CHIRPING OF BIRDS | BY SEIJI KOENIGSBERG

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They arrived one day, without warning, without any hesitation. Bastards in giant white pickup trucks with giant pictures saying Green Forestry on the side drove onto my land, my beautiful land with hundreds of trees with hundreds of years of age. They marched into my forest and started planning the removal of my trees. I walked up to them angrily, questioning, "What the hell are you doing on my land? You have no permission to be here."

Instead of answering, one of the workers, wearing a bright orange vest with a blue rain jacket and a red pair of khakis (a terrible choice of color if you ask me), came up to me and looked at me as if I was a child and they were an adult, and sternly said, "We need to put a pipeline from here to the ocean to filter crude oil. There's no point in resisting. It's already been decided. There's nothing you can do about it." That hit me so hard that my legs felt like Jell-o for a couple seconds. I didn't know what to say. I was in shock. My forest, with all its beauty, was going to disappear. Realizing it wasn't worth my time to pick a fight with them, I started walking back to my house. On the way back I heard the birds chirp louder than normal, as if they sensed danger to their home and was warning everyone else. I walked past the trees that would maybe not be there in a couple days. I sat in my house watching those bastards plan.

That night, I ate sushi with salmon so fresh that it seemed to have just been caught that day. It would've been good had those people not still been at my house. I sat down at my computer and decided to record myself explaining what was happening to let the world know and not let my story be silenced. I opened the computer and pressed the power button very delicately and waited for the classic sound of an Apple computer to turn on, and I started to record my story.

"Hello my name is Taylor Brown, and here is my story. I've lived in my house ever since I was three years old, and currently I'm the only one living in it. Just today these people from Green Forestry, who I have never seen or heard of before today, came to my house and..." I felt a tear drop down my face. I knew it was inevitable that I was going to get emotional but I had hoped that it was going to be toward the end of the video. I decided to continue with the recording.

"... they planned the removal of my trees, and when I asked what they were doing, They said that they were clearing the land of trees so they could put a pipeline from here to the ocean." I waited a couple seconds trying to control my emotions and I continued again.

" I don't expect anything to come of this but I didn't want my story to be silenced so here it is, my story." I stopped the recording and uploaded it to Facebook. I then turned off my computer and rested in my hammock in my room, trying to stay calm and relax for a little bit. About an hour later, I checked Facebook to see if anyone had seen my video, and sure enough only a couple people had seen it. But one comment caught my eye. It said that they would show up tomorrow in solidarity and try to prevent the removal of my trees at all cost. That comment filled me with happiness and with that happiness I went to sleep. The next day I wake up earlier than I had in several months. five o'clock is way to early for any human being to be awake. But I did it anyway because I wanted to see my trees for as long as I could before they got cut down. At around seven, a group of five people showed up at my house. When I asked who they were one of them came up to me and said, "Hello, I saw your video from last night and couldn't help but feel like we needed to help, so I got a couple of my friends to come support you with me."

"Ok thank you so much,. Feel free to leave or stay for as long as you want." I responded. I offered them something to eat but they said they were fine. Promptly at nine o'clock, we started to hear a terrible sound. Metal hitting metal, making screeching sounds so bad it seemed to be from a different world. The five people and I stood in the driveway preventing the trucks from entering. After about an hour of a stalemate, the trucks reluctantly left. Then the same person said to me

"This is a lot bigger than I thought it would be. Listen, I have some connections to big forest conservation protest groups who are very experienced in this area. I can have them come and help." I said that sounded like a great idea. They then left and I spent the rest of the day in my hammock in the forest. The next day there were 10 people, then 37, then over a hundred. Within a week, a couple groups came and they brought all sorts of equipment and I was shocked to see how much could be planned in such a short amount of time. By the time the people in the white pickup trucks arrived we had around 500 people, and as soon as they arrived all 500 of those people erupted in boo's telling them to get the fuck off my land. It was really a surreal moment to see all these strangers that never knew I existed until the day prior show up and care so much about my trees. The people in the white trucks didn't know what to do and so they left. The entire crowd cheered very loudly and we all celebrated. The next day I woke up yet again at five and people showed up yet again at six. The people in the white pickup trucks showed up at nine just like the day before and we didn't allow them to get anywhere and they eventually left again. This happened for months and made national television. Eventually, the state government sent out a message saying:

"We have decided to listen to the will of the people, and those people have spoken. They stated very clearly that they do not want a pipeline running through their lands. And so, we have decided to terminate the pipeline plans. From henceforth, there will be no pipelines running through this beautiful land."

