



SEASON 2

mazing

INSPIRATION UNCHARTED

Mazing magazine is vision put into practice. It's a talented group of writers, artists, and idea-makers who want to inspire our generation to pursue creativity in spite of every obstacle, so that's exactly what we're doing. Through late-night brainstorm sessions and draft after draft, Mazing is the embodiment of its mission: celebrating young adulthood in all its unsteadiness. Finding inspiration amidst the chaos. Within these pages, we hope you find the motivation you're looking for, to reach, to create, to hang, to roam, to impact, and maybe even survive. And we hope what you find here makes your life outside the page so much more.

TRULY MAZING CONTRIBUTORS



KELSEY DYER | WRITER



HADDIE SMITH | WRITER & PHOTOGRAPHER



MIKEY DIGGS | WRITER & PHOTOGRAPHER



JESSICA KOZACHUK | WRITER & NUTRITIONIST



PETE FREEMAN | PHOTOGRAPHER



MAGGIE BOYD | WRITER



SARAH TATE | PHOTOGRAPHER



SARAH WITMER | WRITER



KEVIN OSWALD | WRITER



MEGAN LITSCHESKI | ILLUSTRATOR



CORI DUNTON | PHOTOGRAPHER



JACLYN BEALES | WRITER



TIFFANY LAMBERT | PHOTOGRAPHER



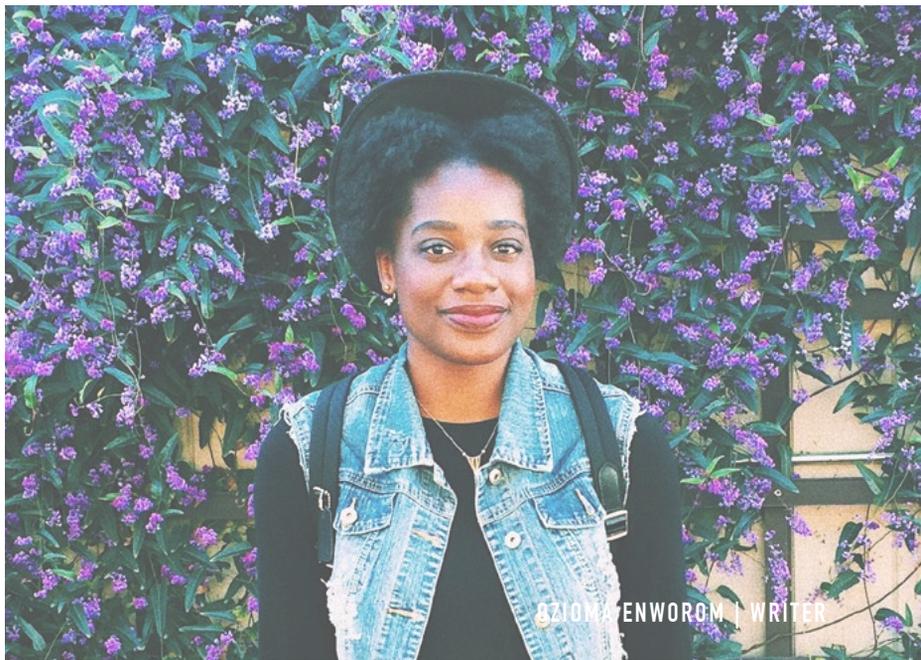
MOLLY WILCOX | WRITER



MAXWELL DUNN | WRITER



ANN FLANIGAN | WRITER



AZIMA ENWORUM | WRITER



MICHELLE PARK | PHOTOGRAPHER



ALEJANDRO SANTANA-VALLARTA | WRITER



KATIE SWALM | WRITER



JEFF HAN | WRITER



KATHRYN SCHUYLER | EDITOR

Dear Reader,

First of all, let me just say thank you for joining us on Mazing round two. May it be as significant to you as it has been to us—its creators—though I honestly doubt that’s possible.

The act of creating, in its barest form, is luminous and simple. It’s with the sharing, with the vulnerability—of spreading open one’s palms and breaking open one’s ribcage—that things become complicated. We hope you appreciate the courage it takes to write and paint and send it out for editing. But more so, we hope our little acts of courage empower you in a big way, to live your best life, whatever that may be.

I’ve found in this issue rhythms of connection and isolation, rhythms that are all too real to young adults (and older adults, and let’s be honest, tiny little children). This issue of Mazing exposes the lie that synergy is easy to create, that a little effort directly correlates with harvest. But it rallies us to the fact that the quest for authentic connection is so worthwhile. So run with us—run after this elusive thing called community, or family. Run after people that get you. Hopefully you’ll even come across some of these people on these pages.

Because yes, we get it. This thing called young adulthood is an outrageous ride and we’re all here, whether we signed up for it or not. Reach with us, create with us, roam with us, impact with us, hang with us and yes, even survive with us. And if you see us around, give us a hearty pat on the back, because we probably need it.

Read on, rock stars.

-Kathryn Schuyler



BETSY FREEMAN | CREATIVE DIRECTOR

Gentle reader,

Have we arrived? No, but are we making it happen? Yep. Am I writing this at 2am? Unfortunately.

The impetus for issue 2 started with blissful visions of picking up where we left off and coasting in the rewards of the relentless hard-work from issue 1. False. Mazing has a life of it's own and was naturally going to grow up, maybe a little left, and then for sure diagonal. We can't keep up, but thank you to the absolutely Mazing community for coming up right underneath us and filling this magazine with an effervescent energy, talent, and creativity. We all know nobody had time for this. This kind of hustle was the original inspiration for Mazing.

Mazing Season 2 is compilation of the changes, the challenges, the thoughts and inspirations along the shared path of this thing called life. Fair warning, in these pages you might find something overwhelmingly relateable. Being real and sharing your words, your art, and low key your heart is far from easy.

Mazing has given me the challenge and opportunity to share a bit of me too. My path has been one of those rides where you are maybe a tiny bit scared and un-sure, but you just grit your teeth and decide you are having fun. All the suddent you realize you are perhaps having the most fun. Real talk, I bailed on my life plan. Predictability would be no fun. Here's what I've learned instead- seasons are short, pain and thrills are temporary, and creativity lives in the moment. Through it all, there's a sort of epic joy and steadiness to be found in the uncertainty of things. I hope in these pages you find some encouragement, some inspiration and perhaps even some pals in this endeavor. Let's do this people.

Cheers.

b

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ROAM	Traveling Solo <i>Ozioma Enworom</i>	• • • 62
	Highways and Byways Exploring Your City in 4 Easy Steps <i>Mikey Diggs</i>	• • • 65
	Between Bread and Salt* <i>Alejandro Santana-Vallarta</i>	• • • 70
	Are You A Hipster? Infographic <i>Betsy Freeman</i>	• • • 16
CRAFT	Observing Art To Make Better Art <i>Kevin Oswald</i>	• • • 11
	For Ourselves and Each Other <i>Maggie Boyd</i>	• • • 18
	Canadian Wilderness: Interview with Photographer Ezra Maurice Comeau <i>Jacalyn Beales</i>	• • • 20
	Poetry <i>Various</i>	• • • 81

IMPACT	Post-Election Action <i>Molly Wilcox</i>	• • • 30
	10 Books That Will Make You a Better Person in 2017 <i>Maxwell Dunn</i>	• • • 54
	Battling Hopelessness In a Life of Activism <i>Haddie Smith</i>	• • • 58
SURVIVE	Overcommitment Blues <i>Katie Swalm</i>	• • • 34
	Butternut Squash Pasta: Entertain Like a Pro <i>Ann Flanigan</i>	• • • 75
	Silent But Deadly Apartment Workout <i>Jessica Kozachuk</i>	• • • 78
REACH	When Your Work Isn't Working For You <i>Sarah Witmer</i>	• • • 26
	Making It Happen: An Interview with Tinlid Hat Co. Co-Founder Jon Tuck <i>Kathryn Schuyler</i>	• • • 36
	Not Down with Career Disappointment <i>Betsy Freeman</i>	• • • 40
HANG	Confrontation & Conflict <i>Jeff Han</i>	• • • 44
	A Few Confessions About Ikea Disasters & Vulnerability <i>Kelsey Dyer</i>	• • • 47
	The Pro's & Con's of Online Dating <i>Kathryn Schuyler</i>	• • • 50



OBSERVING ART

TO MAKE BETTER ART

/// WORDS BY KEVIN OSWALD

/// PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETE FREEMAN



Sometimes the most difficult thing to do is to make the first brush stroke on a blank canvas, draw the first line on a white piece of paper, or even say the first hello to a stranger. Where will it be? What will it look like? And what will it represent? The stress and anticipation behind making the first move can be debilitating. As someone who suffers from the crippling disease of perfectionism, it was very hard for me to embrace my inner artist. However, art is not, and has never been perfect. It was not until I started viewing other artwork that I was able to come to this conclusion. Many beautiful pieces of art have no apparent rhyme or reason. They are simply beautiful because they contain a good mixture of color and texture.

In 1912, Czech abstract artist Frantisek Kupka painted a piece titled Blue Space. When the piece was shown at the Salon d'Automne art exhibition in Paris that year, even the most distinguished art critics did not understand the piece. When asked by perplexed viewers of the time what the canvases represented, Kupka responded with a question of his own: "Must then a work of art represent something?" Today, the piece is on display at the San Diego Museum of Art, and is my favorite piece there. Viewing artwork done by another artist can inspire you. It might even confuse you. It will challenge you to think differently, and will give you new perspective on the creative process. It might even teach you something new about yourself.

*"It will challenge you to think differently,
and will give you new perspective on the
creative process."*

Some of the best and most iconic pieces of artwork were made by someone trying something new, or going against the grain. True masterpieces are crafted through a grueling process of trial and error. After viewing beautiful pieces of artwork, some questions that I am always left asking myself are: What inspired the artist to create this

piece? Why did he or she choose the medium they did? How did the artist create this?

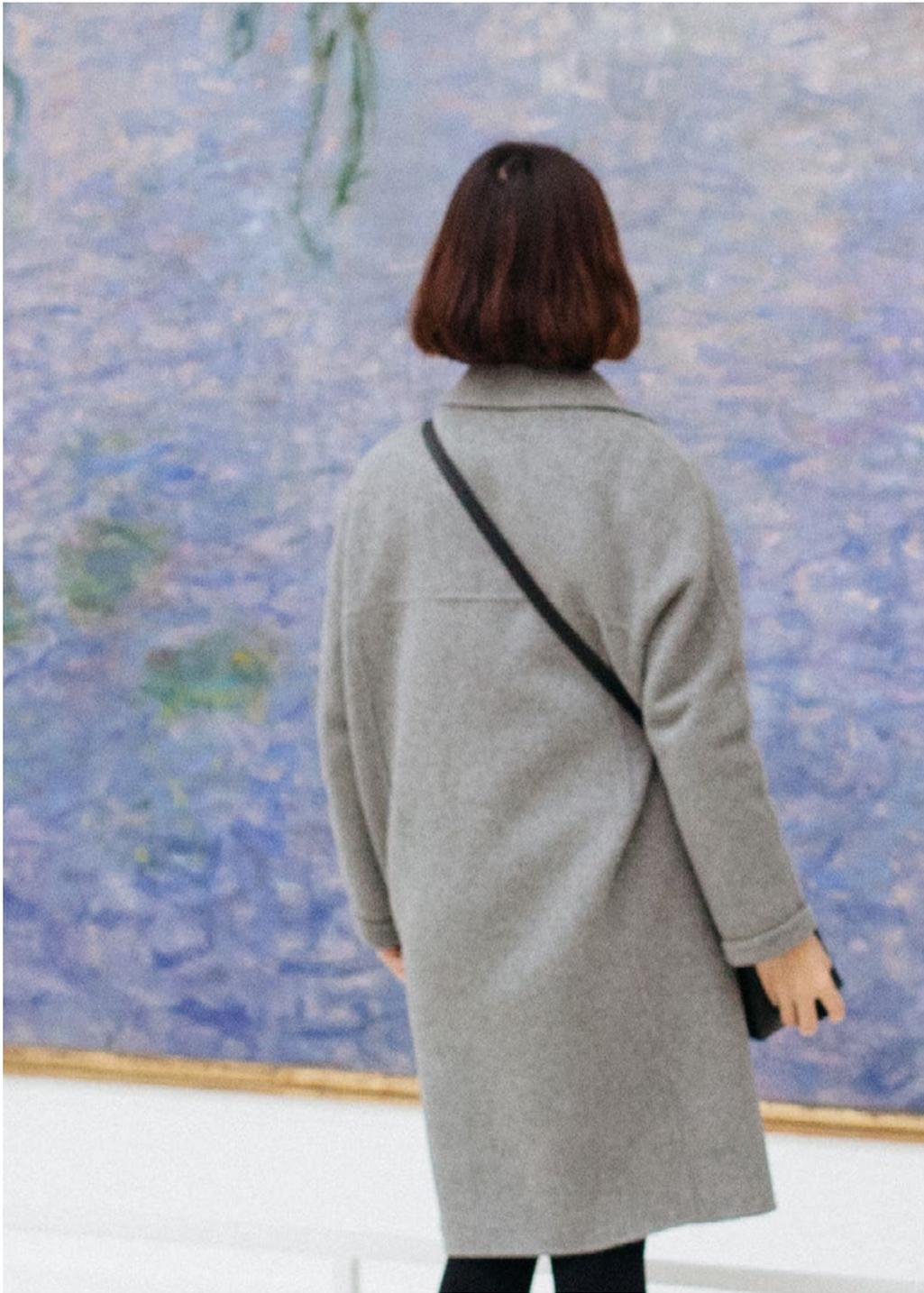
Finding out the answers to these questions, however, is less important than asking yourself the questions in the first place. Asking yourself these sorts of questions will give you a greater understanding of what is motivating your own artwork, and will give you permission to explore more ways to create.

