

THE PROTEST ISSUE

March / April 2019

THALIA



Founders & Creative Direction

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The Protest Issue

Increasingly, more of us are fighting to take up space, to be believed, to be understood and protected. In heart-thumping crowds on the Supreme Court steps; in raised fists; in anger that shatters; in fearlessness and in fear. We have had so much to protest. Protestors have turned their bodies into symbols, their voices into shields, their choices into tools to protect their ideals. They have voted their protests into office and bound them into law.

In this issue, we explore resistance in its bold and in its gentle forms to remind one another of the ways we all claim acts of resistance—in organized marches and in daily choices. In the way we wear our hair, buy our food, speak to our neighbors, consume our art.

We are all protesting something. We invite our readers to start from the question: what is your act of resistance? Rather than: do you protest? We hope that after reading our featured creatives reflect on their forms of resistance, you will consider your own.



Morgane Richer La Flèche

When I thought about illustrating protest, the first images that came to mind were of highly didactic propaganda art. My work relies heavily on color to tell a story; the tones of protest art are often militant and heavily laden with political symbolism—red, black, white. In making this piece for Thalia, I decided to flip those impulses on their head. What does it mean to be politically connected in a sustainable way? It feels like potentiality, like growth; ideas and communities that must be nourished and cared for. I chose the image of a greenhouse to reflect the dynamism as well as the fragility of protest: we have to invest in it continuously.

Celebrating

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Julia Westerbeke

I sense it's time to start a piece when...

I work on a small-scale on a regular basis, sketching new organic forms and often cutting them out, or playing with textures through puncturing or layering paints and mediums onto paper. I think of these smaller works as elements to be incorporated into larger pieces. It's like building a language or cosmology over time. When I'm ready to create a more ambitious work, I dip into this archive of elements and use them as building blocks.

I know I'm in the creative groove when...

I wake up in the morning thinking about where I want the work to go and the new experiments I want to try. Or when I can't stop thinking about the meaning of a work or series, digger deeper into the concept and unearthing new paths and tangents that often lead to another project.

I know a piece is done when...

I'm a perfectionist when it comes to detail and balance in my work. While I embrace this aspect of my practice, I also try to keep it in

check by making sure that there is still a level of entropy and unruliness within the work, however subtle, like a thread you can pull that would begin a kind of unraveling.

I hope my work...

I hope my work encourages the imagination and a certain level of slowness. My abstract forms are loosely reminiscent of the organic (from microbes to strange ora, deep sea creatures to biological illustrations). The ambiguity of form opens up the interpretation to the viewer. The detail within each form invites the viewer to draw closer and explore the nuances therein.

How does your work intersect with protest?

I think of my work as a protest against the speed of the everyday. It invites you to enter another domain, one that celebrates slowness, rumination, and the curious wonder of strange beauty.

What is your act of resistance?

Meditative art.





“Meditative art.”

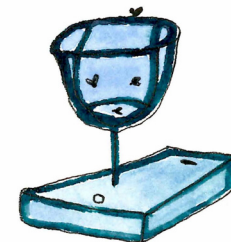




Saturation Effect

By: Lauren Camp

Deep winter and you are filled
with shrugs instead
of glory. Carrying your version
of vigilance into the kitchen
on a tray as wide as your hip. Three pills you take
to disappear. Every night your ankle moves
against your will: a dance
with ghosts when you wish to sleep. Hours left
and you row the black inversion, impatient
and sometimes cover your ears
with wool while your lover pastes
his breath to passive
margins. After the simple
cat moving the hallway with her tiny
paws, her resonant wail, after something
again to gargle, nerve, manage, you nestle
in the tired trapped cells
of body. May be enough to want the end
of night's tarp. Something familiar
inside you in the bakery
of exhalations, in the least powder
of hours, the long vanishing
before any sprig
of light. Along the house, a scraping buzzard
mauls the dust, and mice
test out the building. You unwind
to the infinite rupture
of dark, see it
as anthem: the last of the stinging
world. Cold house. Your wedding dress
ripped in its plastic
confides its beauty back of the closet.



