

KCSB FM 91.9

REBIRTH!



spring 2021



LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

hey there dear reader!

it's been a true honor to curate and see all the
fabulous work submitted to KCSB's zine.
we hope u can feel the spirit of renaissance
in our 2021 zine,

REBIRTH,

hugs and butterfly kisses
kcsb <3

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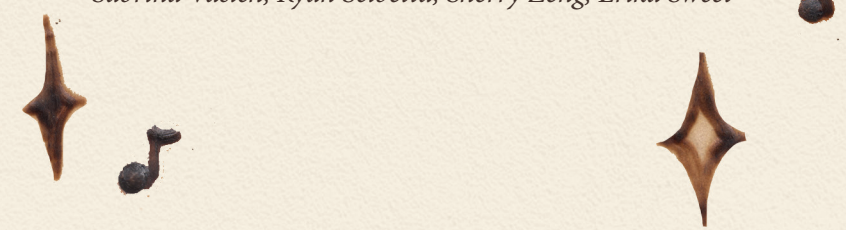
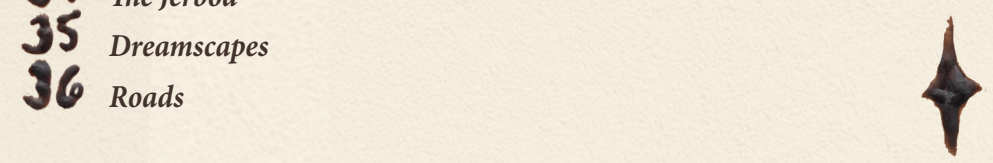


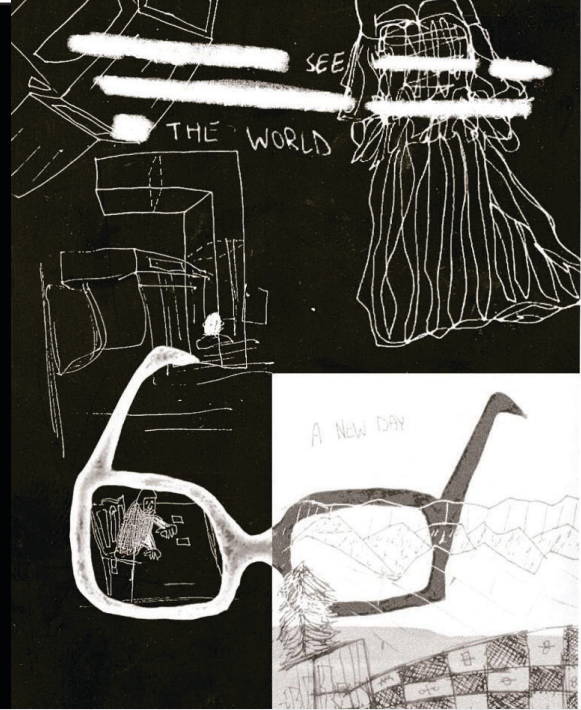
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art by
Alex Wenceslao

written by Julia Hasbrook

At the End of the Stake

When there is
no city
and you feel
thrown down

from heaven
The bird sings and has
bright plumes in
varied form

There is no grown back grass
it is the Stamping Ground
of the west—

So stretched out
fruitful
veritable and
sweet— No

carnivorous and
in that it is

there is no cat to tango
over a puddle
of gasoline

This teething nest
this subdued

convolution
is an emblem of passing
Only there is sand and
no hourglass

Then again
the Hopi were once snakes

so that the rain
might come and
I now
understand
as I have
not swayed
in the mud
for long

So I think I'll
stay and
dance.

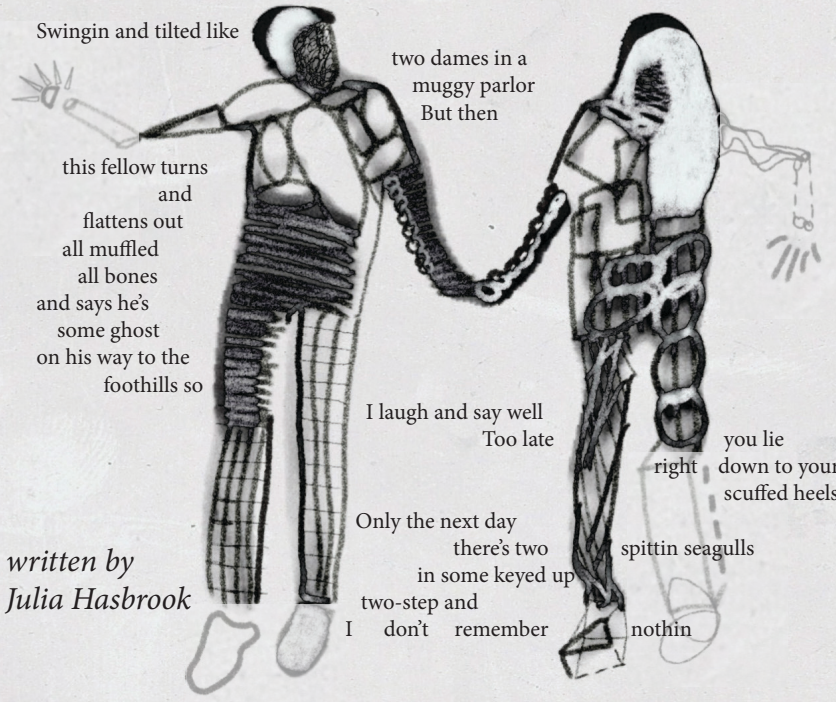
Singin On A Bent Tooth

Well
see now
It was late when we
spun down to the cement center

Swingin and tilted like

two dames in a
muggy parlor
But then

this fellow turns
and
flattens out
all muffled
all bones
and says he's
some ghost
on his way to the
foothills so



