

Creative Arts Quarterly

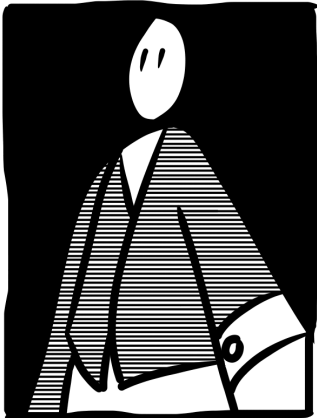
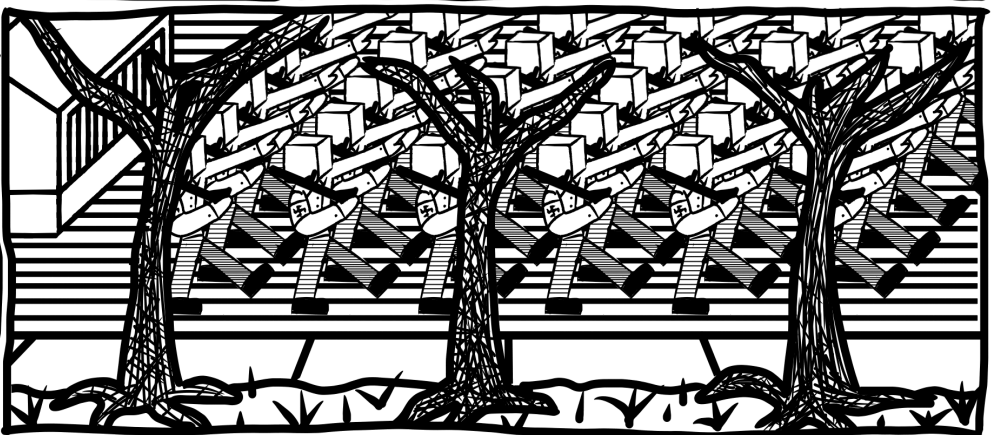