Lauren Camp

“My act of resistance has often been kindness.”

I sense it's time to start a piece when...

An image or first line gets stuck in my mind. I don't practice writing. I either write or do other things. Even on busy days, I make sure to note something each day. Sometimes, that is just a phrase or two words that clink together to make good noise. Sometimes it's a setting or interaction I can't shake.

I know I'm in the creative groove when...

Hours have slid into commas and all my attention is on the white of the page, rather than the darkening day. Should the line break here—or there? It's all nourishing, even when it isn't going well. I like a challenge. Too easy doesn't interest me. I read aloud, again and again, rotating my way of seeing the subject. I look away to the nest in the eaves, the way the native grasses are bending, or even just the dark—then come back to it, prepared to be elated or disappointed (doesn't matter at that point).

I know a piece is done when...

I can't even move a comma. When there is enough strangeness to still entrance me.

I hope my work...

Touches at least one person who needs a perspective either aligned with or unlike their own. I hope my work opens up whatever it is I'm writing about to someone. I believe in the self and forms of expression, and I believe those things resonate. I often say I write first for myself, but ultimately, need to gift the poem to someone else.

How does your work intersect with protest?

Since the 2016 election, I've written a lot about our governmental crisis and how I stand inside or to the side of it, how desperately I don't want to witness it. I've written also about endangered animals, ancestral respect, elder care and the need for general humanity.

What is your act of resistance?

My act of resistance has often been kindness. But for 15 years, I also produced and hosted a very popular show on Santa Fe Public Radio. Within each episode, I blended incredible poetry and music, and offered this safe space to the public. This is my ideal form for resistance—good deeds and gentility. I teach elders how to write the stories of their lives, or more accurately, I give them tips and cheer on the right they have to do so. My resistance is often taking care of others. This can be a hard world. It doesn't hurt me to go through it gently, listening and supporting.

Runaway

By: Lauren Camp

Olive ground, quarried
ground, can I remember anything
green? If there is no far

away, the wind must be our revelation. My love stands
beside me. We are connected
in silence in the sway of a bud

of thought. I expect his perfect words
of distress: trees to ash, fence line, rabbits,
rats. The politicians do their damage.

To cope, I plunk sand into the pickup.
Drones, boots. We are already home. I glance across

the barren, build my small
mounds and blisters. Step away

from the news. I must choose
what matters. Some people say their old sayings
to pace the ruin. Some wolf and threat

against friends. What I need and see
is the cactus pads, endearingly succulent. Also true is the sky stops
every violence. Despite everything

this morning I ordered the cupboards
to jars of rice, noodles, beans. Ready valleys and hillocks
for when we'll hunger again. Now the sun with its egotistical

joy atop clouds. All day I will vigilant
the insects, buzzing in their endless

campaign to track down an oat, a drop
of honey, a little shear of flesh.
They need only the simplest. Not a swarm, not

terror: See how fallible
I've become? Coveting the negligible

world and exclaiming the ache with my eye
to the ground. Cars along the freeway
a mile off make a resolute noise. This is the size of my everyday

concerns. The desert fills with its drastic
reduction. Scrub grows. A succor for some. I bend down and pet it
until I see Adam's face.

Eve's. How it started to ruin.

Forget About Everything

By: Lauren Camp

Such innocents we were, myopic and zit-notched.
Back then, danger was not even a rumor.
We sat with pencils fitting in answers,

our bodies' gesture still forming. The flag always glad
in the cold wind. I remember the neighbors
as silent. The curve in my quiet street, the girls next door

disbelieving each other, the mail slot shedding
its bills. My mind doesn't like to return
to what's gone, but an old high school photo on Facebook

pushed me to climb back to the vanishing point
of each celebration, to that torpid suburb
and its stolid houses. To people I knew with percentages of purity

in those days that were mixtures
of nothing and listening.
You know how it is when you leave a story—