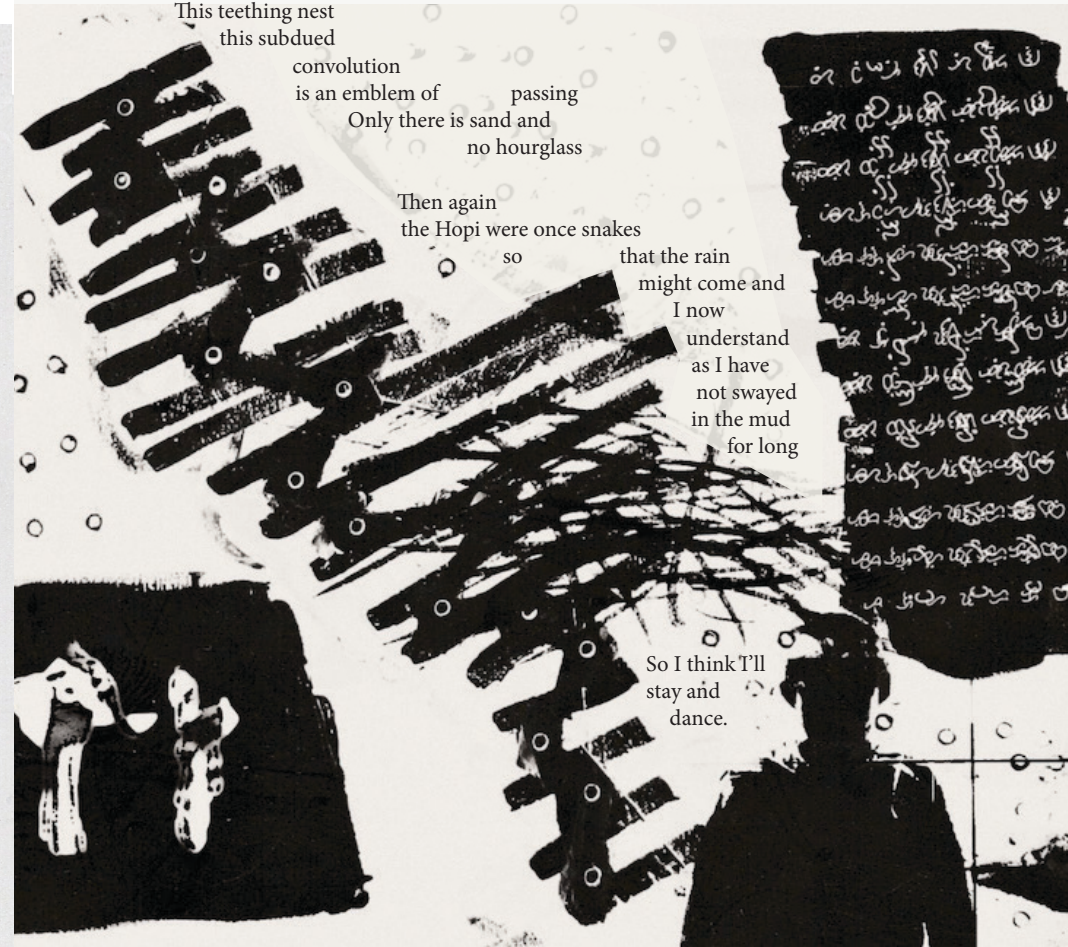
I laugh and say well
Too late

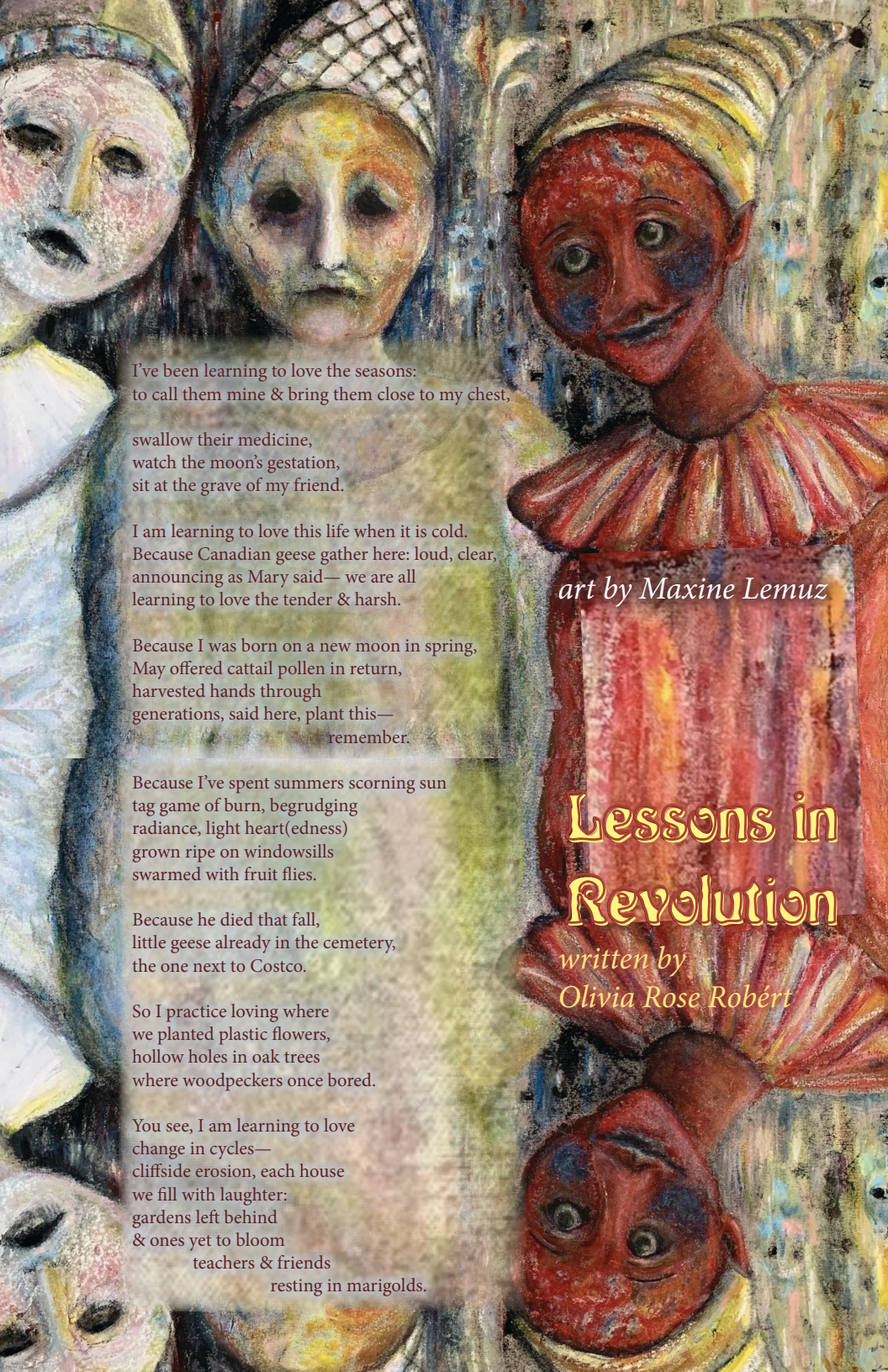
right you lie
down to your
scuffed heels!

Only the next day
there's two
in some keyed up
two-step and
I don't remember

spittin seagulls
nothin

written by
Julia Hasbrook





I've been learning to love the seasons:
to call them mine & bring them close to my chest,

swallow their medicine,
watch the moon's gestation,
sit at the grave of my friend.

I am learning to love this life when it is cold.
Because Canadian geese gather here: loud, clear,
announcing as Mary said— we are all
learning to love the tender & harsh.

Because I was born on a new moon in spring,
May offered cattail pollen in return,
harvested hands through
generations, said here, plant this—
remember.

Because I've spent summers scorning sun
tag game of burn, begrudging
radiance, light heart(edness)
grown ripe on windowsills
swarmed with fruit flies.

Because he died that fall,
little geese already in the cemetery,
the one next to Costco.

So I practice loving where
we planted plastic flowers,
hollow holes in oak trees
where woodpeckers once bored.

You see, I am learning to love
change in cycles—
cliffside erosion, each house
we fill with laughter:
gardens left behind
& ones yet to bloom
teachers & friends
resting in marigolds.

art by Maxine Lemuz

Lessons in Revolution

*written by
Olivia Rose Robért*



5/26/19



art by Natalie Cappellini

*Hibernal in Deep Grey-Blue,
Op. 4 No. 1 -*

We are the hollow men

*Shape without form, shade without colour,
Paralysed force, gesture without motion;*

I am a hollow man;
A flesh shell and a heart
which derives spatial
understanding through feeling
and not seeing

You are the woman
With no midsection
and the chaos of
only-feelable particles
surrounding her being

You became before me
fighting crying, asking
where could you go

I know how nothing except
To offer myself to you;
To offer up this mansion
For new tenantship

But you are not wanting
Of this place;
Of this shelter

[...]

Between the tears
You told this mansion
"You are not home"
And it's foundations
presently collapsed
(to ruins we go,
i suppose
Not with a bang but with a whimper.)

I watched a bird fly
away, looking just past you
to the cloudless morning

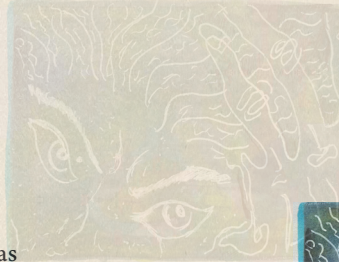
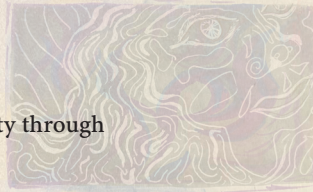
*Hibernal in Deep Grey-Blue,
Op. 4 No. 2 -*

Alone in the back
seat again
watching humanity through
the windows

A beautiful cacophony
of movement and energy
beyond my capability
careening, interweaving
narrowly avoiding and
individually meaning

each thread, a past
unknown to me beyond
its beginning at the edge
of my sphere;
and a future unknown
to all except perhaps
God [$\langle \rangle$]self

I sit in the back
holding the life which was
handed to me
for safe-keeping



*Hibernal in Blue,
Op. 4 No. 3 -
"Winter('s) Sun(/Son)"*

On a south-eastward facing
bench, I find that I can
feel the sun and the
cold wind on my
face and neck
again



*Hibernal in Blue, Op. 4 No. 4 -
"Depression is the
Skeptical Nightmare"*

*But I do not yet know clearly enough
what I am, I who am certain that I am;*

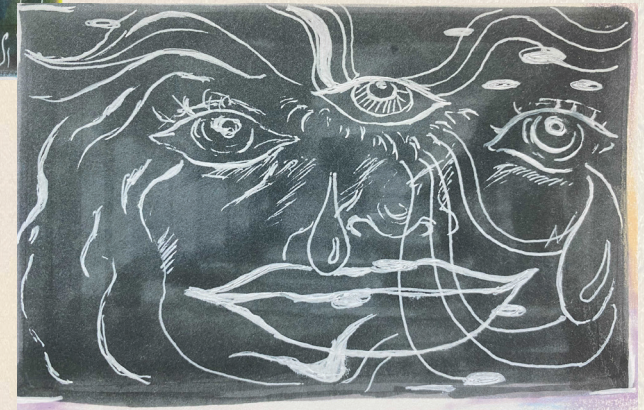
I am a hollow man;
A flesh shell and a heart—
Cut me open and find
out what's inside;
what's else within
these illusions

Is it the infinite
void I imagine?