June 2018

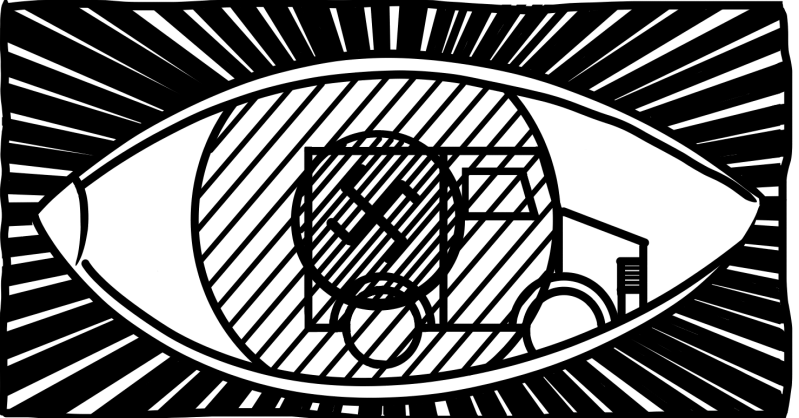
WHY I SURVIVED
ART BY BAILEY HELLER
FILMED BY WAYNE HELLER
TOLD BY JACK HELLER

AUG. 31 1991
HOW FAR BACK DO YOU REMEMBER?
OH, I REMEMBER WHEN HITLER ENTERED AUSTRIA

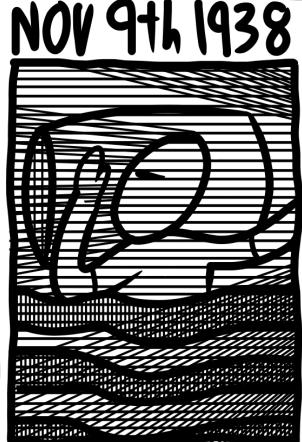
MARCH 11th 1938



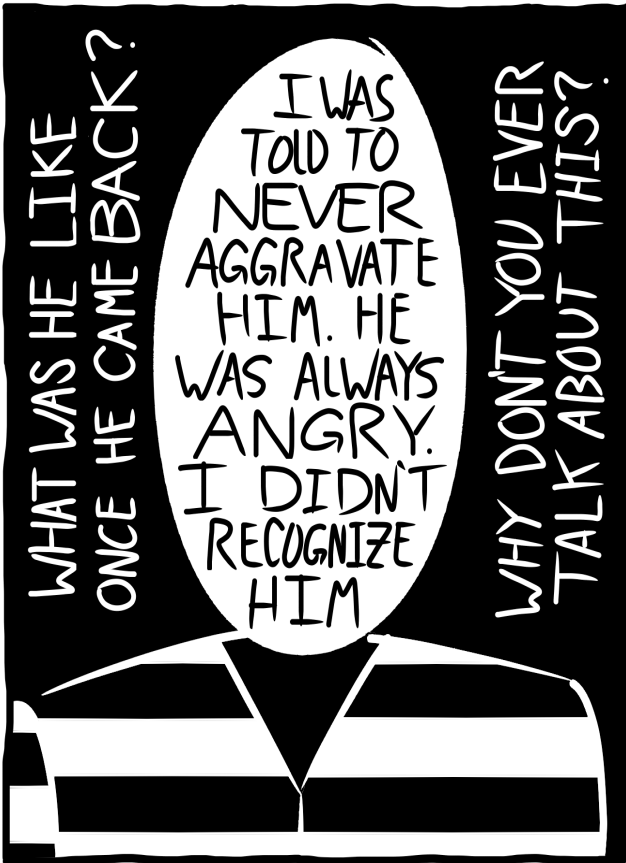
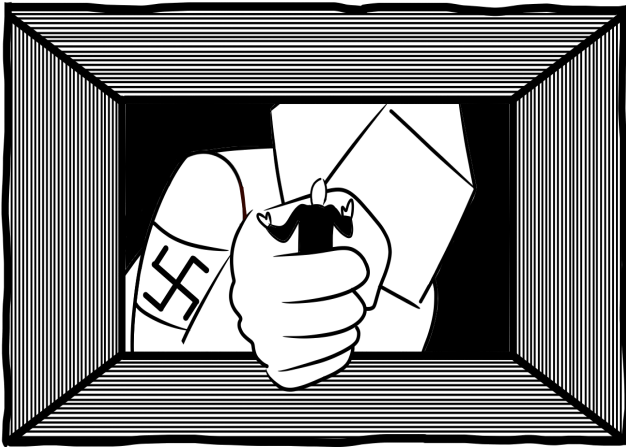
DADDY?



AUG. 31 1991
WHEN DID IT ALL CHANGE?
I GUESS WHEN HITLER TOOK HIM AWAY



Comic by Bailey Heller



WHAT WAS HE LIKE
ONCE HE CAME BACK?

I WAS
TOLD TO
NEVER
AGGRAVATE
HIM. HE
WAS ALWAYS
ANGRY.
I DIDN'T
RECOGNIZE
HIM

WHY DON'T YOU EVER
TALK ABOUT THIS?



BECAUSE IT WAS JUST
TOO PAINFUL. MY
EXPOSURE TO THIS
LIFE - TO THIS MISERY -
WAS BAD ENOUGH. IT
WAS BAD ENOUGH THAT
MY PARENTS WENT
THROUGH IT. WHY
EXPOSE YOU? IT'S
ONLY RECENTLY THAT
I REALIZED THIS
HAS TO BE TOLD. MAN
IS DOOMED TO REPEAT
THIS STORY IF IT IS
NOT TOLD. I'M STARTING
TO BELIEVE I SURVIVED
TO SHARE THIS
EXPERIENCE.

Jack Heller
1931 - 1999



By Daniella Miller

I am a global citizen.

Often people ask me where I am from and honestly speaking I don't have the slightest idea.

I grew up in 6 different countries. China, Kuwait, Tanzania, Vietnam, Mozambique and the United States.

I like to think that I am from each of these places because along the way I have picked up experiences, language, culture, and community.

Living in these places has made me who I am today.

I have learned so much about myself and about other people's cultures.

I consider myself a global citizen

My passport may say one thing, but my experience and childhood tells a different story.

Poem

By Bridgette Jennings

I miss the people, I try to forget

I want attention from people I try to avoid

I smile when I wish I could cry

I push away people that treat me the best

People that I was closest to talk to me behind my back

People that text me are the people that ignore me at school

People that say they're my friend are the same people that walk away from me in the hall

I won't pretend I don't notice that you look at me when no one's looking at you

I won't pretend there haven't been nights when I thought about you

I won't pretend that I'm happy being alone

I won't pretend it doesn't make me sad that you lied to me when I needed you the most

Your apology wasn't sincere

You sent it over text

trying not to cry

Anonymous

you have come to the realization that your attention is never anywhere good. you press your focus into the blur of a rubik's cube smudged with ink and pretend its clicks drown out the ringing in your ears.

