The Plan II Honors Program office at UT is constantly bustling with students there to study, socialize, seek advising, or just grab a cookie from the communal cookie jar. Despite the commotion and excitement that may arise, Dr. Wettlaufer’s door is always open, welcoming students to come to her and seek her out for whatever they may need. Since her warm welcome in 2017 to her current position as the Plan II Honors program Director, she has proven time and time again to be dedicated to promoting the growth of and providing support to all her students.
For her dedication to her students, for her thorough appreciation for the arts, and for her continued support of our magazine’s mission, we dedicate this volume of Apricity to Dr. Alexandra Wettlaufer.
When we think about myths, we think of stories long past, covered in a thick epidermis of dust. Notions of thousand acre peach orchards and Hades’ pomegranate offering seem distant from our lives. Yet, through veils of magical artifacts, we encounter narratives mirroring our own.

Welcome to the study of peaches and pomegranates. Here we explore perceptions of mythology with fruits. Both of these fruits explore the essences of Persephone and Xiwangmu, a western goddess of death and an eastern goddess of life. For centuries, the cycles of life prevailed through myths and wonder. This volume explores the tender dichotomy of the heavens and the underworld. This is Apricity Magazine Volume III.

This literary and arts magazine attempts to shed light on the essences of peaches and pomegranates through the selections of work and our visual layout. We represent the essences of peaches and pomegranates by playing with new ways of displaying art and including hand drawn elements as a nod to the past. The bottom of this edition’s pages are lined with unique shades, slowly shifting from pomegranate to peach hues. As the color scheme transitions, so does the content as the reader explores the myths behind our titular fruits.

Pomegranates reflect a progression towards a cessation of time, a finality. A pomegranate reflects of death and age. John Bosworth’s haunting poem “Seven Plagues” follows a loss of innocence. “Nulla” directed by Jean Claude Billmaier expresses, through choreography and video editing, “the daily struggle of... winding down and resetting one’s energy levels back to zero”. Courtney Mattison’s spiraling mural, “Confluence (Our Changing Seas V),” aims to educate its viewers about the devastation of coral bleaching along Indonesia’s coral reefs.

Peaches, on the other hand, reflect youthfulness, the sensations and saturations of life. A peach bring promises of new lives and the future. Anna Dolliver’s playful “Buttercream” vividly describes a memory of a young girl, interrupting the mundaneness of life with the sweet magic of buttercream frosting. In this section, we have republished selections from Analecta, to acknowledge our predecessors and continue their creative visions. Richard Blaquière’s large-scale symphonic poem, “Three Images of Norway,” paints a musical depiction Norwegian landscapes and phenomena.

Apricity strives to detail an exploration of life and the human experience through art. Here, we aspire to comprehensively embrace the arts and communicate personal stories through the literary, visual, and performing arts. We hope to spark a curiosity while encountering the stories around us as we continue our own narratives.

I have been especially sensitive to life cycles this year as my time as Editor-in-Chief of Apricity comes to its close. Born on August 2016, Apricity was a healthy and hungry baby. These past three volumes, through the routine submission cycles, evaluations, and production seasons, I have watched her take her first clumsy steps, cry, and grow. Nearly three years later, she has come a long way from her first inception at the Joynes Reading Room. Today, she has handful of admirers, started a pilot program to mentor other young publications, traveled to New York City for award ceremonies, and hosts artistic talent showcased in college classrooms and National Public Radio. As I pass her on to trusted hands, I can’t help but feel nostalgic about her past and excited about her new developments. With every volume and every season she evolves. Shifting from essences of pomegranates to peaches, Apricity sheds part of her past to scale new horizons.

Margaret Siu
 BEFORE WE BEGIN OUR EXPLORATION of the dichotomies between the heavens and the underworld, we start with a brief exploration of mythology and the arts.

We journeyed to New York City this past spring to speak with Dr. Betty Sue Flowers. Dr. Flowers was the former director of the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library, the first woman to lead the Plan II Honors Program, and Museum and an Emerita Professor of English at the University of Texas at Austin. Dr. Flowers edited and acted as a consultant to the 1988 documentary and book, *The Power of Myth*, a series of interviews between Joseph Campbell and Bill Moyers. She has transported her studies of poetry and mythology to advising entities such as NASA and the National Endowment for the Humanities.
Margaret Siu: How do you define mythology and why is it relevant?

Betty Sue Flowers: Myth is a cultural story that if we believe in, we don’t even notice it as a myth. So we tend to label myths as things that have already passed. So it’s a big story. As I often say, we’re now in the economic myth. Which is that growth is the idea. So just because it’s a big cultural story doesn’t mean it’s untrue, it just means that the big story we live in without much examination.

M: How did your interest in myth begin?

B: As a child. I noticed that something would happen and my mother would respond in one way and my father in another. And I’d say, “what is this? It’s the same thing that happened, so how’s that possible?” And it turns out that it’s the story they were telling about what was going on that they responded to, not the thing.

And so I began to notice that people experience life mediated to the stories they told about reality. And because these stories varied from person to person, I began thinking of them slightly as fictions. Some are more enabling than others, some are closer to facts than others. And then I liked the Greek myths.

M: How do you define art? What’s your definition of art?

B: What’s my definition of art? Well, it’s interesting, because anything can be made into art if it’s looked at and framed. So to me, art is something that you dwell with long enough to see, and then there’s a frame put around it, and that’s the part that the artist contributes. Whether it’s poetry in meter or not meter… And sometimes what you look at is an idea an idea in your own head, so art is something that has been dwelt with I’d say to the point of love or some deep emotion, and framed.

M: In the book that you edited, The Power of Myth, there’s a Shakespeare quote in there that said, “Art is a mirror held up to nature.” Do you agree with that definition? And how does that definition supply to your definition?

B: I slightly disagree, because it’s not just a mirror. The thing about the mirroring is that if we really saw nature as it is, it would be a mirror, but most of us do not see nature as it is. We have to have a little intervention in order to see. And that intervention is art. So while I don’t disagree art is a mirror held up to nature, there’s something else that’s missing in that quote that is the intervention, and that’s where the artist comes in.

M: How do you define intervention, then?

B: It’s something that makes it strange – that’s what I mean by framing. It’s something that says “look and dwell at the things we pass by a million times and don’t notice. I think mythology is a source of art. It itself is not art. All these stories are – many of them are archetypal, which is why it’s lasted so long. But they keep popping up because they’re so rich that they make us stop to consider, dwell, then refashion or re-frame. So they keep popping up. Xuan Yen, or the goddess figure, keeps popping up in every culture. Because when we are grateful for what the Earth gives us and its fecundity, we tend to associate that archetype with a female. That’s why the goddess keeps popping up.

M: In that case, what is a myth that you see that continues on in America and modern-day life?

B: We’re completely caught by the hero myth. We look for the hero myth everywhere. Even when it’s not helpful. So quick to pounce on anyone being less than a hero, we’re quick to look for a villain, it’s a peculiarity of American history that because we were founded partially by a religious puritanism that we tend to associate the hero with the good guy and the opposition with the bad guy. We can’t imagine two heroes fighting each other the way the Greeks could. Achilles and Hector fight each other. They’re both heroes! But we have to have a good guy and a bad guy, so even our news media tend to do that. They’re very influenced by the hero myth.

M: There’s a really interesting quote also in your book that said – I think Campbell said this – that “America has no ethos.” Do you agree with that?

B: I don’t agree with that, no. But I know where he’s coming from because we are comprised of so many cultures that we don’t have a single overarching ethos, but I think there’s enough of our national story that creates it.
Table of Contents
Fruit of the Lost | Kiran Gokal
L'une | Catalin Ilinca
Outer Seychelles II | Courtney Mattison

Seven Plagues | John Bosworth
Constant Fear | Lorgio Nim
Digital Painting

My Life Where Desden Used to Be | Carl Boon
Spencer | Sofia Mock

Ninth Birthday | Donna Emerson
Canika | Sofia Mock

Fall | Amy Gravell

Bass | Marty Carlock
Stop Reminding Me I am Black (3) | Lakita Costner

The Gentle Fish | Peycho Kanev
Lobster Nets | Ian Fenelley

Magic Vent | Sarah Grace Forbes
Cigarette Levitation | Anne Tsvell
Asian Girl | Catalin Ilinca

Dividing by Halves | Aaliyah Jenkins
Transcendence | Mariah Marshall

Its Time Has Not Yet Come | Rajnish Mishra
Arizona’s Dream | Catalin Ilinca

The Ball Game | Jim Richards
8 Luv U (Love all about you) | Annessa Morrison

Figure (No.1) | Shahryar Medi
Fox Bellies | John Bosworth

Nulla | Jean Claude Billmaier

Paul Woodruff | Juan Alvarez

Confluence (Our Changing Seas V) | Courtney Mattison

Peach Fuzz | Noel Larcher
DR #30 | Marco Mori

Buttercream | Anna Dolliver
Zen – L’une | Catalin Ilinca
Iteration (Sestina) | Anika Prakash
Alter Ego II | Catalin Ilinca

Creation | Richard Brostoff
I am | Jennifer Balkan

Philosopher’s Guild | Neha Dronamraju
Dani | Sofia Mock

Repurification | Thomas Wenglinski

Analecta Dedicaiton

Doublet | Madeleine F. Guy
Alan’s Theremin | Keith Padriac Chew

Dancing Cosmos | Kye Hyun Park

Composition | Valerie Griggs

Dancing Cosmos | Kye Hyun Park

 Hooks | Daphne Thieu-Uyen Do
sun seeker | Anna Dolliver

May You Revisit this
Memory Often | Yvonne Leach
Domestic 3 | Julian Haron

Three Images of Norway | Richard Blaquière

Beili Liu | Madeleine Richter-Atkinson

JUSTITIA, MISS, INTERACTION | Marco Mori

Black Capped Chickadee | Adam Mann
pomegranate

death // the cessation of time
// Περσεφόνη, Persephone //
a yawning abyss //
goodbye
L'une
Artist | Catalin Ilinca
Painting
Fruit of the Lost

Author | Kiran Gokal

It began with a crack. The Earth split and out from the darkness emerged the lost Goddess, bathed in an unlikely celestial light. In her hand, she clutched six tiny seeds; blood-red and estranged – taken from their origin, as if to spite the Universe and make right her own injustice. They symbolize a pact with death and the fleeting nature of freedom.

The deep red hue of the pomegranate brings the visceral sight of blood to mind – the fruit of the dead, as it’s been coined from its significance in mythology. Ironically, the fruit is also a symbol for life, fertility, and prosperity. Where does its connotation as the emblem for the dead come from?

Legend has it that the Greek goddess, Persephone, refused to eat or drink anything that Hades offered her in the Underworld. The grief of being estranged from her home too much for her to bear and the fear that if she did take the offerings, she’d be bound in the darkness for eternity. Instead, she ate six seeds out of a ripe, scarlet pomegranate, only accepting the darkness of the dead for six months out of the whole year. And yet, binding herself to the realm of the dead.