One of the concepts that will never cease to fascinate me is when an artist chooses to label his or her piece as "complete." It's not always about how much content there is, how closely the content resembles something you've seen in real life, or how much color is used.

*"there is nothing that fuels creativity more
than encountering other people's art."*

Arguably the most famous painter of all time, Leonardo da Vinci, was once quoted saying, "Art is never finished, only abandoned." Even such an iconic artist was aware that there is no such thing as "perfect art."

In my personal experience, there is nothing that fuels creativity more than encountering other people's art. It is imperative that you view dynamic, unique pieces of art if you ever want to grow as a creative individual. Only having one perspective, whether that be on art, religion, or any other part of life will never lead to growth.



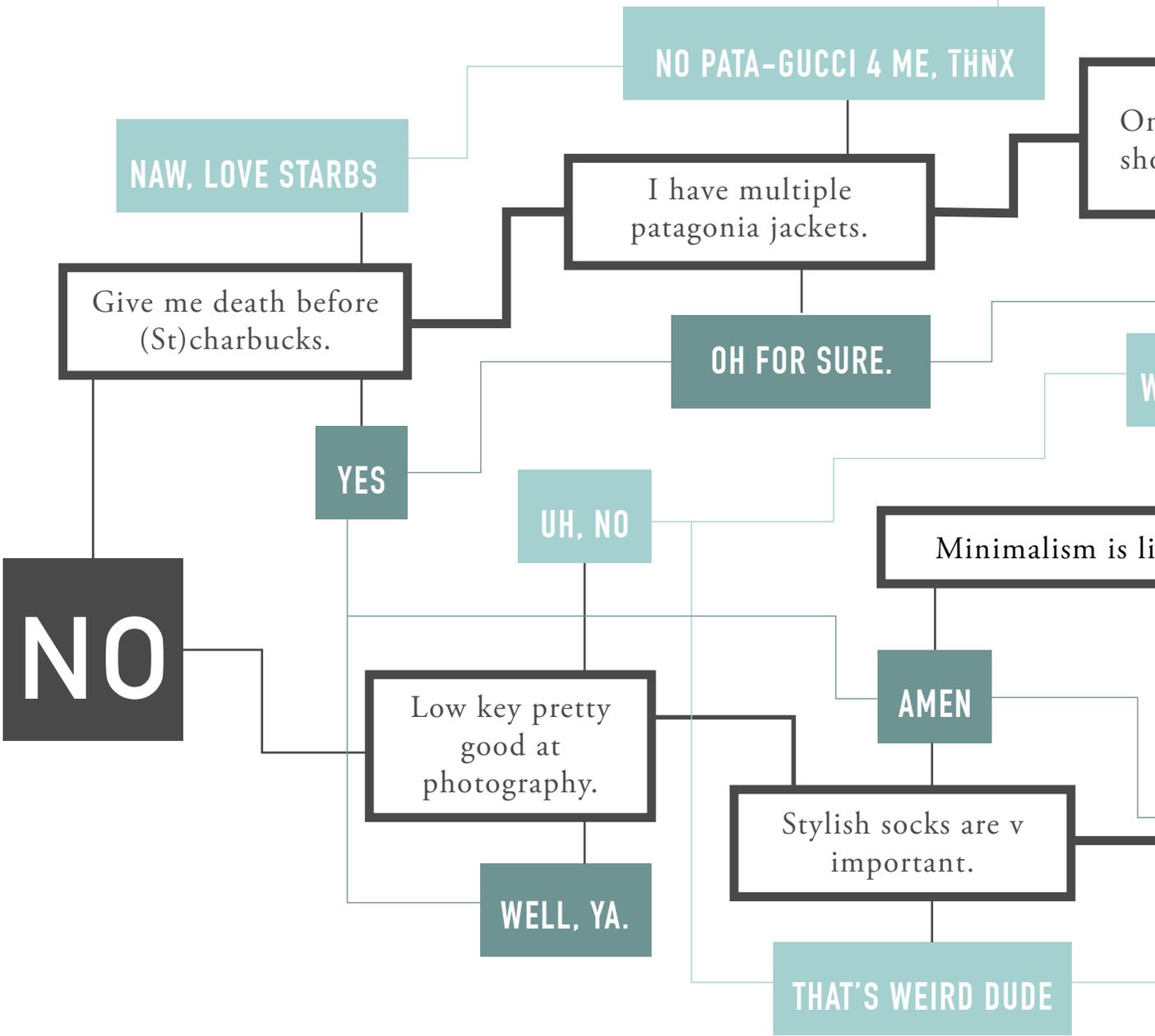




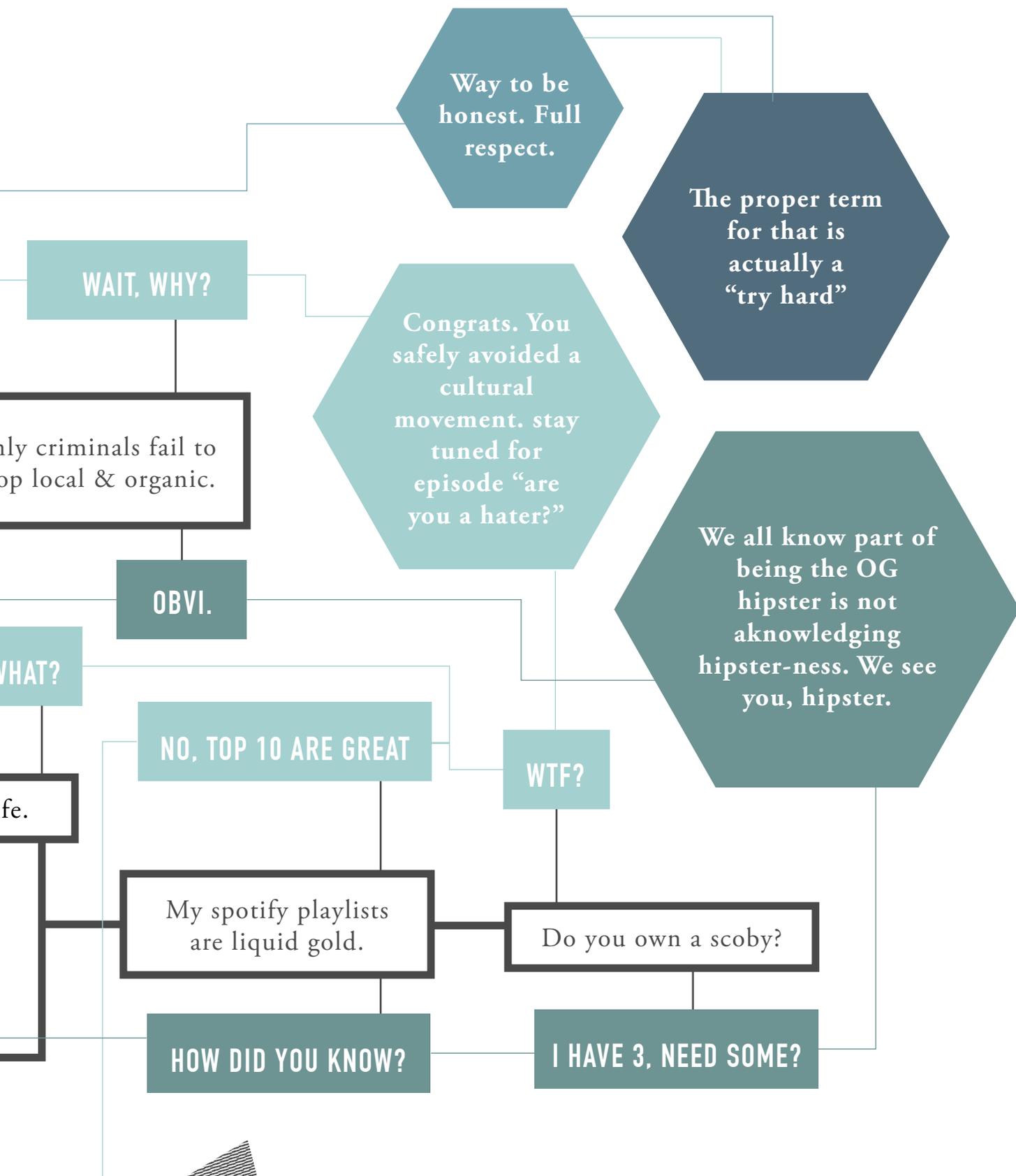
ARE YOU A

HIPSTER?

YES



RESPONSES TO REVEAL YOUR TRUE NATURE IN THE HEXAGON



Sasso-graphic by Betsy Freeman. All B*#%\$ing and copying rights reserved. Before you get terribly offended, remember you have to be one to know one.

FOR OURSELVES & EACH OTHER



/// WORDS BY MAGGIE BOYD

/// PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHELLE PARK



The day is warm and close; the breezy kind where summer begins to settle. Magnolia trees are blooming, and their dark waxy leaves reflect the sun back to me. The sky is endless blue, and the air is sweet.

Watching my feet as I walk, my mind rests entirely on the work that waits back at my desk. The sky, the smell, the magic of the day, go unnoticed as I check the time and pick up my pace to keep from being late. Three feet in front of me, a sidewalk square spills over with color.

As I draw nearer, chalky bright flora comes into focus. Someone knelt down and took the time to push sidewalk chalk all over that one square of my walk, to create something lovely.

“Training ourselves to live lives open to vision is a slow and quiet practice.”

I stop for a moment to study the colors and lines. I feel the heat of the day rest on me and I am still. I notice the magnolia bloom twirling through the wind. Filled with new energy, I walk back to my desk and the waiting work.

Art begins with vision. We have to see beyond what is readily available in order to move into that new reality. Training ourselves to live lives open to vision is a slow and quiet practice – a long series of small choices to pay attention to the world around us. Like learning how to run, it takes vigilance. When I ran a mile for the first time, it felt like my own muscle groups were working against me.

“Once we see these possibilities, we must be courageous enough to take them.”

I had to constantly remind myself how to breathe. But, as I continued the practice day after day, my muscles came to understand the new

movements. There came a day that I took that mile with grace and strength.

As we lean into this new way of being, the world opens up; an empty sidewalk square, an unsolvable problem, a glimpse of sunlight on the wall, a difficult relationship, all become opportunities to act creatively—to make art. Once we see these possibilities, we must be courageous enough to take them. Blank walls remain blank until we touch them with paint. Problems remain unsolved until we work to find a solution. Stories do not unfold until we tell them. We cannot know the beauty of a redemptive conversation if we do not look someone in the eyes and listen and speak.

“The days in front of us are filled with constant invitations to respond with imagination and bravery.”

The days in front of us are filled with constant invitations to respond with imagination and bravery. Our willingness to engage shapes us, the world, and the people around us. As we put our hands to the work of the possibility we see, we create space for others to slow down. As we slow down, there is space to remember that we live in a reality full of invitations. Our kneeling down on the concrete with a handful of chalk transforms something mundane into art; and that transformation calls to others in the midst of their normalcy. It holds the potential to open up the world again.

CANADIAN WILDERNESS



INTERVIEW WITH PHOTOGRAPHER EZRA MAURICE COMEAU

/// WORDS BY JACALYN BEALES

/// PHOTOGRAPHY SHARED BY EZRA MAURICE COMEAU



Some dream of grand adventure; exploring the world, discovering new places, traversing new grounds. For others, exploration happens outdoors, deep among the wilderness; breathing in the scent of fresh pine, standing by still waters, surrounded by towering mountains and snowcapped hills. We become inspired by the young artists and adventurers who capture such vistas through the lens, and experience the wild through the beautiful images they share with the world. One such adventurer is Alberta-born artist and photographer, Ezra Maurice Comeau. One brief glance at his photography will leave you breathless, yearning to explore the great Canadian outdoors. From glaciers and forests to mountains and lakes, Comeau's work will have you daydreaming of a trip to the great white north for an adventure unlike any other.

A young artist and photographer hailing from Edmonton, Alberta, Comeau chose to pursue photography during his second year of university. As a student currently studying Education, with the desire to teach both photography and social studies, Comeau hopes to work as an educator and role model for students, inspiring people to get outdoors and experience things for themselves.

I caught up with Comeau to talk about his work, the inspiration behind it, and how photography can change the wonderfully diverse — if not sometimes comical — perception of Canada.

Tell us a little bit about yourself.

I grew up in Edmonton, Alberta, and decided to pursue photography in my second year of university. I am at the University of Alberta finishing the last year of my program. I love documentaries and coffee, specifically National Geographic. I like to think one day they will contact me with a project, but that's hopeful thinking.

What initially inspired you to pursue photography?

I have always loved art. In a lot of ways, I wanted to be a painter

instead of a photographer. I had a roommate who got me interested in photography from taking photos on his iPhone; the photo was [of] a car window that had some frost on it with beautiful morning light coming through it. It looked like a painting and it made me realize how much we can do with cameras today. So I started taking photos with my Android phone (a Samsung S3 at the time) and editing them to make them artistically appealing. A year later I bought my first camera, and now here I am.

Do you have a favorite place or destination to shoot?

It's interesting because a week ago, I would have said Banff or Jasper. I really love landscape photography but as of lately I want to shoot more candid street or macro images. To answer your question, I'd probably say it depends on where I am. I enjoy wandering in downtown Edmonton finding unique photos of people simply going through their routine. I find these photos as rewarding as a beautiful landscape with layers of mountains and trees.

What photographers or work has inspired your photography the most?

William Klein for street photography; he is a celebrity to me. I enjoy the work of Joe Greer in Oregon. I refer to Michael Kenna's work for minimalism. Nothing beats Steve McCurry for travel photography and Fan Ho is amazing as well. I find myself referring to the work of William Klein the most as of lately though.

