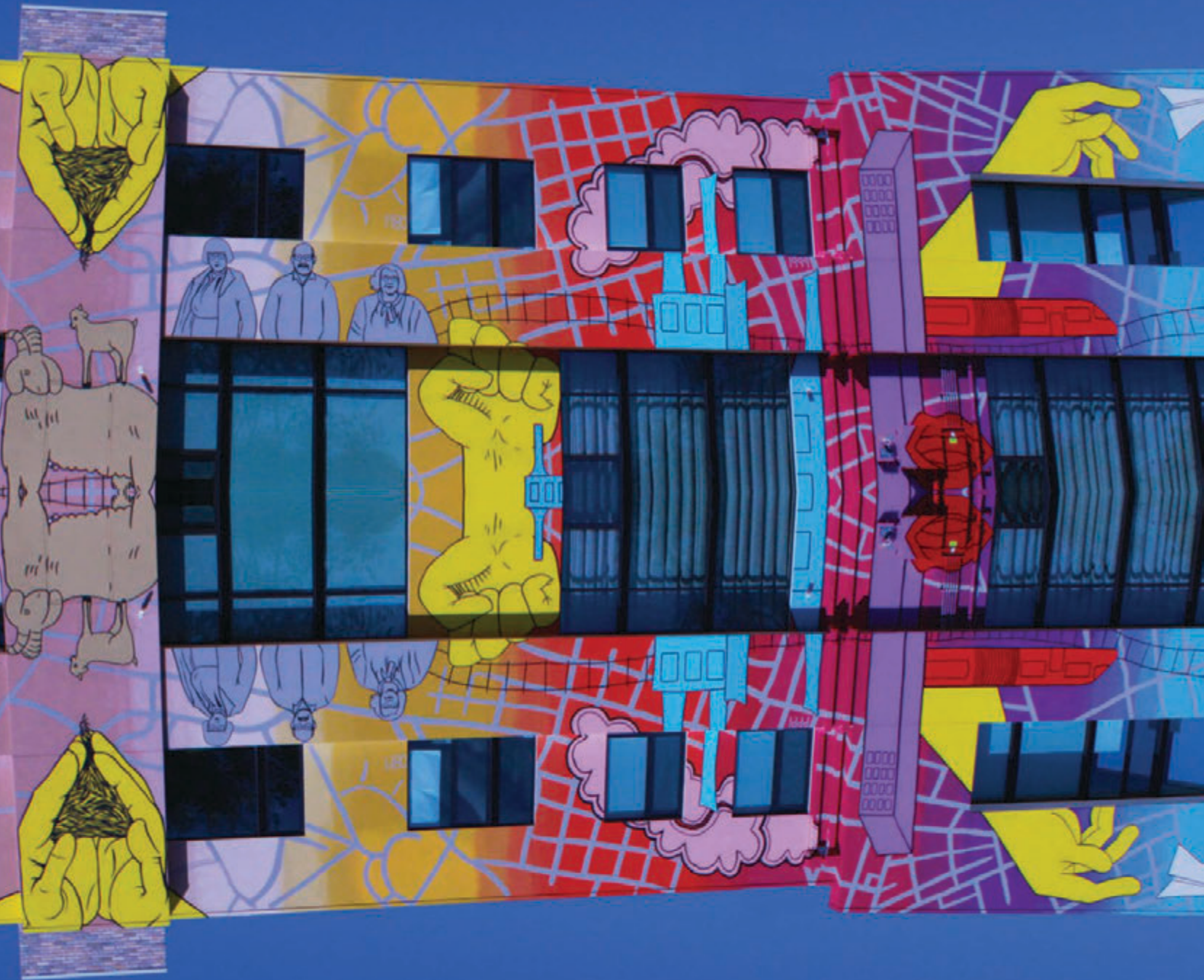


# THE ISSUE

FALL / WINTER 2018









**THE ISSUE** is a new **ARTS + CULTURE** magazine from **THE ALLIANCE YOUTH MEDIA INITIATIVE, DESIGNED TO INSPIRE** a creative future **WHERE WE ALL BELONG**.

**THE ISSUE** is a model of **INTERGENERATIONAL COLLABORATION** and **MUTUAL RECIPROCITY**, where diverse voices are artfully represented and joyfully celebrated.

Whew! That's a lot of info in such a short amount of space, so let's define some terms.

**ARTS + CULTURE** -- The Issue isn't just an arts magazine; we also examine the culture(s) that create(s) it. Trends and controversial societal topics are unpacked in our pages through various forms of art: film, creative and essay writing, photography, and more.

**THE ALLIANCE YOUTH MEDIA INITIATIVE** -- The Issue is a project of The Alliance Youth Media Initiative, which produces platforms for collective learning, expression, and creation for those in the increasingly broad field of youth media. We believe that the foundations of youth media—learning through hands-on experience, tackling sensitive and authentic personal and political issues, engaging youth and those in their intersecting communities, and using media as a tool and strategy to examine ourselves / communities / world (Dahl, 2009)—provide the best way to realize a future where all belong.

**DESIGNED TO INSPIRE** -- Design matters, and it starts not with aesthetics but with structure. We view design as a conversation between the Editorial Team, Contributors, and Partners. An open flow of ideas allows for aesthetics to emerge in a way that honors all perspectives while building consensus between writer, illustrator, editor, and designer.

**WHERE WE ALL BELONG** -- The Issue centers the voices, identities, experiences, and expressions of those historically and economically pushed to the margins, including black and brown folks, people with disabilities, trans and gender non-conforming folks, women, poor folks, migrants, queers, youth, non-commercial artists and media makers, and the myriad combinations / intersections there within.

**INTERGENERATIONAL COLLABORATION** -- Every aspect of The Issue showcases our dedication to intergenerational collaboration, from the editorial team to the contributors involved.

**MUTUAL RECIPROCITY** -- The Issue values intersections and the dynamic synergy that exists in that space. As a publication that has limited funding, we believe that contributing to The Issue must be of benefit to both the magazine and the contributor. We honor the contributions of our volunteers through clear communication and crafting marketing materials that center them. We encourage finding opportunities for cross promotion and publication too.



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**SPECIAL THANKS** Wendy Levy and John O'Reilly



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*A letter from the*  
**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF &  
CREATIVE DIRECTOR**

*When you think of your town, what first comes to mind? Is it the people? The food? The memories? Is it where you found yourself? Where you lost yourself?*

In this issue of *The Issue*, you will journey to four US towns to find out what makes them special as told by the people that live there and love them. You will visit lush Carolina forests filled with song and vibrantly diverse Chicago streets. You will see passionately colorful Austin murals and hear about fears of mass shootings in Portland. You will discover what it means to call a town home.

Your first stop is Hillsborough, North Carolina. There, you will dive deep into a community celebration that takes place on the last Friday of every month from April to September. You will learn about the Native American heritage and pride that flows through the land. You will find a zine and moving poetry, too.

Next, you will spend some time in the southwest city of Austin, Texas. There, you will meet students making documentary films. They will tell you all

about what they learned about themselves and their hometown. You will even read their original script.

Then, you will make your way to the northwest city of Portland, Oregon. You will meet a guinea pig named Ginger that will make you chuckle. You will read stories from young folks who hopped trains to Portland. And you will take delight in an echo of a video poem.

And last, but never least, you will find yourself in Chicago, Illinois, where you will learn things you would not expect. You will learn about black sailors who sail Lake Michigan when the sun sets. And you will take a look at what basketball truly means to young, black Chicagoans.

To take you on this journey, we needed to take one ourselves. We started ours on January 8, 2018, as we met over some chai and chatted about our coun-

**THE ALLIANCE**  
FOR MEDIA ARTS + CULTURE



try. We were frustrated by the misrepresentation of our friends, family, and neighbors in mainstream media and how it always seemed that the stories published only reinforced negative stereotypes of violent, gentrifying urban centers and poor, depressed rural communities. So we grew curious to discover what would be created if, instead of simply searching for stories defined by an editorial board, we cultivated deep relationships in four diverse geographies and let the people and the place tell us what stories they wanted to tell.

Like any adventure, we needed a map. We laid out where exactly we wanted to go—a town on a coast, a town in the Midwest, a town in the South, and a town in rural USA—and how we wanted to get there—using intergenerational co-creation. Then, we rang some fellow adventurers and asked them to join us. Orange County Public Library, Austin Film Society, Open Signal, The Real Chi / Free Spirit Me-

dia, and some others all said yes to our call. We had our crew; our adventure began.

What follows is a tender and moving conversation between geography, age, identity, culture, and history using poetry, illustration, photography, journalism, memoir, magical realism, documentary filmmaking, and design that documents our nine-month adventure. It honors the complexity of both a place and its people while connecting to something greater than either. It is life.

We hope you feel all this life, all the care we've poured into this *The Issue*.

*And we hope that it inspires you to discover the pockets of treasure in your town, to listen to the stories of your neighbors, and to share your adventures with others so we can liberate our narratives from damaging, negative, mainstream stereotypes.*





*Photo by Alex Boerner*



A photograph of a man carrying a young child on his shoulders. The man is wearing a grey striped polo shirt and is looking to the left. The child is wearing a white tank top and shorts, looking forward. In the foreground, the back of a woman's head and shoulders is visible; she is wearing a blue t-shirt. To the right, a utility pole is covered in colorful graffiti and posters. A small red heart icon is visible in the background. The scene is outdoors with trees and other people in the background.

# HILLS BOROUGH NORTH CAROLINA

*Live in two worlds, you'll need it...*



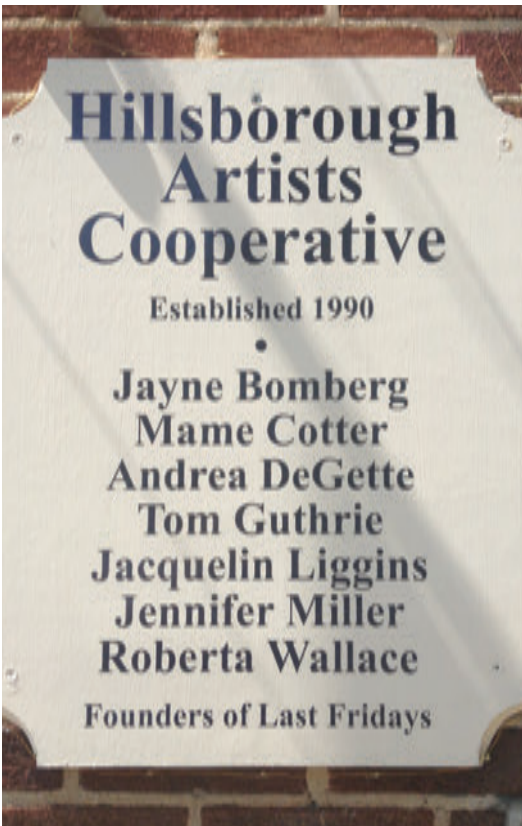


# LAST FRIDAYS

*by Ciera Barker*







Photos by Ciera Barker



Everywhere you look, there are people. People gathering, people talking, people laughing. People living. Vendors fill the streets, music fills the air, art galleries are open; their lights shining through the windows, inviting passersby to come in and take a look. Groups of friends are talking and swaying to the music coming from the band stationed at the courthouse. Firefighters sit outside the firehouse chatting amongst themselves while watching the commotion of the event unfold. Restaurants are filled, sidewalks are crowded and life flows through the streets, filling every crack in the town with positivity as Last Friday begins in the Historic Downtown Hillsborough.

The wildly popular event takes place on the last Friday of every month between April and September. It was started by the Hillsborough Artists Cooperative in 1990.

“The objectives of Last Fridays are to use the cultural and artistic abundance of this area to create an atmosphere of arts, entertainment, education, and appreciation,” says Eileen Ferrell, the program coordinator for The Arts Council. “Venues for new, emerging and accomplished artists and performance groups are provided around the Historic Orange County Courthouse and throughout downtown’s Hillsborough Art Walk/Last Friday to encourage the public’s support and appreciation of the arts and of Hillsborough.”

Not only did the Arts Council found Last Friday, but is also responsible for many other popular events like the Hillsborough Handmade Parade, the Solstice Lantern Walk, and many other festivities.

Last Friday continually exceeds the expectations set by the Arts Council, showing all sorts of art displays, music, food and celebration of the talented people in this town. The atmosphere that the Hillsborough Arts Council was looking for is most definitely shown and expressed throughout the event, which, according to Eileen Ferrell, aims to “contribute to the thriving downtown and West Hillsborough.” Events like Last Friday bring towns together and, for that, many people are thankful.



Since it was created, people of all ages have come together for Last Friday.

“It’s fun just seeing everyone from around and seeing all your friends,” says Erickson “Eric” Thole, an eighth grader at The Expedition School in the Historic Eno Cotton Mill.

“I really like the mix of people, the music and the idea that you can walk around Hillsborough and just kind of accidentally run into art, or music, or food,” said Amanda Scherle, 42, who works at Cup of Joe, a small and popular coffee shop on West King Street, Hillsborough.

Hillsborough may seem small, but the community at Last Friday make it feel big.

Everyone in the town contributes in some way, whether they’re working in it, buying from the stores, eating at the restaurants, owning a business, or living in the area. Living in the small town of Hillsborough means that you probably know most of the people there. Walking down the street, you say at least seven “hellos” to familiar faces. The population in this town is a happy one and the community buoyant. Every town has a personality and Hillsborough’s feels very “inclusive,” Eric Thole notes. The people in Hillsborough are always active, compassionate, and opinionated; all traits you want in a town. As someone who works in Hillsborough, Amanda Scherle really loves working in Hillsborough because the locals here are very friendly and supportive. “You know their faces and they come in and feel a real ownership over the space and enjoy talking to you about, just about everything and you get to know their habits and what they like to eat and drink, and it’s a lot of fun,” she said.

Police Officer William “Buddy” Parker says, “We’re all about community here.”

The Hillsborough Arts Council prides itself on its many art galleries and Last Friday is a great way to give attention to the talented artists in our town. Local businesses, nonprofits and political groups rent out spaces to display their wares, raise awareness for causes, or distribute information. For example, photography students from the local high school, Cedar Ridge, had their work displayed in one of the many art galleries. Cedar Ridge student Declan thinks Last Friday is a creative outlet for Cedar Ridge and other schools in the area.