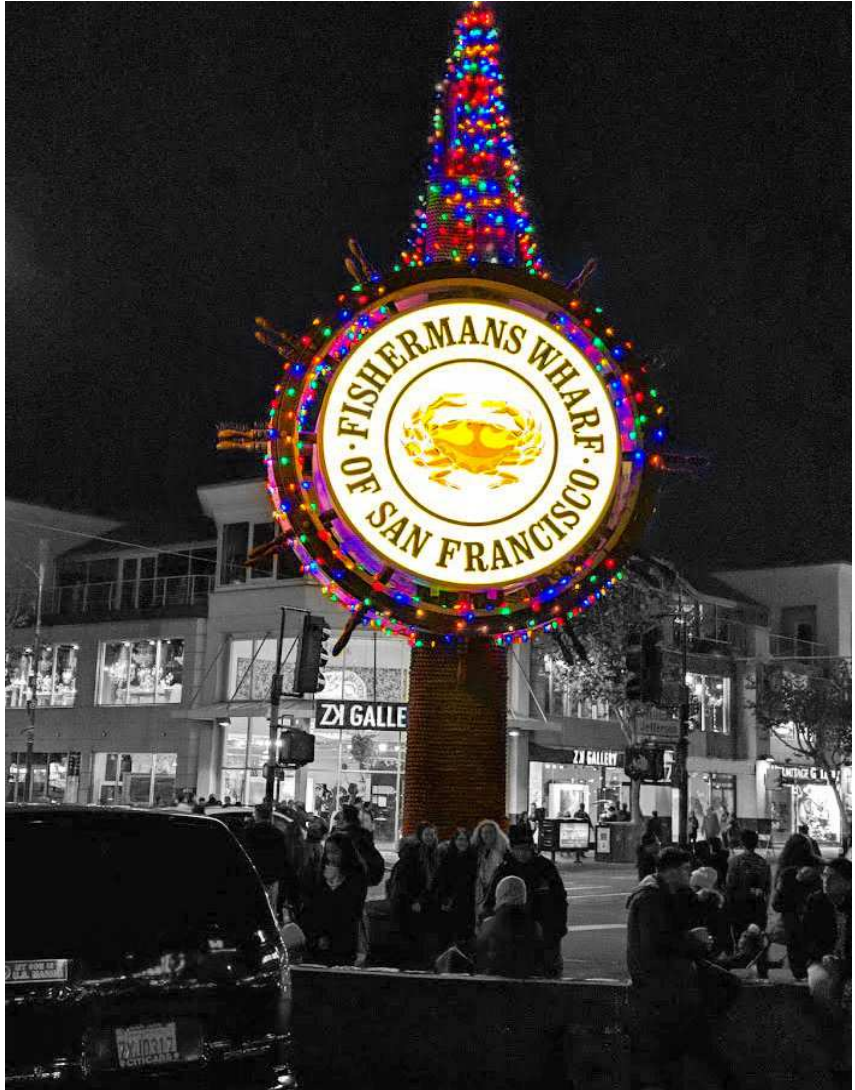
the goal is, ultimately, to become so good at zoning out you can pay attention without being conscious of it. you think that might be what disassociating is. who's to say?

they make these eye drops that take the red out of your eyes. they make a nice safety.

Memories

By Kita Roesijadi

All memories fade
All lived in your mind
You wish to return
But then you remember that
It won't ever be the same



Tunnel

By Connor Mathieson

I dove into the tunnel, I could feel the boxy pattern of the blue couch as I scurry across the spring filled cushions. The coach had been modified into a tunnel, every so often I almost ran into one of the wood 5 foot beams that held a blanket over the conjoined couches that stretched all across the living room wall. The walls turned into hands every so often as my dad grasped for me. If caught I would be doomed with the daunting task of dish duty. This was not an option, looking for an escape I found the crease where the back cushion met the bottom ones. Without a second thought I squeezed into the gap and disappeared from grasping range. Eventually he gave up and I emerged from my suffocating nook. Met with the outrageous excuse of crossed fingers.



