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Bryant Zines

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Fall 2020

### LCS Zine Group

Julia Robertson

Liam Peterson

Collin Acampora

Hannah Bloomwald

Megan Lawlor

*See next page for additional authors*

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**Authors**

Julia Robertson, Liam Peterson, Collin Acampora, Hannah Bloomwald, Megan Lawlor, and Maya Nguyen

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Why hadn't the parents taken the boy to their bed, if they had been sick together? Perhaps the parents had died first. She didn't want to think about it.

The door to the spare bedroom had been closed, the window open a crack, so the carpet was ruined but the clothes in the closet had escaped the smell of death. She found a dress she liked, soft blue silk with pockets, and changed into it while August was still in the boy's bedroom. There was also a wedding gown and a black suit. She took these for costumes. What the Symphony was doing, what they were always doing, was trying to cast a spell, and costuming helped; the lives they brushed up against were work-worn and difficult, people who spent all their time engaged in the tasks of survival. A few of the actors thought Shakespeare would be more relatable if they dressed in the same patched and faded clothing their audience wore, but Kirsten thought it meant something to have her in a shirt and tie. The boys agreed.

maybe sound weird—it's like the corporate world's full of ghosts. And actually, let me revise that, my parents are in academia so I've had front-row seats for their horses' show, I know academia's no different, so my father way of saying this would be to say that  
"I'm... You've ended up in one life instead of another. I expected of them. They want to do something different but it's impossible now, there's a mortgage, kids, we're like that."  
"You... Res his job then."  
"Correct, but I don't think he even realizes it. You probably think people like him... High-functioning sleepwalkers."  
What was he getting at? "Did you think he'd was in a long taking down as me... "Do you think he'd describe himself as unhappy?"  
"No." Dahlia said, "because I think people like him think work is supposed to be drudgery punctuated by very occasional moments of happiness, but when I say happiness, I mostly mean distraction. You know what I mean?"  
"No, please elaborate."  
"Okay, say you go into the break room," she said, "and a couple

et close enough to a person and it's obvious. It's not just (aching here, but I'm talking about someone who ju... -wishes he'd done something different with his

et close enough to a person and it's obvious. It's not just (aching here, but I'm talking about someone who ju... -wishes he'd done something different with his

JR







JR



survival and reproductive advantages conferred upon members of large groups (as opposed to lone individuals) is fundamental to

Clare Rojas  
 "Unlabeled" 2005  
 America

neighbors. through many other reserve in- collection basis for the kind of many as runs from I've spent surrounded musicians atic, delib- s scientific: time for ex- Carlos San- is not to approach than on any up the lat-



plain it [music]. They really can't translate feeling because they're

Liam







On the surface, you might think that groups remember knowl-  
edge songs better because they spread out the memory burden  
complicated as... generate

units—lik over 1 end  
bits  
lar t  
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por  
can  
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wh  
ter  
an  
th  
for  
mor  
Stop  
stands  
mystery at  
'ant  
The basic



arises out of a multiplicity of relatively simple and seemingly un-  
motivated actions. No single ant "knows" that the hill needs to re-  
locate, for example, but the actions of tens of thousands of ants  
result in the hill being moved, efficiently, effectively, even "intelli-  
gently." The basic

KNOWLEDGE

Liam



**Bleeker Roostvelt**

one thing I'm thankful for—I haven't a thing to lose and for the women you have helped.