“It’s great to just hang out and listen to the music,” says an eighth grader at C.W. Stanford Ellie Larson.

There are many things to love and enjoy at Last Friday, and everyone loves it in their own way. Local Police Officer Parker likes “the entertainment, the gathering of folks and being able to talk to everybody and see people maybe I haven’t met before.” With everyone out and about for the event, old friends pop up along with teachers and family.

**HUMANITY**  
is our ultimate  
**COMMUNITY**  
and **EVERYONE**  
plays a crucial  
**ROLE.**

Deanna Weiher-Getty, an eighth grader at The Expedition School said, "I like that there are all these people here and they're all doing something for a collective cause." Last Fridays offer many things to do and see while getting involved in your community.

As people start to disperse and the streetlights come on, Last Friday ends. Vendors clean up, art galleries' lights flicker off, the band clears out along with the buskers. As all the commotion ceases, it's not really over, at least not for long. Next month, Last Friday will come again. When the event has ended and the party comes to a close, a quieter tone sets in as the community goes back to daily life. The one thing that has really changed is how people see each other and the town afterwards. They have shared new experiences and have gone through all of the five senses at the event. The people in Hillsborough are always active, compassionate, and opinionated; all traits you want in a town. Last Friday is a town wide conversation where everyone has a voice, a comment, a contribution. As the famous psychologist and author of *Love and Will* Rollo May once said, communication leads to community.

Yehuda Berg, an international speaker and author, states "A true community is not just about being geographically close to someone or part of the same social web network. It's about feeling connected and responsible for what happens. Humanity is our ultimate community, and everyone plays a crucial role."



*Photo by Ciera Barker*

*This article has a corresponding video,  
to watch it visit: <http://bit.ly/TheIssue2>*





# Music in the Trees

*by Robinson Lee Earle*



Artemis stood at the bus stop for about fifteen minutes before she remembered it was a teacher-work day. With a sharp sigh, she swung her backpack over one shoulder and started back home, but paused at the crossroads. Her green eyes flashed as she snapped her hair back with a purple scrunchie. Instead of heading down the paved road, she took the dirt one through the trailer park that ended at the woods. She had a pb&j, a Native American flute hand-carved by her grandfather, and seven hours all to herself.

Her parents had moved to Orange County, North Carolina shortly before she was born. Having spent nearly a decade as traveling performers, they agreed that their daughter ought to feel like she was from somewhere; a place with history and a rich musical heritage that she could be proud of. After fleeing a rough gig in Georgia, a corridor of trees delivered them into the hilly farmland just outside Chapel Hill. They spent the night camped beside the creek, and decided the next morning over coffee that they were home.

She was bright, but too independently minded for school. In class, she always sat close to the far back window, allowing her vision to casually drift into the trees. She had friends, but none that she confided in. She felt most powerful and relaxed when she was completely alone.

Music was her refuge. She was late to speak, and still felt that when you put a word to something, you robbed it of some of its magic. Only through music could she begin to reflect the beautiful, abstracted symmetry that she found in nature. Sometimes she wished everyone just talked like the adults in the peanuts cartoons; muffled horns that conveyed meaning without all the baggage of language.

Her father, the guitarist, had explained to her the virtues of practicing outdoors.

“Learn to duet with the forest,” he’d said on the back porch while attempting to harmonize with a crow’s dry caw. “All we do as musicians is produce and arrange pitches. Every sound falls on the same spectrum. Whether it’s a whale song or a waterfall, you can cut to the core of it with enough creativity. Extract what makes it unique.

Do what you can  
to conjure

ETTA  
BAKER



something up. You may be surprised who shows.”

Today was the day, and she knew the perfect forest. In the heart of it lay a little sliver of creek bed that had once been a river. The indigenous tribes of the region used to trade here. She'd heard it referred to as a inter-tribal grocery store. It was more than that, though. Being full of bent tree limbs that lead to countless clearings and groves, it was clear to Artemis that this was a place of great cultural exchange, where stories and legends were shared through song.

She had a favorite spot. An old grove with an ancient elm she called the “womb wood”. It had a giant opening at the base that you could sit inside. She loved the way her flute sounded within the old tree. It tempered the drone of the woods and brought every note into focus.

The flute had been carved by her mother's father, who had become deeply fascinated by Native American culture after discovering that the countryside surrounding their Ohio home was covered in ancient burial mounds. He'd presented it to Lyra on her seventh birthday.

*She was a limb of the universe that  
had fallen asleep and was just now  
being shaken awake.*

“I had your Dad help me with the scale,” he said. “I think it's a pentangle or something.”

“Pentatonic,” her father later clarified. “It's a five-note scale that every culture uses. An abbreviated form of the seven-note ‘Do, Re, Mi’, but with a minor mood, too. It's the blues, it's the folk music of the Asian steppes, it's everything. Ever notice how playing just the black keys on a piano makes it sound ‘Japanese’? What do you think those old, Neanderthal bone flutes played? If music is the universal language, then pentatonic melodies are it's most accessible dialect.”

She arrived at the elm at the perfect time. A shaft of light was pouring into the wooden cave and she felt as if she were slipping into a hot bath as she folded herself up inside. She took out her lovingly rendered instrument and began stirring the air.

She'd been playing long enough to be able to translate her mood into sound. Today, in a relaxed, quietly exhilarated state, she was able to find all those ghostly, sweet spaces in between the notes that made the hairs on the back of her neck shoot up like antenna. She was enjoying the decay of a high B when she heard



the drums.

It was a distant, deep rhythm. A slow pulse resurrected from taut animal skin. Somehow, despite her alarm, she understood that she was to continue playing and keep her eyes shut.

The drums began to multiply and syncopate, inviting her to improvise and explore. Before long, a dry shiver of guitar strings was added to the sylvan orchestra, and a melody she recognized began to pour out of her flute. It was the “Carolina Breakdown”.

She’d learned it from an old woman in the trailer park who was the great-niece of Etta Baker, a renowned piedmont blues picker of native, European, and African lineage. It’s lilting, deceptively simple melody had enchanted her when she’d first heard it upon exiting the school bus one muggy, September afternoon.

“What’s that song?” She’d asked the strange woman with the wise, doe eyes.

They spent the afternoon trading bars, and after a few more visits she had that and a number of other old tunes memorized. Their jam sessions stopped when Etta, who shared her great aunt’s name, finally moved in with her son across town. He was a doctor and had been trying to get her to leave the trailer for years, but she was as stubborn as she was sweet. Artemis missed seeing her drive her old Mercedes three miles an hour down the dusty road every evening to fetch her mail.

Before long she began to feel bold and dreamy. Completely in control, but somewhat out of her body, as if manipulating her instrument from above. Her fingers delicately tamed the swift slices of air shooting through her flute, while her spirit rose higher and higher into the tree, slowly becoming a part of it. She felt a tingling all over. She was a limb of the universe that had fallen asleep and was just now being shaken awake.

All of a sudden her accompaniment stopped and she was left holding an F# like a baby bird in the still air.

She was about to open her eyes when a mighty power chord tore through the brush like a blue heron. It was unmistakable. The ghosts were now incanting “Rumble”.

A couple of weeks ago, she’d been joking with her mother about what song they’d want to play in the background when they entered a room, spaghetti western style. Her mother began reminiscing about working at a biker bar in college, a rough but loving bar called The Smiling Skull. It was there that she’d first heard Link Wray.

According to an ex-professor who always used to load up the jukebox before sitting down for a beer, “Rumble” was the real bomb. The real subconscious summons to “juvenile delinquency”. It was a song of spiritual protest born of an oppressed people, an electrified Ghost Dance. It was the sound of spilt blood revolting in the soil. It bore the elemental majesty of mountains and the menacing conviction of a forest fire. Link Wray was a Shawnee from Dunn, NC. They called him the Hillbilly Wolf.

Artemis felt her spirit curl up into the wizened core of the old elm, and she was for the first time at peace with

her purpose and her fury. All those hours spent dwelling on notes, watching them swell and contract in her mind's eye, were paying off. She was able to inject all the fear and anger that she'd been feeling of late into the song. She hated the way the men at the feed store grew quiet and stared as she walked by. She hated the way her girlfriends made a point to exclude her when they talked about church. She hated that the horse pasture she passed on her way home was being turned into an apartment complex.

There was so much sadness in her heart. She felt like it clung to her wherever she went. She could see it hover about people like dark shrouds, and if she got too close, it would stick to her, too. She was terrified of holding someone else's pain in her hand and not being able to help.

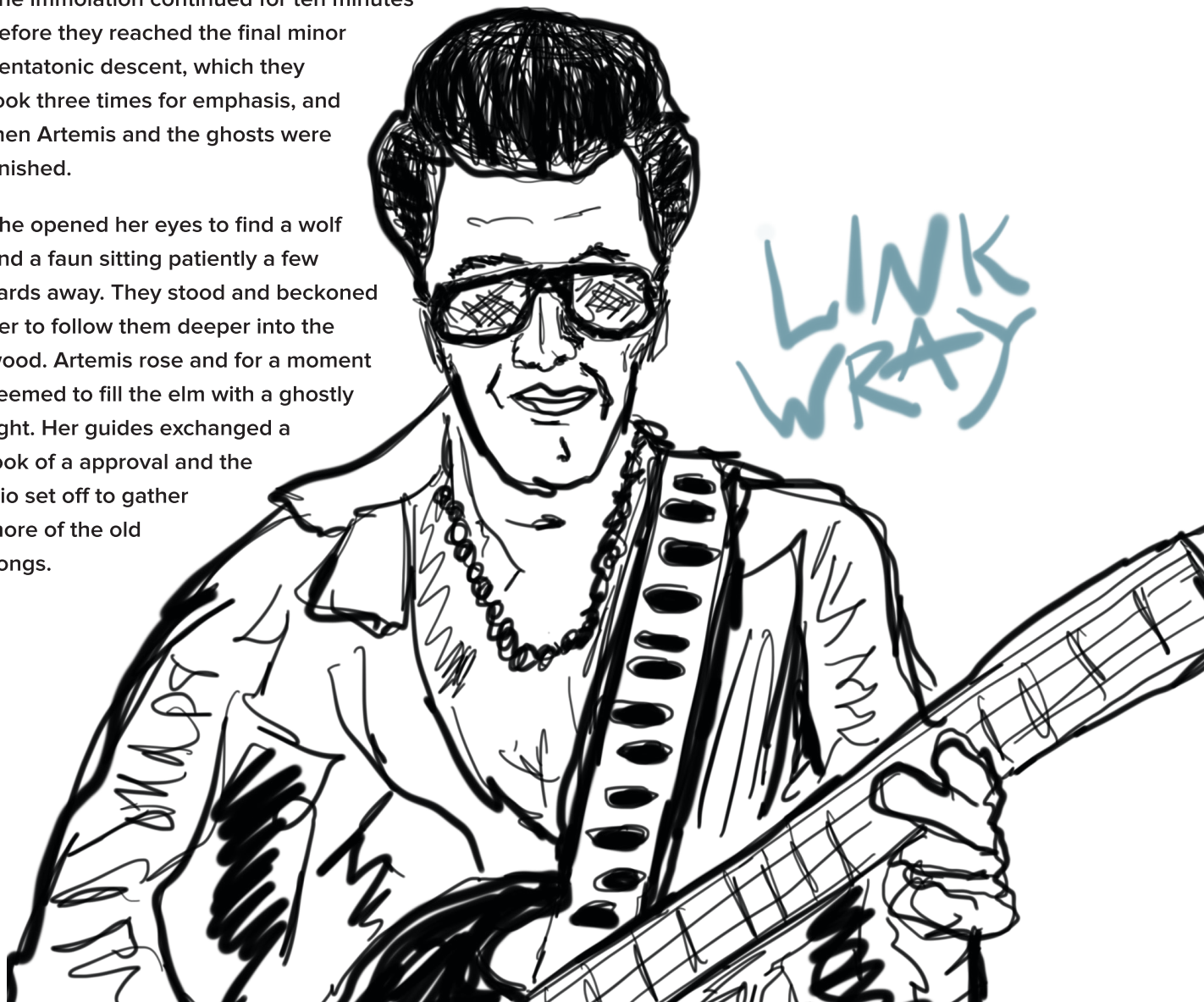
Suddenly, a voice that was not her own echoed in her skull:

“We will teach you to heal with the old songs.”

With this summons, a pillar of flame rose around her. She felt all her frustration and dismay at the world sizzle and flake away. She understood that she had more power than she'd ever dreamed of, and had to learn to use it well. It was like she was tapping into an ancient part of the brain that we all shared, one that would lead us back to Eden. There was a time when certain men and women could make cave paintings come alive and close wounds by combining specific frequencies in mysterious ways. This time would come again and Artemis would help blaze the way.

The immolation continued for ten minutes before they reached the final minor pentatonic descent, which they took three times for emphasis, and then Artemis and the ghosts were finished.

She opened her eyes to find a wolf and a faun sitting patiently a few yards away. They stood and beckoned her to follow them deeper into the wood. Artemis rose and for a moment seemed to fill the elm with a ghostly light. Her guides exchanged a look of approval and the trio set off to gather more of the old songs.





**NOVA  
NIGHT  
NIGHT**

NORTH CAROLINA

**PROPERTY**

# HUSH

*by Raekwon Page*

the world  
the people in this world  
they say  
you talk too much  
so many times they've told me  
to shut up  
it never really happens  
but it continues..  
shut up...  
shut up...  
shut up...  
now I disappear  
so they'd hush



# HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT

*by Kat Barger*

I belong to a hidden community. Some of us hide more than others, afraid of the monsters around us and of the demons within. You see us everywhere, and most of the time, you couldn't even tell that we fight battles every day. Because mental illness isn't seen, it is felt. None of the members of this community are voluntary. None of us woke up one day and decided "Hey! You know what would be fun? Having a mental disorder!" But despite the negativity that is often attributed to mental illness, meeting other people with a disorder can be like discovering a long lost relative. I wish I could tell you that I am a proud and upstanding leader-- a shining beacon to other people who struggle with mental illness in Hillsborough-- but I'm not. I can't be, because there isn't one. I may defend those who are open about their condition, but I am not open about my own. I wish and want to help bring these people like myself to the light and warmth that we so desperately crave, but there is no platform. For me, this goes beyond winning some contest, this gives me a fighting chance to help people like me. In order to really create a community of people who cope with, or even embrace, their mental illness, we need to educate ourselves and then each other on the colorful array and spectrum of disorders. We can't self-diagnose but we can give voice and assistance to those screaming for help. Creating a platform of this magnitude will take months, or even years, but there is one thing we could start with.