While the pomegranate was Persephone’s chance of freedom, for my grandmother, it was a link to her home. It’s a fruit that is as culturally rooted in her heritage as it is geographically, originating in the lands of modern-day Iran and Northern India. Perhaps her fondness of them allowed her a memory of her past – of her first home. Just like Persephone, my grandmother’s heart was split in two places. And like Persephone, she had to brave the death of that part of herself that longed for familiarity and hearth for a new, more permanent home.

For both, pomegranates encapsulate a melancholy metaphor; inside the many-seeded fruit, the sorrow of their situation fester, yet the optimism of renewal also takes a seat. Reminding them of events that killed a part of themselves that once thrived and that, going forward, will forever be changed.

The woman I knew as a child was not the woman she was before she immigrated. I knew her as my grandma, Daulat Bano Gokal, not Dolly as she was affectionately called by my grandpa. I knew her as the woman who took care of me, who would cook the most delicious and fragrant curries one could think of, and who spent her days devoted to strengthening her bond with Allah. But I did not know of her life across the Atlantic Ocean. Who was that little girl who loved eating pomegranates on the hottest summer days? By the time I was old enough to become curious, she was older and frailer with each passing year, the generational gap eventually exceeding the point of return. All I have left after she passed is fond memories of her as my grandmother and the image of her favorite fruit -- the pomegranate that covets now just a whisper of her vibrant life before she uprooted herself for the sake of freedom and opportunities for her grandchildren.

Outer Seychelles II
Artist | Courtney Mattison
Sculpture
Seven Plagues

Author | John Bosworth

For the first plague, we were given a pomegranate tree we were forbidden from tasting or leaning against. On October nights of wind, from silk pillows, we watched the shadows of pomegranates thrash and shudder through the curtains, a kind of diabolical harvest.

The second plague came in the form of an ice-storm adorning every pomegranate with a thin cage of ice, followed by what felt like many months of gray stillness, followed by a night (the same night I learned how to comb your hair) of pomegranates snapping from their branches one by one, shattering their brilliant reds against the frozen black earth.

The third plague had something to do with clarity. Though at this point in our lives, the tree was erased from our backyard, we placed a stethoscope against the skin of each desired market fruit, listening for something like the sound of memory shattering. This was before the fourth plague brought with it the moment when two lovers blink in full sunlight with the recognition they are walking toward different homes with different market bags, like a familiar pair of impossibly soft hands slicing open a pomegranate and placing each seed at the center of a small white plate.

These were the days when I had taken to picturing you taking off your sweater and diving in a marble fountain filled with pomegranate seeds spilling from its edges.

By the time you emerged from the fountain’s far side, the fifth plague had already swept across my mind so every seed was bursting with blood, your blood and my blood seeping through the cracks in the marble.

I could barely make out the meaning of the sixth plague, always coming to me, as it did, as a lullaby sung faintly from the next room, and the next, as though survival depended upon the voices of children, following me across the train-cars, the libraries, the dusty, empty churches of my travels, sounding to my ears like the lament of a boy faced in the other direction, toward the glass above the altar, columns of light and dust moving through his melody… And now that it’s morning and I am looking out the window at the first light, straining to remember that same fragment of song, the seventh plague flickers briefly in my vision: a pomegranate tree resurrecting from the emptiness, a floating sea of brilliant reds blinding me for a bit before receding to the earth like water…

But how can this vision be true? How, at the midmost point of summer, when the pomegranates have long been withered, when I am no longer a child pretending to be made and unmade as clay by your hand?
Constant Fear
Artist | Lorgio Nim
Digital Painting
“Spencer”
Artist | Sofia Mock
Drawing
My Life Where Dresden Used to Be

Author | Carl Boon

morning, small blondes carrying cakes
and my brother doing equations
on the good linen napkins
my mother kept for company.

There are many ways of being scolded.
We knew when Mother’s lipstick smeared
how unhappy she was, and fed us
Butterbrot as if it were a sin to eat at all.

When the Soviet gunners made Kamps
on Altmarkt The Red Star instead,
when they raped my sister twice,
we took the knives from the drawer

but could do nothing with them. It was hot
that March and my mother put the silver
in the hollowed-out Goethe, mumbling
könnte sein, könnte sein. I ate my fingers,

pretending they were potatoes, and prayed
the Americans were closer than Freiberg.
Goebbels on the radio said we must love
one another as der Führer loves us.

My father, dead in Leipzig, knew better
than to live. Deprived of water, that long
summer’s end, he hanged himself
on a bed sheet and never landed.
I want those. Patrice grabs hot-pink ribbons from Chloe’s box of wrapped flowers. Chloe says, My mother wants them back.

That's when the ripping begins. Where there was pink unfolding, now shreds of green box and tissue paper until those closest to the nearly distressed birthday girl press hands over their dresses. That isn't very nice. Legs cross, hands fold, Patrice stuffs her wrappings under her homemade skirt.

They sit near her. Oh, to be near the one who receives gifts.

Michella says, I’m wearing my Christmas dress. Patrice says, I’m wearing the dress my mother made for me. It’s gingham.

Susan sits at her feet to hand the presents up. Hands and legs slow down, each one holds a box, passes it over. She unwraps.

Ohh ahh hands pause, to let in their sounds of heaven.
Kanika
Artist | Sofia Mock
Photography
Meant to depict the fall of Man, *Fall* relies on two themes and two pitch centers. The first theme is for the curious Man, looking around the world into which he has been created. It begins in D Major, but soon plays with mode, a reflection of how Man could not resist exploring his free will. The piece transitions into a pitch center as far from the original as I found possible - down a tritone to G#. - and plays with diminished intervals. The style becomes darker and playful, meant to illustrate the Devil and his allure. A conversation between the two develops, until the themes overlap and the darker music takes over, for the evil power has won. In this aspect of Man's story, evil must be victorious, as it has stained the heart of Man.

*Fall* was Gravell’s first composition for the string quartet medium, read by the Attacca Quartet in 2018. The Attacca Quartet served as the Juilliard Graduate Resident String Quartet and for the 2014-2015 season served as the Quartet in Residence by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.
Bass

Author | Marty Carlock
the fly looks delicious
her pursed lips inhale it

it won’t go down
such pain

she has lost volition
tries to turn and swim
is tugged to the air
shudders at his rude touch

hangs stiff knowing herself
dead

Nice bass says the fisherman
he slips the pain from her throat

I don’t eat em
tosses her to the river
stunned, she swims into the murk

Stop Reminding Me I am Black (3)
Artist | Lakita Costner
Print
Lobster Nets
Artist | Ian Fenéley
Ink, Watercolor
The Gentle Fish

Author | Peycho Kanev

My mama,
made of light, hazy stars and music,
swam gently through the chaos of the world.
At 66 she got tired of all this,
tired of the hard and muddy water;
she rose to the gleaming surface
and said she’ll be home just before dark,
then she collapsed into the photo album
from where she gently smiles at me.
Magic Vent

Author | Sarah Grace Forbes

She was eleven the first time it happened, and at first she thought it was part of a dream. Dreams expire slowly. They hang around a while after sleep is gone, in the murmur of old stairs or in the dry rattle of air across a vent. Plus, she dreamed about voices all the time. But she was awake this morning, and had been for a while.

She was practicing her signature in a notebook – The “y” in Evelyn always rebelled– when she heard the voices.

“Shut up,” one voice hissed, quiet and mean.

Evelyn paused and looked around, but no one else was in her bedroom.

“She can’t hear us,” the other voice said. It was also hushed, too muffled to be recognizable.

Evelyn paused in her lettering. The voices were coming from the vent at the foot of her desk – something that seemed impossible, because no one lived in the little vent in her room, except maybe mice.

An “I hate you” interrupted her train of thought, and at that moment she became so interested in the people from the vent that the problem of their existence seemed unimportant.

No one told her that she was not dreaming; she knew by instinct that she was awake. The cold light coming through the window, the heavy weight in her lungs, and the old pain of a bruise on her temple all confirmed it.

“I thought I told you to shut up,” the other voice said.

The flush of discovering a magical vent made her whole body hot, enough that she dropped her pencil from burning palms.

But she forgot this encounter almost immediately, and she wouldn’t remember until about a month later, when the voices returned. This time it was night. Her sheets smelled like the soap grandma used in the laundry and the warm paralysis of sleep was sweet. The air was warm but not oppressive, and as she fell asleep she could feel her body numbing from the bottom up. One by one the sensation of blanketed toes began to disappear.

Until she heard it: “I don’t know why you had to be that way today.”

Evelyn sat upright at once, her drowsiness receding.

“Me? You don’t know why I had to be that way?”

The voices picked at each other like scabs, until the whispers sounded bloody and raw.

Evelyn felt herself licking her lips a lot; she fell asleep with a dry mouth and a chapped feeling around her lips.

The uneasiness inspired by the vent-people lingered on into the next day; by lunchtime, her discomfort was noxious. Even her father smelled it.

“Something wrong, Evie?”

“You ever hear voices in the vents, Daddy?”

Evelyn’s mother, who was fixing lunch at the kitchen counter, looked at her sharply.

“What? No, Evie,” he said, frowning. “Is it ‘coons in the walls again? Is it that goddamned animal the Johnson boys were feeding?”

“Maurice, language,” Evelyn’s mother said, gentling her father with a soft touch to the shoulder.

Her father grunted. “Those animals breed. They’ll be everywhere if those goddamned things aren’t taken care of.”

“Maurice.”

“‘T’ll be hell to pay, is all I’m saying. That’s all I’m saying, woman.” Evelyn liked the way her father said woman. It was firm, authoritative. She liked that, even when it meant her parents were fighting.

By nighttime, she had forgotten about the voices, and they seemed to have forgotten about her. When she fell asleep the night was empty as always.

Later, Evelyn thought that the voices might have been part of the house – a small ranch home with drafty corners and a shower that was always clogged (your hair’s got up in the drain again, woman). Or maybe it was part of the town, a muggy Baptist outpost about 70 miles from Houston. Or even part of her. At eleven, bodiless voices seem like they might come from anywhere.

Other than the voices, the summer seemed to be going pretty well. In May she went to gymnastics camp and perfected her back hand spring. June had been very busy – she went to the public pool almost every weekend, read the fifth Harry Potter novel, and made friendship bracelets for each girl in Girl Scout Troop 56. In July she’d turned 12 and gotten her first period. Now it was August, and hot.

Cal Fischer balanced the water balloon on his knees, perched halfway up a live oak. “Evie, Evie,” he said breathlessly. His dark eyes were solemn.

“I swear to Jesus, Cal. If you throw that thing at me.” Her hands were on her hips, like they often were these days. She liked the feel of them, a little less narrow, a little softer now that she was 12.