Is there a specific place in mind you've always wanted to shoot, but haven't yet had the opportunity to?

I have always wanted to shoot in the Faroe Islands. There is such a unique landscape there and it seems so desolate at times you have the enormity of it all to yourself.





Your favorite piece of equipment?

A prime lens. It forces your eye and makes you construct your images. It is also good in low light and is discrete for street photography. I currently shoot with a Fujifilm X T-10.

Do you have a process or method to your work? And has it changed as you've grown as a photographer?

I'd say my work has changed significantly since I first started. I developed an eye first and worked on the technique over the last few years. I am self taught compositionally and learned mainly from observing professional photographers and studying the way they took photos. When I go out I try to take the context out of everything. I simplify things into light, color, shape, geometry, and from there it is easy to build an interesting composition. I have changed quite a bit as a photographer and I anticipate this will never change. I have never been interested in specializing in one genre and wish to become competent in all areas of art and photography.

Any advice for young, aspiring photographers out there?

Have fun. Always have a camera on you and tell stories with your work. Tell the story of yourself, of others, and this crazy world we live in.

How do you think/feel your photography helps others view Canada as a destination for travel and exploration?

Since I live in Alberta, it is accessible for me to take impromptu trips to the mountains. This allows me to visit areas that aren't "touristy" and show a lesser-known side of Alberta. Canada has a beautiful, rugged, and diverse landscape. There is literally something for everyone here. I hope others will see my work and come to Canada. From coast to coast, there is a dramatic change of scenery and each province has something substantial to offer.

Follow Ezra on all of his adventures and view his work on Instagram: @ezrajefrey.



WHEN YOUR WORK



ISN'T WORKING FOR YOU

/// WORDS BY SARAH WITMER

/// ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEGAN LITSCHESKI



Going to work can feel like putting on a pair of jeans just one size too small. You can make it fit, but should you really? Day after day, the chafing makes you uncomfortable. You can't be comfortable all the time, you tell yourself. It could be worse.

“You don't need to have the worst job on earth in order to have permission to leave it.”

Why do we keep ourselves zipped up tight in painful situations when we can simply step out of them? Here's a secret I learned through my own Quarter Life Crisis: You don't need to have the worst job on earth in order to have permission to leave it.

TV News was not a good fit for me. I knew the way you know about a bad romantic relationship. There are red flags from the start, but you want it to work out so badly you turn a blind eye. Just like in an unhealthy romance, going against the grain of who you are in your career will only grate at you, day after day, chiseling away at your potential to become who you were created to be.

According to the American Sociological Association, disliking your current job not only makes you more prone to anxiety and depression in the moment, it also has detrimental long-term health effects. In a study conducted over a 33-year-span, researchers found that the more unsatisfied you are at work, the more prone you are to physical and mental illness.

Ignoring my own unhappiness manifested itself in the form of terrible anxiety: panic attacks, sleepless nights and weight loss. One night, writing the 6 o'clock news, I gazed out at the rest of the newsroom. I saw my older co-workers all slumped down at their desks, looking as miserable as I felt. This is your future if you stay here. The realization sunk into my gut like a stone. The truth I had been ignoring was finally loud enough and clear enough I could no longer avoid it.

I quit the next day. No back up plan, no one to financially support me, and no alternative career. I wish I could tell you that from there, it all worked itself out, smooth as a summer breeze. Doors did open up for me, but I still had to walk through them, find other doors, and just keep walking. All this searching was exhausting, but it was so much more fulfilling than sitting in a seat where I knew I didn't belong.

In a recent study, State Street Global Advisors found that 60% of millennials have changed jobs between one and four times in the past five years. I didn't want to become a part of that statistic, but I also didn't want to waste my time in an environment that wasn't healthy for me.

“All this searching was exhausting, but it was so much more fulfilling than sitting in a seat where I knew I didn't belong.”

I jumped around from place to place for the next two years, learning more about my strengths and weaknesses with each new role I tried out. I survived. The one thing I held firm to was the idea that this was the time to try it all out: to stumble and fumble and fall and get back up to do it all again.

A good friend of mine spent those same two years stuck in a job she didn't like. It wasn't terrible, but it wasn't for her.

“All my time is sucked up with this job,” she would say. “But in a few years it'll all be worth it.”

She passed away last Christmas from a sudden heart problem. She was 27 years old. She doesn't have those years she was waiting for. And neither do I. None of us has one more minute to spend investing ourselves into something that does not fit with who we are.

There is no doubt my friend would have left her job if she knew her time was running out. But no one can know that, and despite what country songs tell us, we can't live like we're dying. We still need to pay rent and run errands. It is not the fear of a sudden death that should propel you forward, but the hope of a life more fully lived.

Parker J. Palmer writes about this concept in his book "Let Your Life Speak". He thinks there is a reason we all crave more significant work. "Every journey, honestly undertaken, stands a chance of taking us toward the place where our deep gladness meets the world's deep need."

"You can appreciate something for what it is and still acknowledge that it's not a good fit."

We can't all find perfect jobs that pay well and save the world, but it's worth the struggle to fight for a better life if you have the chance to. Do it for those who can't. For the single mothers with children they need to feed and clothe with each paycheck. For the people who live in countries where their job options are severely limited. For those with physical or mental struggles, unable to pursue certain jobs.

Some of you might cringe reading that. You've been told to be practical. Not everyone can like her job. Appreciate what you have! You can appreciate something for what it is and still acknowledge that it's not a good fit. When everything else is wiped away, I truly do not believe that you are alive so that you can sit still, shut your mouth, and stay put.

Stop stuffing yourself into jeans and jobs that are cutting off your circulation. Jobs are not a one-size-fits all situation. Give yourself room to move and room to grow. Maybe it's time to unzip.





POST-ELECTION ACTION



/// WORDS BY MOLLY WILCOX
/// PHOTOGRAPHY BY CORI DUNTON



Do I dare start a political article by quoting a new John Mayer song? (I am a millennial after all.) We'll see how it takes. "Moving on, getting over, but I just can't seem to get you off my mind..." In reality, some people in every pocket of the country are begging us 'emotional liberals' to "Move on already! Your girl lost, get over it!" But truly, millions of us just can't seem to get the topic off our minds. Jazzy Johnny boy is hung up on the loss of a girl, and honestly, so are the majority of Americans.

The definition of passivity is the acceptance of what happens, without active response or resistance. The 2016 election was undoubtedly one of the most divisive elections our country has seen in the modern era. Regardless of political affiliation, since November 8th and the election of Donald Trump, your social media feeds have been writhing with political articles, the heated (and sometimes uneducated) opinions of your distant uncle, and worldwide protests. How do we, as perhaps the most divided America yet, work together?

"The definition of passivity is the acceptance of what happens, without active response or resistance."

In a time when so many young people are giving up on or tuning out of democracy because of the difficulty of keeping up with the facts or the disappointment of its productivity, where do we start? If I've learned anything in the past few months, it's that privately reaching out to people who you both agree with and disagree with is a perfect place to start. Be bold and ask your fellow Americans questions! Why did you march in the Women's March? Why are you so upset with Trump's administration? Or What the heck is wrong with the Dakota Access Pipeline? And if people ask you these questions, answering them respectfully (and with well-researched facts) is absolutely crucial.

Now, as much as our elders chastise our generation's ever-present preoccupation with social media, it's hard to ignore the overwhelming triumph it's had on linking like-minded individuals together. In the past few months, social media platforms, specifically Twitter and Facebook, have created a flood of unified protests, grass roots organizations, and long-lost friends reconnecting over the desire to make a difference. It's no surprise that groups have reached people of every religion, race, socio-economic background, and age, uniting millions who feel threatened by the Trump administration's influence on the pillars of American democracy. In a short period of time, many Americans have expressed how legal and social equality and equal opportunity in our country are being threatened.

To be honest, when sitting in history class learning about abolitionism, women's suffrage, civil rights, or the rise of Nazi Germany, I never thought I'd have the opportunity to partake in such monumental movements of change.

Yet here we are! And however confusing and annoying it may be to keep up with the happenings of our democracy, it really is worth it. English novelist Zadie Smith said in a recent talk documented by *The New York Review of Books*, "Progress is never permanent, [it will] always be threatened, [it] must be redoubled, restated, and reimagined if it is to survive."

Many of us are asking, now what? In this time of "alternative facts," "fake news," and repeated attacks on journalism as a whole, we are faced with the need to seek information through trustworthy sources or primary research.

Journalist Rick Carp wrote, "In the United States, the government is supposed to work for the people. It is, after all, in the people's name— and with their dollars — that everything is carried out..." Then, in my opinion, what we must do as citizens is demand government

transparency. How are our taxpayer dollars actually spent? Which corporations are personally benefiting from Trump's administration?

As well-informed individuals, we are faced with an opportunity to get involved, to actually help initiate positive change. As Barack Obama said in his last speech as president (and I paraphrase): don't get angry, get a clipboard, organize, get involved. Pick a cause that excites you and interests you.

"... We are faced with the need to seek information through trustworthy sources or primary research."

The Constitution of the United States America states that all men are created equal, and our amendments give us the right to practice religion freely, to have the freedom to speak our minds. Sadly, all of these freedoms were not originally granted to the Native American, to the slave, to the woman. These freedoms were granted to white men, to landowners, to people deemed respectable by the 13 original colonies and their representatives. This country has undergone incredible change: we have abolished slavery, we have fought for civil rights, we have fought for women's votes, we have fought for equal pay and social respect for all minorities, we have fought for marriage equality and so much more. Once again, the Constitution says that all men are created equal, but it did not initially mean it. Without groups of people banding together demanding change, our country would never have reached the potential that our constitution initially proposed.

So don't lose heart, don't even begin to question whether or not your body amongst thousands counts during a protest, whether or not your sign is being read, because thankfully, history is on our side. Without organized protests and demand for equality, the United States would never have broken off from England in the first place. America is already great because of its ability to fix its original flaws. When people band together and demand change, change will come. It always has, and it always will.

Some easy ways to find out about upcoming protests and get involved:

<http://front.moveon.org/> Websites such as moveon.org have created easy ways to sign petitions online, one of them being, "Require Trump to prove he has no Dakota Access Pipeline conflicts of interest." With petitions like this, the people are demanding government transparency. There are also reliable sources of information to track how our tax dollars are actually spent, including: <http://www.opensecrets.org/>, <http://opendataenterprise.org/>, and <https://www.nationalpriorities.org/>

<https://www.indivisibleguide.com/> One of the most comprehensive websites created since the election is indivisibleguide.com, a site that gives helpful, easy, and practical ideas for people to get involved, no matter where you're located. A quote by Dolores Huerta is posted on the site that says, "Every moment is an organizing opportunity, every person a potential activist, every minute a chance to change the world."

Women's March (10 days action in 100 days)

<http://www.thedreamcorps.org/lovearmy> Van Jones, the founder of Dream Corp, a social justice accelerator, has launched #LoveArmy where members declare, "we will not take freedom for granted." In other words, we will not let history repeat itself before our eyes.

Social media – follow your Congressional representatives on Twitter and Facebook.

Attend the various town halls across the country.

Invest time in reading factual, reliable news sources:

<https://www.nytimes.com/>

<https://www.washingtonpost.com/>

<http://www.newyorker.com/>

<http://www.economist.com/>

<https://www.theguardian.com/international>

<http://www.bbc.com/news>

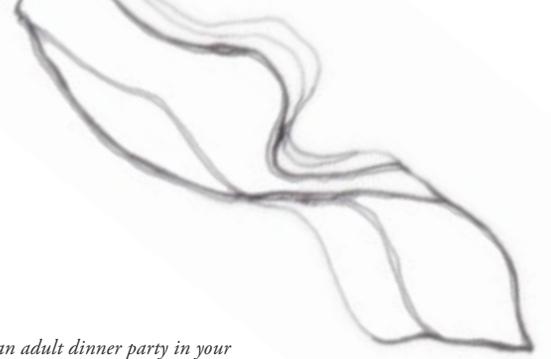
<http://www.politico.com/>





hey good lookin'

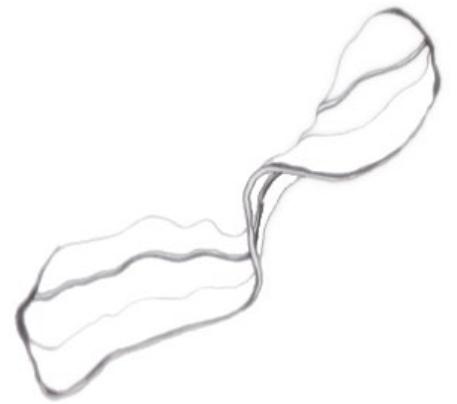
WHATCHA GOT COOKIN'



Assuming we are looking for more opportunities for “adulting”, throwing an adult dinner party in your own place is a good start. I’ve used this recipe countless times and found it to be a no-fail wonder. Easy, universally appealing, simple to make and yet a little more exciting than your every day meal.

CREAMY BUTTERNUT SQUASH PASTA:

- 1 pound curvy shaped pasta
- 1.75 pounds butternut squash, peeled, seeded and cut into 1 inch pieces- about 3.5 cups (can use Trader Joe’s precut bags)
- 4 ounces pancetta or bacon, chopped
- 2 garlic cloves, finely chopped
- 2 shallots, finely chopped
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 2 teaspoons finely chopped fresh sage
- 3 tablespoons unsalted butter, cut into thirds
- 2 tablespoons half and half
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese



IMPORTANT STEP ONE:

Turn on some good music and open a bottle of wine. Set the tone for a great evening with a relaxed, enjoyable cooking experience.