Right off the bat, it has always occurred to me that the Orange County Public Library, specifically the Hillsborough branch, is a safe haven. Besides, what better way to spread awareness and information than the one place that has almost as much information as the internet! If we could set aside just one corner of the library, and create a room dedicated to the awareness and acknowledgement of mental illness and those affected by it, we could kick start a revolution of love and support. The room could house books and pamphlets on mental illness. A list of therapists in the area could be posted, or even the warning signs of suicide. A part of the room would have chairs and tables for just sitting, talking and reading. The walls could be painted in calming colors. A different disorder could be featured each week or month, highlighting the symptoms, possible causes and treatment of the illness. We may not have one now, but I'm sure we could create a place where all of us feel safe and protected--where all people can be educated on illnesses that are invisible to the eye. A place free of discrimination because mental illness doesn't choose you based on race, gender, sexuality or political standpoint. But most importantly, we could create a community.

# UNTITLED

*by Lauren Krest*

Community

People who say they see

But seem so shocked when you dare to be

Who you're proud to say is 'me'

And you

Say you are with me too

That we are like glue

But that breaks apart when it's old and new

And we

Are together always, you and me

Us against the world, they'll see

But what if that isn't meant to be

I don't know if you'll go, too

The community goes through this too, including you

So maybe I should trust them before I say no to

Those who stick by me in all I go through

So I guess I'll see if the community

Lives up to what it's supposed to be

And supports me and tries to see

What really happens when they are me

I hope that you are listening too

Because I thought I knew that you

Were always there too, like morning dew

And maybe you are still here, good as new

I just need to see

What community is to me

And if it is always there when I need

And when I'm bursting with glee

*"If it's ageism for me to treat someone like they don't matter because they're old, how come it's not ageism for someone to treat me like I don't matter because I'm young?"*

Carmen Davis, age 20

*Young people are not invisible. Young people matter. Young people are a part of the community and what they have to say has power and importance in the creation of equitable, harm-free societies. These are the core values of the Teen Advisory Board ("TAB") at Orange County Public Library in Hillsborough, NC. Its main purpose is to lift the voices of middle and high school aged people at the library to create an impact in the wider community. Over the summer, TAB decided to host a teen-only creative writing contest called My Community, My Vision focused around the theme of community and the way we see ourselves in it. We all belong to many different groups that are defined by common interests, cultures, geographies, ethnicities, etc. The task set by TAB to contestants was to choose a community they belong to (or would like to belong to) in Orange County, or the surrounding area, and describe what it means to them or what their place is within it. Submissions could be expressed as stories, essays, poems, comics, or some other type of art combined with writing, as long as they were true. These are the works of the finalists.*

by Kafi-Ayanna Allah, Adult & Teen Services Librarian







Annabelle R.  
9th grade ELA

Great job!  
Very original (A)

## My community

Mr. J., when you first gave this assignment I kind of freaked. The reason I freaked is that my "community" isn't just, like, Hillsborough or somewhere easy like that. My family drives a ton, so our community is all over the place. So when you said, "write about your community" I was totally stumped. But then it hit me...



My community isn't a place! My community is PEOPLE!

Ever since I was little, people have been sculpting my community all around me. I've known tons of special people. They are my community!

So I'm going to write about those special people. (In the order I've known them) Not all of them, but as many as I can. (Since this is a short essay!)

### NUMBER ONE!

My preschool teacher, Beckett! He always wore a cowboy hat. He was awesome! My favorite teacher to this day. (Sorry, Mr. J.) I actually don't know his last name, come to think of it. We always just called him Beckett.

When I was in his class, I absolutely **HATED** washing my hands. I would go to the bathroom and just come out without washing my hands... I know, I know, it's





Community Independent School  
Chatham County, North Carolina



seriously nasty. (Don't worry, I've LONG outgrown that habit, I swear) Anyways, Beckett figured it out and started checking my hands after I went to the bathroom to make sure they smelled like soap. But he would always ask me if I had washed them and I was a total liar... But anyway,



Did you wash your hands?

Let me check.

Yup!

Nope!



### NUMBER TWO!

Another teacher, my kindergarten one this time. Ms. S. rocked. She taught me to read. She was incredibly nice, and a fabulous teacher! She actually kind of tricked me

into learning to read... I had refused to learn, so she made all of the games we played involve reading, so I couldn't play without reading. (You can bet I learned pretty fast after that...)

Perry Harrison School  
Pittsboro, North Carolina

Ms. S. →



### NUMBER THREE!

JJ, my savage and amazing ice skating coach! In case you didn't know, Mr. J., I'm an ice skater. Without JJ, I most certainly wouldn't be. I first met her in an ice skating class when I was still a really low level skater. I'm going to be honest



JJ ←





Orange County Sportsplex  
Hillsborough, North Carolina

Here... In the beginning, I did **NOT** like JJ. I have a good reason though! I promise! I was kinda needy at that time (and by kinda I mean **REALLY**) and JJ is super blunt. She doesn't praise easily at all, and if you're doing something wrong, trust me, she'll tell you. She doesn't sugarcoat anything. So anyway, the first day of class I came off the ice and proclaimed miserably to my mom:



←almost crying

**I HATE JJ! SHE'S SO MEAN! I WANNA QUIT!**

But my mom said that if I quit, I would have to pay her for the class. So obviously I didn't quit. By now, almost 5 years later, I am 100% used to JJ and totally adore her. Now I know that because she almost never praises, it feels incredible when she does!

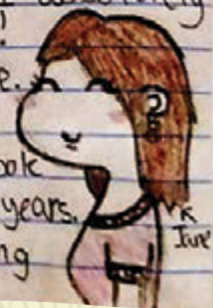
### NUMBER FOUR!

My music teacher Jane. She's like a unicorn only better!! I play the bass guitar. When I started being taught by Jane, she asked my mom what she wanted me to accomplish. My mom replied, "Please help her enjoy music again."

So that is exactly what Jane did. I absolutely **LOVE** music now. And I love Jane too!

She's become like a 2nd mom to me.

Very very very very **VERY** sadly, she got a job offer in China, and she took it... so she's moving to China for 2 years. I'll miss her like crazy, but I'm going







Double Decker Bus Music  
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

to write to her and video call her and stuff... And hopefully visit her, too! Jane is the best music teacher a girl could want. She's amazing!!!

## NUMBER FIVE!

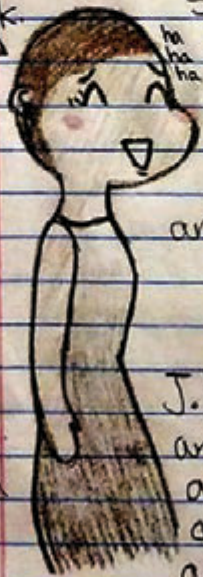
Last, but certainly **NOT** least...

The best librarian ever, Ms. K!! She's the Orange County Library's teen librarian, the creator of the Teen Advisory Board, and she runs tons of awesome teen programs! She's always **CRAZY** busy, and yet she's always laughing! She's like the miracle librarian!

Ms. K.  
→



Orange  
County Public  
Library  
Hillsborough,  
North Carolina



So if you're looking for a role model, fab librarian, stylish, hilarious, upbeat, awesome person (which you probably aren't, Mr. J., but hear me out) look no further because here she is, and her name is Ms. K.!!!

And so there you have it, Mr. J.! My community is people! And there are **TONS** more, by the way, but I've already written 2 extra sheets of paper and you probably have other essays to grade, so... Thanks for reading the whole shebang, Mr. J.! Until the next essay!

— Annabelle R.





# Native American in North Carolina

*by Crystal "Red Bear" Keck*



My name is **CRYSTAL “RED BEAR” KECK**; I am a member of the Occaneechi Band of the Saponi Nation (OBSN). My passion is tribal research for outreach and education of the native indigenous tribes in North Carolina and Virginia. My recent genealogical research has shown that most of the tribes in North Carolina are closely related and share similar DNA. Among ourselves, as native people, it has been my experience that we have great respect for each other’s cultural and religious ways. “Respect your brother’s vision” is a saying within our community.

Our eight state-recognized tribes share a bond and a love of this land that traces back to the first people who called it home. Many of us are aware of the serious challenges facing Native Americans today, but do we really understand just how critical the situation is?

*Our ancestors went into hiding to avoid our people from being ripped apart and were moved to reservations; they didn’t give us a choice.*

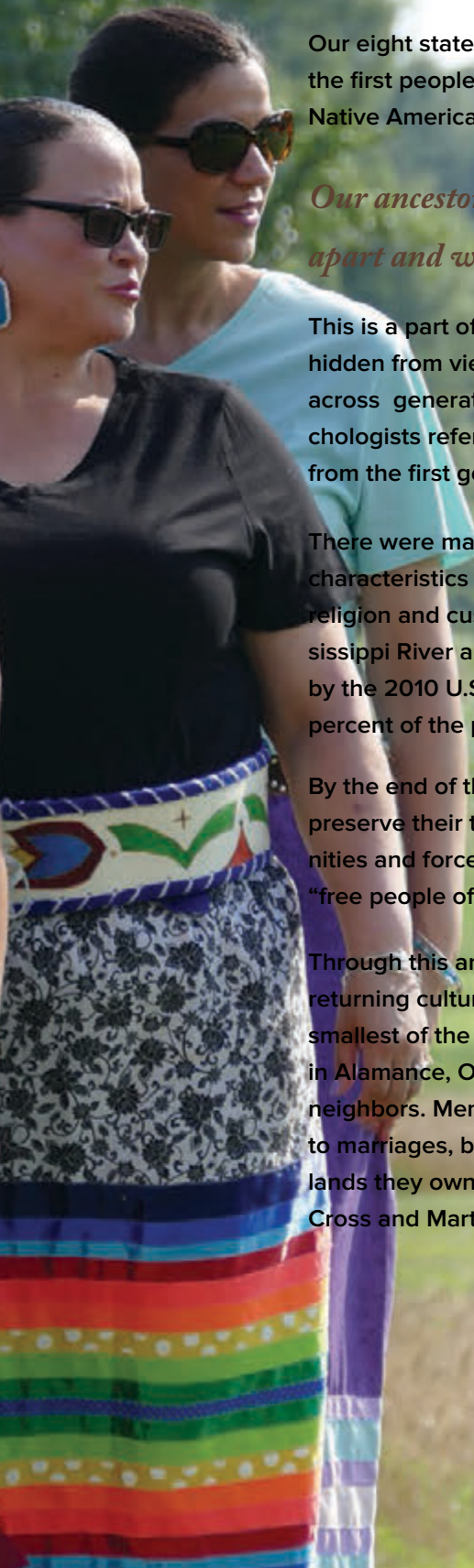
This is a part of America’s story that is not often told in its entirety, and often remains hidden from view. When challenges and issues of genocide affect an entire race of people across generations, the consequences are long-lasting. Social workers, historians and psychologists refer to this as intergenerational trauma, which is trauma that is passed down from the first generation of trauma survivors to future generations.

There were many different Eastern Woodland Indigenous tribes, and those with similar characteristics formed a main tribe or nation. Each tribe had its own language, dialect, religion and customs. North Carolina has the largest Indigenous population east of the Mississippi River and the eighth-largest Indigenous population in the United States. As noted by the 2010 U.S. Census, 122,110 American Indians lived in North Carolina, making up 1.28 percent of the population.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the Native American tribes had lost the will to fight to preserve their traditional way of life. Those that did survive were confined to local communities and forced to go into hiding. They were stripped of their political and civil rights as “free people of color.” They could no longer vote, bear arms, or serve in the state militia.

Through this article I am going to take you into our local communities to tell stories of returning culture, language and customs. The Occaneechi Band of the Saponi Nation is the smallest of the North Carolina’s eight Native American tribes. Members of the OBSN tribe in Alamance, Orange and Caswell Counties, deeply value helping the community and our neighbors. Members of Pleasant Grove area stick together as a community, from farming to marriages, births and deaths. Tobacco was our main crop-- all of our families farmed the lands they owned. Church is the driving force that keeps us all together, and today, Jeffries Cross and Martin’s Chapel tie the communities together.

*photo by Machone Jeffries Foust*



### BARBARA MARTIN



is an Occaneechi Saponi tribal member and is the first of five kids in her family. Her parents found out back in the 1980s that they

were of indigenous

descent. Although, they had heard stories before, passed down through generations, official recognition of their family's tribal ancestry this confirmed it. Before the OBSN tribe existed, she knew she and her family were different. The public schools had only two classifications: white and all other (black and mulatto, the term for mixed-race or "people of color," usually referring to people of African and European ancestry). In school settings, the lighter complexed students were always grouped together with the African Americans. "In those situations, students who were lighter were not received well because of the skin tone," she said.

In an already segregated school for children of color, her family was segregated, teased and even received verbal abuse by African Americans. By being active in her tribe, she learned more about Native American heritage and from where her ancestors came. She began to feel better about herself and became stronger as an individual. Eventually, it didn't bother her as much.

Over the years, Barbara has worked with the tribe, making needlepoint art, crocheting blankets and embroidery, helping with powwows, getting state recognition, and the reconstructing a replica tribal village.

### CATE SITTING DEER



is a seventh-generation member of the Occaneechi Saponi tribe, a senior in high school and a native youth representative. Her family has come from all walks of life,

but through her mother's native bloodline, she discovered that she is Occaneechi, Saponi, Lumbee, Haliwa Saponi, Meherrin and Tuscarora, but are members of the Occaneechi Band of the Saponi Nation.

"The biggest challenge in the tribal community today," she said, "is to get the elders to understand how important it is to move with the changing times and reach out to people."

*"As a tribe there is a need to keep the fire alive, have someone tell the story, or else no one will."*

"Being a smaller tribe, it becomes harder to fight to the top, but members need to show their bite than a weak bark."

