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zine

vol.

1

2021



Layout and Design by

Tobias Peoples
Jon Nevarez-Arias
N.B. Adams
@chompdesign

ART

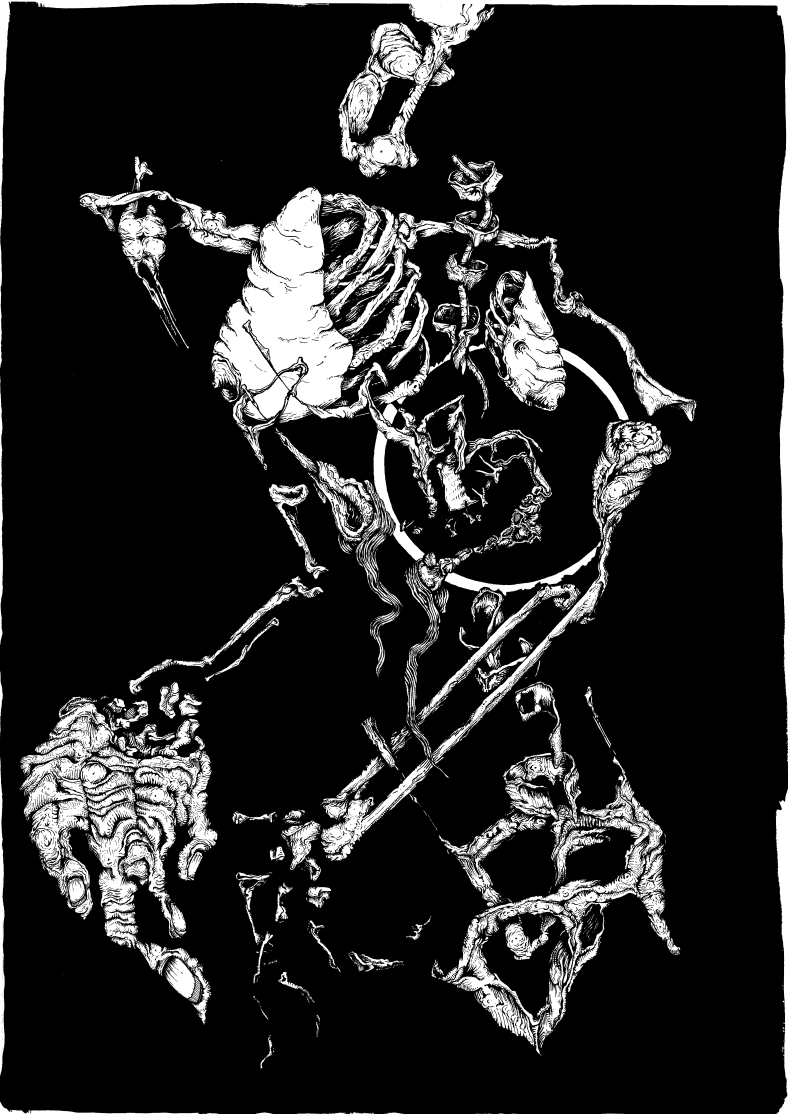
N.B. ADAMS | GRETA KRESSE | SAVANNAH PELLEY | ANNIKA WADE

Artist: N.B Adams

.....

Statement: N/A

IG: N/A



N.B. Adams, *Untitled #6*

Artist: Greta Kesse



Statement: Greta Kresse (Little Rock, b. 1999) lives and works in Little Rock, Arkansas. She currently attends Hendrix College and is pursuing a demgree in art with an emphasis in painting.

Kresse is a plein air painter who primarily works with oil paint on board. Her work focuses on intimate interiors showing the beauty of daily life.

IG: @g.kresse.art

www.gretakresse.com



Greta Kresse, *Mother's Home*, 32" x 24", Oil on Board, 2020



Greta Kresse, *Still Life*, 24x12, Oil on Canvas, 2020

Artist: Savannah Pelley



Bio: Savannah Pelley is a painter, printmaker, and multidisciplinary artist who is currently a senior at the University of Central Arkansas. Her passion for nature compels her to create work as she is inspired by the beauty of wildlife.

