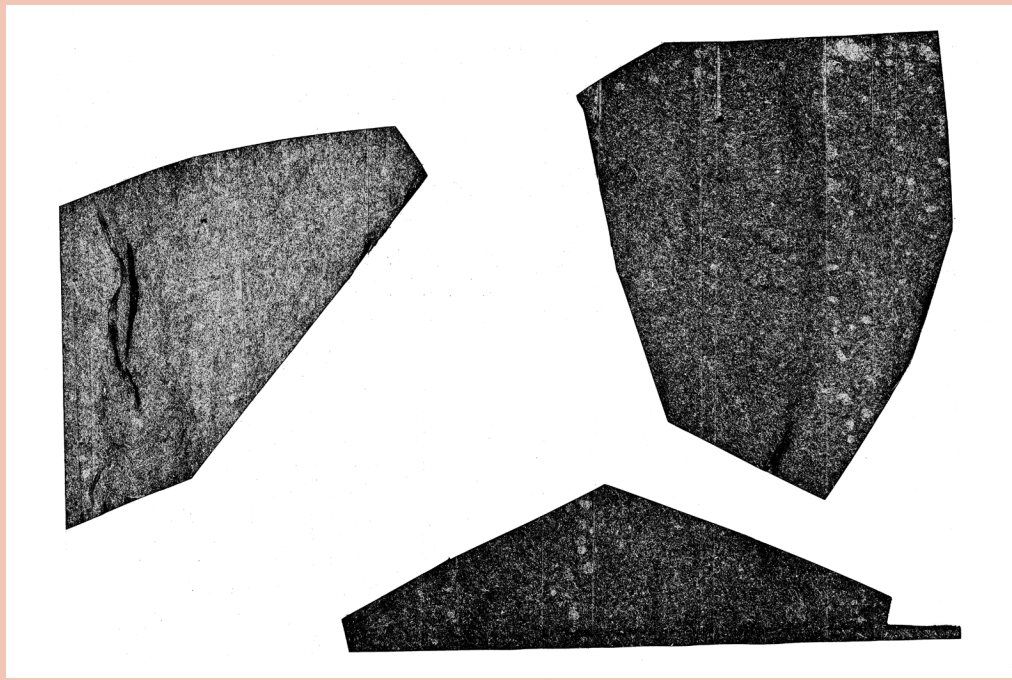


Meredith Barone



CAM COLLINS

Emergency State



Trust Me, It's Worth the Wait

MATTHEW FLATHERS

t h e w o r l d i s s t r a n g
 e a n d s e a r y w h e n
 e l e a s e d f r o m t h e V e i t
 n a c l e s t h a t r e n s l a V e i t
 a n d b y n o w y o u 'r E g e t t i n
 g a n g r y a n d f r u s t r a t e d w i
 t h h o w t h e l e t t e r s a b e t r a y o
 u, s y m b o l, s y o u h a v e m a n
 i p u l a t e d y o u r w h o l e l i f e
 n o w m a n i p u l a t e y o u
 a n d s o m e w h e r e r i g h t n o w
 m s m i t k n o w c a u s e I k n o w
 t h e m e s s a g e y o u 'r e c i p h e r
 n g s o a r d r o d
 a n d n o w y o u a r e r e t r y i n g t o r
 d r o d e t e r m i n e i f i t i s w o r
 t h i t t o k e e p g o i n g f o r a v e a n
 y h i g h e r k n o w l e d g e o
 u n e e d t o u n d e r s t a n d
 w e l l g u e s s w h a t i d o
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 d s a n d l i v e a n t y o u u o u r
 a n n