She believes that the youth are the ones who will keep the fire going. She actively encourages the youth to learn about their culture, learn their education and don't give up.

"Don't drop out of high school or college. Stay safe, stay educated, and have fun with your community."





**KESHIA ENOCH** is a member of the Occaneechi Band of the Saponi Nation, wife of a fifth-generation tobacco farmer from Pleasant Grove, and a proud tribal council member. Keshia values

family, integrity and honor, and what it represents the most in the community.

Keshia is the daughter of a breast cancer survivor, Barbara, whom she admires for her strength and tenacity. The strength shown by her mother and grandmother has always encouraged her to help the tribal government face the issue of tribal growth and preservation of history for the tribal community.

Having learned about her indigenous heritage as a teenager, she feels somewhat cheated of her tribal history. She encourages the youth today to learn the history of their tribes and embrace their heritage.

Since the passing of her grandmother, Lola, the matriarch who was of her family, Keshia works hard for the community and wants our people to be proud of who you are no matter what others may think.

“Respect yourself and your elders, uphold yourself to a higher standard because the world is always ready to judge and condemn you,” Enoch said.

*“Always take it to the next level.”*



**JASON CRAZY BEAR** is from the Louisiana Band of Choctaw tribes. Jason is a 46-year-old Choctaw Creole by birth, a father of 5, and takes great strides to ensure all his children have some connection to the traditional past.

Jason recently married into the Occaneechi Saponi tribe, via the matrilineal traditions of our ancestors. Matrilineal societies existed amongst the Eastern tribes, and the women were behind the scenes. Women made the decisions and allowed the men to articulate them. They were the faith keepers for Eastern tribes, and the originators of the Longhouse system of government.

Jason recently married into the Occaneechi Saponi tribe, via the matrilineal traditions of our ancestors. Matrilineal societies existed amongst the Eastern tribes, and the women were behind the scenes. Women made the decisions and allowed the men to articulate them. They were the faith keepers for Eastern tribes, and the originators of the Longhouse system of government.

*Jason loves his personal connection to the Native American spiritual understanding and the tribe’s resilience to survive. The resilience, which has ensured our people’s survival in a society that had intended to erase our existence.*

“In these modern times, assimilation,” said Crazy Bear, “cultural and lifestyle changes we have gone through have somewhat clouded the standing and reverence we once had for our people, and that is not a good thing.”



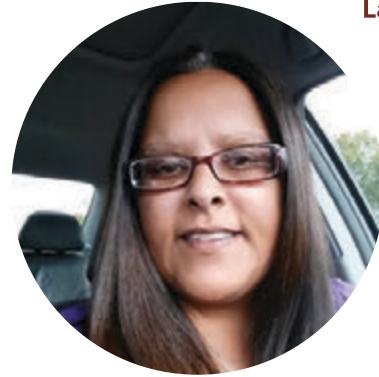
**PATRICK SUAREZ**

is a member of the Meherrin Tribe. In 1975, Chief Wayne Brown was the first to work toward reorganizing the Meherrin tribal government. The tribe had

continually maintained a degree of self-governance through Indian churches, schools, etc., but this was evidence that the harsh racial climate of the area had cooled for Meherrin people. This was the moment that we collectively moved forward towards recovering from all that had happened to us over the centuries.

*“Generational trauma is a very real thing. It is the result of many generations of our people enduring trauma after trauma.”*

Generational trauma has caused problems in our communities at every level- from individuals, to families, and the community, and the direct impacts tend to be personal. These traumas are passed down until a conscious effort is made to change it.



**REBECCA JONES**

**LaCLAIRE** is a member of the Lumbee Tribe.

“The most significant point of history [in] my tribe was the creation of Pembroke College.

The College was started by Lumbee’s to educate Native Americans,” said Jone LaClaire. “

“Now called UNC Pembroke, Pembroke College gave our people a way out of the fields and into a workforce. Sharecroppers saw a way out for their Lumbee children to do more than they did. Agriculture is still very important to our livelihood, but so is other occupations.”

Rebecca thinks the creation of Pembroke College will continue to affect our tribe because we push our kids into education and remind them of the importance and what our ancestors did for them to have a better life.

Rebecca’s advice for the younger generations is, “Listen to your elders. Get involved. Advocate, protest if needed. Marry a Native. Keep the 7 generations alive. Continue to educate yourself.”

*“Live in two worlds, you’ll need it and learn to respect your culture even more and volunteer.”*





### ASHLEY PATRICK

**LOMBOY** is a member of Waccamaw Sioux, a small tribe of about 1600 people. Ashley is related to everyone in her community; she had no choice but to marry outside her

community.

She tells me, “When you have such a small number of people in a tribe, and everyone is related eventually the tribes will die out and the tribes will no longer exist.”

*If, in a time-span of 100 years, the tribes of North Carolina no longer exist—if we lose our land, our traditions, our language—will it be our fault?*

According to the story of her creation, thousands of years ago, a meteor appeared in the night sky toward the southwest. Flaming to a brilliance of suns as it hurtled earthward, the meteor finally struck, burning deep within the earth. The waters of the surrounding swamps and rivers flowed into the crater and cooled it, creating the gem-blue, verdant green lake and it was named Lake Waccamaw. This is near the tribe’s home in Columbus and Bladen counties and her tribe is referred to as the People of the Falling Star.

During the Indian Removal Act, which was signed by President Andrew Jackson on May 28, 1830, the law authorized the president to negotiate with southern Native American tribes for their removal to federal territory west of the Mississippi River in exchange for their lands. Many people who were not removed fled into the swamps and stayed there until it became safe. To be recognized federally, all tribes had to maintain a blood quantum percentage. Blood quantum is a concept that did not exist among our people, until we were tracked by the federal government. It is a mentality of colonization. Tribal membership is about lineage and citizenship of our nations, not just blood quantum.

“If First Nations mandated blood quantum as the only thing that matters for enrollment, Indigenous nations would completely disappear in time,” said Lomboy.

---

*Each one of us carries generations’ cultural information and resilience within us.*

All Native people are not the same. We speak totally different languages, have different forms of government, different stories of origin and we even look different due to the different areas we live in. I am honored to have elders, children, women and men in one nation come together to share their wisdom with me.

*My only hope is that new generations will come to the realization that our people, our ancestors and our culture are the ultimate reason we are still here, and a viable people, today.*



*Photo by Austin Film Society*



A scenic view of the Austin skyline across a body of water. In the foreground, a person wearing a blue cap and a green backpack is seen from the back, looking out over the water. The water is calm, reflecting the sky and buildings. A long, low structure, possibly a bridge or pier, extends across the water. The sky is a clear, bright blue with a few wispy clouds. The buildings in the background are a mix of modern high-rises and older structures, with a construction crane visible on one of the taller buildings. The overall atmosphere is bright and clear.

# AUSTIN TEXAS

*turn your mistakes into masterpieces...*





*LET'S FEED OUR NEIGHBORS*

In 2016, Creative Action's Color Squad was commissioned to install this educational mural at the Central Texas Food Bank, which commemorates the 10-year anniversary of the UT Austin School of Public Health. In preparation for this collaboration, Color Squad participants explored local issues of food insecurity and food injustice.



LET'S FEED  
OUR



**Color  
Squad**  
*by Creative Action*

Neighbors







### MAP YOUR ROOTS

*Map Your Roots, designed and created by Creative Action's Color Squad group in 2015, uses symbolism to tell the story of the Chestnut neighborhood where the Center for Creative Action resides. After a thorough period of research and community engagement, Color Squad teens used what they had learned to design the large scale, color mural on the back of the center facing the Sustainable Food Center Garden.*



# Art is power.

It gives people the ability to speak their own truths. It is how we come together as a community. That is incredibly vital in the time, the age we are in now.

*Rachael Osgood (Color Squad Member) on Lott Pocket Park East Austin Mural*







I think what is so great about this mural is that

**it normalizes diversity**

and that's what is so special about it. We bring in all these different forms of people and all these different forms of beauty.

*Mia Crockett (Color Squad Member) on Lott Pocket Park East Austin Mural*

**JUNTOS SOMOS/TOGETHER WE ARE**

*Created in partnership with GirlForward, a local organization dedicated to supporting young female refugees who have been displaced by conflict and persecution. This East Austin mural, which was unveiled in May 2018, explores the vision of a truly inclusive community, with the belief that what makes us different makes us stronger.*









JUNTOS  
SOMOS  
A  
U  
S







**...maybe everyone can see something of themselves in this mural.**

*Lindsay Palmer (Color Squad Director) on Lott Pocket Park East Austin Mural*





# **AUSTIN:**

## **A City of Socialites or Sadists?**

*a screenplay by Joseph, Logan, and Mark*

*edited by Mason Bissada*

*illustrations by Jason Wyman from film stills*



INT. WHITE BOARD.

TWO LONE POST-IT NOTES COVER THE BOARD. ONE IS REMOVED AND A MARKER-WRITTEN TEXT IS REVEALED: "SOCIAL MEDIA IS FAR FROM PERFECT"



EXT. AUSTIN BRIDGE OVER BODY OF WATER. DAY.

TITLE CARD "AUSTIN: A CITY OF SOCIALITES OR SADISTS?"

EXT. MONTAGE: AUSTIN FREEWAY, ROADS, PARKS, BUILDINGS, CREEKS.

NARRATOR 1

Austin is indeed a growing city. the diversity of the live music capital is almost unmatched. With so much diversity, Austin has gained nationwide and even national attention, making the city, our city, a tourist attraction. As much as we love our quaint corner coffee shops and our wide array of culture cuisines, an enemy in the shadow lurks that many people miss incite.

NARRATOR 2

There are many problems that plague this city, and the digital landscape only a fuels the fire.



CUT TO: SHOT OF IPHONE.

NARRATOR 2

Cyber bullying happens across all social media, and with a lack of admins (people who moderate the websites), people think they can get away with it.



CUT TO: SHOT OF KEYBOARD, CHILDREN LAUGHING MENACINGLY.

### NARRATOR 3

With social media platforms such as Instagram and twitter, people can cyber bully without revealing their identity or having to worry about getting in trouble.

EXT: DRIVING SHOT OF MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOODS.

### NARRATOR 1

The ongoing problem of gentrification has destroyed the lives of many local residents. what is now the east Austin is slowly fading from a melting pot of local murals and restaurants to a trendy hipster hotspot.



EXT: DRIVING SHOTS OF EMPTY BUILDINGS, WAREHOUSES AND PARKS JUXTAPOSED WITH COOKIE-CUTTER TWO-STORY HOMES.

### NARRATOR 2

One of the best things about Austin is the local restaurants and stores. There is something special about them. What makes Austin special isn't the Wal-Marts and McDonalds; it's the local flavor.



### NARRATOR 3

The news doesn't help. they acknowledge that there are homeless people, yet they don't try and fix it. they just report on it and think that 'oh, it'll get solved on its own.'

Even trends like house flippers can affect gentrification, due to the flippers kicking out people who need that house due to low income. The house then gets flipped and it spreads on social media. More and more people start to do it and evict low-income families out of their homes.



EXT. DOG AND OWNER PLAYING IN A RIVERBED, CARS DRIVING, WATER, SUNSHINE, PEOPLE KAYAKING.



NARRATOR 1

As Texans, it is our responsibility and our duty to take care of those who seek refuge or come for a better life. Although southern hospitality is as true as can be, this new age of technology presents us with new problems that need new solutions.

Even the darkest of storms will eventually stop. My friends, let us not be corrupted by the thunderstorms that we face. They are, however, essential into shaping who we are as a people and in a way define part of who we are. But Despite these struggles and choices that we make, it is in the end, up to us how our future is going to end up, and it is up to us if we want it for the better.

INT. WHITE BOARD AGAIN.

SECOND POST-IT NOTE IS REMOVED. ANOTHER MARKER WRITTEN TEXT IS REVEALED:

“BUT YOU CAN HELP IT CHANGE.”





# Through a Different Lens

*by Joseph*



As an aspiring moment capturer, I was ecstatic to hear that I would have the honor to attend a documentary camp in the summer. What started out as a required project for my AP Research class eventually became a catalyst for my adventures in the art of filmmaking. Prior to this documentary camp, I had very little experience when it came to making videos. The most professional project I can recall is making my student council campaign video, yet even that was not something you could classify as a professional film. I first heard about the Austin Film Society through my teacher. As I said before, the beginning of my journey did not initially include the documentary camp. My research project centered around identity development amongst Filipino-American teenagers here in Austin. Simply put, the story I am here to share today has always been fueled by the passion I have to express and represent my culture.

My teacher has connections to people in the Austin Film Society and when he found out that this year's theme was "My Austin," he took it upon himself to let me know that there was a possibility to take my research even further. After qualifying for one of the two full scholarships to the camp, I freed up my schedule and made it clear to all my friends and family to not schedule anything for that week.

My time at camp like all new experiences, could be described as a learning experience. Being the introverted person I initially am to all newcomers, I was quite skeptical my first few days at camp. The environment was completely different from what I was used to.

Growing up, I have consistently been surrounded by many kinds of people and even up until this day, I am still encountering a wide variety of folks. My time at documentary camp was another exposure moment in my life. From being one of or possibly the only minority, to one of the least experienced in film, the feeling of being an outsider is something that you cannot just ignore. Honestly, I dreaded my first day at camp realizing that I have nothing in common with any of my peers. However, as someone who is also not afraid to express how they feel, I just as quickly came out of my shell and connected with my film mates.

It wasn't so much the camp itself that brought me and my peers closer but rather the moments in which we all thought "Hey! We actually have things in common." Our daily warm ups that ended with at least one person dying of laughter is in my opinion, the golden ticket to making any collaborative activity successful. For those that are more reserved, it's a way to get them out of their shell without overwhelming them; you slowly integrate them into what's going on, not forcing them to join right away.

Every experience has its pros and cons. Although this camp was nearly flawless, there was one point in which I was disappointed. When conducting research over the Film Society, I was aware that we would have the opportunity to create our own documentary. However, I was not aware that we would be working in groups until a week before the camp. I have nothing against with working together, but in many of my experiences it can become quite frustrating.