Amy Ozinsky

Yellow daffodil
Yellow daffodil
Bloom into the night

Pieced together, hold on tight
Open wide
for all to see
the beauty that is beneath
hidden deep within

Yellow daffodil
Yellow daffodil
Dance in the light

Tip toe, tip toe
A child free from fright
Bounce up and down
around the sun
in the eyes for your mother's scream

Yellow daffodil
Yellow daffodil
A single tear shed

For all those lost
in the lies of our existence
Cruel and ridicule we remain,
leaving behind a
yellow daffodil
to remember our innocence

Elliot Hughes

I put tulips under all the pillows, and I set fire to the house.
Then I ran, never looking back.

She found him in the Terminal Bar and Grill. He was sober for a change. "Robby!" she shouted. He actively attempted to ignore her, continued staring longingly at the drinks.

Sarah stomped across the room, and yanked his coat, spinning him to face her. She may be young, but she's not stupid. "What are you doing here Rob!" She yelled at a young man, sitting at the bar. "We need to go to the forbidden forest!" Rob responds to her, his eyes glazed over, "Do you know da wey?" "Come my brodda, I will show u da wey."

Before Sam

Jack Milton

Sam didn't see what was before him.
It didn't matter what shape or color.
It wouldn't matter if it was bigger or smaller.
Sam didn't see what was before him.
It could have been a dog or a cat.
It could have been a man in a top hat.
Sam didn't see what was before him.
Because of one simple reason.
Sam is blind.

Fibonacci's Chair

Paisley Maschmeier

Sit

Sit

Sit there

Sit right there

Sit there on the chair

Sit on the chair with out a care

Sit fair, do you dare, to see the world from everywhere

Sit there on the chair, and stare, and bare the glare of a million years of ware and tear

A Warm Summer's Night

Austin Isgrig

If you ever need a toothpick, a porcupine is a safe
bet

Perhaps for picking at your teeth

While you gaze at a sky full of stars

On a warm summer's night.

Trying to figure out the sky is like trying to pry
open a rusty box

Infinite knowledge awaits

But first you've got to break the seal.

You're going to need a lot of toothpicks.



Daniella Miller

I am an athlete.
I am from volleyballs
From molten and mizuno
I am from the hard work on the volleyball court
I am from sweat running down my face
From blocks, sets, digs and kills
I am from my team members and coaches
I am from my heart pumping and being out of breath
From fighting for every single ball to cheering my team members on
I am from not giving up



Photo by Vladimir Andral

Artwork by Julietta





Photo by Tanvi Reddy

She Paints

Anna Johnson

she paints a picture
river streams flow steadily
across banks, fluid
her paintbrush flicks to the sky
and the world is painted, too.

Out of Reach by Molly Sheets



Starry Night

The village sits in silence
Surrounded by swirls of stars and moons
Twisting and spiraling under the influence of an unknown force

Night's endless cloak blankets the sky
Stars wink into existence like freckles dotting the night
Piercing through the veil of darkness

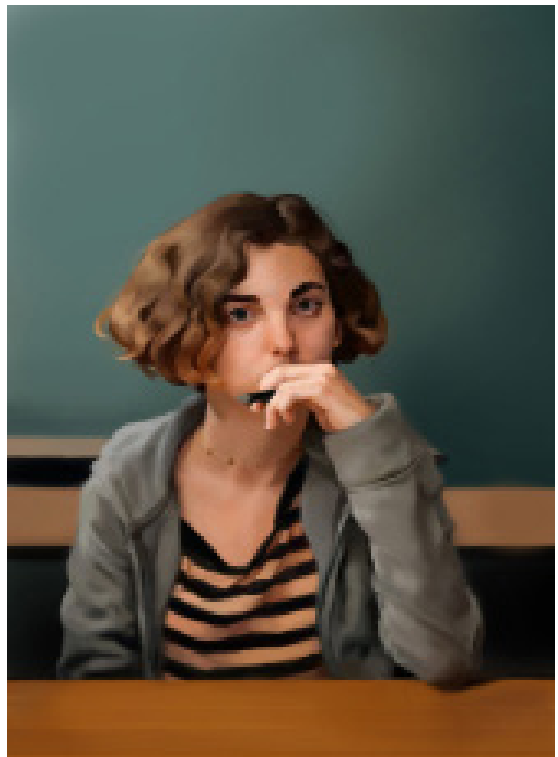
Every night they shine and dance
Darkness' embrace brings out their fire as they continue their waltz
Until the sky is a ballroom of celestial beings bound together by the night

Every night they rise
Every day the set
Fleeing the sun, escaping the night
For years and years their dance continues...

