

P A

The G eography Issue

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ABOUT THE ISSUE

Pangea: A monstrous landmass, all the continents as one. What a place it must have been, its space defined only by the lines of nature.

A Eutopia interrupted by an entropy that pulled the continents apart shaping our world.

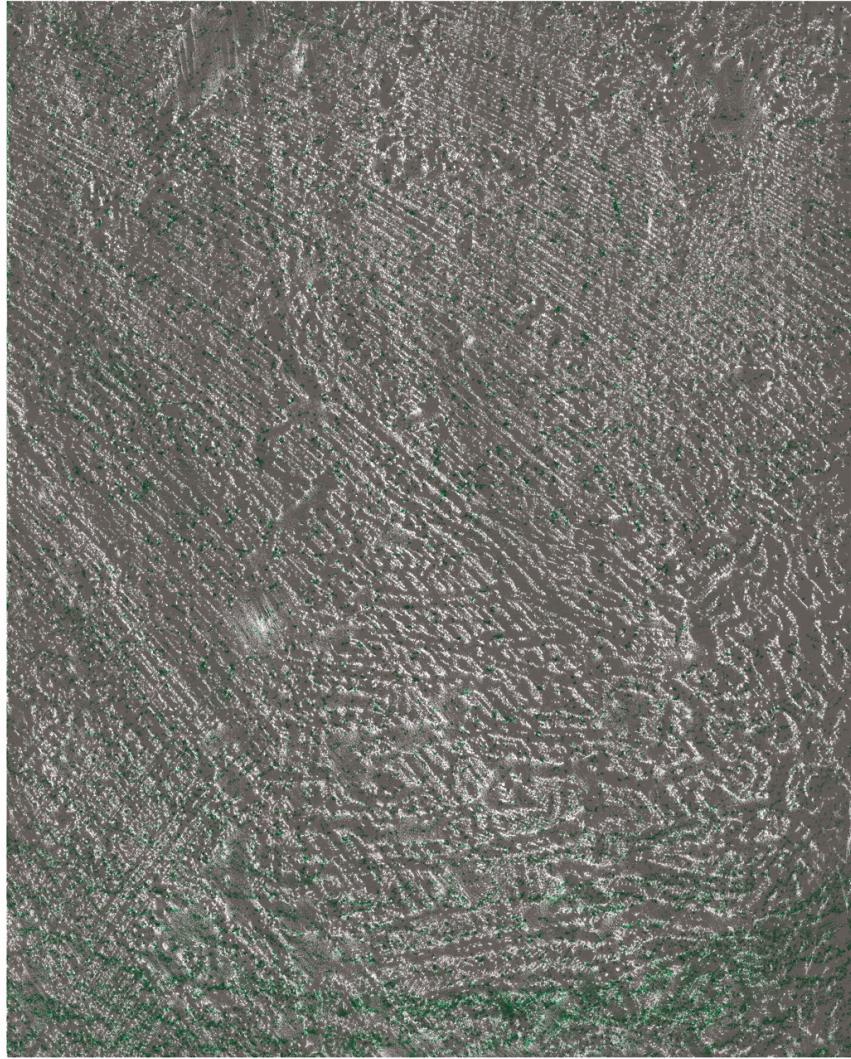
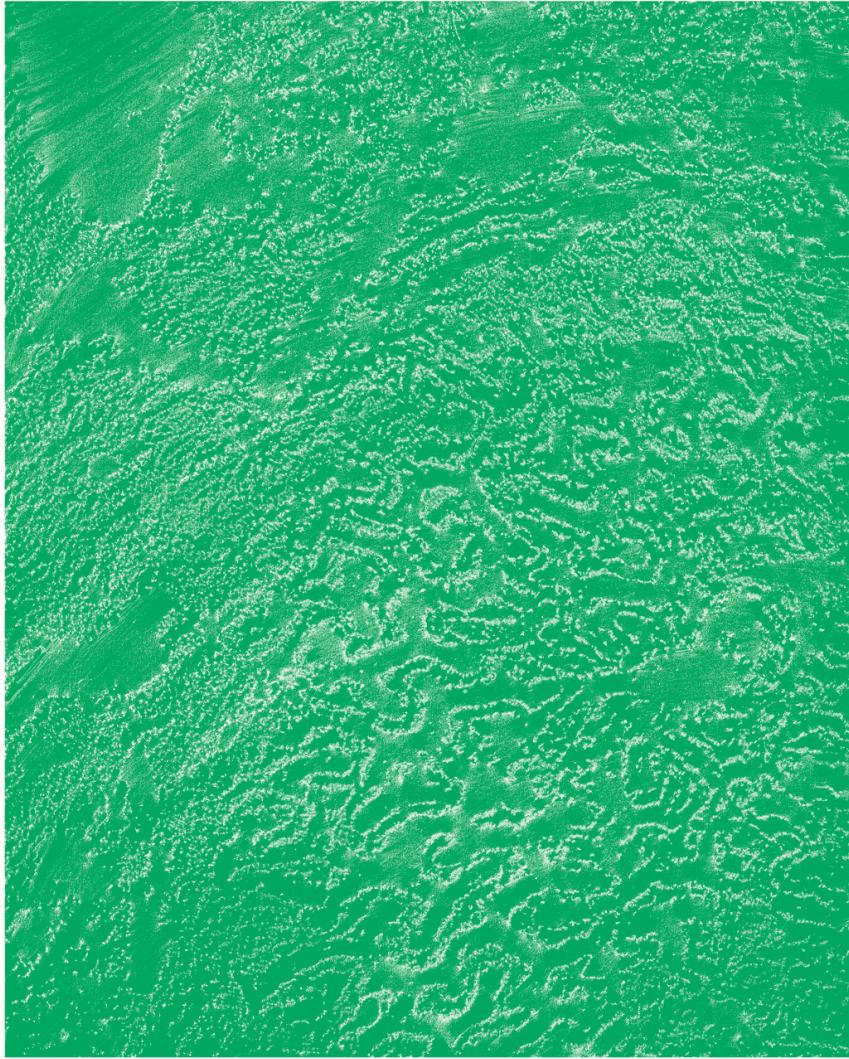
This first continent, now fragmented, is but a story that still breathes and lives, surfacing through the distant veins of impressions that remain hidden within earth's body, reminding us of the unity that once was.

