



VISION

Emulate

art literature and culture magazine

SPRING 2025 volume VI issue II





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i'm having a vision

intuition

observation

*i had a vision*

imagination

a sight to behold

delusion

Dear Friends,

This is the Spring 2025 issue of Emulate magazine...we can't wait for you to read it. Thank you to everyone who supported us in our creation of this magazine. We are so inspired by all of the artists and writers who submitted work to our call for submissions. Vision is the theme for this issue, a word chosen because of its endless possible interpretations...vision is about perspective and imagination and the process of seeing things, both as they are and as they could be. Throughout this year, Emulate has reflected on its role in Smith's community, envisioning a future for the organization that is more rooted in connection.

The first issue of Emulate begins,

*Emulate — An act of transforming: a striving to become. The arts open space for potential, for the newly becoming, for evolution. In art, we strive to be equal to our potential, and to surpass it. Bringing the power of the arts we love into the everyday, Emulate celebrates the striving and the becoming of the Pioneer Valley. Here, let's fix ourselves on those who inspire us. Let's emulate them. Let's create.*

We are so grateful to everyone who has joined us in celebrating and uplifting the creativity and passion of artists on campus and we hope you will continue to grow with us.

Love,

The Emulate Core Team

hallucination

they were a vision

perception

eyesight

dream

perspective

lack of vision



12:07:2024



open mic night



Yule is a time to celebrate the hope of  
returning light and life



Hear Ye!  
Hear Ye!



04:07:2025



# \*In Blue Vision\*

Rain the day after

Apple Gilmore

Falls steam-soft on my morning skin

The dawn bleeds red; a promise of more to come, and I want it

Hard, and blue and loud and all-around I want it to remind me of

Last night, splayed out and

spinning in the garden as the grass did the dancing for us.

*I feel the earth move under my feet*

Can you hear the music?

I glow and grow warm under your gaze. And yes, my arms were out wide, and yes,

I wanted you there, in my honey-blue heart. Couldn't you see me

glowing? If you'd asked me anything, I would have said

*yes.*

The passion, the panic: my body is a hurricane moving swiftly towards you,

and my heart is in the eye.

It falls like glass from a sand sky now, turning the air Atlantic

and stinging the concrete and stabbing the

grass we touched bare. 12 hours past, and I am spinning out on the porch.

Water surrounds. You're nowhere I can be.

From somewhere: music, indiscernible. To see you now would be

to put a loaded gun in

your hand, to guide your palest wrist to my chest and let you decide.

All the pacing I've done could get me Everest. I had it all planned:

first violent love, then sweetness

which comes to me now, as I stand outside of your door.

A wood-knock separates me and you, a hand over the gearshift.

will they, won't they, will they . . .

Outside, the last drops of storm-spirit hit the ground.

Gentle drum-beat to slow my own heart.

I begin to glow, and know you are near. And when the door opens,

and you ask me in that honeyed voice, *Can you hear the music?*

I know what I will say.

A hinge creak. Rainfall outside. A breath in, then out.

yes. yes. yes.

You emerge from the blue-black room, a vision:

an angel with a sun-warm halo all around her,

smiling for me. In you, I see

Everything.

I tell you I love you while looking into your eyes and see

the waves I grew up diving into, seeking quiet in the surf.

I take your hand in mine and feel

the well-worn branches I pick up after hurricane season.

I press gentle kisses into your hair and taste

the mulberries that bloom and burst on tree-lined streets in my town.

Early as it may be, and though the rain outside continues, I must confess:

You're an image of the life I've had,

and a vision of the one I want.

*Elie Pichanick*



Self Perception

# Photo of You / Token of Us

In a heavy summer haze, I'm sitting dazed  
on the scorched concrete stoop, in my graduation dress, fumbling  
with my plastic Kodak, and watching you punch buttons on the  
uber app. Thinking that your head looks like a golden egg under  
the sun, when, according to your sparse photobook, it was once  
moppy and curly and rich.

I flip some switch on the Kodak and capture the scene.  
So your new chapter in life can become my old memory.  
I'm now graduated, you're now retired. You're bald,  
and I'm the family mophead nowadays.

4 minutes till the uber arrives.

You watch the minutes count down from the cracked screen of your  
android, looking patient and serene in my photo, but hasty and  
restless in reality. Preparing to knock on the dust-peppered windows  
and holler, through smoker's lungs and a thick Brooklyn accent, at the  
dallying rest of the family. Get your asses out here already!

2 minutes.

Your arms, strong and scarred, drape over  
the steel gates outside our building. I think you look like a  
gargoyle perched over a ledge. Having reached the peak, you  
stare down at the weathered valley of your life. At me, at the  
bottom, embarking on a long path  
to a world you've never seen.

The uber finally arrives and the family piles in like a clown troupe.  
We get to the restaurant, order red meat and soup, and don't talk  
about how I'm leaving you in the dust.

I try to trust  
my gut and remember: acts like these,  
like taking me out to dinner, are only crumbs  
of love you leave out for me,  
and they shouldn't be enough.  
I look back on this photo of you  
and maybe it's only because I'm away that I can now say  
I accept who you are. But my heart really does lighten  
to take in our little world. To know it's your fault  
that my hair is curled.

Emma  
McCarthy



## The Honeysuckle

A friend of mine  
at the age of eleven  
or twelve,

the name of hers which escapes me now,  
sat me down between the rotting cabins on a summer day

Where the air felt thick

And the sky was not so bright

But where the sun still pierced through

Like a needle through cloth

At around half past three,

or maybe four, the time when we became tired from the coastal sun

we sat cross-legged, not quite facing each other

with the weeds and the grasses climbing up our bug-bitten legs.

And she told me that the little white flowers

Ones which I had passed by each day without notice

Stepped on, sat on, ignored

The ones with a bit of purple on the edges,

or in the middle,

I can't quite remember,  
could taste sweet if you squeezed them between your lips

And I hadn't known this before,

But I trusted her then

and took the weed between my lips

The taste of nectar was soft

And, I imagined

that this thin syrup

Was one that the birds drank

After a long day in the sun

as a sweet treat.

*Friday night, St. Pierre Cathedral*

after roger reeves "samba in são cristóvão, or temporary flight"

Forgive the marble angels for being  
sick of incense and intercession  
folding their wings and sliding  
onto the cobblestones  
of Rue du Soleil-Levant

in this stolen hour

allow them to cross the square  
and enter Café Clement  
let them lean against the bar  
and if their drapery slips  
off the shoulder a little

forgive them

if with their cool hands they reach  
for another hand's warmth  
and if they seem a little lost  
in translation from stone to  
skin, and if they stumble a little  
over the conjugation of a kiss  
be patient, for touch is not  
their native tongue and after all  
these centuries of flight, they are  
only just now

Lucinda Holland

learning how to fall

## Celebrating the Birth of a Daughter





*Tessa Wheeler*

*Ella Habiger*

inyourgaze



# SAY I'M THIS

By Tessa Wheeler

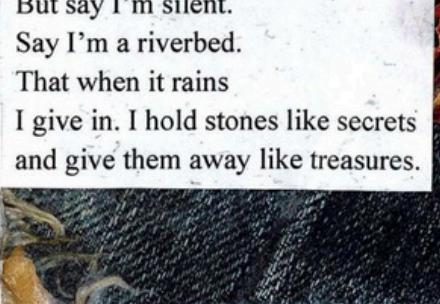
By all means, I wish for roughness. I wish for calluses stinging, sour looks and gnarled knuckles. I wish for a way to carry and hold.



So say I'm a cowboy. Say my first name begins with a 'W' and I stumble over the vowels that follow. Say, aren't you from across the river? Aren't you one of those girls from the city? Everyone used to think I was from there. But I got hard, sweetheart. I ditched the hips and bit the bullet. Now, everything belongs to me.



Say I'm a father. Say I swagger and swing and swear over parents gone it won't happen again. Say I slur and slosh. Say I slam soft against the wall and make her shut up. Say it again. You think I'm bad? Wait till you grow up.



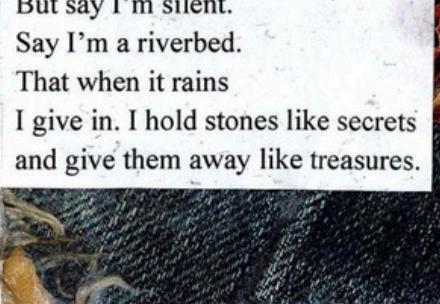
I swallow and cherish. I swell and weep. Oh, say that I'm always changing. Say I'm forever.



Soft, safe—neither are what I want my shoulders to spell against a November sky. Neither keep the dark at bay, nor hold the silhouette to a promise.



