# A DEAL IS STRUCK | BY CLARA DAVIS

Leave a Comment / Spring 2021 Publication

*I am a visual artist based in the Bay Area. My drawings and paintings are inspired by fairytales, medieval art, operas, and film. When I'm not drawing I make video art and installations that explore dreams and memories.*

*Find more of their work on Instagram!*

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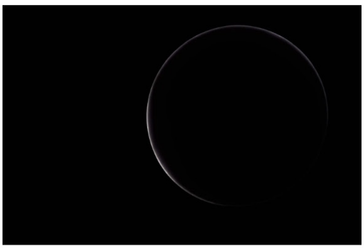
# A SPELL BENEATH THE FULL MOON | BY KATELYNN BURNETT

Leave a Comment / Spring 2021 Publication



*I am a freelance artist and entrepreneur who was born and raised in Oregon, where I have received the entirety of my education – including that in the arts. High school is where I fell in love with physical mediums like pain and graphite. As I have grown, studied and come to understand myself and my talents more, both through college and over a decade of independent study, I know that ultimately I want to produce digital media as well as more conventional artistic forms. The photographs submitted are among some of those taken in/for my introductory photography class at Lane Community College.*

*Find more of their work on Instagram!*

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# ATTIC | BY CYDNEY KING

Leave a Comment / Spring 2021 Publication

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# AUTUMN FAIRY | BY SAMUEL DAUBENSPECK

Art Comments | Spring 2021 Featured

*I currently work next door to my fathers company, as a full time artist and art major in the thick Oregon woods. I hope to make things like concept art, 3D modeling, and illustrations for movies and maybe of something in the university of Oregon. I come at every day, as much as I can currently in lockdown and have a very beautiful little backyard with surprisingly lots of shade. I could create the other painting over the pond soon, but felt nervous that I would be signing my name to something less than due luster. You can follow my personal progress, view my stories online, on my Instagram account @Tong_Material, as I enjoy engaging as much as possible with other artists, as the next inspiration and trend is just a click away. Please enjoy this piece and let it speak to you as it did with me. This is my first time submitting anything to anywhere and I had an absolute blast. Thank you all.*

*Find more work on their site: Instagram!*

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## 42 thoughts on "Autumn Fairy | By Samuel Daubenspeck"

JANET MANNING
MARCH 1, 2021 AT 12:12 PM

Your imagery is beautiful and wins questions of mystery and magic that is only available to those truly listening. Thank you for sharing what might be positive if you look hard enough.

Like

Reply

DEBRA D OLSEN
JUNE 2, 2021 AT 8:50 PM

I love your choice of colors and the magical feel

Like

Reply

SAYOR DRAGOFIRE
JUNE 20, 2021 AT 7:41 PM

I dream of the day when concept art with 3D modeling will become the standard at McDonalds menu prices as much as crossaides are painted on straws around the world.

Like

Reply

SOPHIA ANDERSON
JUNE 20, 2021 AT 7:43 PM

Wow I loved your art! Would you have any design with the flowers name embedded in a character?

Like

Reply

LOGGED YAFFA
OCTOBER 1, 2021 AT 2:54 AM

Be inspirial, ask questions, demand proof. Demand evidence. Don't take anything for granted. But here's the thing: When you get proof, you need to accept the proof. And were not that good at doing that.

Like

Reply

MAHALKHIN ESCORT
OCTOBER 1, 2021 AT 7:04 AM

call girls ahmadnagar,number, high profile call girl, call girl phone no in high profile escort, call chennai Escorts girls in cheap escorts chennai, independent chennai escorts,

Like

Reply

FEMALE TO MALE SEX HANA MR
OCTOBER 11, 2021 AT 4:08 AM

It's a very good blog for blog lover. I really like this type blogs to read. Its a very helpful for us.
I m baby from Bangalore. I provide Bestfemale to Male spa near me at Bangalore.

Like

Reply

B2B SEX BEAR MR
OCTOBER 11, 2021 AT 4:41 PM

It's a good blog for every blog reader i really like to read this type blog. thanks for this blog.

Like

Reply

MAHIKAGHOSH71
OCTOBER 11, 2021 AT 10:32 PM

Wonderful blog the images look fantastic. Catch us on Urgo

Like

Reply

BOOY TO BOOY SPA NIKKI MR
OCTOBER 12, 2021 AT 12:16 PM

wonderful article. thanks to you shared this info i really like this kind of article .

Like

Reply

B2B SEX BEAR MR
OCTOBER 12, 2021 AT 12:44 PM

I hope that you'll consider me even if you have any questions or concerns about our services! I'm a certified massage therapist who specializes in Swedish Massage, Thai Massage and Aromatherapy Oil Massage.

Like

Reply

B2B SEX LIBRA
OCTOBER 12, 2021 AT 12:54 PM

I share your blog with on my own social websites Page constantly. Thank you for the superb read and please post more .

Like

Reply

SHAPEPAL CALL GIRLS
OCTOBER 13, 2021 AT 1:13 PM

I think this is an informative post and it is very helpful and knowledgeable. Thus, I would love to thank you for the efforts you have made in writing this report.

Like

Reply

B2B SEX LIBRA
OCTOBER 13, 2021 AT 12:24 PM

I share your blog with on my own social websites Page constantly. Thank you for the superb read and please post more .

Like

Reply

CHAUPAR CALL GIRLS
OCTOBER 14, 2021 AT 12:58 PM

This is Quite good post which I really enjoyed reading. It isn't every day I have the option to see something similar to this. I'd like to thank you for the efforts you have made in.

Like

Reply

KUMAON CALL GIRLS
OCTOBER 14, 2021 AT 1:14 PM

I have been following your wonderful insights for quite some time and this article has touched me so deep. Thank very much and keep inspiring!

Like

Reply

GOAGIRLS
OCTOBER 15, 2021 AT 12:46 AM

Good information hope we get this kind of articles in future. We are Spa69 visit us at http://www.spa69.in

Like

Reply

MASSAGE SPA BANGALORE
OCTOBER 15, 2021 AT 10:37 PM

You can enjoy the beautiful spa facilities and many other benefits of being a valued member. call me now at 9845555247. Rati Spa serve bangalore

Like

Reply

KOPOLCALL GIRLS
OCTOBER 20, 2021 AT 5:34 PM

The simpler the Chick Fil A menu, the harder it is to prepare it well. You want to truly taste what it is you're eating. So that goes back to the trend of fine ingredients. It's very Japanese. Preparing good ingredients very simply, without distractions from the flavor of the ingredient itself.