you can no longer own it. But one afternoon I wanted
every single small discarding
from the last empty decades: every color

of childhood friend, and the door, and the way I left
what it meant to be there.
For a few hours, I lit the edges, then realized how foolish

to probe far from my center. I've rounded thousands of miles
and memory lies fastidious in corners.
I guess if you can abandon what you once knew,

you can also turn from what you'd like
to avoid: every bombing or black man shot, or the mangled
distinction between Semite/anti-Semite,

any injustice. You can forget
every radio headline just like every young rapture
or anger, forget and make past

what is hardly the past when it is possible
to again fall around you: detail to visible air
to precise detail to yet another outcome.





"I capture resiliency by exposing human expression."

I sense it's time to start a piece when...

Our world is constructed through chaos and order. Creative behavior is both a drive of disorder and direction. When there's a shift or a change, internal or external, it's always a reason to create.

I know I'm in the creative groove when...

I find creativity to be the outlet and process of embracing every side of myself. The mind fluctuates and the process can mirror the mind. We are so heavily influenced by society and our interpretation of reality. My desire to find my voice is driven by my desire to understand myself in relation to the world around me.

I know a piece is done when...

Personally, a project is never complete. A piece may take on new forms, or migrate to a new medium. Just as a continuously evolving life, my work is fluid.

I hope my work...

Enables individuals to recognize their capability to create change. Can we visualize a situation from a different perspective? Can we change behavior through reflection?

How does your work intersect with protest?

The Women's March was a movement that spread from the streets of D.C and New York City to cities across the globe. Rallies give a chance for communities to come together as a reminder that we stand together and we are not alone. Had my parents taken me to a protest as a child, how would it have influenced me? Why are we nostalgic for our childhood? How did we interpret the world as children? If we envisioned the world from the eyes of a child, would that change the way we see our present and ultimately our future? How do our interpretations influence our future?

What is your act of resistance?

I create visual narratives to make space for vulnerability and compassion. When I shoot I become more attuned to people's interactions. No matter the path of life we have taken, we all come from the same place. We are a part of this earth; our home. To gather is to realize that we are a part of a bigger picture. How does the way we view the world change our behavior? I use the camera as an agent for deeper understanding; an act of resistance. I capture resiliency by exposing human expression. The freedom of expression is a tool for collaboration. It is a reminder that we are not alone.







In Binh Dinh Province

By: Kate Gaskin

[U.S.] interrogators also used the “water rag,” a variation on today’s controversial water-board torture. —Deborah Nelson, The War Behind Me: Vietnam Veterans Confront the Truth About U.S. War Crimes

Unwind the night’s
ticking clocks—
feather, beak, claw,

and eye. Loose
the snakes from the river,
and curl them back

into the trees. Pick
the stars from the sky’s
flat pitch, and snuff

the engine creaks
and whirs from the throat
of each unseen animal.

Unhear whatever happened
in the nearest, darkest tent
to the man with no clothes,

no eyes, no tongue,
no way to say he’d loved
no less than the men

holding fast the squares
of fabric to the ache
of his heaving mouth.

Unpour cup after cup
of water from the drowning
vessel of his face.



I sense it's time to start a piece when...

A sudden strand of inspiration lights magically in my mind. Or more likely when it's been several days or even weeks without my having tried to write a poem, and I feel uncomfortable about it, so I grumpily begin drafting work.

I know I'm in the creative groove when...

I hyper focus and everything else falls away. It's a super intoxicating state of mind, which makes all the terrible drafts worth it--maybe.

I know a piece is done when...

I honestly don't have a better answer for this other than when it "feels" done. I rely a lot on my own intuition. I often fall back on a sense of inner feeling to help me suss out what's working and what isn't. When I'm being smart about my work, I let poems sit for several weeks or even months before I reevaluate whether they're ready for publication, and that brings me clarity too.

I hope my work...

Brings joy and meaning and beauty and significance to the readers who connect with my style and type of poetry. I've been on the receiving end of all those emotions as a reader of poetry myself, so I hope I'm able write poems that pay that gift forward to others as well.