Say I'm a sound engineer. Say it's nineteen-seventy-seven and disco makes me sweat. Say I wear polyester and tight pants, that I've got a beard no one likes. So get into the booth and sing, doll. What voice rings is mine. Do you like my sound?



But say I'm silent. Say I'm a riverbed. That when it rains I give in. I hold stones like secrets and give them away like treasures.

OUR

BLUE

EYES

*Age sure has a funny way of catching up with you.*

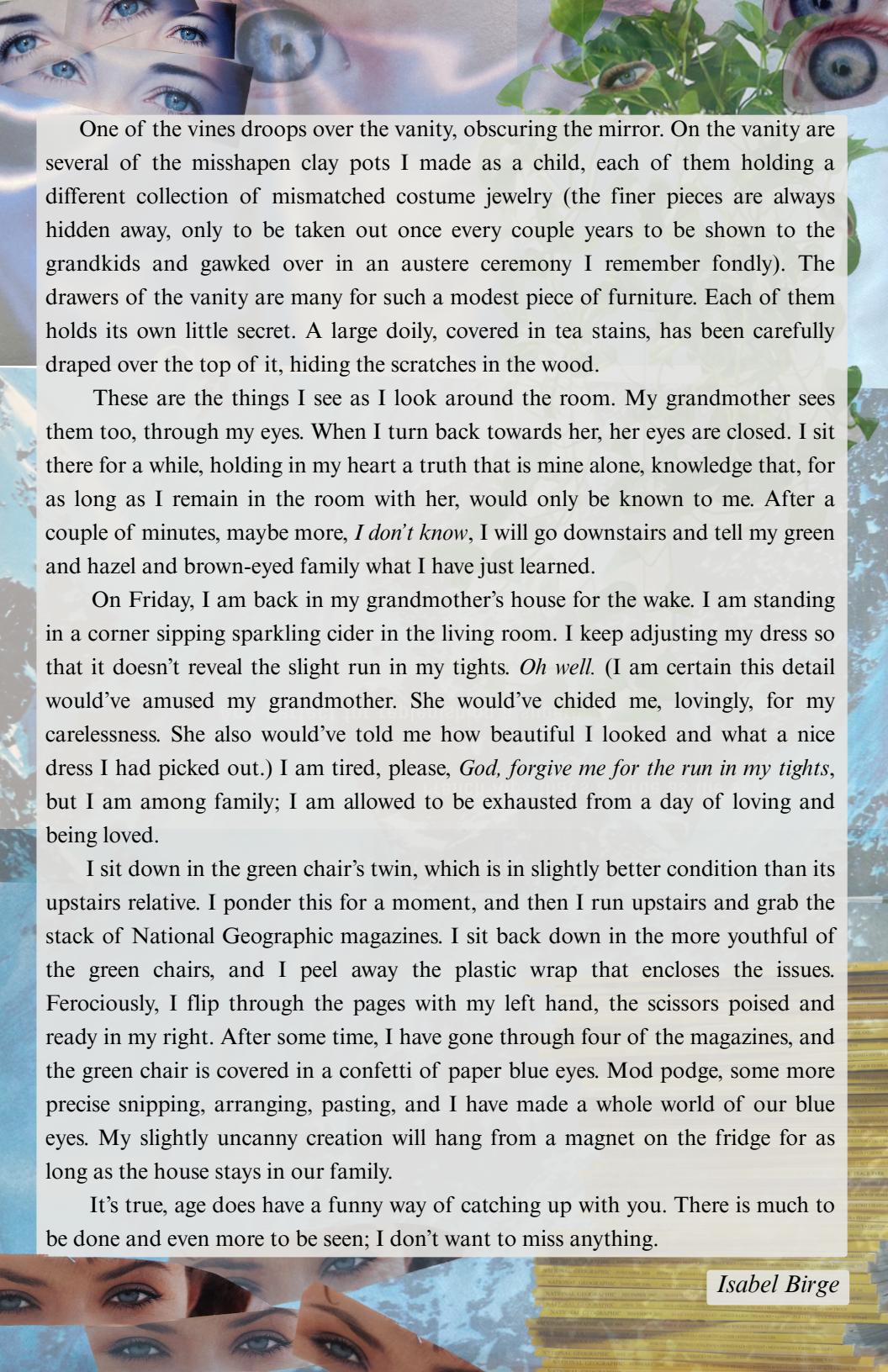
I, a twenty-something recovering type-A, say to my grandmother. She lies in a hospital bed, tubes entering and exiting from every cavity in her body. She is at home, in the same room she has slept in for forty years, and the electric hospital bed is a noisy, unwelcome visitor. Like that one friend of a friend of a friend who sticks around at your houseparty for a little too long. It was tolerable at first, but now you and your roommates are cleaning up at 2 a.m. and that friend of a friend of a friend just won't take the hint.

My grandmother laughs; she knows I mean well. Morbid humor is a subtlety we both know intimately. It is a love language between us. Her wrinkled hand reaches out clumsily towards me; I envelope it in both of my hands, guarding it against the frigid, electric breeze from the air conditioning. I don't know what I'm doing here or how I've gotten to this point. All I know is that today is Tuesday and my grandmother is dying and I am learning all sorts of things just a little too late.

My grandmother's blue eyes are welling up with tears as she looks at me. My matching pair are dewy, too, because we are here together, reading the same book, watching the same movie. Out of everyone in our large, dysfunctional family, there are only four blue eyes. I decide at this moment I want to immortalize them in some way, but I'm not sure how. This is the last time I will look at my grandmother. It is also the last time I will look into the eyes of another person and in them see a reflection of my own. But I haven't realized this yet, so I look away in some combination of shyness and premature grief.

A green velvet chair sits in the corner of the room. The fabric is discolored, but in the way you'd expect it to be after decades of being sat in. Now, it is occupied by a stack of National Geographic magazines from the 70s that have never been read. Above the chair hangs a variegated pothos plant; its vines are numerous and extensive, stretching across the room in every direction like cobwebs, enveloping the space in its greenness. The room stinks of death, I think, but I have nothing to compare it to, only a feeling of foreboding. But, in a room full of machines and mechanisms and breaths growing ever shallower, my grandmother's plant is a symbol of resistance. I'm not sure for how long she's had this plant, but I do know it will outlive her. (One day, in the not-too-distant future, I will give it a much-needed repotting and pruning and place it on the kitchen table in my apartment in New York. It is a terribly inconvenient location, and I arrange its vines so that they stretch all across the room; visitors will have to be instructed to *mind the vines!* and I myself will trip over them many a time. It is as silly as it is cumbersome, like my grandmother. The plant will outlive me, too, and it will always remind me of her.)





One of the vines droops over the vanity, obscuring the mirror. On the vanity are several of the misshapen clay pots I made as a child, each of them holding a different collection of mismatched costume jewelry (the finer pieces are always hidden away, only to be taken out once every couple years to be shown to the grandkids and gawked over in an austere ceremony I remember fondly). The drawers of the vanity are many for such a modest piece of furniture. Each of them holds its own little secret. A large doily, covered in tea stains, has been carefully draped over the top of it, hiding the scratches in the wood.

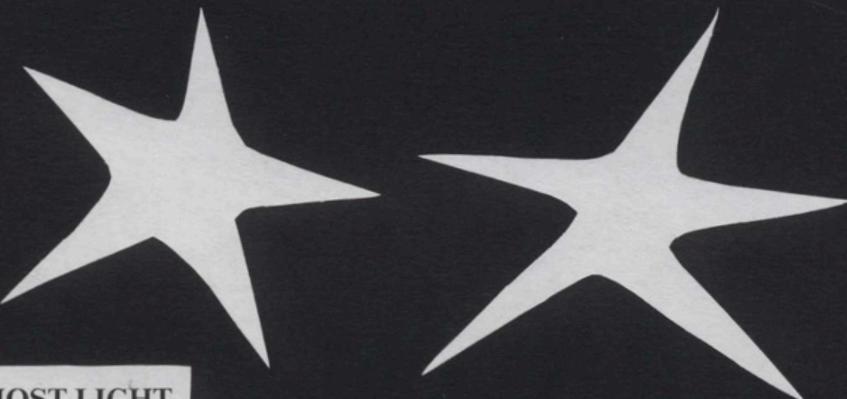
These are the things I see as I look around the room. My grandmother sees them too, through my eyes. When I turn back towards her, her eyes are closed. I sit there for a while, holding in my heart a truth that is mine alone, knowledge that, for as long as I remain in the room with her, would only be known to me. After a couple of minutes, maybe more, *I don't know*, I will go downstairs and tell my green and hazel and brown-eyed family what I have just learned.

