don’t need to advertise my sexuality, to shove my strangeness in people’s faces, and there are other voices in my head that wonder if I had the option to hide my brown skin or my thick hair or the fat around my thighs—would I?

It doesn’t work out in my favor. I make two friends the night of orientation and they are both very nice and very funny but they code me as straight, straight, straight. They talk about how it’s a good thing that girls that want other girls are in the majority because we have a better shot.

My Not Straight pin is tucked into the front pouch of my purse. My fingers slip between the leather folds and brush across the front. I could take it out and fasten it to my shirt and make them shut up. I don’t. Against all odds, my brain continues to tell me that I’m the one doing something wrong.

I had made plans to go to the first LGBT event of the academic year later that night. I sit in my dorm and re-watch the first season of Carmilla instead.

•

Two girls sit on opposite ends of a tiny dorm bed. They talk about literature and misogyny and the magic of being in a city that seems to live and breathe like an actual person, and just like that they’re lined up at the center, knees touching, brushing hair out of each other’s faces. “I think Holden Caulfield was an idiot,” they admit in unison, and the way their fingers tangle together in the moments after is something to think about. They don’t notice, but the time on the bedside table reads “ass o’clock.”

•

I step into the midday Hyderabad heat, the dust and grime in the air already settling into a fine layer on my skin. India is lousy with dust and people say it’s pollution or something but on my more romantic days, I think it gives the whole country a natural bronze highlight.

There are a few kids kicking around a soccer ball off to my right, a dog resting in the sun on my left, and a small stand selling Maza

just a few feet in front of me. I consider it for a second, before digging a few coins out of my pocket.

With a still chilled bottle of Maza and some snacks clutched between my sticky fingers, I walk through the colorful concrete garage and up the winding staircase to my Dadi's apartment. Hung in straight lines from window to window are people's drying clothes, bright splashes of cotton that quiver pleasantly in the wind. It's quiet except for the sound of children playing and fans whirring, and the peacefulness of it all sinks deep into my bones and makes me smile.

I duck through the front door of the apartment, leaving it only slightly ajar behind me.

"Hello Raja," Dadi is wrapped up in about a thousand different shawls, her tiny, wrinkled face just barely poking out of an orange and gold one. She tells me I'm too quiet and too nice about a thousand times a day, but she is also ancient and calm in a way that feels like magic.

"Hello Dadi," I say, bending to press a kiss on my grandmother's cheeks. I offer her her pick of the snacks, and turn a blind eye as she takes one of the chocolate bars she's not supposed to have for health reasons.

"You want to take rest?"

"Yes. I was thinking about talking to a friend."

"Internet?"

My mouth stretches into a nervous smile and I nod, fiddling with the end of my ponytail. My grandmother makes a small disappearing noise in the back of her throat, but nods me towards the bedroom anyways.

I give her another kiss on the cheek—Dadi responds with another derisive noise—and I duck into the guest room, settling into the flimsy plastic writing desk set up against one wall. The door clicks shut behind me, and an entire universe floats in through window and pours back into my head.

I tap a couple buttons on my phone, press it to the sweaty side of my face, and when She says hello, I realize just how aggressively I've been shoving her out of my brain. She comes for every single one of my senses now and, god, I want more than anything to feel the way I do when the backs of our hands accidentally brush on the way to class.

'Hey' feels like a Herculean effort, like remembering how to speak, like the things in my throat I use to talk to her have rusted over the past two weeks.

"You okay?" she asks, and if she was here she'd be pressing her fingers to the lines along my forehead.

"I'm good."

"You thinking too much again?"

"I'm trying not to."

She hums a little and I think about her in her dorm folding clothes,

the phone sandwiched between her shoulder and her ear, wearing purple sleep shorts that cut off high on her thighs. She talks a bit about her day and the past two weeks and if I press the phone really close to my ear, it's like we're lying next to each other on the bed back home. I take a deep breath, long and slow.

She has to get ready for work and when the line clicks off, the universe lingers in my head a little longer, and I think about how this looks like home.

The people here have my face and they know the stupid things I did when I was three and they have stories and experiences I don't have to work so hard to understand, but when I hear her voice on the shitty connection a million miles away, well—

That's a different kind of home, too.