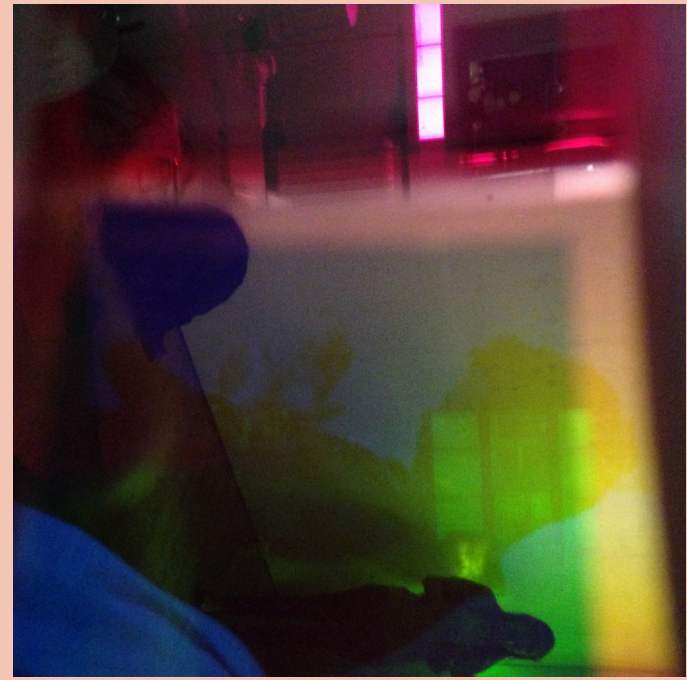
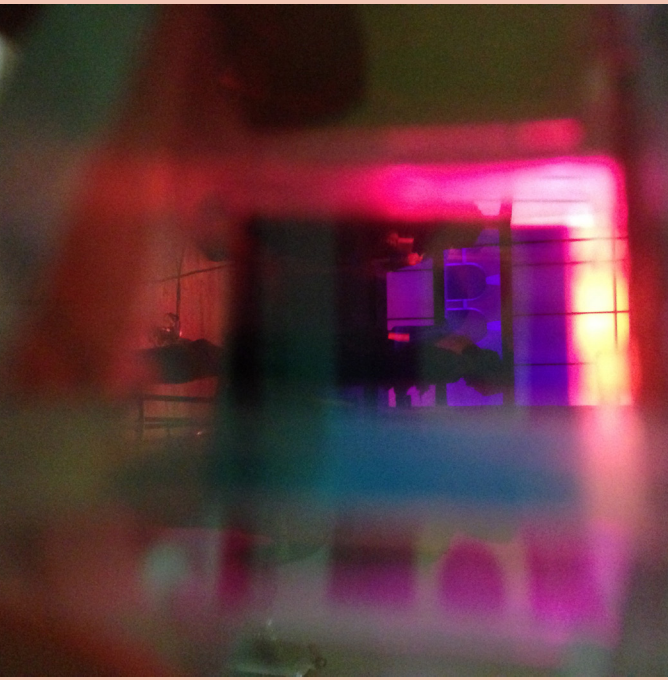
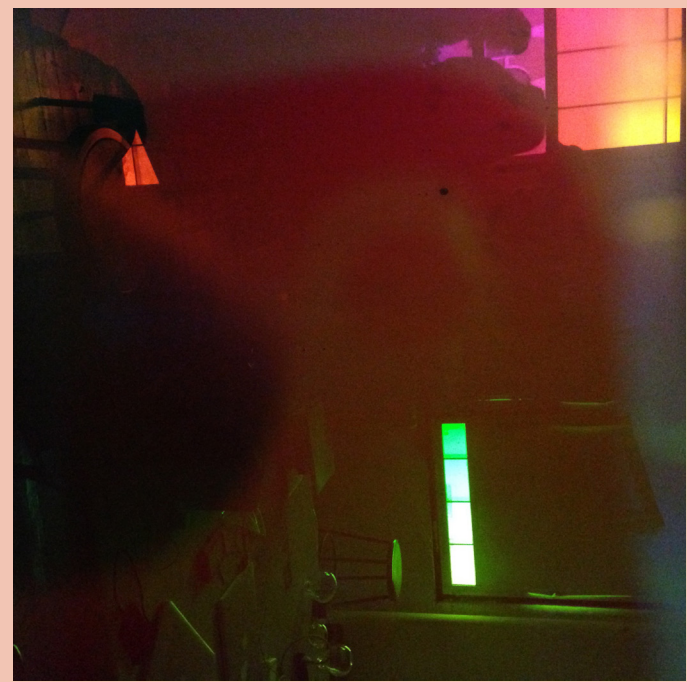
Mothman

