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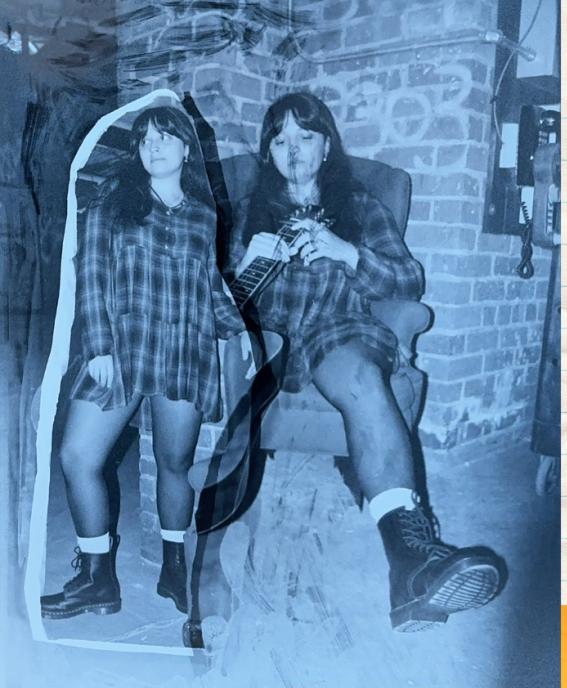
# LETTER FROM THE CORE TEAM

Dear Emulators,

We are delighted to share with you our Fall 2024 issue of Emulate. Witnessing the hard work and dedication of everyone involved has been wonderful. It seems this period of time at Smith and the broader world has been marked by a series of transitions and changes. Although hard to navigate, Emulate believes we must reflect and move with that change. We understood that Emulate must become a magazine more rooted in the community at Smith and a celebration of resistance, joy, and art; because of that, we have become something different. More fluid in our creation, and more open in our ways of thinking. It is important to all of us to highlight how vital art is in communities to bring people together and create shared experiences we can all benefit from.

We are grateful that you all, our readers, showed up for this change and welcomed it joyfully. Our open mic night wouldn't have been possible without all the talented people who came to celebrate each other. Thank you. We hope you can feel our love and gratitude for you within these pages and find inspiration in our work. This is just the beginning of a new Emulate as it will continue to take shape as spring returns. We are so excited for you all to join us on this journey and find solace in creation, forever and always.