•

Two girls sit connected only by a hand on a leg. One stares at Two, her glasses slipping down her nose, her eyes wide and hopeful. It's such a small place of contact, but comfort is warm and certain along the shape of her palm. She only pulls back when she realizes that One isn't going to meet her eyes.

•

I want to live in a world where all the versions of me can exist in the same place. ■

Third Floor Bedroom

Inspired by a Harris Burdick illustration of the same name

Martha Cohn

The first bird was already flying around the room when Henry woke up. Being unaccustomed to flying, it had crashed into his lamp, startling him from a dream in which he had been running away. The second bird had one wing free and was peeling its other off of his wall, fluttering clumsily until it freed its paper-white head and used it to push against the plaster, releasing the rest of its body. Henry wasn't quite sure that he was awake—his heart was still pounding, he still had the fear that something was driving after him. He sat up in bed and counted his fingers; he'd heard that if you didn't have the right amount, then you were dreaming. He still had five on each hand, his left pinky a little out of line from when he had broken it after he tripped while running down the sidewalk because he hadn't had time to tie his shoes, so he decided that this was real. There were four birds swooping near his ceiling and a fifth emerging from his wallpaper. When they'd moved house, Henry's mother had told him that he would have a third floor bedroom with sky-blue wallpaper covered with white birds. He'd replied that he wanted to live with Dad in their old house in his old room and then she'd gotten angry at him and started to yell at him that it wasn't her fault that he'd fucking left and then forgotten to come back and collect his precious son and that Henry was stuck with her whether he liked it or not so he better learn to like birds because that was what was going to be on his walls in the new house. Henry hadn't said anything back.

He sat watching them for a while. When the birds first peeled themselves to life, they seemed disoriented, like they were unused to flying. Henry could tell which one had been the first; it had a purple spot on it from when he and Marcus were having a marker fight and one had accidentally hit the wall. His mother had tried to get it out, but the purple was right down the middle and wouldn't come off for all the spit-and-rub in the world. Eventually, she had thrown her hands in the air, declaring "It's your goddamn wall," and had walked out to get a drink, leaving him and Marcus to continue their fight. It wasn't as fun afterwards. Henry's mum did not like noise upstairs while she was drinking, which was a lot of the time now, and she didn't like Marcus coming over anymore either.

A whole row of birds had escaped and were following the purple-marked one who was leading them in different configurations around Henry's ceiling. They hadn't seemed to notice the open window. Maybe it was because the curtains were drawn. Henry got up out of bed, pushing his covers to one side and drew the white material away. The birds still didn't notice, so he drew the sash up a little higher.

They stopped their figure eight patterns and rested, flapping their wings like they were treading water in the air. Henry stared at them and the birds stared back with their black dot eyes. He started gesturing towards the window; the breeze waved the curtains around and the birds' gaze shifted. For a

moment, the room was still except for the beating of wings. Then, led by the marker bird, they swooped and dived in a line for the lightening sky. One by one, they flew out of the window. Henry reached his arms up above his head and tried to touch one. He wanted to see if they were real birds and soft like the dead sparrow he had once found on the sidewalk, or if they were still made of wallpaper. He caught hold of a tail, and to his surprise it felt smooth and solid, as if it were made of porcelain. The bird didn't seem to notice his grasp and easily picked him up as it followed the others out into the dawn.

At first, he almost let go; he was so surprised to see his street below him. Then as the procession of birds climbed higher, he held on tighter. The trees and parked cars turned into toys, neatly arranged around little box houses and buildings with slate roofs. Henry thought then that the maps his geography teacher had shown them of the city were quite inaccurate; the roads were not wavy yellow paths marked with red and the river was grey and shimmery and wider than its corresponding blue line. Henry could see everything quite clearly—the sun was on its way and although it had yet to make its entrance, the sky was almost light. He held onto the tail of his bird with one small hand and watched the city below him, half covered with morning fog. He watched as the streetlamps winked out, tiny lights far far below, and as the tiny speck cars began to move up and down the right-angled streets. He was a little cold, only wearing his summer pajamas because it was still October and his flannel ones were in the attic. The wind was quite strong all the way up in the sky, but he barely paid it any attention through his fascination. Up here, his mother couldn't drive after him in her car—he was free to fly away.