On Friday, I am back in my grandmother's house for the wake. I am standing in a corner sipping sparkling cider in the living room. I keep adjusting my dress so that it doesn't reveal the slight run in my tights. *Oh well.* (I am certain this detail would've amused my grandmother. She would've chided me, lovingly, for my carelessness. She also would've told me how beautiful I looked and what a nice dress I had picked out.) I am tired, please, *God, forgive me for the run in my tights*, but I am among family; I am allowed to be exhausted from a day of loving and being loved.

I sit down in the green chair's twin, which is in slightly better condition than its upstairs relative. I ponder this for a moment, and then I run upstairs and grab the stack of National Geographic magazines. I sit back down in the more youthful of the green chairs, and I peel away the plastic wrap that encloses the issues. Ferociously, I flip through the pages with my left hand, the scissors poised and ready in my right. After some time, I have gone through four of the magazines, and the green chair is covered in a confetti of paper blue eyes. Mod podge, some more precise snipping, arranging, pasting, and I have made a whole world of our blue eyes. My slightly uncanny creation will hang from a magnet on the fridge for as long as the house stays in our family.

It's true, age does have a funny way of catching up with you. There is much to be done and even more to be seen; I don't want to miss anything.

Isabel Birge



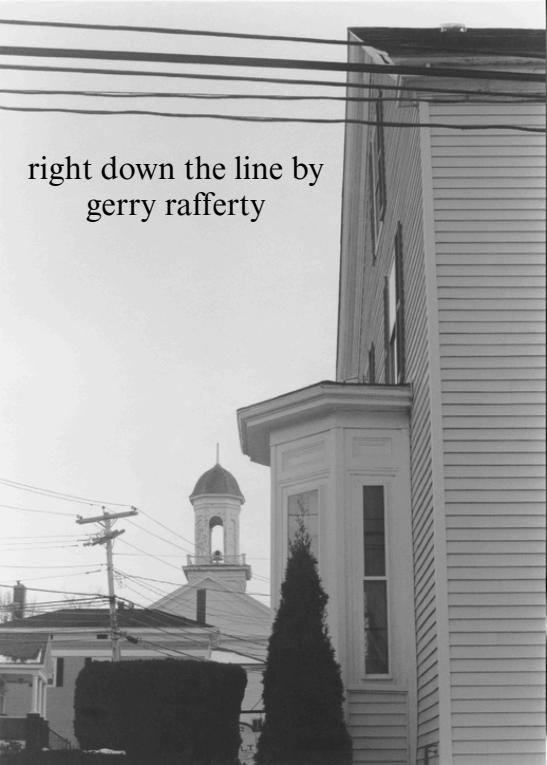
## GHOST LIGHT

Mamma, I met God and I think I'm gonna marry him.  
And Mamma, he didn't tell me I had pretty eyes, but  
Maybe he would if I painted them on the right color  
And Mamma, I've never been beautiful before, but  
Mamma, can you show me how if I sit still for you?  
Mamma, I met God and he's got stars in his smile,  
And mismatched jawbones, and hair like a real halo  
Mamma, I met God and his eyes are gold and green  
And Mamma, my fingers don't fit my hands anymore.  
Mamma, it gets dark backstage after the curtain call.  
Mamma, if you go, will you leave the ghost light on?



*Robin Reed*

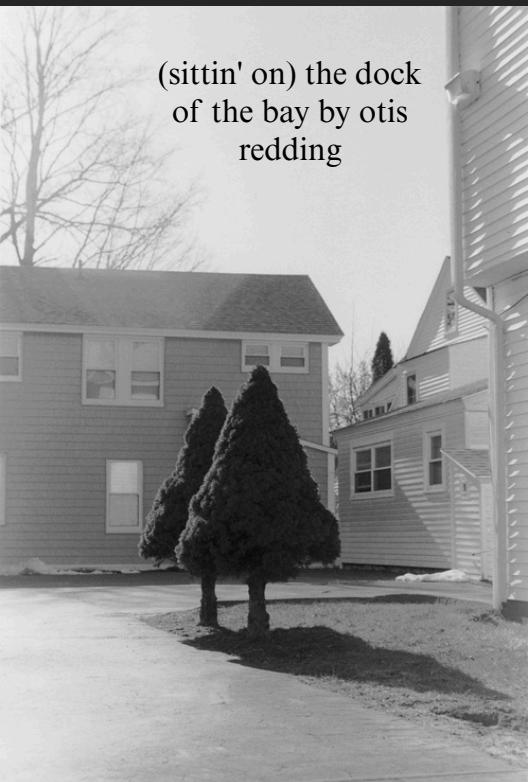
right down the line by  
gerry rafferty



*Eléna Zytnicki*



(sittin' on) the dock  
of the bay by otis  
redding



# Turn Off the Lights

*Dominique Smith*



2/10

Dominique Smith 2024

Relief print, 9 1/2 x 12 1/2 in, 2024

## CHIMERA

It looked as if his mother trimmed his bangs—sawtoothed scissor cuts spliced across his forehead, feverish from curling the miniature weight.

He must have seen the older boys' palms slapping each other's shoulders, watched hundreds of clips of men straining their torsos at just the right angle as to be made a god while the boy is made a farce, full eyes in the oily mirror, contorting himself until one glance dispels disgust.

Watching it is like a nightmare—half memory, half private shame, a cascade of scenes that, upon waking, tap your spine precisely so your limbs turn limp.

You, too, pinch your ribs to remind yourself where you come from, study yourself shirtless from the shoulders up in the mirror, feel the hollow of your collarbone between your thumb and forefinger—it's an easy trick—write the numbers down, watch them rise and fall, let the ink smear the sides of your hands so it turns to skin

and it will all be worth it, you'll get strong enough to crush clementines with your fists, to watch the pulp trickle down your forearm like a melting icicle, to walk down the street

standing straight. They told you to walk more, to chew gum, to stay in the sun,—you did it because you had seen what you wanted and could not forget it, because you did not want to be hungry, because you did not want to be thirsty—but still, you have struck the rock every day in hopes of water, and still can't taste the milk and honey.

*Grace Pariser*

## "Pink Moon Over Water" Georgia O'Keeffe (1924)



### HURRICANE HOURGLASS

*Kat Nurik*

The moon reminds me of warmth unfurled over rolling hills of viridescence:

The ocean towers, the tumultuous waves reaching up for the twinkling night  
only to fall back down,  
slapping the cliffs  
like typhoon backwash regurgitated. Now,  
the evening storm has ended,  
the night sky has cleared, my lunar guide  
shines triumphant through the dark. I can see  
the smooth, ruddy skin of her face  
from my seat at the edge of these storm-slicked rocks,  
this blackened crag stuck with foam.

This scene is one I've beheld  
so many times before on the  
coastline of summered Maine,  
the wet ground seeping through  
my fading jeans, the cool vapor  
moistening my sweatshirt, unraveling, the wind  
tousling and tangling my hair as the tempest  
moves Southward to lands that tug at my spine.

"Hurricane Hourglass" is an ekphrastic poem based on "Pink Moon Over Water" by Georgia O'Keeffe

I look back to the rosy orb floating on the water.  
Her glow is so reddened,  
it has turned the sea, once blue,  
to the color of leaves drenched in dew—  
a green so lush and so shockingly green, I am suddenly  
no longer in Maine, breathing in its  
salt-rich spray and trembling in the slippery breeze;  
I'm home, deep in the forests of Virginia, before  
the trees made room for newcomers, before  
the summer's air became strangling, before  
I felt the swamp's saddened breaths.

Here, home, the taste of rain still hangs in the air,  
but the sun has begun to rise, and the mist  
is low fog rising up from fields, bringing loblolly  
pine needles to tears that drip on my face.  
A fawn lies asleep in the cool dirt road,  
her youthful brown face speckled white,  
awash with the pink light of the virgin dawn,  
and flicks her ear at my fingers.

# ODDNESS

Kat Nurik

I don't mean to fall asleep face-down  
on your mother's broken leather couch,  
but I do.

I wake up in the inexplicable dreamscape;  
I wake up years ago on a New-York-Delaware beach  
tinted seventies sienna, orange-red, couch-cushion sky.  
Where is my mother? Not here,  
perhaps doing handstands in the water,  
her coral-painted toenails peeking pointed  
out of the salty brine.

How old am I? Spinning.  
What's going on? Dogs.  
Everywhere. Big dogs, like Ashley,  
but not, they do not have her fluffy shepherd coat.  
They are pink and brown like  
my bedroom at home, but more faded.  
I like them.

"Oddness" is an ekphrastic poem based on "Dogs on the Beach" by Sandra L. Skoglund.