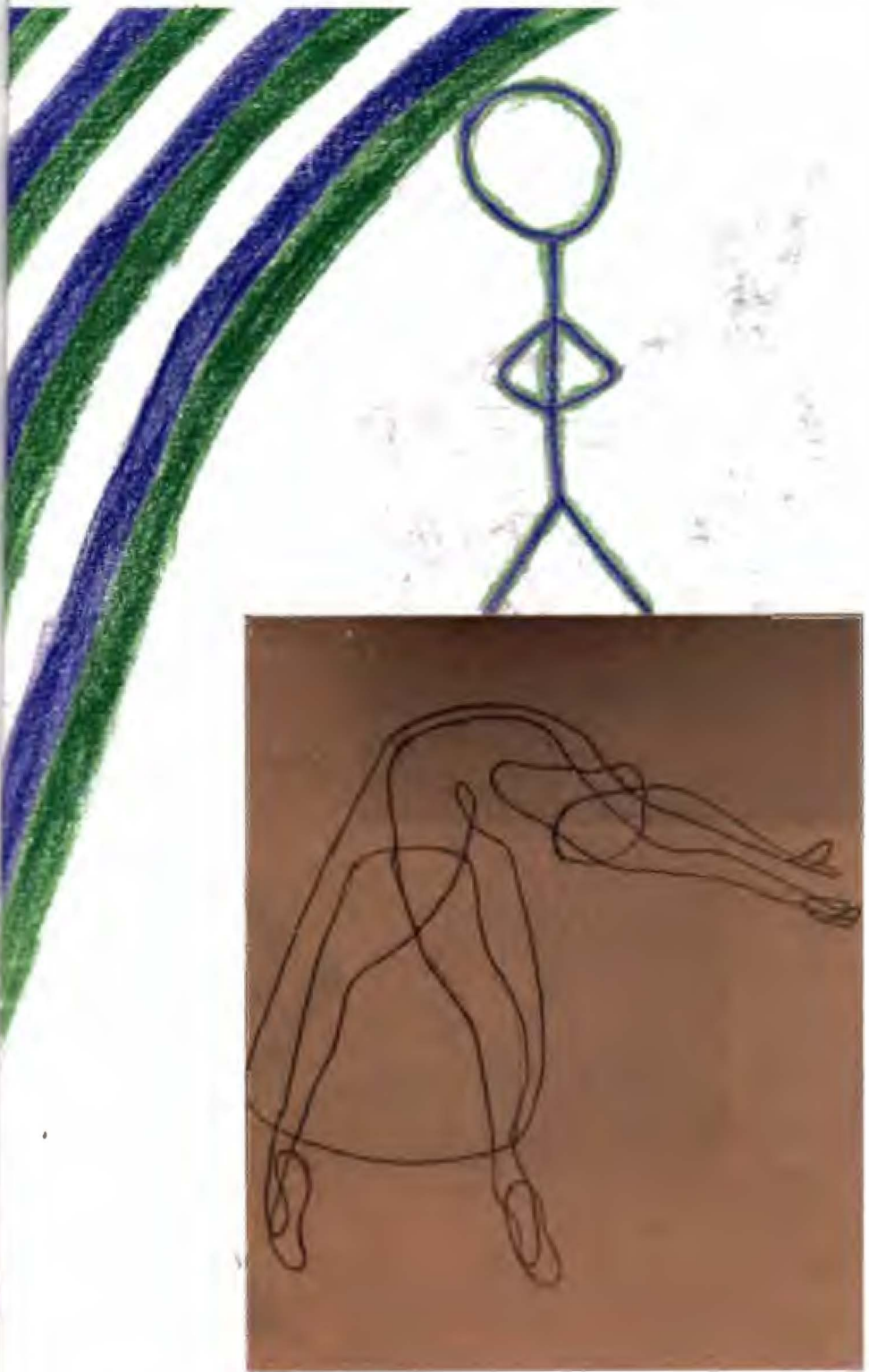
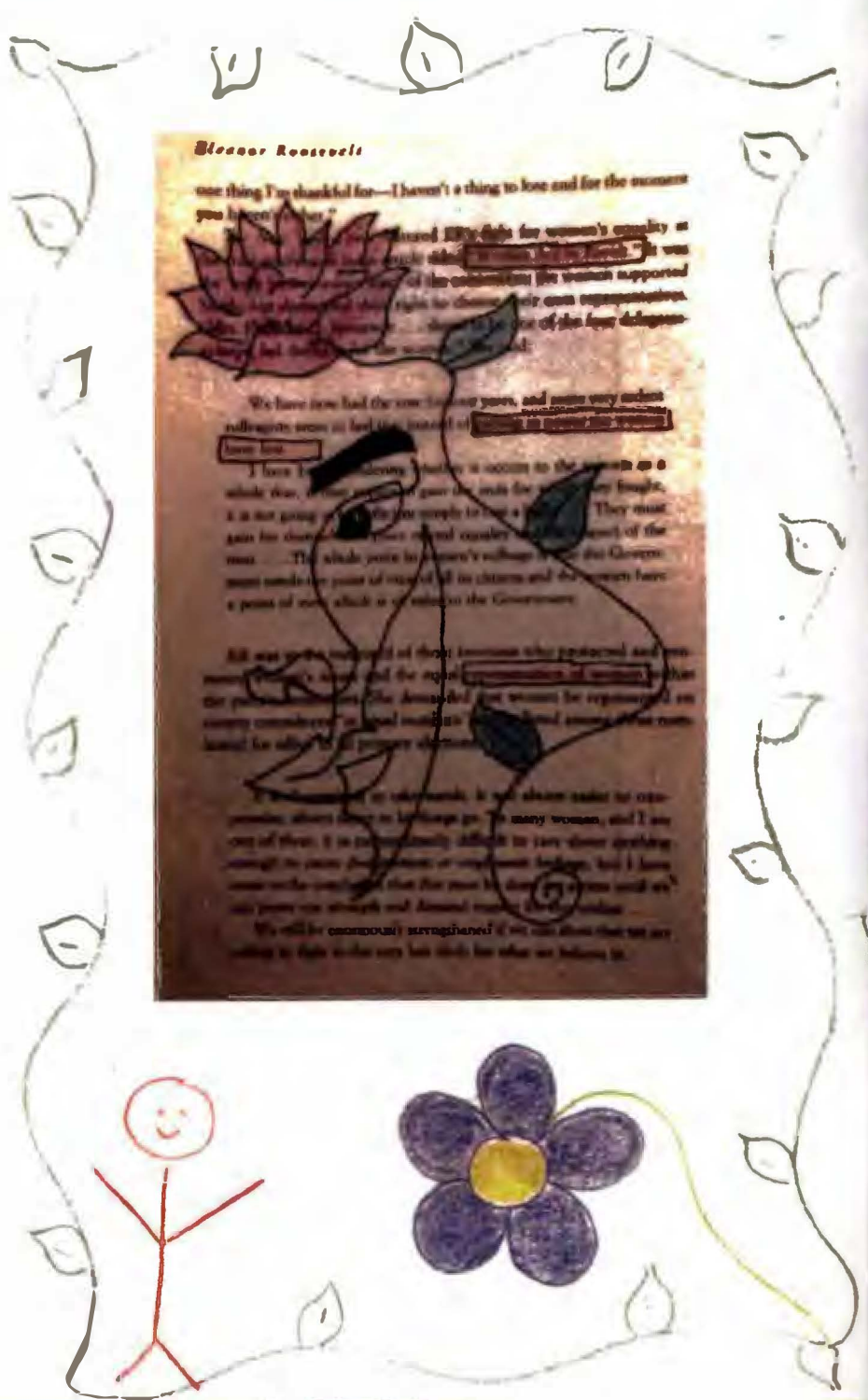
We have now had the vote for two years, and many very noble colleagues seem to feel that instead of **being in power the women have lost**

I have been thinking that it occurs to the women as a whole that, in their own minds, they are for the very first time, a nation going to the polls to elect a government. They must take the consequences of their own actions, and the Government must make the point of regard all its citizens and the women have a point of view which is common to the Government.

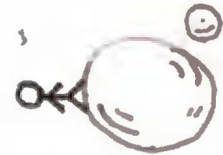
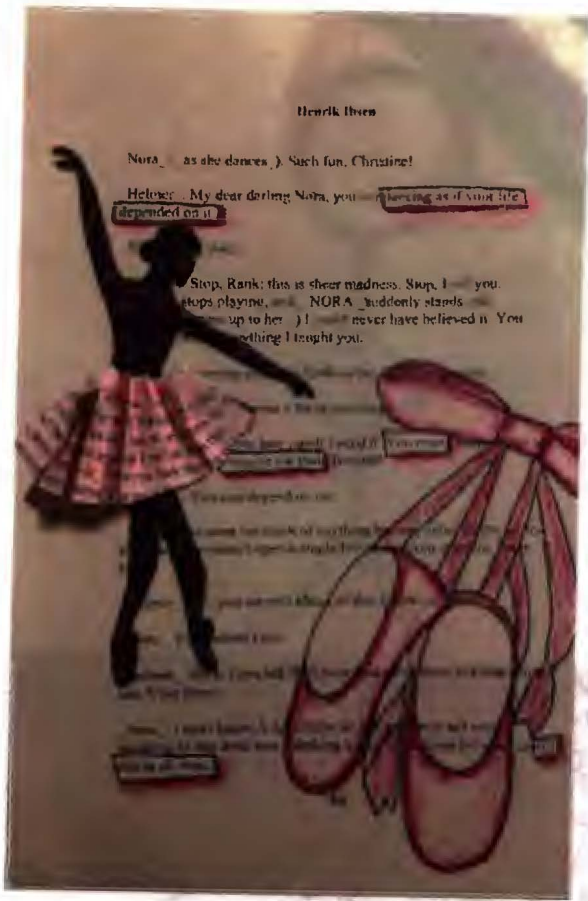
All was well until the day of the election when the women were asked to vote and the result was a **majority of women** in the House of Representatives. The women have now a right to be heard in every committee and in every department of the Government.