How does your work intersect with protest?

"In Binh Dinh Province" was inspired by investigative journalist Deborah Nelson's book, *The War Behind Me: Vietnam Veterans Confront the Truth About U.S. War Crimes*. In it, she chronicles some of the more heinous crimes committed by U.S. veterans against Vietnamese people, and she shows the cyclical nature of these tactics and how some are still being used--in modified forms--in our current wars in the Middle East. In the vein of Matt Rasmussen's "Reverse Suicide" and Ansel Elkins' "Reverse: A Lynching," I wrote the poem "backward" to try to restore humanity and agency to the man being tortured. The poem is a form of protest because it reminds new generations of readers about U.S. war crimes in prior wars, and it reminds us as well that until just over a decade ago waterboarding was still an acceptable and legal form of torture used by the U.S. military. It also begs the question: what forms of legal torture being used now will also be considered reprehensibly inhumane in the future?

What is your act of resistance?

My act of resistance is writing as a military spouse. I have a unique vantage point to write about military and wartime cultures, and I often use my platform to engage these topics critically--with compassion but with moral reckoning as well.

"My act of resistance is writing as a military spouse."



“Pushing the boundaries of soft materials within the male dominated lineage of sculpture.”





I sense it's time to start a piece when...

When a form, material and concept coalesce in my mind for a few weeks, that's when I know something is worth delving into.

I know I'm in the creative groove when...

I forget to eat and go to the bathroom, not healthy but true!

I know a piece is done when...

I'm a bit scared of it and it makes me laugh.

I hope my work...

Pulls you in, makes you laugh and then punches you in the gut.

How does your work intersect with protest?

The sculptures and wall hangings I make are reduced to individual body parts or iconic items of clothing, as a comparison to the objectification of women in our culture. Within this reduction, I can also investigate the ways societal norms and gender stereotypes are placed on individual body parts, further illuminating how clothing can denote power and profession.

What is your act of resistance?

Pushing the boundaries of soft materials within the male dominated lineage of sculpture.











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An interview with Spaceus Founders Stephanie Lee and Ellen Shakespear

Interviewed by: Julia and Amelia Haney
with words by Julia and images by Amelia

We met Spaceus founders, Stephanie and Ellen, at their East Cambridge location. Spaceus is energizing neighborhoods in Boston by transforming underused and unused storefronts into creative spaces—from a two-story, former Yankee Candle in Faneuil Hall, to a fishbowl former retail store in Harvard Square. Stephanie and Ellen design light-filled, colorful, multi-purpose havens to nourish local artists and foster community. They are re-conceptualizing the way we think of physical space by shattering any notion of how a studio, living room, store, or a meeting space should look.

Part funfetti cake, part workshop, the East Cambridge space highlights the magic that happens when creatives (across mediums, styles, and experiences) are invited to make a space their own. Their personalities twinkle from all sides; and still, somehow, from the small store at the front to the workspace at the back, the space feels aesthetically cohesive.

Both Stephanie and Ellen are originally from California and went to college at Princeton, but they met for the first time on the bus headed to MIT's Architecture School, from which they recently graduated. This is the story of a new kind of workspace.

J&A: Can you tell us a little bit about when the idea for Spaceus started to form?

S: Spaceus began organically. We

both live near Central Square and over the course of the few years here we saw so many storefronts that were consistently empty, which was frustrating. We were excited by the opportunity to encourage people to utilize assets that are unused within the city. Additionally, we felt very siloed at school. In Cambridge, it's common to see people drop in, learn, and then leave. Often there isn't much of an interest in becoming part of the community or engaging with neighbors. Particularly as architecture students focused on building a world, we felt that this was very strange. MIT is so ingrained in Cambridge and is spearheading a bunch of development projects, but it didn't feel like there was real cross-pollination in efforts or ideas between the city and the school.