ELIZA CHEN



Projection Pieces

RILEY EMBLER



poison bursts, fainting our blood, killing those who would
 parake of our unliking flesh.
 "But Hawk! I offer you this deal: truly you could kill
 us all, acting out of spite. Or you might attack at random,
 choosing one, and eat to take your body, mid-flap, do I love
 your throat would close and your my deal: dearly do I love
 fall from the sky! So here offer you my deal: in brighter days
 my sisters, for we have always been together. I would sacrifice
 my sisters, for we have always been together. I would sacrifice
 we swam together, growing out our legs. I would sacrifice
 myself for them, that they might live!
 "Take me, O Hawk, and leave my sisters be! I swear
 my flesh will be fine and sweet when, at last, you take your
 fill. But do not harm my sisters! Ask that first, you fly some
 distance from our shining home before your evil deed. Look
 now, how it glows! Red and redder, like the low-slung sun
 itself! A signal of our unique status, I swear, a testament from
 the sky!"
 "So! Now—"

Without warning, the hawk opened its wings. In a
 blink it was upon them, and the frog who had spoken jiggled
 in fear. She closed her eyes, and—
 Her sister screamed as the hawk's talons pierced her
 flesh. The one who had spoken looked against a field of red,
 the hawk rose into the sky. Simultaneous, one creature: like an
 angel, with head and legs and wings. It veered away into the
 opposite bank of trees.
 "No!" the frog sisters shrieked. "The one who had
 spoken began to cry gray and sandy tears.
 Her sister turned on her.
 "Curse you! Curse it all, and curse especially your
 foolish lie! It's you—you who should've—"
 She broke off, her eyes gleaming in the falling dark
 ness. She turned away from her sister.
 In silence, they waded through the water toward
 their home.

Here is a true story from West Virginia. All three had
 been raddoles together, and they were sisters. They lived in
 a Junho 5-pound coffee canister on the shore. It
 River—a big river, to be sure. But only the sisters made their
 home under the plastic cylinder half-buried on the shore.
 was red, and when the sun shone slowly down the river,
 bright and vivid against the sun fell slowly down the river,
 the sisters would sit in the slow-moving pool by their home.
 eyes half-submerged, a shadow was seen flying
 trouble.
 Then one day, near sunset, a hawk landed on the
 across the water.
 "Oh no!" the sisters cried in unison. Slipping in
 It was the end of August, and they were dazed and
 leathargic from spending all afternoon in their red house. But it
 the mud, they scrambled back toward their red house. But it
 was too late.
 With a flap of its great wings, a hawk landed on the
 plastic rim of their home. Its talons curved gently
 lip of the entrance, scratching the plastic with its golden
 rasp.
 The sisters were very still, water lapping gently
 against their skin. The hawk gazed at them with its great and
 eyes, the pupils large and dark. "O Hawk! You are great and
 One sister finally spoke, and thus our lives be gone and
 mighty, with your spotted wings and bright, sharp beak. You
 could eat us, three, no less! But I tell you, Hawk—we are not
 lost, without a fight, no less! But I tell you, Hawk—we are not
 common frogs, though we may look it to your untrained eye.
 We three sisters are precious among our kind! Deep within
 our inner bellies is a secret sac, filled with bitter poison.
 We need only squeeze our tummies tight—just so—and the

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Action Doll

CAM COLLINS

millennial politics
hobswam primitive rebels
random word generator
japanese gamelan
rsperdone side effects
the royal tenenbaums trailer
best in show trailer
best comedies since 2000
do raccoons make good pets
rsperdone reviews
rsperdone
unmass amhrst acceptance rate
best anti-psychotics
best anti-psychotic for hallucinations
obama singing shape of you
schizo-affective medicine
schizo-affective disorder medications
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Nietzsche
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how many hours in a week
mdd
inculator scene toy story 3
amo flood books
anti science philosopher
update flash
sum of all integers is -1/2 proof
successful people with schizophrenia
communist novels
can love make schizophrenia worse
similarities between love and schizophrenia
serotoni
unpredictable psychosis
kirchoff's laws
class d amplifier
word not showing spaces when typing
cheapest trip
cheapest trip java
invalid value for registry
synonyms for sanity
how many super bowls has tom brady won
onto = surjective
increasing stigma for some mentally ill
area of a trapezoid
anal competition
Did you mean: Annual Competition?
define cultural appropriation
bipolar disorder self test
magnitude of a complex number
early signs of bipolar disorder
how to use insert key on toshiba laptop
tv shows that get mental illness right
throw error java
can you hallucinate taste
pinterest
my meth lab
result was not a number google script
heart of darkness racism
who invented gin
ps i love you
more voices at night
do voices ever go away
linux remove command
log 911 operator ball under couch
how to search a 2d character array
hardcode 2d character array
an unknown error occurred during sign in
disney renaissance best to worst
distrust of politicians
take away power from a group
revenge as resistance
how to block your mom on facebook
drunk regret meme
I don't have a diagnosis, im sad, im lonely and psychotic
stigma