Dusty Floorboards

Calvin Williams

Dusty floorboards
With nobody to clean them
Characterized by scratches from the past
That have rotted in the damp musty air
That belong to the damp musty house
What were they?
Maybe the stage for a child's plays
The hopscotch Arena,
Or the studio of an artist.
No one ever gives meaning to dusty floorboards
Scratched and rotten
In the withered House at the End of the Street
Dusty floorboards.



Molly by Arabella Johnson

Misae Nguyen

My dreams have always been a platform to explore my subconscious. Perhaps the events that have been most transformative for me are those that never actually happened, in a concrete sense at least. I realize that it has been my dream-life - the experiences entirely imagined and invented by my nocturnal mind - that have forced an awareness of important and difficult changes in my life and development towards more autonomy. I have frequently had unique and vivid dreams. While I now can link the events in my dreams with my mind's reaction to the changing conditions of my world and everyday life, it took me a long time to realize the connection between the two. I remember in sophomore year of high school I started having dreams of fighting endless, impossible wars. In these dreams I was an invincible soldier cursed with fighting an infinite army without a break. I can't think of a better metaphor for the mental changes I was going through at this point of my life. I was starting to understand the depth of how appalling the world can be, and it was a lot to handle psychologically. In wakeful life, I tried to marginalize the motions this awareness provoked. At night however, my subconscious developed a virtual reality, in a sense, that gave space for the emotions I would not allow, forcing me to replot most nights what I sought to evade in the daytime. Focused on these torturous dreams, I noticed a correlation between my nighttime prison and my subdued emotions. I learned that my conscious mind can neglect the thought that my subconscious mind cannot.

Paying attention to my sleep, I began to lucid dream, unaware I was doing so. Years after my first lucid dream, I learned what lucid dreaming actually was through a friend and began experimenting. Lucid dreaming occurs when a dreamer becomes aware they are in a dream and then exerts a level of control over their dream. With this newfound ability, I was able to make small changes in my dreams, such as dreaming in white and black, x-ray, or cartoon. Focusing myself on dreaming, I developed my ability to make small changes within my dreams, manipulating my surroundings, and changing the people with whom I interacted. While this may sound like little more than a fun activity, it has taught me a lot about myself. By changing my dreams, I was essentially learning how to "control" my subconscious. Of course, controlling your subconscious is impossible, but learning to recognize the messages your subconscious tells you can allow you to exercise control over your mind's reaction to turmoil experienced in the subconscious. Whenever I had a war dream, I would step away from the action and change the scenery to something more humane, such as a dining table where I was eating with my former enemies. Applying this to my life, I have learned to become a more calm and composed person when confronted with a stressful situation. I can recognize when my biological instincts take over and learn to think logically rather than impulsively. By listening to my subconscious, I have learned that brash action can be mitigated with a careful reflection on my core values.

Although I have made huge leaps over the past couple years, I realize that the commitment to becoming connected with one's self never ends. I don't believe that anyone ever stops developing as a person, and those who think they have finished have the most to learn. Throughout life, I will strive to utilize the tools my connection with the subconscious mind has given me and embrace obstacles with a level head.

Burn Out

Addie B-P

The bright flames flicker
Dancing in the wind giving off a sweet citrus smell
Almost sweet like honey and as fresh as if it was picked that day
No matter when you use it, the smell is always the same
Perfect
The white wick, coated in orange wax turns black in the flame
Blue at the bottom that grows into a fiery orange
The burning black wick slowly withers away
Shrinking down towards the wax
Wax starts to pool around the bottom of the bright fluorescent flame
The candle starts to slowly burn out
The flame shrinking
The burned wick becoming longer and longer
Exposed from its wax casing
Until the burned tip of wick falls off
Completely used up
It slowly descends into the wax pool surrounding it
Breaking through the surface, only to slowly sink through the thick liquid
The flame slowly sinks farther and farther towards it
Running out of the now shortened wick
With a sudden bursting release of smoke the dark air fills
The smoke spirals high into the air kissing the night
Then rolling back towards the earth teasing the sky
In small and graceful corkscrew like motions
It disappears into the night sky
A hand folds around the warm and colorful glass cup
Click
The sound of the lighter fills the candle with new joy
A spark lingers on the wick
And a new flame begins again