Emulate love,  
The core team



halloween  
open mic





10 / 24

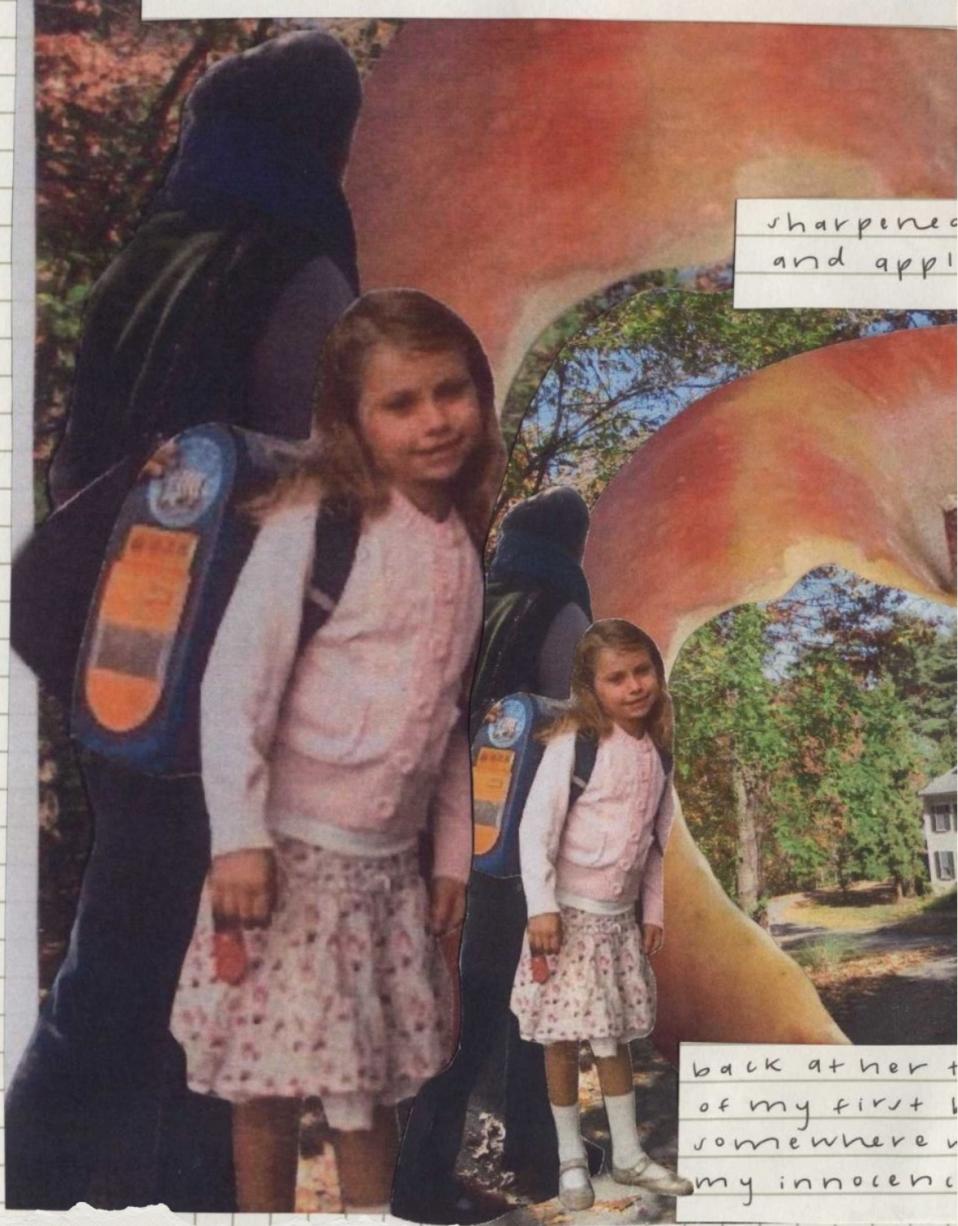


she is enveloped by winter's breath  
tucked against the oak's gnarled breast

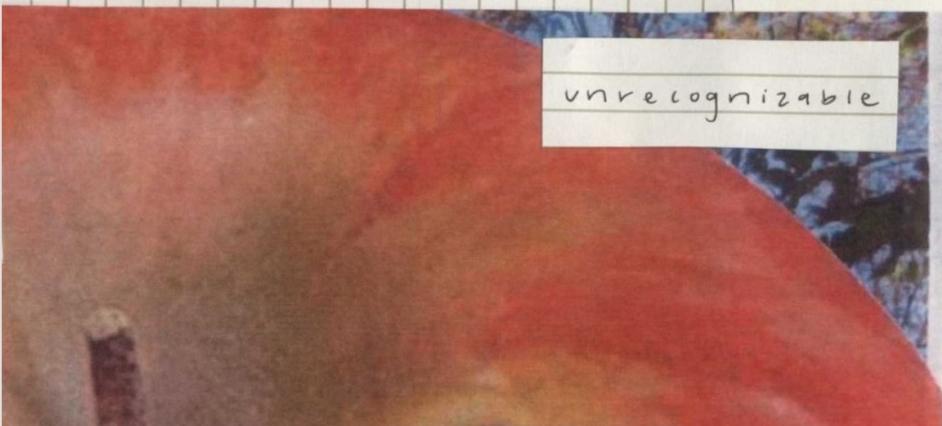
how much strength does she need  
to crack an apple into faultless halves?

sharpened  
and app'.

back at her +  
of my first  
somewhere  
my innocence



Smilla Eihauer, "Unrecognizable"



unrecognizable

thumbnails find purchase  
asse fills the darkened auditorium

split flesh in an opened palm raised  
higher and higher, an offering  
as she pirouettes below New England  
in scratchy tulle.



preserved in glass, I stare  
through the cracked door  
bedroom. sandwiched  
within the trajectory of  
e, she is a stranger.

Wh

# Winks the King IS dead

## Health and Wellness

### ENRY IV, PART TWO

141

35

~~I~~mar from this golden rigol° hath divorced

So many English kings. Thy due from me

Is tea

Which I requested a starter pack of nicotine gum from the

Shall, Schacht Center last Thursday.

My due from thee is this imperial crown,

40

id blood,

own.] Lo,

her to be  
ld's whole king

'll never  
give up

the 45  
Exit.

While I was absently listening to my professor facilitate a discussion on iambic pentameter, I opened the anonymous Google Form posted to the Smith College website under student support services.

But many ~~the~~ <sup>real</sup> honor from me. This from thee

I will resol~~ve~~ mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

Ti

As I was informed, it goes directly to the receptionist at the front desk and my information will not be collected, or even stored, so if I want to wake up tomorrow and submit a second request for a starter packet of nicotine gum, I can, there's no limit, as long as I can come up with a second four-digit-pin that will be attached to the outside of the folded and stapled brown paper bag sitting on the folding table in the wide, glass-windowed lobby of Schacht Health and Wellness

Center.

~~rdinary ac heart w o~~

A dolor, I war~~l~~ I can, every day moving forward, even multiple times a day, submit an anonymous google form request for a harm reduction bag of nicotine gum, so once it's prepped and ready,

Exe

stitut~~g~~

is ne~~o~~  
neither way.  
ishop,  
e back.  
m I,  
company.

Frank

SCENE IV. MISTRESS QUICKLY'S TAVERN.]

Doll. Better than I was. Hem!

Mistress. I could, hypothetically, pick up a new brown paper bag every single day for the remainder of my academic term at Smith College.

[Francis and another].

What the devil hast thou brought ther~~e~~ physic. [Sings] "When Aure an apple-john

Varwick. Nspread the table~~s~~. I could recline in lectures over the next five semesters, crunching down on tab after tab of menthol-coated, bright white and shiny nicotine gum:

I could continue to consume endlessly—ake my leave of these s

ince once s  
nd told hi  
utting off h

Drawer. Sir, Ancient° ~~Pistol's~~ below and would speak 70  
with you.

Dol

I could chew and suck every last drop of nicotine juice—I can peel the edge of the plastic film back again, ~~wrote by force~~ K (46)

and again—walk out of the Schacht Center lobby again and again—click submit, refresh the page, pull open the glass doors again—and add again to my overful mouth, to the wet, chewed and salivating wad—sticky and drooling—running down my chin, eyes leaking. The sharp, oozing liquid rushes into my blood streaming,

pumping and searching through my veins, as I am just begging, hungering for relief—for some sensation, some moment, big enough,

... God save you, Sir John!

