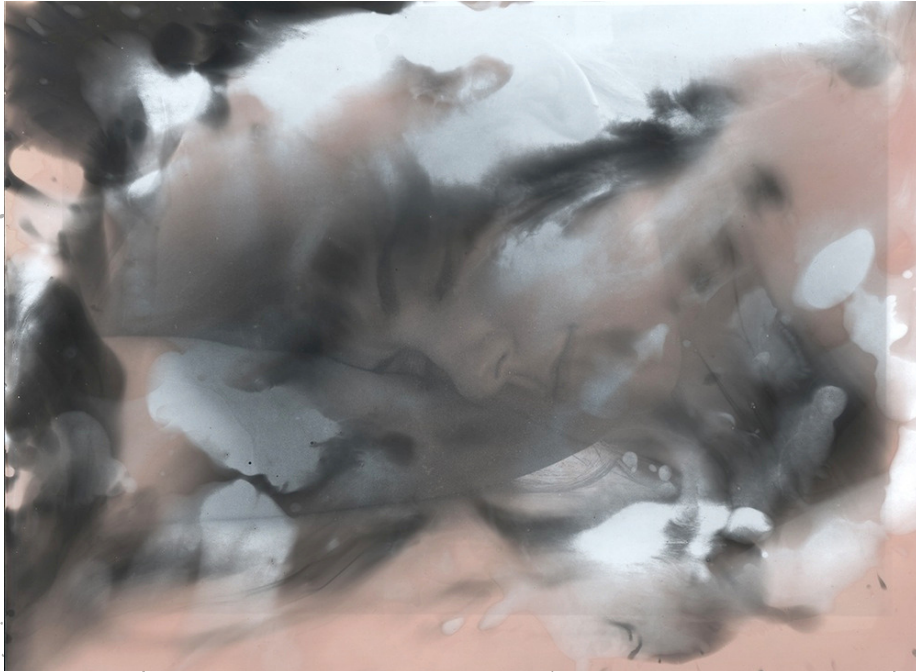




ISSUE 1

-The Flyer- National Poetry Month

APRIL 2018



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In Celebration of Poetry

by Gracie Chrisman

Ah, April, what a special occasion National Poetry Month, this calls for a celebration

April 26 isn't so far out of sight!

April 26, let's have a Poetry night!

Calling all poets, calling all writers

Bring your daytime dreams, your midnight all nighters

It's time to say what's on your mind

Because your thoughts are one of a kind

Come join writers club 2-3 in the afternoon

Thursday of every week in the ASC library room

Hello, friends! Glad you stopped by!

This month is National Poetry Month and it's got us writers giddy over here! To celebrate, we will be holding a Poetry Night on National Poem in your Pocket Day on April 26. All genres of writings are welcome. Readings should be kept at a 5 minute maximum, with more than one appearance on stage allowed. Yummy refreshments will also be available.

Come join the writers club! Taking place every Thursday from 2-3pm in the Academic Success Center. This is one of my favorite events in my week! A tight knit group who all share their love for writing. A comfortable and refreshing environment to share your writings. We'd love for you to stop by.

Have a lovely day, creators and dreamers!

Gracie Chrisman

by Quintilus McDowell

Following the 2016 Presidential election, never have I seen our country as divided along political and cultural lines. And while quiet Siskiyou county may seem like a hub for normalcy and niceties we have our challenges with intolerance. On the Weed campus our own student body president was verbally assaulted and taunted with insensitive racial remarks. This type of ignorance can't be tolerated or overlooked, especially on our campuses. Regardless of whether these types of attacks are based in fear, hate, or jokes that go too far, it's my feeling that they come from a lack of knowledge - If you knew better, you would do better. The human default when we don't know about someone or something different and don't have the courage to ask questions or seek information is to make up our own ideas and beliefs about situations based on previous experiences. If our experiences are on the range of limited to none, imaginations can run wild. And thus, previous isolated situations are not always representative of a whole culture or people.

So, this box that you will see in the Student Center will be for any questions that you may have wanted to ask but may have been afraid, embarrassed, or uncertain of who to ask. Please use it as a tool to help you free your beliefs from stereotypes or ignorance. Just drop off your question in the box and look for it to be answered in one of the following The Flyer newsletters. These questions will be answered by a panel of culturally and ethnically diverse students and staff. The answers can be from a single individual or as a cumulative effort. As a disclaimer this panel is not claiming to be the standing authority on these issues, as if an individual person is representative of an entire race or culture, but it provides a start to helping get genuine questions answered. This is a project that is serious in nature and so only civilized and appropriate comments will be answered. This is not something that will be used to perpetuate and spread hateful ideologies, it is to be used as a vehicle for responsible public discourse. So Please, drop your questions in the "No Offense" box, and we'll be sure to get back to you!