STEP TWO:

Preheat oven to 400, line a baking pan with parchment paper and place squash on top of parchment paper, tossing lightly with 1 tablespoon olive oil, salt and pepper. Roast for 45-50 mins or until very tender. (You could cheat here and cook the squash in the bag from Trader Joe’s per directions, but let’s be real: that’s gross and we’re going for legit dinner party vibes- make time to do this the real way.)

Place squash in a bowl and mash with potato masher.

Cook pancetta (I typically use bacon here) in a large skillet over moderate heat, for 2-3 mins. Add shallots and garlic and saute for 2-3 minutes, until pancetta is crisp and shallots are tender. Add squash, chicken broth and sage, and simmer for 5 minutes. Stir in butter and half and half.

Cook pasta in large pot. Reserve 1 cup pasta-cooking water, then drain pasta and return to pot. Stir in squash mixture and cheese. Season with salt and pepper if needed. Add some of the reserved cooking water to the sauce if it seems a bit dry.

Original recipe written by Rosemary Maione





MAKING IT HAPPEN

AN INTERVIEW WITH TINLID HAT CO. CO-FOUNDER JON TUCK

/// WORDS BY KATHRYN SCHUYLER

/// PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY OF TINLID HAT CO.



I spend a lot of time with millennials—creatives, entrepreneurs, dreamers, walking idea-factories. I can't tell you how many dazzling ideas for products and ventures and albums and movements I've heard spoken into the air and they just—stay there. As ideas. There's no doubt that we're a generation marked by whimsy, but often lack the gung-ho, bootstraps mentality to see our plans materialize.

I got in touch with Jon Tuck, a co-founder of Tinlid Hat Co. to ask a few questions about making vision reality. A self-proclaimed business "founded on a whim," Tinlid has been up and running for nearly three years, garnering 40k Facebook followers and planting over 100k trees with a portion of their profits. That's a pretty big success story for a business kicked off by two college kids.

Can you tell us a little bit about how Tinlid was founded?

The idea for Tinlid came about on one of our mini adventures in our hometown, Traverse City, Michigan. We were out playing disc golf and hiking through the hills of our local course when we thought, "Hey, we should make some hats that say 'FROLF' (short for frisbee golf)." Later that night, we placed an order for our first hats. When the hats came in, we started stitching elastic on the side for a pencil holder. The hats were originally just for us and our friends, but after gaining interest and popularity around the local course, we decided to start selling them and planting a tree for every hat we sold. The idea took off.

Why did you choose to plant trees with a portion of Tinlid's profits?

We grew up in Northern Michigan and are based here. We live about 30 minutes from Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lakeshore, so naturally we often find ourselves wandering in the woods and along Lake Michigan. We thought that planting a tree with each purchase was a

way we could represent our beliefs!

How do you think your conservation efforts have shaped your business?

A lot of people connect with us in this way. It keeps me very motivated, and we're honored to be doing work that represents our passion!

Your website says when Tinlid first started to take off, your dorm room closet became its warehouse, shipping station, and office.

Where did you find the time and motivation to take on a project like that?

Eventually, Tinlid became priority over school [haha]. It wasn't hard to balance at first, but with the business's growth and our love for Tinlid, we had to start to decide where our time was spent. No regrets on that! The work we do keeps us motivated, and if it weren't for the tree planting, I don't think it would be the same.

Seeing as Tinlid was founded "on a whim" two years ago, I bet you've tackled a lot of challenges that you didn't expect going in.

How did you learn the skills you've needed to run your business?

Every day since the beginning we've faced new problems and challenges. Some are easier to solve than others. The important part is not giving up when a challenge becomes difficult. Sometimes, it's as easy as a Google search and some in-depth reading. In other instances, mentors can help answer questions, but often, there is no easy answer. A lot of times, you have to come up with your own solution and hope it works out! As the saying goes, sometimes you win, and sometimes you learn.

What advice would you give to someone who wants to make a social/environmental impact through business?

Some advice I've received in the past is don't try to do too much at first. Everyone wants to be the next Patagonia, but they have evolved over time into what they are. They didn't start out as an activist company. They were just a company for climbers, but they have stuck to their values over time, which has made them what they are today! If you want to start a company that makes a social or environmental impact, you have to make sure the business is sustainable. As the business grows, you are able to give more back!

Were there ever times that you felt discouraged—like Tinlid was just not worth the work? How did you find the inspiration to keep going?

There have been a couple hiccups. I've felt discouraged at times, but you have to keep the end goal in mind at all times. If you're only looking for and focused on immediate results, it will be extremely hard

to stay determined. Celebrate every win, even the small ones. That's the fuel that will drive you.

Your website says you hope your "spirit of outsider culture is contagious." How do you measure that kind of cultural success?

It's hard to measure what kind of impact you're having when it's not measured by numbers. In this case, emails or comments on social media that are encouraging really keep the drive going, and it helps us know that we are having some influence!

Where do you go from here?

We want to continue to grow the business so we can have more influence and impact. Like I said earlier, you have to find the balance between impact and making sure the business stays afloat. The more you grow, the more you can accomplish!







NOT DOWN

DEALING WITH CAREER DISAPPOINTMENT

/// WORDS BY BETSY FREEMAN

/// PHOTOGRAPHY BY CORI DUNTON



“Mom, you don’t get it. I’m done. I walked out of there for the last time. I have my orchid and I am on the bus on my way home in the middle of a Monday afternoon.” Yep, not my proudest moment. I had failed. I walked out of my first full-time job after 6 short months.

I came out of school ready to roll into a new career. I had worked hard all throughout school, and had faithfully done the late nights, the internships, and the contract jobs. I graduated and guns ablaze, moved to San Francisco. After applying and interviewing for just about everything I could get my hands on in my field, I was ready to begin my career path to glory. With several offers, I chose this particular job for the pride and the promise of advancement. It was a fancy tech company, and I was a designer in downtown San Francisco. Everything was looking perfect, on paper. Shortly however, I was utterly miserable. The aesthetic and the project management were suffocating me. I put my head down and did everything I could to make this non-fit of a job a work, but my creativity and work ethic were nuked. Slowly my designs deteriorated into something with which I refused to associate. To keep things dramatic: it was either change or death.

“...nearly everyone I talked to over the age of 25 had something to share along the lines of their own career failure moments.”

Thus started my journey living the dreaded word “unemployed.” Sure I was freelancing, but that usually gets the response of “oh, interesting.” Just in time for holiday parties too, so feel free to seriously pity me. This wasn’t how things were supposed to go. Where was my linear 45° North career path like everyone else? What’s wrong with me? All I wanted to do was hide in some far off dark place, but turns out, my experience was not unique. Actually it was so un-hipster that nearly everyone I talked to over the age of 25 had something to share along the lines of their own career failure moments. The honesty and Brene

Brown-esque vulnerability that others showed to me was simply invaluable.

“...the greatest gift of the whole mess was feeling my people holding me tight and showing me that they utterly don’t care about my title or what I can do.”

So now it’s my turn! I’m glad to share this chaotic mixture of my own experience headed up by some succinct nuggets of wisdom I patched together from those wiser than me (so most people).

1. Don’t deny your disappointment.

Live it. Don’t make it a cliché movie scene, but just step back and feel whatever it is without judging yourself. I woke up that Tuesday and watched my housemates head to work. I did my laundry. I cried my eyes out. I danced around smiling with the freedom. I sent every fiery emoji I could find to my sister ranting about the horrors of my job. I got amped on the wonder of being a freelancer. I filled out every application I could find. I was shocked, ashamed, relieved, panicked, stoked, and a little pissed. That’s my experience. Now live yours.

2. Lean on your loved ones.

They don’t mind. “Yay! I’m stoked for you B!” < My brother’s response to my initial “I’m job-free” phone call. What? That’s right. If people love you and know you, they will support you. Find that positive person that is there for you. I couldn’t have walked through those foggy days without my community. Perhaps the greatest gift of the whole mess was feeling my people holding me tight and showing me that they utterly don’t care about my title or what I can do. They love me for who I am. And hey, if you know someone walking through a failure

moment, drop this magazine and just call them up to say they flipping rock and you love the heck out of them.

3. Pause.

This is a moment where choices come up. Disappointment is a crossroads and whether you want to or not, you will always remember this time. Take the time to back up, decide where you want to be, what you want to change, and map out how you would like to proceed. I had complained and struggled in nearly every aspect of my job, but was that all specific to that job? Or did I need to move on from design? Move on from San Francisco? These were just the beginning of many more questions I had to piece apart before I could move on. I spent some midday coffee shop hours with the stay-at-home mom crowd to figure some of this out.

“Take the time to back up, decide where you want to be, what you want to change, and map out how you would like to proceed.”

4. Accept your scenario as a change of plans and move on from there.

Duh, this isn't how you planned things to go, so now what? Also, anticipate your inner critic showing up to berate you. Because why not remember every other terrible fact that deems you a failure while you are down? Ugh. Just don't. Live your story, move on, and quit beating yourself up.

So I did the work. I faced myself, my own ish, and walked through a time when the entire world seemed full of crazy unknowns. Frick no was it easy, but I came to the other side of my disappointment humbled, encouraged and freer than ever. I am now more confident in myself, in my love for design, and my choices because I thoughtfully stepped back and chose a direction. Furthermore, I made progress conquering my fear of rejection from my loved ones and surviving the

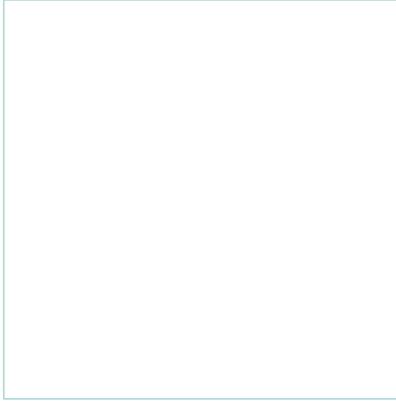
burning ring of fire called career failure. Turns out that particular flame is not the actual end of the world. I lived.

Naturally, the next phase has not gone as planned. Wtf? It's gone better. And no, happy endings are never guaranteed, but if you get up after a fall you are guaranteed to, well, get up. Unexpected things happen upon people who are fully living out their own story, so get out there and start. Courage, tenacity, and authenticity can go a long way.

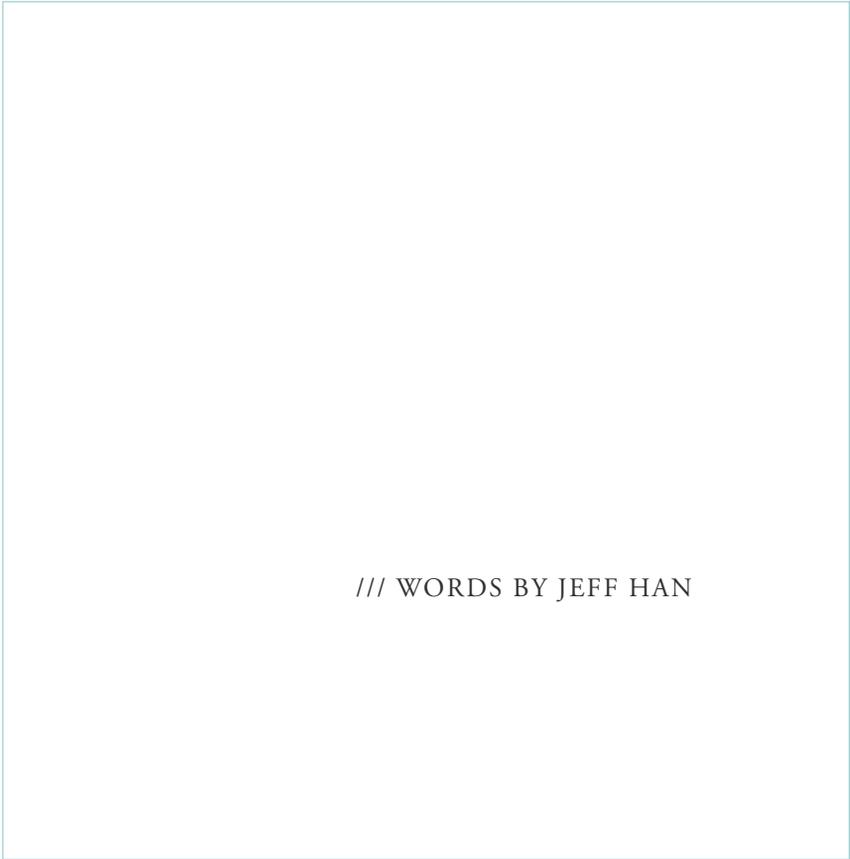
Epilogue

Temporarily my ending is happy (I'm in my 20's pal, there's still plenty of time for Career Failure Round 2). One day I was slogging through refusing to give up on my dream or give in to self-pity, and the next I was in a job too good to be true. I don't even know exactly how it all happened. I love my work and wake up just as stoked for Monday as I am for Saturday. Now my only disappointment is that I wasn't willing to let go of expectations and live a non-textbook career path earlier.





CONFRONTATION AND CONFLICT



/// WORDS BY JEFF HAN



She stood with the water up to her ankles. The water blistering-cold but she refused to move. She just stared at me knowing that her question, “Why didn’t you tell me sooner?” would be the only thing the two of us discussed before we moved from that pond. I looked at her and said to her with some noticeable fear in my voice, “I was worried you wouldn’t be able to face the truth. That you’d go into denial and lash out. So I was just trying to think of another way to break the news.” She stared at me in a way that wasn’t spiteful or malevolent, just confused: “But Beyoncé deserved that Grammy... Lemonade was... it was perfect.”

“...And as fierce as she is in confronting the bad, she is equally as fierce in confronting the good.”