IG: @savvyworks



Savannah Pelley, *Pinecone 1*



Savannah Pelley, *Pinecone 2*



Savannah Pelley, *Pinecone 3*

Artist: Annika Wade

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Bio: My name is Annika Wade. I am a Fine Arts major at UA Little Rock. I've always had a passion for painting, and 2 years ago I decided to make it my career! I enjoy painting on a large scale in a realistic style with lots of bright colors.



Annika Wade, "Pawpaw", Oil on canvas, 2' x 3'



Annika Wade, *“Still Life Under the Blue Moon”*, Oil on panel,
30” x 40”
9



MUSIC

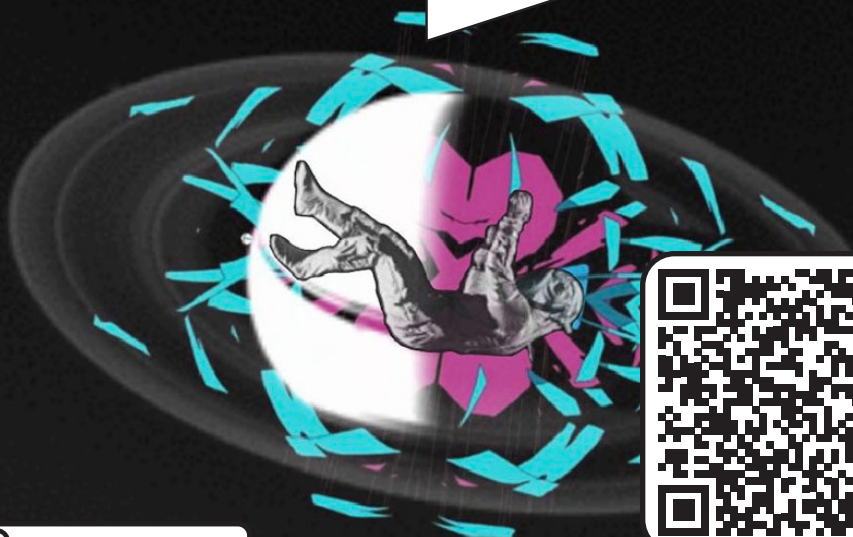


MELTING POINT



BERA


BERA



@berabera.jpg



FOOTSTEPS



Talk of the Town

HouseTreeHouse is an indie rock band based in Little Rock, Arkansas led by vocalist, guitarist, and songwriter Jake Davis. The lineup also includes drummer John Tate, bassist Justin Rea, and vocalist Kara Ladyman. The band is currently producing its second LP, and their music combines elements of acoustic, punk pop, and garage rock.



 @housetreehouse



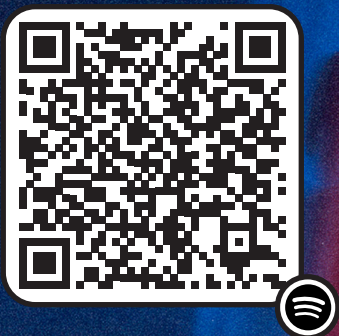
BLOW OUT THE SUN

**Shugar Pills is an indie singer/
songwriter project spearheaded
by Matt Dixon based out of
Jonesboro, Arkansas.**

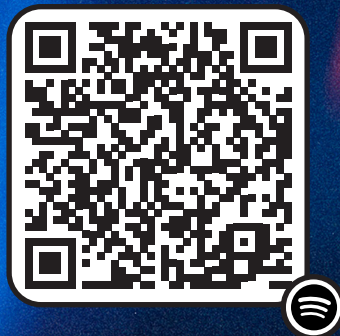


@shugarpills

MODELING



NOTHING
UNEXPECTED



LOW
FANTASY

Modeling make their mark with cinematic, synth-inspired single 'Nothing Unexpected', February 18th. Expertly combining their DIY attitude, bold lyricism, and nostalgic sound, the trio are set to release their third single off their upcoming EP.

 @modelingmusic



 @ad.ventureland

ADVENTURELAND

Adventureland is an indie rock trio from Little Rock, Arkansas. They set themselves apart from other bands by switching instruments nearly every song, musical-chairs style, giving each member a shot at the lead microphone. Although Nate, Travis, and Daniel are all unique songwriters, they are united by their love for introspective lyrics, spacey guitar parts, playful basslines, and emotional melodies.