Cal gave her a grave look from above. “The spirit’s moving me. I can’t control it.” His mother made him go to Bible school every Sunday, and religion was starting to rub off on him.

“My mamma will kill me if you get this blouse wet. It’s new.” This approach had worked in the past, though appealing to Cal’s dubious sense of compassion was a crapshoot at best.
“I call bullshit. You’ve been wearing that one at school for months.” The water balloon moved smoothly from his knees to one hand. Evelyn’s face darkened.

“I swear to Jee-e-sus, Caleb.”

Cal crossed himself mockingly, giving her a hard little smile. Her leg muscles tensed, anticipating the cock of his elbow. Cal was gunning to really piss her off today. These water balloon assaults, though infrequent, were another instance of Cal’s intolerable weirdness, and he was getting weirder every year. It was like he didn’t understand how mature she was now, or why these ambushes weren’t funny anymore.

Evelyn sighed. “Do you at least have the sandwiches?”

“Obviously. They’re up here. A gentleman never goes back on his word.”

She narrowed her eyes at him. “You didn’t say I’d have to climb the tree to get one.”

“That’s the point of a water balloon ambush. You don’t know it’s coming. Now, get up here or run away if you think you can make it.”

“You smug SOB,” she muttered, but approached the tree trunk. Neither of them knew what SOB meant, but whenever Evelyn’s dad said it her mother gave an exaggerated sigh, so she knew it must be bad.

The bark scraped her skin as she climbed, scrabbling upwards with less grace than Cal. She hated climbing trees now, and he knew it. Resorting to surprise water balloon attacks to force her to engage in childish activities was a new low. By the time she grasped a higher branch and pulled herself into the v-shape of the trunk, there were thin red scrapes all along her legs.

“Jesus, Cal. You know what my mamma’s going to say about this.”

“Whatever.” Call shrugged one shoulder and tossed her a ham sandwich. “How’d you get that one?” he asked, nodding at the bruise on her forehead.

Evie fiddled with the sandwich and shrugged back. The Ziploc bag was misty on the inside and the bread was soggy, but she started eating anyway. “I’m just saying, my mamma’s not
Cal looked about shiftily. “I believe in God,” he said. Then, more quietly: “Don’t you?”
“Maybe the Holy Ghost,” she said.
That was something the rude voice in the vent would have laughed at. “A little early for liturgy, isn’t it?” she could hear it saying nastily.
Dropping his empty Ziploc to the ground, Cal nodded in the way he did when he had stopped listening to her. “My mom says we’re going to Italy to see the pope next year for Christmas break. I have Italian cousins, you know.” His drawl wrapped around the word eye-talian, and she felt her cheeks heat.
“Godamn Catholics,” Evie said. Her father complained about the Catholics regularly. Cal took the insult in stride, snorting.
“You’re just jealous,” he said, but his cheeks were dark too.
After spring break, things had grown strange and thick between them. He no longer tugged her ponytail with the same vicious glee but with certain gentleness, and discomfort had blossomed in the spaces between their bodies when they whispered to each other.
“Whatever,” she said. “Listen, have you ever seen a miracle?”
Cal gave her a sidelong look. “Like an act of God?”
“Yeah, I guess. Something you couldn’t explain.”
He furrowed his brow. “Well, once I prayed that Mrs. Goodwin wouldn’t see me stealing candy at the Dollar General, and it worked.”
“That doesn’t count,” Evelyn said. “And my mamma says shoplifting is for white trash.”
“Well, she would know.”
Evelyn said nothing, but Cal seemed to sense her annoyance. It pricked at her skin like dead grass. Her nails dug into the bark a little too hard.
“Christ, leave if you’re so stuck up,” Cal said, and looked away from her.
For a moment she wasn’t sure if she should leave. The way he was glaring at the ground felt important, and she thought if she stayed maybe she would tell him about the voices in the vents. She needed to tell someone.
She dropped from her branch, pain screaming through her knees when she hit the ground. Boys were stupid, she thought. Cal was a god-
funny.
and his arms were too long for his body. But he
but she noticed him. His nose was bigger now,
legs had changed, the way they curved in new
legs. She wondered if Cal noticed the way her
her body and gazed at the ugly scrapes on her
tered to herself as she peeled sweaty clothes off
fragrance of beef.
angry at the way smoke mingled richly with the
“ And cover those legs. God knows you’re a mess. ”
Evie fled down the hallway and into her room,
“Evie,” her father said, still holding her moth-
er’s neck, “Your mamma cooked us a beautiful
meal tonight.”
The stew sat uncovered on the stove, the
burner switched off. But the smell was still rich
and warm.
“Yes, Daddy,” she said, because it was polite to
agree, and he was right.
“I’ll get the bowls out,” her mother said,
passing the sponge to her other hand. “Evie, why
don’t you start setting the table?” But her mother
didn’t move.
“Well, wait just a minute,” her father said.
Evie opened her eyes, and she could imagine
her parents’ voices sounding just a little different
now; drier, a pale echo carrying through dust
and metal.
“I don’t understand,” she said, and heard the
tightness in her own voice.
“I don’t blame you, Evie,” her father said. “I
don’t understand either. I don’t understand how
we can have a nice family meal with this god-
damned stench in the kitchen.”
Cal wasn’t like her father at all, she thought. A
man knows not to throw water balloons.
“Open another window,” she heard her
mother say.
“I’ll teach you to open a window,” her father
said.
She heard her mother scream – not in fear or
surprise, because her mother always knew what
What was coming – but in pain, in rage. Evie wasn’t
sure what had happened, but now her mother
was on the linoleum floor, the sponge pressed to
her temple.
Her father glanced at Evie. “She knew better, ”
he said softly. “The woman never learns.”
Cal believed in God, ate sandwiches on
Wonderbread, and was going to see the pope
for Christmas next year. He had a long nose and
longer arms.
“I know you’re a smart girl, Evie,” her father
said. “But women never do learn, do they?”
She thought maybe she liked Cal. Her mother
was crying a little, but she barely registered the
quiet whimpers. There were no magic vents, and
she felt much better, the steel band around her
chest lifting. She liked Cal, like-liked him. That
was the problem. Now that she knew, she could
breathe again. She looked at her father, at his
strong back, as he ladled stew into a bowl.
“We’ll do better, Daddy,” she said. “Don’t
worry about us.”
That was something the rude voice in the vent would
have laughed at. “A little early for liturgy, isn’t it?” she
could hear it saying nastily.
Dividing By Halves

Author | Aaliyah Jenkins

WHOLE.

“Can I lay here?”
I say to a lover after I’ve done what I expect they expect
Wondering if I’ll fit neatly in the space under bed
If I take up any space in their pretty head
Or if I’d be more agreeable at my place instead
They whisper “you were a vision,” and I forget I am fact
I give. They give, but I give back
Constantly, constantly dividing by half.

HALF.

“Can I stand here?”
I ask a close friend who pays little mind and assumes I’m being tactful
But I’m little more than a coat rack:
Supportive, silent, and a shrinking kind of bashful
I want to speak, but I’m self-dimmed; the glitter in my eye dulled
Terrified of gluttony, I pour myself out to give glasses half full
Friends strip me further of my hue, wishing they could be useful too
But I keep subtracting pieces they knew
Fragments of ‘me’ divided in two.

FOURTH.

“Can I sit here?”
I ask to a room full of peers whose faces repeat, endless
Whose words are a cacophony of self worth and assuredness
Assaulting the empty spaces constructed within
No guard between my form and the burden of ‘them’
I’ve always loved pointillism because it makes me feel sane
Disconnected details, to you a fully formed frame
I paint on my features, give myself a name
Once only a fourth, now only an eighth.
EIGHTH.

“Can I crouch here?”
In the corner of my dwindling soul
Barely subsisting on morsels I stole
I consume myself and bear the toll
For the love of those who call this place home
My liquor filled veins are more dense than I’d planned
Too heavy, too imposing, too much room I demand
Divide! divide! and divide again!

SIXTEENTH.

“Can I exist here?”
Must I reduce instead?
i paint myself the most obscene shade of red
Apologizing for the blood that I’ve bled
The impact I’ve had on repeat in my head
Everything and everyone I touch turns to space
I almost regret the words left on this page
But these words are all I have left I’m afraid
If you take nothing else from me, hear these words plain:
i love you, my dear
Please wax while I wane.
Arizona's Dream
Artist | Catalin Ilinca
Painting
Author | Rajnish Mishra

This is not the poem I always wanted to write.
Its time has not come, not yet.
This one is on what I always wanted to write,
but never did. I wanted to write of shiuli flowers in bloom.
No, it's not English, it rises from the soil: the name, not flower.
What about that strange sounding flower?
Nothing. It’s just a flower, white petals, saffron stalk.
In autumn nights, in the months before and after
the Mother's puja, this flower fills dark nights
with the light of sweetness. That's not enough.
There are flowers, bela, rajnigandha: white alright,
that bloom at night and smell as sweet. Yet,
this poem is not on them. They can't fill time
with their fragrance. I can't walk under their light
and suddenly get hit by a pleasant wave that goes
for over a meter, and few minutes or hours,
or points its fingers towards 'a long time ago'. Right?
No? Not you? This flower may not be magic for you.
The poem I want to write bangs fingers clenched
in a fist at mind's doors at workless nights, with a
leisurely walk under a shiuli tree, the ingredients
of the poem I always wanted to write for you.
Its time has not come, not yet.
The Ball Game

Author | Jim Richards

I can travel into the past.
In fact, I’m there right now
and all of you are with me
in the stadium again
so much younger than we were
fifty years from now, exploring
this strange moment filled with cheers,
corn dogs, and enormous foam fingers,
that we must have wanted to revisit
for some reason.
I can go back as far as I want
or even just a few minutes
to see if I might catch the homerun
that broke the freckled face of that lovely woman
in a green hat. I came here to see
what I might have done,
and I am doing it.
Problem is, traveling through time
erases memory, as you all know,
you who only travel forward
second by second into the future,
shuffling along in the line at the concession stand,
the smell of fresh pretzels seeming to slow time.
It doesn’t slow time. And the smell fades.