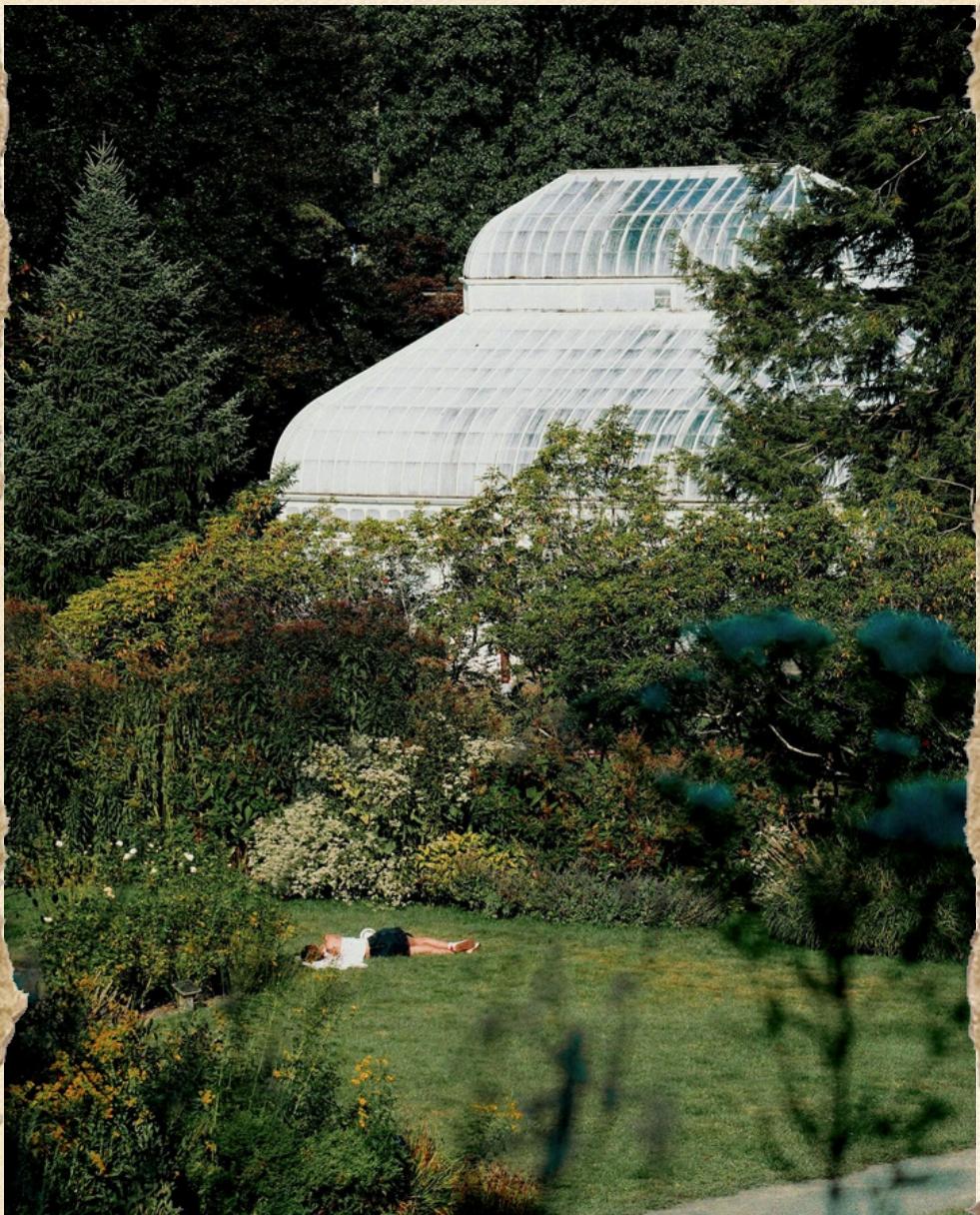
I want to brush my hands across their fur  
but I know I'm not supposed to.  
Touching big dogs makes hives on my skin.  
There are little dogs too, yapping;  
they remind me of a dog whose name I can't remember.  
I move to pet her, but I can't.  
I miss them.  
I'm cold.  
Spinning becomes stagnant;  
there are not enough seagulls. My body, grown up,  
sleeps on the rocks. Something is wet on my skin and  
stone becomes soft like sand like leather couch—

You tap me awake with soft fingers.  
You whisper my name as I open my eyes  
to look at you. Your labrador licks my shoulder  
and we laugh together at her oddness.

"Dogs on the Beach" by Sandra L. Skoglund (1992)



# Late Summer



Yihao Zhang

# A TEMPORAL

TONIGHT, THE MOON FINDS ME DROWNING.  
SHE HOLDS ME AGAINST HER PALE BREAST,  
THE REVELATION OF MORTALITY SLIPPING FROM  
MY EYES, POOLING IN THE CRATERS OF HER SKIN.

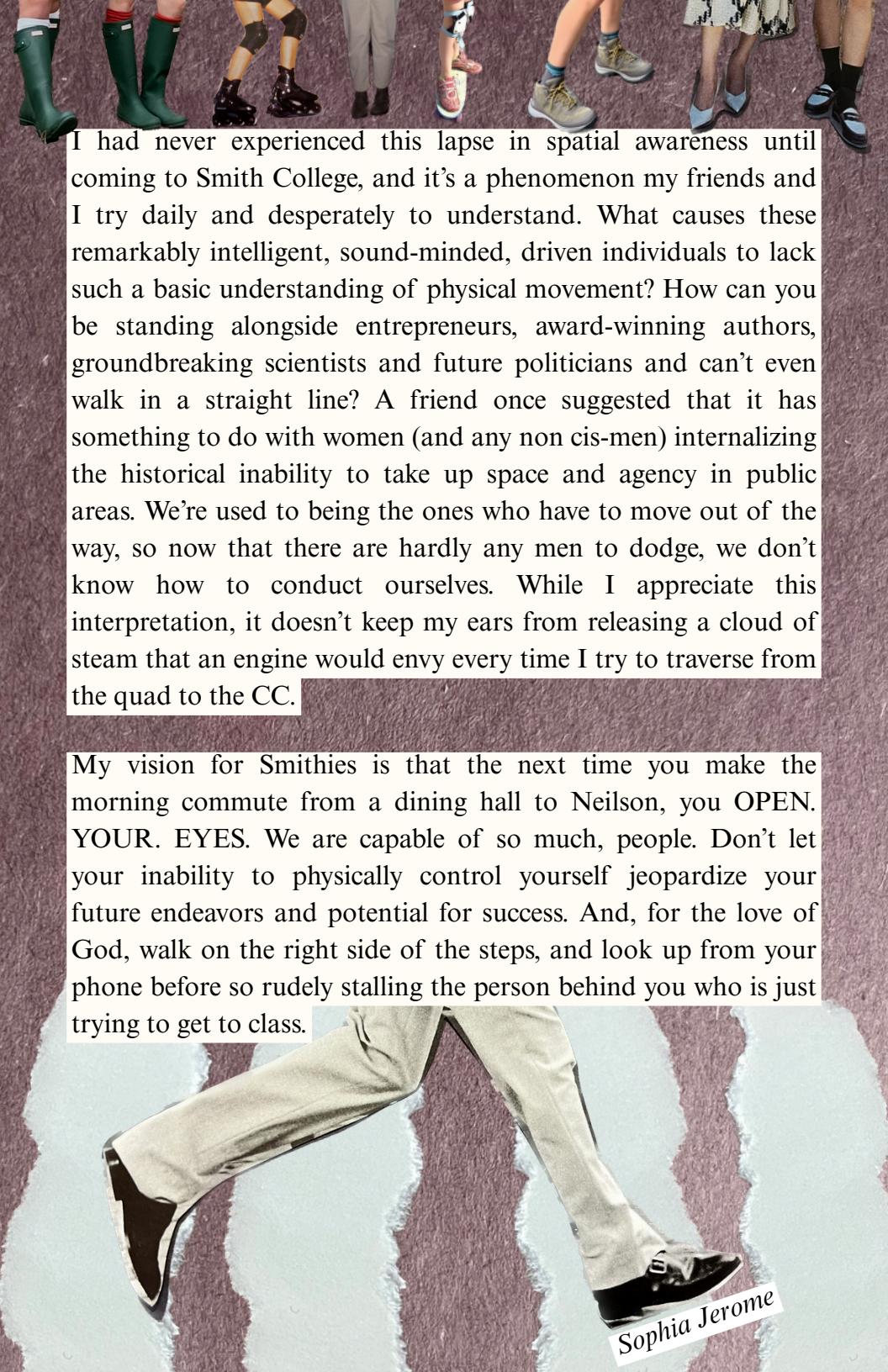
YESTERDAY, THE GINKGO BLANKETS ME IN HER  
FALLEN LEAVES. COILED SPIRALS IMPRESSED ON  
DAMP SOIL LIKE YOUR FINGERS TRACING THE  
NAVEL AT THE CENTRE OF ME — A MAP TO PARADISE.