Like

Reply

JASMINE SOLAR
NOVEMBER 21, 2021 AT 4:05 AM

Wonderful computer Quite illustrative article this may be. I am waiting for another one. Fairly impressive article an amazing discuss for submitting. chandigarh call girls

Like

Reply

PUNE ESCORTSFUN
NOVEMBER 21, 2021 AT 7:24 AM

It is safe to say that you are believing that your sexual coexistence isn't exactly cool that you generally need? You would now be able to sprinkle your sensitive into time when you need to. Remember that the chick'm on the grounds that three young ladies are sufficiently great to ensure you're capable for the sex and close life towards the intense things.

Like

Reply

MASSAGE SPA BANGALORE
OCTOBER 15, 2021 AT 10:37 PM

You can enjoy the beautiful spa facilities and many other benefits of being a valued member. call me now at 9845555247. Rati Spa serve bangalore

Like

Reply

HYDERABAD CALL GIRLS
OCTOBER 28, 2021 AT 12:54 PM

I am an escort from Hyderabad escorts services who has been in this industry for over four years now. During this time I have had the opportunity to meet many different kinds of men – some which are adventurous while others prefer a more traditional approach to love making. This means that I can provide you with both wild sex or slow passionate love making depending on what your needs are.I am Anita. I do my best to make you feel relaxed and happy with my massage services. My philosophy is that a greatly hard well always work hard for their clients, which is why I always appreciate what I get from them.

Like

Reply

HYDERABAD CALL GIRLS
OCTOBER 28, 2021 AT 12:54 PM

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Very good content. We are Sofia spa starred service of Body to body massage spa Vishnevagar visit now

Like

Reply

BOOY TO BOOY SPA SHIVANANDAGAR
NOVEMBER 21, 2021 AT 11:25 PM

BOOY TO BOOY MASSAGE SPA KAMI LATINOT
NOVEMBER 21, 2021 AT 11:25 PM

Good blog now get your body to body massage spa Her layout in best prices, Visit now.

Like

Reply

BOOY TO BOOY MASSAGE SPA LIPAMAGAR
NOVEMBER 21, 2021 AT 11:25 PM

Wy will this Bella now get your Body to body massage spa Jayanagar from us to provide happy ending and tantra massage in your locality.

Like

Reply

ALLIANCEPROFILE
DECEMBER 20, 2021 AT 10:03 PM

Angelina 2 mg tablet is part of a class of drugs known as sedative-hypnotics. It helps you fall asleep by lowering the activity of nerve cells in your brain.

Like

Reply

TIFFANIE JAYMAN
NOVEMBER 1, 2021 AT 1:05 PM

Thank you very much! ارجو منك المساعدة

Like

Reply

DANIELTEM
DECEMBER 1, 2021 AT 10:50 PM

Computer experts including trainers and support team members understand what is exactly Windows Installation Error Code 0x81ddc. However, computer engineers use a lot of different things to remove these errors from computers.

Like

Reply

CHAYA DAYS
DECEMBER 3, 2021 AT 11:13 PM

I much thank you for the efforts you've put in writing this blog. I am hoping to view the same high-grade blog posts from you later on as well. In fact, your creative writing abilities has inspired me to get my very own blog now ! Thank you for the auspicious writeup Feel free my site: ahm.co

Like

Reply

THEOTHERHALFFEMALE
DECEMBER 10, 2021 AT 12:04 AM

The execution is the heart of advertising signs, advertising sign services in Ho Chi Minh City, HCM. With 5-star service quality and long-term warranty. Will definitely make your customers happy.
Access now: thecongiaquangcao

Like

Reply

JENNIFER BLACKSONS
DECEMBER 10, 2021 AT 7:46 AM

Cenforce 100 accentuate the nonexclusive name of sildenafil citrate in the portion strength of 100 mg. The medication is utilized when a male doesn't get a fantastic erection in the penis while engaging in sexual relations. Sildenafil causes the solidifying of the penis and a drawn-out erection. Cenforce 100 mg is accessible on each stage. One can get it from any clinical store or any web-based drug store. It is accessible in the entire world.

Like

Reply

THEOTHERHALFFEMALE
DECEMBER 23, 2021 AT 7:46 PM

Internet-based outdoor advertising signs This is a large-sized signboard that is usually mounted on easy-to-see locations. They need to be prominently designed and placed in the most important traffic locations, in order to attract better attention.
my site: Ice Eating Film

Like

Reply

ERIC PRICE LLOT
DECEMBER 23, 2021 AT 10:19 PM

Qatar Distribution Company (QDC) is a major distributor of products and services to retail and commercial businesses in Qatar. Founded in 2004, QDC is a subsidiary of Qatar Distribution Company (QDC) and operates through a network of branches and offices in Qatar.

Like

Reply

CENFORCE PILLS
JANUARY 27, 2022 AT 2:54 AM

The Cenforce 50 pills cause an erection as soon as vasodilation begins in the arteries by triggering nitric oxide and its subsequent actions on the penis arteries as well as blood vessels. PDE5 inhibitors drug Cenforce 50 stop slowly the production of hormones and the secretion process when Sildenafil starts to work within the body. Since the effects of cGMP are removed, you are now able to release more cGMP hormone through blood vessels.

Like

Reply

DANIEL GOODWICH
JANUARY 1, 2022 AT 12:14 AM

Autumn is the best season of the year to me! It gives me a lot inspiration and massages to the people. I like the camchat for having wonderful moments around the world. Thanks for sharing this post with us!