It is a great day for the women, it is a day when they are responsible, when they can be heard by the men, and I am sure of that. It is a day when they are no longer a thing to be looked upon as a curiosity or a novelty, but I have never before seen that the men have done for the women, and I am sure we are strong and demand respect for our rights.

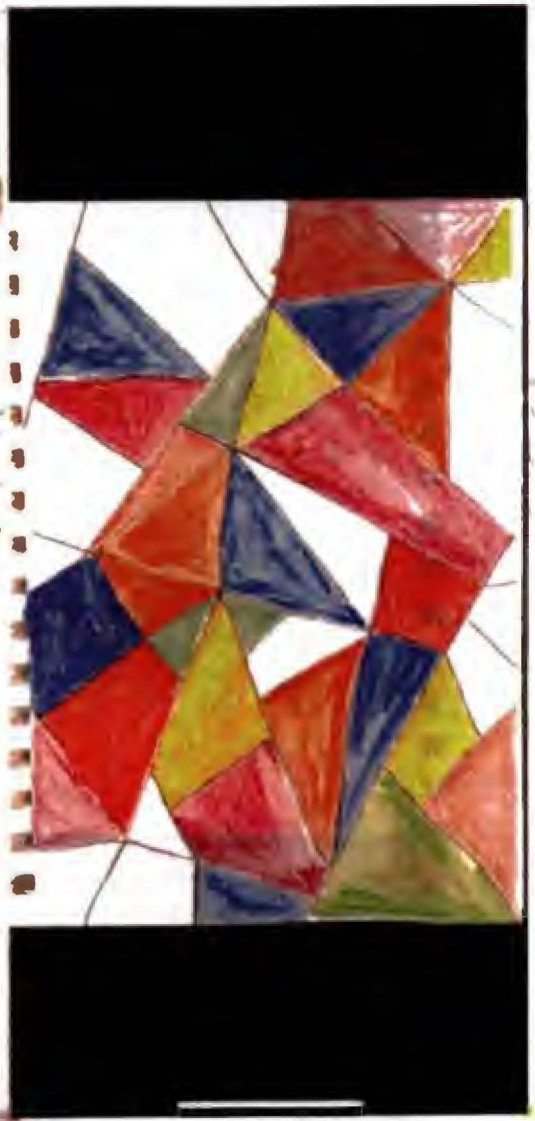
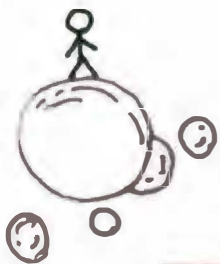
We will be **stronger and demand respect for our rights** if we can show that we are willing to fight for the very best which we believe in.











C.A.

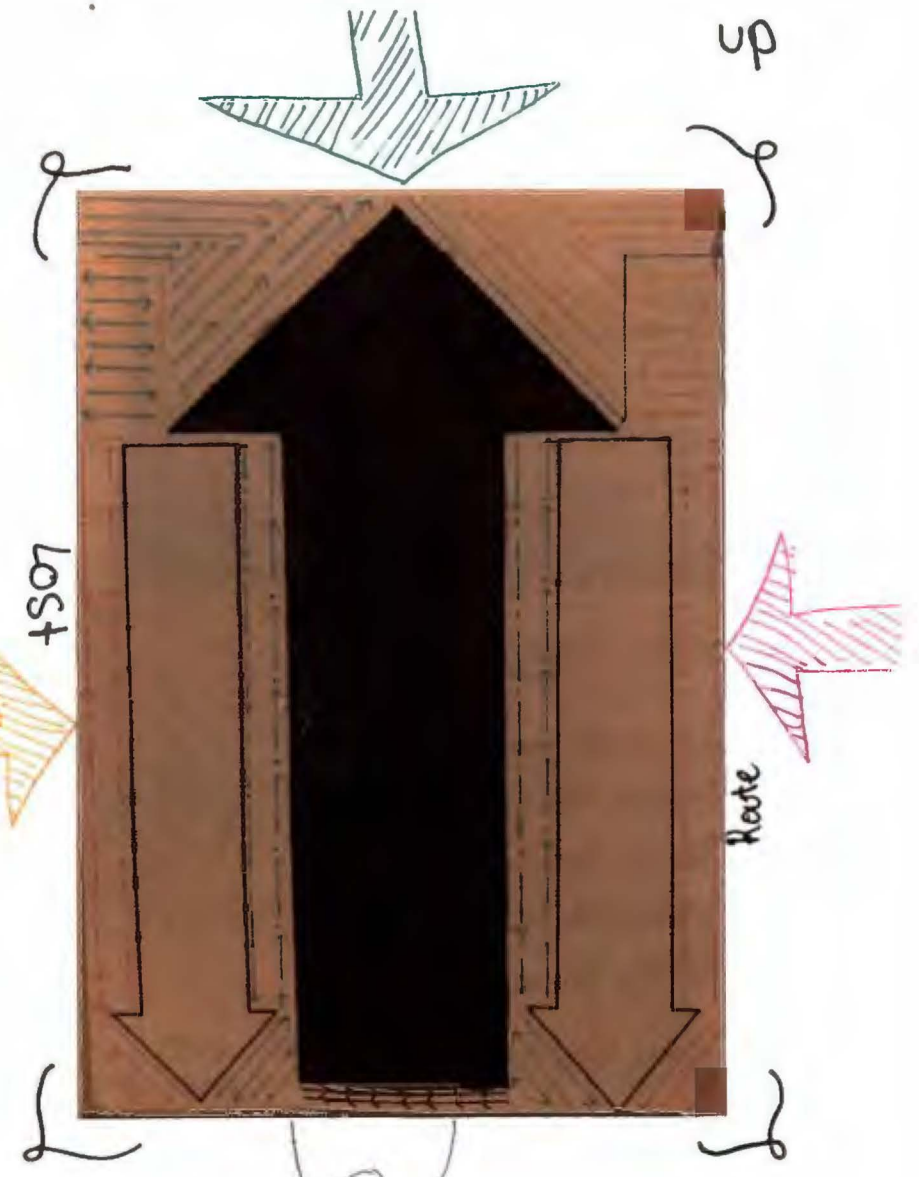
Handwritten notes in yellow ink at the top of the page, including the word "Right" and some illegible characters.