TOMORROW

BY BRENDEN SHORT

Its nine o'clock at night, and you are unable to sleep. You have been trying to for the last hour and a half. You crawl out of your bed, and drag yourself into the living room, to your favorite chair; somehow even it is missing appeal anymore. You turn on the TV and zone out on a news story about a suicide investigation. The TV doesn't help either, and if anything, only makes the situation worse. You turn off the TV and rub your eyes, sitting in your chair for the next half an hour, just looking forward at the dark room. You stand up and proceed to put on your shoes, and then walk over to your coat rack by the door, removing the only one on it. You exit your apartment and walk down the hallway to the stairwell, and once at the top you look down the blocky spiral, 4 stories worth of stairs. You then walk down the stairs and into the lobby of the apartment building. The cold room has a checkered-tile floor and grey walls, one set of doors and no windows, but there are a few pictures here and there. You walk out of the doors and into the even more intense chill of the night. There are streetlights about every 20 feet on both sides of the road in front of you, casting their orange-yellow light around the rainy city. Its a rather busy Friday night, groups of people walking everywhere, and you start walking as well. The rain is heavy enough that most people have umbrellas to shield themselves from it, but you don't care, even the feeling of rain landing on your face, a feeling you once longed for, is just another sensation now. You hear people laughing as they walk by, talking with their friends, either right next to them or on the phone. You keep walking, looking at the buildings at either side of you, a random assortment of lit against unlit windows. You get to a more busy section of the city, with shops on both sides of the street, and people frequently crossing. One thing in particular grabs your attention, a person, nothing special about them, just an everyday person about to cross the street. They begin their journey to the other side, and as they get to the middle of the street, they drop their phone, and start fumbling for it in the dark. A flash of light catches your eye, the headlights of a bus rushing towards the unaware pedestrian in the middle of the street. The pedestrian is crouching below the glare of the headlights in their effort to find their lost phone, but even if the bus could see them, it is traveling too fast to be able to stop in time. At that precise moment, a choice pops into your head: the pedestrian is within dashing distance, and if you acted immediately, you could push them out of the way. If you choose to push them out of the way, turn to page six. If you decide to do nothing, turn to page four.

ARTIST SPOTLIGHT:

Interview with Angelea Heartsong-Redding | Website: <http://angeleahr.com/>
by Rebecca Hobbs | Instagram: @angelea.h.r.

Angelea Heartsong-Redding has her Associate's Degree in Art from College of the Siskiyou. She currently works in the COS Art Department as a Darkroom Photography Lab Technician/Teacher's Aide. Some of her recent photographic work can be viewed at the current art show Pulling(Focus) in the COS Student Art Gallery until April 27th.

Describe the first moment you knew you would be an artist.

I don't know if I have even realized it yet. That is a loaded question. It has all been about learning a craft and that craft has taken over my life. I knew I belonged in the darkroom the first time I printed an image and watched it go from a latent image to having the image appear. I don't know if I would consider myself as an "artist", but as someone who's obsessed. I don't like to call myself a "photographer," and if I have to label it, I'd say a "Photographic Artist." I think everyone's a photographer nowadays, but that is not what I'm doing. What I am doing is capturing relationships between people and our history and following the light. Very literally, that's all I need to take pictures, light.

Where are you from and where are you going?

From: I was born in Texas, but never lived there. I was raised in the back of a shit-brown VW Westfalia until I was 4. Then I lived in an East Indian teacher's Ashram until I was 8. I lived in homeless shelters until I was about 12 to 13. By the time I was 13, I'd been to 13 different elementary schools. I don't have a hometown. I have no connection to my birthplace. I basically grew up travelling from the west coast to the east coast and along the southern states. But I consciously chose to make "home" Mt. Shasta. I don't know how many people get to do that. I wish we had a university so I'd never have to leave.

Going: I want to go where I'm wanted, wherever I'm needed. Physically, I'd like to stay in California. But really wherever I can keep doing the things I'm obsessed with. I'd love to get my Bachelor's, Master's, and be an (art) teacher. I've been doing a lot of curating for the Siskiyou Arts Museum in Dunsmuir and would love to do more of that. I'd love to come back here one day and teach at COS and keep the darkroom running...or flowing, we use a lot of water over there.

What inspires you? What other artists inspire you and why?

Artists I am attracted to are other photographic artists who practice traditional darkroom work. Sally Mann, for example. People who live outside the limitations of the photographic medium are really attractive to me. I think because I live in an era of the internet/social media, I constantly look at other people's work, but I really try to not let my influences show. Like if someone were to look at my work and say, this reminds me of Sally Mann, most people would be flattered. I should be flattered but to me, it is an insult because it tells me that my influences are showing, and that I need to work harder at being truthful.