My friend, who I will rename here as Amy, does not know how to hide any form of anger or frustration in her life, especially with the people she loves. When she’s frustrated with you, she’ll step into a cold pond and not move until the two of you have a conversation about what’s wrong. Now you can imagine the headaches and heartbreaks that come with this kind of approach to life, but in all honesty this is one of my favorite things about Amy. Not because I enjoy these sort of intense confrontations, but it sort of sets me at ease. Amy never withholds her frustrations for very long, so there is no room for insecurity in your friendship with her. You really don’t have to worry if she has held a grudge against you for that thing you did a few years ago or be afraid of whether or not she thinks fondly of you. She’s direct and let’s you know how she feels. And as fierce as she is in confronting the bad, she is equally as fierce in confronting the good. She seems to always make time for those moments where the two of you have achieved a milestone or have at last seen the end of something that has taken awhile to reach.

I always wonder what my life would look like if all of my relationships took this approach. Now don’t get me wrong, Amy does not go about confronting people in wanton acts of emotive explosions. She is incredibly eloquent and knows, most of the time, when and where is the right time to present the issue. So if people took this kind of emotionally intelligent approach in my other friendships or even in my workplace, I wonder what would be different?

There might be a bit less insecurity on whether or not I am performing well. I think we all might fear that conversation which begins with the rhetorical question, “Do you remember a few months back when you forgot to tell me...” I think Amy-like confrontations might even help remove any kind of emotional currency being spent on insecurity, and it can be re-appropriated into efficiency. But I recognize how far off something like this can be. It takes effort to empathize and hear someone out, especially when you’re not entirely clear why they are upset at all. But I think with confrontation comes clarity. It stops any nuclear explosions in the future and allows for the possibility of genuine harmony rather than a political one.

“... We are nonetheless people that struggle to operate well when we have anxieties or fears.”

At least in work, there will always be a necessary level of separation between your coworkers and your boss. In a place of shared purpose, that exists to fulfill that purpose, it’s usually best that those at work can trust the others are on board for the fulfillment of that goal. However, today we tend to treat this sense of purpose as if it is separate from the fact that these workers, coworkers, and bosses are human beings. Whatever type of reduction you spin on human beings, we are nonetheless people that struggle to operate well when we have

anxieties or fears. It is frustrating when someone cannot separate their professional duties with their personal lives, but I think what Amy reminds me is that in moments of struggle in the work place, the solution is often simple—humanity.

“Confrontation, when done well, is one of the most humanizing things we can do for one another.”

Confrontation, when done well, is one of the most humanizing things we can do for one another. I think this is because, in the context of Amy, it really takes into account everything about the person you are confronting, and that consideration informs your reaction. So if my boss has begun to forget that my coworkers and I are clearly

overworked and miserable, I can take into account the passion that this person has for the goal of our company, express that I am aware of this passion, recognize that this person has also made sacrifices, and then express that this is not reason-enough for how things have been. And if I am not the right fit for the company then we know and I can move on. And if not, perhaps I have reminded my boss that work itself is done for the benefit of humanity.

So confrontation really does go a long way. Intentionally confronting others expresses the deep value you find in the relationship, the person, and the work. And it reminds us all that these things worth much are worth the difficulty.



A FEW CONFESSIONS



ABOUT IKEA DISASTERS AND VULNERABILITY

/// WORDS BY KELSEY DYER

/// ILLUSTRATION BY BETSY FREEMAN

/// PHOTOGRAPHY BY CORI DUNTON





Growing up, I was the kid who never read instructions to any assignments. I was too good for instructions. I think I felt that if I could figure it out on my own, then I could handle it, and that would mean I was doing okay. But that child grew up and became an adult who carried on the same practices. I now try to do most things based off intuition and honestly about 70% of the time ...it works every time.

“We tend to live in this space of getting by because it is easier than proclaiming to the world that we do not know what the hell we are doing.”

But with every successful-ish story always comes a tragic one, especially when dealing with IKEA furniture. I recently tried to put together a colossal IKEA book shelf without reading the instructions, because why not? I'm really only looking at modern-day hieroglyphics—it can't be that hard. But after a solid hour of successfully “building” this shelf, it completely collapsed on me and broke. And as a little confession, I returned it, bought a new one, and paid my friends in pizza and Settlers of Catan to follow the instructions and complete the task. And it worked.

My IKEA experience got me thinking, do I treat all phases of life like this? Have I programmed my brain to survive on this mentality that I could fake it till I make it? Have we all?

To be honest, the answer for me is yes. Here's why I think we (also, preaching to myself) feel the need to ‘fake it till you make it:’

We do not like getting out our comfort zone. Who likes taking the long road less traveled? I can't think of how many times I have tried to cheat my way to the end of the process. I mean, we all know how IKEA ended for me the other day.

We tend to live in this space of getting by because it is easier than proclaiming to the world that we do not know what the hell we are doing. Because then we would have to be vulnerable, and who wants to do that?

Lastly, we do not like to leave this place of comfort because we are deathly afraid of looking in the mirror, only to realize that what stares back is not what we expected to see. I look in the mirror and hope to see Beyoncé but really what I'm seeing is fragmented pieces of myself, maybe a little bit of a wanna-be Bey, but not a complete and perfected human being.

“Let's get good at confessing that we don't have it together and that we need help.”

Next time in life you are standing before an IKEA shelf, don't freak out! Help is on the way. But in all seriousness, here is my charge to myself and to those reading: let's get good at confessing that we don't have it together and that we need help, even if it is in the form of instructions. Let's have the guts to wander into the long road less traveled and just wait there to see what comes of it. And let's together, look in the mirror and be okay with what we individually see. If it isn't Bey yet...that's okay too!

CATCHES AND CLOWNS



THE PRO'S AND CON'S OF ONLINE DATING
/// WORDS & ILLUSTRATION BY KATHRYN SCHUYLER



Having dabbled in the world of online dating isn't usually something I'm embarrassed about. Or at least it wasn't, until I started writing this article, and realized the radiating layers of readers who might discover that I was desperate enough to give messaging total strangers a shot.

Despite its lingering stigma, online dating has become a staple romantic practice for millennials and beyond. The number of 18- to 24- year olds who have used online dating nearly tripled in just two years according to the Pew Research Center. Apps and websites range from the most casual to the most intensive, some requiring payment, some requiring vetting, some just requiring a handful of pictures or a Facebook account. In a culture that's less and less connected to its geographical space and more and more bound up in one's digital image, online dating just makes sense.

And it's kind of wonderful, in a way.

THE PRO'S

Say No to Guessing Games

Rather than randomly guessing what attractive person in a bar could be on the hunt for someone like you, you get a list to parse through. It's like walking into a warehouse of individuals with buttons that say "Single and Ready to Mingle," minus the walking, the warehouse, and the embarrassing buttons. Online dating is especially popular among those with more limited markets, like LGBT individuals (nearly 70% of whom meet online, according to a survey conducted by Stanford sociologist Michael Rosenfeld), as well as older and middle-aged straight people, and those with very specific interests, i.e. Farmersonly.com.

Be Bold (Sort Of)

Like a lot of introverts, I find the idea of approaching an imminent

cutie debilitating. What do I say? What if I watch the emotions of confusion, disgust, and repulsion cross over his face one by one?

Online dating sidesteps the looming risk of Awkwardness. You start with a message. Albeit a painstakingly thought-out message that you poured your heart and soul into, but a message nonetheless. And like anything, the more messages you send, the less afraid you are to send the next one. Rejection is served in manageable, bite-sized pieces. And, in my personal opinion, withstanding this type of rejection actually prepares you to handle it face-to-face. Suddenly the thought of putting yourself out there in a public space seems a little bit more doable.

Opportunity is everywhere

A lot of the users I spoke to about online dating made note that the landscape of their social circles had changed. Their friends were all in serious relationships, fewer and fewer available singles turned up at parties, they moved to a new city, or options, for whatever reason, had thinned. With online dating, opportunity seems nearly infinite. Sometimes terrifyingly so. And yet, for a lot of singles, the question remains—but is the right person here?

Sometimes, It Works

We've all heard whispers of those mystical couples who met online and actually made it work. Despite the ongoing stigma that dating apps like Tinder are built for hook-ups, research shows that some online relationships can actually hack it outside of virtual reality. A study by University of Chicago psychologist John Cacioppo reveals that a whopping one third of U.S. couples who got hitched between 2005 and 2013 actually met online. Michael Rosenfeld's survey findings show similar results, with 22% of spouses and romantic partners meeting online.



The possibility of finding the love of your life at just a couple of clicks is nothing short of enticing. But as much as online dating simplifies, it may also complicate. One man I talked to said, “Online dating is a perfect idea, except when you throw people into it.” Humans, after all, have the invariable ability to complicate things.

THE CON'S

Easy ain't that easy

For something that's supposed to make the whole dating process easier, online dating isn't really all that easy. It's a unique cultural phenomenon that comes, appropriately, with its own set of cultural standards and practices, without which you're doomed to failure. In the words of Modern Romance author (and veritable expert) Aziz Ansari, “Online dating is like a second job that requires knowledge and skills that very few of us have.” With so many available options, one's expectations become increasingly specialized and stringent, where the angle of a photo or the punctuation of a reply could send your potential lovebird flying. The process of making the ‘right move’ in every single interaction is nothing short of exhausting.

Small Talk the Walk

Whenever I step out of the dating world (or just hit a dry spell with no intention on my part of stepping out of the dating world, let's be real), the thought of romance sparkles with glamor and tingling possibility. And then, there's actual dating. Online dating is not all rooftop bars and getting showered with cute texts from an attractive someone. In fact, it's majority small talk with people you don't know, let alone care about. Retelling the same shallow stories about yourself, learning and forgetting everyone's favorite albums, sitting in a craft brewery and explaining for the umpteenth time how little you actually care for beer (maybe that's just me). It takes a lot of slogging away at trite conversations to dig up something real and lovely. Finding someone you naturally click with is like panning through piles of rock and soil for gold flecks from an Alaskan river. Please ignore that oddly specific metaphor and just know: online dating means pursuing and being present, even if only for just these little sparkles.

No Accountability

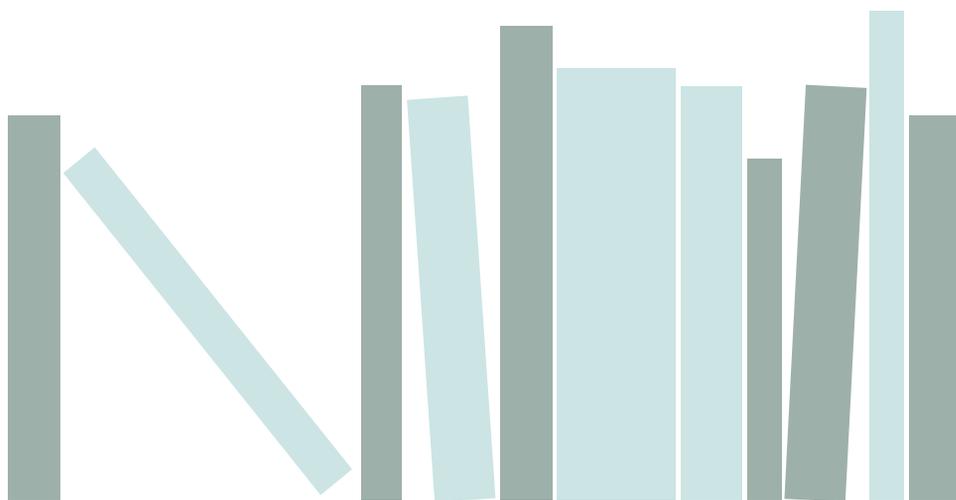
For the online dating users I've interacted with, and in my own experience, the lack of social accountability in online dating is one of its most frustrating aspects. Matches can reach out to you and never reply, lie to you, stand you up, or make comments they never would in person. Even when you get to meet up, the lack of connection to each other's social circles often leads to people making decisions they simply wouldn't have if they knew it could get back to their friend group. I dated a guy I met online who, one day, disappeared without a trace. I had none of his friends to reach out to, and no way outside of my phone to get any sort of explanation from him. Who's to say he wasn't really an elite member of a drug smuggling ring on the run from the government and his estranged wife? The world may never know.

Opportunity is Everywhere

Wait, wasn't this subheading in the Pro's section? Oh, well, sometimes a blessing is also a curse. And with online dating, the infinite opportunity of singles in your distance radius is both freeing and destructive. It creates an ‘options are endless’ mentality that often prevents individuals from focusing on getting to know the person right in front of them. The dangling temptation of some mystic perfect match can allow users to constantly bounce from one first date to another, searching for more matches on their Lyft ride home, filled with anxiety about bulldozing through all the ‘wrong’ options before you reach the ‘right’ one. If you choose to give online dating a shot, watch out for this mentality, especially in yourself. Enjoy the people you're with. Go on a second date. Laugh at the quirky stuff. And throughout the whole process, give grace, even to yourself. Lord knows you'll need it.

As unintuitive as it may be, online dating seeks to systemize and digitize romantic relationships—one of the most inexplicable aspects of the human experience as it is. Here's what I want you to know: online dating is confusing and challenging and simple and thrilling. It's going to take fortitude, paying attention to yourself and your own needs, but if it interests you, just give it a shot. You never know who you might find out there, in this wild and fateful world.