Right

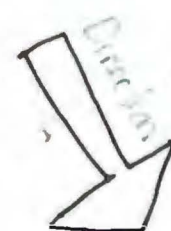


Left



Lost

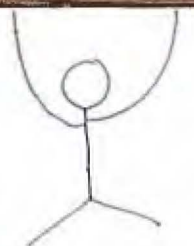
Route



Arrows



Down





Title: Water Bottle

Stare at your water bottle  
Observe and feel the water wavers  
Gently shake the water  
Close your eyes  
Imagine yourself as the water  
Stuck inside the bottle

Maya Nguyen

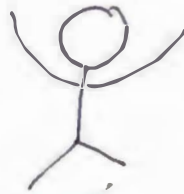
Fall 2020

Title: Maya NGUYEN

Stare at your human  
Observe them closely  
Slowly shake your water  
Imagine yourself as your human  
Freely moving around

Water bottle

Fall 2020



NOW  
STARRING



H.B.

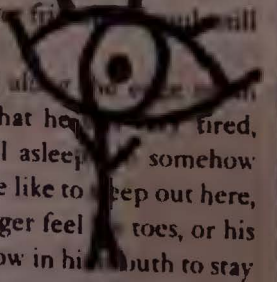




**THE BEHOLDER** far distant, two quick  
 closed over the sound, and there  
 was only Jeevan, only the water, only whatever  
 remained. He wished he could move faster.

The moon was setting. He was passing  
 industrial it occurred to him that he  
 and also dangerous to fall asleep somehow  
 hadn't thought that it would be like to sleep out here,  
 unprotected he could no longer feel toes, or his  
 tongue either, with putting snow in his mouth to stay  
 hydrated. He placed snow on his tongue and thought of  
 making snow ice cream with Frank and their mother when they  
 were small boys—"First you stir in the vanilla"—Frank standing  
 on a stool on his wondrously functional pre-Libya legs, the bul  
 let already approaching

**HE ~ HARRY STYLES**



for Frank to wake up alone. He'd felt a vertiginous girly-way, the  
 cliff crumbling beneath his feet, but held to sanity by sheer will-  
 power. He wasn't well, but was anyone!  
 While he was waiting for the day to end he sat at Frank's desk,  
 trying to hold on to the tranquility of these  
 this apartment where he'd been for so  
 manuscript on the desk. Jeevan found the  
 a philanthropist's thoughts on old mon-  
 utable handwriting in the top margin.





Station Elev

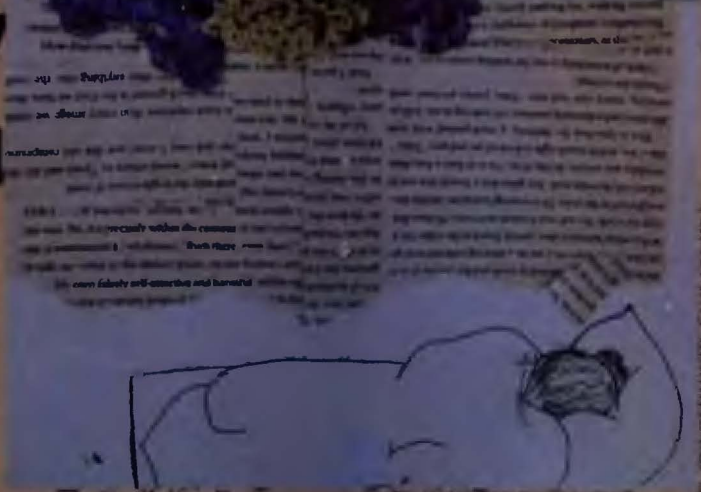
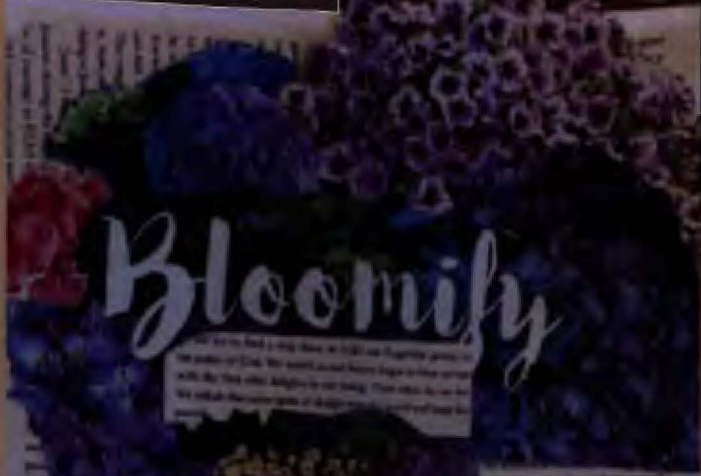
America in the first  
America was after a  
But Elizabeth was unshakable in  
happens for a reason," she said. "Th  
Clark couldn't bring himself to arg

Clark was careful to shave every thr  
windowless, lit only by an ever-dw  
dles from the gift shop, and the wate  
outside, but Clark felt it was worth  
in the airport weren't shaving at al  
wild and also frankly unflattering. C  
of unshavenness, partly for aesthetic  
was a believer in the broken-window  
agement, the way the appearance o  
for more serious crimes. On Day Tv  
neatly down the middle and shaved

"It's the haircut I had from ages  
he told Dolores when she raised an  
business traveler, single, no family,  
of the saner people in the airport. Sh  
she'd promised to tell him if he began  
his mind, and vice versa. What he did  
years of corporate respectability.  
himself again.

ance of sanity required so  
nory and sight. There were  
ank about. Everyone he'd e  
ace. And here at the airp  
near the computer fenc  
to look  
that it was  
of that un:  
expose a pac

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By Day Five Frank was working on his gl  
of watching the news, because he said it  
them both crazy, and by then most of the  
newscasters, just people who worked f  
seemingly unused to being on the other



government...  
bout staying indoors and  
neone finally switched off  
se camera died on its own  
ut.  
ng the quiet was deeper,  
y, Jeevan mentioned this  
out of gas. The thing was,  
ars on the highway, even  
In't go anywhere now. All  
I cars.  
lanthropia's memoir was

start drew the plan for the miniature  
simple and dry hall, the assembly  
the globe past on a conveyor belt  
the white gloves on the hands of  
gloves into boxes, to be packed

ank agreed  
ally thing about him

ation Elev  
177  
this was the beginning of  
but when h  
other (phen  
the  
beautiful He  
ery object he s  
required Const  
d sheets of plastic into  
minia







own the road, I need you to take our place  
to our"—and two shadows emerged to replace them, fawning and  
unsteady on their feet.