E: Yes, we really felt that there was a match between spaces that were underused in the city and the desire to create opportunities in a more collaborative way than we felt existed. We had the opportunity to dig in and start to address these issues about a year ago. We got grants through MIT and launched our first space in Faneuil Hall last spring. We started getting to know a community that we didn't experience as MIT students. And we wanted to provide this community with a whole host of different opportunities: installations, exhibits, meeting spaces, and working spaces.





S: We were really interested in this process of engagement and how to make how to make art, architecture, and design accessible and champion a different narrative.

E: Which is why the storefront locations work so well. They have become this opportunity to watch people make art, or struggle with making art, in a completely public-facing space.

J & A: When you started these spaces, were you designing the entirety of the physical space or were you hoping the community would express needs and you'd design from there?

E: Definitely the latter. Before we moved into Faneuil Hall, we had hundreds of conversations with people who had expressed interest in a collaborative space to learn more about what they were looking for. And we learned so much that we never would have come up with ourselves. Originally, we hadn't thought of including a place to sell artists' work, but people were asking for it. More tangibly, we use our architecture skills to put together the furniture and make everything moveable and flexible to accommodate a variety of ways to use them.

S: Yes, all the furniture can be moved and changed all the time. We began by letting people do what they wanted with the space. Now we have a better idea of the choreography of the space, and what spaces work well for certain types of events and work, but we are still interested in keeping the interior and the layout a conversation. The only part that was

never a question was that Spaceus should be a workspace. We wanted the process of making to be at the core. And we try as much as we can to be a platform for people. Come to us with a sentence of what your idea is. Don't worry about making what you are trying to pursue into a perfect statement. We want to work together to bring ideas to life.

J & A: What have your members and the people who come to Spaceus taught you?

S: It's always fun hearing people describe Spaceus—it's an incredible feeling hearing someone describe Spaceus in their own words and realizing, Hmm yes, I guess we are that!

E: We learn every day and not just from members—from people who come in off the street, from trying to describe to those people what we are doing.

S: Right, in the beginning we were extremely committed to fluidity (we still are) and not defining what we are, but we vastly underestimated how much people love when something can be easily conveyed. Previously, we sort of alluded that you couldn't go back to the workspace if you are shopping at the front, but the suggestion didn't work well, so we've started creating firmer boundaries with furniture.



59 Spaceus members' work for sale



Elle DioGuarda's *Love Language*, featured in Spaceus East Cambridge space

J & A: Could walk us through your vision for Spaceus? What would success look like?

E: These events happening is success to me. If we can find a way for them to take place in cities, sustainably, in a way that supports artists, cities, and us that would be the dream. We'd also love to create overlaps between cities. Spaceus has never been about one specific address.

S: We want to create a sustainable model for the arts where everyone is getting paid in the process. We want creativity to exist everywhere, and we are interested in making space for alternative ways of experiencing and producing culture. We want to create opportunities for everyone to express their art and a space where everyone feels like they are able to appreciate it.

J & A: What do you want someone to experience when they interact with Spaceus? Either the physical space or when they learn about what you're doing.

E: If someone was reading about us, I hope that there would be some excitement to learn more, and a feeling that they were welcome to do so. It has never been our goal to look like a museum or a gallery. And sometimes that means that it's confusing for people who walk by and are trying to fit us into these preexisting molds of how one typically consumes art, but I hope it's also encouraging. Our space is an invitation.

S: Also, we want people to feel like they can be a part of the commu-

nity and that they have something to contribute. People who join Spaceus have all sorts of skill levels: from someone who has a full-time job and paints on the side to someone exhibiting in museums. We want to build a nourishing community for all, where people can pursue their passions and find that they are taken seriously.

J & A: When you envision the ideal space to create in what does it look like?

S: We want the space to feel homey. To feel like anything can happen but it's also like a family environment. We always create a warm nook for people to hang out and have meetings. We always have an open space where anything can happen (people set up easels, do photoshoots, etc.).

E: When I think about ideal working space, it's about having choice. It's a design challenge to accommodate choice in places that are themselves changing all the time, and are temporary by nature. But we try to understand that people work differently, even over the course of the day.