Going back, back, back makes
me blank, blank, blank; my mind
like a stage-shy singer who has forgotten
the lyrics to the national anthem.
The music goes on, and is familiar,
but meaningless.
I explore temporal destinations in the past
like a man who enters a room
and cannot remember why. Right now,
I am merely a second behind where I was.
Now, I am a hundred years from my future self.
And now a thousand. But no matter how far I travel
in this soft time-machine I call my body,
no matter how I fly through the void,
it seems I can only come back
to the present moment: the pitcher
looks over his shoulder at first base
to see if the rookie is going to steal;
the woman beside me brushes a bee
from the screen of her phone
as she browses through photographs of flowers;
an infinite number of other things happen
simultaneously, about to be lost forever.
8 Luv U (Love all about you)
Artist | Annessa Morrison
Acrylic
Figure (No.1)
Artist | Shahryar Medi
Painting
Fox Bellies

Author | John Bosworth

Mama ties the tied-together catgut from the gutter to the oak, pins her floral skirts to the catgut to dry in the yellow-bellied forenoon, and prays beside the billows in the grass to her God:

*God of crayon and cradle,*
*God of stain and stable,*
*God of phantom and fable,*
*Save me from O, save me from O,*
*I cannot remember from what or Who, O God,*
*the winds cause me and they cause me to forget, but they tell me there is something terrible to be saved from.*

Her prayer being sent, a great bellow-whisper of wind outs her skirts to the outskirts of the yard, where the foxes skirt, wielding eyes of Biblical glass.

Seeing their bellies, she remembers. Seeing her remember, they jeer, Catch for us the foxes, the little foxes that ruin the vineyards, our vineyards that are in bloom.

With their terrible teeth they rip the finespun florals of her skirts to ribbons in the finespun forenoon.

Though Mama has swaddled herself in pigeon-netting to ward off these circling spirits, though she has grain by grain built herself a pillar of salt to look back at and feel her own safety, though she has burnt her specter’s lipstick in the high-noon in a pit in the vector’s center, Mama’s God does not grant her respite from her trembling, for from her trembling comes prayer:

*God of stork and spindle,*
*God of fine-tined fork and time-lined teet,*
*O God of brine and barrow,*
*O God of spine and sparrow,*
*forgive me for forgetting the face of You, O God of sod and sorrow,*
*forgive me for my phantom-leap into the torn-up vineyards beyond the plot you have given me.*
*The foxes come closer with each forenoon. Let them loose upon me,*
*O God, if I deserve to be let loose upon.*
Nulla is the latest film by New York-based motion picture director Jean Claude Billmaier. The film represents a carefully constructed study of movement, with a crescendo of tension and energy being unleashed to an original score by long-standing collaborator, R&B singer and producer Toulouse.

Developed as a response to our work-driven lifestyles, Nulla visually expresses the daily struggle of the everyday person in winding down and resetting one's energy levels back to zero. Tension is portrayed as having a life of its own; it slowly makes itself known, settles and then returns as a disruptive force seeking to be released.

This level of tension is achieved through Loni Landon’s dance direction and Evan Copeland’s powerful performance. Working within the confined space of a hotel room, Landon translates the director's vision into frantic shapes and quick bursts of movement. In particular, she highlights the performer’s physical confinement by focusing on specific body parts, such as the neck, hands and feet. The film was choreographed with no music and shot with a handheld camera, allowing Copeland to spontaneously experiment with movements, textures and rhythm and work on a fast and constant buildup and release of energy.

Toulouse's original score complements the action, crafting an emotionally eerie and surreal soundscape. This film was an opportunity for the musician to compose to dance for the first time. He elaborates on Billmaier’s theme of tension and release by portraying the initial body movements through a tense sonic design, while gradually building momentum with a constant pulsing rhythmic element. He then interprets the dancer's final energy release with a series of percussive, soaring beats.

The addition of the over one hundred VFX shots amplifies the ecstatic, yet strenuous process of energy being discharged. By playing with the idea of invisible shards imprisoning us, Billmaier reflects on how our self-imposed restraints only become visible once we acknowledge them and are able to break away from them.
PROFESSOR PAUL WOODRUFF is well known for his influential written work on Socrates and Plato. He has translated Plato’s Phaedrus and Symposium along with many other Greek works. He served as Director of the Plan II Honors Program for 15 years before stepping down from the role in 2006. He continues to inspire students in the program by teaching courses through both his specialty in Ancient Greek Philosophy and courses like world literature. Dr. Woodruff loves sharing his wisdom with students through classes, conversations over lunch, and interviews like this one. Dr. Woodruff sat down with us to explore themes from classical mythology.
Juan Alvarez: This year, Apricity explores life and death through a mythological lens that draws from ancient Western and Eastern mythology. As an expert on Greek classics, how do you define mythology and what do you find fascinating about it?

Paul Woodruff: Well, I think of mythology as a set of not just stories, but the seeds of stories that can grow in different ways. It embodies the essentials of human experience and the human predicament. Basic mythology is boiled down in such a way that it can be molded in different ways by writers and poets. What I love about the way the Greeks especially use their mythology is that they were free to grow the stories in any direction they wanted. You could tell me your story about Achilles and I could tell you my story about Achilles. We're both making it up using some basic material that we share about Achilles but we're creating a story that captures something important about what it is to be human that the character represents.

J: I think mythology does provide insight into various aspects of human nature or experience. How did myths about life and death shape Greek attitudes toward life and death? How have they continued to influence Western culture and how we perceive life and death?

W: Well death is the greatest human mystery. A curtain drops and we don’t know what’s on the other side.

J: We tend to build myth around challenges that are universal like life and death. We want to delay death and many scientists think that in the next few decades medical science will postpone death indefinitely. Is the pursuit of immortality worthwhile?

W: Here myth can help us understand why that’s a terrible idea. The ancients built a mystery religion around Persephone called the Eleusinian Mysteries. You are initiated through a process that is like a second birth. You go down into a very dark place and come back into the light. You’re born again into a special relationship with the God that gives you a special deal after death. That idea of course, was taken up by the early Christians.

J: When I pick up a book I want to know how long it is. I want to know it has an end and because it has an end it has a structure. As I think about my life, I see it as having a shape and if it all got leveled out in a timeless way I just don’t know what the point would be of doing things. You certainly don’t want to be immortal if the people you love are mortal but if everyone were immortal we would have to stop having children or ruin the planet. We wouldn’t want the fresh way that children look at the world to go away or the fresh way that my students see things. I have almost 60 years more of life behind me than you do and it changes the way I see things. It would be horrible if your way of looking at the world were erased and everybody had this immense past that colored their experience. I vote against immortality.

W: I have grandchildren so there’s a future there that I’d like to see. It’s possible that people will read my books years from now and it’s also possible that they’ll be totally forgotten. It’s also possible that the values that I’ve taught will live on in the minds of my students. I’m always interested to see how different my ideas are when they’ve been absorbed by a student. If I were given the option of immortality, though, I would turn it down as I think any wise person would. I understand the temptation. I don’t want to give up my students, my family, or writing. I just consider how meaningless life would be if it had no temporal definition. On the one hand, the fact of death makes human striving seem absurd. On the other hand, the fact of death gives a type of definition to our lives that they would not otherwise have.
Courtney Mattison

"Like cities, coral reefs pulse in a frenzy of activity. From the tiniest snapping shrimp to the largest whale shark, coral reefs are sanctuaries for life's exuberance. In reefs as in cities, each individual plays a role that can affect how the ecosystem functions. The key to success is finding harmony in heterogeneity—unity in diversity. Yet today, reefs face unprecedented threats from human impacts. Confluence (Our Changing Seas V) pays homage to Indonesia’s coral reefs and the value they provide to Indonesians and the world while highlighting the threat of climate change and coral bleaching."

Permanent collection of the US Embassy, Jakarta, Indonesia, Art in Embassies, US Department of State
Confluence  
(Our Changing Seas V)  
Artist | Courtney Mattison  
Glazed stoneware, Porcelain
peach

life // fullness to bursting
// 王母娘娘, Queen Mother of the West //
sensation and saturation //
motion
When the moment you’re living is no longer the la, who is the person inhabiting your body?

You’re shadowed by a gnarly-barked peach tree. It’s late summer, and the spring dress straps pinch your shoulders, digging valleys into your skin, as you reach for the first low-hanging fruit you spot. The thin plateaus of cotton leave most of your back exposed and burning lightly to a spotty, soft pink. The perennial leaves don’t block out much. You’re four-years-old; you’re too young to appreciate (or even recognize) wisps of fuzz hovering between your fingers and the peach skin. How soft and malleable its flesh seems under your own round hands. Mom picks you up from beneath your arms. Without registering either way as up or down, your fingers slip and fling the orb of juice and newly-plucked tissue to the earth.

Who are you now?

What else besides fruit exists to be eaten? This thought does not find you before age 20. You know that you’re a boy, or something like a boy, long before that. And you definitely fear death, even before all of that. You sit in fifth-grade science class and watch your teacher explain how your body cycles in fresh, clean cells to most parts of
itself every seven years, replacing the old. That you basically die in a trillion little cell deaths as you age. That maybe your only connection to your body after seven years is memory of the moments you knew it as your body.

When a soldier dies, there’s a reason the state sends her body back to whatever family she loved. We process our entire lives through our bodies; we see our bodies as a reflection of life’s experiences, and often come to equate existence with our physical being. But our bodies are not constants. Who were you as a child? Maybe you’re twenty-three now, or thirty-two. Are you that same person now? Or did that person die when all its cells died, allowing new arteries and hands to expand? And we know the person who lives in the last instants of our lives will be composed of mostly different cells. But we still anticipate (and fear) that person’s death as our own. Most of us will experience that death as our own, and remember the person now reading this essay as the same self.

White clinic lights leave the room and its stethoscopes in a glow. I’ve lost count of the hours spent translating my desire and fear to a description of symptoms. This body isn’t mine, but molding it into anything else feels like leaving something of my self behind. I’m caught biting my hangnails, trying to decipher where ‘I’ end and where ‘future I’ begins. Can I pinpoint when my bodies dies and takes a new form? Will that moment be as cleanly defined as smoothing over my first testosterone patch?

The latter should be easier to circle and pin down, for a few reasons: a cracking voice, for one. And because I will hear the transformation, the overturn, when I move my vocal folds to ask, “How was your day?” I will inevitably notice the upcoming evolution of my cells more than any death between youth and adolescence, adolescence and adulthood. But to me, this puberty will not be a death.

Well, that’s wrong to say — I will see the lifecycle of cells as continuing with death, just as my science teacher taught it would continue. This death is full of life, because life is merely a product of death. Life is nothing if not the ability to change, and renew, and recycle, and recreate. And our departure from each moment is not a loss or something to mourn. Each death is an opportunity to live more as we envision ourselves living, and to define the future for ourselves.

I am more than just a body. And I know myself well enough to guarantee: I will still be me when my voice breaks. I will sing my own song, about peaches that ripen and fall and uncover new lockets of life when they die. About the tiny pieces blinking in and out of an enormous, electric whole. About who I was where I wore a dress, how I am still that person now, how I will grow to be even more.

“This body isn’t mine, but molding it into anything else feels like leaving something of my self behind.”
Buttercream

Author | Anna Dolliver

It starts with a taste: warm buttercream frosting curling over her tongue, eyes closed as it sponges into a vanilla cake. The to-be memories always begin this way, forming in a single sensation before the rest of that reality rears up.