Or is it that same
straw of the *stuffed men*?
(*leaning together*)

Am I (certain(ly))?

*I imagine that body, figure, extension,
movement, and place are but the
fictions of my mind.*



written by Yusef Rayyan

Artwork by Sherry Zeng

Written by Micky Brown

intergenerational

joy

Leaves so bright.
I see them through slats.
A friend
Carrying oranges
Their blossoms,
Too.

I have seen this
so many times,
The view
from here
My mother's
bed
before
mine.

We've
both
slept here,
under the
same fan,

At the
same age.

My mother
is not a poet.
But I'd like to
think
She looked
at those
friends in
the morning

And smiled at
the leaves,
Too.

art by Sydney Evans

SE 21

"it's good to see you"

your face
a 2x2 pixelated square

am i dreaming?
"you're muted"

i've never craved the analog like this before

audio splinters into
harsh, digital twangs
voice disconnects
from pixelated move-
ments of mouth
connection breaks
as screen glitches
into galaxy of
scrambled pixels
unexpected beauty
as the virtual world
breaks down

GLITCHES

by Olivia Consterdine

Al's Guide to Weekend Getaways and Spontaneous Day Trips

written by Al Simpkins



Tangerine Falls:

Ever seen a waterfall with ocean views? Now you can! Nestled in the rugged Cold Springs Canyon of upper Montecito, Tangerine Falls offers stunning views, plenty of wildlife, a 100 ft cascade, and just enough bouldering to bring out the adventure lover in you.

Directions: Free parking can be found at the trailhead on East Mountain drive where you will hike the first .25 miles up East Fork Trail. At the junction, cross the creek and hike another .6 miles along the left bank. Take a descending trail to the creek bed when you pass a white sign on your left and hike upstream until you reach the waterfall. This last stretch of the hike will require quite a bit of clambering but should be obvious when you've reached the top.

Tips: With an out-and-back distance of 2.5 miles and an elevation gain of 875 ft, this trail is rated moderate to difficult for most so pack plenty of water and make sure to bring a friend! Best after a decent rain.

Nojoqui Falls:

Pronounced "Naw-hoo-ee", this local gem boasts of another 100 ft fall at a leisurely .8 mile walk through shaded forestry. According to Chumash lore, its origins trace back to a devastating drought that was resolved when a beautiful woman transformed herself into this waterfall.

Directions: From Isla Vista, take US-101 North for 21 miles until you reach the Old Coast Highway just North of the Gaviota tunnel. Turn right and make another right on Alisal road. A turn-off for Nojoqui Falls Park can be found shortly after on your right.

Tips: Make a day trip out of it and continue on your way to Solvang! Also best after rain or during the rainy season.



Los Prietos Campground and Red Rock Watering Hole:

For a pleasant weekend get-away along the Santa Ynez river, check out the numerous campsites and swimming holes along Paradise Road! Campsites feature studded oaks and grassy hillsides with encompassing walking trails and easy access to swimming in the river. The most notable watering hole is called Red Rock, a relatively popular spot for locals and students alike. Due to the impressive rock formations surrounding this bend of the river, cliff jumping can be enjoyed at various heights based on your comfort level.

Directions: Take US-101 South from Isla Vista and use exit 101B towards State Street after about 5 miles. Shortly after, make a left onto State and another left onto CA-154. After 11 miles of scenic driving up and over the surrounding mountains, take a right onto Paradise Road. Los Prietos campground can be reached on your right after about 5 minutes. To check out Red Rock, continue on this road until you reach the parking lot at the end. A prominent trail on the left side of the lot will lead you to the spot after a 20 minute walk.

Tips: Make campsite reservations a week in advance online at recreation.gov or come early to try your luck for a walk-in site. For an easy campfire meal, roast hot dogs over the flame and place a can of chili near the embers for a satisfying round of chili dogs!

@ultimatevagina

MOLT

MOLT

by Madeline Peng Miller

madelinpengmiller.com

A vessel of introspection
as the lockdowns began
I entered a cocoon.

At the beginning of the pandemic,
I entered a cocoon.

As I sat day after day
and thought I
remember hoping that
I'd connect with myself
and
get something out
of this

But as the light of
day became more and
more distant in my
memories...

And if I couldn't see myself
moving forward in time,
then perhaps I just wasn't.

Maybe this time (locked away)
was too unnatural of an
experience to change and
progress in.

It was only upon my release.

Only once I saw my shadow over
the grass once more

Only when I took flight - that I
was able
to see
just how
big
I'd become.

That I was
wasting away,
or
missing
out on my
life.

As I sat,
Submerged in
that stagnant
void...

... I felt so scared -
not that I couldn't
live up to my own
expectations anymore -

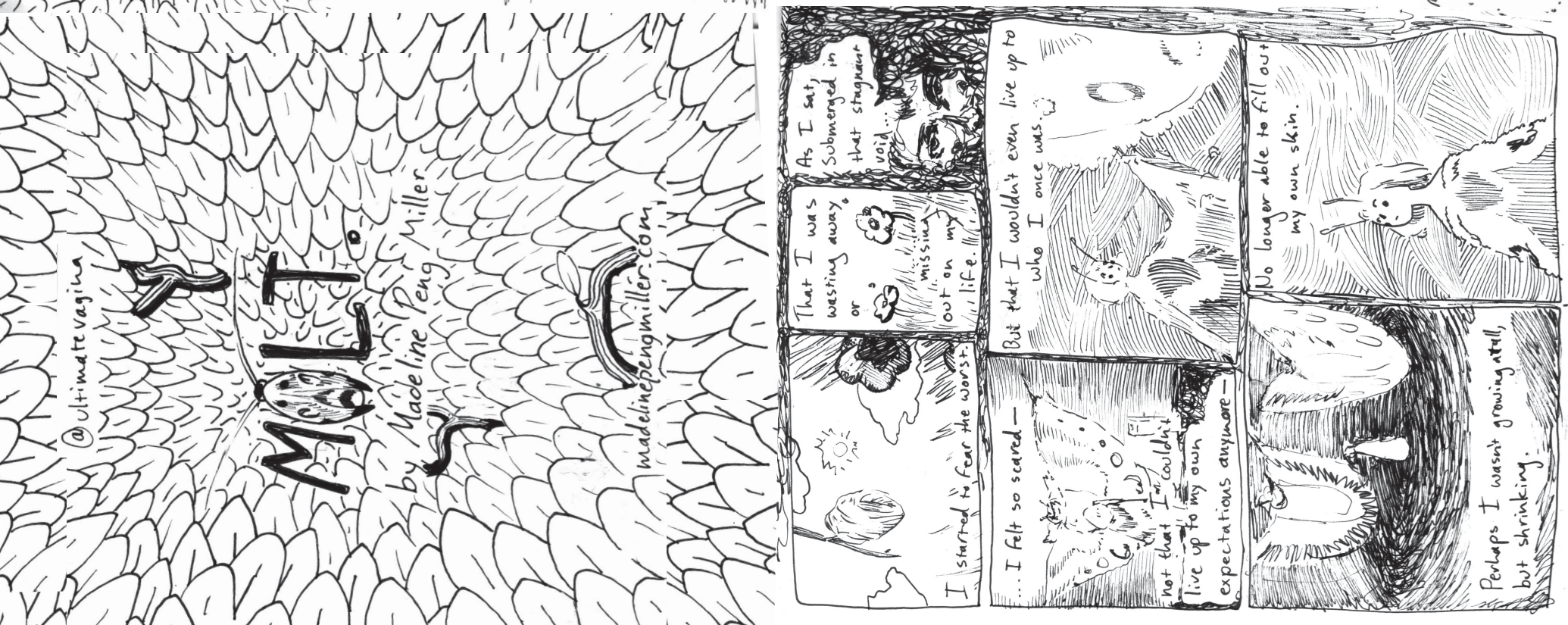
But that I wouldn't even live up to
who I once was.

No longer able to fill out
my own skin.

Perhaps I wasn't growing at all,
but shrinking.

I started to fear the worst.

Perhaps I wasn't growing at all,
but shrinking.



An Interview with Tanywadzwa Tawengwa

full interview transcript
can be found here
on our website <3



by Ryan Scibetta on *In The Spotlight* // February 2020

R: You were talking about how it was only Western instruments that were being able to be played back when their [Zimbabwean] songs were being suppressed. And in this concert, you had Western instruments with the piano and the traditional instruments that you were playing. Was there a reason for that sort of fusion?