Alex Westfall



What Google Knows

MATTHEW FLATHERS

Anything can be about anything, if you think about it. I was looking to leave a lover I was seeing, but she asked me to bring her a sweater and I did and I didn't. A leg shaking is transmitted up through a body through a book through a desk through to the body of another. A point where coffee is not hot nor cold nor coffee, brown. (Me, middle.) Buildings alive with hands and feet are alive with noise are reminiscent of the accumulation of a hundred thousand—no, infinite (as impossible as it seems)—thoughts. You do find what you're looking for. You see yourself in the object of desire (hope), but also in the desirer (despair). (Increasing page numbers, dread or anticipation or sadness or relief.) Pause leads to cigarette, compounding. Lights on in a building do not reveal its inhabitants, rather the life is in the shadows of the silhouettes that obscure the bulbs. Underlining can be ecstatic. (Estatic?) Hands are the markers of our age; also receptors of the secretions and additions of/fo our hair. The end of a possibility of a lover loving one can be relief, as it renders the doubt over and hope (and accompanying pain) useless. A question, overheard, leads to a chuckle not heard. Blank pages, pauses.

touch can be the bridge the pain of moving slow circular na flowing past some things demand house/prison plants

Roses

IVAN RIOS-FETCHKO

truth can be found in the thing itself, things not to or for us, just around us. "splendid display" flows moves touches

separates (others body) connects can not connect clothes are not "fitting" never hates you powers you (feeds from birth) before, inevitably, beautifully we don't know must localize to see/discern/speak poet in woods, being the poet who is true longing

produce) a rental space found outside the self, but captive trapped time (rapure)

devoted to body + maintenance circling, nebulous escaping

—an electron quiet, moving not

temporary permanent a—patern of the free the ground (but also wanting to

of imagining?

time of <=> feeling <=> reflexes experience | moment of description walking again

but elsewhere we can. needing permission. "?"

even so simple as a blink can alter life

all about connection one two

we get lost in these undifferentiated very differentiated spaces. embracing the real

I see myself in what I see (how I see makes the content of me) difficult to damage, even lying for the sake of life

infinite or empty (one cannot comprehend either) an affirmation subjectivity, impossible to hide, like the body

bringing one into one's natural refuge (like into bed/sheets)

Sophie Wang



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Reconstructed Grant Liberation Union Manifesto (2007)