Then the setting appears: a room dusted in sugar, clouds of tossed flour lingering in the air like lazy moths. A bowl sits between them, the spoon abandoned. She had lost her words, but now her thoughts rise into actions, the forgotten descriptions bundled beneath the scrunched-up hand towel on the floor.

The girl stands next to her, all freckles and angles and light. She could fold every part of her body into a poem, creating new words for every moment they remain close. The girl smiles, and all she can feel is sunshine laced with lavender.

As she opens her mouth to speak, splinter-memories shine in her teeth. The dreamer sees them stumbling into her apartment, their arms sagging with bags as if they were ants sinking beneath drops of chocolate. Coughing in a dandelion burst of flour and reminding each other how to breathe.

And in that moment she exhales reality. The trek to the store because no one had a car, the fumbling over wallets and insurmountable uncertainty bobbing over them, a rain-soaked balloon. Everything that really happened, before she started erasing the reality along with her thoughts, leaving a bowl caked with refried half-memories to soak.
Zen – L’une
Artist | Catalin Ilinca
Painting
Alter Ego II
Artist | Catalin Ilinca
Painting
Iteration (Sestina)

Author | Anika Prakash

Three weeks to winter and I palm
the curtains obsessively. I dream in varied
color. I etch skin into my hands
to remember what is outside.
Three weeks and I fold
cotton tissues into rabbits,

watch the rabbits
scamper away, tendrils of frost beneath my palm
blooming blue as I fold
into a thin sheet of silence. I vary
my nights between dialtones and rubble. Outside,
I weave thistle around my hands,

look for permanence in the hurt I am handed,
but I never find it. The rabbits
disappear in waves, the ground outside
concrete against my palm.
I am trying to change, to vary,
and so I unfold.

Three weeks and the nights fold
like the curtains against my hand.
My lapses in presence vary
and I swear I can see the rabbits
running toward the food in my palm.
This week I don't go outside

because I don't know what is outside.
I keep my body folded,
the lines receding on my palm,
obscuring the skin on my hand
in minute velocities. I have no choice—I vary
like moon cycles and dream about the rabbits

when I'm allowed to close my eyes. The rabbits
remember the outside.
i
When God created
when
a chaos churning
not
the darkness deep
naming
distinctions came.

ii
Let me begin again:
a word is a distinction;
hauls things from
the unformed dark.

Out of a void,
named oppositions come,
like bridles
of world’s teeming,
or small flares
in a studded dark.

iii
And under words,
this transient ink,
a seething fluency—
the roiled deep.
Philosopher’s Guild

Author | Neha Dronamraju

Stargazers are small. The dark velvet is vast. To look up in the dead of night and feel bright speckles on your face, is to understand the greater truth of the universe. When you experience the night sky in a balmy daze, the day sky in a raw disorder, public speaking comes easy.
Repurification (Laura, Ryan and the Thunderstorm) is the expansion of a piece I composed in November of 2017, which itself was inspired by Ryan McGinley's masterful 2008 photograph entitled ‘Laura (Thunderstorm)’. I was introduced to McGinley’s work via its inclusion in a touring exhibit at the University of Texas at Austin’s Blanton Museum of Art, and every element of this particular photograph immediately hit me on a deep level—the cold, blue-grey clouds providing a rather bleak backdrop mitigated only by the youthful, earnest and seemingly pure presence of a dark-haired woman—leaving me feeling practically required to recapture the emotional range of the piece through my own medium.

While only a single-movement, continuous piece, Repurification entails several distinct sections, each of which can be interpreted as one of the three subjects identified in the subtitle—the somber-yet-searching ballad theme (first presented by the melodica) symbolizing the visual master Ryan; the more upbeat waltz theme symbolizing the optimistic and bright-eyed Laura; and finally, the chaotic interlude (including the appropriately frenzied alto saxophone solo) symbolizing the mysterious and elusive thunderstorm, which then unfolds into the climax of the piece, including a triumphant restatement of Ryan and Laura's themes.

The overall effect I intended to achieve through this piece was the acknowledgement of chaos and mysterious phenomena in nature (including their ability to shake us to our core), followed by the equal and often overpowering ability of the human spirit to overcome them. I know no specifics of Ryan's or Laura's journeys, but the picture itself provides enough background for the general retelling of this brief moment along it.
IN 1974, THOMAS BELINOSKI, then a young undergraduate at the University of Texas at Austin, founded Analecta with the mission to produce a journal of art and literature that would poignantly reflect the diversity of experience and overwhelming talent present in the UT community and beyond. Not long after, Analecta became the university’s official literary and arts journal. For forty-two years the journal’s student staff published an annual collection by both undergraduate and graduate students at UT Austin, including the likes of Wes Anderson. The staff built a strong connection with the student body, functioning under multiple governing councils at UT.

Come March 2019, Apricity reached out to Analecta’s last active Editor-in-Chief, Emily Varnell, and made a merger agreement between the two publications. Three years after its last volume, Analecta was retired and its governance was handed to Apricity.

All of us at Apricity are proud to continue and build upon Analecta’s mission. Over the coming months, Apricity will be archiving works previously published by Analecta to honor Analecta’s pronounced legacy. On this spread, you will find two works originally published in Analecta 40. We have reprinted this in celebration of a new era for both Apricity and Analecta.
Bonsai trees are grown in straight jackets.
You must warp them like a lover’s back contorted into position.

I thought of you glancing by in the rippled water in the street.
No longer lilt by the chorus of drips just must overhanging from the steeple visible from my porch where we sit and smoke.

My hands grew longer when I met him.
Hips wider, eyes hungrier.
My brain devoured words again with a relish I had relinquished to some time - back then - not now, not while my hands were short.

A horticulturalist is as good as his tools.
Strong ties are necessary to produce the correct shape.
Sound ground by the right mouth to produce syllables, to heft our weight against God’s.
Dancing Cosmos
Artist | Kye Hyun Park
Drawing
Composition

Author | Valerie Griggs

Next to the clown with a cello
sits a poet with a drink,
poring over accounts of the persecuted,
looking for metaphors.
The clown keeps time out loud—
scattering dates and data
over the poet's shoulder.
The poet sips, the ice cubes clink,
a rosin cloud puffs,
and the poet drops her pen.
In a graceful sweep, the dancer
scoops up the pen,
returns it with a swirl,
curtsies, then goes pas de basque to the bar.
The poet taps the glass with her pen,
the clown taps the table with his bow,
the dancer taps her toes,
the missing tap a code.
Hooks
Artist | Daphne Thieu-Uyen Do
Sculpture
Sun Seeker

Author | Anna Dolliver

she only chases sun spots
flanks flagging down every sliver of light
and though her eyes work in the dark
she feels safest under scalding sky
resting her head on a car engine
dissociative dreams drenched in heat
May You Revisit This Memory Often

Author | Yvonne Leach

Your grandfather's legs your foundation, forget the white plastic chair holding you both.

Poolside, tops of palm trees seize the breeze and fronds fill your eyes in a protective dance.

Your legs meld into his, even with the beach towel damp between you. Your back

leans into his breathing chest, breath that does not need to form words when

given over to love long ago, at your birth, the world became yours.

All is confirmed again when you both catch the red flash of the flycatcher's underbelly.

Your grandfather's large hand in view, and he whispers: Look!
Three Images of Norway

Composition and Commentary by Richard Blaquière

COMMENTARY

Three Images of Norway, written in 2017, is a large-scale symphonic poem which creates a musical depiction of three Norwegian landscapes and natural phenomena: Trollkirka (bb. 1-151), a cave nicknamed ‘church of the trolls’, Geirangerfjorden (152-335), a fjord overlooked by cliffs and meadows, and Nordlyset (336-558), the famous northern lights or aurora borealis. Leitmotivs play a critical role in the piece: each section’s main theme is a melodic transformation of the very first motif played (bb. 6-8, Cello and Contrabass), nicknamed the “traveller motif”. The piece also makes heavy use of motifs which feature in the Norwegian national anthem, even ending with a full Romantic harmonisation of it.

Each section explores different moods, soundscapes, emotions and sensations created by each landscape, and though there is no storyline per se, one can easily imagine a continuous narrative centring around the experiences of a traveller as they explore these scenes, à la Eine Alpensinfonie.

Trollkirka begins very mysteriously with an air of danger, which is interrupted occasionally with slightly more jolly (though still uncertain and unsettling) sections which call to mind an image of a troll wedding – befitting of a troll church. The section continues with a much more dramatic section evoking the dangers both of an abandoned cave and of a community of trolls, before dying back down to a more peaceful landscape. Geirangerfjorden follows, showing us the majesty of the cliffs, the beauty of the waterfalls and streams, and the calming sounds of wildlife, though also showing the dangerous and intimidating nature of an out-of-control river. Finally, Nordlyset presents a sense of infinite stillness and calm, interposed with the pop of shooting stars. After a hearkening back to the traveller motif once more, the music dissolves like a sunset into serene stillness. The piece ends with a complete orchestral harmonisation of the Norwegian national anthem, finishing with a dramatic, majestic climax.
This volume’s thematic focus around mythical tales from the East and West, and the dichotomies that arise between those tales brought our staff to consider in what ways and to what impact we see mythology used in the arts. We were led to Beili Liu, a Professor of Art at the University of Texas at Austin, whose installations have been presented across the world. Professor Liu’s installations embody transience, fragility, and the passage of time. She has been featured in other publications such as China Daily, Hamburg Abendblatt, Huffington Post, and the New York Times.
**Madeleine Richter-Atkinson:** Our book this year revolves around Persephone and the Great Mother Goddess of the West and the dichotomies between what they represent—death and life, the underworld and the heavens, pomegranates and peaches. Some of your work uses legends and mythologies. I was wondering how you incorporate those themes of mythology in your work.

**Beili Liu:** I was born in China and later immigrated to America. I’ve lived here for over 20 years now. My work looks at both my personal history and my cultural backgrounds and explores the similarities and differences between the two cultures that I’ve lived and worked in. It examines an in-between, and some of it takes from cultural legends and mystical tales that I learned as a child in China. These tales follow me, and sometimes they surface in my work when either the space or the theme of an exhibition calls for it. For example, I have a series of site-specific installations, Lure, that is inspired by the red thread legend. That project started when I was invited to do a show at the Chinese Cultural Foundation in San Francisco, which is right in between Chinatown and downtown San Francisco, and my immediate audience included immigrants and the people who live in Chinatown. I thought it would be important to connect with them through something we all share, and that’s where the legend of the red thread came to mind. That’s how this project came about; it was a combination of my previous practice, my response to the context of this exhibition, and the intention to build a bridge and connect with my audience. Lure has travelled to Finland, Germany, China, Lithuania, and many other places. So in a way, this project about a tale of connection is then connecting my work and my practice to so many different places.