*T: Of course, of course, my music is who I am. I wrote a paper when I was an undergrad about the colonial encounter. It was an extension of Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*. And there's a chapter in his book called *On National Culture*. My paper was looking at how to describe those of us born after war, after colonial encounters and war. Because what happens is colonialism, the act of it, this idea of stripping people of their identity and making them fit within this mold to be little British people, in the case of Zimbabwe. It's something that never works, but what it does is, it's like an irreversible chemical reaction. And what you instead create are these hybrid beings. I speak the way I speak because I went to a Catholic school, a private school with mostly British teachers. This is how I've always spoken, even when I was in Zimbabwe. This is not because I came to America for school. I've been speaking this way since I was a child. And that's because of the education system that still is rooted in colonial education.*

At the same time, everything you saw in the performance today, how I was dressed, the music I was playing, the instruments I was playing, is because that's my identity with my family. My grandmother was a spirit medium and we would have these ceremonies where people would come and play Mbira and people would be possessed. And it was all grounded in tradition.

This is something that I carry within myself as a person in an almost bilingual way. It's like I'm culturally bilingual, but it's not even being bilingual. It's what my expression of being Zimbabwean is. It's my truth as a Zimbabwean.

I went to a convent for school. I had my piano teacher, Sister Loyola, who started to teach me piano when I was eight years old, and she taught me cello when I was 11. I played in the Harare Youth Orchestra. I did my theory exams. I did all of the A.B.R.S.M., the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music Exams all the way up to grade eight.

R: Sounds very brutal!

T: You know! (laughter) I probably would have been a head girl or a prefect (laughter) like Harry Potter, you know. And at the same time, I was in this traditional context as well. And that's really, as I said, the most honest expression of who I am. And so in this paper of mine, I describe myself as almost like a hybrid being. And that everything about me will always express the traditional and the colonial. It's not something I can shake, but it's something I must acknowledge in my work.

You know, I can't strip one. To strip one is to remove a part of my story. And I can't do that, you know? And so both must live. But it's really like Harry Potter being a horcrux for Voldemort. Like, that is not supposed to work. Are you a Harry Potter person?

R: Mm-hmm.

T: Good. Because otherwise I would've been like, what kind of life are you living? (laughter) So you know in Harry Potter where Voldemort tries to kill Harry Potter and by mistake, Voldemort latches a piece of his soul to Harry Potter. And so Harry, throughout his life, can speak Parseltongue and speak to snakes and has all these things because a little bit of Voldemort is in him. That's me as a post-colonial neocolonial being. We have the traditional but something about the colonial encounter created something it didn't intend to create - me.

And so that's what you see and hear in the music, that it is this story, this traditional story, but presented within the classical idiom. I grew up in classical music just as much as I grew up in traditional music. We were singing Handel and Mozart at our church choir competitions in Zimbabwe. So for me to try only to be one thing or try only to be the other is to only tell half my story.

So that's why these things are married in this recital. That's why you see the piano. That's why you see the mbira. That's why you hear the specific style of vocal production. Because that's who I am.

collage by Marlene Calderon

KIM GORDON AND HOPE SANDOVAL



If you'd like to know where I am, I'll most likely be in my car, on my way to see loved ones. Some months, I can be found in Northern California where my family resides, and some weeks, when I am not up north, you can find me further south, near Los Angeles, for time with my boyfriend. Take into account that I live somewhere in between these locations, and it's clear that I also spend a reasonable time alone as I make my way towards either party. To the drivers who seldom drive more than an hour away from home, the driving I do might be somewhat shocking, maybe even exhausting to imagine, but for good reason. Over the past year I've covered three-fourths of this state enough times to have memorized the sections of the freeway that are riddled with potholes in areas where there are no landmarks to indicate when to switch over to the other, more level, lane.

In transit from one location to the next in what feels like perpetual rotation, music plays. Mazzy Star for the beginning of the drive, to compliment the speed of the car pre-freeway, Pavement to give me something to sing during the lull of the middle of the trip, and Sonic Youth to help rebuild my enthusiasm as I near my location.

Listening to music to keep yourself occupied and to provide yourself some pseudo-company while you drive alone is typically not something done to impress other people, yet every once in a while, a voice inside of me will ask myself, "Who are you trying to prove?" As if the things that I do when I am isolated from everybody else is an act I put on to seem cool. Cool to who exactly? I couldn't tell you, I'm the only one ever in my car. It is a seemingly irrational self-critique but the voice inside me asks the question genuinely.

Growing up, I always held this idea about the girls who listen to Sonic Youth and Mazzy Star. I imagined that these girls read profusely and had good taste in films all while being intelligent and independent. I longed to one day be as effortlessly cool and interesting as them. Now, at nineteen, I am one of those girls who listen to Sonic Youth and Mazzy Star. I feel passionate about literature and film and I like to think that I am somewhat intelligent and independent. On paper, I am what I've always wanted to become, but at times, I feel unworthy of these labels.

It's impostor syndrome, but for my interests, as if there is a criteria for being able to like and be interested in certain things. Maybe I have looked up to those girls for so long it's hard for me to accept that maybe I have become the girl I have always wanted to be. Or maybe, I haven't. I guess I couldn't tell you right now, my perception of myself is incredibly biased, sometimes causing me to believe that I am much cooler than I actually am, and at other times feeling that I am a flat-out poser.

Days come and go in such a blur as of lately, but helplessly, I have fallen into a routine. Almost every day I listen to music, I read a book, I watch a movie - I participate in my hobbies and indulge in my interests. There is as much evidence that could possibly be found to prove to myself that I don't deserve such harsh self-critique for something as innocent as reading a book, alone, in my room, so I'm left to assume that this hyper-self-consciousness felt is a symptom of growing confident in myself. I exhaust myself with the way I gatekeep my own interests from myself but I imagine that one day I'll allow myself the pleasure of doing what I love without judgment.

I will drive down the 101, with half the windows rolled down just enough to feel the air push gently against my skin but not any further than that to preserve the sound of the music. I will play "Bull in the Heather" by Sonic Youth and feel like the coolest girl in the world doing so, equally confident as I will be unapologetic.

written by Isabel Cruz



Spanish fly



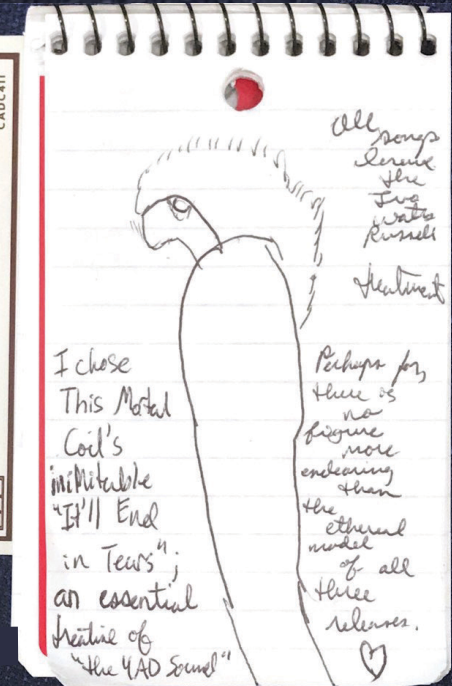
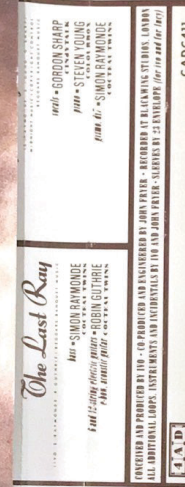
I did OG Spanish Fly cause ~~is~~ chican rap never really escapes its own universe & more people should see these crazy ~~any~~ album covers

no rap never really escapes its own these crazy a** album covers"

ARTIST SKETCHES

I asked my friends/family/co-workers/anyone who would listen for a quick sketch of any musician, with a single sentence explaining their choice.

This is what I received.