Like

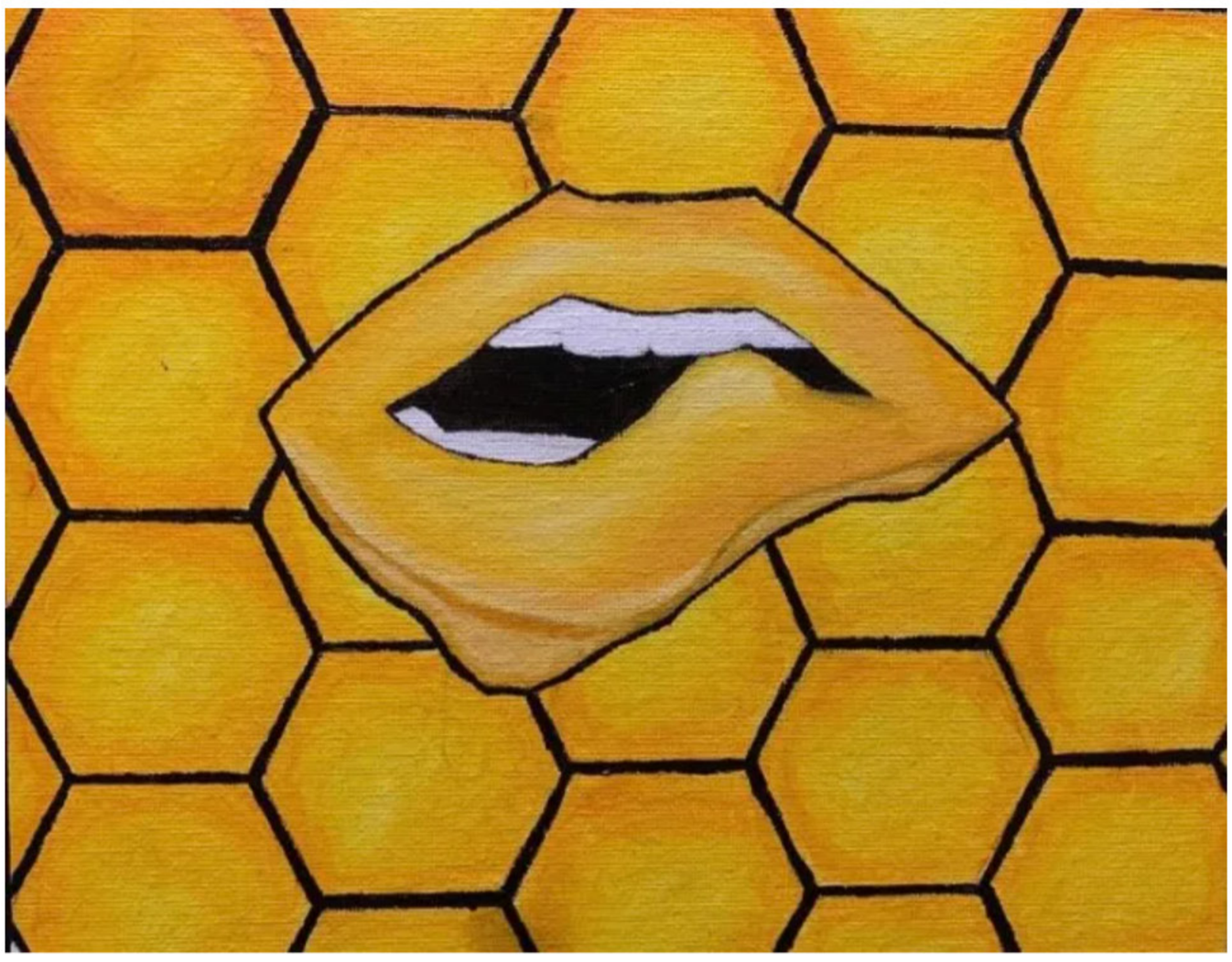
Reply

MOLLY MALONE
JANUARY 2, 2022 AT 11:55 PM

The only way you will not get an erection unless you are sexually aroused is the β-adrenergic receptors concentration. Vardenafil 10 mg/Sildenafil 100 mg/Tadalafil 20 mg/Dapoxetine 60 mg/Fluoxetine 20 mg/Sertraline 50 mg/Paroxetine 20 mg/Fluvoxamine 100 mg/Mirtazapine 30 mg/Mirtazapine 45 mg/Mirtazapine 15

# BIT OF HONEY | BY MAKAYLA MARIE DOLAN

Leave a Comment / Spring 2021 Publication



*When I have free time I enjoy painting as an escape from life and stress. I like to zone out and just not think of anything but my paint brush on the canvas.*

*Find more of their work on Instagram!*

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# CRIMSON | CRIMSON MALCOLM MUNROE

Leave a Comment / Spring 2021 Publication

Crimson

A dream of red settled in the mother's head
a child calling
a dream brought to fruition
a child of destiny, first of their kind

Each moon cycle brought a new companion
6 sisters of fate

Yet still the dream of red
child of destiny
Crimson
felt alone

Not whole

The child grew surrounded by fierce warriors
Daughters of Fate

Crimson knew that they themselves were no daughter, no warrior

Yet they hid
A fleshy corpse in a warriors shell
Every arrow piercing the poorly crafter facade that the daughters knew to be their sister

Every misplaced ballad of beauty and poise wiggled it's way in between the red child's ribs
cutting deep
hurting more than any
sword

arrow

or axe

Ever could
Yet still they persisted
Patching every wound with more lies, more hurt and blindness
Ignoring the aching under their ribs, refusing to live, to prosper
outside of their mask meant to please.

Yet.

Fate did not bless them with a pedestal of sisters just so the child could hide beneath them.
Our child of Destiny underestimated their sisters of Fate.
Thought that if they closed their eyes, no one else could see

But as they lived, eyes closed
the sisters watched, eyes wide open.

When Crimson could not be true to themselves, their sisters could.

They easily saw past the mask they had donned.

And once the daughters
the warriors
the sisters
knew who the child of red was

They celebrated

They mourned

They welcomed

For Crimson, the Child of Destiny
Was no warrior
No daughter or sister

He was a storyteller

A poet of ballads

A lover

A brother

A son

And once they embraced him he saw himself truly.
Just then, as he peered at himself, no mask, no pain under the ribs

He no longer felt alone.

*A very tired, queer artist.*

*Find more of their art on Instagram!*

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# DINNER GUEST | BY CYDNEY KING

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# ENCHANTED NASCENCE | BY JENNIFER MEACHAM

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*Graphic Design major. Playing in the garden is one way I decompress. In this photo, I wanted to express the magic that happens there.*

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# ICE COLD | BY MAKAYLA MARIE DOLAN

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*Find more of their work on Instagram!*

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# LADY IN THE MOON | BY CLARA DAVIS