End deep enough, enough, to fill my endless, Do you  
be sick with endless craving. Do you mine hostess.

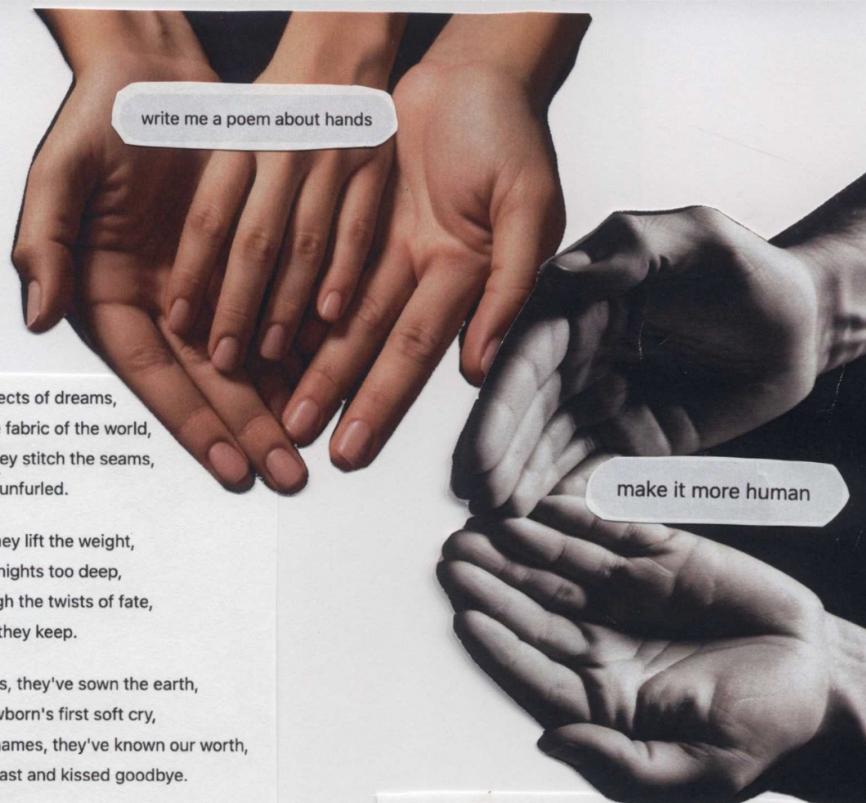
I can fight against this never-ending expanse of questioning, trying again, to shove it full and silence Let it through Nicorette and vices—I can rise every morning and eat a cigarette for breakfast—just to scratch at the surface of something.

Prince. No, I will sit and watch here by the King.

My incessant search for relief resulting in a lung popping, bubbling, and caving in—pink gums whitening, ation! Golden care! from my pi  
Why do I Being s O polis That keep'st the ports loosening, relaxing and releasing, To many a watchful night! Sleep Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet As he whose dropping rotting, ly hollowed molars into a grayed, Snores out the watch of night. When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit Like a rich armor w paling, and dried throat: That scald'st with safety. By his gates or breath° There lies a downy feather which stir my voice cracking—scraping. and weightless down gracious lord, my father!  
This is a sleep

41 as immediate from i.e., as nothing is between me 45 lineal inherited (as against taken  
es flows down

Ruthie Haworth



Hands are the architects of dreams,  
Weaving through the fabric of the world,  
They cradle hope, they stitch the seams,  
Of all the stories yet unfurled.

With gentle touch, they lift the weight,  
Of days too long, of nights too deep,  
They guide us through the twists of fate,  
In silence, promises they keep.

They've painted skies, they've sown the earth,  
They've held the newborn's first soft cry,  
They've signed our names, they've known our worth,  
They've waved the past and kissed goodbye.

In every line, a tale is told,  
Of love, of loss, of hands grown old.  
Yet still they reach, they press, they hold—  
The heart's great language, soft and bold.

Hands are the first to greet the day,  
To brush the sleep from tired eyes,  
They carry coffee, wipe the stray  
Tears that fall when no one's wise.

They've held the ones we couldn't keep,  
They've built the walls, they've torn them down,  
They've pressed the phone and said, "Don't sleep,"  
And smoothed the creases of a frown.

They've wrapped around the ones we love,  
And clasped the promises we make—  
A touch of faith, a push, a shove,  
The tiny gestures hearts can't fake.

With ink-stained fingers, they've written plans,  
With callused palms, they've done the work,  
They've held the hand of small, young hands,  
And brushed the dirt off where it lurks.

So much of life's a story told  
In how we reach, in how we hold.  
The strength in them, the warmth, the cold—  
Our hands, the things that make us whole.

*Creased and calloused  
is the soul of your being —  
pulsing through fingers and palms,  
making you known.*

*Marked by Her soil,  
Soil under your nails.  
Decorated with thoughts  
on your inked fingertips.  
You are Known*

*by each wrinkle, scar, mark  
that passes through your palm —  
concealing and feeling,  
sharing and keeping  
connection.*

*Worn in with love,  
interwined with another.  
Torn in with toil,  
restless with each other.  
You are Known*

*for the delicate life buried  
under your rough skin —  
it is you, becoming  
Human.*

*So, if ceased and forgotten  
unfold your hands —  
ask them, Who am I?  
They will know.*

Max hinds



## "Superposition"

superposition superposition superposition



# My Thoughts on Perspective

Ramona Saprue

One of my goals recently has been to look at the moon and be shocked by its size



right now I don't think I'm looking at it properly

the moon is one of the largest things we're able to see (except the sun - don't look at it!)

supposedly as wide as the United States coast to coast

I think about how my sister's head fits between  
my fingers from across the table

I know it's still head-sized

but the same  
process just  
does not apply to  
the moon! strange frustrating!