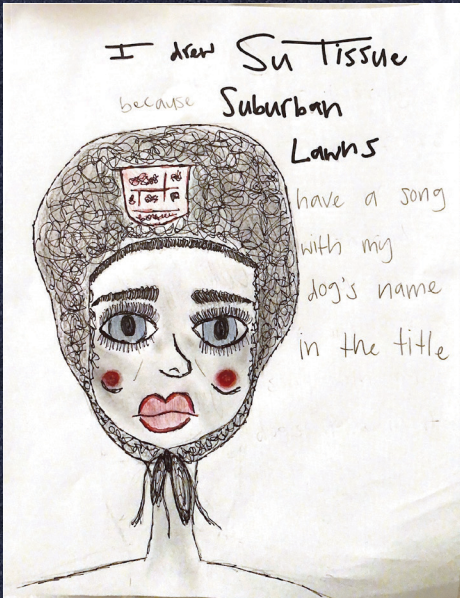


I chose This Metal Coil's 'Inimitable "It'll End in Tears"; an essential feature of "the YAD Sound"

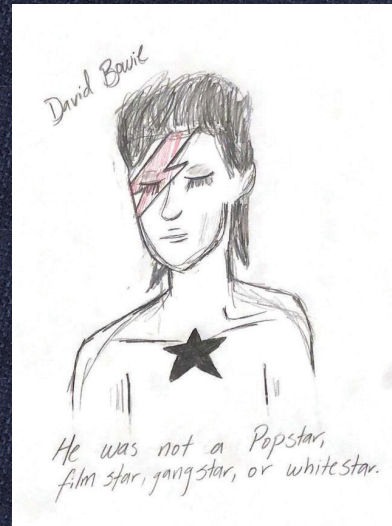
All songs deserve the love with Russell
Perhaps for there is no figure more endearing than the ethereal model of all three releases.
♥

organized by sabrina vasich

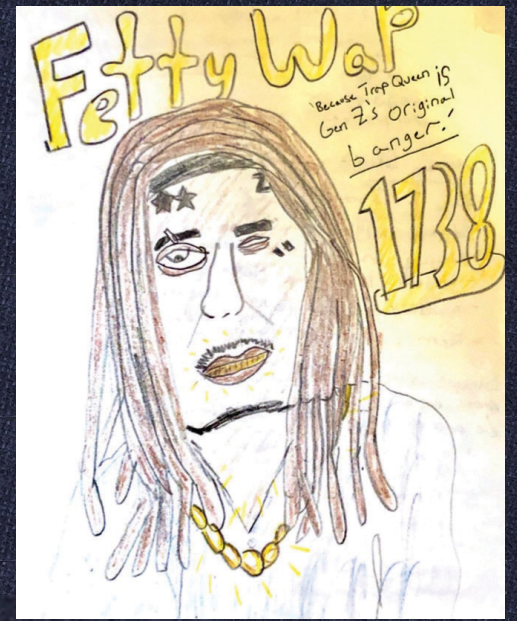
Nicole drew Su Tissue because "Suburban Lawns have a song with her dog's name in the title"



Ryan drew Blind Willie Johnson, "who died of poverty. His music is on the Golden Record"

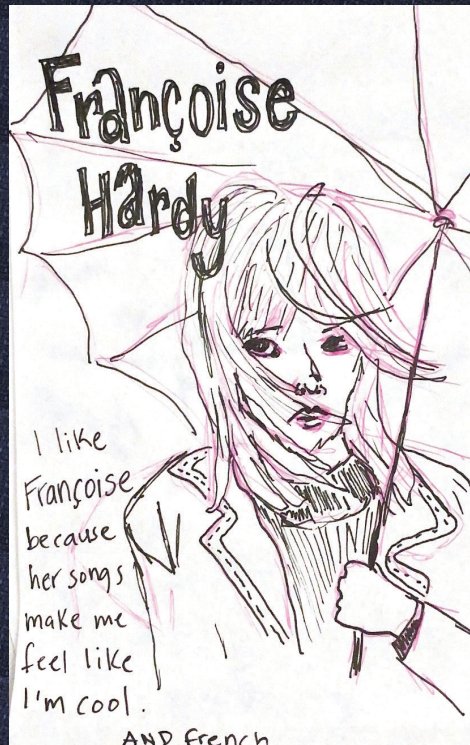


Brandon drew David Bowie because "he was not a popstar, film star, gangstar, or white star"

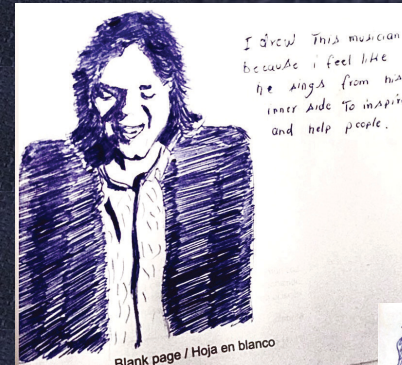


Aidan drew Fetty Wap because "Trap Queen is Gen Z's original banger"

Emma drew Adrienne Lenker because "she is her i'm-feeling- numb-n-would-like-to-feel-comforted artist cuz she makes her think of her big sister Olivia"

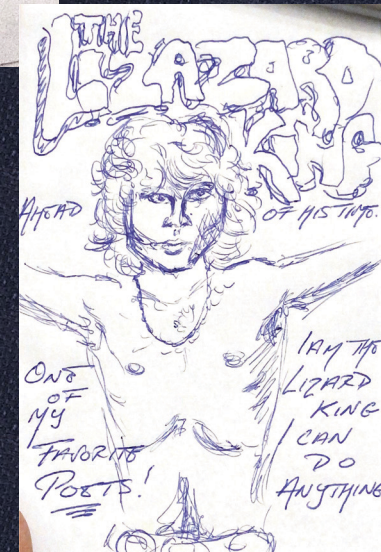
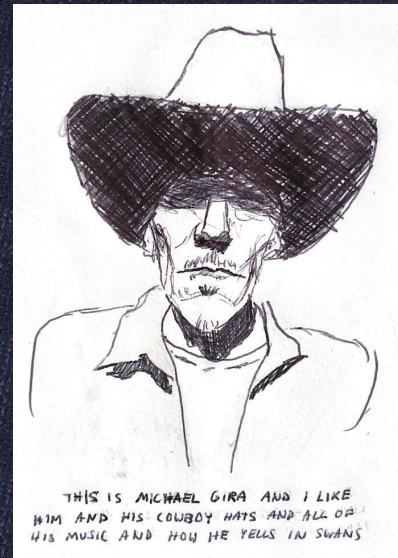


Shelby drew Françoise Hardy because she makes her feel "cool and French"



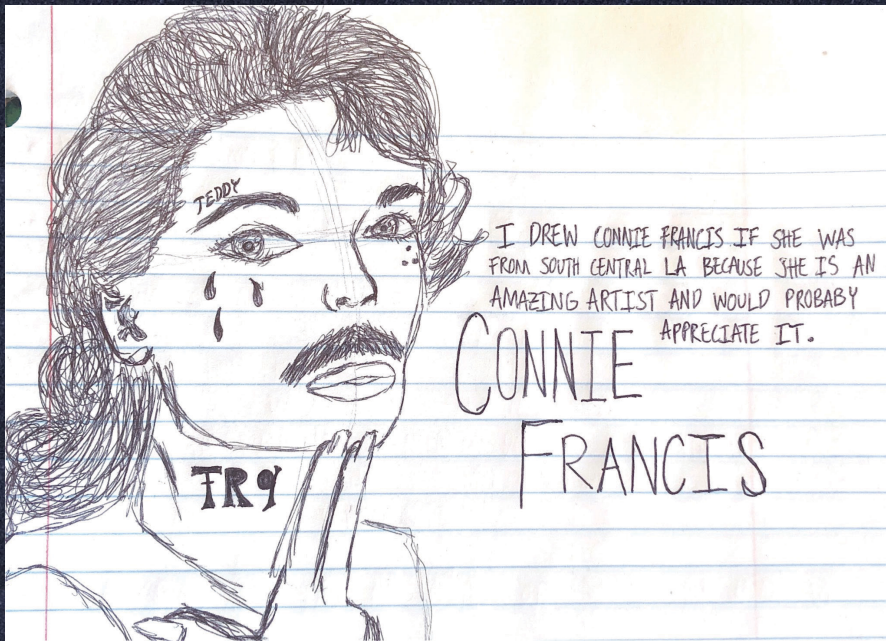
Sabrina drew Michael Gira because she "likes him and his cowboy hats"

Jhon drew Townes Van Zandt because "he sings from his inner side to inspire and help people"



Nick drew Jim Morrison because "the Lizard King can do anything"

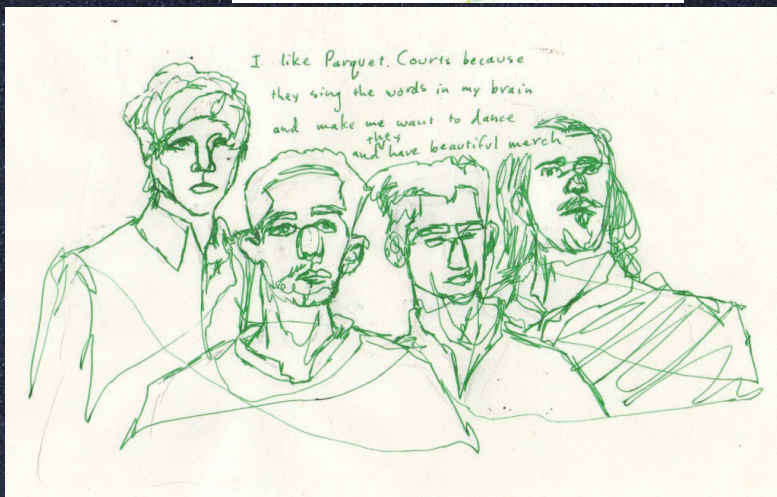
MINGUS IN THE MORNING



Adam drew Connie Francis because "she is an amazing artist"