August and Kirsten set off as quickly and quietly as possible in  
the direction of the sound. The forest was a dark mass on either  
side, alive and filled with indecipherable rustlings, shadows like ink  
against the glare of moonlight. An owl flew low across the road  
ahead. A moment later there was a distant beating of small wings,  
birds stirred from their sleep, black specks rising and wheeling  
against the stars.

"Something disturbed them," Kirsten said quietly, her mouth  
close to August's ear.

"The owl? His voice as soft as hers.

the apartment with a duery backpack  
king trips in his pre-sprawl-cord-injury  
thing of a mystery. Had Frank imagined  
Was he planning on giving it to someone?  
iding over the lake, Jeevan pushed the  
into the terrible corridor with its reek  
skeletal

ing to hold on to the tranquility of these  
this apartment where he'd been for so  
manuscript on the desk. Jeevan found the  
a philanthropist's thoughts on old mov-  
excitable handwriting in the top margin  
immortality. Was that fine Frank's, then,  
possible to say: Jeevan folded the piece

for Frank to wake up alone. He'd felt a vertiginous going-away, the  
cliff crumbling beneath his feet, but held to sanity by sheer will-  
power. He wasn't well but was anyone?

While he was waiting for the day to end he sat at Frank's desk,



# BEAUTY IS

iber things. Of course I do. I was eight."  
I been twenty years old when the world ended. The  
nice between Dieter and Kirsten was that  
everything. She listened to him breathe  
watch for it," he said. "I used to think about the  
other side of the ocean, wonder if any of them  
:en spared. If I ever saw an airplane, that meant that  
planes still took off. For a whole decade after the  
at looking at the sky."

good dream?"

ream I was so happy," he whispered. "I looked  
the plane had finally come. There was still a  
here. I fell to my knees. I started weeping and begging,  
wake up."

as a voice outside then, someone saying their name



# IN THE EYE OF THE

# BEHOLDER

far distant, two quick  
closed over the sound, and there  
was only Jeevan, only the water, only whatever  
remained. He wished he could move faster.

The moon was setting. He was passing along the edge of an  
industrial wasteland. It occurred to him that he was very tired,  
and also that it was dangerous to fall asleep. He somehow  
hadn't thought that it would be like to sleep out here,  
unprotected. He could no longer feel his toes, or his  
tongue either, and he was putting snow in his mouth to stay  
hydrated. He placed snow on his tongue and thought of  
making snow ice cream with Frank and their mother when they  
were small boys—"First you stir in the vanilla"—Frank standing

# HE ~ HARRY STYLES







M

mail

mystery

make



mud

money

MOON

mlaren

MAYAN.

magazine

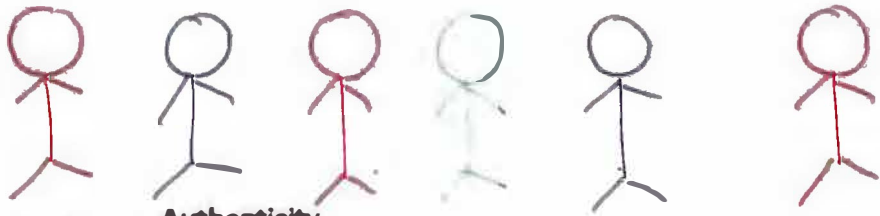
mom

mars

mood

magazine



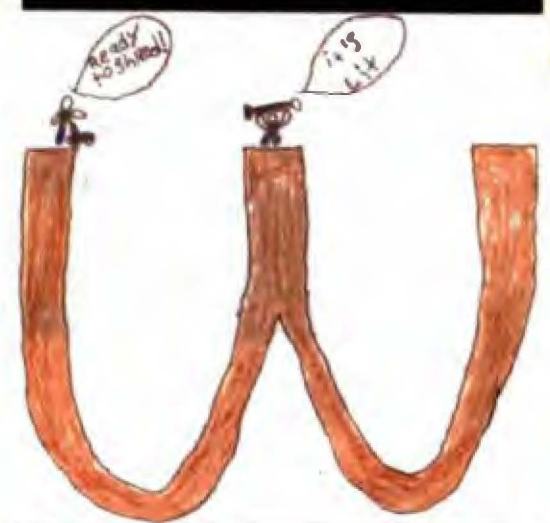
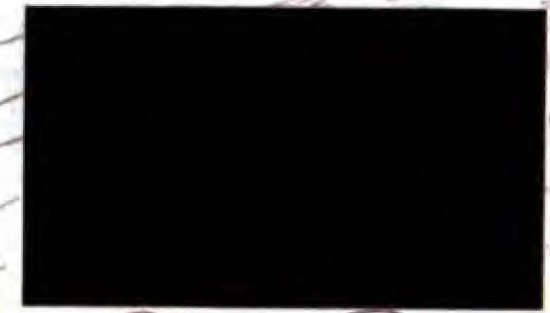
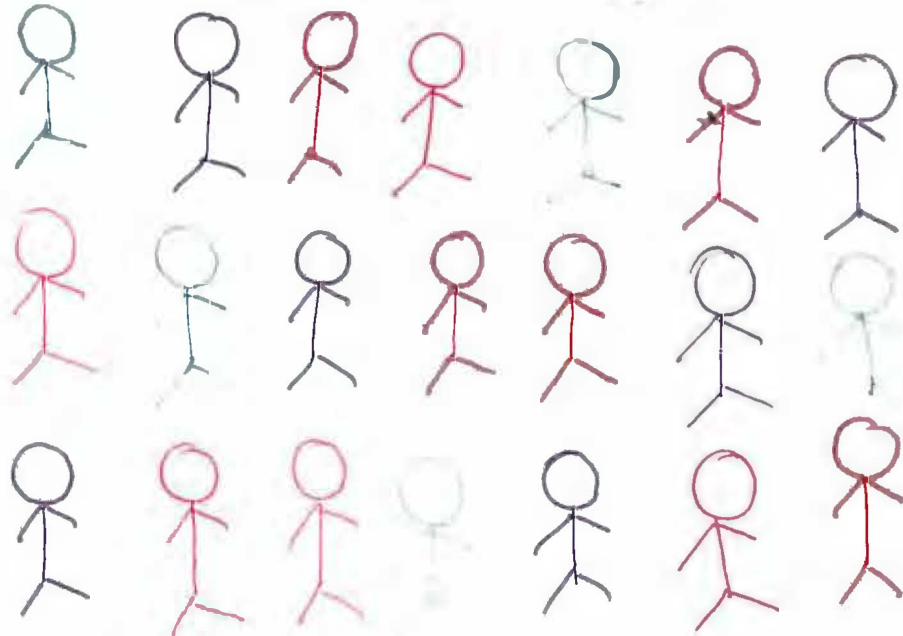