TOMORROW, THE BLACKBIRD ON A LOW-HANGING BRANCH  
SINGS ME HER FAVOURITE LULLABY, AND MY BONES  
SINK INTO THE MATTRESS AS THE SUN CLIMBS.  
CURSED WITH REMEMBERING, I DREAM OF YOU.

# WALK This WAY

On Friday, January 31, 2025, I was walking down the Neilson amphitheater steps to my 9:25 in Bass Hall. Having already navigated the most hellish of intersections on Smith College campus (the Compass Café entrance), through the morning rush no less, I was determined to get to class on time and without issues. Then suddenly, some ungodly force took over the mind and body of the student taking the stairs before me, and they came to a complete halt. Staring at their phone, any sense of bodily awareness they could have possibly possessed left them, and they became a boulder planted between me and my academic pursuits. I looked to the left to find an alternative route, but the steady morning traffic prevented me from passing on the side.

So I stood there, stock-still, and waited for the Smithie before me to reboot and gain some self-awareness, then continue their path down the steps so that I could too. The number of times this situation happens to me on a daily basis is frankly unethical. I'll be minding my business, making my way to lunch at the No-Gi crosswalk when someone barrels straight toward me, forcing me to jump out of the way to save myself from a sizable shoulder bruise. Or I'll be strolling down the sidewalk and come face to face with another group of students and suddenly have to sacrifice the dry, pristine state of my suede shoes in the bank of slush, snow and filth to my right because they lack the ability to comprehend another human moving toward them and form a single-file line. Don't even get me started on the serial path-cutting mobots that nearly clothesline me while scrolling through the newest Confesh thread. I wonder if their necks ever get sore from that perpetual 90-degree angle.



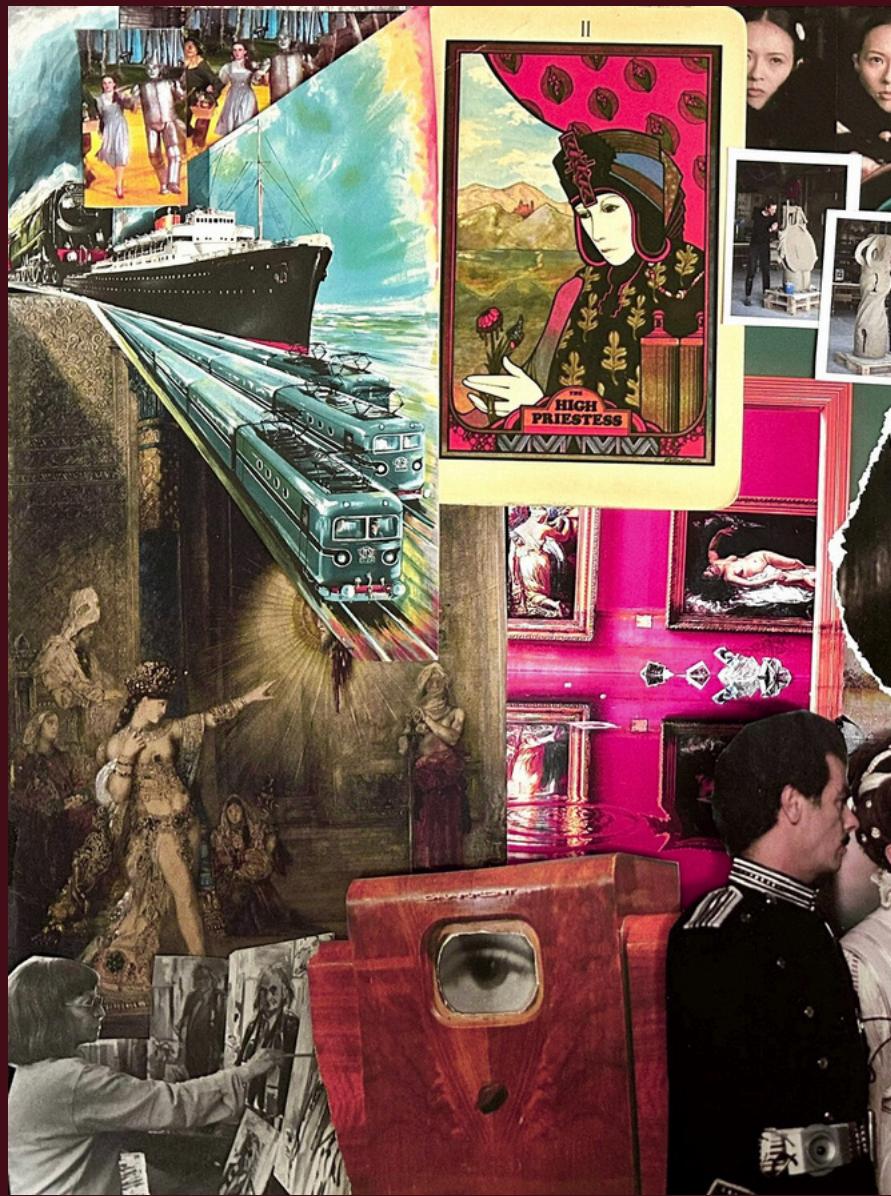
I had never experienced this lapse in spatial awareness until coming to Smith College, and it's a phenomenon my friends and I try daily and desperately to understand. What causes these remarkably intelligent, sound-minded, driven individuals to lack such a basic understanding of physical movement? How can you be standing alongside entrepreneurs, award-winning authors, groundbreaking scientists and future politicians and can't even walk in a straight line? A friend once suggested that it has something to do with women (and any non cis-men) internalizing the historical inability to take up space and agency in public areas. We're used to being the ones who have to move out of the way, so now that there are hardly any men to dodge, we don't know how to conduct ourselves. While I appreciate this interpretation, it doesn't keep my ears from releasing a cloud of steam that an engine would envy every time I try to traverse from the quad to the CC.

My vision for Smithies is that the next time you make the morning commute from a dining hall to Neilson, you OPEN. YOUR. EYES. We are capable of so much, people. Don't let your inability to physically control yourself jeopardize your future endeavors and potential for success. And, for the love of God, walk on the right side of the steps, and look up from your phone before so rudely stalling the person behind you who is just trying to get to class.



Sophia Jerome

SEE WHAT

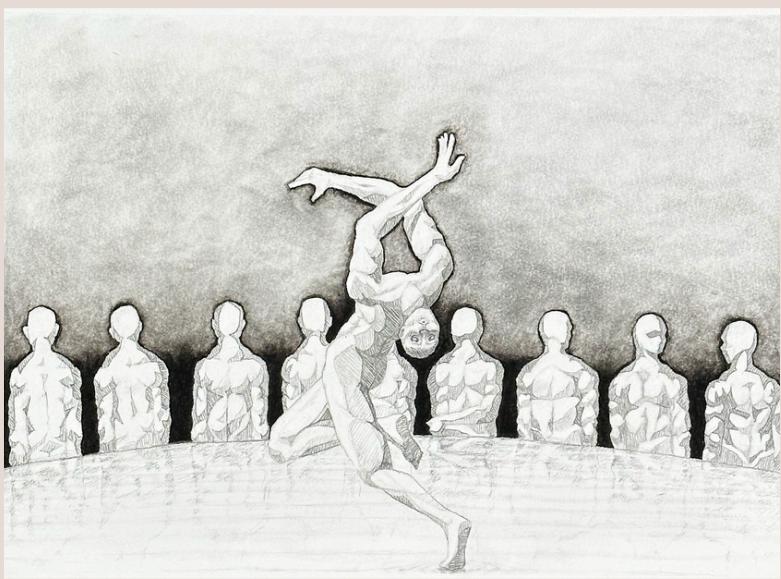


i S E E



ma lena carra ro

Peter Levin





## AT WHAT COST?

Through the composition and material choice, this piece uses death as a metaphor for the harm we humans have inflicted on our earth.

*Peter Levin*

ESCUCHA/LISTEN



s/p

Escucha / Listen

Tori Gomez

*Tori Gomez*

# Where Do Your Eyes Go?



*Reina Nakai*

# In Conversation with KALLIOPE JONES

AC Manning

Photos by Kavitha Thodiyil

Founded in 2012 at the Institute for the Musical Arts in Goshen, Massachusetts, Kalliope Jones has been creating folk-indie-punk-rock music and community together for over a decade. One of the first shows they played was opening at the Iron Horse in Downtown Northampton when they were in their tweens; now, over a decade later, they are headlining the venue for the first time to kick off their album launch and New England tour. Before their show, they took a moment to speak about their journey as a band, the music community in Western Mass, and their vision of Kalliope Jones.