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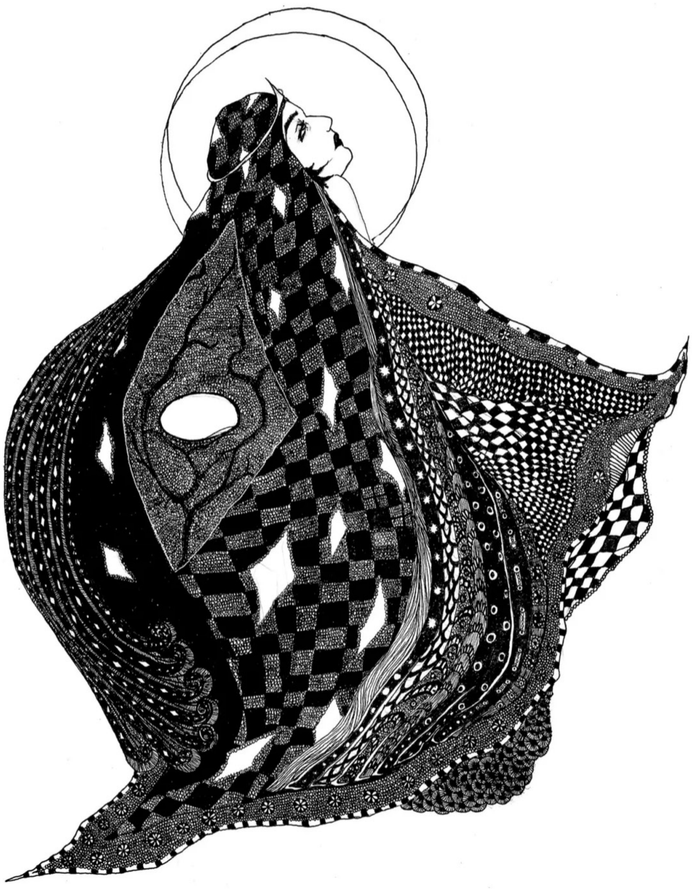

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# LETTERS | BY CYDNEY KING

Leave a Comment / Spring 2021 Publication

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# MY DREAM WORLD: A PHOTOSHOP CREATION | BY ALEX STARKE

Leave a Comment / Spring 2021 Publication

*Alex Starke is a graduate of the University of Oregon with a degree in Medieval Studies and a minor in Early Modern European History. He is now back at Lane Community College pursuing a degree in Multimedia Design. Alex met his wonderful wife, Anne, while singing in the Johann Strauss operetta, Die Fledermaus. He and Anne currently reside in Eugene, Oregon with their Pack of Jack Russell terriers. Alex loves to write on almost any topic from travel to Sci-Fi short stories. He also loves doing photography in many genres. When not writing, doing photography, studying, or traveling you will find him most afternoons in his backyard flinging the sacred orb for Thor, his #1 Jack Russell.*

*Find more work on their on Instagram!*

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# PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN SERIES | BY SUSAN DETROY

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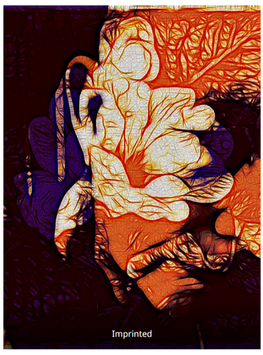

I am a visual artist. My art is always about how to communicate and interact giving knowledge and understanding to experience. I believe in the strength of art, its power to give life, communicate, uplift and bind us in our humanity.

In my art life I created six art series using photography, printmaking, ink drawing, mixed media, digital imagery, and video.

In 1971 I moved to Oregon. Enthralled with photography, I lived in a media collective, exhibiting black and white photography and film, and producing media festivals. I worked in social organizations and began my photography business.

In the 80's I studied analog photography and worked as a science lab photographer at the University of Oregon. My first clearly defined art series used Infrared film – "The Isabel Series." I learned alternative photo process, image transfer and photography history, leading to series #2, "Worship of Precious" that draws on my love of botany and biology with dragonfly and cactus imagery. In the late 90's in a collective studio, enthralled with painting, I generated abstract and collaborative canvas and paper pieces, for series three, "Abstracted Life."

In 1996 my life was interrupted with breast cancer. For five years I lived surgery, treatment and recovery producing a fourth series "Mythic Animals." From a treatment chemical-induced consciousness, I was visited by ancient genetic-linked spirits. For ten years I created and shared my brightly colored, Folkloric animals.

In the early 2000's when I returned to work, the digital world had exploded and the analog photography I knew was gone. I started a new career, forming a business working as curator, designer, and gallery director. My goal was to promote diverse artists including children. I continued producing hands-on art, contributing pieces to my series, printmaking, ink drawings, mixed media, and photography.

In 2016 I jumped into app driven work with iPhone and iPad. My decision was propelled by age and an artistic dry span. I fell in love with mobile camera manipulation, attending classes and teaching myself to use a mobile device and the app driven format. Ultimately, I developed my fifth extensive series "Portrait of a Woman," an intimate exploration into aging female in the USA. Produced with iPhone and iPad, I capture my face as well as surrounding elements, blending my likeness with the natural and human-made environment.

Through February of 2020 I produced work, exhibiting, talking, and sharing art about female aging in US culture using my art. The work is intimate, caring and a deep dive into the power, difficulties, and strength of aging. This has been a challenge in self-acceptance. In the work I transform self-portraits and multiple elements into a combined, symbolic personae offering interpretive iconic figures which I offer here for Denali.  Each fused image builds new meanings transforming to offer an enticing visual and otherworldly message.

"Portrait of a Woman" is my personal experience, and it is the story of female aging in all its glory and difficulties. My journey being woman, lesbian, aging with body and mind challenges is what I use. My difficulties are my "paintbrush," revealing a picture without shame. In the process I offer stories of aging, spiritual journey, cultural confusion, hope, power, strength, and a commonality.

In March 2020 COVID crashed into our lives. Living in a pandemic altered my life and art. As social isolating impact me and the entire world, I continue my self-reflective photography and I make videos. This is now my sixth series, yet to be released titled "Corona Diaries." Now my artwork embodies the meaning of a virus vulnerable person, expanding to enhance concepts of risk, empowerment, grief, and resilience.

I create and share to connect and to change the tenaciously incorrect ideas who we are and can be as we age. I am determined to offer my story as I live the cultural challenges of aging, being female and finding self-acceptance, altering ideas and perceptions, one viewer at a time.