As soon as I read this to the crowd, we all exploded in cheers. We had spent several months working on getting rid of Green Forestry and it felt amazing to have the government step in and stop it for us. We then all took down the equipment very quickly and everyone left looking very proud of their accomplishments.

Once everyone left, I walked into my forest, which somehow was still standing, and sat there, listening to the birds chirp with joy.

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DARK TOWER | JOSEPH LIEBERMAN | ACRYLIC PAINTING ON INK BOARD

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DEAR READER | BY HALEY E SOTELO

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If I could make music out of these words I would be achieving all I've dreamed of

The pulsing rhythm of an iambic pentameter acting as a kick drum

Making you feel the vibrations in your chest

But I can't turn this one into an organized and pleasantly rhythmed 3 and a half minute song because when you write down your stream of consciousness often times instead of a Taylor Swift song

You get a roaring river that splashes and erodes the sides of your skull with the strength and force of its currents

The difference between an electric guitar riff in the middle of the song and this line right here

Is I can't make you dance

Overwhelmed with the feeling of those waves coursing through your body

Words and music go hand in hand but the feelings I get from music can only be explained as love each and every time

It would take on hell of a powerful poem to give me wings for 3 and a half minutes

And the permission to fall in love

But that is what I want to do with these pages

I want the ink to jump off of the page and caress the your cheek

Taking all of your problems for a few moments and melting them into a puddle of meaningless doubts and worries

I want you to know that even though we haven't met yet

I understand

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FLIT | BY JESSICA MOLINA

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Rumbling
low
like
a wave
or
an earthquake
I feel
you
come
into
my mind.
You
enter
like
a red door.
A
long
wisp of smoke.
I let
you
wash
over me
As I try not to
Drown
Or fumble
Or burn.
I want to
knock
On that door.
But
I don't.

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HANGING ON THE EDGE| BY MARLEY AXEMAKER

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My heart is racing as I lay face down, balancing on the edge of a cliff. Al's hand starts to slip from mine as the sweat from running and the blood from our injuries make our hands slick. Blood is trailing down my arm from a deep gash that runs from my shoulder to halfway down my forearm.

"I'm slipping, John." I look down at Al and see that the gash on his forehead has reopened and blood is running into his blue eyes that match mine. His dark hair is matted to one side of his head.

"I know. Just hang in there."

"What do you think I'm doing, taking a nice stroll in the park?"

"Not funny." A slight smile gracing my face. "Give me your other hand and I'll try pulling you up."

Al lifts his arm with all his strength but his fingers brush mine before his arm falls limply to his side. "I can't do it. I'm just too tired."

I know what Al is saying is true because the rocky soil of the cliff crumbled away each time I tried to pull him up. As I look down the cliff at Al's terrified face; I see a ledge that looks about 3 feet wide, approximately 10 feet below his dangling legs. Maybe I can drop Al and hope he lands on the ledge and does not fall to his death. Or do I continue to hang on and waste more of both our energy with the real possibility of him slipping away? Both options could either end in death or with both of us safe. I weigh the options back and forth in my mind, hoping to come to a decision. I can't believe that just a few days ago, I was curled up under my warm, dark blue covers being woken up by banging echoing throughout my apartment. I had flipped onto my stomach and buried my head under my pillow, hoping whoever was there would just go away. Abruptly, I sat up and remembered that today my younger brother, Al, and I had planned on going backpacking in the mountains for a week. Slowly I made my way to the door and flung it open.

"Do you know what time is?" I asked, annoyed.

"It's time for an adventure, my dear brother," he said as he pushed himself in through the doorway.

"Go get dressed and I'll make you some coffee. Extra sugar, right?" he said as he pushed me toward my room.