BENJAMIN BIENSTOCK

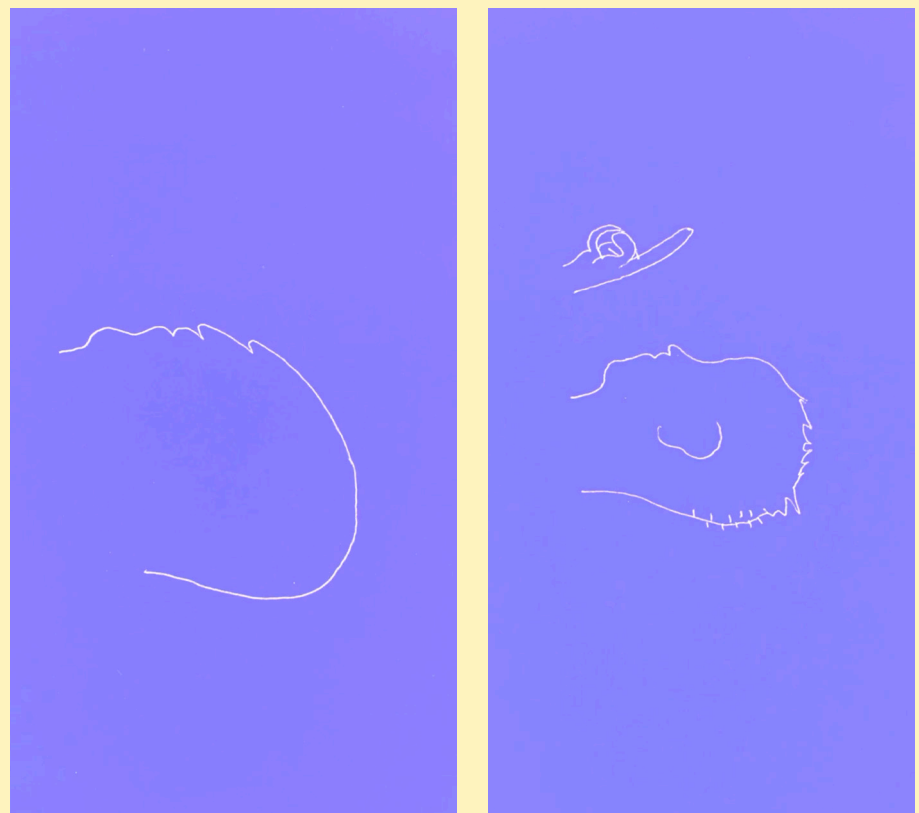
Editor's note: As no complete copy of the manifesto of the Grant Liberation Union is extant, this document reflects the efforts of historians, psychologists, and legal professionals to create what is believed (by those involved and by other experts whose counsel was sought) to be an accurate depiction of the infamous lost document. Printed here is a synthesis of several core GLU texts: the sole extant portion of the manifesto discovered in Miriam Landhoffer's notebook; the minutes of the Union's April 8th, 2007 meeting as stenographed by James Torley; Dr. Theodora Frankel's psychiatric notes on Peter Morrison; eyewitness accounts of the tragic May 3rd, 2007 Rollins County School Board meeting; and, of course, the indispensable testimony of Linda Gadson. (This document and those primary sources from which it was created will be published in appendices A, B, and F of Gadson's upcoming book from Harcourt, as of yet untitled.) The experts responsible for the creation of this document warn students of the GLU affair not to view the text as an absolute truth, but rather a manufacture that, while superior to mere fabrications (the publication of which in tabloid newspapers the public has long tired), will be subject to revision as further research is undertaken and new discoveries are made.

The First Manifesto and Constitution¹ of the Grant Liberation Union
*In struggle, we shall find meaning, and discover if
 the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether*