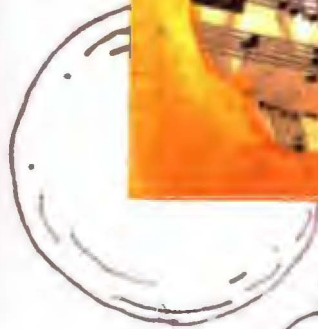
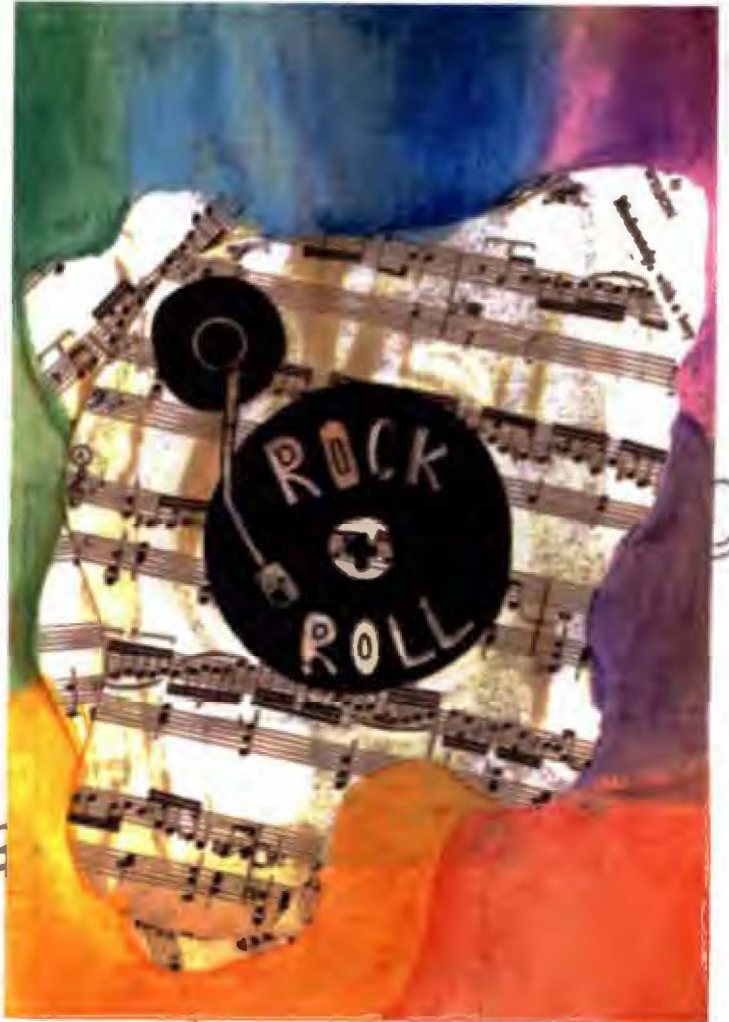
**Authenticity**

Be yourself they said  
How? I laughed  
How can I be myself?  
When my existence is reduced to a color?  
When you call me by the deadly virus?  
When stereotypes are all the identities I'm allowed to have?

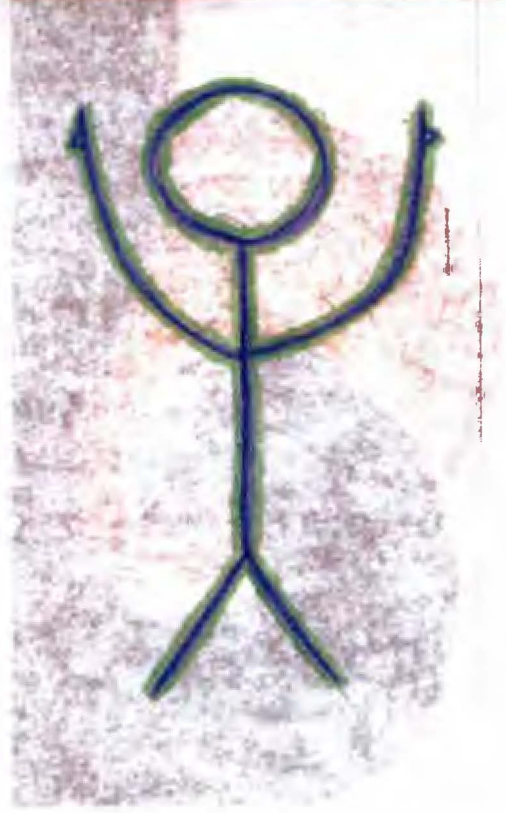
Everywhere I go,  
They yell "yellow"  
The slanted eyes,  
The mocking accents.

Underneath the colors  
Behind the privileges  
Aren't we all the same?





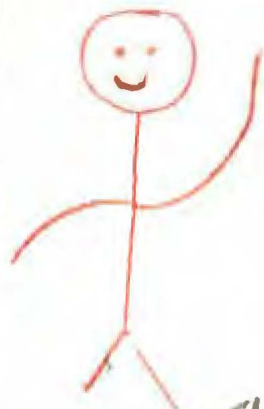
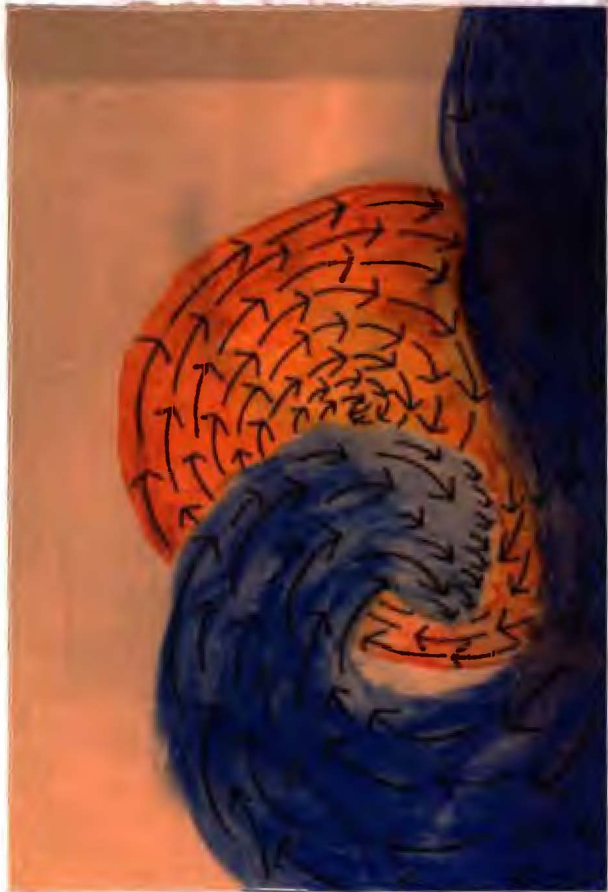