The parade of birds soared higher and higher, moving to the west where the sky was still dark indigo-violet—the same

color as the marker stain on the leader. The clouds now covered the city below and Henry began to notice that he was short of breath. He remembered what he had learnt about altitude (it was on his spelling list from last week) and how there was less air the higher up you went. The birds seemed fine; they kept flapping, kept climbing, but Henry's head began to spin and he felt quite dizzy. He wanted to go back to the ground now that he was far away enough from home. His insides began to swell; they felt trapped, like the birds on his wallpaper and he imagined his skin peeling off to free them. He was having trouble holding onto his bird—his palms were sweaty and he could feel the blood throbbing in his fingers, like when he swung his arms really fast when he was pretending to be a helicopter on the playground. He didn't think then that flying would be like this. All he had imagined was the freedom, the soaring and carelessness, but he was still trapped, just up here instead of down there.

One of the buttons on his pajamas had come undone and the tails of his shirt began to flap in the now very strong wind. Henry was right-handed, but he was using that hand to hold on to his bird and so he couldn't do it up again. The wind blew inside his shirt and he began to feel the cold, seeping into his skin until it met his bones, and then filling them with chill like they were hollow. His feet were bare and he wished that he'd brought his slippers, but then he thought that they would have fallen off by now, and then he never would have found them. They were so high that he could barely make out details on the ground; he'd tried an eye on the weather vane on his roof but he'd long lost track of it now. Wisps of clouds began to obstruct what he could see, and they didn't help his dizziness. He couldn't sort out what had happened in his spinning head, the events rolled all out of order. Dad was supposed to come back tomorrow and collect him, or was it yesterday and he was

late? But they had moved house, would he know where to come back to? They'd moved house to the third floor bedroom with the sky blue wallpaper and the birds, the same birds relentlessly following the leader up and up and up.

The cloud cover made the procession invisible from the ground, but had it been clear, and had someone looked up at that moment, they would have seen a string of white, spiraling upwards against the fading night, and a light blue-clad smear hanging from the middle. If the passerby had squinted through a pair of binoculars, the smear would have grown dangling legs, flapping shirttails and a small dark-haired head. If they had continued to watch, they would have seen all at once, the boy-shaped spot go *pop!* the pajamas beginning their slow drift down and the thread of white birds rising higher into the sky. ■