Untitled

Fiona Tracey

tree branches in fight
thunder filled sky - roaring
foggy lifeless night

dream of sun, soaring
everything is now worthwhile
laughter - no mourning

moonlight drowns my smile
mere joy nowhere to be seen
alone in exile

The wind sweeps up everything's in its path
leaving nothing but memories behind
you have to rebuild
cease the hatred

be kind

plant more seeds
watch them soar
growing taller than any that lived there before

I plant a new seed
water it daily with care
Slowly turns to weed

bright flowers soon return
My garden full of new colors
My past is buried, it's burned

I am Stuck

Will Hodson

I am stuck.
Stuck to the concrete panels in the street in front
of my home.
I ask myself to move but I can't.
My brain screams at my legs to move, to go, to
run, but they are locked tight.
The headlights of a car turn around the corner
and stare at me.
I am still stuck.
I close my eyes as the blinding high beams draw
near,
I give up all hope and close my eyes.
The car engine roaring in and out of my ears.
That's when I wake up.

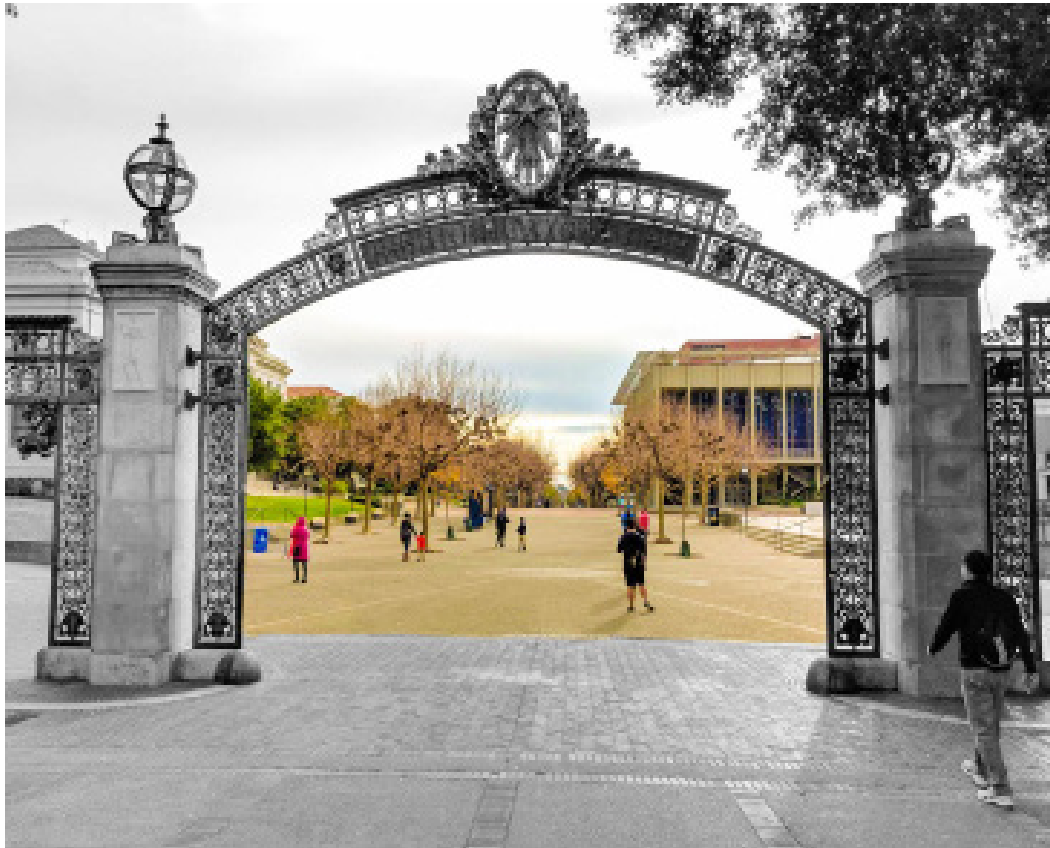


Photo by Vladimir Andral

Untitled

Thora Kastbauer

you're four walls
and a slanted roof,
shingled and waterproof.
a wooden door,
with glass window panes.
a picture of us,
hung and framed.
a worn leather couch,
and a broken oven handle,
you're the array of candles
sitting on my bedside.
you're the creaking
of the third stair
and the faint humming
of a radiator.

home is where
the heart is.
you'll always be mine.

Reality

Sydney Baltuck

Eyes made for happiness, but instead
Tears pour down.
Mouths made for laughter, but instead
Hate breathes out.
Hands made to nurture, but instead
Fists are thrown up.
Ears made to hear happy thoughts, but in-
stead
Screams are the painful actuality of life.