10 BOOKS



THAT WILL MAKE YOU A BETTER PERSON IN 2017

/// WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY MAX DUNN

HUMAN ACTS
HAN KANG
HOGARTH

PUBLICLY SHAMED
JON RONSON
RIVERHEAD BOOKS

EVERYTHING I NEVER TOLD YOU
The Penguin Press

Homegoing
Yaa Gyasi

redeployment
The Penguin Press

N WORLD
LIZ MOORE
NORTON

Joseph Boyden
READERS GUIDE INSIDE
Through Black Spruce

YEONMI PARK
IN ORDER TO LIVE
A NORTH KOREAN GIRL'S JOURNEY TO FREEDOM
PENGUIN

JAMISON
THE EMPATHY EXAMS
CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE
THE THING ABOUT GEORGE
GRAYWOLF PRESS



We'll never get to go see and do all the things we want to in the world, but we can, if only for a moment, peek inside someone else's head and see what those experiences are like through something amazing—books. More than ever, I think it's important that we take a minute and examine through other lenses. Reading is one of the best ways to gain empathy, and we can all use a bit more of that. So what books should you read this year to make you a better person? Check out some of the books from the list below to get started on improving yourself today.

1 **Everything I Never Told You** by Celeste Ng - “Lydia is dead. But they don’t know this yet.” So starts Ng’s riveting debut novel about the toll the prized daughter’s death has on a family in 1970s America. Secrets unravel and play out over the course of a novel that examines race, gender, and the gap between what children want and what parents want for them.

2 **Homegoing** by Yaa Gyasi - It’s unfathomable that Yaa Gyasi can manage three hundred years of history in less than the same number of pages— and yet she does so with such economy and eloquence. We follow half-sisters Effia and Esi, in eighteenth century Ghana as their fates intertwine at the infamous Cape Coast Castle, then play out in successive generations through the slave trade and its reverberations in modern history. A memorable and standout debut novel that everyone should read.

3 **So You’ve Been Publicly Shamed** by Jon Ronson - When someone makes a flub on national television or goes viral on the internet for all the wrong reasons, it’s like a car wreck you just can’t pull your eyes away from. Ronson examines not only shaming’s effects but how and why people are so quick to participate in it, online or IRL.

4 **In Order to Live: A North Korean Girl’s Journey to Freedom** by Yeonmi Park - To say this is an inspiring read simply because of the circumstances of Yeonmi Park’s escape from North Korea would be to diminish the courage, grace, and passion with which she faces those circumstances. As a teenager she escaped with her mother from North Korea, was sold into sex slavery, and eventually finds her way to freedom—all of which is recounted in her unforgettable and incredible memoir.

5 **The Thing Around Your Neck** by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie - The short story is not dead! Adichie proves there is nothing more powerful than human interaction, however brief it may be, in this collection of short stories. While she’s more well-known for her novels, Adichie’s skills are equally highlighted in this collection that ponders the weight of identity, whether from religion, nationality, or gender.

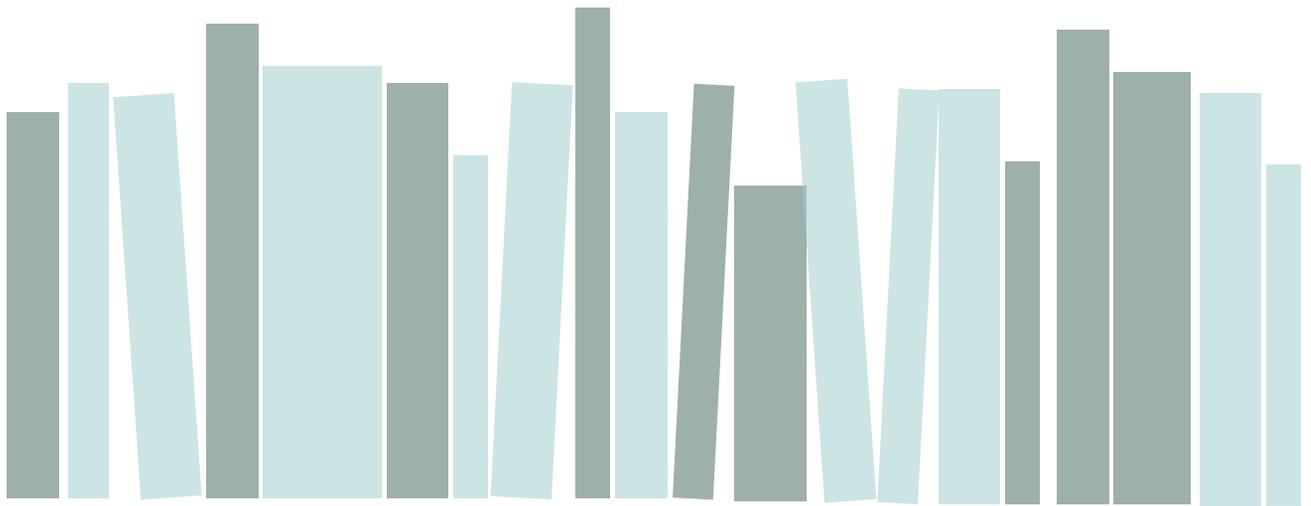
6 **Through Black Spruce** by Joseph Boyden - Will Bird is in a coma, and his niece Annie, whose sister is missing, comes to visit him at the hospital in rural Canada. The story alternates between their two perspectives as they recount the previous year and what got them into their current situations. Masterfully told with landscapes that jump off the page, *Through Black Spruce* is a quiet but moving novel that looks at the lengths people will go to forget their pasts and fight for the ones they love.

7 **The Empathy Exams** by Leslie Jamison - We can all use a little dose of empathy once in awhile; it would sure make the world a better place. In Jamison's collection she compiles essays that shed light on the often forgotten experiences and unheard voices in our world. Finish this one without feeling a tad more empathetic—I dare you.

8 **Redeployment** by Phil Klay - Another excellent and unforgettable short story collection, Klay's 2014 National Book Award winner looks at the humans underneath the uniform. He explores various military experiences and forces you to confront the difficulties members of the military face both out in the field and at home.

9 **Human Acts** by Han Kang - Han Kang returns after the success of her Man Booker Prize-winning novel, *The Vegetarian*, with a harrowing story set against the backdrop of South Korea's 1980 Gwangju Uprising. Upwards of six hundred people were killed during the uprising, and Kang takes the reader on an exploration of one boy's death and how it echoes through the lives of those around him. Disturbing, entrancing, harrowing—these are just a few of the adjectives to describe Kang's powerhouse second novel.

10 **The Unseen World** by Liz Moore - Ada's dad is a brilliant computer scientist who may not have been totally truthful with her in her childhood. But when he starts to lose his memory, Ada works to find out more about this mysterious man she's always called father. The highest praise I can give this novel is that I never wanted it to end but sped through it in a couple of days. Moore has mastered the trifecta of brilliant characters, beautiful writing, and compelling plot that will make you a shut-in from the world until you've turned the last page.



BATTLING HOPELESSNESS



IN A LIFE OF ACTIVISM

/// WORDS BY HADDIE SMITH

/// PHOTOGRAPHY BY TIFFANY LAMBERT



When it comes down to it, my entire life has been framed around a singular question: how can I help fix all of the broken things around me? How can I bring goodness, peace, and justice to the world that I have found myself in?

Perhaps from this small glimpse into my inner psyche, you've formed an image of me. Your typical idealist peacemaker. Maybe you picture me in a shirt that reads "Be the change you wish to see in the world," responding "Namaste" with a wide smile when the barista hands me my fair trade coffee. What you probably didn't picture was the real me. The one in a black turtleneck and too much eye shadow who can be found cynically spewing Nietzschean Nihilism at the slightest provocation. "Oh you're out of guacamole? That's ok it doesn't matter. Nothing matters. To live is to suffer." I really know how to liven up a room.

It's true that my beliefs — that things can get better and broken things can be put back together — have driven my quest to make a difference. But it would be dishonest for me to say that my battle against losing hope and embracing cynicism is not a constant one. Anyone who has tried to make an impact knows that trying to do good, more often than not, can leave you feeling awful. That devoting your whole being to a cause can send you out the door a cynic. Because the simple reality is this: when we desire to do good, we must come face to face with the bad. All of it. We cannot fix something unless we know exactly where and how it is broken.

Confronting injustice on any scale is no small task. When our desires and dreams for our world come crashing down into reality, we can be left just as shattered as the mess we sought to fix. We can begin to crumble under the weight of human trafficking, devastated coral reefs, or the stifled voices of suffering minorities. Currently, I teach Nonviolent Conflict Resolution to 7th and 12th graders in Palestine. I teach conflict resolution in the midst of one that has lasted more than

60 years. I am hoping you are now coming to realize that my statement about guacamole clearly had less to do with my love of avocados, and more to do with the feelings I have had to confront in a life of activism. "Nothing will change. What I do ultimately doesn't matter. Nothing matters. To live is to suffer."

Feeling like your hope in a better world is fading is natural. It will wax and wane. Sometimes it will be full and bright and other times it will take the shape of the smallest sliver of light in the darkness. When we feel like the sliver of hope we have left is on the verge of being swallowed by the abyss, it is important to do whatever we can to fill it back up. Letting hope fade away completely is the biggest threat to making an impact, because without hope, we become apathetic. After all, if nothing will ever change, what is the point in even lifting a finger.

"Advocate for your own health and wellbeing at the same time you are trying to bring goodness to an earth starving for it."

When it comes down to it, the key to battling hopelessness is not forgetting to do good to yourself too. Advocate for your own health and wellbeing at the same time you are trying to bring goodness to an earth starving for it. I know this seems like a cheap platitude when you are staring down global poverty or the refugee crisis, but making anything, even an impact, requires tools. Equipment is needed to tear down long standing structures, and it is needed to build something better in their place. You, yourself, are the best tool for this job. However, when we neglect to care for ourselves, we shut down and cannot keep up the energy it takes to fight for what is right.

Start with taking care of your body. Battling the social monsters of our world will naturally feel like an impossible task if we do not even have the energy to get out of bed. So eat right. Exercise. Get some sleep. If you can't find the motivation, make these part of your mission. Are you passionate about animal rights or the environment? Give going veg or eating organic a shot. Hate running as much as I do? Sign up for a marathon that brings awareness and donates proceeds to a worthy cause. There are a lot of options when it comes to helping ourselves and others simultaneously.

“There are a lot of options when it comes to helping ourselves and others simultaneously.”

Our emotional health is equally important. It is natural to mourn the state of the world. Our hearts can break at televised wars, marginalized voices, and a system that seems rigged. However, a continuous state of misery is not what we owe the suffering of the world. Far too often, I have fallen into the trap of believing it is wrong to enjoy life when so many people are unable to. I have hung my head on a first date dinner and I have locked myself in a room on Christmas morning because it seemed so unfair that I have food on the table or a present under the tree when others do not.

One of the reasons that we do this is because it is natural to put people in two categories. Those who are happy, and those who are not. Those who are suffering and those who are not. In reality, people are just as complicated as the messy world around us. It is true that the world is facing no shortage of tragedies, but it is also teeming with beauty and goodness. We mirror our world. Everyone who walks among it will feel happiness, and all of us will suffer in some way. We can laugh at a funeral and cry at a birthday.

Responding to suffering by being tortured by the hand we have been dealt only adds to the pain of the world, and it adds to our hopelessness. Allow yourself to experience the life you have been given thankfully in one hand, while holding a deep care for a cause in the

other. Rather than turning your back on the joy you experience, seek to be enamored enough with it that you want share it with as many as you can. Let times filled with laughter, beauty, and freedom remind you of their vital importance.

Don't forget, as I often do, that as much as you are fighting against the bad, you are fighting for the good. You are fighting for times of community around a table holding seconds and thirds. You are fighting for quiet moments in the open away from walls and fighter jets. You are fighting for auditoriums of smiling relatives applauding a pair of inner city hands around a diploma. Use the times of joy, freedom, and abundance you have been given to motivate you to ensure everyone has these opportunities. Welcome them with the same open arms that reach out to those who need a hand.

“...as much as you are fighting against the bad, you are fighting for the good.”

Keeping up your hope for a better world is a challenge to say the least, but it is the only thing that can bring one about. Hope in the face of brokenness has a unique ability to tip the scales. Allow this realization to make you work diligently to preserve it. Bring justice, goodness, and healing to every space you step into, including your own shoes. And keep marchin' those shoes straight out the door to make a difference.

TRAVELING SOLO



/// WORDS BY OZIOMA ENWOROM
/// PHOTOGRAPHY BY TIFFANY LAMBERT





“Not all who wander are lost” by J.R.R. Tolkien, is the notorious travel quote found on key chains, t-shirts, and Pinterest boards. As trite as it seems, this quote embodies the heart of the word wanderlust. Merriam-Webster’s Dictionary defines wanderlust as an insatiable hunger to travel or explore (Wanderlust, 2017). In essence, wanderlust is an intrinsic way of learning about the world around us and who we are in relationship to it.

As someone bitten with the tantalizing wanderlust bug, I enjoy traveling to novel places with or without the presence of company. This past fall I took a solo trip to San Francisco, California, to simply explore the city. I had never been there before, nor did I have friends in the area. When I told my friends that I was going alone, their facial reactions were an odd fusion of excitement mixed with trepidation. “I would never go by myself” or “I’m not that bold” was the common response I garnered after sharing the news with them.

Even though many people love to travel, they hate the thought of doing it by themselves. I believe fear is one of the biggest barriers hindering people from traveling alone. As an extrovert, I naturally enjoy the amity of people and receive most of my energy from the outside world. Yet, there is something uniquely invigorating about being by yourself in unfamiliar place of beauty. So if you are cautious about the idea traveling solo, here are my top three reasons for why you should reconsider:

Independence. Traveling alone means that you are the author of planning the trip. This authorship comes with the liberty to explore all the places that you want to visit without having to accommodate for someone else, including the freedom to rest when needed.