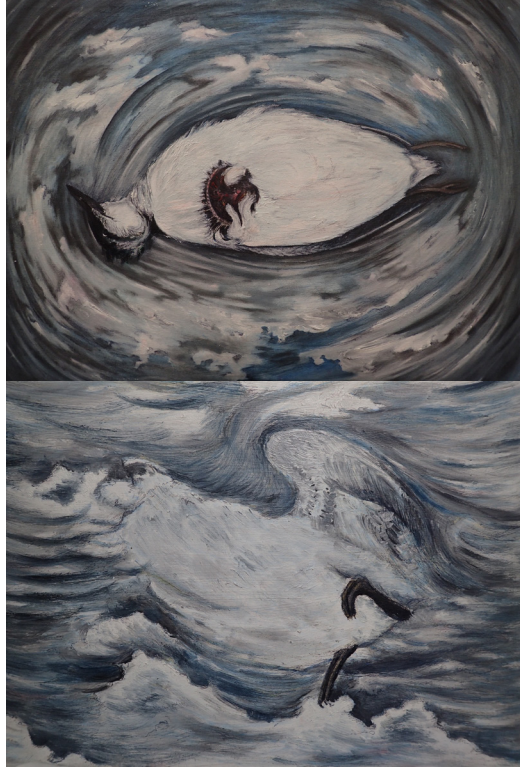
visual art

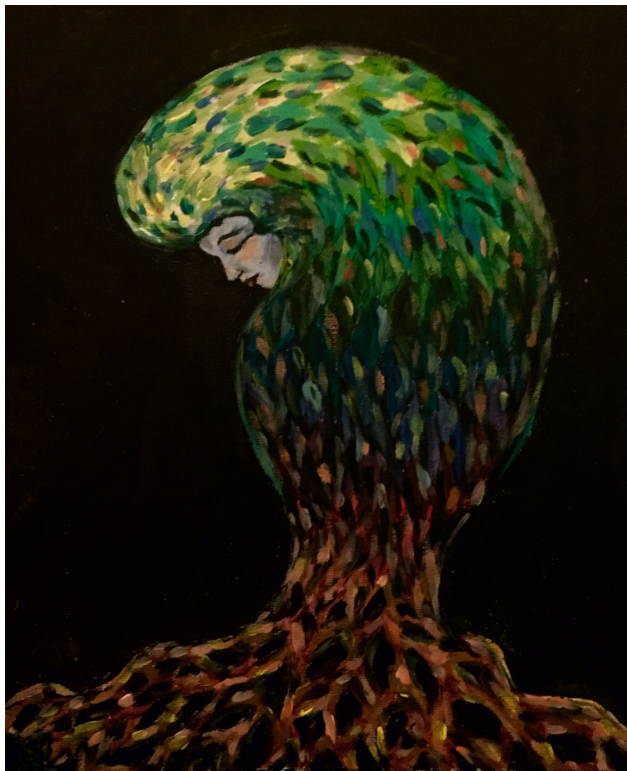




DISTRACTIONS / GERARDO VELÁSQUEZ / PHOTOGRAPH

MUR(RE)MERINGS I and II / LEILA PYLE / OIL ON WOOD





SOMETHING TO DO WITH NATURE / MOLLY JOHNSON / ACRYLIC

UNTITLED / VARIK HARRIS / PHOTOGRAPH





THE WINDOW / CLAIRE PASK / PHOTOGRAPH

DON POCHO VA A LA BODEGA / CHARLIE PEREZ / COLLAGE





DON POCHO / A LA BODEGA 2 / CHARLIE PEREZ / COLLAGE

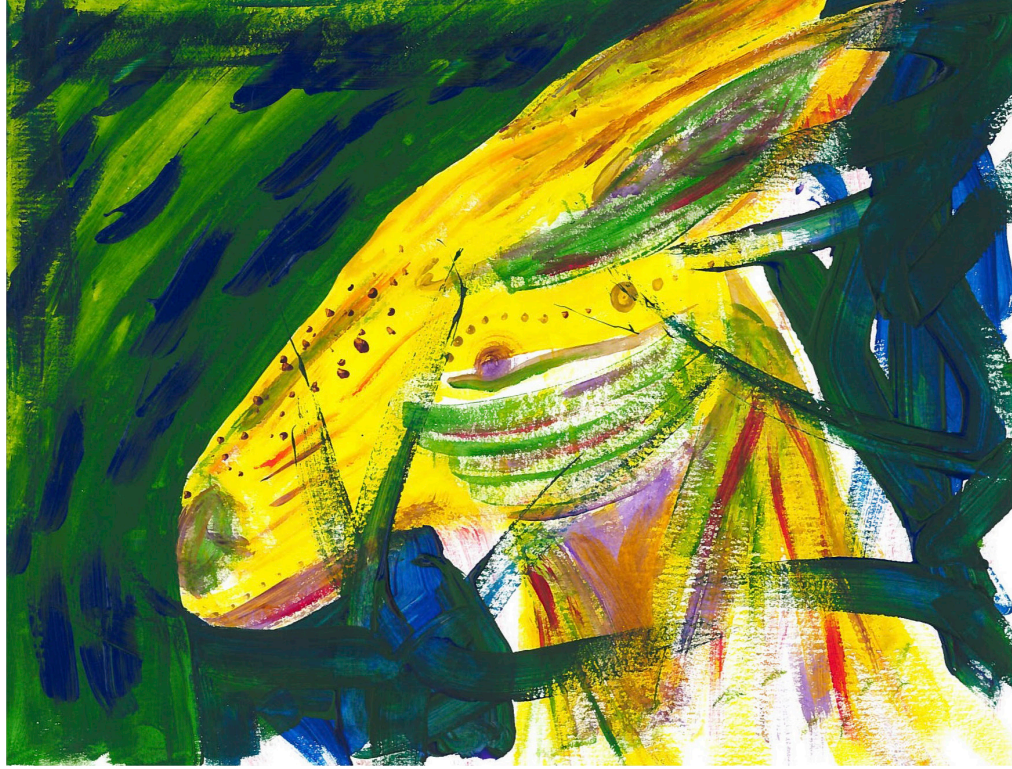


OSAKA PATTERNS and AKEBONOBASHI STATION / ERIC ZHANG / PHOTOGRAPH



OCEAN CLIFF / BRIAN BARTZ / PHOTOGRAPH

YELLOW / MAEVE KOLK / ACRYLIC





UNTITLED 1 / DUNCAN KING / PHOTOGRAPH

SOME SHIT OUT OF STAR WARS / LOUISE HEWITT / PHOTOGRAPH





SALMON RELEASE / LEILA PYLE / ZINC ETCHING



PLEASE; PLEASE!; PLEASE LEFTOVER / LOUISE HEWITT / PHOTOGRAPH



UNTITLED 2 / DUNCAN KING / PHOTOGRAPH

contributors

Abby Friesen-Johnson would die to protect the city of Denver from weedhead gentrifiers, or for a well-cooked plate of onion rings.

Amelea Ng enjoys swimming in the ocean. (Unfortunately, she is not a very good swimmer.)

Brian Bartz likes to play with a ball and cup, and is raising a tiny lion.

Charlie Perez was born and raised first-generation in Sunset Park, Brooklyn. He works with socio-political displacement as a starting point for reconciling with cultural amnesia.

Claire Pask is a real-life Sandy Cheeks who misses Texas and hates the actual ocean but enjoys waxing poetic about the idea of it in her English courses.

Duncan King is a “photographer” from the “Bay Area” and an “Art Major” at “Reed.” He doesn’t drink “coffee,” but has one kombucha per day.

Eric Zhang is a freshman Physics/Sociology major who got into photography last summer and couldn’t get out of it ever since.

Erika Enge has often been told her English reads rather German, and that her German tends to read somewhat English.

Gerardo Velasquez is a person who has always lived in the borders of self-identity, a Mexican in America, proletarian in bourgeois settings, brown in white spaces, and vice versa. Ni idioma ni identidad social me va definir porque ningun término que existe puede encapsular mi totalidad.