Coming in to the camp, I had a surplus of ideas for where I wanted to take my film. From the camera shots, to the people I wanted in it, I had a plan and I was ready to follow through. Working with a team has its own set of challenges, but through that I learned many things about film such as operating the camera and editing tips from each of my teammates. In light of this, I hope to clearly communicate that even in times where the odds

may not be in your favor, they essentially are. It all depends on your perspective. I could have easily decided to stop attending the camp once I was fed up with working with other people. Instead, I perceived this as another learning opportunity. When working with a team, you not only learn how to work together, but you learn more about each person. You learn what makes them tick; what makes their ideas flow and what makes them annoyed. Looking at it through an optimistic perspective allows the number of possibilities to seem indefinite. In the midst of this, I still encourage people to work individually. In the end, everything you do is up to you. Although people can influence the choices you make and the thoughts you think, your actions are essentially your doing.

In this era of collaboration, it can sometimes be difficult to think for yourself. We embrace and encourage creativity, yet we tell people how to be creative. Success comes from the heart, and the only way to do so is through self-motivation. Unfortunately, it isn't my place to make sure you are motivated. After all if you want something, you say it; right? What I can say is that it all boils down to perspective. As I said, if you look at things through a different lens, you can see the numerous possibilities. Just as in art, you can turn your mistakes into masterpieces, in life, you can view the dips in the roads as stairs lifting you higher.



### ***As for the Future***

At this point (if you've read this far), you are most likely able to acknowledge the idealism I possess. I admit, I am optimistic about the future but that's because I'd rather appreciate the thunderstorms that are ahead and not only wait for the rainbows and sunshines.

After all, there is no such thing as living if you haven't experienced the highs and lows. Because of my idealism, I have found it quite difficult to pinpoint exactly what I want to live my life doing. I believe the question "What do you want to do in the future?" is too broad. In all honesty, don't many of us want to do everything? To those of you that seek a definite answer, here it is. I envision myself as a storyteller. I wish to travel to the most foreign lands and immerse myself in the beauties of the diverse cultures and explore the world we are blessed with; one day sharing those experiences with my friends and family. Unfortunately, I am still unable to translate that into a solid career. However, it is more than possible to be a storyteller in whatever profession I decide to pursue. One of my most prominent strengths is having the patience and passion to help people recuperate from a traumatic experience, therefore going into the medical field or the social sciences would be a decent choice. Whatever I decide to pursue, I know that I will have the opportunity to share my story to the world and



inspire others to make their story worthwhile.

The things I have learned at documentary camp are skills I will forever cherish and use in my journey through life. Documentaries capture the raw emotions of the subjects and their environment. How much more beautiful can it get? Although Hollywood Films are great emotion rockers, they depict unrealistic expectations for the real world. I have experienced this one too many times and all I can say is that I wish my love life were as strong as Drew Barrymore and Adam Sandler's in "Fifty First Dates."

More importantly, documentaries have also provided me with the opportunity to share other people's stories other than mine. With my research project, I hope to shed light on the underrepresented Filipino population of Austin. Although our culture is beginning to emerge in popular media, there are still many people who categorize us under the umbrella term "Asians." Every culture has its distinctions from one another, especially Filipinos. With the power of documentaries, I will continue to educate those on the unique culture of the Philippines and bring Filipinos and other minorities into the light.

### *Closing Remarks*

Once again, I would like to say thank you to Austin Public and the Austin Film Society for their kindness and hospitality. Thank you to Matt, our mentor, for showing us the ropes and to all the assistants for guiding us. Thank you to Yolanda for helping me apply and feel welcomed at camp and a special thank you to JD Chang and Tim Tsai for granting me the scholarship to attend this documentary workshop. Last but certainly not least, a big thank you to my family for supporting this new experience despite the hectic schedules. Mahal Kita..

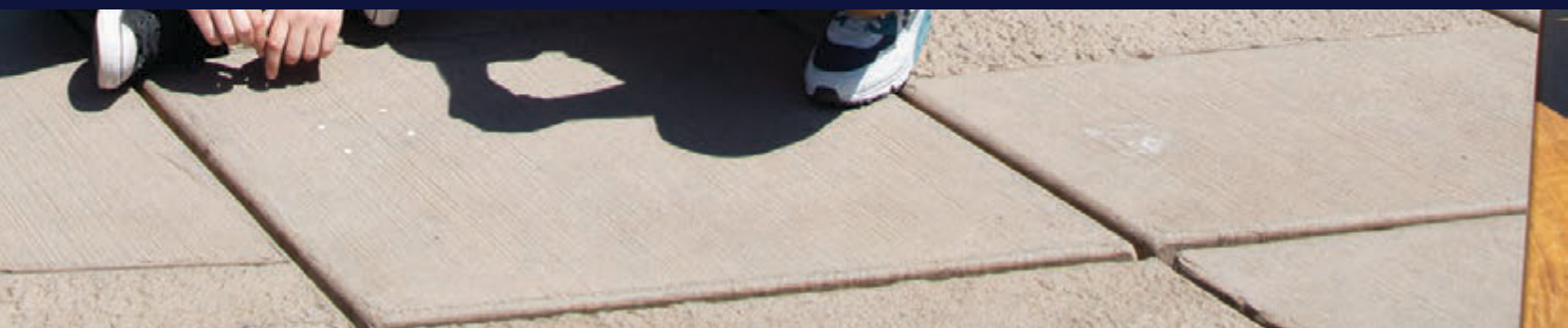




# Filming a New Life

*by Aidan*

*Reflecting on Austin Film Society's Film Camp*







## Day One

### LIGHTS, CAMERAS, NEW FACES.

---

It's weird how seven new people whom you've never met before could become your best friends and would go on to produce a film together in just a matter of days.

I couldn't wait for this camp to start. The first day was exactly like last year's; everyone was nervous and not wanting to approach one another. Our counselor, Matt, had us play some ice-breaker games so we weren't uncomfortable working together. At lunchtime, I pulled out my stack of cards and everyone was playing and having a good time. Day one ended up being fun; meeting new people and learning how to operate the cameras, lights, and microphones was so cool.



# Day Two

## WHAT A DAY TO BE A CAMERAMAN.

---

Day two was all about the work we would be doing together for the rest of camp. Matt divided us into two groups and told us to brainstorm ideas. No one in my group came forth with any ideas, so I wracked my brain until I had an idea that was fun, easy, and could impact people. Since Austin is very diverse and people have different reasons for why they're here and what it means to them, I said "Why don't we make it a documentary?" My group went along with it and we began to film that day. We filmed b-roll shots and interviews with one another, which was a lot of fun.

At the end of the day, my family picked me up and took me to Barton Springs. I realized that this was an opportunity to capture an authentic piece of Austin. So I texted my aunt and asked if she could grab my camera before she met us. Thankfully she did, and I recorded 15 minutes of footage and took 29 pictures of Barton Springs. After that, she took me to a food truck festival at the Palmer Center. I was able to record even more of what makes Austin, Austin. The band playing-- Tomar and the FCs-- was awesome. As they were packing up, I realized that I needed to interview them since they are a perfect example of Austin culture. So I waited in line to talk to the lead singer, Tomar. I was really nervous, but when I proposed the idea,



he was all for it. He told me to tell the other band members that he was already down for it. I was able to get the guitarist, Andy, and my interview was set. Afterward I had a sudden boost of confidence and interviewed six people within thirty minutes. What a day it was being a cameraman.





## Day Three

### JUST PLAY PING PONG.

---

Day three was filming day for us. We split up into groups and took to the streets of Austin. My group didn't get a lot of footage, mostly pictures. After gathering our footage into a folder, Matt suggested we go play ping pong in a nearby park. It was a lot of fun (probably because I won most of the time), but everyone was laughing and having a great time. The next day, however, would test my patience to its limit.





## Day Four

A TRUE TEST OF  
PATIENCE.

---

Editing day, the hardest day of camp. Now, it wasn't hard editing a video, but each person in my group had an idea about how the film should be set up and it was a challenge to get everyone behind one concept. The main problem was not getting the people I interviewed to sign a media release form. Matt told me I needed to have them by the end of July, so I spent the day trying to get in contact with the people in the documentary and I would have to wait till the next day to get an answer.





# Day Five

NOTHING CAN STOP YOU.

---

It was sad to have only one last day with all of my new friends, but we made the most of it, offering a sense of humor to lighten the mood. That same day, I got a call from Tomar and the FCs' manager, who offered to put me on the guest list for their next performance. It was crazy how I went from interviewing people in the park to getting put on a guest list for a club performance 16 years old. At the end of camp, we had a showing of the documentaries we made. Although we all went our separate ways, I'll never forget who was there. Logan, Audrey, Kristen, Colin, Mark, and Joseph, who is typing right next to me. It was a wonderful experience that I would love to have again next summer. My advice to anyone who wants to make movies is just go out there and film. Nothing can stop you from filming what you want.




*This article has a corresponding video, to watch it visit: <http://bit.ly/TheIssue2>*



*Film still from Leaving Home by Outside the Frame*



A wooden water tower with a dark roof and a sign that reads "OLD TOWN" in white capital letters. The tower is supported by a metal frame. In the foreground, there is a large, light-colored utility box or structure, partially out of focus. The background shows a hazy, overcast sky and some distant trees.

OLD  
TOWN

*PORTLAND*

O R E G O N

*From there we grew in new ways.*

# *Echo 2016*

*by Mito Smith, Claire Kern,  
and Samuel Kidoguchi*



*I'm more afraid  
of the wind...  
tearing me apart  
than the heat  
suffocating me.*



But there's a  
weightlessness  
in the wind  
that draws me in.

...There is something  
Frightening  
And yet, so very endearing  
About darkness...  
The way it moves...  
The way it hugs every curve of  
your body  
Twisting and turning...  
As though  
When you finally admit that  
you're lost  
The universe will fade around  
you  
And you'll be left  
With nothing but the bones  
Of previous heartache.

Broken hearts  
Bleed the stories  
of those who couldn't taste  
the future  
And we build our walls back  
up.

But in the Darkness  
You're forgetting...  
how bewitching your mind is

Stunning...  
Incomparable...

(Please behold now the  
drawer  
holding knick-knacks galore  
he flew out of the desk

and across the floor  
"Enough!" and he swore  
As he emptied mid soar  
an oath viking-esque  
"by the hammer of Thor!"  
Creating a mess too big to ignore.

He landed and skidded  
across to the door  
and he sighed and whispered  
and slowly confessed  
he just didn't want to be a drawer  
anymore.)

.....

What would happen if I  
disappeared?  
Maybe no one would know  
Maybe I would simply cease to exist  
In a universe so full of nothingness  
It swallows us whole.

Are we all so vain  
That we think the world would notice  
our absence?  
The stars do not chart human futures  
We all die anyway  
Why extend the inevitable?

How could we believe  
That in a world full of fuck ups  
And wannabes...  
And Beauty Queens  
And the extraordinary powers of the  
invisible monsters lurking behind  
backlit screens  
That anyone could ever look at us  
like we put the goddamn sun in the

sky

Broken  
Muddled

Bruised

Insignificant...

Fuck.

I write better in the dark  
And I feel better when I'm  
screaming into my pillow.  
Screaming like the fucking  
world is ending  
And maybe...  
Maybe it is

It hurts.  
You try to tell people what if  
feels like--  
Like your chest is caving in  
like your bones are shattering  
like a poison is crawling  
through your veins --  
"I'm sorry," They say  
"You'll feel better in the  
morning  
they insist.  
Maybe you will.  
Maybe you do.  
Or maybe you wake up  
screaming  
And you lose your voice  
before 10am  
And you spend the day smiling  
And shaking your head  
And trying not to cry  
You try to tell people what's



*Handwritten signature or mark.*

wrong --  
“my lungs have collapsed.  
My heart has crumbled.  
Everything just...  
It hurts.  
(“It’s a filthy world we live in.  
It’s a goddamn horror show”)  
Remember that she loved you.  
Remember that she  
worshipped you  
More than the sky worshipped  
the stars.  
Remember that she would  
have given you the world,  
if it meant you’d stay in hers.  
  
Remember how you toyed  
with her  
Like a wolf and his prey.

Remember that the guilt you feel  
is the very guilt you forced into her  
throat --  
The very essence of the thing  
That stole breath from her lungs, left  
her choking on air.  
  
Remember, it’s your hand that  
clamps an invisible fist around her  
throat.  
Remember how she didn’t leave you.  
Remember the tears she drowned in  
when you began to claw at her  
heart, and strip your mask away.  
  
Bitten fingernails scraping at fragile  
raw flesh.  
“Je ne peux pas vivre sans toi...”  
  
Remember that you hurt her...

Remember that you broke her,  
even if just for a second.

When you start to miss her,  
Remember that she loved you.  
Remember, that when her  
heart finally gave out, it was  
your knife covered in blood...