This situation reminds me that there is no  
absolute way things look. Everyone sees  
everything so differently. I live in a  
world created by how I see it

I hope one day I solve this perspective issue.  
I think it would really affect me.

but for now, it's nice to know that my  
sisters are just about as far away as  
the moon is wide...

...as far as the  
distance between  
my fingers. ♪



by Fiona Hewett

# AN ALBUM OF

Did you know that the ancient Greeks had five different types of love? Love for the self, family, friends, lovers, and a higher spiritual power. All ideas which Aristotle, Plato and various tragedians wrote about and explored. Did you also know that Hannah Montana (a Disney pop star played by Miley Cyrus with her own TV show that aired from 2006-2010) wrote an album called Hannah Montana 2, that exhibits all five of these Greek loves and more? This early 2000s pop rock playlist will take you through love of all kinds discussed in the ancient Greek world.

## AGAPE

ἀγάπη

Selfless, universal, unconditional love  
that transcends humankind into the  
spiritual and/or gods.

"Bigger Than Us"

WE ALL WANT TO BELIEVE IN  
LOVE / WE ALL WANT TO  
BELIEVE IN SOMETHING /  
BIGGER THAN US / IT FILLS  
THE UNIVERSE

## EROS ἔρως

Sensual passionate  
love for a partner.

REALLY GREAT THINGS HAPPEN  
IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE /  
YOU'RE THE ONE / ONE IN A  
MILLION.

"One in a Million"

## PHILIA φιλία

Virtuous love for an equal. Deep friendship.

# GREEK LOVES

**“You and Me Together”**  
You need me and I need you /  
no, we WILL NOT Break / you  
and me TOGETHER / yeah I'm  
always on your side.

### “True Friend”

YOU GOT my BACK / You're Here TO THE  
end / You're a True friend.

## PHILIAUTIA

φιλαυτία

**Self love, staying true to yourself and believing in  
“Make Some Noise” your self worth.**

DON'T LET anyone TELL you / THAT you're  
NOT GOOD enough / DON'T GIVE UP/ THERE'S  
NOTHING WRONG WITH JUST BEING YOURSELF  
/ THAT'S more than enough

### “Nobody's Perfect”

WHY Be SO hard on myself /  
EVERYBODY makes mistakes

### “Life's What You Make It”

WITH a new ATTITUDE everything can CHANGE /  
MAKE IT HOW you want IT TO Be / STAY MAD, WHY  
DO THAT? GIVE yourself a BREAK / LAUGH ABOUT  
IT and you'll see

## STORGE

στοργή

Natural, instinctual  
love and affection  
towards family.

### HM 1 “I Learned From You”

(a duet WITH her FATHER, BILLY RAY CYRUS) I'M GRATEFUL FOR ALL  
THE TIMES / YOU OPENED my eyes / I Learned from you

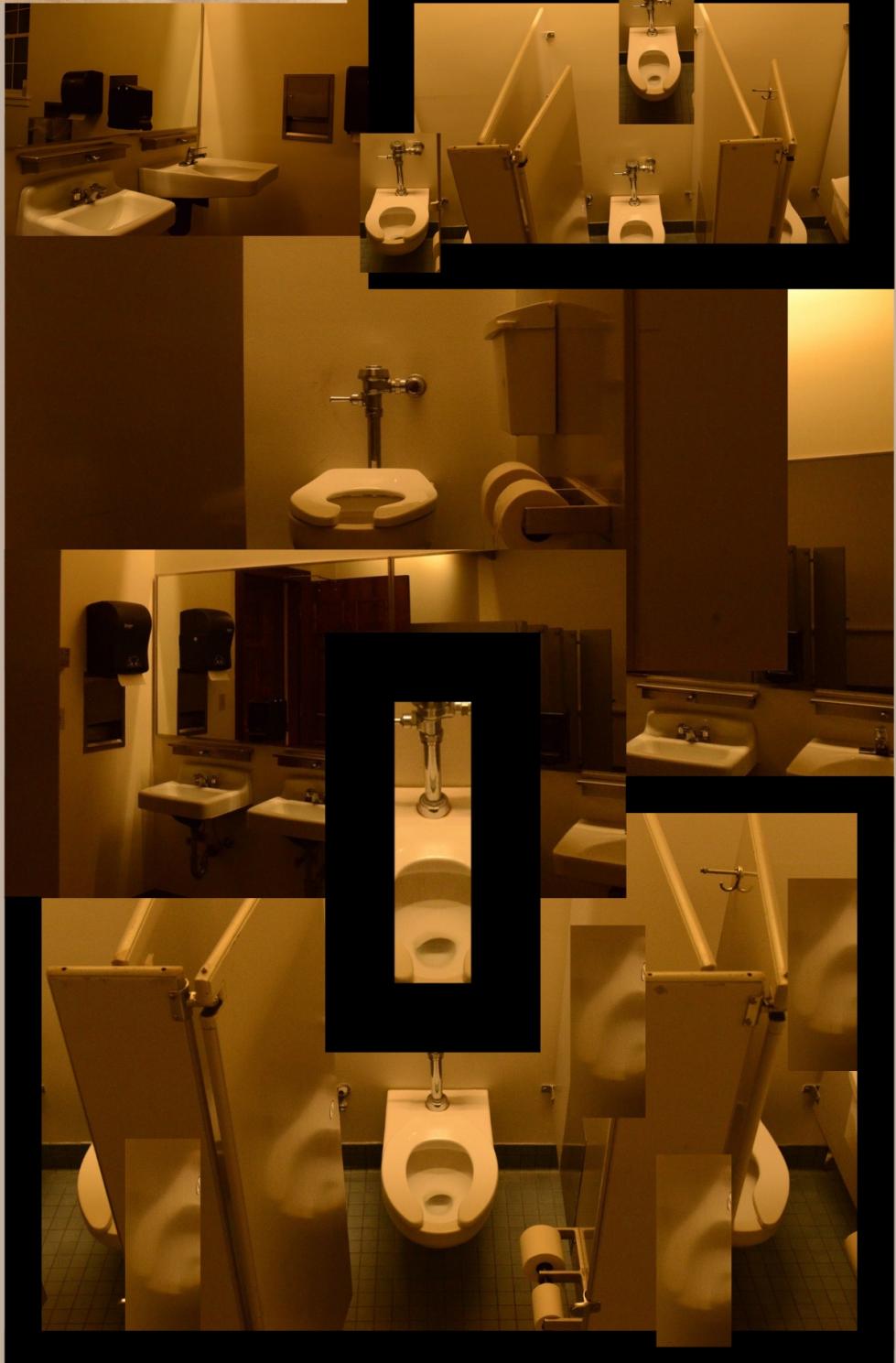
### HM 3 “I Don't Want To Be Torn”