“**In many of my projects I look at chaos and order at the same time. I look at intense aggression and quiet resilience.”**

**M:** You mention in your bio that a lot of your work deals with dichotomies. What is that draw to working with dichotomies?

**B:** It’s just something I’ve always been interested in. It has to do with a complexity of life that we all face. There are always rewards but there are always challenges to balance with. Coming to America, I’m grateful for the opportunities that I’ve been given, but there are also many challenges I have had to face. In many of my projects I look at chaos and order at the same time. I look at intense aggression and quiet resilience. That’s something I think about a lot.

I have a performance project, The Mending Project. Thousands of pairs of Chinese scissors were suspended from the ceiling. I sat under and sewed quietly. The action and the situation existing in that exhibition is very much about opposites coming together to illustrate this instance of impossible balance. A hovering threat and this calm feeling of resilience and action underneath.

**M:** I remember seeing that. It was pretty amazing—all of your work is. So what’s something that you hope that others will get out of your artwork?

**B:** I’m hoping that however small it might be, there’s a genuine connection being made; and however brief it might be, there’s a small transformation that takes place. Sometimes the viewer completely forgets their daily tasks, their schedule, the time, the place they’re in—they become immersed in the artwork or the aura of the artwork, even just for a few moments. I hope that my work is becomes a lasting image that they take away and carry with them. I do think some of my projects are successful in that way. I’ll meet someone maybe, and a decade later they say, “Oh, I remember seeing that piece, and that place, and I have this memory and this image.” I think as creative individuals, as a writer or a musician, what we can hope for is that people take this piece of creation into their hearts and minds and make a connection and a memory that stays with them.

**M:** People have different beliefs about what the purpose of art is, so I was wondering what the purpose behind your art is, and what you believe the purpose behind art in general is.

**B:** For me, there is a desire to make and to share. It’s not that different from being a teacher, who wants to serve and to teach. We have this desire to contribute or to articulate something we genuinely believe in, which is why I make what I make. I think I’m much better at sharing my thoughts and beliefs through art than through, for example, singing. I can’t do that. We all have our calling, and this is mine that I’m responding to, that I feel very fortunate to have the opportunity to do. Whatever I make comes from a very genuine place that I care about, and through an extremely labor intensive process.

For your second question—In general, there’s an idea that art is a luxurious component of our lives, that maybe we don’t need art to survive. But if you look at what makes us human compared to other living beings, it isn’t just appreciating beauty. It’s things that really transmute and take us up to a different place, maybe a higher place. I wouldn’t say that my art is about spirituality, but I do think that what art does for us as humans is as important as what spirituality is for us as humans. It takes us away and beyond our daily needs. It’s this other thing that we chose to labor for because of a higher need—a calling.
Marco Mori

“The great thing about 3D is that there’s no design limitations – I can do whatever I like. I’ll usually watch a few tutorials online, have a think, and then give the technique a go. I work in reverse. First comes the experimentation of technique, and then the concept follows from there. It’s an ongoing, learning process.”
MISS
Artist | Marco Mori
Digital Animation

INTERACTION
Artist | Marco Mori
Digital Animation
Contributor Biographies

AALIYAH JENKINS is currently pursuing a degree in Nutrition at the University of Texas at Austin. In her spare time, she writes poetry that she hopes is always honest and emotionally provocative.

ADAM MANN is a graphic designer based in sunny Phoenix, Arizona. He uses art and wildlife photography as an excuse to be creative without the added pressure of business goals and profits.

AMY GRAVELL is a composer and clarinetist from Austin, Texas. She is currently attending Texas State University, pursuing a Music Studies degree with an Instrumental Concentration and All-Level Teacher Certification. While at Texas State, she has been able to study composition with Dr. Michael Ippolito and has pieces read by visiting ensembles, including the Attacca Quartet and HUB New Music Ensemble. Her compositions have been performed by the Austin Symphony Orchestra, through the Texas Young Composers Competition, and the McNiel High School Wind Ensemble.

ANNUA PRAKASH is a senior in high school and the editor-in-chief of Red Queen Literary Magazine. Her poetry has been recognized by The Adroit Journal, Scholastic Art & Writing, and the Writers’ Theatre of New Jersey, and her work has appeared or is forthcoming in a Flatpyrus Press anthology, Red Paint Hill, Noble Gas Qtrly, Hubarti, The Ellis Review, and Glass, among others.

ANNA DOLLIVER is a senior studying Chinese and English at the University of Texas at Austin. An aspiring novelist and teacher, you will often find her wandering the shelves of a bookstore, reading outside, or writing in rooms filled with windows. She is currently studying abroad in Taiwan; you can read about her experience at her blog, www.talesoftaiwan.com.

ANNESSA Y. MORRISON says, “The very best thing about my art is that it is not just heal me, anyone can use these creations to heal themselves. Actively looking at art helps heal my Lupus and Fibromyalgia. Now I create art for active looking in order to promote positive health benefits. I work from the 14 looking techniques drawn from my personal healing experience. I strive to heal self-doubt, mind, and body.”

CARL BOON lives in Izmir, Turkey, where he teaches courses in American culture and literature at 9 Eylul University. His poems have appeared in many magazines, including Posit, The Maine Review, and Diagram. A Pushcart Prize nominee, Boon recently edited a volume on the sublime in American cultural studies. Catalin Illica is a Spain based contemporary artist. He uses different techniques, such as drawing, painting, photography, illustration. His works contains references to Eastern and Asian culture, films, poetry, literature, art history, merged with his own experiences and ideas, drawing inspiration for his figurative work from life, his own photographs, fashion magazine editorials or movie scenes. He has been painting and exhibiting in Romania, Netherlands, Spain and UK. He studied painting for 6 years, at University of Arts, Bucharest (graduated in 1997), and Film Direction for one year at Hyperion University (2000/2001), before embarking on a career in graphic design, art direction and illustration.

COURTNEY MATTISON is an internationally recognized artist and ocean advocate working to inspire policy makers and the public to conserve our changing seas. She creates intricately detailed ceramic sculptural works inspired by the fragile beauty of coral reefs and the human-caused threats they face in an effort to promote awareness for the protection of our blue planet. Mattison's delicate and large-scale ceramic sculptural installations have been commissioned for permanent collections including those of the U.S. Department of State's Office of Art in Embassies, the Nova Southeastern University Oceanographic Center and private patrons. Her work has been exhibited at prominent venues including the U.S. Department of Commerce headquarters, the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS), the Whatcom Museum and the Virginia Museum of Contemporary Art. Born and raised in San Francisco, Mattison received an interdisciplinary Bachelor of Arts degree in marine ecology and ceramic sculpture from Skidmore College in 2008 and a Master of Arts degree in environmental studies from Brown University with coursework at the Rhode Island School of Design in 2011. Her work has been featured internationally in publications such as Smithsonian Magazine, British Vogue and Science Magazine. She lives and works in Los Angeles.

DAPHNE THIEU-UYEN DO is a third-year student studying Furniture Design with a concentration in Nature-Culture-Sustainability. Her work focuses on evoking warm human emotions from everyday objects that are ordinary and commonplace. She believes that integrating play and intimacy within objects is necessary in promoting emotional pleasure.

DONNA L. EMERSON writes poetry and prose. She recently retired from college teaching and her practice as a licensed clinical social worker. Her work has received numerous prizes and awards including being selected as a finalist in the 2016 Trío House First-Book Awards and the 24th Annual Tom Howard/John H. Reid Fiction and Essay Contest, Editor’s Choice in the 2017 Allen Ginsberg Poetry Award and honorable mention in the 2015 Allen Ginsberg Poetry Award, nominations for the Pushcart Prize (2013), and Best of the Net (2012). Her second chapbook, Body Rhymes (2009), was nominated for a California Book Award, and third and fourth chapbooks, Wild Mercy (2011) and Following Hay (2013), have been published by Finishing Line Press.

EVAN COPELAND hails from central PA and currently resides in Brooklyn. He received his BFA in Dance from NYU’s Tisch School of the Arts where he is now a substitute teacher. He also teaches at the Dalton School in NYC. He has danced with the Sean Curran Company (2006-2009) and was a member of Shen Wei Dance Arts(2008-2014). He was part of Punchdrunk’s production of Sleep No More in NYC (2015-2016) and has recently performed with the Sante Fe Opera and Houston Grand Opera. Evan is currently working with Martha Clarke and Bobbi Jene Smith.

JEAN CLAUSTEN BILLMAIER is a motion picture director based in New York. His German and Venezuelan roots and diverse upbringing give him a multicultural palette when crafting the worlds he works with. His style combines architectural elements, composed movement and color studies to lift the viewer into a magical realism state of surrender. This has translated his filmmaking efforts into multiple industries including Music, Commercial, Fashion and Narrative work. His brand collaborations include: Vera Wang, MasterCard, Cole Haan, Nestle, McDonalds, AOL, Tidal, Apple, BBC, Gothamist, Vovo, US Embassy to France, Roc Nation. Some of the artists he has worked with include: One Republic, Ricky Martin, Jennifer Lopez, Wisin, Passion Pit, As a producer he has been involved in projects with: American Authors, Bleachers, Comcast, Coca Cola, Ford Motors, Imagine Dragons, Demi Lovato, Juanes, Maluma, Oprah, P&G, The Script, Toyota, Verizon, Yoko Ono.

JENNIFER BALKAN grew up in New Jersey and began to draw at a very young age. She studied neuroscience in college and considered pursuing a path in psychology. After living in Boulder and Seattle, she moved to Austin. She attained her Ph.D. in 2001 after conducting anthropological fieldwork in Mexico. She then threw herself into oil painting and now paints fervently. Her work has been exhibited across the United States and in Europe and has been featured in a number of national and international art publications. Her portraits have received awards by the Portrait Society of America. She was named “Best Visual Artist of 2015” by the Austin Chronicle’s Readers’ Poll. In 2016, Jennifer was invited by the Academy of Realist Art in Boston to participate in their figure painting competition. In 2017, she was included in Fine Art Connoisseur Magazine’s photo essay on leading contemporary figurative painters. This year, Jennifer was nominated by the Austin Critics Table for Austin’s Best Visual Artist of 2018. When not painting, she is adventuring through life with her son Karlo and husband Jeff either on bicycle or unicycle.

JIM RICHARDS' poems have been nominated for Best New Poets, two Pushcart Prizes, and have appeared recently in Sugar House Review, Prairie Schooner, Poetry Northwest, Southern Poetry Review, South Carolina Review, Juked, Comstock Review, Cumberland River Review and others. He lives in eastern Idaho’s Snake River valley and has received a fellowship from the Idaho Commission on the Arts.

JOHN BOSWORTH is a senior at the University of Texas in Austin. He is the recipient of the 2018 Most Promising Young Poet Award from the Academy of American Poets, the 2018 Roy Crane Award for Outstanding Achievement in the Arts, and a two-time winner of the James F. Parker writing contests. He works as a poetry intern at Bat City Review.