Big Green House makes Thomas cry



Maddy drew Parquet Courts because they "sing the words inside her brain"



BY
YUSEF RAYYAN

"MYSELF WHEN I AM REAL"
+
"GROUP DANCERS"



Apoplectic

in the mornings I am one twenty three
pounds of anger, cut up in the rind
of a bleeding grapefruit. Apple crumble

an American myth we haven't learnt
to bake. But far back Amu's laugh,
timeless and sincere. She stitched

skirts for headless dolls I snapped
on a bitter sunday, so delicate I hid them
when he got home. Now, an ocean away

an apartment, a home for pieces
we grabbed on the way out. We fight
overflowing trash. You could never

have raised us without her care
but still, I never call, and now,
in a summer far removed, I receive

memories on my doorstep,
stories stamped with your approval.
How long before I forget

that they are not mine? I am scared
of all this forgiveness, a soft gift
pushing me to look away.

Poetry by: Vidhisha Mahesh
Collage by: Natalie Cappellini

dear younger self,
do you remember our arrival here? who we were before then?

reach down into the soft recesses of your still-forming brain. into the nerves which
they struck. where is that classroom hiding, the one in which you received a thin blue book with
a glossy cover and pretty illustrations and the characters you couldn't understand, arranged in
vertical lines?

where hides the thick-leaded pencil you used to trace the edges, until you were better
acquainted with the drawing of the calendar than your own name?

you remember the field, don't you? the man, leaning, two gentle
curved lines with dots? the cartoon horse? they wanted to show you
the history of these pictographic words. the little conglomerations
of lines made to fit in neat squares. I know you cannot understand,
and there is little English to help. but someday you will want to
understand. you will crave understanding. please understand now,
while it still comes easy to you.

understand who you are. why you were there. why we are
here. who you are now, before you change. understand this moment,
before you are alienated from this understanding, and must struggle to understand.

understand this: who you are cannot be eliminated. it cannot be erased.
understand this: no one will remind you but yourself. you must not let yourself forget.
remember the melons you will not be able to identify. the market stalls, their smiling faces.
remember the crabs, the smiling sun, the numbers, the words.

remember this joy within the difference, if nothing else.
dear younger self,
good luck.

reaching (back) for joy

written by Kat Yuen

My mom tells me that I didn't want to go to Chinese school when we came to San Diego. She
tells me that she asked me, and I said no. In my third-year Chinese language class, a classmate
mentions in her introduction the classes she took as a kid, the dislike for being made to do so by
her parents. "All of my heritage students describe it like that," our professor laughs in response.
Reminiscing on the self-hate that plagued my younger self, those first two years in southern
California, I wonder if it was a dislike for Saturday classes or for anything tied to that half of me.

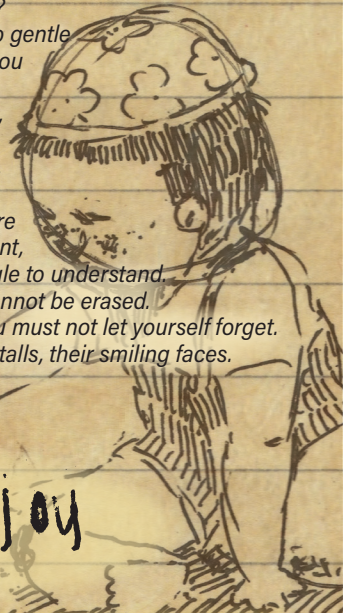
Not that it's so simple. Articulation is a skill I didn't learn until many years after I made
that decision, and the era before I gained that ability is as difficult to describe in retrospect
as it was in the moment. My memory is not in my experiences, but in my writing of them. The
wobbly lead tracings of the illustrations, not the teacher explaining the accompanying text. The
indentations of the pencil into paper, not the pencil itself.

In college, I will learn of the habit to separate our Asian-American-ness into two parts;
into Asian-ness and American-ness. The phrase "secondary orientalism" sticks into my brain,
internalized orientalism from being educated in Western frameworks.

I remember etching it in pen, in a moment of relapsed doubt. In a split-second of
pained self-questioning: does my interest in my Chinese heritage come from heritage, or West-
taught mysticism surrounding "Eastern wisdom"? Am I giving in to the myth that the answer lies
across the Pacific, in the ancestral land and language? I always feel odd asking my family about
our culture—why do I trust a class more than my blood kin?

Isn't who I am, enough? Isn't the (f)act of being raised by my Chinese family, steeped
in their thought-processes and mentalities, enough? Am I learning this language—not even my
family's language; we are a Cantonese-tongued group—for me, or to prove something to the
voice of self-doubt which was enculturated into me? Why can't I find joy in mere existence?

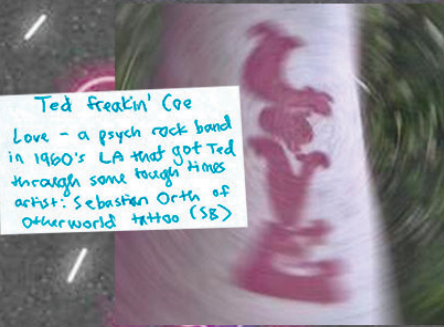
I've learned to find joy in my gender, my fat—cast in writing and voice enough times
if this is my body, it is worthy of love; if this is my body, and I am no girl, it must not be a girl's
body—but joy in my ethnicity, in my culture... for that, I still need to reach.



collected by
Diana Escamilla

collage by
Emma Meches

1058's cool ppl + their tattoos



Ted Freakin' Coe
Love - a psych rock band
in 1960's LA that got Ted
through some tough times
artist: Sebastian Orth of
Otherworld tattoo (SB)



Jess Vega
window kitty by @likinghoney
(IA)



Alex Tea
slow shift doodles interpreted
by @wescargot at Fountain
City Tattoo in Kansas City, MO
@fountaincitytattoo (IG)



Erika Sweet
an impulsive 16 yr old tattoo!!



LOOOOL tattoo Kelly He has!



Emma Meches
I ♥ Love It Love It by Nana!!!
by @sushi.mr.artist (IG) Grizol ...

Daphne Blake's mixtape



- * cute but psycho - coco & clair clair
- 👩 cherry jubilee - cowgirl clue
- * anna wintour - azealia banks
- 👩 mean girl - yung baby tate, queen key, asian doll
- * detonate - charli xcx
- 🐶 bite me - kilo kish
- * rebel girl - bikini kill
- 👩 femme fatale - velvet underground, nico
- * strangers - portishead
- 👩 shoot him down! - alice francis





art by Al Simpkins



art by Anya Adorni

A Chumash Folk Tale

The Making Of Man

One day, after a great flood that destroyed the animals on earth, Sky Coyote named Snilemun, Sun, Moon, Morning Star and the Great Eagle named Slow decided it was time to make some people for the earth. They spent days discussing what the new people would look like. Lizard listened nearby but he didn't say anything. Finally, all the animals agreed on every detail, everything, that is, except for the hands.

Coyote said that people should have hands like his because he had the finest hands of the group. They argued for some time, but Coyote finally won. All agreed that people would have hands like Coyote's.

The next day they all met up in the sky around a beautiful table-like rock. The top of the rock had such a smooth surface that whatever touched it left a perfect print. The animals decided that the handprint of the new people would be stamped on this rock.

Coyote raised his hand and was about to press it down on the rock when Lizard, who had been standing quietly just behind him, jumped out and placed his own handprint on the rock. Coyote was so angry at Lizard he wanted to kill him, but Lizard quickly escaped down a deep crack beside the rock. Sun and Eagle looked at Lizard's handprint and agreed that it really was more suitable for people than Coyote's.