'CAUSE I'LL ALWAYS BE your LITTLE GIRL / BUT even LITTLE GIRLS  
HAVE GOT TO DREAM / THE TEARS I'M CRYING OUT / YOU USED TO  
WIPE away, yeah / I THOUGHT you SAID it was easy (easy) /

\*While HM 2 does not have any familial  
love songs, HM 1 and HM 3 each have one  
that I included.

LISTENING TO your Heart

# Maggie Needham





# The Water Goes...

AC Manning

The other day it was in the 70s, in November, apocalyptic as the dark clouds rolled in. I've been swimming once a week, mostly, and the river runs ice cold. I always go in twice, the first to shock, the second alive. I've been walking the path along the river all semester, dunking at the bend with the bench in the sand before the flags. When I first started, the trees loomed and I felt transported, the woods so viscerally real that I started to doubt the certainty of anything else, of every life I'd lived so far away. There was just green and birds and the cacophony of relentless summer.

I swam again in February, in Sweden, in a lake two bus rides outside of Stockholm. We crossed under the road, emerging to gravel, a springtime day, a chalkboard sign reading 1°C. The ground was frozen on the path to the dock, and we lowered ourselves on ladders through holes cut in the ice. Four breaths – that's how long we last before flinging ourselves from the fiery cold. We sit and stretch in the sunlight, wander the miniature coast, thaw on rocks by the water's solid edge. We repeat this process until we can stand no more; cabins rest empty, water drips from the trees. Birdsong and the rustles of small creatures echo through the coniferous green. We are alone with the world. Then I was gone for a week and the canopy disappeared like the

roof of the house uplifted, collapsed to the floor and the world was changed. I felt lost again, and far from those lives, and really everything was the same. The water felt sharper, but as I lay floating the sky held a familiar depth and I sank through. I started off the year swimming, January 1st, Coney Island beach, Brooklyn, NY . After a diner breakfast with friends, hungover from the night before, we piled into a car and rushed down the Belt Parkway. The city swept by and we held ourselves together, smiling, as a new year began. There, we found a perfect storm of sunlight and no breeze, the water glass, lightly breaking on the shore. We plunge, we scream, the water burns, and it is perfect. The year begins on this beach, on the sand in the sun, our skin humming from the salt and cold.

Next was a Wednesday in March, uncharacteristically warm and sunny for the month and latitude, and we escaped the city to La Marne. Two métros and a train, and we arrived abruptly in a small town, stone streets and churches bleached white. We found the riverbank, lined with birds, and started to walk. The buildings tumbled into the hills and small docks appeared through the trees as we followed the bend of the flow. Suddenly, we emerged from the woods to an expansive field of green stalks, the sky sweeping into itself into an undertow of unending blue.