I walked back out of my room, wearing my jeans, hiking boots, and flannel. I could smell the aroma of dark brewed coffee. As Al handed me my travel mug, I grabbed my waterproof backpack with everything I would and could need to go backpacking. We hopped into the car and made our way to the Cascade Range. When we finally arrived, it was early afternoon. As soon as we were ready, we started our hike. As late afternoon rolled around, we took a break and set our stuff down on the ground. As we were relaxing, the ground started to shake and Al and I could hear the sound of trees breaking and a rumbling sound like thunder getting louder. With a sudden boom, the ground was no longer beneath us. Rolling and tumbling downward, sharp rocks bit and tore into my arm. Al's head connected with a rock that was flying through the air, creating a gash on his forehead. We finally slid to a momentary stop at the top of a cliff, but with his weight added to the already unstable ground, Al disappeared over the edge. Luckily a little bit of luck was on our side and I was able to grab him with a death-like grip.

Finally, coming to a decision, I decide to put Al's life in fate's hands and let him go.

"Do you trust me? There is a ledge below you. I'm going to let you go and you're going to land on it," I said determinedly.

"I trust you, John, but if I don't make it can you tell Jane that I love her and that I'm sorry for stealing her notebook back in 8th grade?"

"You can tell her yourself when we get back," I said with a smile that did not reach my eyes.

And with that, I let him go and watch him fall with an awaited breath. I want to look away but I can't. I am transfixed, watching him fall in slow motion. With a solid thud, he lands. Looking up at me, he gives me a goofy smile and a thumbs up. Falling back with a breath I did not know I was holding, I stare into the cloudless, dark blue sky and whisper.

"I swear if he had let me sleep in for five more minutes. We wouldn't be in this mess."

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IN REALITY | BY HALEY E SOTELO

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A poet walks into a bar

And that's all

That's the joke because you see

The funny thing is

The poet is at home

She is sitting in her sweatpants with her hair up in a terrible bun

Impressions of her eyelashes

Copied onto her skin from her day old mascara

A bottle of the cheapest moscato available

Poured into a lipstick stained coffee mug

She is typing her fingers to nubs

Wracking her brain for words that rhyme

Words that are perfect

Words that will appropriately tell the world

To fuck off

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LISTEN UP | MADISON POTTER

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Listen up,

If you're hard of hearing,

Lean closer.

Listen *louder*.

Because I'm often soft-spoken.

But maybe today,

Maybe for once,

You'll have to retreat back

and let your eardrums coil.

You'll have to gaze up at me

in mystery,

in confusion and wonder,

"Is she mad at me?"

I sit in silence yet again.

I wonder, wait, and groan in my head,

"Fuck this."

or

"Never again."

But I always find myself back in that familiar creek,

dampening my knees and hoping to god that this time you'll actually hear me.

I keep going out further

connecting with the current

and slipping along the algae-caked rocks.

But I trek along anyway

because you are a part of me;

because I'm naive just like you;

because I'm your daughter;

What else am I to do?

You hear nothing but I tell you everything,

and at some point the luxury of murmurs you take for granted

slowly fades into an absence.

You look up from your end of the table,

from your side of the creek,

But there's nothing there.

There's nobody waiting for you.

Nothing but a foggy clearing

with some loose lichen dangling from trees,

waving me off in the distance.

So can you hear me now?