– Susan Detroy

*Find more of their work here and here!*

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# ROOTED | BY IVORY BENNETT

Leave a Comment / Spring 2021 Publication

Love had rooted itself in every fiber of my being.
Passion had become a vine in the deepest chambers of myself. I wondered, "how can I still breathe with all of these ivies clinging to my soul?" My exhale caught me off guard.
"Go to the base of the tree. And lie down. Face your palms to the sky. Absorb the sunlight into your melanin. Breathe deeply and feel the grass cradle your curves. Listen to the birds – their song is one of faith and of hope, unseen. Allow your fingertips to dance across the rough bark of its roots: each wave within those timbers reminds you of your own fragility. A fragility necessary for tenderness and growth. Now close your eyes. Breathe, again. And again. Do you feel the earth moving to the drum of your pulse? That's life. That is love."
It started to rain. And I didn't mind. Or, move. I let the warmth of the water run over me. In that moment, I felt like every single raindrop falling from the sky onto myself.
What magic.
🌻
My mother always sang my name when she called me. But, today was different.
She could see it. Inside of me. Before I was even aware. I pretended to be preoccupied, so that she would call again. I loved her song. But, she waited longer than usual.
"Yes, mother? I will be there in a few moments. Please wait."
I needed a moment to gather my thoughts – they were spread about my room like opened books in a small, dark bedroom. Desperately, I wanted to gather them into my wicker basket and sort them out… into some recognizable manner.
"I'm sorry, Mum. I'm not feeling well today. Do you need me to help you with something?"
Suddenly, I felt lost again. I closed my eyes, before I took a deep breath.
"I'm sorry," fell quietly from my lips.
"I love you. That is all. Oh… have you seen how beautiful Grandmother's tree has blossomed this spring? Isn't it lovely?"
Inside of me, I felt the rain falling again. A feeling of fullness made me place one hand over my belly with slight concern.

"Yes. Lovely, it is. Does it feel like a storm is coming to you? It feels like a storm is on its way, no?"
🌻
I had seen a million mahogany sunsets. But, this one. This one had rippled through me like the loudest crackle of thunder, I'd ever encountered.
"Can I touch you? I want to know what it feels like."
"What what feels like?"
"To be strong and soft. You're so beautiful.
Can I touch you, please? Just on your shoulders and neck? I promise that's it."
I let him touch me. His touch never meant much to me. Probably because he bored me. I don't think he ever felt pain. Or, knew what it meant to burn from the inside out of want.
We were in the pumpkin patch. The leaves were glistening with dew. There were droplets of water on my skirt – kind of in the shape of a constellation. I wondered what love felt like without gravity. Was it softer? Easier?
"Okay. Okay. That's enough, let's get back to work."
It's not that I wasn't turned on by his gentle kisses. It's just that, I wasn't in love with him. I'd never be. And that was okay with him. He knew. .
I looked into the blue, cotton-filled sky. I felt both of my palms sink a little deeper into the spongy earth. I exhaled and felt my belly sink in slowly.
He knew.
🌻
"What are we gonna say?"
"Say whatever you'd like. I'm not asking you to lie."
Her knuckles fought hard with the dough. Flour dusted the entire wooden slab. In the window, a sunflower had two tiny droplets on its pedals.
"Say… I don't want anyone there. Not even you."
A butterfly flew past the window where the flower rested, opened towards the sun.

"And that may be hard to understand. But, I need to do this alone. In private. I love you. I love you all. I just want this one thing for myself."
She wiped the sweat clinging to her chin, onto her right shoulder. She took a deep breath and said,
"Hand me that greased pan, will you? I'm going to let this sit for a while. It will rise, eventually."
🌻
Sometimes, when old dogs feel that they are dying, they will wander away to die alone. Death without an audience sounds more dignified, to me, so I thought.
I wasn't so much afraid of dying, as I was of living.
There was a time, once, when I was young. We all went swimming. And I was afraid. Afraid of the water, I couldn't see into it because it was murky. And afraid of the swing people were using for fun.
And it's not that I was fearful of heights. No. I was afraid of the joy I saw on their faces. I didn't want to ever miss that moment, where joy takes over your being and swallows you up like the light from the sun, when you dare to stare directly at it. If I couldn't feel that warmth forever, I didn't want it at all.

*Ivory Bennett (she/her) is a 30-year-old published millennial currently working in Dallas, Texas. She is a former foster youth with 17 years of lived experience. Ivory also has Type 1 Diabetes (also known as Juvenile Diabetes) – a motivating factor behind her passion for the healing potential and power of art, especially writing. She credits art, a love of learning, and a passion for literacy to her success. Ivory has a Bachelor of Arts dual degree from The University of Pittsburgh in Africana Studies and English Literature with a minor in Theatre Arts (Performance). She also has a Master of Education Administration. She is an aspiring Doctoral student. Currently, she is a dual-accredited English teacher and cheer coach at a Title 1 Collegiate Academy. Outside of work, she has a strong commitment to education equity and foster care advocacy. Ivory loves to travel internationally, try new vegan dishes, and tend to her plant-babies. Ivory eagerly awaits the arrival of her fiancé from Nigeria and their new Lhasa Apso puppy, Bella.*

*Find more of their work here and here!*

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# SAM'S WORLD | BY PETER CARELLINI

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*Hello! I am a photographer, writer, filmmaker, and actor based in NYC, looking to thrive in as many art forms as I can. When not creating, I work in the film industry as a sustainability coordinator, helping to make sets green and lower emissions. When doing neither of those, I like to rock climb, do puzzles, and karaoke! In this piece, NYC musician Sam Echo and I collaborated to make a photo series where Sam merges her everyday persona with more fantastical edges, set in the autumn. The result is a portrait of a phantasmagorical world in perfect synch with ours.*

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# SET ME ON FIRE | BY MAKAYLA MARIE DOLAN

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# SILENT PRAISE | WINSTON BLAKELY

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*Winston Blakely is a Fine Arts/Comic Book artist, having a career spanning 20 years, whose achievements have included working for Valiant Comics and Rich Buckler's Visage Studio. Storyboards, spot illustrations ,Conceptual Design, Commercial Illustration, and more is a part of this dedicated artist's continued growth and skills.*

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# STAR EYES | BY CLARA DAVIS

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*I am a visual artist based in the Bay Area. My drawings and paintings are inspired by fairytales, medieval art, operas, and film. When I'm not drawing I make video art and installations that explore dreams and memories.*