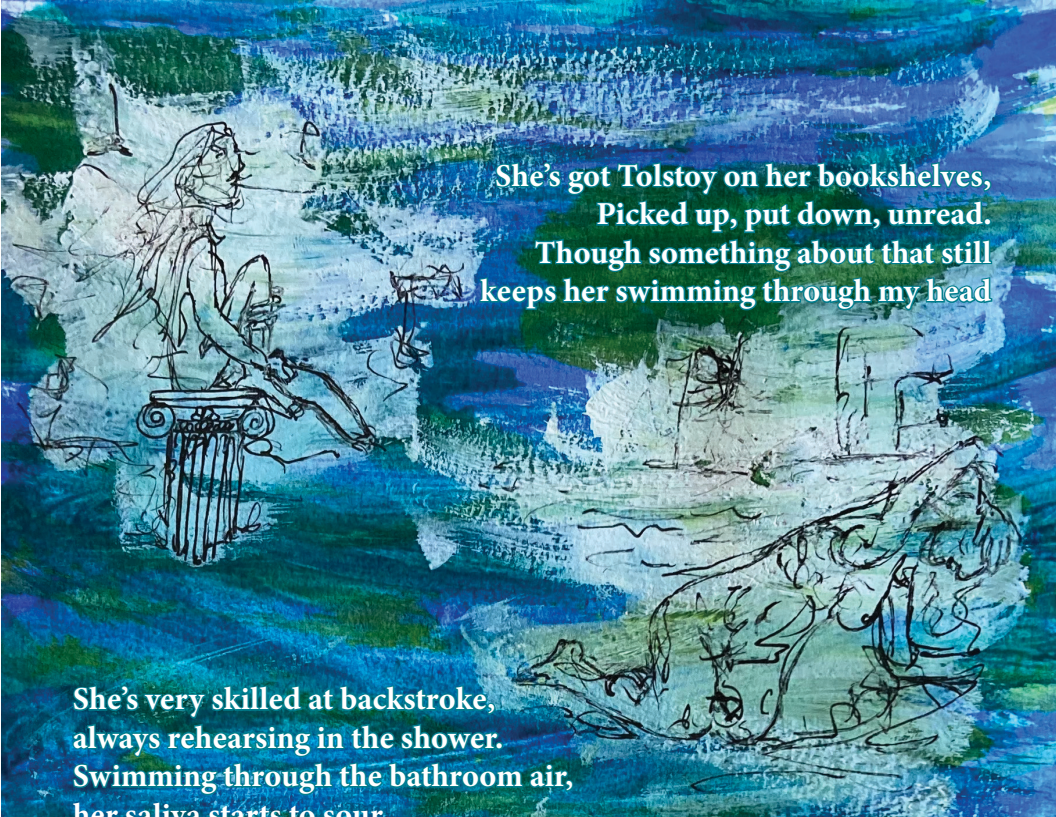
It's a good thing for us that Lizard was so fast, otherwise we would have hands today like Coyote's.

Chumash territory extends from Malibu to San Luis Obispo, from the Channel Islands as far as the San Joaquin Valley. Current data shows that they have continuously occupied these lands since 8000BC. A once proud, rich and peaceful nation both culturally and linguistically diverse, by the end of the mission period, the greater part of their culture was but lost to the wind. Within 60 years, their entire livelihood went extinct to brutal colonialism and genocide.

Whose land do you occupy?

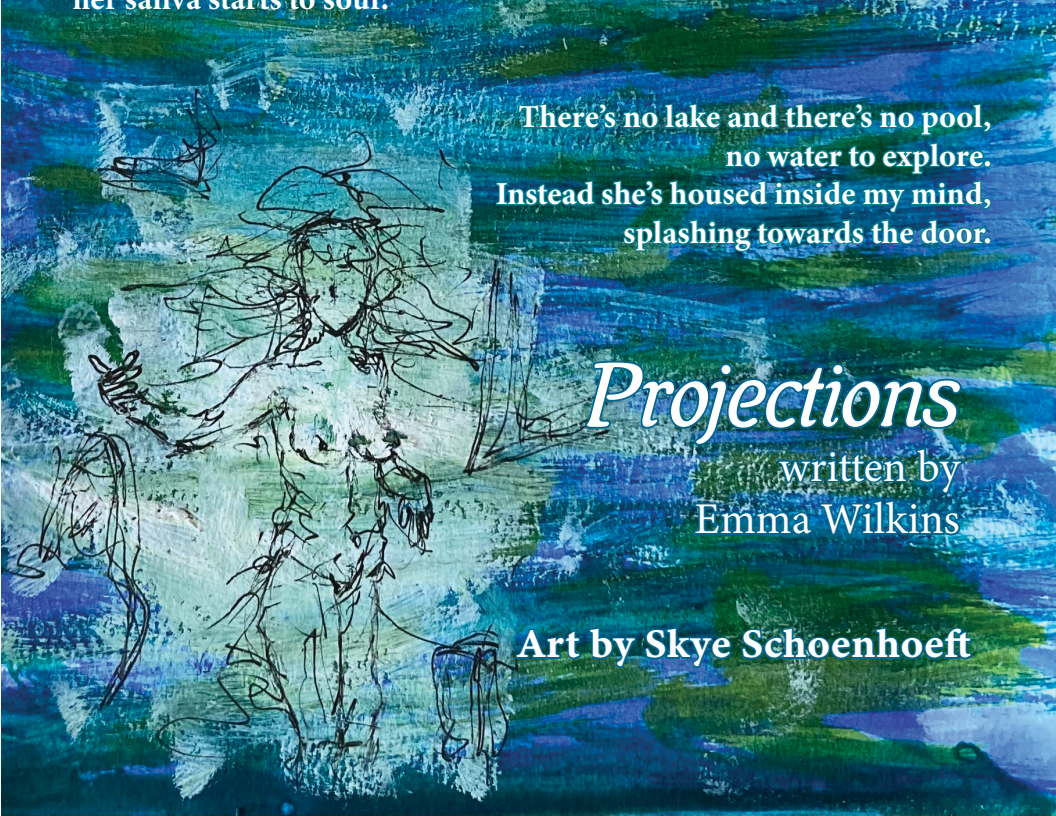
**Text your zip code to 1 (855) 917-5263
to find out.**

Story told by The Chumash People
Recorded by JP Harrington, Fernando Librado, Maria Solares,
Luisa Ygnacio and Lucrecia Garcia
Compiled by Thomas C. Blackburn in *December's Child*
Adapted by Kay Sanger in *When The Animals Were People*
Zine layout by Thomas Moran (@tbdpresents)
Photo: Looking out towards the Santa Barbara Channel from
Pine Mountain Summit (35mm by Thomas Moran)



She's got Tolstoy on her bookshelves,
Picked up, put down, unread.
Though something about that still
keeps her swimming through my head

She's very skilled at backstroke,
always rehearsing in the shower.
Swimming through the bathroom air,
her saliva starts to sour.



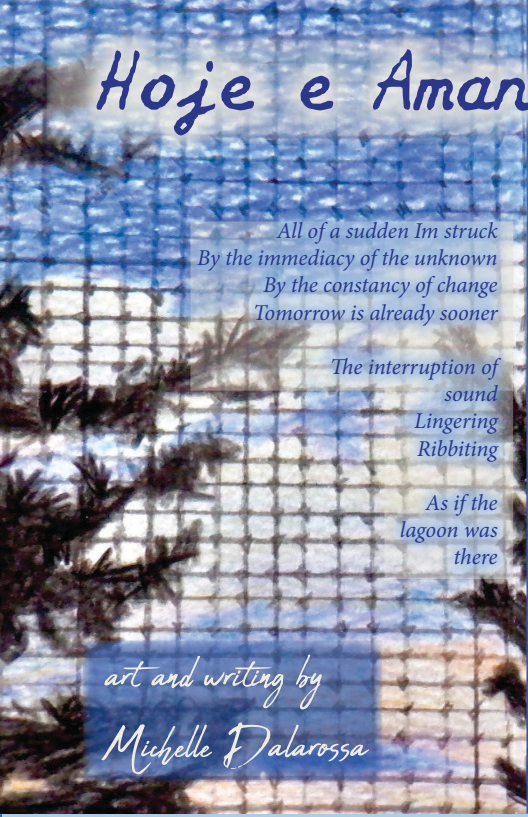
There's no lake and there's no pool,
no water to explore.
Instead she's housed inside my mind,
splashing towards the door.

Projections

written by
Emma Wilkins

Art by Skye Schoenhoeft

Hoje e Amanhã




All of a sudden I'm struck
By the immediacy of the unknown
By the constancy of change
Tomorrow is already sooner

The interruption of
sound
Lingering
Ribbiting

As if the
lagoon was
there

art and writing by
Michelle Dalarossa



A residual sunset
shining smoke
the smell of night
Next to the curtain
Transported by the moon
To the edge of my discerning
And it's already today



A restless, tense kind of night

Expectations we're not sure where to set
Questions we don't know how to avoid
The voice of the wind in the canyon
And yesterday's thoughts left ajar
To be met by choice or
By chance

to gender the stars



How trivial it feels to divide
ourselves, how human and industrious
to cut into categories

the imagined parts of a soul indivisible
and read somehow, in an excess of hair,
a proclivity to work and to war,
or to augur from the angles of the
lower abdomen
one's potential to pour forth with
life anew.