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MEMORINATION | BY JOSEPH LIEBERMAN | ETCHING WITH AQUATINT

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OBJECT LIGHTING PROJECT #10| BY JOHN ADAIR | PHOTOGRAPHY

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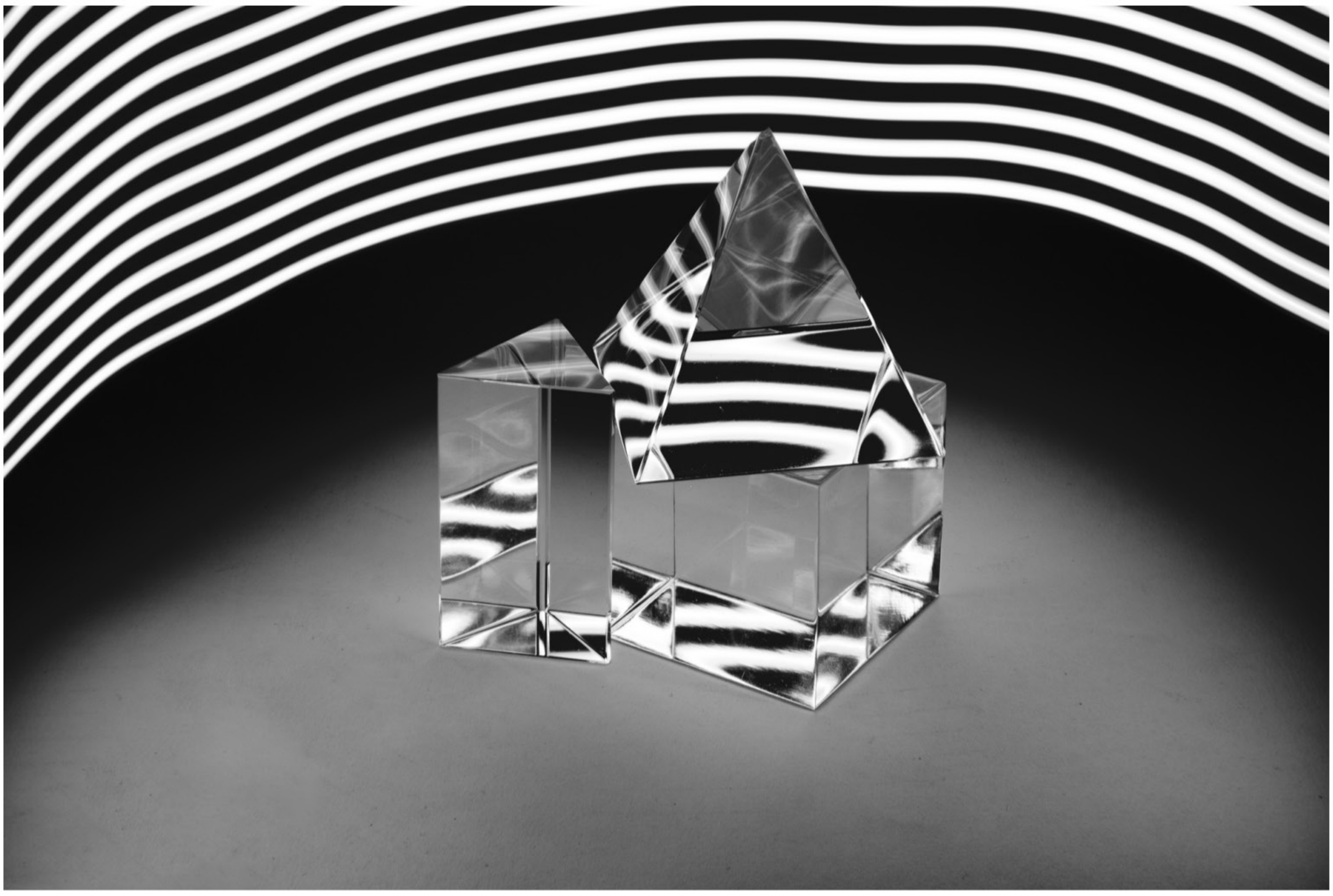

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OCEANIC PLAYING CARDS | MARY-FRANCES CASE | DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION

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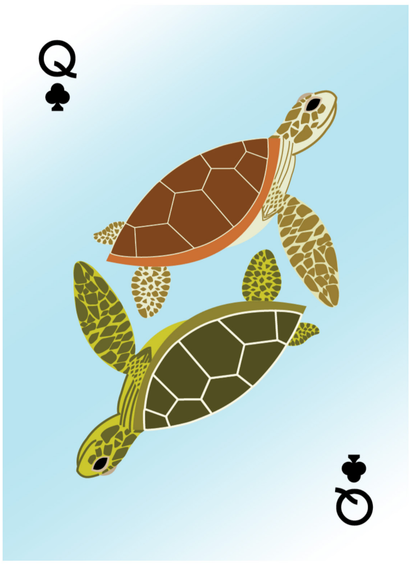