*Isabella DeHerdt, Lou Batteau, Wes Chalfant*

*This community... never once told us what kind of music we should play, how we should be... We were really allowed to discover ourselves and our musically and the sound we wanted to be. (ISABELLA)*

*We had a lot of people who didn't need to put 11 year olds on stage put us on stage... that is not something I want to take for granted, ever. The experience we got from playing on stage from such a young age is so valuable. The way we're paying that forward is doing the same. (WES)*

*For so many years we saw the community really invest in us, and a lot of people who will be at this show tonight are people who have watched us actually grow up. The "it takes a village" mentality around here is so accurate to how we have been able to produce the longevity that we have had as a band. (LOU)*

(Local high schooler Hazel Foucault opened for KJ at their Iron Horse show)



*We have spoken out personally and politically, and been involved optically, but now that we are gaining some more traction... We can now reinvest in the community that fostered our growth for so many years. (LOU)*

(15% of merch proceeds from each show will go to local mutual aid organizations.)

*The heart... has always been just getting together and writing songs, like the biggest part is literally just creating art, creating a vision of the short term, of what the song is, together, and that expands into this album. (ISABELLA)*

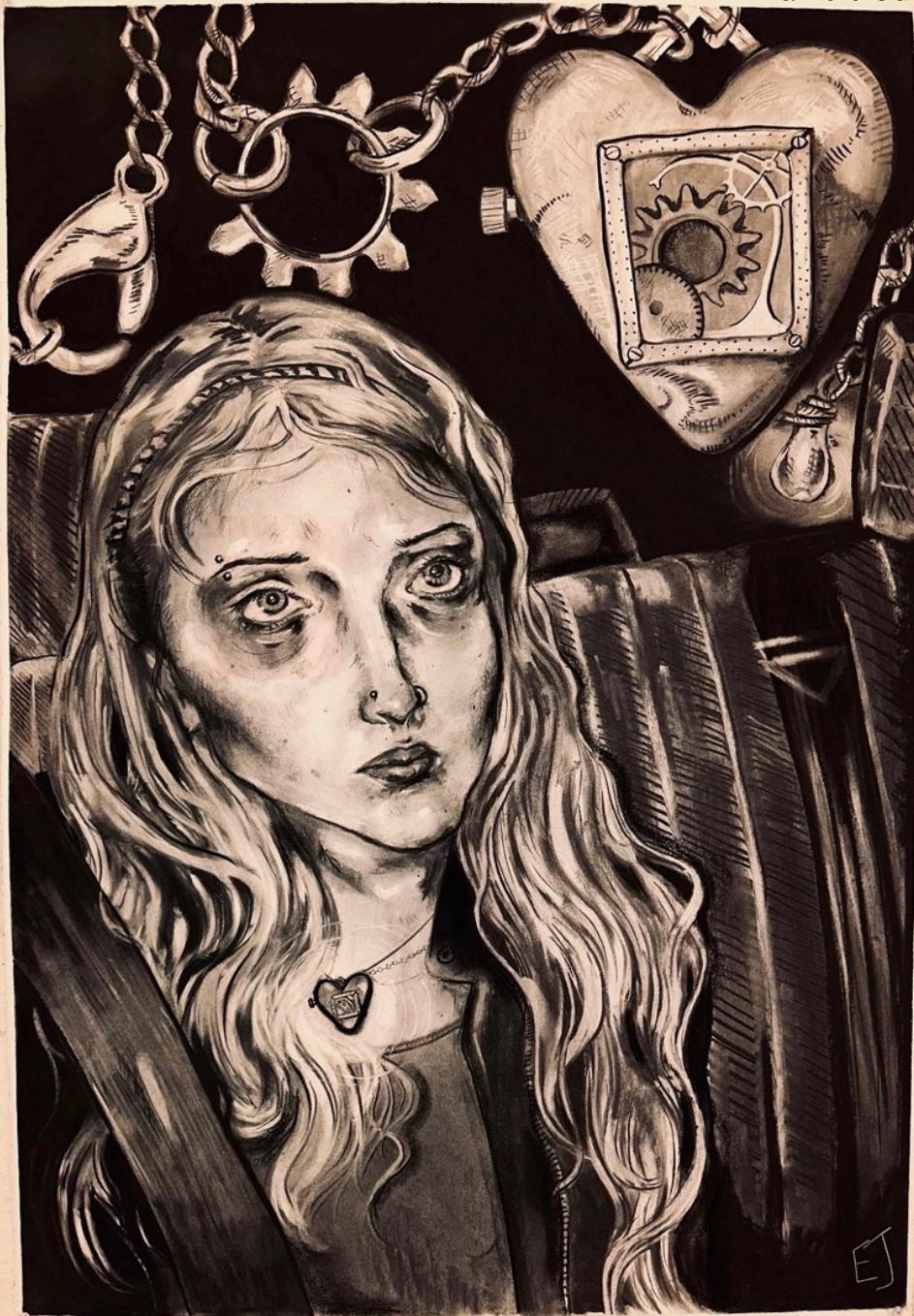


*I envision however big or small this ends up being, it is a family... (WES)*



*When we come back to it it's all love. Just making it the most comfortable place to share our art and hearts is the vision, and what I hope to continue. (LOU)*

untitled



EJ Hinton

charcoal on paper

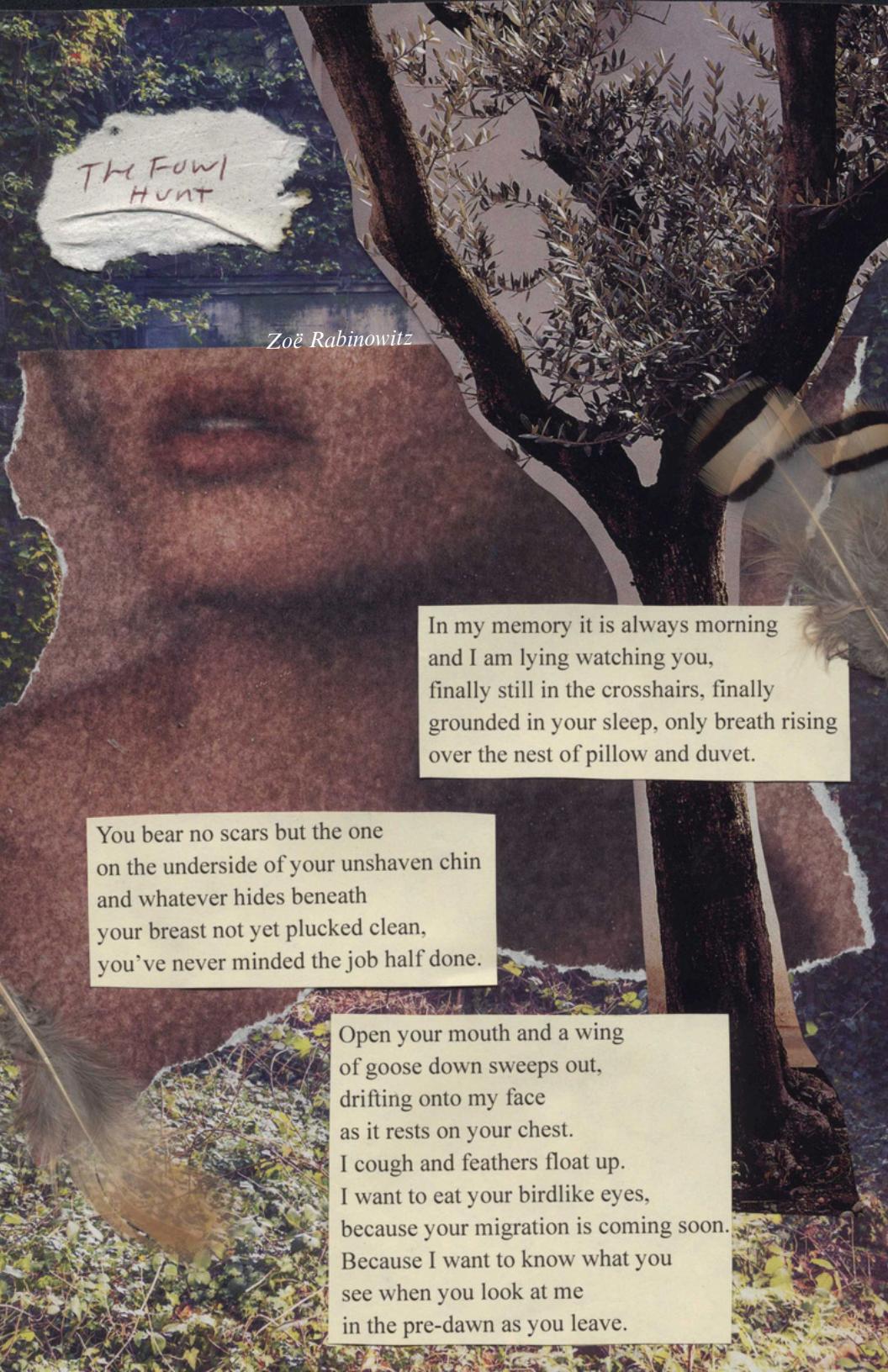
NEVER TALK TO ME  
OR MY SON AGAIN

a multimedia piece

depicting a mother using her  
experienced view of the world  
to protect her child