JULIAN HARON is a rising junior at Bowdoin College, studying history. He believes it important to recognize the beauty in everyday life that is often taken for granted. Throughout his travels growing up and while studying abroad, he’s come to find great appreciation for the stories that images of other cultures hold.

KEITH PADRIAC CHÉW was a freshman when he was published in Analecta 40. He majored in international relations, global studies, and Asian cultures and languages in Chinese at the University of Texas at Austin. Chew enjoys travel journalism and has worked with National Geographic.

KYE HYUN PARK was born and raised in South Korea. Right after she received her bachelor’s degree in Graphic Art, she got a job as a graphic designer in South Korea and New York City. She completed her master’s degree in Animo and Visual Effects at Academy of Art University(AAU) in 2011, majoring in 3D environment modeling for gaming. She is currently working as a freelance designer, watercolor illustrator, and living with her supportive husband in Rancho Palos Verdes, California. https://www.instagram.com/urbankate_in_ca/
LAKITA COSTNER travels regularly to New York and the East Coast to share her expressive artworks. Her prints are rendered primarily by hand and are known for capturing the engagement of their audiences. Lakita aims to inspire the world to find their inner artist and stand out from the norm. She ignites the creative light that animates the soul. Each piece is hand-crafted, including carvings and layering of inks. One-of-a-kind prints are created with a playfully unique design process. Prints and artwork stem from various mediums including printmaking, charcoal, and experimental mixed media techniques.

LONI LANDON is a Dancer, Choreographer, and Movement Consultant based in New York City. In addition to creating dances for her own collective Loni Landon Dance Project, her work is commissioned by Dance Companies and Film Director's across the country. Landon is the 2013 Princess Grace Choreography Fellowship winner awarded with BODYTRAFFIC. As a sought after choreographer, her work has been commissioned by The Joyce Theater, Keigwin and Company, James Sewell Ballet, Whim Wim, LEVY DANCE, The Juilliard School, BODYTRAFFIC, American Dance Institute, Northwest Dance Project, Hubbard Street II, Ballet X, Ballet Austin, SUNY Purchase, NYU, and Marymount Manhattan College. Landon choreographed the feature film Saturday Church, directed by Damon Cardasis, which premiered at The Tribeca Film Festival in 2017.

LORGIO NIIM is not your typical digital artist. The first time he ever took an interest in anything remotely artistic was in 2016, where he would use a mouse for all his vector illustrations. It was not until late 2017 that he decided to completely switch up and learn something completely new to him; he invested in a tablet and began exploring digital paintings through countless hours of practice and studying different techniques to try and find his own style. His sole motivation that started him on his journey was, and still is: curiosity. This is the reason for his mantra: “I am not talented. I am passionately curious.”

MADELINE E. GUY was a senior English student when she was published in Anaxal 40. She takes her skiff out on darkwaters, beating away tentacles of old gods reaching from the deep. She also hand-makes bloodstone circles, wool hats, and portals to the unblinking void above. Now she hopes to become a true flesh-eating librarian.

MARCO MORI finished studying interactive media in Augustus (2016) where he learned some programming and a lot of design skills, but he fell in love with 3D and motion design. Since then all his concentration and power went into my passion to become better and better and to realize my imaginations. Now he is working as a freelancer whilst doing his master thesis in animation at HS Augsburg. In his courses he tried a lot of different stuff like combining real footage with 3D animations, motion graphics, photomontage and a bunch of other cool things. He is crazy about discovering new techniques and styles to improve his skills.

MARTY CARLOCK's fiction has been published in American Literary Review, Crack the Spine, Fiction Fix, The Griffin, Halfway Down the Stairs, Inscape, The MacGuffin, The Madison Review, MARY: A Journal Of New Writing, Menda City Press, Minetta Review, Old Red Kimono, Pennsylvania English, riverSedge, Phantasmagoria, Sanskrit, Schuykill Valley Journal, and The Storyteller. Marty's poetry has been published by Green Prints, Hobart, and Moon City Review. For almost 20 years, Marty was a regular contributor to The Boston Globe and other publications; more than 30 newspapers and magazines have published some 1,600 articles under his byline.

MICHAEL LEE JOHNSON lived 10 years in Canada during the Vietnam era and is a dual citizen of the United States and Canada. Today he is a poet, freelance writer, amateur photographer, and small business owner in Itasca, Illinois. Mr. Johnson has been published in more than 1042 new publications, and his poems have appeared in 38 countries. Michael Lee Johnson has been nominated for 2 Pushcart Prize awards.

Moving to the sunshine state, Florida, after the destruction of Hurricane Katrina, MARIAH MARSHALL has been on a decade long journey, exploring every facet of her creativity and consistently pushing her artistic boundaries. What she has experienced thus far, and the lessons she has resonated with through her work with the homeless population, child welfare, sexual assault and trauma services, are manifested in her pieces. Her intention is to aid in the vibrational, cosmic shift, while allowing humanity to process trauma and simply enjoy the transcendental, energy-infused pieces.

NEHA DRONAMRAJU is a first year student majoring in Public Health. She is a green tea aficionado, and her favorite author is Toni Morrison.

PEYCHO KANEV is the author of 4 poetry collections and two chapbooks, published in the USA and Europe. His poems have appeared in many literary magazines, such as: Poetry Quarterly, Evergreen Review, Front Porch Review, Hiram Poetry Review, Hawaii Review, Barrow Street, Sheephead Review, Off The Coast, The Adirondack Review, Sierra Nevada Review, The Cleveland Review and many others. He has 3 nominations for the Pushcart Prize.

RAINISH MISHRA is a poet, writer, translator and blogger born and brought up in Varanasi, India and now in exile from his city. His work originates at the point of intersection between his psyche and his city. His work has now started appearing in journals and websites.

RICHARD BLAQUIERE is 19 years old, graduated from Frankfurt International School and is studying music at Edinburgh University. “Three Images of Norway”, a 30-minute orchestral tone poem, is one of Richard’s biggest composing projects to date, and presents a musical rendition of three landscapes in Norway: a cave known as Trollkirka “Troll-church”, the Geiranger Fjord, and the northern lights.

RICHARD BROSTOFF's work has appeared in Rattle, Texas Review, Atlanta Review, Epiphany, Gulf Stream, The Anthology of New England Writers, Confrontation, South Dakota Review, River Oak Review, The Distillery, Owen Wister Review, Contact Quarterly, Hawaii Pacific Review, Cumberland Review, Berkshire Poetry Review, Wisconsin Review, Eclipse, Red Wheelbarrow, Southeast Review, Willow Review, Whiskey Island, Magma (London), Verse Daily, and many other journals. He won the grand prize at the AFI International Poetry Festival, the editor's choice for the Robert Penn Warren Award, and was a finalist for the Iowa Review Poetry Contest. His chapbook, "Moments," was published by La Vita Poetica (Atlanta, Georgia, 2007). A second chapbook, "A Few Forms Of Love" was published by Finishing Line Press (2012). He has been part of the dance world for a number of years now, and performs new dance and contact improvisation. Richard is also a physician and studied medicine at Duke and Harvard.

SALLY STOKES is a senior at Hawley High School. She’s a cool gal who loves art. Sarah Grace Forbes is a senior history and Plan II Honors major at UT Austin. Forbes grew up in Dallas with a younger brother, surrounded by a loving family that encouraged her to chase every dream. On campus, she is involved in Texas Spirit and practice and time abroad with the Normandy Scholars Program. After graduation, she plans to pursue a career in law and continue to advocate for others.

SHAHRRYAR MEHDI graduated at university with a degree in human geography but he always was interested in arts. He paints all of his paintings by knife painting. His work is based on abstract form.

SOFIA MOCK is a writer, artist, and musician who was born and raised in Austin, Texas. She currently attends the University of Texas at Austin. In her writing, art, and music, she tends to explore details of people that may go unnoticed, using close friends and people she has met in her travels as subjects. Nigerian-born TOULOUSE is an artist, writer, producer and composer who regards genre-defiance as his life’s work and exceeding expectations as merely a by-product. Upon releasing his first single So I Know You Care in August of 2016, Elton John and Zane Lowe both endorsed his sound, with that becoming the first sign post of just what path is possible as an independent artist. He soon graced the #1 spot on Spotify’s Global Viral charts with the same song, followed by I Will Follow You, featured in Apple’s Balloons commercial, which debuted at #2 on THR’s Top TV Commercials chart. Most recently he contributed yet another song to the soundtrack of the movie and Billboard #1 album Fifty Shades Darker. He has also featured music with Nike, ABC, Netflix, Ford, Comedy Central and many others.

THOMAS WENGELINSKI is a jazz pianist and composer from suburban Houston, Texas. Currently in his third year as an undergraduate Jazz Composition major at the University of Texas at Austin, Thomas has composed/arranged almost two dozen works for the school’s large jazz ensembles. Additionally, in the past two years, Thomas has released a solo album and EP, as well as a collaborative album entitled ‘Brother!’ with longtime friend and guitarist Joel White, available on all major online platforms. Thomas considers his primary musical influences to include Pat Metheny, Stevie Wonder, Milton Nascimento, Joe Zawinul, Eberhard Weber, Genevieve Artadi, Louis Cole, Red Garland, Claude Debussy, Todd Rundgren, and Elis Regina.

A graduate of Brooklyn College, MFA in Creative Writing (1986), VALERI GRIGGS enjoys travel and spent three summers teaching English in the People’s Republic of China. After trying her hand at songwriting, she recorded three original music CDs. She belongs to a vibrant community of poets in Long Island, New York. Recently, her poems have been published in Typically, the 20th Performance Poets Association anthology and the Nassau County Poet Laureate Society anthology. She works as a full-time writing consultant and adjunct English instructor at Molloy College.

YVONNE LEACH earned her Bachelor of Arts in English from Washington State University and a Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing Poetry from Eastern Washington University. Over the years, she has been published in literary magazines and anthologies in the United States. Her work has appeared in Camarillo Review, Clare Literary Magazine, Crack the Spine, Fogged Clarity, Former People, Ramingo’s Porch, Reed Magazine, Rocky Mountain Revival, South Carolina Review, South Dakota Review, Spoon River Poetry Review, Suisun Valley Review, and Wisconsin Review, among others. Her first collection of poems, Another Autumn, was published in 2014 by WordTech Editions.
MARGARET SIU is proud to say Apricity is her first child. In the future, she wishes to circumvent US-Chinese relations from succumbing to Thucydides Trap. She is also made of watermelon, Studio Ghibli, Haruki Murakami, and Naomi Shihab Nye.

MADELEINE RICHTER-ATKINSON is a third culture kid and is currently working on her thesis analyzing media and geopolitics in North and South Korea. Outside of school and Apricity, she has started the UT Publication Coalition and regularly terrifies high schoolers in Model United Nations crisis committees.