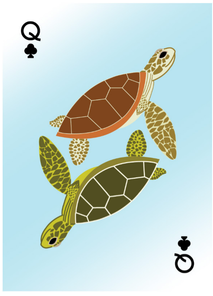

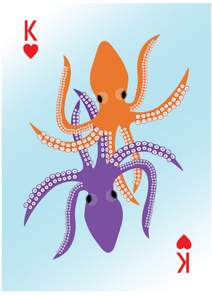

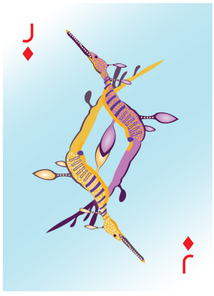

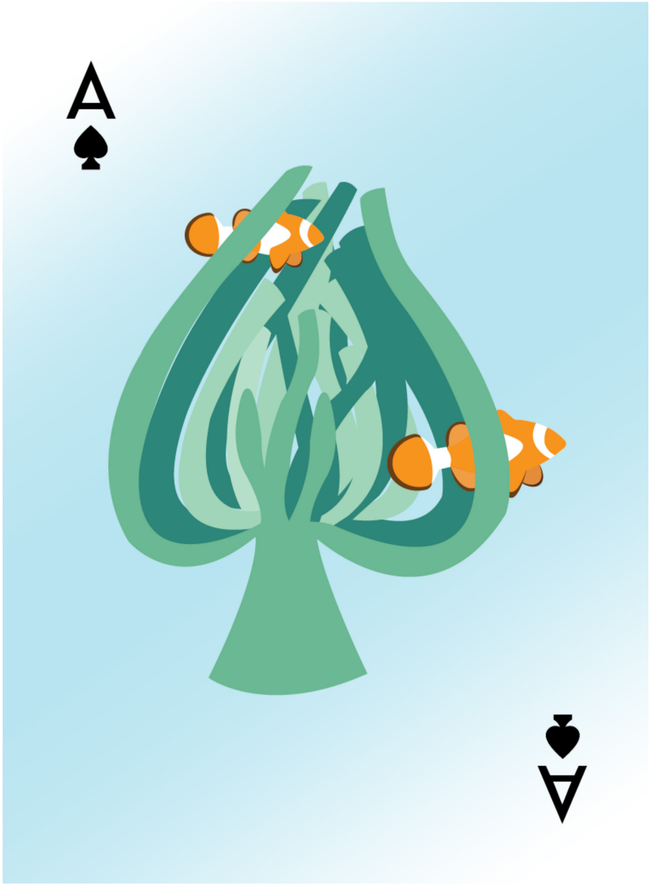

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RESTSPIRITSTORY | BY JOSEPH LIEBERMAN| COLOR-ROLL ETCHING

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SURRENDER | BY CECE J.B. DEGN

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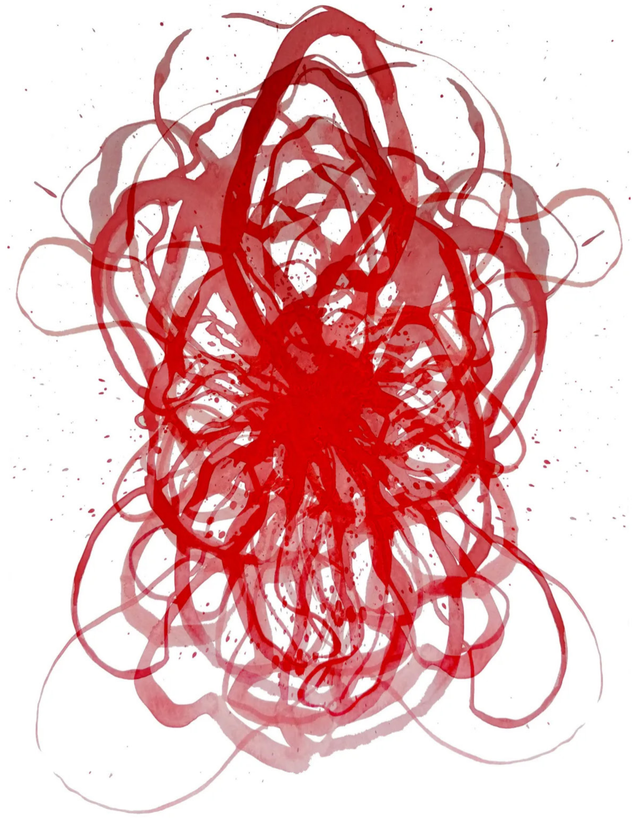

Behind the man's dull blank eyes, Confusion grows in power,

Confusion grows,

Taking over the man,

The man runs trying to flee from the laughter of Confusion.