*This poem was originally planned as a projected installation and was shown at the conclusion of the inaugural Echo AiR Youth Artist Residency as a video. It started as a group project comprised of three people: Mito (a visual artist), Claire (a poet/writer), and Samuel (videographer and editor). They decided on a common theme, split up and worked on individual parts, and then incorporated all of these parts into a single piece. The contributors would like to thank Open Signal and in particular Elisa Barrios, who played a vital role in making Echo AiR such a valuable experience.*

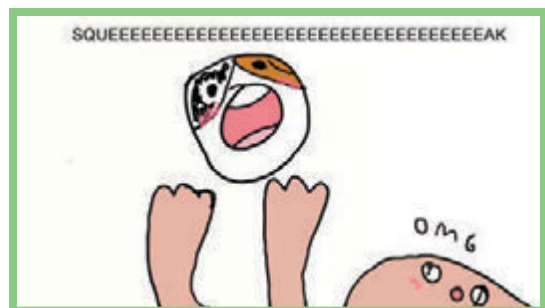


## All Hail Ginger, the GUINEA PIG



Created by Ivy at Animation Nation, a summer camp held at Open Signal, Portland Community Media Center. The story for Ginger the Guinea is based on Ivy's guinea pig, Ginger. In this short, Ivy holds Ginger in her hands and lifts her in the air. Ivy feels at home. However, Ginger doesn't enjoy being worshipped too long and proceeds to squeal, much to the surprise of her owner.

by IvyHart







# Leaving Home

by *Outside the Frame: Brandon, Denzel, Nova Lux, Vahid Bullock, Jamie Parret and Nili Yosha*

*Our town has over 3,000 people sleeping on its streets every night. "I didn't choose to be homeless, I chose to leave my situation for something that could be better." says Unity, who worked with Outside the Frame while experiencing homelessness in Portland, Oregon.*

*Outside the Frame trains homeless and marginalized youth to be the directors of their own films and lives. In our intensive program, youth are trained by professionals and make films about issues that are important to them. In the summer of 2017, a dozen youth living on the street, in the youth shelter, or in transitional housing worked every day for three weeks to make Leaving Home. Knowing street kids have a bad reputation, the wanted to make work about the loss they each endured and the positive ways they cope with it. During production, it became evident that making this film was one of the positive ways they are coping. They interviewed one another, told a lot of dark jokes, and gently coaxed each other to go deep. Brandon, wanting to call his mom but being too scared (at the time), made it the frame of the film, shot at one of the last pay phones in our town.*

*Our film programs provide a creative outlet, job training, and above all - a sense of dignity and possibility that is contagious and visible to the public. Watch Leaving Home and other films at [outsidetheframe.org](http://outsidetheframe.org) and [vimeo.com/otfpdx](http://vimeo.com/otfpdx)*



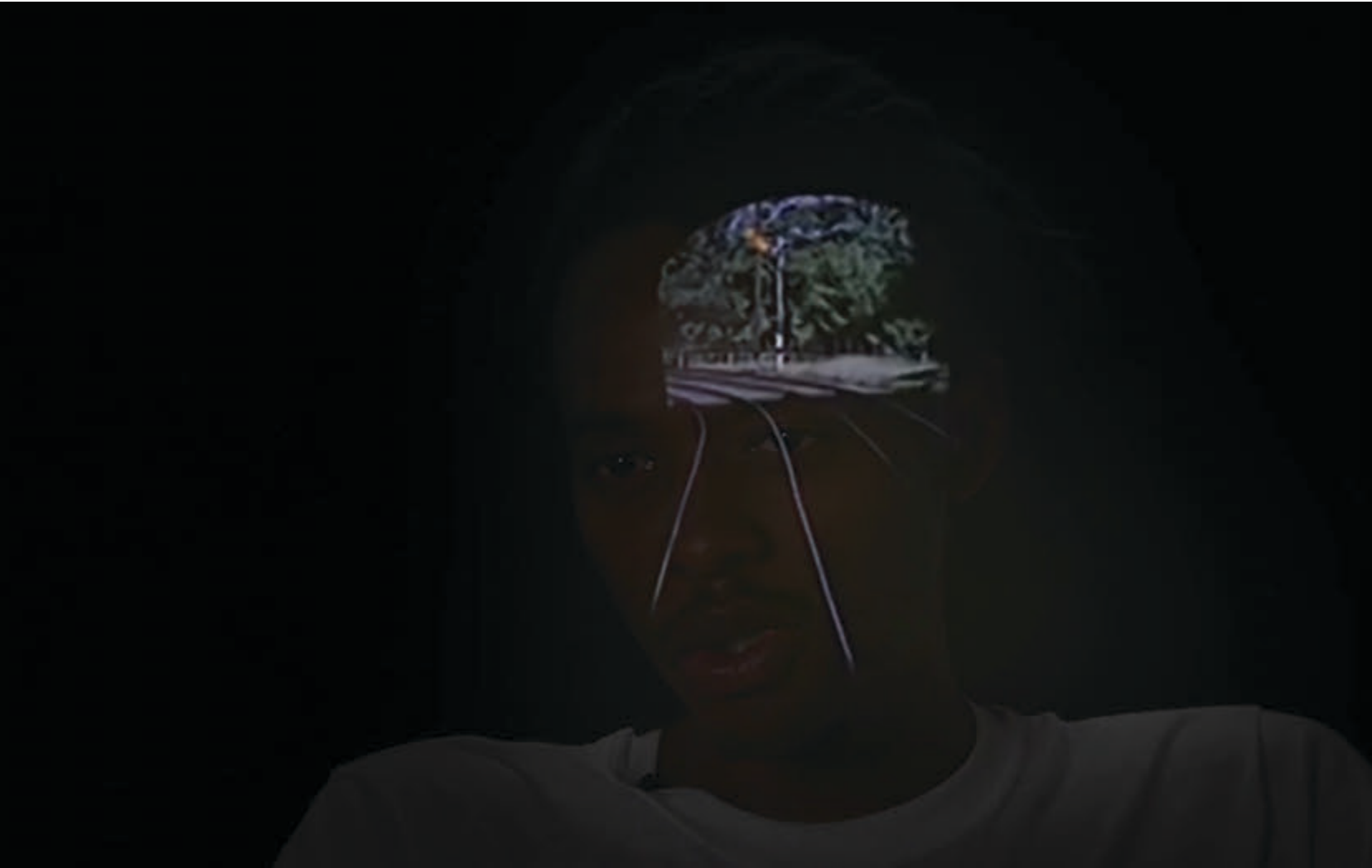
*The Journey is often more important than the destination. In my travels this proved true. By learning from the triumphs and failures of myself and others I have gained something very valuable. These tales are about that journey.*





[My best friend] OD'd on the train, and nobody was in the mindset of, like, noticing that this person isn't just nodding out, but is overdosing. It was on a freight train. There wasn't much we could do, so we just sat and cried.

*BRANDON*



*In the city of Chicago, the streets sounded of music, so I followed my ear. And that's when I met Denzel.*





Coming out here to to Portland and, like, experiencing the shelters and all that... It just reminded me of what [my grandmother] was doing, so it was like... it really came full circle.

*DENZEL*



*We found ourselves in Orlando, Florida. We ended up taking a new road dog with us. Nova.*





Hiding as a male didn't even work anymore, so now I was out and my disguise was done. I couldn't hide anywhere, so I... I ran away.

*NOVA*



*And as we neared the city of Portland, another road dog jumped on board, Vahid, a philosophical thinker who just lost his cat.*





I lost [my cat] when I found her on the street one day. And it had to be me, of course. And I found her dead, somebody had run over her. It took two or three time for me and my brother to convince my mom to get that cat as a kitten.

*VAHID*



*After our arrival in Portland, Oregon, everything changed.*

*Our lives expanded, we began to realize our ambitions. Our journey fading into bittersweet memories of adventure and reflection. From there we grew in new ways.*

*This article has a corresponding video,  
to watch it visit: <http://bit.ly/TheIssue2>*





# *Drawn to the Past*

*by Kalynn Lam, Kiave Rodriguez, Cambria Tingley, Luna del Amor, Gabriel Madlangbayan, and Aylee Shomali*

*illustrations by Jason Wyman from portraits by Ryan Garber of Instrument*

*In February 2018, sixteen students in Portland were selected to participate in Open Signal's Echo AiR project, an after-school program that enables teen artists to collaborate and learn technical skills for internships, jobs and education in the media arts field.*

*Together, these students decided to create a short film that tells the story of a teen navigating their life after witnessing a school shooting. Drawn to the Past is the result of the nine-week course, made possible by funding from the Oregon Arts Commission and a partnership with digital creative agency Instrument.*

I have close friends who had lost people in their lives due to guns. It was hard to see them go through such grief and it was inspiring to see them talk about their experiences to me, about what issues they believe to be at hand here, and just the fact that they trust our class enough to tell us about these experiences in the first place.

I'll be aware of the fact that there's higher risk now, but I'm not going to let those thoughts stop me from doing the best I can at whatever I want to do.

I felt enthusiastic about it, about the fact that I got to work with some great people and that I got the chance to try this out.



***Kalynn***

writer | animator

I hope for people to be more "aware" of the situation and the fact that there's a higher chance of this happening at our own schools.





## *Kiave*

director | actor | writer

*I hope that Drawn to the Past will make people aware that any school on any day can be endangered by a shooting and that it can impact anyone.*

*I think that the topic of the project connected with me because things like this are happening all over and it isn't as scary until it is staring you right in the eye, and I think the fact that I could lose my life or my best friends life is very scary.*

*I don't feel unsafe but I do know it could happen at any moment, and when we have a school lockout, even though we are safer, I still feel a little tense.*

*My reaction to working on Drawn to the Past was to have fun and show the people what we've got, to show that we can have fun but there are still important things to talk about, and even though they are hard to talk about we need to put those ideas into perspective put everything else aside and talk.*

I hope *Drawn to the Past* leaves people wanting to do something instead of just sending a thought and prayer. I hope that it continues the discussion and makes people understand it's not going away and needs immediate attention.

I was ready to use all of my resources and knowledge and use them for something bigger than me and even us.

[W]hen you look at the numbers and the locations you realize it doesn't really matter where you are, who you are, or how safe you feel because in the end somewhere someone probably felt the same way before there was a shooting where they were.



*Cambria*

writer | camera operator | editor | director

I was so excited and ready to take on this topic because I think it is so important and necessary to continue push for gun control.





## *Luna*

actor | sound engineer | editor | producer

*Sometimes it feels like old news and I forget and on other days I'm scared that someone I love will die.*

*I want it to share a message that gun violence can happen anywhere and that we as a people need to become more aware of it and more kind to one another.*

*My character Ellis was hurting a lot and had become cut off and numb. She was angry but felt almost nothing. I think this speaks to the desensitized way of living that most teens nowadays are really confused by.*

*The fear put in place by these school shootings can really become more apparent and seep into your consciousness when the project is so present in your life.*

*KatMeow (one of our instructors) introduced herself and jumped down on one of the beanbags. The second she hit the beanbag the force of her jumping down on it caused the beanbag to explode and send little foam pieces all over the room.*

*Though that does not really have anything to do with the topic of the movie it still made me feel comfortable enough to know that I would love working with them on the film.*

*Even with what is going on all around the country this year I feel safe when I am at school. After first meeting my teachers and getting to know the school and the people in it I feel I can trust them enough to where I feel happy and safe just about every day.*



***Gabriel***

camera operator | asst. editor

*My hope for the film is for it not to scare people to a point where they don't feel safe going to school. My hope is that it raises awareness about the subject.*





## Aylee

director | writer | editor | actor

*I hope that *Drawn to the Past* will spread awareness about the rising problem of school shootings and show viewers that it really deserves our attention.*

*[T]here was this moment when she lifted the gun and pointed it at all of us. I felt like that was a pivotal moment for me because it felt really real and scary even though I knew it wasn't.*


*[W]hen we were filming at the school, it really opened my eyes to a new perspective.*

*[T]he idea of working on a project with a topic this dark was unsettling. I'm used to creating more upbeat stories that don't focus on current issues. Once the idea sank in, though, I realized that it was so important to make this film and that it would be a new and exciting challenge. I felt like I had a duty to help create *Drawn to the Past* in the best way that I could.*



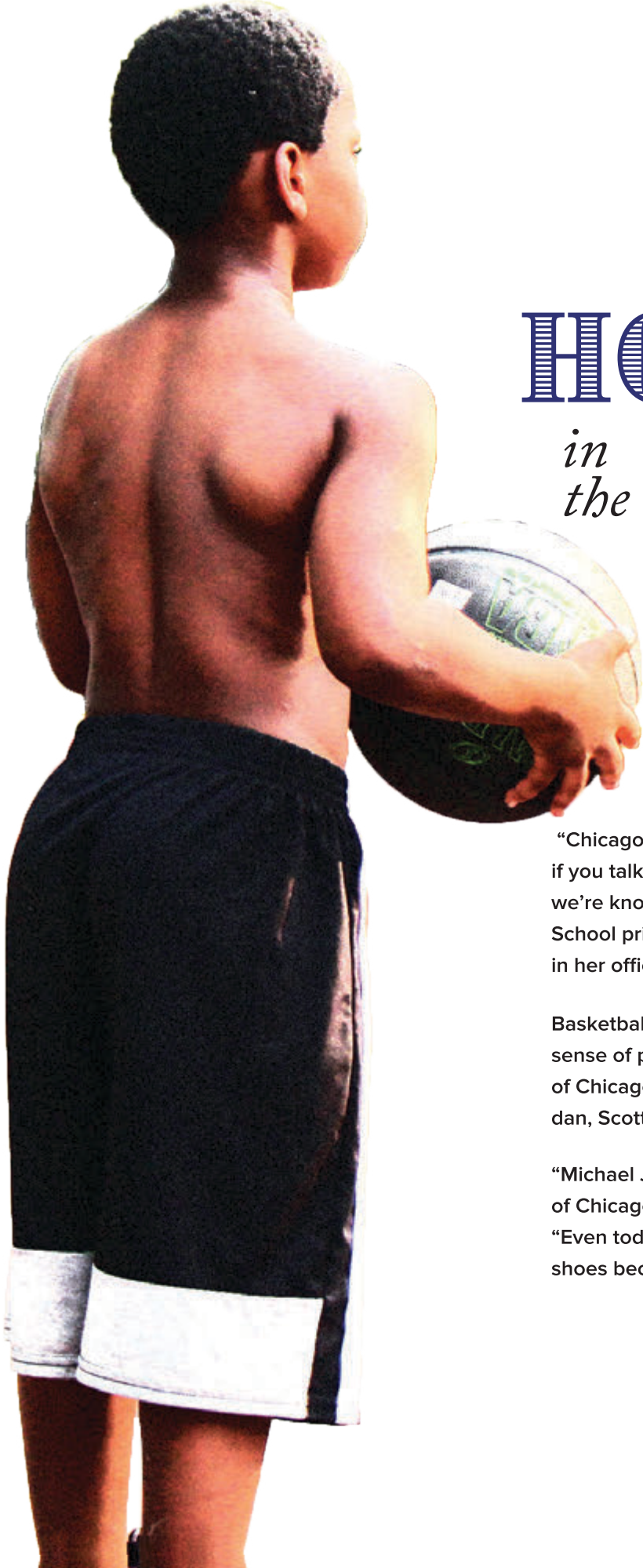
*Photo by Pascal Fernandes*



A sailboat with a blue and white striped sail is sailing on a body of water at sunset. The sky is a mix of blue, orange, and yellow. The water is dark blue with some whitecaps. The sail has the number '120' and '1081A' written on it. The text 'CHICAGO ILLINOIS' is overlaid on the image in a large, white, serif font.