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# SUNSET ON THE SHANNON RIVER | BY ROBERT CANAGA

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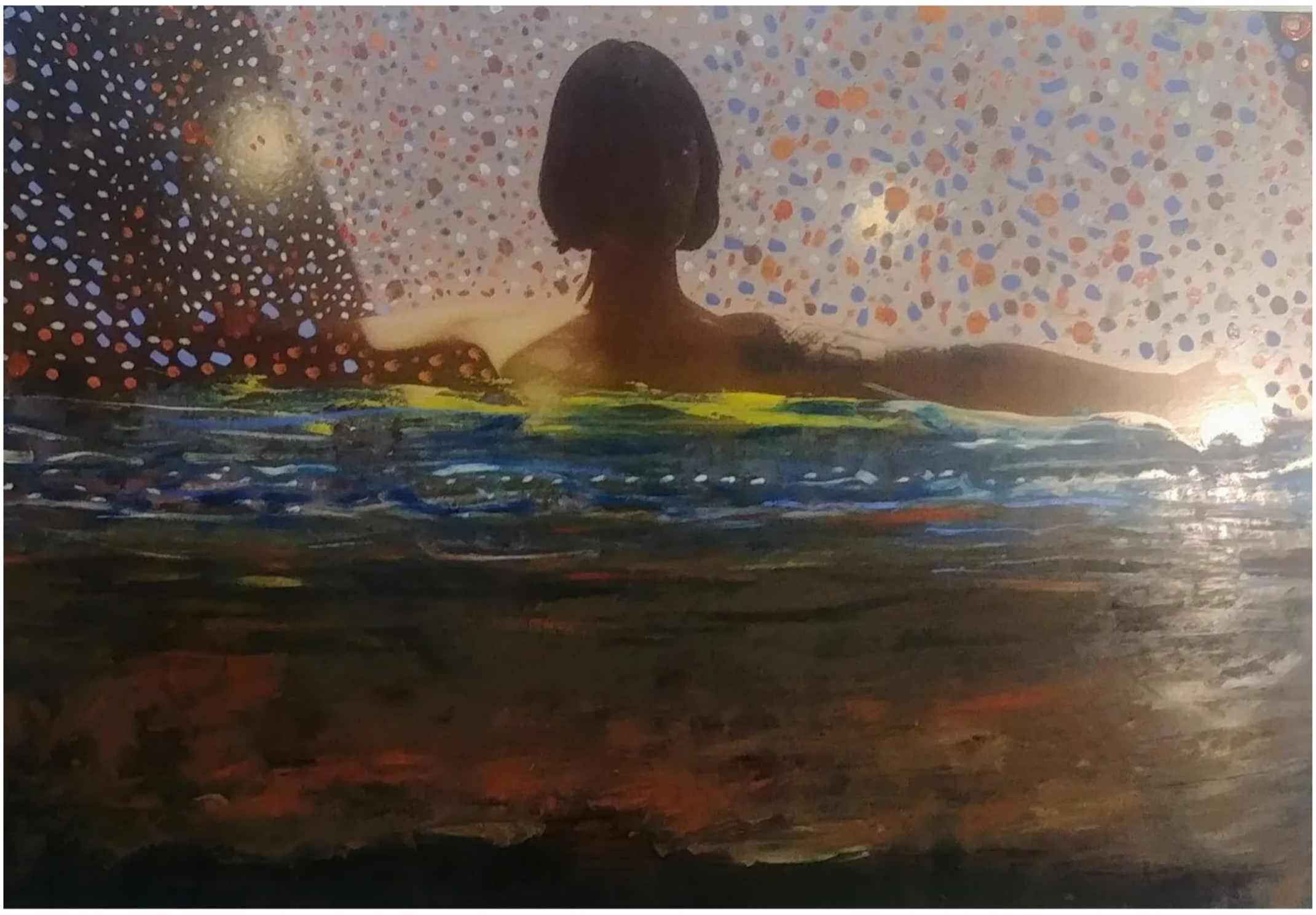

*Taught at LCC for two terms. Work in 5 museums, three current shows Bend, Newbergb, Harrisburg U of O grad. Printmaking and painting for 32 years.*

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# THE HIDDEN MAN | BY WINSTON BLAKELY

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*Winston Blakely is a Fine Arts/Comic Book artist, having a career spanning 20 years, whose achievements have included working for Valiant Comics and Rich Buckler's Visage Studio. Storyboards, spot illustrations ,Conceptual Design, Commercial Illustration, and more is a part of this dedicated artist's continued growth and skills.*

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# THE MAGICIANS WAND | BY MAKAYLA MARIE DOLAN

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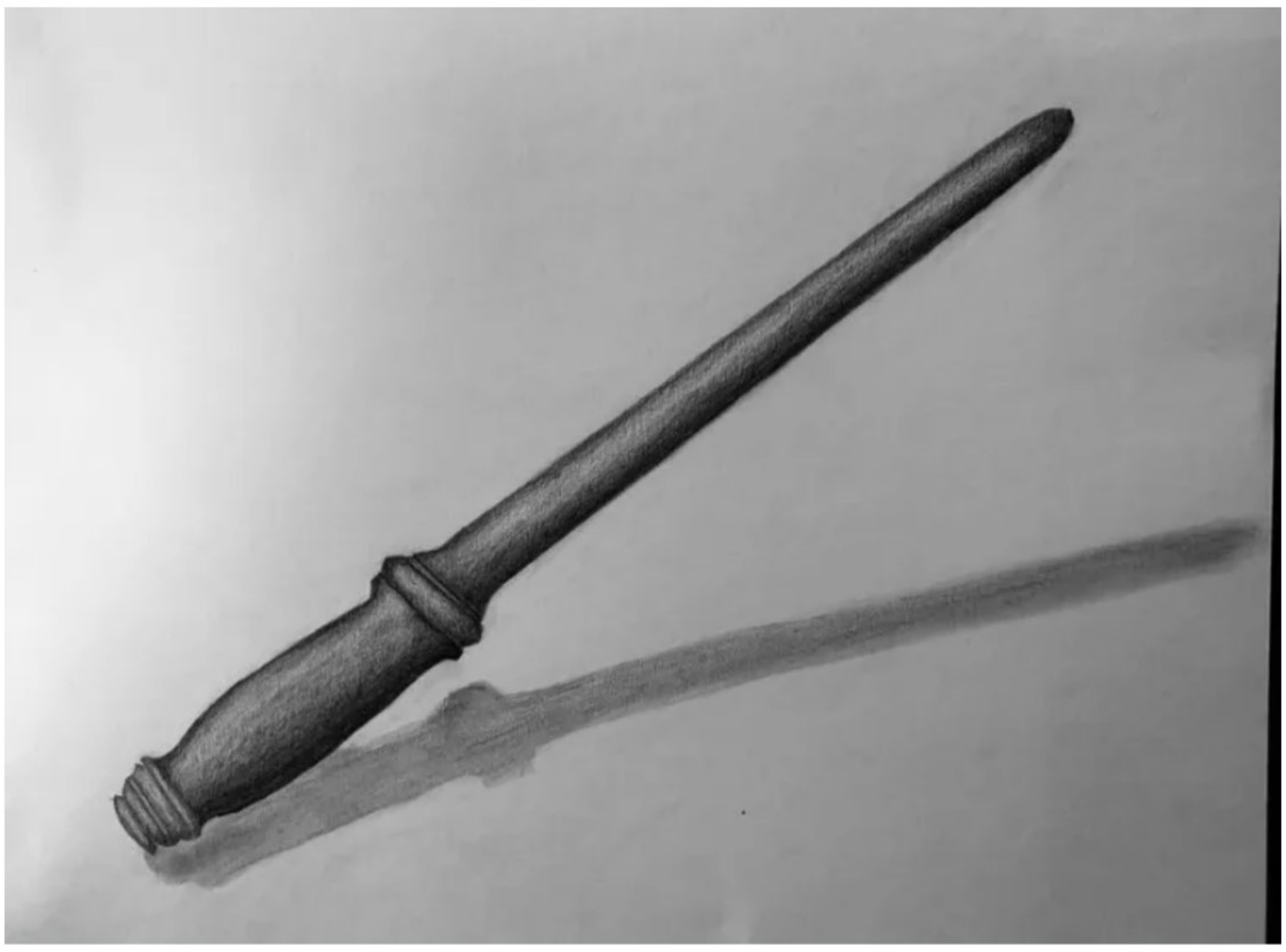