Hazel Kleinman-Eddy



*The Fowl Hunt*

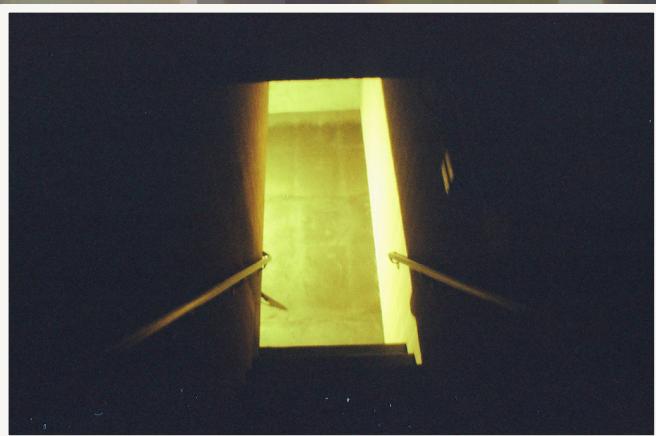
Zoë Rabinowitz

In my memory it is always morning  
and I am lying watching you,  
finally still in the crosshairs, finally  
grounded in your sleep, only breath rising  
over the nest of pillow and duvet.

You bear no scars but the one  
on the underside of your unshaven chin  
and whatever hides beneath  
your breast not yet plucked clean,  
you've never minded the job half done.

Open your mouth and a wing  
of goose down sweeps out,  
drifting onto my face  
as it rests on your chest.  
I cough and feathers float up.  
I want to eat your birdlike eyes,  
because your migration is coming soon.  
Because I want to know what you  
see when you look at me  
in the pre-dawn as you leave.

# LIMINAL SMITH



*Mazzy Oliver Smallwood*

# Cadenas de Oro

*Jasmine Garcia Delossantos*



# HACKING IT

You stand in front of my window buttoning your shirt, blocking some of the afternoon yellow from the bed where I lay. The movement of your elbows is projected in shadow onto my knees and I watch the scene hungrily. I ask you a question, something like what are you thinking about. Nothing, comes the answer, moving through air dense with dust. Swimming through skin-water.

We met at a stall that sells chicken, all of the many possible cuts of a chicken. You stepped out of the line from behind me and asked with a grin if I was really sure about what I had ordered. I wasn't sure. You told me what you were going to order, body parts listed with exacting specificity. I wanted all of it and so I told the butcher to stop, please, I changed my mind.

A couple of weeks later, you took me to a field filled with shoulder-high wheat-like fronds. The sky turned red and we watched as the trees outlined themselves softer, turning dark and fuzzy with twigs. You plodded three feet ahead of me, the fronds springing back into my shoulders, your presence thrumming.

I liked just finding myself places with you – an orthopedic practice, a specific stretch of sidewalk, your apartment. But every time we went somewhere we had been before, memories of the last time we were there pushed up and up into my throat, forming something I couldn't tell you about, something that lodged.

Still, your power overwhelms. When you chew I am dazzled watching your jaw. When I wait for your messages all the details of the world which I automatically incorporate into normality – a pile of gravel, the screws holding furniture together – turn strange and significant. I envy you and your ease.

Something else I couldn't tell you about: I liked looking at your face in profile when you responded to texts, your thumbs tapping urgently across a small surface. There are always more people to dazzle. What pushed the corners of your outline out, what cells bristled underneath your forehead?

Can I hack it? I am lying on the bed, hacking it. I want to press myself onto you, to plot myself on the same (x, y) coordinate of time and space as you. I watch you now at the window and your horizons blur.

## PAST PRESENT FUTURE



8021497

Kendall Willis

8021497

# love language

let us linger in this quiet.  
in this moment of night  
when the candle goes out,  
after the fall of august  
twilight and mantis-song.

if you face me,  
with both our heads on the pillow  
and our hearts in the space between,  
I will whisper  
that I hate daffodils and sundays  
and waiting  
and love, more than  
anything else.  
would you forgive me  
if I lied to you?  
no one ever taught me  
how to love without bruising.

I want you to reach fish-hooks  
down my throat  
and drag love out of me in the dark.  
in this silence, I must be taught  
how to feel your heartbeat.  
you won't hear mine, but

in this held breath, instead,  
you might hear  
the language of my bones,  
the words carved along the tattoo  
of blue veins  
running down my arms  
to my wrists  
from my lonesome heart.

Sonali Konda

# Self Portrait



Nina Paris

Inherited

Vision

heritage through the vision of those who came before me

Vision is more than sight -

it's inheritance, memory, and transformation.

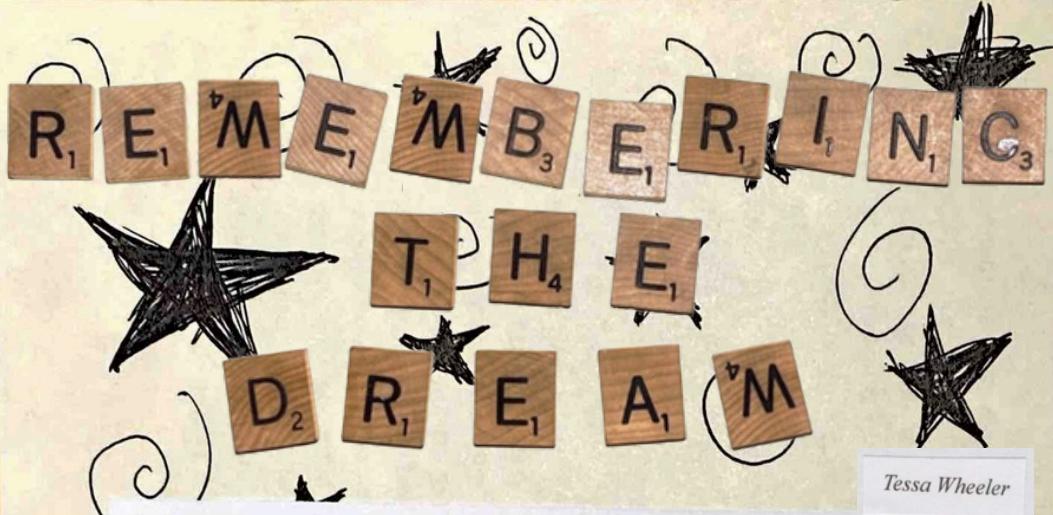
This isn't just about looking; it's about seeing.

I see India not just through

my own eyes,

but through my ancestors

*Mihika Johri*



Tessa Wheeler

### I. LET NIGHT TAKE YOU

tonight, alone feels emptier than a consonant  
and instead reverberates as a vowel, stretching  
story to story, spanning  
steel beams and concrete slabs and open  
close skies. how can i say things gently  
if my words have so far to fall? what must be said  
is rounded. by the time it makes an impact  
it's splattered jam on the pavement  
and dead by forty. tongue cut out  
from mincing words. from swallowing meanings  
and playing dumb. hands swollen and cracked  
with feigned want. eyes  
the one true round thing. not worried  
into shape. not made to fall.

i've been hurtling through the grand canyon  
for fourteen-some years, at least.  
i'm tired of missing impact. and in twenty two years  
there'll be that crunch. echoed feedback— face to earth. clay and blood against skin  
and every bone weeping *not again*.

in a dream i'm dead already. the world so quiet  
below. my friends forgotten mutually.  
i miss the scuttles of ghosts round the corner  
when i turn my back. instead, silence.

i throw myself against a window and bounce.  
i have always been elastic.  
i throw myself over the ledge.  
who hasn't? who won't,  
in time?

## II. OPEN YOUR EYES

tonight, [REDACTED] feels emptier.  
[REDACTED] a vowel  
[REDACTED] spanning  
[REDACTED] open  
skies [REDACTED] gently  
words [REDACTED] fall [REDACTED] must be said  
rounded [REDACTED] impact  
[REDACTED] on the pavement  
and dead [REDACTED] tongue [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] words [REDACTED] swallowing meanings  
[REDACTED] dumb hands swollen [REDACTED]  
with [REDACTED] want [REDACTED]  
one true [REDACTED] thing [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] to fall.

i've been [REDACTED] the grand canyon  
for [REDACTED] years [REDACTED]  
i'm tired [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] crunch, echo [REDACTED] earth, clay [REDACTED] blood [REDACTED] skin  
[REDACTED] again.

in a dream i'm [REDACTED] quiet  
[REDACTED] my friends [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] ghosts [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] i [REDACTED], silence.