# CHICAGO ILLINOIS

*...even though it is extraordinarily flawed, it is also significantly loved.*



# HOOPIIN' *in the* CHII

*by Isi Frank Ativie*

“Chicago has always been a mecca for basketball; if you talk about this city nationally, that’s what we’re known for,” said Whitney Young Magnet High School principal Dr. Joyce Kenner, as we sat down in her office.

Basketball has brightened up Chicago. It created a sense of pride and filled the streets with memories of Chicago Bulls championships with Michael Jordan, Scottie Pippen, and Phil Jackson in the 1990’s.

“Michael Jordan had a great impact on the city of Chicago relative to basketball,” Kenner added. “Even today, there are kids who are buying his shoes because it’s associated with basketball.”



Chicago thrives on sports. Football, baseball, and ice hockey are fairly popular, but the game of basketball has completely won the hearts of most, if not all, Chicagoans, and it has for generations.

Basketball programs and local tournaments from all the city are not only helping young black children become better players, but they also help them succeed in academically. Many use basketball as their ticket to getting a scholarship for college. A lot of African-American kids have been on a quest to search for an after-school activity and a way for them to stay out of trouble.

Many people in this city view basketball as a perfect tool to instruct black children on true values of discipline and the essence of hard work. Even if they're not prepared to play professional basketball in the future, their support group will assemble them to become successful and well-educated adults.

When the Chicago Bulls arrived in the National Basketball Association during the 1966-67 regular season, their presence inspired the entire city to get involved with the sport. Former players Bob Love, Jerry Sloan, and Norman Van Lier have brought the excitement into the Windy City during that era. Chicago has produced NBA legends like Isiah Thomas and Mark Aguirre, who were phenomenal high school talents in the 1970's. Prior to his death in 1984, former All-American forward Ben Wilson appeared in the national scene as Simeon Academy's first high school superstar. The popularity of this sport increased in the 1990's as the teenage basketball documentary *Hoop Dreams* featured former high school stars Arthur McGehee and Will Gates.

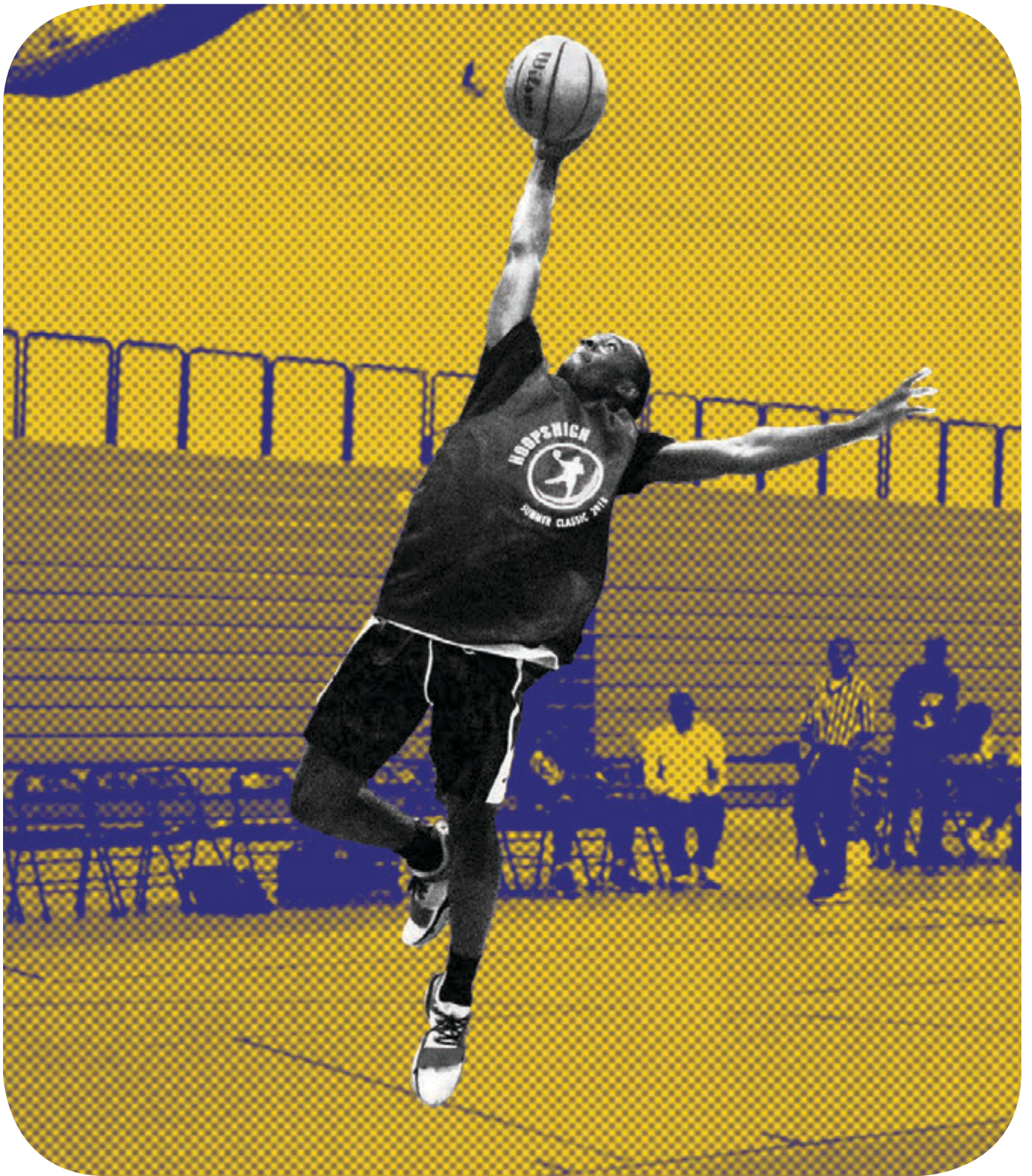
Those popular players were Garfield Park natives, and the film emerged into national fame in 1994. Their documentary presented a harsh and intense reality of living in a disadvantaged stricken society while competing in high school basketball.

Chicago is home to many popular NBA all-star players such as Kevin Garnett who attended Farragut Academy and Quentin Richardson who went to Whitney Young. Richardson led his high school basketball team to their first state championship during his senior year in 1998. The popularity of this high school sport continued to grow in the 2000's, especially with the emergence of Derrick Rose from Simeon Career Academy in 2005. Other fellow high school phenoms eventually followed Rose's path of high school basketball dominance such as Jabari Parker, Anthony Davis, and Jahlil Okafor over a decade later. Those four hometown heroes would soon become notable NBA All-stars.

Most people would expect that basketball is the cheapest and fairly affordable sport in this country, but that's not exactly the case. The expenses black parents, coaches, faculty members, and players would spend for a whole season is outrageous. "We have scholarships for parents who aren't able to support their kids in this program," explained Hope Academy boys' varsity head coach Antwon Johnson.

The Hope Academy Eagles basketball program has gained a lot of financial support from the school's president Bob Muzikowski. "Sometimes I would go into my own pocket to feed and support my players," Eagles boys' varsity basketball head coach Antwon Johnson said.

"We do pretty well with ticket sales, and the funding typically comes from the school. We would do fundraising activities and the program chose Adidas as our main sponsor. The typical salaries for Chicago high school coaches are like \$5,000 a year, and that's before taxes. It becomes \$3400 after taxes." Sometimes the Eagles would travel out of state to compete in exhibition games twice during a regular season.



*This teenager is sailing for a potential dunk.*



Most universities in Chicago are allowing young African-American students to pursue their dreams by playing college basketball. This experience examines how much the sport has inspired the younger black generation, and transformed them into well-established adults. Former Chicago State University guard Rahjan Muhammad shares about his life-changing experiences on his journey with the Cougars. “College basketball gave me a big different outlook on things. When it came to coaches, campus life, and teammates. It was good to be in an atmosphere with so much support.” Muhammad said.

Despite playing college basketball for Lincoln College, Muhammad eventually transferred to Chicago State University in August of 2013. He was on a mission to record a stellar debut career in the NCAA Division one level. He also learned some valuable and amazing lessons during his only season with the Cougars. “Chicago State and even other Chicago colleges are on the way to that next level of developing that winning attitude. Chicago State gives an opportunity for kids to play in their city, so that their friends and family can come to the games. Also, it gives them a chance to get out and make something of themselves.” The Chicago State Cougars are currently in the Western Athletic Conference since 2013. This division allows the team to travel to the West coast for most of their conference games.

Their program is able to receive good resources as well as a great amount of financial support from the school. According to Muhammad, “Our alumni like to donate for new game uniforms, Nike were our sponsors to get uniforms and shoes.”

Every black parent’s dream is to send their children to college, and it’s even better when they receive a scholarship. That type of achievement is extremely huge for the black community; it’s very comparable

to a child winning a golden ticket to visit Willy Wonka’s chocolate factory. Kenwood Academy varsity assistant coach Claude Robinson can relate to the expectations and goals that most black college basketball hopeful’s desire. According to Robinson, “People want to be a professional athlete, and move into the profession. If their social economic status isn’t all that well, it becomes the means to an end. Whether it’s a college scholarship, so their parents don’t have to pay for college, and they can have a debt free experience.”

He was able to give good details by describing the playing styles that most black kids emulate. “The West Side has a toughness style, and the South Side has a toughness, but it’s a little different than it is here.” Robinson mentioned. There are many talented young players who would introduce a flamboyant playground style in most high school games. It gives them great chances to express their true and raw emotions out on the court. The younger generation isn’t shy on exposing their cross-over moves, insane alley-hops, and their and-one finishing.

Robinson is also the coordinator of basketball operations, and a program development director at Kenwood Academy. He has been a part of their basketball program for five years. The former Amateur Athletic Union youth basketball coach is currently the sports and recreation subcommittee chairman position for the North Lawndale Community Coordinating Council. “I have always seen basketball as an unifying force. And an opportunity for young people to be apart of something that can help them see different things.”

Most black Chicago residents have developed a love for basketball at an early age; this major attraction is very similar to someone being married to a significant other. Chicago public school basketball hall of fame inductee Jimmy Sanders feels the same

exact way.

“I got into basketball at a young age watching my uncles play everyday.” Sanders said. “I was the kid who sat at the basketball court to watch basketball day and night. Also watching the likes of Isiah Thomas and Tim Hardaway as a child.”

Sanders is a two-time all-state and all-city player in 1995 and 1996 for George Westinghouse College Prep High School. He also led the warriors to the Chicago Public League championships in 1994 and 1996. According to the North Lawndale native, “Since a child, I had love for the game. The competition drew me to the game, and I just wanted to have a chance to play at a high level.”

After graduating in 1996, Sanders attended Malcolm X Junior College. He made the first All-American junior college team in 1999. “Basketball is so popular because of a guy name Michael Jordan. Every kid wanted to be Michael Jordan. The baggy shorts, long socks, and the dunking really caught the attention of our black youth. And now it has risen to a high level where majority of the NBA is black.”

Chicago basketball has grown in today’s society, especially when the Loyola University Ramblers went to the NCAA Division one Men’s Final Four this past season. This sport’s popularity has gotten larger in the high school basketball industry as well. Curie Metropolitan High School has also built a strong and competitive unit that had won the IHSA Class 4A State title in 2016; they continue to form an indestructible unit in the windy city. There are other tough teams such as Orr Academy, whom have won back-to-back IHSA Class 2A state championships in the last two seasons. “Anybody that’s playing basketball want to go as far as they can with the game,” said Claude Robinson. “Basketball can expose them to different styles, teamwork, character development, time management, responsibility, focus, and

how to deal with disappointment.”

Despite the neighborhood rivalries and brutal sacrifices that family members would make for raising stars, this game helps uplifts the black community in this city. This activity provides a sense of enjoyment and security for African-Americans; basketball helps this congregation to make smarter choices in life. This game encourages black people to stay away from illegal activities. Basketball will show everyone that hard work, dedication, and commitment will lead them to a bright direction in their lives. Although not a lot of those promising hopefuls will play collegiately or professionally, but they can pursue other alternatives with the game itself.

“Everybody’s career is going to end at some point in time eventually and then what? ” Claude Robinson stated. “If people are very passionate about basketball, they need to look at all of the opportunities that comes in this sport. Coaching, personal training, marketing, an analyst, nutritionist, managers, video control. There are hundreds of positions as well, and most people just see the athlete. So that’s something that I want to continue to push, and all of the different things that I’m doing that’s related to sports and recreation.”

Basketball allows African-Americans to escape from racism, poverty, criminal activity, and other personal issues. It’s an outlet that gives the black community a privilege to release their anger and energy out on the court. This sport also forces everyone to create their own dreams. Dreams are very common for people to have and prosper; especially in the younger black generation. Most African-American kids have dreams of becoming doctors, lawyers, and businessmen. Many young black children are destined to pursue a career in athletics, and the number one sport of choice is no other than basketball. It’s a great tool for us to use in order to succeed.





*The two men enjoying themselves while having a good laugh.*



# SUMMERTIME SNAPSHOTS

*written and illustrated by Arlana Shikongo*

*The sun is blazing with balmy temperatures of 80 degrees. This is what they mean by “Summertime Chi”, isn’t it? I’m posted in Volumes Cafe — a snazzy little spot in the Wicker Park neighborhood, what I call the “Brooklyn” of Chicago. Hipsters run rampant here and the smell of gentrification is rife in the air: the strong scent of a Starbucks speciality coffee, mixed with the dusty musk of high-end thrift stores and the sweet hints of the out-of-this-world flavors at Jeni’s Ice Cream.*

*I start with Wicker Park because this is the neighborhood I call home. As an outsider I’ve come to learn a couple of things about Chicagoans, one of which is the allegiance people have to their neighborhood.*

*Many people, myself included, have chosen the area they live in because of how strongly they identify with certain characteristics of the neighborhood, the community and the general activity and energy that the place offers. Having moved here from a different state—an outsider looking in, so to speak—this has become a defining characteristic of the city’s identity.*

*Chicago’s neighborhoods have unique qualities to them and are often demonstrated by the stereotypes the locals chat about, as well as (unknowingly) embody. It’s a mecca of ethnicities, styles, religions and interests. Everyone has a place here, and although the city remains segregated—with the black belt/crescent of the South and Westsides separated from the white folks on the central and north sides by way of a few highways and the Chicago river,—you’re bound to meet a little bit of everyone and everything here.*





**WICKER PARK.** The place “where hipsters are bred”, caught in the crosshairs of a thriving Puerto Rican neighborhood\* (\*Humboldt Park) that is being met with a vibrant culture of art, thrift stores, farmers’ markets, and in the summer, street, neighborhood and ethnic festivals of all kinds. Here, you’ll come across many a young person wearing black docs, denim skirts, silver-purple hair and, ofcourse, a fanny pack.