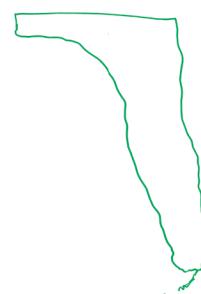
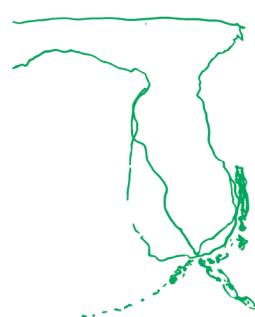
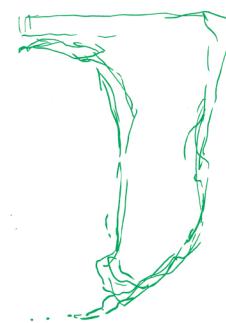
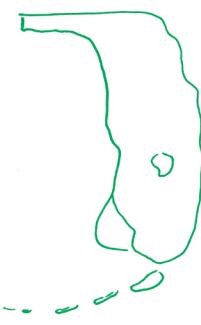
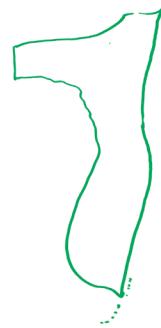
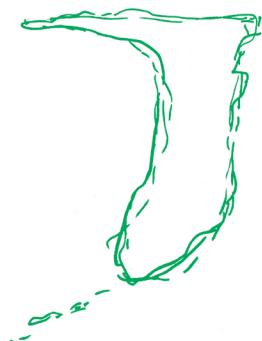
Pangea isn't only a story of a distant space, it is a testament to the relentless spirit of friendship.

We invite you to travel into our conceptual space, where we've bound our creative forces across geography into these pages. We wish you a pleasant journey.

MIAMI OOLITE

Bernardo Rieveling - Miami





MY HANDS ARE A MAP

Michael Beckhart - Boston

My hands are a map; its ridges, and its concaves, the valleys sporadically indented across the plain, show the rivers of temper beneath. Meandering between canyons of tissue, where erosion has invited it most. But, the erosion follows a trail; of tales, travels, and impressions. Painted across this canvas is a life of character: a place waiting to be revisited, and a place waiting to be drawn.