Growth. Traveling alone is an opportunity to step out of your comfort zone. Without a buddy to rely on, you are forced to think for yourself. I vividly remember walking down the artistic and gritty streets of the Mission District, en route to my Airbnb rental. As I was walking,

I began to ask myself what my purpose was for this trip and what I hoped to gain from the experience. Lost in a cloud of thoughts, I realized I wandered off in the wrong direction. Thus, I was forced to ask people for help because I had no clue where I was going. Needless to say, you will become more outgoing when you are stipulated to initiate awkward conversations with strangers.

Absorption. Traveling solo enhances the ability to fully internalize your experiences. Every city has a distinct culture and rhythm of operation. As the Muni bus approached the Golden Gate Bridge, I felt a visceral sense of wonder. The mental picture I stored in my mind from television paled in comparison to seeing the iconic bridge in person. Traveling alone creates space to appreciate the purity of each moment.

Independence, growth, and absorption are all formidable reasons to travel alone. So how does one wander with purpose? To start, I recommend choosing destinations that encompass your hobbies. What do you enjoy doing and can it be done in a different context? For example, if you are a runner, sign up for a race in a different city and take the weekend out to explore the area. Next, set realistic expectations for yourself. Every author has a first draft. Do not expect to be an expert of a new city before you have arrived there. Getting lost is frustrating, but you will learn from each missed turn.

Although traveling solo is empowering, there might be brief periods of loneliness. Embrace those moments as an opportunity to self-reflect. Do not be afraid to ask yourself deeper questions in order to get to the root of the feeling. Lastly, be shrewd and take note of your surroundings. Give a few trusted individuals information about your whereabouts. This will help them keep tabs on you throughout the trip and ensure your safety. As your wanderlust heart leads the way, your will feet courageously follow!

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

EXPLORING YOUR CITY IN 4 EASY STEPS

/// WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKEY DIGGS





*“Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose.”*

- Walt Whitman, Song Of The Open Road

What a guy, that Walt Whitman fellow. As fanciful as that entire poem may seem, the truth behind it is that we can all have the same breathless wonder about our pursuits, our endeavors, our goals, and our dreams. It's as easy as deciding that it's what you want, and going for it. Our travels, as Whitman might agree, are no different.

*“You don't see the whole world at once -
you see it one place at a time.”*

Having grown up in suburban Maryland with family spread across the Atlantic from Long Island to Tampa, travel and exploration tugged at my heartstrings throughout my entire youth. As I now live in San Diego (a true outdoorsman's paradise), taking to the open road has continued to breathe life into me. It's how I digest my world, how I connect on a deeper level with my surroundings, and how I connect with my inner self. My passion for photography intermingles with this calling into nature and leaves me feeling refreshed and alive every time I hit the road.

In this day and age, virtually everyone has access to the world around them through the window that is social media. After talking to many people close to me, I've found that it leaves many of us yearning to get out there and explore, while also wondering... well, where and how, exactly, to start.

I've gotten into the habit of telling my friends that ask me how I get around to exploring every nook and cranny of the city that I live in, “You don't see the whole world at once - you see it one place at a

time.” If you're looking for a spark on how start exploring more of your hometown, your city, or even your state, here's a couple of quick pointers:

Don't be adverse to the every day.

If you feel like you've already been to all of the cool places in your city, or that only the most “touristy” places remain, that's okay. Go to them anyway – break your routine and change the time of day that you go! If you've only seen the place in the afternoon, go at sunset or at sunrise for a change in scenery. Revisit places in your city with a different perspective – the same perspective that inspired you to click on this article. The point here is that there's always more to be seen, even in a place that you've been to four thousand times.

Slow down and hoof it.

Chances are you've seen your city throughout your everyday life – so, either whizzing by in a car or pointedly hurrying from place to place in order to make it somewhere on time or get something done. To appreciate and enjoy any place at all, you have to relax, which - thanks to our affinity for productivity - is not something that our society is very good at anymore. Here's how I accomplish this: I carve out a dedicated time slot that works for me, drive to where I want to go, then leave my car and wander aimlessly by foot. Literally! Don't worry about getting lost – that's what your smartphone is there for. You'll find that you end up seeing more and doing more this way. You'll end up stumbling into that coffee shop you've heard so much about, finding a cool store your friend would love, or best of all: seeing your city from an entirely new perspective.

*There's nothing extraordinary about
the people you see on Instagram that do
four-day excursions and sleep in their cars
– they're just like you.*

The long trip is worth it.

The simple truth is that if you feel that driving an hour or two away to see something new is too far, you're not going to see very many places. We live in a really, really amazing world - it's a virtual guarantee that there's something really cool to go check out within a two hour drive from where you live. Start closer to home, and if you find that the open road feeds your soul as much as it fed Walt Whitman's, go further and further each time. There's nothing extraordinary about the people you see on Instagram that do four-day excursions and sleep in their cars - they're just like you. The only difference between you and them is that they decided to do it.

“Living an adventurous life is as easy as being intentional about it.”

Make adventure buddies out of your friends!

There's no mistake about it - exploring is best enjoyed with good

company. I would be willing to bet my own hard-earned money that someone in your life would love to do all of these things, if only someone would do it with them. Well, that someone is you, and there's no better time than the present.

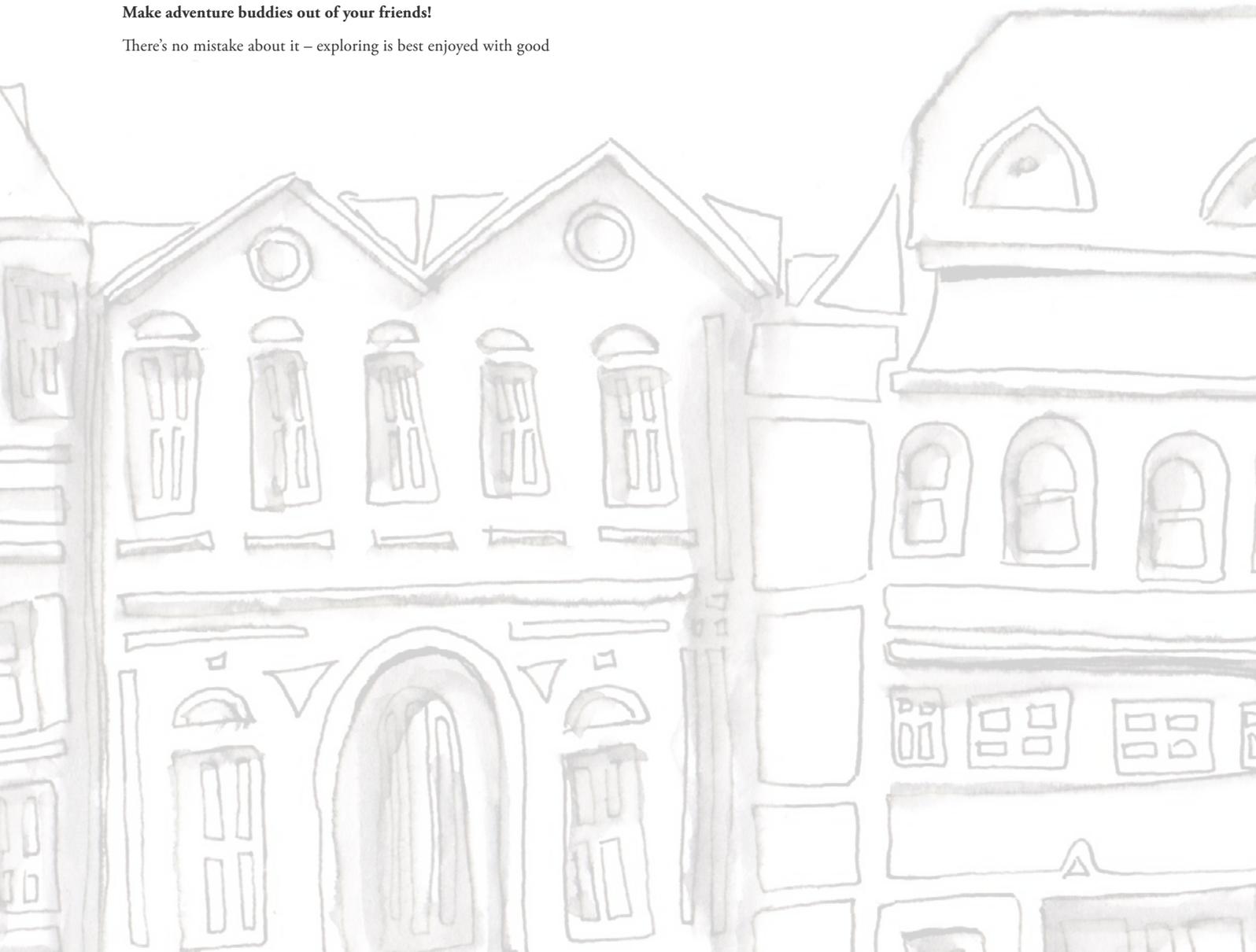
Living an adventurous life is as easy as being intentional about it. Every day is an adventure; a new experience to be had that ultimately shapes the course of your life. You must only choose to take the first step. And then the next step. And then the next.

“The east and the west are mine, and the north and the south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought;

I did not know I held so much goodness.

All seems beautiful to me.”





BETWEEN BREAD AND SALT*



/// WORDS BY ALEJANDRO SANTANA-VALLARTA

/// PHOTOGRAPHY BY SARAH TATE



Tuesday, November 8th, 2016. Donald J. Trump becomes President-elect of the USA.

There is a woman sitting next to me that I've never met before. She is American-Egyptian, and in front of us are three Egyptian guys. We are all laughing and when they speak Arabic I begin to listen in the same way I have done so since then, looking for the 'root' of words and hoping that the rapid-fire pronunciation of Spanish that I'm used to will help me keep up. I lean over during a refrain in conversation to say,

"Hey, being that I'm new to the city, I'm honestly pretty shameless about making friends. Maybe, if you like, we can go out and get coffee?"

She laughs. Just like everyone else I've said this to, she then, despite my ungraceful honesty, takes me up on the invitation.

"Sure, I know a cool cafe in Garden City. Do you have What's App?"

I arrived to Cairo at the beginning of November with a suitcase, the clothes on my back, and no apartment, no reservation, no program, nothing, just the plan to study Arabic full-time at a small institute in Zamalek, an island in the middle of the Nile. I needed to find a hostel to stay in and then food to eat and then sign up for classes, start looking for an apartment, figure out the layout of the city, how not to get sick, etc., etc., and somehow, four months later, I'm pulling it off. I live in a good apartment with two other guys, am happy with the bed I sleep in and the kitchen I eat in, and live simply and well. I am getting what you would call a handle on the language, though most Egyptians are giving me two thumbs up on my progress. I am pursuing my interests and developing myself. I am meeting people and making

friends. I don't live at my mom's house. I am succeeding. I am being an adult.

"Feeling competent does not fill in the reality of loneliness, however."

Saturday, October 1st, 2016. The day before a friend's wedding, out with another friend's family for dinner at a new Korean restaurant in Oakland, California.

"So, do you know anyone there?"

"Somewhat. I met some people there at the monastery I went to in May, but that's outside Cairo. Other than that, no, I don't know anyone in the city. I'm hoping to make connections through the people I know at the monastery."

Mr. Grubbs looks at me. We have a funny relationship, generally consisting of getting under one another's skin as I act like the liberal 20-something I am and he like the conservative 50-something he is. But he looks at me, brow furrowed and eyes raised as he tilts his forehead towards me, with a look of concern only.

"I wish I had something nicer to say other than put yourself out there and just deal with the discomfort—I really do."

"You know, you need to be sure to take care of yourself emotionally and not try and tough it out if you can't. You need to be healthy psychologically and emotionally."

“And,” chimes in Mrs. Grubbs, “you need to have people that know you.” I don’t think I want to hear this. I pick at my Korean food and twirl my fork.

Feeling competent does not fill in the reality of loneliness, however. No one ever talks about how it can creep up on you after graduation. Whether moving to the Middle East or going back home, the reality of the first year out of college in which one needs to rebuild community amidst starting a new education or job, moving, and making personal and professional decisions feels like a total crap-shoot most of the time. There is no denying how this transition is fun, exciting, and new, but I think we can also acknowledge how exhausting, stressful, and not so fun it can be. And for people that are especially sensitive and relationship-driven like myself, it feels isolating.

“Why not lean into whatever the hell is making you uncomfortable and allow yourself to be challenged and grow?”

Whether or not you consider the geographical, cross-cultural and linguistic aspects of my experience, sucking it up and getting over the fact that you are living somewhere where no one immediately gets you as a result of living with you for four years of your life (which at 23 feels like half of your life) is just not an easy process. When you wake up and walk out the door in the morning, there are no classmates to say hello to, not the same cool roommates or friends, or the wise and intelligent professors that made your education worth it. You are, for a time, alone, figuring out yourself and how you want to grow without your previous support system while looking for the Holy Grail of new friends that will, like, get you.

Friday, February 24th, 2017. I get off Saray El-'oba metro station. I'm meeting Ramy for coffee. Arabic.

“Is that your face or the face of the moon?”

We laugh, grab each other’s hand and kiss each other 3 times on the cheek, and start to walk.

“How’s it going?”

We talk about Cairo, why I’m here studying. He compliments me on how I’m doing so far. He says he admires me for moving here, not knowing anyone, learning such a different language and culture. I am sheepish and say thank you.

We sit down. We have a conversation about salvation, the nature of God, Calvinism and Catholic perspectives on love, divine judgment, and whether or not they’re compatible. Not exactly what I want to talk about right now, but I’m not going to complain. We switch to English to clarify more subtle points, but overall I feel like I’m drinking in the conversation. We change the subject.

“What have been the hardest things for you living here?”

I squirm, throw out some answer out about how hard Arabic is and that interactions between men and women are much more conservative. We continue chatting, walk back to the metro, and I go home. I look in the mirror and wonder why I didn’t just say it—I have friends, but I am so lonely.