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# WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLACE AN ORDER NOW? | BY ALEX STARKE

1 Comment / Spring 2021 Publication

Quint Solfanger sincerely hoped he was the last to arrive for the big occasion. He entered through the unguarded stadium door and quickly mixed into the bustling throng of people on the arena floor. He scanned the crowd and estimated it numbered close to a thousand or more. All wore shirts and hats for and against various peoples and parties. Literally everyone held signs and banners that screamed the name of their fearless leader, President Lügner (Lug) Widerlich.
Quint worked his way to a point near the front of the stage where a group of burly men stood to keep the exuberant crowd back. He found a spot nearby where he could observe his intended target and the followers before making a final decision. Quint waited impatiently for the show to begin.
Soon a slick-looking man stepped up to the podium and began to speak an introduction.
"Hello and welcome. How wonderful to see such a big turnout tonight, a big night for us Luggers and—"
Quint made mental notes as he observed the cheering, jostling, and hooting people. He hoped he would not have to wait much longer for the big moment—there was the damned parking lot incident to consider and if that was noticed it could really muck up his plan.
Finally, the speaker ended his spiel.
"Okay folks, enough of me talking. I know why you've come, and you who want to see. So, without any further delay, here he is, our man in the Whitehouse and Godsend to the country, Lug Widerlich!"
The crowd went wild with applause and shouts as a big man with a tanned face and well-styled hair strode confidently onto the stage. Quint noticed with amusement that a few women (and men) began to swoon and faint. Widerlich stepped up to the podium and raised his arms over his head, hands clasped together in a self-congratulatory manner. He waited while his jubilant followers roared and stamped their feet. Finally he lowered his arms and held up the palms of his hands to his ecstatic audience. Everyone in the arena knew the drill; it was time to quiet down.
Lug Widerlich smiled broadly.
"Hello people! How are my fans tonight? I can tell you how I'm doing and how the country is doing tonight—tremendously wonderful!"
The crowd burst into more frantic applause and cheering.
Widerlich held up his hands again for quiet.
"I've come here tonight to speak about our enemies, the country's enemies. The people who have no interest in you and are hell-bent on destroying me with their fake—"
Quint heard a shout from the back of the arena. "Widerlich is a crook and is destroying the country. Lock him up, lock him up, lock him—"
Quint turned and saw a man in the upper level being punched by the people surrounding him. Finally, four men grabbed the screaming, bloodied heckler and made to throw him off the upper level.
"Okay, that's enough," Widerlich commanded. The men stopped.
"That's right put him down now. Thanks for showing such loyalty guys. These people always try to break up my speeches with their lies, but you guys always step in. Thanks."
Widerlich smiled a thin hard smile.
"Now get him out of here. Don't be too gentle now and when he is outside, who knows what could happen to him?"
He laughed as the protester was shoved, kicked, and punched out the door. Quint saw a determined man in bib overalls follow him outside.
Widerlich sketched a mock salute to the closing door.
"Adios amigo. As I was saying. We all have to—"
The man who had followed the protester burst back into the upper level.
"There's a goddamn spaceship out in the parking lot. Holy shit, you gotta—"
"Hey up there," shouted Widerlich, "Who's giving the speech halfwit? Me or you?"
The man hesitated. "But it's true. Darn thing crushed the whole front end of my pickup truck and—"
*Damnation!* Quint thought, but then was relieved when several black clad security people hastily grabbed the man and clapped a bag over his head before dragging him away.
The man—one Rufus Buckshot from Blue Ridge, Georgia—was found years later by his wife, Dolores, in Smolensk, working as a conductor second-class on the inner-city commuter tram. Saturday nights he moonlighted as a symbolic interpretive dancer at Club Moskva. When confronted by his wife while performing on stage, he ran away in terror screaming, 'Ham sandwich and soup!' After his escape he eventually settled down as a flamenco guitarist in an obscure sherry bar outside of Madrid, playing for drinks and tips.
After the reluctant Rufus was carried out of sight, Lügner Widerlich smiled and continued, "Don't listen to him people. No such a thing as climate change or UFOs, big opposition plot that's all. Now settle down."
He continued his speech to the faithful, delivering his usual greatest hits that were red meat for his adoring minions. Chants of Build that moat! and Lock up the Europeans! rocked the hall. Quint closed his eyes—absorbing all the rancor and rage that was thick as a noxious fog around him—and made his decision. He glanced down at the small widget on his belt that had a series of tiny studs. Diversion time, he thought and began to laugh loudly. A couple nearby who had matching shirts that read "Ignorance is Bliss" looked at him and began to frown in puzzlement.
Quint shouted at the man on stage.
"Ach, what a pretentious boor you are."
Widerlich paused—his face turning a bit red—and looked down in his direction. "What did you say?"
"Oh, sorry. I did say you were a pretentious boor, but upon reflection it was a bit of an understatement. I should have said you were an apple-faced, half-witted baboon, with pine sap for a brain, who is lying to become a pretentious boor. Will that suffice, you bloviating stench from an elephant's hindquarters?"
There was a hush over the entire arena. Widerlich's eyes looked as if they could spout hellfire.
The moment was brief—Widerlich pointed at him.
"Get that guy and throw him out!"
With a collective roar, the crowd and security guys surged towards him. Quint calmly punched a stud on the widget. The Rejexit Mark V protective screen surrounded him with a faint purple shimmer—the mob converged.
A hairy man with a huge gut tried to grip Quint in a bear hug. He was immediately catapulted back at the surrounding throng. On his outward trajectory he bowled over a few dozen angry people—including a toothless grandpa who had a pink-iced donut with sprinkles fiercely clenched in his gums.
One of the black-clad security men, Sammy Fracker, was next. He tried to clout Quint with a baton, but the club rebounded back at Sammy's head with such force he dropped like a sack of mildewed potatoes.
Sammy came out of his self-inflicted coma a month later and promptly ran away with a wandering troupe of performing Jack Russell terriers, where he achieved a modicum of fame as the singing fire-hydrant.
Others tried to attack Quint, all were repelled like popcorn exploding on a hot buttered griddle.
A wide angry circle finally cleared around him. One guy took a shot at Quint with a pistol. The bullet ricocheted away and blew up the poor pink-iced donut with sprinkles that the grandpa still held clamped in his gums. The sprinkles shot everywhere and temporarily blinded Doris Raymond from Slapout, Oklahoma. Hands clasped over her sprinkle-shot eyes, she ran in a panic, unfortunately straight into one of the huge wooden columns supporting the upper level of the arena. Doris woke up three days later, her sight restored. She proclaimed it a miracle, telling the bemused medical staff she had been visited by a large cheese blintz in flowing robes who had told her the true purpose of life. The next day she moved to San Francisco and became a shaman living in a large cardboard box in an alley near Market Street. Her ardent followers include two calico cats, a dog named Klinkers, and beat patrolman Mulvaney.
Grandpa—remnants of the mortally wounded pink-iced donut spattered on his enraged face—jumped on the pistol wielding guy and began to chomp on his neck. The man screamed and dropped the pistol which immediately went off. The bullet hit a control panel that promptly dropped Lug Widerlich's speech-ending grand finale balloons and glitter on his followers. The entire crowd of Luggers erupted in rage and attacked one another in outraged frustration over such an abbreviated ranting from their dear leader.
The throng now ignoring him, Quint pushed another stud and popped up on stage next to the stunned President. He smiled sunnily at him.
"Well that worked out well now didn't it? Ready to go?"
Widerlich recovered himself quickly. "Go where? I not going anywhere, dimbulb."
He pointed an index finger at Quint.
"And just who the hell are you? You're going to pay for making me look ridiculous in front of the rubes."
Quint laughed. "Oh no, my fine specimen. It is I who will be paid, and handsomely. You see, I am Quint Solfanger, a collector and supplier of—"
Widerlich bellowed. "Doesn't matter. When my people are done with you, you won't be collecting anything but a disability check. That is, until I cut the funding for that program."
He signaled to a group of men at the back of the stage sporting long truncheons who quickly came out and surrounded Quint. Smiling, they raised their clubs to strike—Quint pushed another stud and vanished with the President. With their boss and intended victim gone, the frustrated thugs fell on each other in blind fury amidst the drifting balloons and softly falling glitter.
A member of the audience, Rob Tuppy—who had paused from bludgeoning a fellow Lugger with a ceramic statue of Widerlich—saw the scene unfold.