“In Wicker you totally find a little bit of anything,” says Jenny<sup>1</sup>, a six year resident of Wicker Park who frequently goes to a little neighborhood watering-hole called Estelles—a popular “art deco lounge with late-night hours and a menu of cocktails, craft beers & burgers,” for the post 2a.m. crowd. The drinks are cheap, it smells like piss and the jukebox in the corner is always blaring a mix of AC/DC, the Beastie Boys, Van Halen and Tupac. The perfect hipster-lubricant recipe.

Jenny’s\* hair is a vibrant red and shines brightly in the dim lighting of the bar. She’s just tall enough to comfortably lean her arm on the bar, and I notice her floral Doc Marten boots have a platform that are giving her some height.

“It’s a really great neighborhood, y’know,” she adds. “I’ve got everything I need within a one mile radius—from coffee, to Whole Foods for groceries, to obscure art galleries and cool thrift stores, to a great neighborhood park. This place is unique,” she gushes.

*1. Jenny’s name has been changed to maintain her privacy.*



**THE WEST SIDE** of the city is mostly populated by black and brown communities. Many of these neighborhoods were booming in the 1900s because of the industry that came with it being home to the Sears, Roebuck Company. However, when the company relocated to its downtown location in the 70s, it instigated white flight and black poverty levels began to increase.

It was once home to a large Jewish population, and also the Chicago home of Dr. Martin Luther King, But now the West Side is one of the city's most divested communities and it is evident by the lack of grocery stores, infrastructure and general maintenance that exists on every block.

I sit on the 52 bus going down California and Kedzie Avenue to 63rd Street everyday and notice the infrastructure change from lush garden centers and quirky, cute coffee shops with outdoor seating, to sidewalks with vacant lots littered with beer cans, liquor bottles and empty cigarette cartons. Everyday, the bench at the Kedzie and Lake "L" stop has someone sleeping on it or halfway falling over holding something disguised in a black plastic bag in their hand.

However, despite the economic inequality that plagues the area, the West Side is not just one big

dystopian-esque site of misery. Locals genuinely believe it to be "the best side".

"I'm from the West Side where you have MacArthur's Soul Food, Uncle Remus Saucy Fried Chicken— with their chicken and the mild sauce," said Ariel Walton, who was born and raised in the West Side's North Lawndale neighborhood. "We've got fefe's on the block where all you hear is the young boys and girls call each other 'bro'," she laughed.

Walton describes the neighborhood culture with an air of deep passion and appreciation. "The Westside," she said staring off. "Where Tops and Bottoms on Madison and Pulaski is the Hood Mall; and where every time you dance someone yells, 'WOP!'"



**THE SOUTH SIDE** of Chicago is a world of its own. Infamous on the news and hip-hop music for its gangbanging, guns and violence, this is the place that gave Chicago the name Chiraq—murder capital of America. A handful of Kanye West lyrics, a proud Southsider himself, would make you privy to this.

But what you won't know unless you're from the Southside, until you step foot on the Southside, is that it's community lives in a duality of fear and unity that only a Southsider can walk you through,



and that's the crux of the people that call this part of Chicago home.

"See, when everyone else thinks of the Southside they know not to go all the way to the end of the Green Line, never all the way down to 63rd street" said Clarence 'Vice' Johnson, a Southside native that was born and raised between Englewood and Woodlawn. "But I know where I can and can't go; I'm never afraid."

Southsiders can smell fear on you, according to Vice, but at the end of the day what this part of Chicago comes down to is respect. Respect for the block and its gangbangers, and respect for the religious old ladies too.

Yet, contrary to popular belief, the Southside has more to offer than gangs and violence. With the University of Chicago bringing in a diverse demographic of folks in areas like Hyde Park, the appeal and vibrancy of some parts of the Southside are shifting as more restaurants, groceries stores and entertainment areas are being built to accommodate the collegiate population. And, quite evidently, it is home to some of Chicago's greatest assets—Kanye West, Chance the Rapper, Chief Keef, and even Michelle Obama.

"They're smart, intelligent people," said Vice about Southsiders, referring both to those that have achieved world renowned fame, and the guys who run the streets. According to him being a gangster takes a lot of methodical planning and foresight—you know, the "streetsmarts". "These are people that have a good sense for survival."

Yet, despite all this, the good, the bad and the ugly; a Southsider will always pledge allegiance to their hood, even through something small like defending their fried chicken chain, Harold's, against the Westside's Uncle Remus—the archnemesis.



**DOWNTOWN** is home to the city's infamous "Loop". With high rises overlooking the lake, this area is populated by an intergenerational crowd that has one key thing in common—money. Similar to New York's Manhattan region, the Loop is for the professional demographic who make enough to spend Saturday afternoon's shopping on Madison Avenue (without even having to look at the price tags). They walk with their noses in the air and humbly brag about brunching on Dustin's boat every Sunday afternoon.

The height of it is almost dizzying, with no other neighborhoods having the 110-story, 1,451-foot height of the Willis Tower, formerly the Sears Tower. No one in Chicago acknowledges it the Willis Tower. If the expensiveness and expansiveness of its infrastructure don't indicate the types of folks who call them home, then the \$17 pricetag on cocktails at the John Hancock's 97th floor will! Downtown Chicago is home to the money-shitting folks and visitors of the city.

*Chicago, a melting-pot like many metropolitan cities, yet also uniquely "different", is home to a caricature of identities, but for those of us who live in it, flock to it and have grown to love it; this caricature is a novel of identities, faces, beings and personality. Chicago is home to many, and even though it is extraordinarily flawed, it is also significantly loved.*





# BLACK SAILORS OF CHICAGO

*by Pascal Fernandes*

*When we think of American cities on the water, we think of the coasts— Boston and San Francisco. But Chicago too is a city of water, set on the edge of Lake Michigan and around the Chicago River. While most Chicagoans flock to the beaches in the summer, a select few elect to take their relationship with the lake to the next level, spending the season on their sailboats.*

*While I have never been lucky enough to summer at the yacht club, I do know that boat culture in Chicago is shaped by a few special circumstances. First, there's the fact that Chicago is smack in the middle of the great plains, with no ocean in sight, just a massive lake. Then, there's also the class politics that is so intimately tied with any elite sport that comes with a five figure price tag.*

*Of course, there's also that sticky business of Chicago's deep legacy of segregation, drawn straight into the city lines dividing the north, south and west sides. In the interest of exploring those power relationships so innate to Chicago, I took to the lake, sailing, racing, and stumbling my way through sea jargon. Jackson Park Yacht Club stuck out among the Chicago boating scene, since it hosts more black sailors than any other club in America. The voices that I heard revealed a great deal about the nature of the sport, and what it means to be black in a predominantly white social scene. As said by one of the club members Judge Stanley Hill (not pictured), "Well it's only simple justice that after what our ancestors went through then now I can be on a Friday on my boat chilling out with my shoes off."*

IL 4408 DH





*Pictured:*  
Marlon Harvey





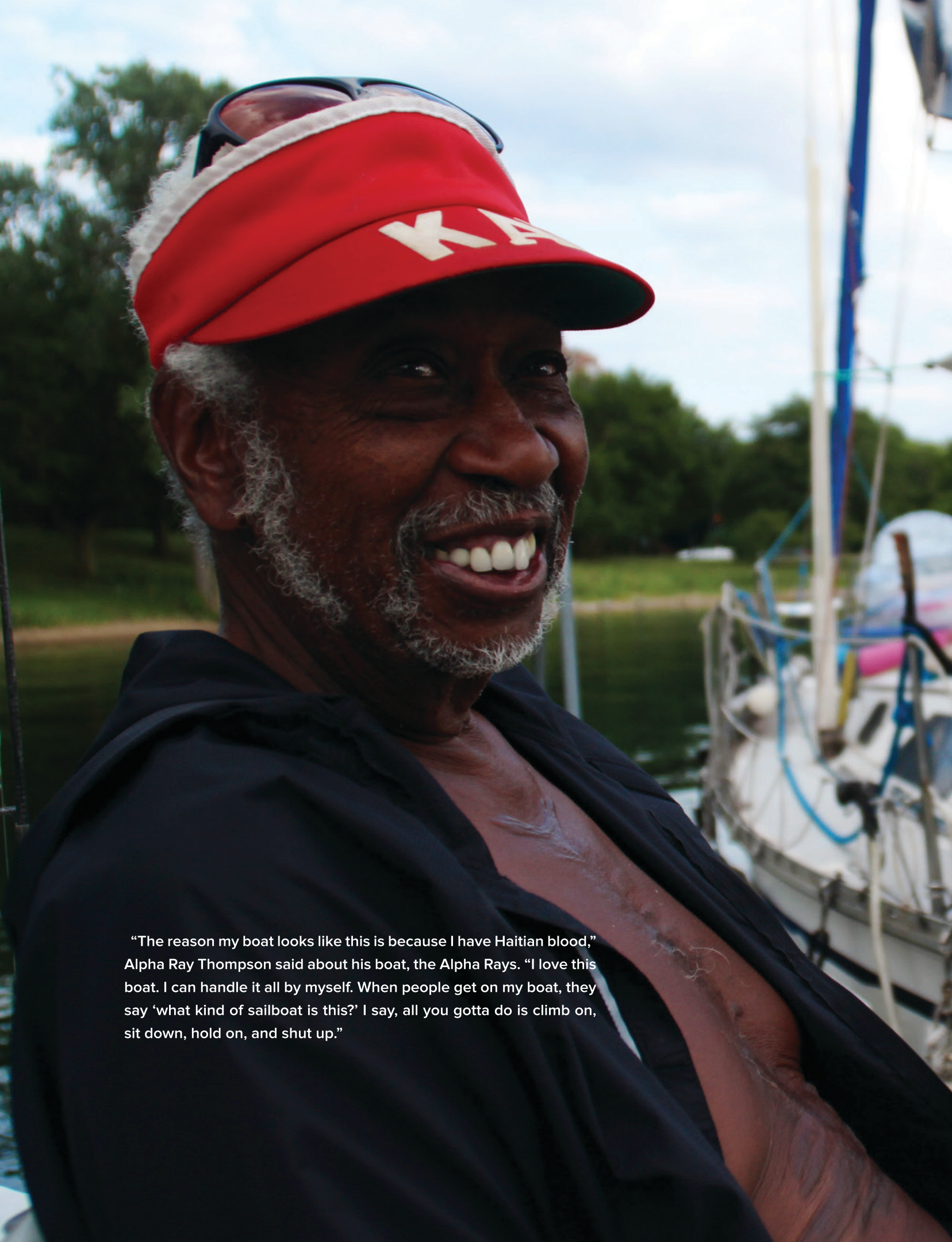




*Sailboats parked along the clubhouse.*

Delia Urgesi-Gray said that she became the captain of her own ship because of the support she received from the black community at Jackson Park Yacht Club. “There’s a gentleman here named Alpha Ray. He said, ‘You need to have your own boat!’” Delia laughed because at the time, she says she was a broke college student volunteering at the harbor for fun. “There was this old 19 foot O’Day Mariner that was sitting over there with a For Sale sign. He said, ‘you should go buy that boat!’ So I walked over there and took the sign. I said, how much you want? I’m gonna give you five dollars a month! And he was like, ‘Sold!’ It was an old boat anyway, I think it was maybe a thousand dollars, or a couple thousand dollars. But then I had a sailboat the whole summer. And then I met this group of people who took me in and kind of taught me how to sail.”





“The reason my boat looks like this is because I have Haitian blood,” Alpha Ray Thompson said about his boat, the Alpha Rays. “I love this boat. I can handle it all by myself. When people get on my boat, they say ‘what kind of sailboat is this?’ I say, all you gotta do is climb on, sit down, hold on, and shut up.”





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Alpha Ray took me below deck to show me his Pirate's Cave. "In my boat there are all kinds of goodies that people buy for me," he said. "Wherever they are, they see pirate, they bring it to me. I'm known as the Chicago Pirate."









above Paul Thompson's *Mise en Place* takes the lead and later wins the weekly Chicago Beer Can race hosted every Wednesday by Columbia Yacht Club. The race goes out and back to the Edward F Dunne Crib, seen in the distance. The crib is one of two offshore intake sites used to supply the City of Chicago and the surrounding area with drinking water from the lake.


The anemometer on the *Mise en Place* shows the speed of the boat, the true wind current, and the apparent wind speed.





The View from the Finish Line: Paul said he won this particular Wednesday Night Beer Can Race because he had the biggest spinnaker—the colorful, lightweight sail optimized for sailing with gentler winds. In fact, he joked that black sailors always have the biggest spinnakers.



A large blue sail cover is draped over the deck of a boat. A small, clear plastic patch with a colorful flag design is visible on the right side of the cover. The background shows the boat's rigging, including masts and ropes, under a bright sky.

Pam Rice, Captain of the *i b @ sea.calm*, said that people like her were once forbidden from stepping foot into the clubhouse. “We’re a little bit more liberal here,” Pam said. “It wasn’t until 1986 that women were allowed to join by themselves. I joined in 89, so ... three years before I wouldn’t have been able to.”

“I’ve seen it go through its revelation. Black folks would find their sail covers floating in the water and feces in the cockpit and just all kinds of strange things going on with their boats,” Pam said. “Things have really changed since then. I just think that there’s just more people with expendable income now than there was 30 years ago. A lot of people are becoming familiarized that there are a lot of black skiers and scuba divers, and black people are doing all kinds of things these days.”









· INSTRUMENT ·







**MYAH**



**THE ALLIANCE**  
FOR MEDIA ARTS + CULTURE



*Photo and mural by Creative Action (Austin, TX)*