Genevieve Hook is a self-discovering artist. She secretly binge-watches Lilo and Stitch to get through her thesis (*cries laughing every time*), and has a plan for her life, but doesn’t know what it is yet.

Henry Knopf is from the dope city of Long Beach, where he discovered his passion for rapping; he will continue cultivating the thug lifestyle, the only lifestyle he knows.

Henry Cole Smith is a poet. His first book, *Crab Canon*, will be published spring 2017.

Io Blanchett (@prettyboyrising on twitter) unironically loves My Chemical Romance, makes music, and consumes animal products.

Isabel Sullivan is 20-years old now, but will *finally* turn 30 in December.

Leila Pyle is an artist and a banana slug enthusiast. She once came across an entire field of hundreds of baby banana slugs and it was an utterly glorious experience.

Louise Hewitt would like to thank God.

Maeve Kolk is a five foot tall bee who has been searching for their hive for the past 19 years.

Martha Cohn is a big admirer of plants and one day hopes to write poetry in as many languages as possible because there are not enough words in just one.

Maya Arigala is mostly a Reed College freshman, but sometimes a reclusive swamp witch.

Molly Johnson is from the Bay Area, bopped around Spain and Scotland, and is now here for the foreseeable future.

Quinn Spencer emerged millennia ago from a pool of primordial slime, and is around until Thursday if anyone wants to hang out.

Samrath Bhattacharya is incredible! He loves attention, writes poetry, does math, and loves lemurs.

Sandra De Anda listens to Astor Piazzolla, misses the distinct cacophony of swap meets, and critiques/enjoys foreign films. Without these simple pleasures she is but a vessel in charming clothes.

Sara Córdoba approves the appropriation of the emoji Face With Cowboy Hat as a non-binary icon...partner? Have they sent it to you with the caption "it's asadx time bxtch"? Would you consider Optimus Prime a messiah figure? Probably, right?

Sophie Spencer-Zavos is a virgo with ADD and came out to her mom during Festivus dinner. Much love to her VIPs.

Varik Harris has been growing out his hair for...well, he forgets how long to be honest. Also he takes pictures.

colophon

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