An alley seems to be the best spot for this losing fight,

The man lays letting the rain try to aid his warbound mind,

Questions continue to surface,

What is truth?

The man no longer knows,

All he can do is stumble back home with a white flag raised.

Confusion has won again,

He walks triumphantly through the thousands of minds he has conquered,

He looks at all the poor helpless souls,

All the minds that he has demanded control,

Those that needed clarity,

All the minds that he cried, "SURRENDER!" too.

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THE KETTLE | MADISON POTTER

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White knuckles test my patience.

Eager, you check the clock: What does it say?

That it's not over.

Feel like you're filled to the brim with it.

All the while you stay poised.

What could that feeling be?

Pressure upon the ribcage. Surge of agony nestled in your chest cavity.

Gums numb. Jaw tight. Adrenaline tickles your fingertips.

Hot. Pounding. Pulsing. Poised.

Give it time to ferment in your belly and you'll regret it, or maybe the others will.

Might erupt but to save time you only simmer. Who are you saving time for, anyway?

When you leave a kettle you don't blame it for boiling over. You blame the one who wanted tea.

That it's not over.

Feel like you're filled to the brim with it.

All the while you stay poised.

What could that feeling be?

Pressure upon the ribcage. Surge of agony nestled in your chest cavity.

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THE LITTLE FOX | BY EVELYN MURRAY

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The little fox trots ‘n trots
He trots through the fall light
The fall light shines through the rusty brown trees
The rusty brown trees shed their leaves
The only sound to be heard is
The little fox crunching each leaf
So light and so swift
The little fox trots n trots

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TWO DETECTIVES | BY JACOB ADAMS

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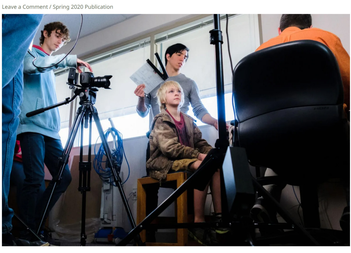

Two Detectives explores the story of a curious young boy whose father tells him about his first case. The story offers everything from action to themes of family. The film was produced over five months with the help of 27 individuals of Team Forest, made up of LCC students and other talents, both professional and amateur; Executive Produced by Jefferson Goolsby. Produced by JaShawn Clark, Director of Photography by Collin Gruener, Script Supervision by Hoa Mai Nguyen, Technical Produced by Caleb Lowery. The film was directed, produced, and co-wrote Jacob Adams.

HOW WAS IT WORKING WITH AN ASSISTANT DIRECTOR?

Jacob: "During the production of Two Detectives, I got to work with the really talented Daniel Martinez as both my 1st and 2nd assistant director, and as my Gaffer. Through the production, he knew what needed to be done. He pushed me to concentrate on what was on hand— the story. This was the first project I had worked with an assistant director. I recommend it to anyone who is taking on a project at this size or larger. It prevents you from having to take on too many things at once."

WHAT CAMERA EQUIPMENT WAS "TWO DETECTIVES" SHOT ON?

Colin: "For shooting the production of Two Detectives, we used Canon Full-Frame DSLR cameras, the 5D MK 3, and the 6D. We pretty much used only one of two devices to hold the camera: a tripod or a shoulder mount. We shot on a variety of lenses, but mainly on a 24mm and an 85mm. Pretty much all the shots in the short film involved these two camera mounting devices and lenses."

WHAT WAS WORKING WITH PROFESSIONAL ACTORS LIKE?