Through the Motions

Grace Dowling

6:30 AM

My eyes are glued shut with the remnants of sleep still lingering
My limbs are as heavy as rocks sinking into soft sand

8:30 AM

I walk with pink headphones in my ear to drown out the people passing me by
Suddy I'm at the doors to my school with no memory of how I got there

11:50 AM

The last few minutes of the morning never come fast enough
Minutes feel like hours and eventually my brain just turns off

1:15 PM

One more hour of class to endure until my limbs can turn back into rocks
When I try and remember the classes with minutes that felt like hours, I can't

3:15 PM

The day is finally over and all I want to do is go back to my quicksand bed
But just the thought of walking all the way home makes my head hurt and my feet ache

10:00 PM

My head still throbs and my body still yearns for sleep
But my anxiety rises because the thought of doing my homework is too much for me right now

12:00 AM

Homework is barely halfway done and I acknowledge that procrastination is my way of life
now
All I can do is think about how in six and a half hours I will just go through the motions again,
so I sleep

Listen

Jesse Scharn

Listen here kid,
I know you think you've got this life handled
With your nice boots and your ticker in order, you think straighter than a
redwood is tall

(Oblivious thoughts) You can't imagine

Listen kid, I've been trying to tell your buds
Everyday a piece of your life breaks away

They realised this
But refused to work and maybe
repair

/disconnect

Let the Dog Have His Day

Sadie Bates

That other human that smelled of worn down cotton
doesn't take up space
in my human's bed anymore.

I liked them,
they gave me big kisses
and fussed at him for always commenting on how needy I was,
cooing something back at me, it made my eyes water and flutter
shut.

My human's sound box plays buzzing,
blue toned music now.
The hum makes permanent marks inside my veined ears.

His doors shut on me more often.
My awareness of his swinging moods makes him angry.
He gets frustrated with me when I bark at him in our bed,
sheets pulled over his head so I won't clean up his face,
it's saltier than usual.

My fur has grown long,
His full finger fits into my flaxen curls.

He tugs lightly at my collar,
Tilts his head at me to come outside.

His slumped demeanor opens the glass door
and finally both of our paws are touching the rough grey,
just like we used to.

We let the sun kiss our foreheads, the soft spot between our
brows,
like she once did.

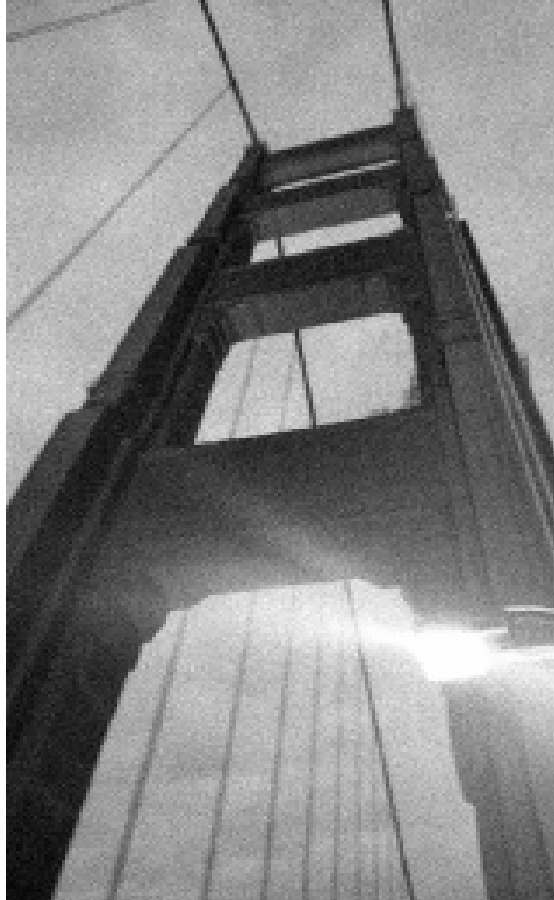
Untitled

Anonymous

It's odd to see excitement for something you only feel
dread feel dread for
I'm not ready
I'm not ready for any of this
I'm a horse who's just seen a snake
Panic
Breathless
and Fear
Time is going fast
I'm speeding down a highway and the breaks have been
removed
but
I'm also in the middle of an ocean and there's no wind in
my sails
I'm lost
but
I'm being pushed to my final destination
Wish me luck