PATAGONIA





ML



...6 lyrics from me... asked even to answer simple questions about lyrics they know, people are influenced by the hierarchical structure of the lyrics—revealing in the laboratory certain organizational properties of human memory. Here's an example. Does the word

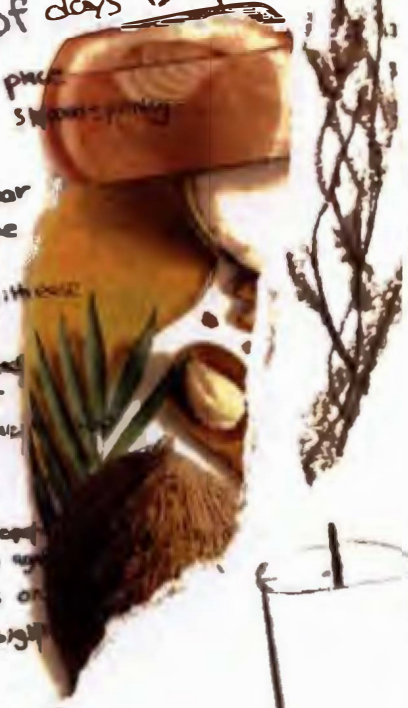
The **Whole** days are spent alone  
**Blends** of days is apparent

Time seemed to stop in place  
 As if the world around us

The world watched in fear  
 Of what might become  
 An unknown disease  
 Spread to each other with ease

Our friends are separated  
 Families sit together  
 I'm waiting for the pandemic  
 But: And normally to return

While we start to open  
 Our closed world and  
 The pandemic rages on  
 With no light in sight



s. Not all

errors are far more common than ...  
 notes or words

THE WORLD IN SIX SONGS

Liam



lyric recall without them. This is one reason why the average person probably has a more in-depth and emotional connection to music than to poetry—because lyrics are recalled more of it, and more effortlessly.

It's important to look at

role in aiding recollection of lyrics. It provides an internal structure—syllables for

form phrases, verbal

ally coincide with the

rhythmic units in the

and verses of a song.

the level of

different

the

we

parts of

us to

could have

over, that

a music rec-

Rubin asked for a version) lacks again at a later point in the song. It seems as though the internal rhythms of the lyrics are

Psalm, which was usually at the beginning of a psalm.