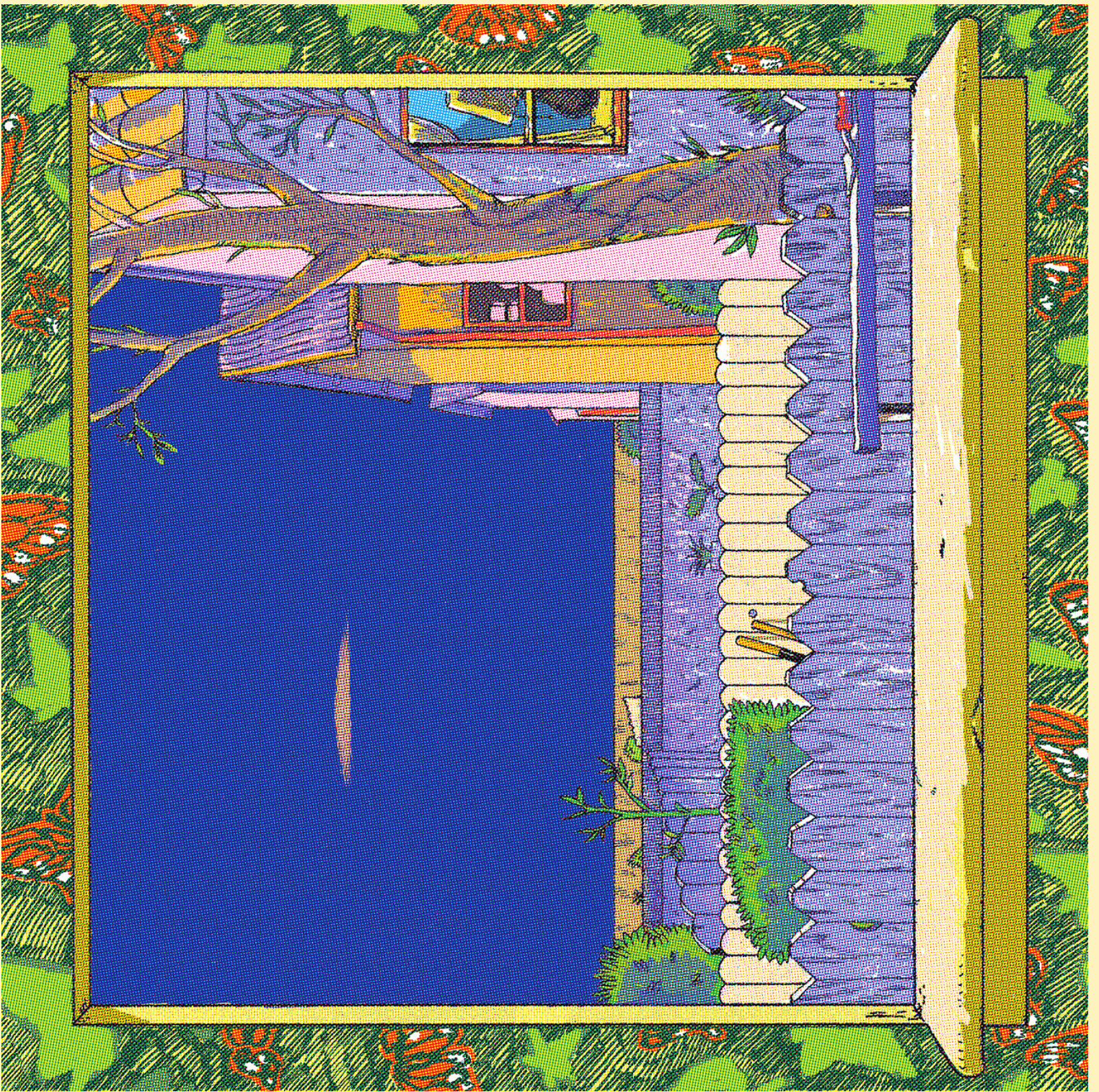
1. **What do we believe and who are we against?**
 - 1.1. We are against the fascist exploitation of students perpetrated by the Rollins County School Board in general and in Grant High School in particular and by Principal Eugene Baker especially in particular. Students and teachers (and children and adults more generally) cannot cohabitate—we know this as it is never seen in nature—and to rectify this untenable situation, students must take control of the spaces that the oppressors have forced them to reside in. To succeed, it is imperative that we students mobilize as a Union.
2. **What are our demands?**
 - 2.1. We demand that oppressors² be known by their first names, not by the bourgeois, hierarchical titles “Mr.,” “Mrs.,” “Ms.,” and “Miss.”³
 - 2.2. We are fed up with the lack of student representation, and are insulted by the token, ceremonial seats we have been offered on the Board in return for our submissiveness. We will take no more half loaves.
 - 2.3. We demand that the oppressors return all occupied territory to the students, to whom it rightfully belongs. This will begin with the surrender of the gymnasium to the student forces.⁴ At this time and at this time only may negotiations begin.
 - 2.4. Negotiations will be held in the gymnasium at the behest of the Student Union. Oppressors will be allowed representation only if the Union deems their choice acceptable. Negotiations will end, one way or another, with students in total control of an oppressor-free Grant High School (hereby to be renamed -----⁵).
 - 2.5. When the oppressor-free Grant is created, the Liberation Union will lead the efforts to liberate our brethren at Douglas Junior High School and the tyrannized students of the other high schools in surrounding towns.⁶
3. **How will we force the oppressors to meet our demands?**
 - 3.1. We will have to mobilize, organize, unite, disrupt, and be vigilant in order to topple the Baker regime, and eventually the entire Rollins school system.
 - 3.2. Every student must become a Unionist. With uniform support, the oppressors will be powerless to stop our struggle for liberation.
 - 3.3. We shall make ourselves known at the May 3rd meeting of the Rollins County School Board, where they will be expecting our patsy representatives to meekly accept powerless positions to disguise the bloodfuckers’ ongoing subjugation of the students. We see through this colonialist bead offering. We will disrupt the meeting by any means necessary, and when this manifesto is read aloud, the struggle for liberation will begin its second phase, the phase of action.⁸