Alexander C. Mc

Presents



I PAID THE
FISHER
~~F**KING~~ Price

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Hard hitting
explosive
melodies
combined with
mountains of
personality and years
of dedicated
work!



@alexandercwill

Sam Williamson is a huge geek from Little Rock, Arkansas. While he loves making grilled cheeses quite a bit, he enjoys the songwriting process even more! Recently, he has begun tossing solo tracks out into the world while also still throwing down with his homies in The Streakers.

 @dangbroherpderp



**OUT
THE
CITY**



**EYE
O
BABA**



film

Three old friends reunite at their friend's wedding, finding they are not who they used to be.



DIRECTOR: LUKE DANFORTH

Luke Danforth is a filmmaker and actor located in Central Arkansas. He has written and directed several short films, ranging from Comedy to Drama to Sci-fi Horror. He has also been acting for over a decade, both on screen and on the stage.



IG: @ldanforth97

When a grieving musician receives a notice of foreclosure on her home, she must face the ghosts of her past in order to escape the dreamworld she's lost herself within.



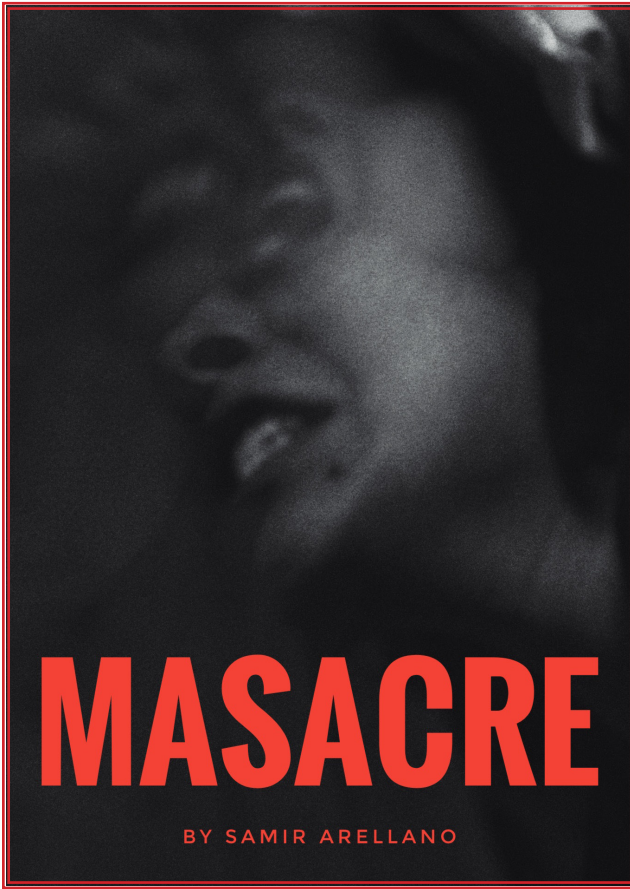
ARTIST: CLAIRE ELIZABETH BARNETT

Claire Barnett is a filmmaker currently based in her hometown of Little Rock, Arkansas. She is a film student at the University of Arkansas, and her short films have shown at multiple local festivals including Filmland, Made in Arkansas, and the UCA Film Festival. Claire is also a photographer and vintage clothing reseller, which makes her a uniquely talented visual storyteller.

IG: @claireelizabethbarnette



In Mexico 1968, a protest unfolds outside the apartment of six students.