The thing that inspires me the most is the whole process of getting to take the images, develop them, work with them, and being both an artist and an editor. Motivation is inspiring. I think we live in a beautiful area, how can we not be inspired by it? I shoot a lot outside, and I try to be truthful. I just want to take the pictures that feel right to me.

Describe one of your favorite pieces to someone who is blind.

I would imagine even if you are blind, you can still feel the sunlight hit your face, the warmth; maybe you can't tell it's bright, but you can feel its warmth. Shadow equals cool. Imagine you're standing out in the wide open, like a field and there are big, fat clouds rolling across the sky and one minute you're in sunlight and one minute you're in shadow. My image, Subconscious [front page], is like being covered in warmth and saturated in shadow. I often wonder what it's like for someone who is blind...what do they dream? Do they see in their dreams? ...And if they see in their dreams, why would they ever want to be awake?

What is something most people don't know about you?

Every inch of my process is riddled with self-doubt. That is what makes my work really good or strong, because I can come out from the other side of it.

ARTIST SPOTLIGHT: Cont.

What would you do if you were invisible for a day?

I would take the most unflattering portraits of the people I love or who are important to me. I get in a lot of trouble for taking unflattering portraits that are very truthful. Specifically, there was an image (of mine) that was published last year in a magazine and it's of my mother. I would say we have a weekly conversation about her wanting me to take it off my website. It's not about her, but she becomes the vessel. That mother every child can resonate with, a look of bittersweet that every kid has gotten from their mother and every mother has felt. It's a really incredible photo of a "Mother."

Heartsong's photo, "Unrest," was published in the international magazine She Shoots Film, Issue 2: Mother. <https://sheshootsfilm.photography/>

What is your spirit animal, and why?

I would say a hippopotamus or an owl. Hippos are really mean. Deep down I can be a really mean person but they get to be mean outwardly. And when they're mothers they have pink milk! How cool is that? And that is the first thing I learned in Spanish when I was 8, "...la leche de hipopótamo es rosa." And an owl because I really love birds. Anytime a bird runs into a window at my house I will take care of them until they recover. And I collect bird roadkill - meaning talons and feathers.

What is your superpower?

My superpower is timing. I have an incredible sense of time. If something is cooking, I will check it two seconds before the timer goes off. It's eerie how accurate it is, and it plays a good role in the darkroom.

What advice would you give emerging artists?

Am I an emerging artist? (Pondering on this.) I'd say, don't spend time trying to "find" your style, or to emulate someone else's. Spend time honing your craft. That is all there is. You can't be someone else, do what's truthful for you. Make the images, paint the pictures. People respond to the truth and they resonate with it. Don't be a style-chaser.

Come see the photography of Angelea and others in the LRC foyer! Pulling (Focus) will be on exhibit until April 27th



TOMORROW CONT.

You stare blankly as the bus impacts the pedestrian, some of their blood splattering on your face, which you then proceed to wipe with your right hand. You look down at your hand, the rain quickly washing the blood away. You continue walking away from the scene of the death, the body still laying in the middle of the street, with people clustered around it. Once you are about a block away, you hear the ambulances and police pull up to the scene, but you don't look back. Directly in front of you is a thirty story skyscraper, and you start walking towards its door. You arrive at the base of the building and go inside, the warm air touching your face as you open the door. The lobby has a few people in it, none of them aware of what just happened outside, and you walk past them all, to the elevator. You enter the elevator and press the button for the top floor, as a couple other people enter, one pressing fourteen and the other twenty seven. You arrive at the fourteenth floor, no one having said a word, and one passenger disembarks. The elevator stops at twenty three, where another person enters, and presses the button for the lobby. They address the elevator with "How's it going?" and the other passenger replies, "Not bad, but a bit slow lately". The two continue conversing until the twenty seventh floor where one departs with a "see ya later". The remaining passenger then tries to make idle conversation with you, but you continue staring, blankly, at the door. The elevator finally arrives at thirty, and you get off, the doors closing behind you. You walk forward down the medium-lit hallway, full of orange light from the scattered electric lanterns, until you reach the roof access stairs, and climb them, once again feeling the chill of the night as you open and go through the door. You walk towards the edge of the building, and as you approach, you can see the flashing lights where the pedestrian was run down by the bus. You can see over a majority of the skyscrapers, and all the light emanating from below, and just continue walking. You feel your foot go over the edge of the building with one final stride, and you are in free fall. Everything becomes a blur, except for the approaching ground below, rushing closer at ever increasing speeds, as the mellifluous sound of air rushing past your body fills your ears. You always liked the feeling of free-fall, a rush of adrenaline, and a feeling of weightlessness, but now even this has lost your interest. You can see a few people and cars below you, getting larger with every passing moment, and the time spent falling seems to last a lifetime. You feel the crunch of bone as your right leg hits Earth, but you are going at speeds far too great to feel the immense pain this would normally cause you.