15

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Down at the basin, beyond the borders, lies a memory. Three scars, three groves, three cicatrices that cement the frail spread back into one. An innocent grasp once held the handlebars through a surge of tall grass. What seemed to be a reach for my fathers rescue; rolling off the wheels on his bike; spun into my grasp reaching for support. Inertia propelled it forward. Barely escaping the gear, my forearm didn't. In search for ground, the gears tore three holes in a fresh canvas. Leaving a mark of the accident, a memory.



16

Up on the mesa of my calluses, is the story of when I used to submerge these maps in a big silver bowl. Brimming with chalk, unable to see my reflection. The white powdery flakes were forced in between the dents, erasing the trails. As a new blank sheet coated them, reassuring the maps were completely gone. This protective linen gave strength to the gymnastics I was about to perform. When I clutched the bars, they acted as a pivot, rotating the rest of my body in a twirl. Once the clutch was released, my feet grounded me. The performance erased the coat, exposing new maps. The maps bled fresh pools. Upon these lakes, the mesa would grow. But now, the mesa fades and my habits change.

17

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Around the edge of the cliff, is a site I visit everyday. One that's rewritten with every touch. This place is where emotions breathe off the borders of the map, and sink into the strings of music. A new territory where the tips of my fingers are malleable webs reciprocal to the feats they stretch out to. Where I continue to discover a harmonic pulse in between beats, dancing to a melody that sings my story. A place beyond the map of my hands.



18

ELEUTHERA

Emilio Vargas - Pittsburgh

21

This story is written from the perspective of an Eleutheran Adventurer: a group of English Puritans who had been expelled from Bermuda in the wake of the English Civil War. They were searching for a place where they could freely practice their faith. Led by William Sayle, they Shipwrecked off the coast of an Island in the Bahamas. They made this their home, first seeking refuge in what we now call Preacher's Cave. They named the island Ἐλευθερία - Eleutheria, the Greek word for "freedom", today known as Eleuthera. A place I hold dear to my heart.

Home, such an elusive thing. It was shy of a year ago that we smashed upon the rocks of the place we now call Eleuthera.

And yet I cast my mind further back. It was Great Britain that I deemed home, alas, it was not to be so. I left that faraway place what now seems like a lifetime ago... For there I could not speak my views and have my life's blood still flowing through my veins. I could not find peace. And for that, I still continue to endure hardship.

But endure I do. Some days my resolve wavers, yet good Patrick always finds a way to stoke the fires of hope in our hearts. I remember our first night in the cave, it was he who inspired me to keep going.

I recall it being early morning when we crashed a terrible crash upon the shallow reefs of these waters. It is as if God himself tested our mettle by hurling us into the sea, and our supplies with us.

22

*

The wind had been hard on its blowing, sweeping us closer to the island. A perceived blessing at first, then revealed to be a double-edged sword. The waves rose up to meet me as I flew overboard from my station on deck.

Confusion. Disorientation. For a few seconds I knew not up from down until, for a merciful moment, the waves relented and I surfaced gasping for air. As I did, a quick survey informed me that our ship was rapidly sinking. I beheld my companions strewn in disarray about what remained of our weathered sea vessel.

Silvia.

The name rang in my head, an alarm jolting me into action.

"Sil..." I began and swallowed a mouthful of seawater. The ocean had once again become rapt in its unforgiving mayhem.

"TO SHORE!!" came the cry from brave William, standing atop what was now a large piece of driftwood. "ALL MAKE WAY TO SHORE!"

I will not leave without my beloved, I thought.

Captain Sayle's order echoed amongst the officers, attempting to herd the disorderly mass of men and women out of the turbulent thrall of the sea.

"Silvia! Silvia!" I roared across the chaos of flailing bodies and all manner of cargo.

For what seemed like a few heartbeats too many, no one responded to my calls. A knot formed in my stomach. Panic rose constricting my throat.

"Charles!"

I spun towards my name as best I could as yet another rogue wave buffeted me.

"Charles!"

I coughed up seawater and with stinging eyes searched the wreckage. As my spluttering subsided for a moment I could make out that the voice shouting my name was close.