DIRECTOR: SAMIR ARELLANO

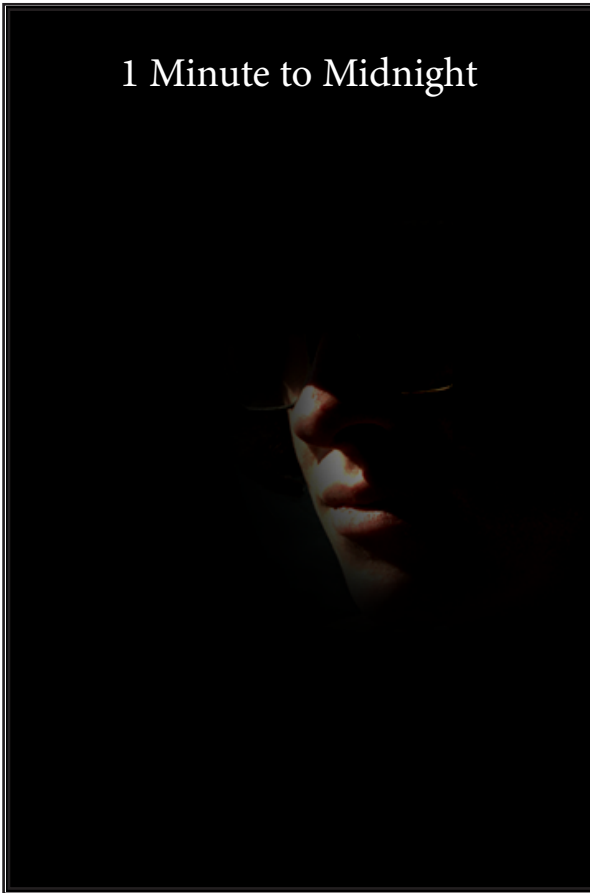
El mas Chingon

IG: @arellanosami

vimeo password:
CruzAzul_68



Four young men are held in place by the untiring inertia of existence.



DIRECTOR: TIM MORRISON

Tim is a writer and filmmaker who is constantly battling for coherency. He ejaculates his ideas into the world just to get them out of his own head.



IG: @timtheseducer

Literature.

Jon Nevárez Arias / N.B. Adams / Sophyline Barnes
Tim Morrison / Tobias Peoples

Semillas y cáscaras: cuento del norte

POR JON NEVÁREZ ARIAS

Miguelito estaba en el jardín junto a la maceta de tronadoras que les había dado su abuela cuando la fueron a visitar a Sinaloa. Las tronadoras habían sido una parte del jardín de ella por mucho tiempo. Tanto tiempo que se extendieron demasiado y empezaron a causar problemas con las otras plantas en su jardín. Después, ella tuvo la idea de regalárselas a todos sus hijos para que las plantaran en sus propios jardines. Muchos vinieron de diferentes partes. Su tía Irene, que estaba estudiando

literatura en el D.F., su tía Carmen que se casó con un hombre a los 17 y se fueron a vivir a Tamaulipas. Hasta su tío Paco, que había empezado su vida como instructor de baile folclórico en Nueva York, y por supuesto la familia de Miguelito, quienes eran sus vecinos en Chihuahua.

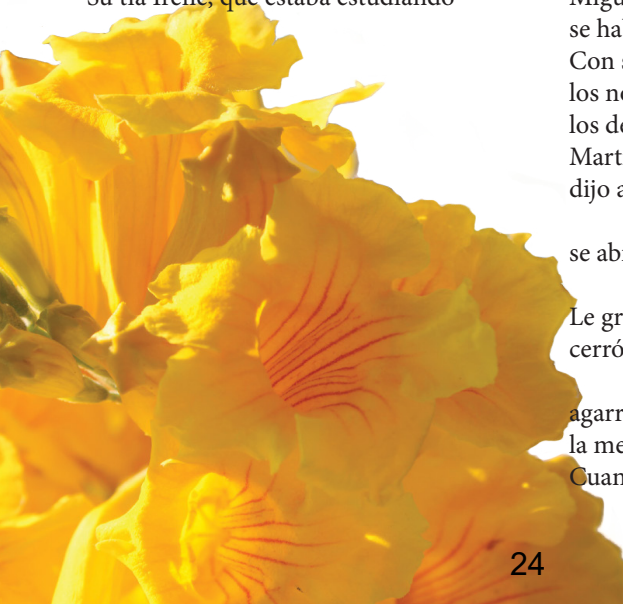
—¡Entonces qué chingados quieres que haga?— Miguelito oyó a su padre gritar desde su casa.

Siendo un día frío en los primeros días de la primavera, Miguelito notó la condensación que se había acumulado sobre la maceta. Con su dedo índice empezó a escribir los nombres de su familia mientras los decía en silencio. “David. Ivette. Martín con acento en la i. Dolores.” Le dijo a la oscuridad del jardín.

La puerta principal de la casa se abrió.

—Miguelito, ya vente a cenar— Le gritó su hermano mayor, David, y cerró la puerta.