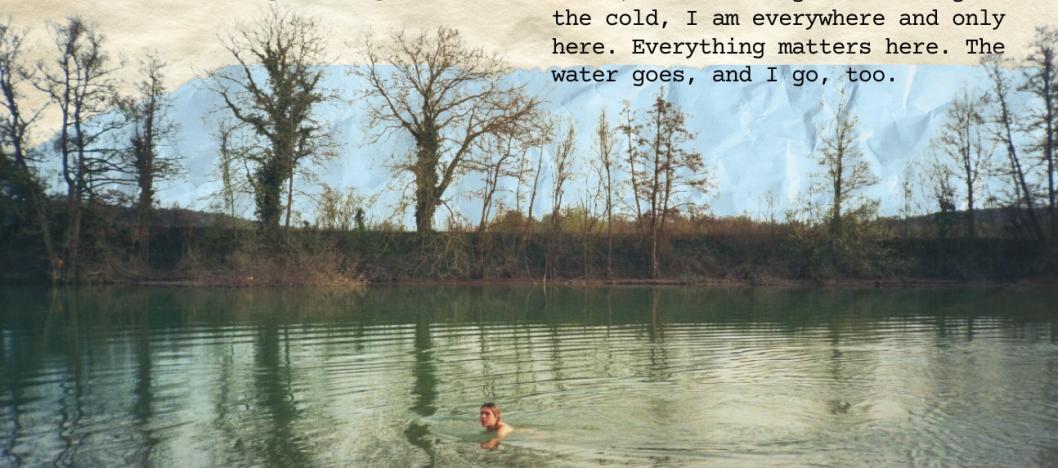
Alone, together, the crickets droned through the shallow slopes and we stepped silently onward. Back along the riverbank, under the bridge, the water swept by slowly and we continued upstream. Finally, we found a path slipped down to tangled tree roots and sand, stripped and dove. Floating in the ice our ears go numb: we smile at this moment as the sun peeks through; the tattoo on my friend's arm reads the water goes. We climb up to chase the valley sunset, through the forest and out the other side. A rain pulls into the station, its slow rumble making its way to our seat on the hill as the moon rises. The buzzing crescendos, and we descend.

I keep swimming all year. The same river, two towns up, hidden off the path of an unmanicured regional park; people drift by, in rental boats, with children and dogs and music, and I float through it all. In the ocean, whipped by sharp sand as the sun sinks through the clouds and the boats rock in the harbor; I freeze and smile in the wind of an approaching storm. Off the cliffs of the Calanques, I jump and dive into the clearest blue I've ever seen; the water doesn't shock me, but pulls me in, a flowing path from hands to toes, and I can fully breathe, the high salt content holding me afloat; I swim relentlessly. In Chicago I go every day, or try to, biking through heat and dusk and rain to reach the water's edge; the city horizon meets the lake, and people flock, and waves crash, and it all grows together.

When I arrived back in Northampton, I knew I needed to swim. Maybe it was a sign of the person I'd become, of the year and life I'd built so meticulously, maybe it was how I thought I could hold onto that construction. Past selves grew, towering over me, slipping down to sediment on the forest floor. Maybe it was both, maybe it wasn't a construction at all. I set off on my own.

Each walk along the path feels like a return to something else, each immersion a shock into the present. Those selves and lives so far away remain, fall into the distance with more recent moments, and I'm left with the trees and the sand and the water. I rest within these quiet eternities, and I submerge and emerge sharper. The cold water is a shock into clarity, a fusion of my disparate selves. I accept the unknown, I become part of the flow.

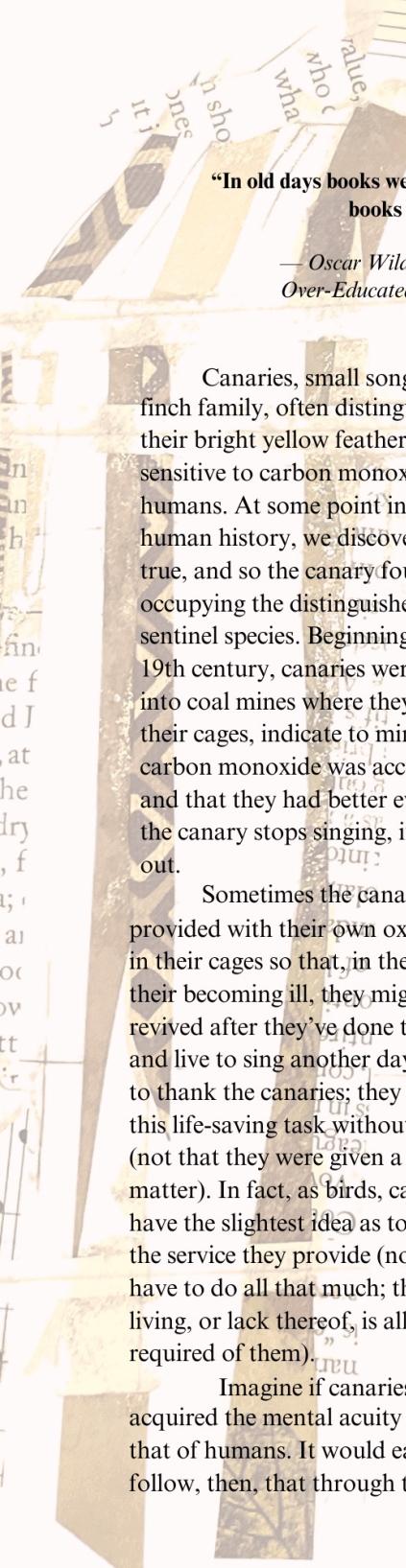
I initially thought that I was running away to the river – now I'm still unsure. The real world endures while we plunge, that apocalyptic day rolls on. As I walk down the path I'm confronted by the transience of it all, by the leaves that turn fiery orange before the canopy caves into collapse, by the river weaving its way along, by the water that has engulfed me all year. These lives seemingly so far away have been built into my self. When I stand, skin burning and smiling from the cold, I am everywhere and only here. Everything matters here. The water goes, and I go, too.