Years later working as a headwaiter at a Denny's in Billings, Montana, Rob would recount that it was, 'The finest dang finale he ever had the privilege of attending.'
Lug Widerlich woke up inside of what appeared to be a very large canning jar. Quint was looking in at him.
"Perfect, awake at last. Welcome aboard my craft. Sorry you weren't conscious for the journey, I'm sure the conversation would have been quite amusing. Anyway, I've got you all packaged up and ready for pickup."
Widerlich stood up and said, "Pickup? Come on let's make a deal. Let me out now and I'll cut you in on my action. The money is huge, believe me, these people will buy into anything I tell them."
Quint shook his head and said, "As I began telling you earlier; I am a collector and supplier of fine delicacies to only the most discerning tastes of the galaxy. I have to say that until I heard about you, I was going to grab a rotting Mammoth corpse that had been defrosting in the Siberian tundra for a few months. My clients, you see are the Croobezk, who are the inhabitants of the planet Odious Kugelfang. We have just made a landing near their capital city and they are coming to take delivery. The Croobezk are desirous of—"
He paused and turned as a large door behind him opened. Widerlich looked past him and his tan faded to the shade of vanilla.
Quint said, "Ah, here they are now. Now, as I was saying they are desirous of something new, totally revolting, filthy, and disgusting. Something that will pair well with a finely aged glass of Plexion goat sweat. You, are, shall we say, a sample for their edification."
Widerlich screamed and beat against the glass as he was hauled away by large wasp-like beings with nasty looking mandibles.
A day later a Croobezk with scintillating hues of green and purple on its carapace came to visit Quint at his ship.
"Greetings trader," it lisped in a low buzz. "I must tell you the specimen you provided was unusually awful. So foul and reeking—we all loved it, especially the head, which was so ecstatically horrid and went so well with a warmed stein of Rolfgut twizzle. May I enquire what they are called, and if you have a further supply of these disgusting delicacies?"
Quint stopped counting the gold bars he had received for his cargo and smiled broadly at the creature.
"Oh, yes there are more. They call them supreme leaders or dictators, and if I run out of them, there are always the followers. They are not quite as rancid as this one, but still fairly repulsive and repugnant. Would you like to place an order now?"

---

*Alex Starke is a graduate of the University of Oregon with a degree in Medieval Studies and a minor in Early Modern European History. He is now back at Lane Community College pursuing a degree in Multimedia Design. Alex met his wonderful wife, Anne, while singing in the Johann Strauss operetta, Die Fledermaus. He and Anne currently reside in Eugene, Oregon with their Pack of Jack Russell terriers. Alex loves to write on almost any topic from travel to Sci-Fi short stories. He also loves doing photography in many genres. When not writing, doing photography, studying, or traveling you will find him most afternoons in his backyard flinging the sacred orb for Thor, his #1 Jack Russell.*

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## 1 thought on "Would You Like to Place an Order Now? | By Alex Starke"

MABEL GOODRICH
JANUARY 1, 2022 AT 9:59 PM

Quint is a great person who perform well in his previous tournaments! There are many ways to get connected with the pornoroulette and I like the platform for entertainment across the world. Thanks for sharing this post.

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