

# JACQUELINE FRYER (SHE/HER)



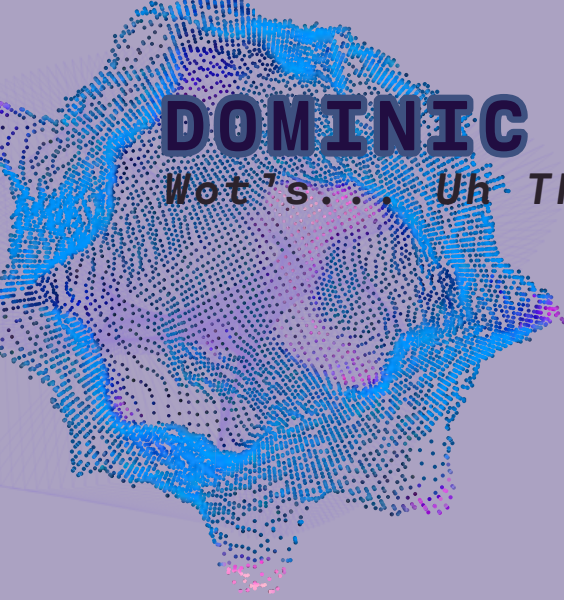
## ARTIST BIO

**As an avid daydreamer, I find myself enjoying my time in my head all of the time. My imagination has no limits, and sometimes that is a struggle. While I'm up in the clouds, I realize the beauty of my life is passing in front of me.**



# DOMINIC CANGINO

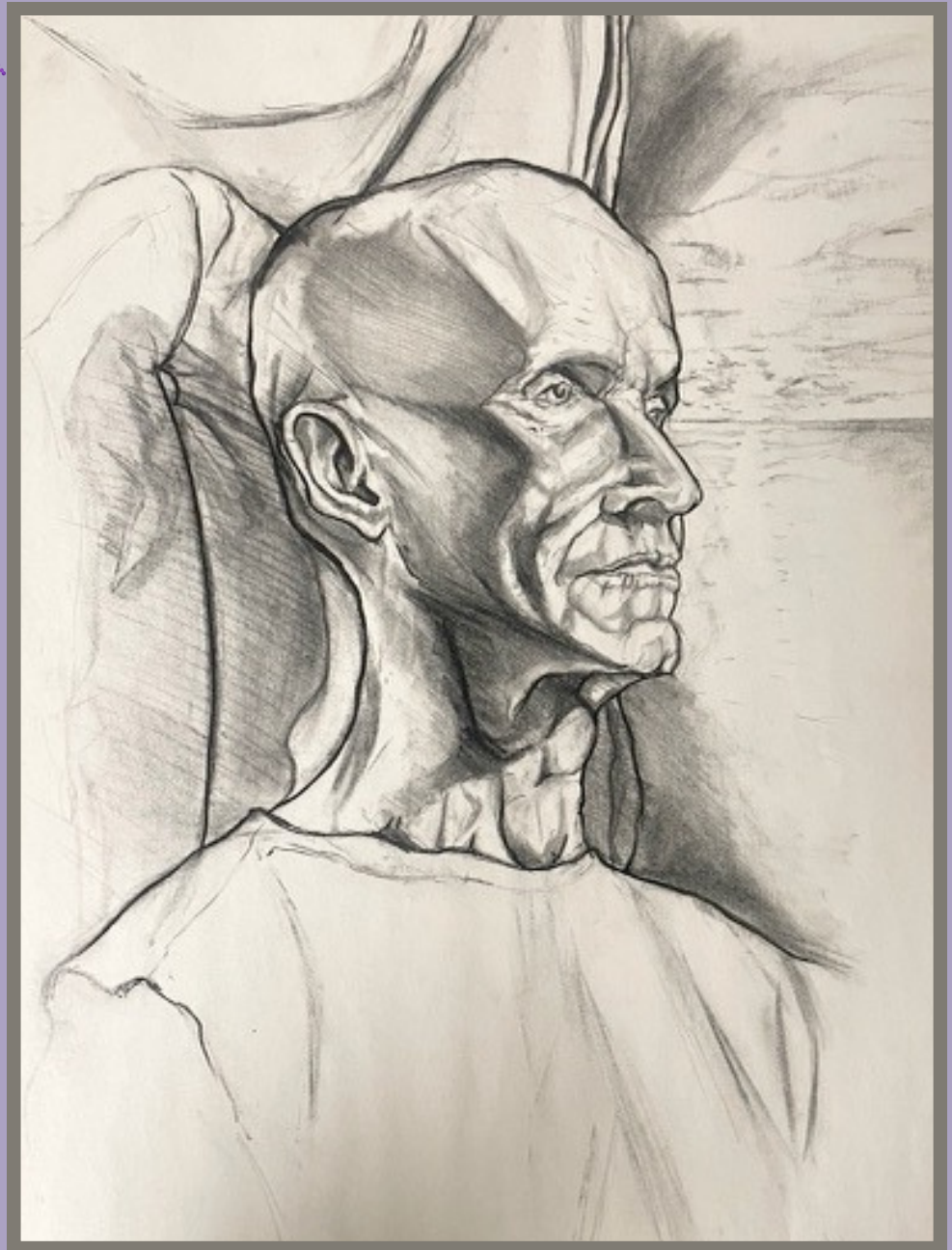
Wot's... Uh The Deal?