J & A: For the Protest Issue we'd like to know, what is your act of resistance?

S: Spaceus is very political and is a form of resistance in so many ways. In a world where our communities are shaped by friends, friends of friends, or recommendation from those groups, we are excited to say: you might like a lot of things or you might not like them, here they are in a space, come in, engage as a human.

There are also a lot of conversations about where art moves and travels in a city that are very politically entrenched, and we interested in being more nuanced in placement. We were excited to find value in underutilized assets in new neighborhoods—places that are culturally ripe for a creative space. We are excited about how we can create homes for people who might not feel comfortable in a place, in Roslindale, or Harvard Square.

E: And at an urban scale, instead of pushing artists out, we want to reclaim spaces for them in the heart of cities.

S: In a time when everyone is so compelled to speak on national scale topics, we are also excited about how we can talk to local governments and neighborhood associations, because a lot of the work happens there. We've been conscious to talk about local politics rather than national politics, and we try to do the work. We are excited to create opportunities for people to do the work.

E: We also believe that art has value—that it is completely right to demand that art has a right and that that is be a good business decision. Art is integral to the functions of a thriving city.

J & A: What advice would you give creatives struggling to find community and/or spaces?

E: This is silly, but Boston is cold and dark in the winter and it's very hard to feel like there are thriving communities, but we are here to say that there are. Just get

out, show up, and put yourself out there.

S: Yes, that was an exciting thing about beginning this—none of this would have happened if we didn't put ourselves out there. Although Instagram and virtual networks have been an incredible way of building community, going to events and breaking beyond the algorithm helps you see a whole world that maybe you would not have known existed.

J & A: What is the highest compliment that someone could pay you?

S: One time someone told us, when I came to Spaceus I felt like this was the first time I was home in Cambridge. It was amazing. We even didn't know she felt that way. It was so flattering.



*Photographic series about the
Curutchet house, the only work by
Le Corbusier in Latin America*





*“Being faithful to oneself
and persevering.”*



I sense it's time to start a piece when...

There appears the need to act, to materialize previous ideas. There is a moment when I stop drawing and thinking and start experimenting.

I know I'm in the creative groove when...

The artwork maintains in me a high level of enthusiasm. I am concentrated and the images make sense.

I know a piece is done when...

I feel a sense of certainty throughout my body. Something ineffable happens. There are many pieces that are explorations leading up to the finished piece, but they are just a part of the process.

I can't say what has to happen concretely because it's something I just know. When it doesn't happen, I prefer to leave those images in the folder and continue working; in that case, I realize that I'm in the middle of a process.

I hope my work...

Changes, in some scale, our way of seeing and feeling life.

How does your work intersect with protest?

I don't identify my work with protest.

What is your act of resistance?

Being faithful to oneself and persevering is an act of resistance. It is very important to know oneself in order to be able to remain faithful to one's own essence, to remain true or authentic, especially when there are many currents, internal and external, that can make us stagger in our path.









I sense it's time to start a piece when...

The music I hear won't let me sleep.

I know I'm in the creative groove when...

It all comes out at once & won't let me sleep until it's in my language.

I know a piece is done when...

I feel a strange sort of peace.

I hope my work...

Honors the music, from wherever it's coming.

How does your work intersect with protest?

Humanity is capable of so much invention, and yet, hatred and war robs us of so much potential. As I wrote in my author's note, the work of Erwin Schulhoff and Arnold Schonberg was banned as "degenerate music," by the Nazis. While Schonberg did manage to immigrate to America, Schulhoff perished in the Wülzburg concentration camp in Bavaria. I think on the world that what would have been if he'd lived. I think on the world of those who'd died at the hands of bigotry and ethnocentrism had lived

What is your act of resistance?

Hearing the music and supporting the various communities I belong to.

"Hearing the music and supporting the various communities I belong to."

Voyager You Sing the Fire

By: Rosebud Ben-Oni

Voyager, now you must sing, sing the fire.