**Information Loss by Kavitha Thodiyil**





## Lament for the Canary in the Coal Mine

By Isabel Birge

**"In old days books were written by men of letters and read by the public. Nowadays books are written by the public and read by nobody."**

— Oscar Wilde, 1894, *"A Few Maxims For The Instruction Of The Over-Educated"*

Canaries, small songbirds in the finch family, often distinguished by their bright yellow feathers, are more sensitive to carbon monoxide than we humans. At some point in the course of human history, we discovered this to be true, and so the canary found itself occupying the distinguished role of the sentinel species. Beginning in the late 19th century, canaries were brought into coal mines where they could, from their cages, indicate to miners that carbon monoxide was accumulating and that they had better evacuate. Once the canary stops singing, it's time to get out.

Sometimes the canaries were provided with their own oxygen tanks in their cages so that, in the event of their becoming ill, they might be revived after they've done their duty and live to sing another day. We ought to thank the canaries; they carry out this life-saving task without question (not that they were given a choice in the matter). In fact, as birds, canaries don't have the slightest idea as to the value of the service they provide (not that they have to do all that much; their mere living, or lack thereof, is all that is required of them).

Imagine if canaries, somehow, acquired the mental acuity equal to that of humans. It would easily follow, then, that through the use of

their newfound rational faculties, the canaries might come to, at least to some extent, understand the lot they have been cast. Imagine their horror; imagine their fear. Imagine their resentment of the prison bars confining them and of the walls of bedrock hiding them from the sun—a twofold enclosure. How might they react to this realization? Would they try to escape their prison? Or would they accept their fate, resigning themselves to a bleak existence and living and dying? At least their deaths would have meaning, I suppose. (But perhaps they were too overcome with terror to see the bigger picture.)

I think that, in some way, this concept of the anthropomorphized canary might have struck a chord with Cassandra (daughter of Priam and Hecuba, Princess of Troy). Cassandra, too, was a sentinel, albeit only through a curse, her punishment for rejecting the advances of the sun deity Apollo. The canaries may be doomed, too, but at least we believe their warnings. Sometimes there is nothing better than simply being believed. I think Cassandra would agree. Still, neither the Trojan princess nor the unfortunate yellow birds were able to decide their own fates. All they could do was portend the fates of others.

When pondering his role as an artist in the wider world, Kurt Vonnegut turned to our little yellow bird. He said, in a 1969 speech to the American Physical Society, later entitled “Physicist, Purge Thyself”: “I sometimes wondered what the use of any of the arts was. The best thing I could come up with was what I call the canary in the coal mine theory of the arts. This theory says that artists are useful to society because they are so sensitive. They are super-sensitive. They keel over like canaries in poison coal mines long before more robust types realize that there is any danger whatsoever.”

We, as artists, are sensitive, yes—so sensitive that our reactions to danger are almost automatic. It is as innate for us as breathing, as living or dying; we see something that moves us and we ourselves are moved to create. Like the canary, we cannot help it. The canary stops singing, but the artist cannot stop. Vonnegut ascribes a utilitarian value to this pathological need to create, but I remain skeptical. I think there is a Cassandra-esque element to artists as well, because can it really be said that the arts have any use at all if the warnings of artists are never heeded, or, if they are, only when it is too late and the danger has already made its pass, leaving the rest of us to pick up the pieces as best we can?

It is nice to be heard, to be believed, but this is a luxury seldom granted. And so, there is nothing left to do but to keep on singing, from our little cages, in spite of an utterly disinterested audience. To attempt to do anything else would be an utter denial of our nature. We simply do not know how to do anything else.

We are condemned, and in too many ways to count. We are condemned to see the world through lenses of the greatest possible clarity, never sharing in the gift of ignorance others seem to so enjoy; to partake in an existence we did not choose, and perhaps would not have chosen for ourselves; to be born into a cage from which there is no escape, only to watch subterranean walls begin to crumble around us, and all we can do is try to keep singing.

There are some freedoms we canaries do enjoy. There are no rules or laws governing our cages, the only requirement is that they remain locked. Within our prison bars, we are free to chirp whichever tunes we think best. A power ballad for the end-of-days, a lament for the Polar ice caps, a shanty for the miners while they chip, chip, chip away at the walls—there is no “right” way to sing when no one is listening.

But just because no one is listening does not mean we should stop singing (not that we would ever stop singing; we do not know how to stop singing). Eventually, they will listen. Maybe only after we’ve keeled over in our cages and the walls have begun to cave in and the great machine of the world as we once knew it is now only a crude mimicry of its former self, but they will listen. (For now all they can do is hear without understanding.) Our songs will outlive us, and in that, they are our only form of escape.

alice youtz

two who entered here

Once upon a time there was a dear little girl who was loved by everyone who looked at her, but most of all by her grandmother, and there was nothing that she would not have given to the child. Once she gave her a little cap of red velvet, which suited her so well that she would never wear anything else. So she was always called Little Red Riding Hood.

Once upon a time, in a small village deep in a forest, there lived a kind young woman named Belle. She loved reading books, and everyone knew her for her warm heart and her beauty. Belle had dark hair like the night, eyes as deep as the ocean, and a smile as sweet as a bird.

Once upon a time, these two women entered the deep dark woods.

"When you are going, walk nicely and quietly, and do not run off the path, for you may fall and break your bones; then our grandmother will get nothing. And when you go into her room, don't forget to say good morning, and knock up into every corner before you do it."