SHARON ZHOU is still trying to figure out what she wants to do when she grows up. In the meantime, she enjoys reading Yelp reviews of restaurants she’ll never go to, eating unhealthy amounts of fruit, and trying to get her brother to play piano duets with her, although not necessarily in that order.

EILEEN BAU is an aspiring creative strategist and who loves wearing sparkly boots, queering pop culture, drinking black tea, and writing about music. When she’s not staring at the same magazine spread for 2 hours and moving things slightly to the left and back again, she loves DJ-ing, trivia, playing soccer, and rewatching Captain America: The Winter Soldier for the nth time.

REBEKAH SINGLETON is always doing something creative, whether it’s playing guitar, acting in a show, or figuring out a new way to eat beans given her strict college budget. Although JOSEY HILL’s house is usually packed with freshmen who do not pay rent, she is thoroughly enjoying her third year in the deep south. On overcast days, she can be found on the shores of Lady Bird Lake with a blanket and sometimes even a book.

When NOEL LARCHER is not taking care of their four chickens, he’s probably writing poetry about butts. Or busy analyzing RuPaul’s Drag Race through a Foucauldian lens. They’re also a consultant at UT’s writing center and a security guard at the Blanton Museum of Art.

BRANDON LAO is too dizzy and ditzy to function as a regular human being. He is therefore planning on going into academia so that he can avoid dealing with the real world for as long as possible, and probably needs to get around to reading Derrida soon.

AUSTIN ALI loves to compose music. One of his favorite composing experiences was when the Austin Symphony played his composition Ostinato by Austin Ali in Austin, TX. He is an avid pun and art appreciator (because puns are art).

JUAN ALVAREZ splits his time between pursuing a career as a venture capitalist, writing creatively, and arguing with friends about the artistic merit of various musicians.

MICHAEL SANCHEZ thinks about the future quite a bit. He hopes to make only wrong predictions. Along with a part-time job at a smoothie shop and a passion for running, REGINA BALMACEDA loves delving into her literary interests inside the classroom and out, with Camus and Bradbury as some of her greatest influences.

GRACE ZHAO loves watching mukbang on Youtube when she’s hungry and staying at home scrolling through Instagram stories from friends having fun all around the world in holidays. Some of her greatest achievements include finishing a 3-page essay in 30 minutes right before the deadline and being the first person of her family pursuing a degree abroad.
One day, **NIMA RAHMAN** aspires to be a medical professional/poet (shoutout to John Keats for the idea). In the meantime, she spends most of her Friday nights watching historical dramas and eating a medium sized pizza from Dominos by herself.

Outside of Apricity, **GERALDINN GUTIERREZ** enjoys watering Patricia, her succulent. But that's once a month. Other than that, you can see her walking around campus with messy hair, babbling about “cool insight, but the execution isn't there” regarding Texas Creative. In order to keep her sanity, she goes on runs and doodles, sometimes at the same time.

**DORIS TANG** loves making DIY crafts and pleasing food in her leisure time. She also has dreams to design fancy cups for Starbucks and work for Disney World, although she struggles and hates art sometimes. Food and Art make up her life.

**WILL XU** is an aspiring software engineer who is also passionate about functional yet beautiful designs. Outside of Apricity Magazine, he enjoys medium rare steaks, rock-climbing and traveling.

**NHU NGUYEN** spends too much time at the ice cream aisle in supermarkets. In the future, similar to the Humans of New York series, she would like to become a doctor and intertwine her passions for medicine with journalism by giving her patients their story to tell. Outside of Apricity (and school-related stress), Nhu also enjoys sketching, learning languages, hanging out with friends, and arguing with anyone who think pineapple belongs on pizzas.

**KIRAN GOKAL** is a long-time reader and writer who treasures books with beautifully crafted characters and enjoys reading during raging storms (the more thunder, the better). Outside of Apricity Magazine, she works as a consultant at UT’s writing center and aspires to venture into the book publishing industry as an editor.

As a lover of both science and philosophy, **ALISHA AHMED** enjoys doing research and stressing over the metaphysical implications of said research. Other than contemplation, some of her interests include shopping impulsively and hiking.

As an appreciator of all things creative and wonderful, **ELIZABETH LE** enjoys moonlit nights and dancing fireflies. When she is not reading or writing about the world's beauties, you can probably find her jamming out to some classical music or doing the crossword of the day.

**ANH VU** is a visual artist with aspirations to eventually accumulate an art collection so vast in her (currently non-existent) Spanish mansion, it is enough to become renowned art museum after her eventual death. In the meantime, when she is not stressing about lab reports or midterms, Anh likes to take full advantage of Austin's live music scene, sleep, and obsessively clean her mint condition first print “Abbey Road” vinyl.

As the daughter of a pianist and a software engineer, **ANNE CHOW** finds herself constantly caught between the two sides of her brain. She is an avid lover of writing, film, music, and theatre; her main goal in life is to create and celebrate stories of all kinds.

**BROOKE REAVES** is the editor in chief of the Texas Orator, UT’s only nonpartisan political review. She loves learning from female entrepreneurs, engaging in civil discourse, fighting education inequity, and discovering Texas history. Her favorite books include Anna Karenina, Ruined, and Harry Potter. Ask her about her love for Kant or distaste for Socrates.

**LUCY JOHNSON** is a freshman Plan II, English, and Anthropology major from Oklahoma. She finds it refreshing to live in a place with no tornado season, though the bats do remind her of home. Her hobbies include tarot reading, finding new oatmeal recipes, and fantasizing about the murder mystery dinner party she'll have when she moves into her own apartment.

**NICOLE ROY** is a Louisiana native and die-hard Saints football fan who miraculously found herself in Austin, Texas where quality seafood is non-existent. She spends her time drawing out complex organic chemistry reactions, studying the cultural differences of Catholicism, and dreaming about life on a boat off the coast of Guadeloupe.

Raised by scientists, **ROSHAN KHAN** is an avid reader and writer, a poet and a pianist, and is working towards becoming a novelist and influential figure in public policy. She loves traveling, learning languages, entertaining a morbid interest in toxicology, and making plans to save the world.

With a deep appreciation for leather boots, succulent planters, and black eyeliner, **HILDA RODRIGUEZ** loves creating thought-provoking designs that are aesthetically pleasing. She spends the little free time she has painting, dancing, and scouring sale racks.

**HANNAH GEORGE** is a junior Architecture and Plan II major at the University of Texas. She enjoys graphic design, architectural design, and writing about design. She believes art, architecture, and design are tools that can make the world a better and more worthwhile place to live!

**ISABEL CANALES** is a Design student who spends way too much time analyzing fonts. Her interests include watching psychological thrillers, doodling instead of taking notes, and browsing record stores for hours.

**VICTORIA DIAZ-TORRES** is a third-year Moody student. When she's not busy obsessing over her schoolwork, she enjoys travel, eating odd foods, social justice, and playing the violin. Fun fact: she's flown to eight places this past year just for the heck of it.

While **SAAMIA IMITAZ** hopes to someday be involved in both law and academia. She enjoys spending her free time surrounded by good art and good food.

**RYAN STEPPE** invented the bad tweet. He likes stick shifts, vinyl records and Topo Chico mineral water. He dislikes serial commas. Elsewhere on campus, he is social media editor of The Daily Texan and plays bass in a bluegrass band.
Details

Thank You

INSTITUTIONAL SUPPORT
College of Liberal Arts
College of Fine Arts
Plan II Honors Program

FOUNDER’S CIRCLE
Alicia Chen
David Ochsner
Dr. Alexandra Wettlaufer
Dr. Betty Sue Flowers
Dr. Michael Stoff
Dr. George Christian
Lee Walker
Victoria Miller
Dr. Rebecca Teng
Dr. David Genecov
William & Gloria Siu
Yvonne Yeung
Margaret Siu

SPECIAL THANKS
Dean Randy Diehl
Dean Doug Dempster
Emily Varnell of Analecta
Tim Taliaferro
University of Texas at Austin
Huvishka Ali

Colophon

Apricity Volume III was printed by Austin Texas Print. The cover is #120 matte with soft-touch finish and the text is printed on #100 matte. The book is bound using perfect binding. Typefaces include Butler for the cover and titles, Roboto for the cover and text, and Minion Pro for the text. The Design Team used Adobe InDesign and Photoshop 2019 to design this volume. The original press run of Volume III was of 100 books. Free print copies were made available to featured contributors. Print copies are available for public purchase at a minimum of $15. A digital copy is available for a minimum of $5.

Purchases may be made at apricitymagazine.com

Policy

Apricity welcomes and accepts literary, visual, performing, and cinematic art works for consideration. We consider works from everyone—from novices of the arts to well-established and recognized artists. Submissions are gathered through solicitation from and advertisement to the UT staff and student body, the social media, and various artists’ and writers’ forums, resulting in a diverse and international submissions pool. Our staff considers submitted works for online publication through collaborative readings and critical discussions. A panel of staff members then select the finest pieces to showcase in our annual print edition through a multi-tiered process. The contents of this volume were selected from a pool of over 700 submissions. Works are accepted year-long for online publication on a rolling basis through May 3, 2019. After May 3, works will not be considered for online publication, only print publication. Apricity is submitted annually for evaluation to the Columbia Scholastic Press Association (CSPA), as well as a number of other collegiate competitions.

Founding Statement

“Apricity” (n.): the warmth of the sun in the midst of winter; a poetic interruption

Apricity sprouted from a restless idea, through a passion in stories. Stories are more than ink on paper. Whether in watercolor or words, narratives take you through the sunniest moments in an artist’s life to the darkest cavities of their blood. It’s something beautiful. This is a platform to create such beauty and make it accessible to students. The arts detail an exploration of life and the human experience. This magazine aspires to comprehensively and innovatively embrace the arts, recognizing the visual and performing elements as well as the literary.

So began Apricity magazine, an international, nonprofit, multimedia arts magazine powered entirely by undergraduates of the University of Texas at Austin. We are inclusive of everyone and celebrate the strengths in our differences. All of our proceeds will be directed toward upkeep.
Philosophy

Apricity is the official literary & arts publication at the University of Texas at Austin. We are a global, non-profit, multimedia arts magazine founded by Margaret Siu in August 2016. The editorial board is currently staffed by 35 undergraduate students. We strive to publish budding artists alongside established artists on the international stage.

Black Capped Chickadee
Artist | Adam Mann
Drawing
Peaches & Pomegranates

remind us through a unique lens of the faded past and the birth of the future. We recognize the importance and evolution of individual expression. Just as we strive to preserve UT’s past literary and art history through the Analecta, we continue to innovate—creating and experimenting with new ways of experiencing art.
Welcome to our augmented reality beta test. This is most compatible with iPhones. Please scan the left QR code with your camera. Then a web based app should open. Once you allow access, please direct your camera toward the code on the left.