I wish I had something nicer to say other than put yourself out there and just deal with the discomfort—I really do. But basically, unless you are working at a camp, living with all your college pals, or are one of those people who stayed super connected to home, you are just gonna have to figure out how to deal with it. This will be a time with plenty of growth and self-realization, but it will be painfully slow a lot of the time. A good friend of mine sent this message to me a few weeks ago: “Yeah, it’s weird, I have been thinking a lot about comfort. We seek comfort and homeostasis, not because comfort and homeostasis are good for us but because we were designed not to have it all the time. It was, for pretty much all of history, hard to come by, but now we can have it all the time and it is killing us physically and spiritually.” And



after I took in that wisdom bomb, he added, “So embrace the discomfort.”

Whether you're in a crazy city like Cairo or hanging out in SoCal suburbia, discomfort will inevitably be present. So why not accept it? Why not lean into whatever the hell is making you uncomfortable and allow yourself to be challenged and grow? There are days we obviously need to just disconnect, sleep, make some good food and maybe binge watch some Netflix, but do you really want to be staying at home wrapped up in your pajamas all day? At your parent's house where you don't have to pay for rent or food? Is that how you want to remember your twenties? Or do you want to go out and try to succeed in your passions and somehow, inevitably, make some friends along the way? I'm in the thick of all this, and who knows how I'll come out, but I just know I'll be all the wiser for it.

*The title is translated from the Arabic saying “حلم و شيع ني ب” (Been aysh wi malh). One uses this saying so as to illustrate a tight bond they have with someone else. The idea is that you have shared all of life together, down to its essentials, which is aptly described by the prevalence of bread and salt at most meals. As my Arabic teacher told me once: “If we eat together, I can never betray you—mish mumkin!”



OVERCOMMITMENT BLUES



A NARRATIVE OF SMALL CHAOS

/// WORDS BY KATIE SWALM

/// PHOTOGRAPHY BY TIFFANY LAMBERT & CORI DUNTON



February feels...rushed.

I came back to school in California as I normally do: loosely planned, but with plenty of free time, and enough obligations to keep me busy. One conversation with a man on my plane from Denver to LAX, however—I'm told this is called networking—and I have a new internship and 16 hours less in the week. It's not a burden, but my schedule is a time commitment I've never held with my two hands—thus far. I tell myself that an internship is a necessity for my professional life, though school is my main priority. How could I pass up the opportunity for work experience and professional connections in a field I love?

Add that to the 17 credit hours of academics, two editorial jobs on student publications, submitting my own work to magazines, applying for post-grad jobs, meeting with professors, making extra money through babysitting or dog sitting, calling my friends and family out of state, making food, cleaning my house, getting enough sleep, and having a social life, and it's safe to say that time, while not nonexistent, is pressed, like an olive pressed through a mill to extract the oil.

Each of my obligations afford plenty of time to write, which is enjoyable on its own. Discipline, I maintain, is an essential part of improvement. And my (generally) sunny disposition upholds the fragile-functioning system. I've never been a person who understands or lives by time constraints, and so the notifications on my Google calendar are Sam, dragging Frodo to the volcano. Or am I Icarus, flying too close to the sun?

Sometimes the system fails. I edit my newspaper piece frantically, at 5 p.m., when it is due. I work up until the deadlines and then hear critical voices (my own and others) asking if I even care about my work. I suppose others work even harder than I do, are committed to more things, go to bed at 2 a.m., are better, less human, more robot. More successful.

Afterwards, I wonder what it will look like when all of my hard work has paid off and I've received my last transcript and diploma, when all the newspapers and yearbooks are published and don't matter anymore, when one person out of seven billion has read a word I've written. Is it worth it to push and push and push, for what? What can a writer do? Isn't the written word dying anyway? Is this what it feels like to be successful?

When I Am Sitting Down And Breathing

Look back. Take a deep breath. Is it worth it to overcommit? It depends. Examine with me this last summer, for instance. I held two jobs, one in childcare, one in hospitality at a local hotel. I spent my time taking care of people—young children as a nanny, and old people who came to the hotel for vacation. I worked 60 hours a week and felt every one of those hours in my bones. I was sick constantly, rarely left the house if I didn't have to, barely saw anyone outside of my jobs. My brain felt like it was in a fog from the lack of stimulation. And I discovered that I didn't want to be a caretaker.

We as a society glorify overcommitment. We praise being busy; we use "I'm so stressed" as a way to garner attention and sympathy, but at the same time, to brag about our accomplishments. We sacrifice sleep and emotional health for our work goals.

Though I complain during school and though I feel that I never have enough time, the spring semester feels incredibly different. For one, I am intellectually and emotionally engaged. I think about my future career. Secondly, I have set healthy patterns for my physical habits (sleeping especially). And most importantly, I couldn't be involved in all of my responsibilities if I didn't love every one—I love every activity that I am committed to, and feel fulfilled as an individual. During my internship at a newspaper, I sit at my desk and think "I could do this for the rest of my life."

The only way to stop the overcommitment blues is to do what you love, make sure you can actually complete everything you've said you would do, and take care of yourself as you would another person. I will not force myself into a miserable job if I don't have to—I have hopefully set myself up, and been faithful to my education, to know what I don't like—and if I end up somewhere that I absolutely hate, I'll know that I am working towards something greater, or I'll leave the situation. Secondly, I will sleep enough hours. Would I deprive someone else of sleep or food, just because they had work to do? Absolutely not. If anything, I should apply my care-taking background to my own self. I will see my friends enough for us to ground each other.

I'll try to remember that in the grand scheme of things, we are small; the stars and universes are whirling above our heads, and we are all very small and insignificant in the whole of nature. These things are so very brief and so very temporary. I feel lucky to do what I love, and also to inhabit a body that needs food, sleep, and affection. And while I hopefully will continue to be able to read and edit and stay in the field of writing, if not, I will at least maintain the mindset of perpetual learning and discovering.

And once and a while, do something spontaneous, to remind myself that I am alive.



SILENT BUT DEADLY



APARTMENT WORKOUT

/// WORDS AND BUTT KICKING BY JESSICA KOZACHUK

Given the state of affairs as a twenty-something, your living arrangements are probably not a vast arena of unlimited space. Maybe you're the Royal Highness of a lavish 1-bedroom apartment, or maybe you're sharing a tiny home with someone you don't want to scare away with your impressive sweating capabilities. Either way, workouts in cramped shared spaces can pose some serious challenges to your normal workout routine.

But don't let sound and space limitations limit your ability to pack in a killer workout! This stealthy routine only requires 35 minutes and will leave you feeling strong and sweaty without causing a peep of commotion. Grab your yoga mat, a master ninja attitude, and get your body moving.

HOW-TO:

Repeat the following exercises in succession over a period of eight minutes, doing as many repetitions of the circuit within 8 minutes as you can. Rest for 30 seconds between each circuit and repeat each circuit two times for a total workout of 32 minutes.

CIRCUIT 1:

X Squats – 20 squats - Reach your arms diagonally towards the right into the air with both hands, fingers strong. Immediately lower into a squat, moving both hands toward the opposite toes. Pop right back up, leading your arms into the opposite direction this time. The deeper you lower into your squat and the farther you reach each time, the higher your heart rate will be. Tiny-apartment-cardio for the win.

Bicycle crunches— 30 crunches – Laying on your back, clasp your hands behind your head, bring your knees to a reverse tabletop position, then bring your elbow to meet the opposite knee. Alternate sides, bringing the other elbow to the other knee. Switch back and forth, making sure you lift your shoulder blades off the ground. Go slowly at first, then as fast as you can.

Shoulder taps – 30 reps – Come up into plank position on your hands, arms and legs shoulder width apart. Make sure to keep your ribcage lifted throughout the exercise. Begin by taking one of your hands and tapping the opposite shoulder, then slowly lowering your hand back into plank position. Switch hands, then tapping the opposite shoulder and carefully lowering back down. Be as steady as possible throughout your shoulders and hips.

Double crunch – 30 reps – These look deceptively simple, but will fire up your core and sculpt your abs. Lay down, with your knees bent and your hands behind your neck. Simultaneously, tuck your knees into your chest while curling your elbows to touch your knees. Lift your shoulder blades off the floor each time, crunching in strongly.

CIRCUIT 2: **Sumo squats** – 30 squats – Get into squat position, but point your feet out to the corners of the room and widen your stance beyond shoulder width. Squat deep and low, making sure to get all the way to the bottom of your squat. For an added challenge, hold a 5 to 10 pound weight with both hands, extending your arms out in front of you at the top of the squat.

Silent Burpees – 15 reps - Similar to the well-known killer Burpee, but without the jumping. Begin standing up, arms high above your head, then lower down into a plank, one leg at a time. From there, do a single pushup and then bring one foot at a time back in to meet your hands and return to standing. Try to be speedy with these to get your heart rate up.

Plank Tuck – 15 per side - Go into a plank position and bring one knee in towards your opposite elbow. Alternate back and forth between legs. Be careful to not arch your back—activate your abs instead, and this one will have you on your way to that rock-hard six pack.

Split Squats – 15 per side – Standing up, place your hands on your hips. Step one leg back into a lunge, touching your back knee to the ground slightly before launching yourself back up to standing. Switch legs and repeat, alternating sides. Do this as quickly as you can for a cardio boost.

You're almost done! Finish your workout with a quick 3 minute ab blast:

Side plank on the right side – 30 seconds

Side plank on the left side – 30 seconds

Regular crunches – 20 reps

Crunches with legs straight up in the air – 20 reps

Russian twists – 30 seconds

Plank – 30 seconds

Boom. Teensy apartment workout: conquered.

FOR YOU {HAVE A GOOD DAY}

POEMS



LUCID

Joy lingers amidst the clouds
Secured by a ravishing conviction of intrinsic desires
Alas, hope is on the horizon



ORBIT

You are one of the many stars in my universe, but never the sun.



BLOOM

A time of rebirth, regeneration, and renewal
Everything is in full blossom, pollen is everywhere
New beginnings create an aurora of fresh air
There is work to do, but no one has a care
Vibrant colors inspire cheerful smiles
Spring is in the air

/// SHARED BY OZIOMA ENWOROM

JADE

I keep watering my plants, delighting in small
leaves, beginnings of their thriving. mindful

of the way I uprooted them
let them feel the shock of displacement

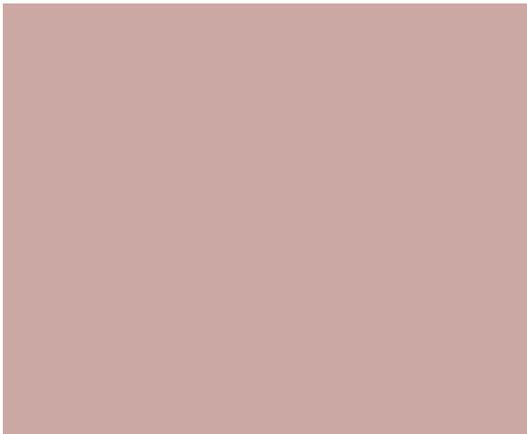
the cold of the front step, cold of everything
secure being scattered and untouchable

trembling there on the ground,
the hope that the same hand will return

and cradle the way you hold a baby –
careful with the head the, the neck

lest you break it. Nestle the untethered edge
the nervous hairs, into tremor of new soil

I can't uproot any sooner than a tree can.
no will can heave up all this earth and inch.



WRECKING

the day you walked
alone for the first time
hours from singed
pavement stinging hot
in your nose, to cracking
forest uncertain and whispering

to wade into thick swamp bed
to learn again the bullfrog moan
how, to cry like that you have
to swell like a balloon with
torrid air and then you
just let go

CHAIN LINKED FENCES

"That's what I mean,
I don't understand how we lost,
with all our defense and passion-"

"Sometimes it's not in our control
who wins and loses.
The other team got lucky," her friend replied.

They passed the thick and thin lines
of the sidewalk and
she ran her hand along
a chain linked fence as her friend
tied the laces of her running shoes.

"Either way, we have to keep going," her friend said.

So their legs shook muscle free
and tightened it again with each stride.
The swish of their crinkly shorts rubbed
together and the building pant of their breathing
continued monotonously.
Peace: lungs expanding, muscles clamoring,
shoes digging on the pavement, birds squeaking overhead,
chain link fences disappearing-
She thought of Wordsworth and Coleridge,
of sublimity and her euphoric connection to
nature, to herself, to muscles and air and pavement-
Empowerment: building yourself,
your mind and muscles, with each leap as
the city fades into the background-

And then
a slowing car
a rolled down window and
a voice

that shatters: "Damn
ladies! What're you running from?
Aw, come on over here and say hi!
Woo look at you run,
baby."

So they were silenced and
ran head
down past reappearing
weeds in the sidewalk cracks.
Systemic chain linked fences and
buildings suffocated the view and
she wanted to cover up the clamor of her muscles
that she once so ardently loved so
they would drive away.
All of them.
She wished her shorts were longer and her shirt baggier
because then maybe they would have kept driving,
all of them.
But more than anything she wished
she had known
what to say
or do to keep her power and
her head high.

"The other team got lucky,"
her friend said, again.

So they kept running.

SUCCESS

Perhaps I will never have much money
but I will have many dreams.
I'll fluff couches out of them.
Leave them glittering at the tops
of champagne glasses, swirling thick
in my espresso. I'll pump them
into my gas tank and smear them
onto my lips. And I will fasten them
like a watch around my wrist—
every so often glancing down
to check their ticking. To see
I've snagged the wispy time.

MANY THANKS.



Were you mazed? Have questions? Want to participate? We like mail: editor@mazingmag.com