One day, Maurice set off on the journey to show his invention to another village. On the way, he got lost in the dark, scary forest. The wind howled, and the trees seemed to whispered secrets. Maurice found a big, spooky castle and went inside to find shelter.

The grandmother lived out in the woods, half a league from the village, and just as Little Red Riding Hood entered the wood, a wolf met her. Little Red Riding Hood did not know what a wicked creature he was, and was not at all afraid of him.

The Beast was once a handsome prince, but an enchantress, had turned him into a Beast because he was selfish and mean. To break the curse, someone had to love him despite his appearance.

The Beast, who loved Belle, fought to protect her. But Gaston's plan was revealed and the villagers turned against him.



as Little Red Riding Hood entered the wood.

Belle's love for the Beast and the Beast's love for her broke the curse. The Beast turned back into a handsome prince, and Belle's kindness was rewarded.

I met her.

She was not at all afraid of him.  
She WAS not afraid.

\* \* \*

"What tender young creatures"

"Oh, but, grandmother, what a terrible big mouth you have."

"The better to eat you with."

And so, my dear child, that is the end of the story of Beauty and the Beast.

They tell us that true beauty is inside us, and love and kindness can change even the hardest

problems.

"PAPER TRAIL"

what we were cracks me open

heartbreak too hot to touch

today I tasted 18 again

drunk on the memory of our nervous kiss

how my heartbeat was so hungry

for something REAL

blood-orange Sunlight surrounds

the delicate space between then and now,

gratitude streaming through my window  
in the afterglow.

Do you feel it like I do?

The layers and layers of love

Scattered underneath right now

like leaves plastered to the ground

20 and still hungry

but infinitely more real

I am painting the grief golden

by Isabelle Charek

KLF. Manning

m. S. Thiesey

רוחה

Maggie

Isabel M. Bruege

MAX

Tiona Hewett

Damon Goffinerson

Elyael Bayar

ISABELLE CHAREK

Alice Yatz

Sinilla E.

Jocelyn Pippins?

Lily S.

Monica Thibodeau



505™

W 29 L 32



THIS  
IS THE  
BACK COVER

## MAGGIE

Maggie is a Music Major and Computer Science minor. She was inspired by the way going to the bathroom (at Smith College especially) blurs public and private boundaries – listening to others pee in a chorus, crying with your ass out, staring at tiles before you re-enter the world.

## AC

AC is a senior Comparative Literature major / Engineering minor from Brooklyn, NY, but if you ask she'll say that really she just studies cities. She likes sitting in the sun, a good rusty orange, thistles, and has been swimming in cold water all year

## FIONA

Fiona is a classics major from Phoenix who loves listening to Megan Thee Stallion, Arctic Monkeys, and pop princesses while on runs. She spends most of her time reading novels based on Ancient Greek myth or literature adaptations and watching trashy, reality TV.

## RAMONA

My piece is what happens when you stare at the moon for too long.

## ALICE

I am an English major and Studio Art minor! I love studying children's literature, which inspired my black-out poetry of the classical fairy tales Beauty and the Beast and Little Red Riding Hood. The two stories portray monsters differently, and I wanted to examine each tale in a feminist light. The result: a poem combining Belle's narrative (the Beauty) with Red Riding Hood's narrative (the girl swallowed by her beast). What is beastly behavior in relation to society-constructed, lady-like manners? This is the question I asked myself as I reimagined the feral desires of Belle and Little Red.

## SMILLA

Smilla is an English major and Psychology minor from Germany who loves sipping on a scalding cup of tea while reading by an open window. While patiently awaiting the first snowfall of this season, you can find her wandering around campus in a thick jumper, listening to Rihanna while taking way too many pictures with her digital camera.

design and layout:

ELEYNA

MAIA

JOCELYN

LILY

MAGGIE

# FROM the ARTISTS

## ISABEL

Isabel (or "Iz") is a senior English and Medieval Studies double major from Weston, CT. When she's not reading, writing, translating dead languages, or contemplating the visions of Julian of Norwich, she is probably drinking coffee, making pottery, or burning something in the oven.

## MAX

I like to think of gender through the lens of quantum superposition, which states that a particle (or object if you believe in macroscopic superposition) is in two different states at once until observed. There was originally a Schrödinger's box involved, but I decided to scrap it.

## RUTHIE

My piece takes inspiration from Melissa Broder's essay "The Patron Saint of Nicotine Gum," similarly, I used nicotine addiction and nicotine cravings as a metaphor for the broader feeling of dissatisfaction within daily life. I personalized my piece through references to academic classes as well as administrative buildings and programs on Smith's campus.

## BEATRIX

A statement on artificial intelligence, drawing attention to the inimitability of the human experience through poetry and hands – two of the most crucial parts of connection within the human race.

## KAVITHA

Kavitha is a freshman from Brooklyn, NY. She plans on majoring in computer science and philosophy, and enjoys photography. She spends a lot of her time in the darkroom experimenting with chemicals and doing shoots for her photography class (and for fun).

## ISABELLE

I tried to write about my experience with heartbreak but couldn't find the words. Instead, turning to words I had already written, I scanned my journal entries from right after the relationship ended and rearranged pieces of that raw material into a poem. The collage underneath echoes the ache of memory in the aftermath of something beautiful: overlapping and full of light, but so bright that it almost hurts to look at.