the internal rhythms of the lyrics are

the internal rhythms of the lyrics are

the internal rhythms of the lyrics are

the internal rhythms of the lyrics are

the internal rhythms of the lyrics are

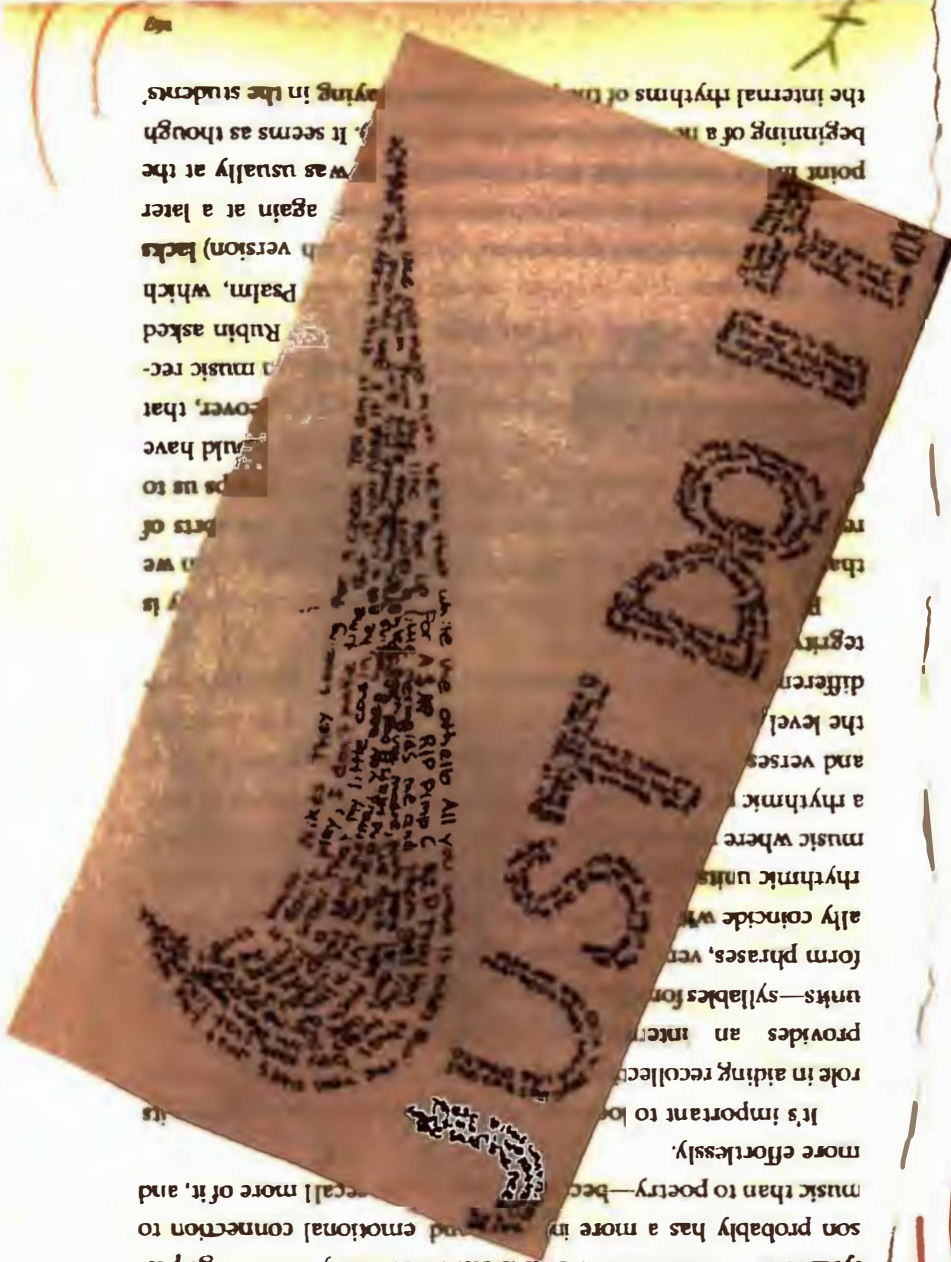
the internal rhythms of the lyrics are

the internal rhythms of the lyrics are

the internal rhythms of the lyrics are

the internal rhythms of the lyrics are

the internal rhythms of the lyrics are



JR





JR



of previous interviews, when his colleagues had come to him. Someone had called her a *little different*. Some- one else, you said?"

"I don't know, do they ever actually change? I mean, like, *notable ways*?"

"This was actually something he'd worried about. He'd said, 'some of them. Of course, they have no idea that they're perceived as needing a certain area, because they see the report and they'd differentiate between changing people's behavior, then, to what they're used to.'"

"I'll bet you can coach Darin. All exhibit a turnaround of sorts, he'll improve in but he'll still be a joyless bastard."

"Let me rephrase that. Ok. I'll change a little, probably, if you coach him, a successful-but-unhappy person who works un- very night because he's got a terrible marriage : to go home, and don't ask how I know that, ever

laugh a little, you feel included, everyone's so funny, you go back to your desk with a sort of, I don't know, I guess *afterglow* would be the word? You go back to your desk with an afterglow, but then by four or five o'clock the day's just turned into yet another day, and you go on like that, looking forward to five o'clock and then the weekend and then your two or three annual weeks of paid vacation time, day by day out, and that's what happens to your life."

"Right," Clark said. He was filled in that moment with an in- describable longing. The previous day he'd gone into the break room and had been like when after religion had worked: walk into a room, flip a switch and the room *clicks* with life. The trouble was she wasn't sure if she remembered or only imagined remembering that she ran her fingertips over a blue-and-white china bowl on the bathroom counter, admired the bowl of Q-tips inside before she passed them. They looked useful for cleaning ears and musical instruments. Kirsten looked up and met her own gaze in the mirror and needed a haircut. She smiled, then adjusted her smile to lesser the obviousness of her most recently missing tooth. She opened a cabinet and stared at a stack of clean towels. The one on top was blue with yellow ducks on it and had a hood sewn into a corner.



maybe sound weird—it's like the corporate world's full of ghosts. And actually, let me revise that, my parents are in academia so I've had front-row seats for that horror show, I know academia's no different, so... a fairer way of putting this would be to say that adults...

"I'm... who've ended up in one life instead of another... disappointed. Do you know what I mean? They're not what's expected of them. They want to do something different but it's impossible now, there's a mortgage, kids, what have you? It's like that."

"You... makes his job then?"  
"Gorsetz said," but I don't think he even realizes it. You probably know people like him all the time. High-functioning sleepwalkers."

What was this this statement... Clark went to weep. He was nodding, taking down as much as he could. "Do you think he'd describe himself as unhappy?"

"No," Dahlia said, "because I know people like him think work is supposed to be drudgery punctuated by very occasional moments of happiness, but when I say happiness, I mostly mean distraction. You know what I mean?"

"No, please elaborate."

"Okay, say you go into the break room," she said, "and a couple people you like are there, say someone's telling a funny story, you laugh a little, you feel included, everyone's so funny, you go back to your desk with a sort of, I don't know, I guess *afterglow* would be the word. You go back to your desk with an *afterglow*, but then by four or five o'clock the day's just turned into yet another day, and you go on like that, looking forward to five o'clock and then the weekend and then four or three annual weeks of paid vacation time, day in day out, and that's what happens to your life."

"Right," Clark said. He was filled in that moment with an inexplicable longing. The previous day he'd gone into the break room

what it had been like when that motion had started: walk into a room, flip a switch and the room floods with light. The trouble was she wasn't sure if she remembered or only imagined remembering it. She ran her fingertips over a lime-and-white china box on the bathroom counter, admired the smudges of Q-tips inside before she pocketed them. They had been useful for cleaning ears and musical instruments. Kirsten looked up and met her own gaze in the mirror. She needed a haircut. She smiled, then adjusted her smile to lessen the obviousness of her most recently missing tooth. She opened a cabinet and stared at a stack of clean towels. The one on top was blue with yellow ducks on it and had a hood sewn into a corner

Why hadn't the parents taken the boy to their bed, if they had been sick together? Perhaps the parents died first. She didn't want to think about it.  
The door to the spare bedroom had been closed, the window open a crack, so the carpet was ruined but the clothes in the closet had escaped the smell of death. She found a dress she liked, soft blue silk with pockets, and changed into it while August was still in the boy's bedroom. There was also a wedding gown and a black suit. She took these for costumes. What the Symphony was doing, what they were always doing, was trying to cast a spell, and costume-ing he said; the lives they brushed up against were work-worn and difficult. People who spent all their time engaged in the tasks of survival. A few of the actors thought Shakespeare would be more reliable if they dressed in the same patches and faded clothing their audience wore, but Kirsten thought it meant something to let in a shirt.

with her head down, she had done something different with her hair. She was sitting here, but I'm talking about someone who is not a person and it's obvious. And you've got a terrible marriage, it's like having a wife at home, and don't ask how I know that, even if you've got a terrible marriage. A successful-but-unhappy person who works on a change a little, probably, if you coach him. I don't write that down. Let me rephrase that. Ok... but he'll still be a joyless bastard." "I exhibit a turnaround of sorts, he'll improve in the long run." "Dahlia said, 'I'll bet you can coach Dahlia about, then?' " "You had differences between changing people in a certain area, but when they see the report they haven't changed what they're perceived as needing to do. That's a really interesting thing. 'I mean, do you coach, do they ever actually change? I mean, while you said?' " "Remembered, had used the word *insure*. 'You've been in previous interviews, when his questions had come to a certain point, someone had called her a little different. Some