Antes de meterse, Miguelito agarró una vaina de la tronadora y se la metió al bolsillo de sus pantalones. Cuando entró a su casa, su madre



Dolores, que parecía haber estado llorando, lo vio y le reclamó en voz alta.

—¡Válgame Dios, niño! ¡Ya enlodaste los pantalones nuevos! ¿Y ahora qué te vas a poner pa' la misa?

En un pánico, Miguelito le respondió —No están enlodados.

Su mamá, cogiéndolo de la muñeca y dándole una gran nalgada le gritó —¡Ve a cambiarte para lavarlos antes de que se seque el lodo!

Miguelito corrió hacía su cuarto, mordiendo su labio inferior para contener sus lágrimas. Cuando se cambió el pantalón, escuchó sus bolsillos por la vaina que había ocultado. La colocó en el bolsillo de la pantalonera que se puso y salió a unirse con su familia en el comedor. La familia comió en silencio salvo el sonido de su padre rechinando sus dientes y el chasquido ocasional de los cubiertos.

Esa noche, cuando dormían sus hermanos, Miguelito salió de su cuarto y se dirigió hacia el baño. Él sacó su vaina y con mucho cuidado y cariño la colocó sobre el mostrador. Después llenó un vaso con agua del lavabo, sumergió sus dedos en el vaso y los

sacó goteando agua por el lavabo hasta que quedaron justo sobre su vaina. De gota a gota empezó a mojarla hasta que con la humedad la semilla reventó con un sonido de estallido dispersando sus semillas sobre el mostrador. ¡Qué planta tan maravillosa!, pensó Miguelito. Unos pasos de pie pesado se acercaron al baño y la chapa empezó a traquetear.

—¿Qué están haciendo?— Dijo la voz de su madre con el sueño aun en su garganta.

Escurriendo, Miguelito sacudió el mostrador con papel de baño, lo echó junto con la vaina y sus semillas al escusado, y le bajó al drenaje.

—Nada, Má— él respondió aprensivo.

—¡Miguelito, ábreme esta puerta en este instante!— ella gritó a través de la puerta.

Miguelito se apuró a secar el lavabo con una toalla y abrió la puerta.

—¿Qué estabas haciendo?— lo regañó.

—Pos, meando.

—¿Andabas con esas vainas otra vez verdad? Ya vete a dormir.

Miguelito se fue a su cuarto y se acostó pensando en la tronadora afuera mientras se quedaba dormido.

La siguiente mañana se despertó por el sonido de muchos truenos afuera y un fuerte rugido de la lluvia que caía. Su hermano estaba empacando unas camisas en una mochila con su cara vestida con una expresión de piedra. Miguel se levantó y salió de su cuarto. En la sala, su madre y su padre hablaban en voz alta.

—¿No vamos a completar la renta entonces?— dijo su madre.

Su padre, que era un albañil, contestó —Pues no, no nos vamos a completar. Pero de donde chingados saco la lana si no puedo trabajar.

Su madre se quedó en silencio y se sentó en el sofá. En su mano sostenía un rosario y frotaba una perla entre su dedo índice y pulgar.

—Ya esta noche nos vamos con el coyote para ver si así sí.

Miguelito vio a su hermana llorando cerca del comedor.

Cuando su madre lo vio le dijo con una voz tierna, —Ve y acuéstate, mijo.

Aunque Miguelito no tenía sueño, regresó a su cuarto y se metió debajo de sus cobijas mientras pensaba en su familia. ¿A cuál coyote va a ir mi papá que le va a ayudar? Después

de un tiempo, sin querer, Miguelito se quedó dormido.

Se despertó al ser sacudido por su padre y su voz diciendo su nombre. La casa ya estaba oscura. Se sentó y se le escapó un gemido de su garganta mientras se frotaba los ojos.

–Ya me voy a ir, mijo.– Le dijo su padre.

–¿A dónde?

–Tengo que ir al Chuco.

–Bueno– le contestó un poco mareado por el sueño. –¿Vas a regresar?

–Claro que sí.– le aseguró su padre y le dio un abrazo.

Miguelito se levantó y los dos salieron de su cuarto.