What narrow halls
we are born into and allow ourselves to be called;
what simple words subsume our persons,
can recollect all our vastness
in a single syllable?

How eager we'd be
to gender the stars
if we loved them any less,
to curtail the Cosmos into spaces so
small, its very definition is a defeat.

We are the children of a stardust adverse
to compression and stratification
at best we are witnessed and known incomplete;
at worst we become Black Holes.

art by Tsing Miller
poem by Michael Turle

DATA SIFTS THROUGH TRASH

Lemonade-berry glitters
brighter with the rain.
A million dew-drops
upon tiny fruit stands

AND LEAVES THE JEWELS

written by
Kat Yuen

out, catch a ray of sunlight.
Winds keep them shifting,
their branches sway;
the storm continues despite

our dry spell. Ocean withholds
any sun or rain. She's
more fickle than the Moon,
(though it's Her influence).

Dodder gleams abundant
orange malevolent yet
appetites are always ambivalent
in their benevolence. The

ecosystem at work. She
cries down and pours out:
our discards flow; nitrates.
Mudslides only the skin.

Plenty of beauties within
wanton natural destruction.
Just shifting, keeping as it
always will. Glitter acid-sweet.



Art: "Strawberry Fields Forever" by Yulene Teagle-Alarcon

art by liv avarett



photo by Olivia Consterdine

A Brown Pail Spilling White Paint

writing by Raymond Vasquez
layout by Marlene Calderon

You haven't had old friends miscongize you the way mine have, "Whitewash. It's cool. It was bound to happen to you." That's odd because my speech never changed. I always spoke English, and if it was ever broken it was to mock elders. I want to affirm my Latin culture but it's not mine-mine: It belongs to my Salvatrucha mom and Catracho dad who are walking pictures of a silent film to my language. Labels don't work to represent memories you haven't had, which is presumably why they're hard to name. This is an awkward situation, so I want to hastily life-line my parents with, "What is most important to be?" The thing is I can only reach from old talks that turn quiet, and then it's back to research. War or poverty has not been everything for them, but just enough that they leave familiar to adopt a new country, a new culture, a new identity. I imagine they'd agree on "adaptable."

I am still because I haven't found out how to say it for myself. My friends and family experiences are their own, so maybe WHITEWASH must mean something for me? You go to college and you struggle with half survivor's guilt for escaping the hood, the other an ambiguity like you kind-of-do-kind-of-don't deserve to be there. The white T, mint green shorts, and Toms are camouflage because long polos, crisp Dickies, and Converse present an unsophisticated past. The classes are rigorous so you need to spend more time studying in a surprisingly well-equipped new building. You also do not have to watch out for perverts like at the Los Angeles Central Library--only rushing fraternity freshmen who perform naked backflips. Aside from this there is a shock in the culture of your cells. You know you are not white, and you do not care to be. Yet each time you join organizations with people you think look like you, your third culture kiddiness leaves you in a state of arrested relationships. This is especially true after the seniors who semi-adopted you graduate.

Now think about these familiars. You want to be acknowledged as a volunteer, a worker, and sober but each commitment is a conflict only you can recommend. Some understand yet it's somehow even harder to connect. They say, "Yeah, those are good things." Then the chat ends, so hanging out is more like hanging alone. At this point I realize the ambiguity is less about pressure to be white, but a failed misunderstanding that only white people do what I do. In sum, the only expectations they have are of what they have seen other brown people do, like Work and Puro, Pinche, Parti. Whitewash is not a misrecognition, or a transformation. It's a sad, sad misattribution. So yeah, "It's not cool" and, "Nothing was bound to happen. I chose to improve my education and what I think of myself being American Latino."



The Jerboa

by Sean Finch

THEY SAY THAT HOW GOOD YOU WERE IN YOUR PAST LIFE DETERMINES WHAT YOU'RE REBORN INTO, BUT...

...I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE REBORN AS A JERBOA.

AND NEITHER DO ANY OF THE SCHOLARS OR MONKS I'VE TALKED TO.

IS THAT GOOD? I'M CUTE, I GUESS, BUT NOT BUNNY CUTE.

WHAT THE HELL DID I DO IN MY PAST LIFE?

DID I DONATE TO A CHARITY THAT WAS ACTUALLY A MAFIA FRONT?

DRINK ALMOND MILK?

POST SOMETHING PROBLEMATIC ON-LINE?

I FINALLY FOUND A MONK THAT COULD ACTUALLY TALK TO GOD...

BUT GOD SAID THEY OUTSOURCED THE RULES FOR THIS TO A COMPUTER A WHILE BACK AND DON'T KNOW HOW IT WORKS ANYMORE, EITHER.

IN FRUSTRATION, I BIT GOD.

AT LEAST I KNOW WHY I'M A DUNG BEETLE NOW.

KNOW MEANS BORN BOA.

AND NEITHER DO ANY OF THE SCHOLARS OR MONKS I'VE TALKED TO.

THEY SAY THAT HOW GOOD YOU WERE IN YOUR PAST LIFE DETERMINES WHAT YOU'RE REBORN INTO, BUT...

...I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE REBORN AS A JERBOA.

DREAMSCAPES

soundtrack of our dreams



assembled
by
Marlene
Calderon

i had a dream i was an olympic athlete in the not-very-prestigious category of winter ice beam jump sprinting. despite training in antarctica with some penguin buddies, i failed my very first jump. however, only two people signed up for the competition, so i got a silver medal.
♪ hummingbird by edu ♪

In the dream, i'm holding down my childhood house as a fort, with my whole family outside, for some reason, there are two dudes trying to throw bomb in my house, and for some reason, i know that the only way to stop them is to fight back. so i go down the hall into my bathroom and in the center of the bathroom is like, a toilet, but it's like, a mecha-toilet. like a robot suit that is a toilet that can fight things. and then i pretty much just put it on and beat them up. it was cool.

♪ zig-zag wanderer by captain beefheart and his magic band ♪

this is the only lucid dream i've ever had. so pretty much, i'm at a movie theater on a date but it's to see some seth rogan-y impact font title comedy, and i'd come with my boyfriend and a bunch of his friends. it was pretty crowded and i thought i lost him, but he was suddenly sitting with his friends in a packed row up front. once i saw there wasn't a seat saved for me, i started trying to get their attention, but they were too into the movie to hear me. and so i start watching this awful movie in the back row of the theater and some 11 year old red head kid taps me on the shoulder to tell me i have beautiful hair. and in that moment, could do whatever i wanted. so i ran outside, down the street, jumped into the air, and suddenly started flying.
♪ freebird II by parquet courts ♪

Roads: Series 1

complete landscapes
toward a horizon
and on...

Long Valley, NV

Mojave National Preserve, CA

Fort Rock, OR

Fremont Highway, OR

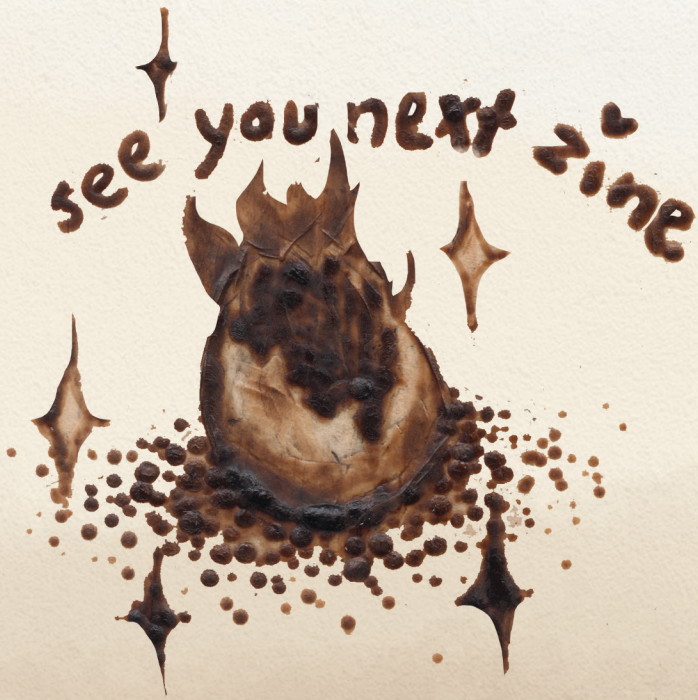
Lockwood Valley, CA

Pyramid Lake, NV

Hart Mountain National Antelope Refuge, OR

Carrizo Plain National Monument, CA

text and photos by
Stephen Snyder



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