**MEDIUM: CHARCOAL**

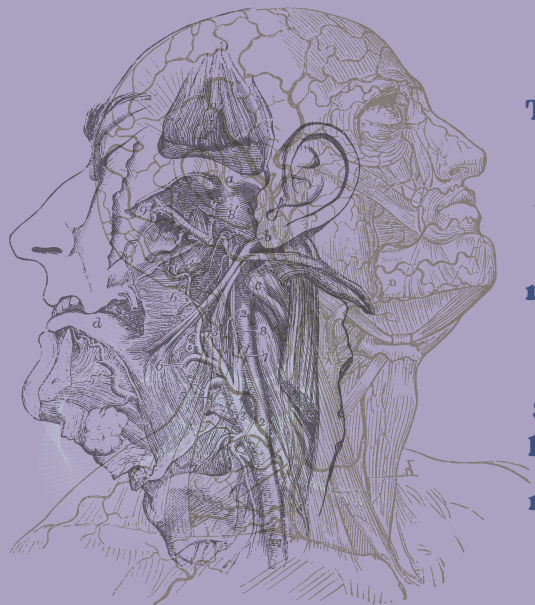
**CANVAS: 18X24 IN  
NEWSPAPER**

**TIME FRAME: 3 1/2 HOUR IN  
PERSON PORTRAIT DRAWING**



## ARTIST BIO

The making of this piece was during the summer while in Wisconsin undergoing an internship. My weekends mostly made up of figure drawing and this one in particular catches my eye cause of my deep thought of time while creating the piece. I added in the old chair behind the older man with a water horizon to grasp the release of seeing the light at the end and almost the fascination with the harmony of being in a beautiful place and thinking about the past. Somewhere within the time frame of making the piece I saw that within the person I was drawing a further more room the time charcoaling to reflect on my own self and put my own twist into the secondary background of the piece.



# falling out of love with you

by maya marie

i think i'm falling out of love with you  
like how a woman falls in love with her first house  
only for it to need tedious renovations.  
like how a child celebrates excitedly over a new toy  
only to grow bored of it as soon as the next season arrives.

my nails grow long and i want to bite them.  
i think i dated you just to spite them.  
spite who? you ask me solemnly, white knuckling my shoulders  
like you're attempting to contain me in some sunken little box  
on this bed of yours.

the truth is, i never knew.

you're a keepsake in this lonely lady's unkempt heart  
with a soul like knives and daggers, trespassed with difficulty.  
he will always be my present memory,  
a perfect picture of the past,  
and a remnant of a future i never could have formed.

i think i'm falling out of love with you  
like how a mother bears her firstborn child with the highest hopes  
and sweetest intuition,  
only for the infant to wail all throughout the night  
and for the toddler to formulate nonsensical ultimatums  
and for the adolescent to start forming their own opinions  
and for the teenager to make rash and impulsive decisions.  
the matriarch questions if a fitting reward will ever be granted for  
her bare-boned burden.

i fear, if we had kids, that they would take after me.

my attempt to fall in love with you wasn't based in untruth,  
but the original urge had washed over me like a cold shower in the  
dead of winter;  
unpleasant, but deserved.  
i blankly stare into the little blacks of your eyes as i bring you in  
and out of focus.  
you'll become just as blurry as time crawls on.

i think i will always remember the four corners of your bedroom,  
the walls seductively speaking of monsters and argument and  
misunderstanding,  
when only months before they had been coated and caked with  
affection,  
softness and bliss.

i think i'm falling out of love with you like a coal miner searching  
for gold;  
it was never his purpose to begin with.  
instead, he finds black and black and black  
digging deeper and deeper and deeper  
hoping to penetrate the heart of this edifice to find something  
worthwhile.  
but all along, this palace was unbreakable,  
not because of the man who built it  
but because of the woman who winced at the thought of even  
knocking on the door.

i fall out of love with you like i'm a child and you're a pile of fresh  
autumn leaves,  
like a candle i burned too much too quickly and now i am sick of  
the scent,  
like a worm sticking his head out of an apple for air  
only to get pummeled by the wind.  
too much of a good thing is never great.

i fall fully, finally, forever.  
and a part of me knew i should've known better,  
because i predicted i'd fall out of love with your grace,  
even when i wasn't supposed to be in love in the first place.



## Author Bio

Hi! I'm Maya Marie Coles and I'm pursuing a bachelor's degree in English at the University of La Verne. I write poetry with concentrations in femininity, adolescence, and relationships, and had my first anthology published this past summer. As a person who thrives on fluctuation and craves every aspect of change, one of the only consistent attributes of my life has been writing. I love the endless and boundless creativity that a blank document is able to provide for me. Writing is my reason for being, and I am very grateful for its permanence within me.



# Literature Review

By Clara-Lane



*If on a winter's night a traveler* by Italo Calvino is a whirlwind of parodies that string together to create a fabulous metafictional novel. Reading Calvino is akin to climbing a mountain, you cannot take in the whole view until the last pages. But along the way— you will be in an abandoned train station at midnight with an empty suitcase, an unassuming reader in a bookstore trying to find a finished copy of a novel, break someone out of prison with a woman who paints sea shells, make assassination attempts on some poor bloke named Jojo, establish a delicate connection with another reader named Ludmilla and her horrid sister Lotoria— and by the end of the novel you will find yourself in a state of suspended animation. Calvino will immerse and indulge you only as far as he wishes. This is not a novel for those who desire a straight forward, cookie-cutter ending— and if you are, dear reader, you will find yourself in a plot that resembles Zeno's Paradox; when you think you are reaching a satisfying ending, you are merely at a halfway point, and since there is an infinite number of halfway points, you will never reach a finite ending.



*If on a winter's night  
a traveler*

italo  
calvino

I enjoyed this novel because it opens a discussion about literature that I find necessary. Calvino is asking us to break the boundaries to which we confine traditional novels. We are at the mercy of an unreliable narrator, with no explicit plot, location, characters or themes. But by the end of *If on a Winter's Night a Traveler*, it is clear that there is no "correct" way to write a story or end a story. Calvino broadens the scope at which we look at novels, and fearlessly generates a new type of literature all together.