1. Editor's note: The title is printed here as it appears in Miriam Landhoffer's copy; it is unknown if her strikethroughs reflect personal objections or a group consensus to reject constitutional language.
2. Ed.: Contradictory language left the compilers of this document unsure what official Union terminology would have been used to describe school administrators and faculty in the manifesto. Internally, they were referred to frequently as “pigs” and “brownshirts,” and Peter Morrison's preferred moniker was “bloodfuckers.” Though “oppressor” is not found in any GLU literature, the experts agreed that it best conveys the Unionists' revolutionary fervor.
3. Ed.: Though the issue of teachers' titles may seem piddling when compared to the GLU's more notorious aims, evidence across all sources confirmed that in every draft of the manifesto this remained the first demand. It is unknown whether Morrison, who was well versed in both the history of progressive education and critical theory, viewed the change in language as practical or praxical. (It should also be noted that Primrose Academy, a private school in neighboring Gaspee County, did not use these “bourgeois, hierarchical titles,” and yet Primrose students experienced similar relationships with teachers and administrators as Grant High students. However, no liberation union formed at Primrose, nor did any groups similar to any of the other colorful groups at Grant—the Student Anarchists and the Grant Minutemen, to name only two—materialize either.)
4. Ed.: Note the use of “forces,” expanding on the previous reference to “mobiliz[ation].” This wording, which has its basis in Linda Gadson's testimony and is corroborated by marginal notes in Landhoffer's notebook, indicates that Morrison and Rebecca Tattinoff decided on the use of student force much earlier than the public has been led to believe.
5. Ed.: The lack of a chosen name for the new student utopia (as seen in both Torley's notes and Landhoffer's copy of the manifesto) is suggestive of the limitations of Morrison's ideology. As his philosophy mattered to him more than all else, his ego, Dr. Frankel writes, led him to “overlook practical drawbacks and flaws in his plans in favor of maintaining ideological consistency. ... [A]nd by so soon taking the first steps, vague as they were, towards violent insurrection, he ensured that the ideological liberties he took would continue to add up and eat away at him until finally there was no turning back and no real going forward” (Frankel, Theodora, M.D., and Isaac Berman, *His School: The Psychopolitical Imagination of Peter Morrison*, New York: Hachette, 2010, 96-8).
6. Ed.: Morrison's ultimate goal at this stage (as identified in the testimony of his co-conspirators and Dr. Frankel's notes) was to create a network of self-sufficient liberated student communities under Grant hegemony until such time as Grant control was no longer necessary. Tattinoff, who had increasingly grown frustrated with Morrison's theorizing, soon left the Union when Morrison explained to her and Landhoffer that in order to hue to GLU's founding ideology, Morrison himself would be the only suitable choice for leader, thus entirely rejecting Tattinoff's previously agreed upon non-hierarchical vision.
7. Ed.: All sources agree that Morrison used this language when discussing the May 3rd meeting.
8. Ed.: These final sentences, direct from Morrison's drafts (entered into evidence by Gadson), betray an uncertainty that would be stripped from Morrison's writing over the course of the months leading up to the May 3rd attack. Feeling that showing anything less than complete faith in Union plans would lead to failure, Morrison, Frankel writes, came to fully believe the mystical philosophy that had long been popular among ordinary Unionists (as suggested by the religious overtones of the group's motto, partially drawn from Abraham Lincoln's second inaugural address) but was disdained by the leadership. With Tattinoff gone and Landhoffer fully invested in Morrison's growing cult of personality, no one remaining in the Union had the necessary influence over Morrison to dissuade him from the firebombing of the May 3rd meeting, which Morrison and the proletarian Unionists viewed as divine retribution. It should not be construed, however, that the eventual razing of Grant High School was a product of this mysticism; rather, as Gadson, Landhoffer, and Frankel's testimony clearly shows, the incineration of the school was merely an act of prideful suicide, spurred by Morrison's misguided hopes of martyrdom.

Before Me
 HENRY MCCLELLAN



THEIA FLYNN
 Penis Envy



HENRY MCCLELLAN

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