"Charles!"

"Patrick" I cried.

Part of me recalled the reason for our voyage then, hearing the priest's voice a small sense of calm washed over me. Odd things the mind does in situation of danger.

Make her safe, please oh lord.

"Over here! I've got her Charles!"

23

Just then I saw a man wearing priestly attire waving one arm frantically. His other hand held a piece of what had been the hull, and on it lay the worldly reason I still fight on today.

"Silvia" I screamed, the knot in my stomach untying to relief and then to concern.

Spurred on by adrenaline and passion, I came upon them in a few seconds.

"She is alive," Patrick informed me, amazing me yet again with his calm demeanor, despite the circumstances. "The impact knocked her unconscious but if you make sure she swallows no more water she should be fine. I've already purged her lungs."

"Oh Patrick"

His adept and magnanimous nature left me at a loss for words. As tears welled up, I looked down upon Silvia's fine features and full lips, with her brown hair to one side, darkened by the water's touch.

"Here, take that side, help me swim her to shore now" He said decisively "Lest the current take us back out to sea, and leave us as lost as those 5 poor fools who turned their backs on the Lord and His light."

"Patrick you truly are a man of God" I was finally able to say.

"As are we all, it is our choices that give our souls their weight, and for now Charles, let us choose to survive, and find a home on this newfound land. For here I know we shall find Eleutheros."

By the time we reached shore everyone else was already there. People cheered as we drew near, mainly for Patrick I believe. A few of the men helped us carry Silvia to safety beyond the reach of the invading tide, where she would later awake as Captain Syle debated with his officers on what to do next.

I recall them speaking of the great loss we had experienced, of all the possessions we no longer had and plans to salvage whatever we could. The mood was gloomy amongst those who shared their sentiment of tragedy. After what had just happened I blamed them not. We were on land but far from safe.

I on the other hand felt elated. Elated to have my beloved still with me, to be able to share a smile amongst my friends who still drew breath. And to hear all their voices well, even if they spoke of worry and uncertainty. It was after our wreck that I realized the true things of value in my life: the people whom I share it with.

*

That day, the ocean may have taken my material wealth, but gave me great wisdom in its stead. Speaking with the benefit of hindsight, I maintain that that was as good a deal as could be hoped for.

For in the loss of the old, we were forced to embrace the new and learn from it. I now look around this cave we fashioned into our living space and wonder if I'll stay here or not. Given my experience at the wreck, I now believe that home is not a place but a sensation; that on my part arises when I wake up next to my darling Silvia and know that we are free. I still sometimes ponder whether it was here that I learned to find home, or if it was here that I allowed home to find me.

Now and always, Eleuthera, may you stay with me.