For when we are gone, we'll meet again as lyre
-birds who carry the glory
of Schulhoff & Schoenberg
& all the chords still holding
a fermata like watchful eye
over The Book of Life—

we'll carry all of it,

far away from this world & far from godly
& galactic eyes,

until we rest our wings
where this is only late {in the evening} & rings

of vaporous ice & frozen nestlings

who one day will feast
upon alien seedling
buried deep

in permafrost of hydrogen

& helium.

Voyager, I believe, I believe

we will sing to all of them & take nothing
when we leave, so they too will sing,
sing the fire.

& Aba, now you say to me: light of my eyes,
what happened to our people still haunts me.

& you ask me if a dying bird is a merely bump
in a field,

{arbitrary} boson
& beyond {faith &}

witness?

& you ask me if I still believe there are new worlds

{no one has yet silenced},

where song does not always end

in nimbus

of dust & rime?

& I say: what if prayer is a fermata

shot {down} from grieving sky.

& I say: what of fettered quills

trilling blood

& ink {of ice}

upon nights of broken glass.

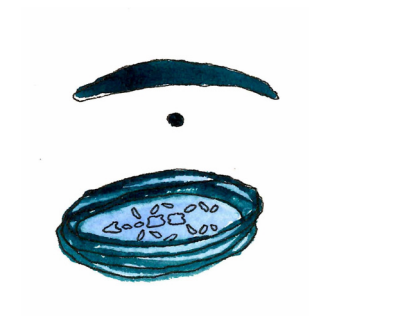
Aba, we are the lyrebirds who tremble with prayers
we'll never hear. Their blood spills us into a thousand

crowns of light & they will reach
worlds that no one else can see.

We'll never forget, these Voyagers, all of them—

& for them, you & I must believe

we carry, carry this fire.



Father, I won't say anymore that I hope you find your peace.

Now I only ask of you: what if song is the real

technology?

Would you no longer swing
a dying bird

over our heads

to bless you

& me?

—& would

you become yourself such a song,

{icebird

& lyrestorm}

cradled

in vacuum?

—& would

we awaken a way

out of the body

that we've made

home for far,

far too long?

—& would

the music of those names & all that we lost
become something new, when we are gone

& will you remember to meet me through
the songs we leave in this life

& the other worlds
in which you & I will go

on as lyrebirds, dear father, when there's no end

to what you & I will sing, when we'll always sing,

sing the fire.

Author's note: Erwin Schulhoff and Arnold Schonberg are European Jewish composers whose work was banned as Entartete Musik, or "degenerate music," by the Nazis. While Schonberg managed to immigrate to America, Schulhoff perished in the Wülzburg concentration camp in Bavaria.

I sense it's time to start a piece when...

The energy surrounding me feels restless, when I find that my mind is constantly thinking about new places or ideas I feel like it's time to start.

I know I'm in the creative groove when...

When the wind starts calling for me to move, and I listen to it. When I start my editing process as soon as I finish shooting. When I sit, and feel like I must produce my vision.

I know a piece is done when...

I can breathe and focus on my rest. When my heart feels like the piece is complete, I have this inclination to want to share it immediately, because the posting and sharing is also a part of the piece. That is when the piece is done.

I hope my work...

Inspires others to cultivate warmth. Photography works well for me as a medium because it's capturing light as art, and I love the tender quality my art produces.

How does your work intersect with protest?

I protest the act of comparison. I protest the idea that we need to constantly move and do more than others. I protest the act of rapid growth and encourage others to love first. To nurture each other. To be tender.

What is your act of resistance?

I think self-love is the most revolutionary concept of our time. As I enter this space of post-graduation, I find myself starting to compare my life even more to those of my peers. It can send me spiraling, but the tenderness I give to myself is what the world will cultivate.

“I protest the act of comparison.”



THALIA submissions

Thalia is a community and magazine dedicated to fostering collaboration and celebrating creatives who identify with womanhood.

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