Poetry and My Experiences at an AWP Conference

By Sarah Kirby

The amount of technology pouring out of now and the possible future is flabbergasting. As such, what to read, when to read, and reading in general is an evolving phenomenon in both composition and classification. This month is a glorious month. It's National Poetry Month. A revered month-long holiday for many literary lovers, I took up the call from the COS Writers' Club to submit my favorite poems to be shared with others.

I found myself walking down the nostalgic past of my favorite poets: W.B. Yeats, Lewis Carroll, Percy Shelly, Emily Dickinson, Robert Frost, Charles Bukowski, Maya Angelou, Walt Whitman, Rumi, etc. As I read various poems, I remembered how their construction sits on the crux of human emotion in places that intersect through the scope of what it means to experience life.

Despite some of these authors living hundreds of years ago, their main ideas about love, loss, hope, and nature are still relevant today, which is, admittedly, my favorite aspect of literature, language, and creative writing; its ability to transcend time.

Yet, as I read these classic famed poets, I found myself craving a current sort of poetry. I wanted 21st century poetry like I wanted the finest trends in craft brews and 3D printed jewelry. Not only did I want 21st century poetry, I wanted Millennial poetry; I wanted iGeneration or Generation Z poetry. What was new in the world of poetry? I knew I had become a prisoner to reading the classics. Arguably, I'd been busy. Arguably, I could have carved out the time.

My last taste of budding poets on a national scale took place at the Association of Writers and Writing Programs (AWP) Conference in 2014. Located at the noted Denver Convention Center downtown, I saw Matthew Zapruder perform his latest work, and his poem "Prelude." PoetryFoundation.org is an awesome website for viewing poetry and learning about poets.

The poem starts, "Oh this Diet Coke is really good/ though come to think of it it tastes/ like nothing plus the idea of chocolate,/ or an acquaintance of chocolate/speaking fondly of certain times." I heard these words and could taste the ideas. It was strange and lovely and beautiful to share this experience with an auditorium full of people who appreciated this art form, poetry as much as I did.

Later that night, those who attended the conference were smoozing at the local watering hole. I met Zapruder and shook his hand. During the weekend conference, I also attended several talks about writing and teaching writing. Plus, the icing on the cake was a humongous, and I do not use that term lightly, room filled with tables that held authors, publishers, literary journals, and information about writing programs, conferences, retreats. The room was literally filled with thousands of vendors.

During the conference, I was exposed to heaps of great writing, awesome poetry, and new ideas about developing as a writer. The vast scope of the conference was in some ways sensory overload. I realize that now because I'm drawing a blank on the names of other individual presenters, but I do remember the way I felt attending that conference, which was spectacular.

The conference fueled my writing fire for a solid year after attending. I highly recommend attending conferences like AWP for those who are interested in writing. I find it to always be helpful when I can surround myself with other creative individuals. Moreover, one could join the COS Writers' Club, which is a solid step in that creative direction. We'd love to gain more members.

We live in a time period where digital literacy is a growing necessity, and I'm curious how it will affect the future of poetry and spoken word. I did find a talented spoken word group called PoeTree. These two women share their poems to a backdrop of acoustic music. Otherwise, I must admit that I desire to learn more about local, national, and international poets who are causing a stir. As such, I send out a call to action for readers of this tale. Please share your amazing poets with me whose work you pine to hear more of. Simply send a message to WCsubmit@gmail.com. Until then, write on.

Community Events

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by Quintus McDowell and Brenden Short

Pulling(Focus) – The COS Advanced Photography class will have some of their work on display in the art gallery located in the LRC foyer. Come on campus and see! Works will be available for view until April 27th.

Presidential Listening Tour – Meet president Schoomaker and talk about the COS campus and community! There will be meetings in Montague on the 24th of April, and Yreka on the 25th.

COS Writers Club Poetry Night – COS writers club is calling all poets for our annual Poetry night. Beginning at 5pm in the Weed Campus Library loft on April 26th. Anyone that would like to participate is welcome; please contact Beckie Hobbs to sign up (rhobbs@siskiyous.edu).

Do you have a community event you would like to promote here? Send in your submissions to **WCsubmit@gmail.com!**

TOMORROW CONT.

You dash forward, putting all of your available energy into one burst, as adrenaline pumps into your veins, helping the advance. Your arms reach the pedestrian and you shove them out of the way, your vision then completely filled with the headlights, and illuminated interior of the bus, slightly obscured by raindrops, as it impacts.

Call for Submissions!

Do you have something you would like to see in this newsletter? Maybe some poetry, a short story, or an article? We are looking for writing from the COS community! Just send your submissions to: **WCsubmit@gmail.com**

Thanks!

Your Editor in Chief,
Brenden Short