-Charles Wayfarer 1649

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THE PLACES I WILL GO

Renata Cruz Lara - Chicago

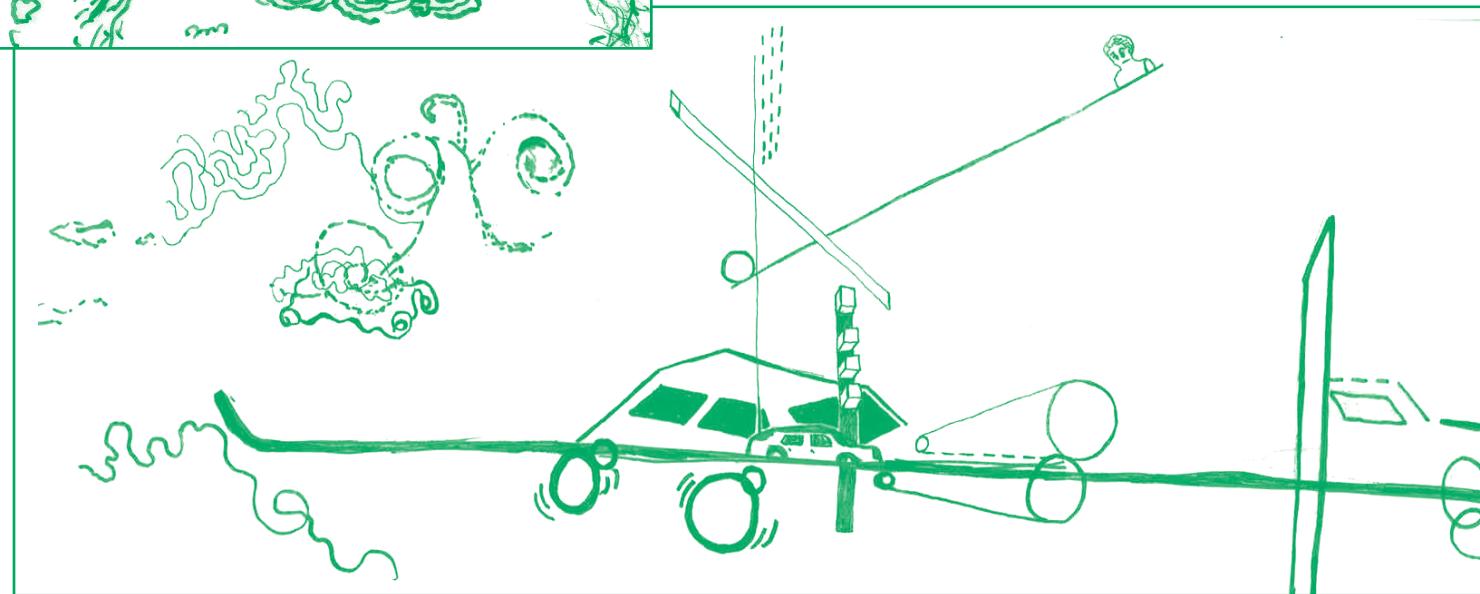
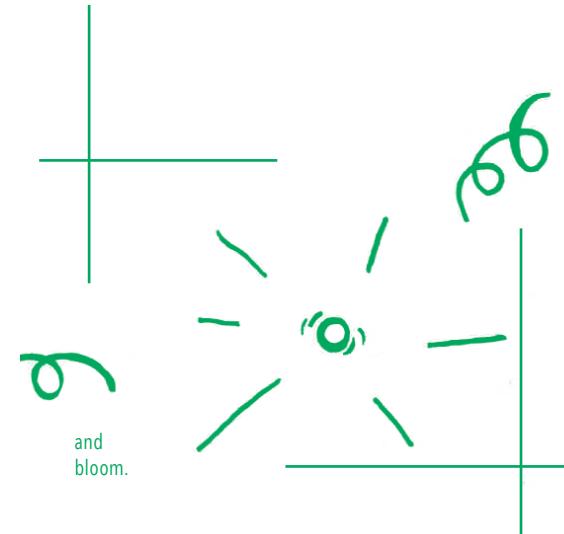
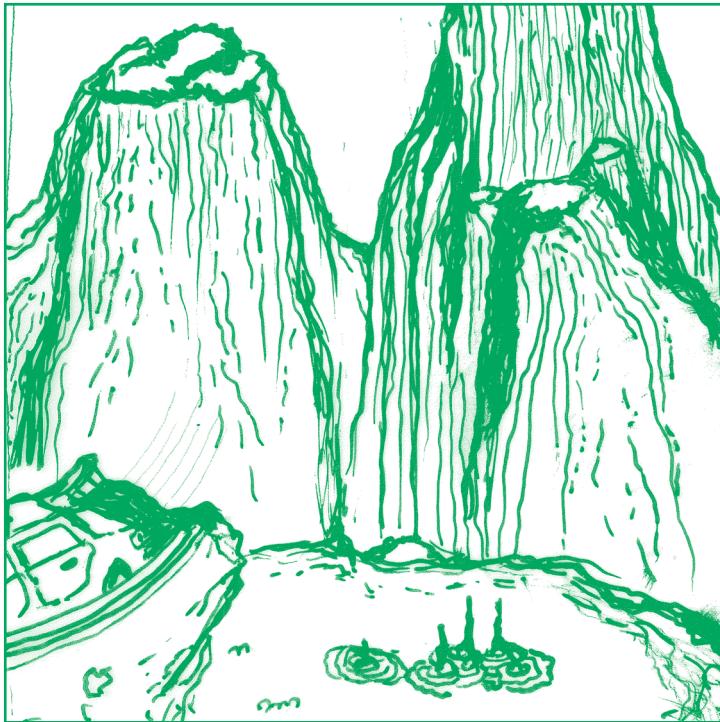


Just drop everything and...