Jacob: "The father and detective, named Jonathan, is played by Mike Schwab, an actor I was connected to through an actor audition held at LCC. Mike had worked as an actor some time down in Las Angeles, before acting here in Eugene. Rebekah plays Clarice, Jonathan's partner through the case. Rebekah Hirons is an actress from the Student Production Association of Lane Community College. Some of her featured performances are a part of Brian Haimbach's The Family Treasure. Together, with the help of both of these actors, I found it very easy for the script to be brought to the camera. Much of any film is about getting your ideas across to the camera, much of this is through working with good actors. "

"This film offered me many firsts including, the first time I had worked with a youth actor. There are many challenges tied to working with actors who are young but it surely paid off in the end."- Jacob Adams

WHAT LIGHTING TECHNIQUES WERE USED?

Daniel: "My goal as a set lighter, was to fill out dark areas of the image for the camera. This helped make the space and the actors stand out from one another, by creating highlights and adding light in some places, and blocking out light in others. We used LED light panels and Arri light kits to add light, with flags, paper towels, and more; to soften and shape the light we had created. Filmmaking is about creating an illusion that the audience can believe for a while, while they stare at a two-dimensional image. Lighting helps make that flat image look more 3D, more interesting, and adds to the tone of the story if we did it right."

WHAT WAS PREPPING FOR THE PRODUCTION OF TWO DETECTIVES LIKE?

JaShawn: "Prepping for Two Detective was something new for me. This was the first short film that I was lucky to be a part of the crew. It was one of the biggest casts I've worked with and there was a lot of work to do. Now prepping wasn't easy but it definitely was a learning experience. I was always communicating because there was so much information to pass between crew members and actors etc. Communication and setting due dates are huge and everybody should be practicing those techniques. A prepared organization is a smooth one. Also, pre-production is most of your project. We used Google Drive to keep our files together and we had a lot in there. So being the producer, it would seem hard to have to go through and make sure everything is organized and completed. But, it came to be easy with time management."

"This project had great potential and the rest of the crew members did an amazing job within their roles." - JaShawn Clark

WHAT WAS IT LIKE PLANNING THE DRIVING SCENES IN THE FILM?

Caleb: "The driving scenes in the film were challenging. I wanted to give the audience something special, I wanted them to feel like they were inside the vehicles. I had to work for hand and hand with our DP Colin Gruener to figure out all of the different camera angles. We wanted to make the most exciting, dynamic driving scene we could. I am super pleased with how it turned out."

HOW WAS IT DOING WORK DURING THE COVID 19 PANDEMIC?

"At the beginning of the term as all of us were getting used to the remote online experience, I started thinking about our team project. We were halfway through filming and we only had a few more scenes to shoot. I started brainstorming some ideas. I didn't have a very clear understanding of what would happen. Would we be able to get equipment? If we could get it, how would we meet up with everyone? I felt stuck because I couldn't move forward or progress without an agreement that would work. I told my instructor that I really needed a meeting with him and the whole team about what to do. When everyone was together for the meeting, each of us shared ideas we had. The instructor talked and listened to our concerns, and we all soon decided we were going to make a two to three-minute trailer with the scenes we shot. The best part about the solution as we all had the clips uploaded at a shared Google folder, was we could all work at our homes without the risk of going out."

"It was a great idea and I can't wait to see the end results!"- Hoa Mai Nguyen

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WATER | BY JESHUA ROBBINS

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Take a deep breath, son,

Unfocus your eyes for me.

Look upon the sea,

Know that you can swim its breadth,

And live for the water's touch.

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WET | JESSICA MOLINA

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Life moves laterally
it's shadow elongates
to subtract
then rises in breath
like bread.
wind on wind
except with rain.
wet leaves
open with spring
each slap
the earth
buds
burst
through
soil.
Unearthed
jewels.
Bright
alchemy.
Tender
in their innocence.
When
the
flower
is
still
wet
from
the
rain.

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WHO WE ARE | BY HALEY E SOTELO

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We are

Sunlight, warm and bright

We are

Leaves blowing in the breeze

We are

A part of something

That is beautiful

We are

Mist, gentle, full of bliss

We are

Alive, reaching for the sky

We are

Free, like waves on the sea

We are

Who we are

Meant to be

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