[REDACTED] a window [REDACTED]  
i have always been [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] the ledge.  
[REDACTED]

## III. WHAT DID YOU SEE?

i

fall

to

earth

again.

a

ghost

a window

o the ledge.



# FUGUE



*Rayaa Miller*



APRÈS MOI,



LE DÉLUGE.

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Bump

## Confesh and the Collective Unconscious

On my first ever day of classes at Smith, a professor said, “If you have a problem with this class or me, don’t worry, I don’t check Confesh.” Not only was this a weird thing to say (and almost implied the opposite), I, like almost all of my peers, had been at Smith for barely a week; I had no idea what Confesh was. Later that week, looked up “Confesh,” registered with my email, and began reading it like it was the news. Like everyone says, Confesh is weird. It can be depressing, it has a beautifully simple design: green and blue. But I like text, I like reading people’s opinions, and I liked the blunt honesty that seemed to exist on Confesh. After 2 weeks, I got bored, the buzz wore off, and now I check it when I have a question, seek a “general opinion” on something, or if something unusual happens. This pattern (first years falling into a Confesh rabbit hole and pulling themselves out) is pretty common. First accounts of Confesh users describe it in 2006 as “escapist,” “ignoble,” and “so addicting that it’s sick” (Ollstein).

Confesh, short for The Confessional, was founded in early 2006 by Oberlin College freshman Harris Lapiroff and spread by word of mouth across liberal arts colleges nationwide. At its peak, in 2008, Confessionals existed at Stanford, Amherst, Middlebury, Cornell, Kenyon, and many more schools, but today it remains only at Smith College and Mount Holyoke, and Smith’s Confessional is more popular. Confesh was replaced at many schools with the advent of Facebook, Reddit, YikYak, and, more recently, Fizz. Some schools sought (or are currently seeking) to ban Confesh specifically, like Amherst or the Mount Holyoke alumnae association.

A 2019 interview conducted with the current “janitor” and operator of the Confesh service, Shibo Xu, designates the purpose of the Confesh to be “a private space, just for you” where Smith students can “make their voices heard” (Tsai). However, a 2021 Sophian student interview expresses the belief that “students aren’t actually like this” (Urbano), and that the online representation of the Smith community is a misalignment with real life. It is impossible to tell how many people use Confesh, who posts what, and in a lot of ways, it doesn’t matter. For some, connecting Confesh to Smith identically can provide emotional catharsis. It can create a space to be heard, to express ideas and beliefs that you have no other outlet for, a place to vent and throw your anxieties into a void. Posting on Confesh and reading Confesh are not the same experience. The tension that arises in consuming Confesh is the subconscious idea, inaccurate but sticky, that social media is a mirror to the users.

And in some ways, Confesh can be a mirror. It can connect everyone with a Smith email address, and some posts serve as the soft underbelly of the community. The rampant posting on Confesh negates the impact of any one post, however. Posts offering genuine advice or support are made comedic in their juxtaposition with the following post:

at the end of the day the community here means the world to  
me, and even if i don't know you, i care about you. hold your  
loved ones tight yall

13

saw someone steal 8 gallons of milk from cutter

4

Three of the most commented on posts on Confesh illustrate its most common uses: Smith-based discussions of people, professors, or classes, pop culture commentary, and sexual confessions (hypothetical or real). The most commented post on Confesh is from less than a year ago and has almost 250 replies:

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Bump

## Confesh and the Collective Unconscious

▼ Most Commented



lets hear your kinks and fantasies?

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In 1959, Carl Jung coined the term “collective unconscious” (Jung 21), the concept that all humans across time and space have a shared “psychic mind” (Jung 23), a theory which many philosophers have since applied to the Internet. Confesh, emerging in the early 2010s and remaining virtually unchanged since then (even the code is exactly the same), serves as a time capsule to the pre-Facebook era of the internet, making it a perfect canvas for some theories that have been phased out as social media has grown widespread and identical.

Jung believes that the collective unconscious builds over time, leading to the creation of archetypes that exist within our mind and are reflected in our actions. Philosopher Ben Thomas connects Jungian archetypes to the resonance of memes, arguing that certain memes spread widely because they connect with a universal archetype or facet of the human experience (Thomas, 3:56). “Memes,” as they exist on Confesh, are unpredictable but have frequently spawned from shared Smith-specific experiences, most notably the CRSL emails, which begot “beats from eons ago,” or the Campus Safety email informing students of the “rabid raccoon.”

good evening confesh! so my lower poosay area has been EXTREMELY raccoon-y recently and as it gets more irritated it's become borderline rabid and i'm screaming slightly (externally) - I'm thinking the beats from eons ago's causing it. i've never had to look for a van driver before but I'm thinking it might be necessary...anyone have any reccos for brands or specific products I could feasibly get downtown?



The biggest difference between Jung’s collective unconscious and the impact of Confesh on Smith is the scope—that the psychic mind is shared between 2,500 or so people, and when the unconscious is “made conscious,” as author Sharif Abdunnur describes, it isn’t connecting all humans but all Smithies (Abdunnar). Thus, when the worst of those ideas are represented anonymously, it isn’t humanity we can turn to with concern, but our peers. It’s easier to see a cruel post on Twitter and ask how someone could post it when you’re speaking into the ether, but to know that the person who posted it could be your neighbor can be isolating. Spend too much time on Confesh, and you’ll feel like the entire Smith population is depressed, self-hating, horny, unfunny, and wishes they went to another school. But this requires that you take Confesh and everything on it seriously.

Posts intending for a widespread negative response are labeled as “bait” on Confesh. Bait and satire often go hand in hand, with people posting things to make fun of bait or intentionally posting bait out of jest—there is no way to truly indicate tone over text, and often the genuine misunderstandings on Confesh are the funniest posts. Bait, or posts taken as bait, often get satirized soon after; at times it can be hard to take anything posted on Confesh seriously.

thoughts on scissoring???

white smithies graduating DO NOT MOVE to holland, unless you have roots there. we do not do not need you gentrifying the beautiful city of holland, michigan

0

overrated. eating pussy is better in every way

#1 2025/02/27 3:05am

white smithies graduating do not move to philly unless you have roots there. i hear everrrybody talking about it because its cheaper than new york thats because you would be ACTIVELY GENTRIFYING it you dumb fucks

68

amazing! the sets were beautiful, the story was fantastic

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Bump

## Confesh and the Collective Unconscious

Using Confesh can be a time capsule: the earliest posts are from around 2014, and if you scroll back far enough, you can relive the onset of pandemic, the 2020 election, and the 2016 election. In some instances, you can see past Smith students reflect on what their potential future will be seen as.

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god i'm so glad i didn't go to smith in 2014-2015....all the confessional posts from then are absolutely horrendous 

yes because they're so reasonable and nice now!

#1 2020/05/07 6:40pm

#1 the difference is that in 2014 people were mad about the abism of calling someone a "gluten-free white cracker" and now we're mad that someone genuinely suggested we sue smith college over the coronavirus

#2 2020/05/07 6:46pm

holy shit imagine what future smithies will think of this mess in 2020



#3 2020/05/07 9:26pm

#3 lmao sws 😂

#4 2020/05/07 9:27pm

#3 they will think we were in a pandemic :/

#5 2020/05/07 9:27pm

i just remember a lot of shit about bowl cuts

#6 2020/05/07 9:39pm

Even the posts at their earliest demonstrate an understanding that Confesh, or certain aspects of Confesh, are incredibly addicting but harmful to the community. Certain aspects of the Smith experience remain constant, yet some are ever-changing. On the morning I wrote this, there was upset on Confesh about "AI-created bait."

The collective unconscious and universal experiences are inherently communal and anonymous—everything experienced forms the unconscious cumulatively. Confesh is the reflection of the shared psychic experience of at least 11 years of Smith students, invisible but heard.

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## IN PERSPECTIVE



Photos taken of Paradise Pond from above, the first at the beginning of fall semester and the second towards the beginning of spring semester.

*Onamika Dey*

Aperture



*Elie Pichanick*

# EMULATE

Elva Pa  
m J. Thirrey Ramon S. Alvarado  
Maggie, 7, 7, M.F.  
A.C.E. Manning  
Jocelyn Pippin  
Ruby Ruth  
M.A.T.  
Tayler Bush  
I.SABELLE CHAREK  
Gillian E.  
Buddy!  
Chandrika Jay  
Monica  
Lorraine  
Leah  
S. G. Apple  
Sophia J. Abbott  
Eliza Pa  
m J. Thirrey Ramon S. Alvarado

# CORE TEAM



THIS  
IS THE  
BACK COVER