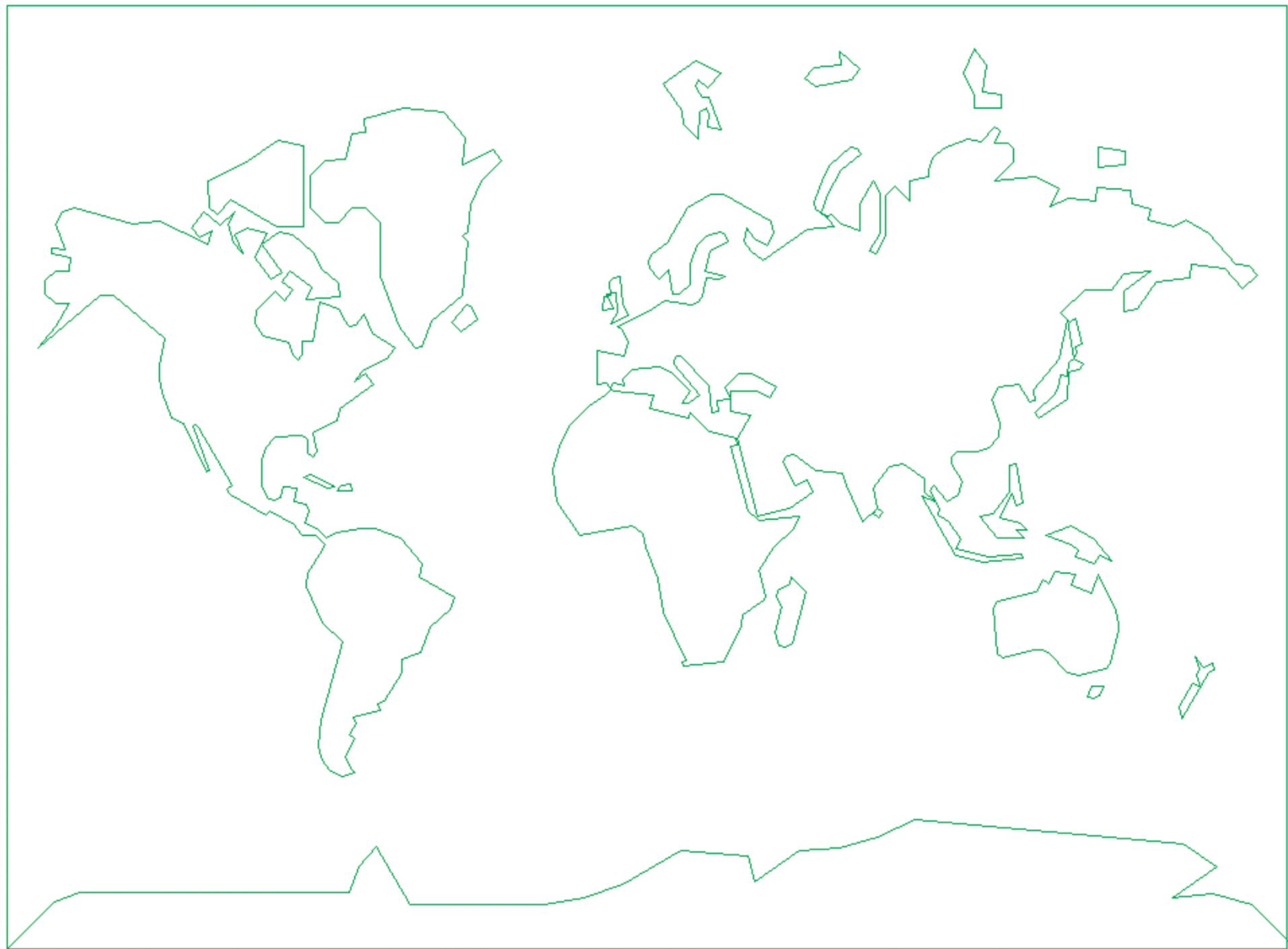
Be propelled by perplexing riddles, the night sky and a map.

Visit the Earth's nucleus to collect precious minerals and maybe gold.



PYTHON

Alexi Falquier - Chicago




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PANGEA

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