Photos by Vladimir Andral



Paradise Dreams

Sophia Modisette

The clean, clear, blue sea
Endless sand beneath my toes
Hand in hand we're free

Water in my nose
Swimming beneath the ocean
A shiny fish glows

Midnight brings motion
Stargazing and beach bonfires
Peaceful commotion

The night time expires
The bright sun begins to roam
Warmth without wildfires

Skies are polychrome
They whisper their last goodbyes

The skin bathed in ashes

Olivia Kilborn

Dancers
Dancing through the deep obsidian skies
Indigo winds
Melting into ivory clouds
Tangled Hair tinged with the rich aroma of woodsmoke
Flames singing with a cackle straight from the depths of hell
Lips coated in dry scales of sea-salt skin
Tent alive with artificial lantern glow
Thick, soft grey curls
Cinders bejeweling cheeks,
Breath sunken with fatigue,
And our skin bathed in ashes

The Nervous Feeling

Nikole Solveberg

Why do people get so nervous over little things?
I get nervous, but once I'm done with whatever I had to do that made me so shy and timid that feeling then disappears.
I really wish that I didn't get that way all the time.
I wish that I had the ability to present something without getting all the words jumbled up.
Having that ability would make the presentation way less stressful.
When having a presentation that's not due for a week I still have a sick feeling in my stomach because I know that I'm going to have to be in front of the class.
I know that's its pointless to have that feeling so far in advance but I can't do anything about it.
Even though I don't care what people think of me or how good my project is that I'm presenting I still get nervous.
Humans can be weird.
Some of us get all worked up for something that's only going to take up a tiny part of our whole day.
Yet we have that feeling of nervousness throughout the whole day
it doesn't make sense.
It can make a lot of us stressed out and terrified for something that's not going to happen for hours in advance.
I get hesitant all the time and wonder why I'm so shy.
All I do know is that there is no way to calm myself down.
I'm always afraid of being in front of people, when I'm presenting my work.
I can be in a big group and not be timid if it's just casual talking.
Overall there is no point in having this feeling because all it does is make people all stressed out and at the end of the day it will all be gone.



Photo by Vladmir Andral

Would You Ride Here

Max Black

In the back with the rotting food of trash truck
Would you ride here?
In the back without luck
Like a dirty broken chair

What about riding beneath a train
The rails an inch below
Grasping on for lie, is it worth the pain?
Nobody should have to know the feeling of clutching on so low

Well where else can I find
You may think that I am picky
But because I am not blind
I want somewhere less icky

I see I see how about a car
Efficient and fast and clean at long last
A car? A car? You go to far
You surely must realize the options are too vast

Fine perhaps a city bus
Though not was refined it will not cost much
And perhaps it will finally fill your lust
For something that will stop your complaining and such

Alright then I am through with you

Thoughts and Prayers

Lydia Ringer

The issue of gun violence became important to me when I was in middle school after Sandy Hook.

I remember going to school and one of my teachers teaching us to play dead, Because it was how one of the victims survived the shooting.

That same day i another one of my classes, students were debating in class whether to run or hide.

That's when I realized that it shouldn't be normal for me to practice hiding under a desk, in preparation for an active shooter.

From a young age I was taught how to cope with a gruesome situation.

It was that day I realized that we needed a change.w

I can't even imagine there struggle of growing up where I didn't feel safe walking on the streets of my own neighborhood.

We have spent far too much time hiding under desks.

We have spent far too much time texting out parents I love you from under a desk just incase it was our last text, even if it was just a drill.

We have spent far too much time being afraid in our neighborhoods.

WE have spent far too much time not being able to express ourselves. We have spent far too much time praying instead of acting.

It is wrong to have to think that any day we walk into school could very well be our last time doing just that.



Photo by Vladimir Andral

Isabella Bleu Sherry

It's all because of anxiety
How can I want to concentrate
Why can't we all fit into society

For you and I and the Earth and the Sea I carry so much dubi-
ety
It scares me so much I start to escalate
It's all because of anxiety

I'm so tired of this notoriety
Or I'm just so eager to self deprecate
Why can't we all fit into society

I just crave and fear some sobriety
Only if I could do that and not suffocate It's all because of
anxiety

I promise I don't mean to convey this much impropriety
I guess i just like to isolate
Why can't we all fit into society

This is a speech of no piety
I'm sorry to violate
It's all because of anxiety
Why can't we all fit into society



Artwork by Molly Sheets



Amy Ozinsky

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Yellow daffodil
Bloom into the night

Pieced together, hold on tight
Open wide
for all to see
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