En la sala estaba esperando su hermano David con una mochila colgada a su espalda. Junto con su madre, queien se veía muy triste, y su hermana que aun seguía llorando en voz baja. Su padre también recogió una mochila del piso y los cinco salieron afuera. Miguelito, aun entre estar despierto y dormido caminaba al lado de su hermano. Sin verlo, David le dijo en una voz quebrada, –Cuidas la casa eh, Miguelito.– Miguelito, asintió su cabeza para afirmar que lo había oído pero su hermano no tuvo el valor de voltear a su dirección para saber que lo hizo.

Se pararon cuando llegaron al barandal y su madre los abrazó y les dio un beso de despedida a su padre y a su hermano, y los dos empezaron a caminar por la banquetta. Dolores, Ivette, y Miguelito se quedaron en el porche hasta que Ramón y David desaparecieron en la línea horizontal. Miguelito volteó a ver a su madre que se quedaba en silencio y a su hermana que seguía sollozando. Perplejo, volteó

a ver a la maceta en el jardín y se fijó que los nombres que había escrito el día anterior habían sido borrados por la lluvia y las vainas de la tronadora estaban colgadas vacías.

*“Las vainas
de la
tronadora
estaban
colgadas
vacías.”*

IG: @memry0

Bio: **Jon is your average guy that just does things to stay moving.**



Apostate drawing prompt

BY N.B. ADAMS

Apostate put your hand in the cylinder and cycle the panels
Let the satellite movement at right angles open rotate

Feel the chesterfield bulges of the sweaty upholstery contract
Measure your blood pressure

Look at the long dents between your middle three ribs and see lines extend off of them
around your
back and meet in line with space between splayed toes
toenails too big

See your elbow too large
see your collar bone too large

Feel the top of your head grow out in geometry
a blunted obelisk
The obelisk aligns with your corners in chipped disrepair

Feel your skin shine in the UV glow of another three halos
One about your bicep
One about your calf

The last about your head, but turned and spaced two hairs breadth from your ear.

Float in thirds
Negative space and counterpoint of darkened mass.

Place your hands bent on your hip and push

Move ropes of muscle braided and snaking through veins to flare before the cartilage

Rhombus the lines from your knees to your ankles to feet

Make an empty space erased underneath conjunctions of your curve
lending shape to shape.
Your limbs are so skinny
your belly full and flat.

Remember next time the sandwiched tendons underarm are loose for your own movement but taught in looped knots and pinioned in isosceles cords.

Your opposite shoulder mimics the angle and turns in single point symmetry.

Behind your head your ears turn from sense of seeing gradients of sound into waves of light

You stand from your stiff mobile wire workings above plywood sheathed green in thin foam.

Look up from eyes helmeted below by metastasized cheeks plumed and circled in berry round spheres they are the next halos.

Notice above
the waves being blocked and spilled dripping to hang cobwebbed reaching downward
each drop in solid pantomime of serial progression.

Take this time,
Apostate, to erase the skewed parallel into form
now in front

now behind.
Bring your knees to bear in waiting for the peeking edge of the shovel's pole
inscribed and scrolled around with ribbons turning thin to concave
concave to bulging.

Hatched absence fills your hands.

Your hair slides from follicle train tracks and doesn't fall
its own but simple mind.

Your chest is beautiful in the chalice armchair.

KUNTRY HEAD

BY SOPHYLINE BARNES

not enough for you or me to appreciate
i hate who you were when you were all
mine
ugly and uglier
i like a motherfucker
hate this rate
against all odds i think i'm learning
sunscreen gotta get sprayed
on shoulders and also thighs
sunburns marks me up
annotation on my skin where the slim
pages got torn out and replaced with one
thing that futures summon
i like, make nothing sense
it does it helps to distance myself from
stupidity
i am not stupid if you can't grap the
themes or the conceptual direction
i'm a genius - girl genius tell me all
and then let me talk talk
turn on some radio, stationary writee
rickity rick you gave me some kuntry head
your hair fell down into me and a wig grew
out
then i tried it on and it fit perfectly
can't believe toes on toes
on toes with pinky blue polish so high
silence girl genius

IG: [@sophyline7](#)

Bio: Sophyline is a film artist and poet from Little Rock. She enjoys time to herself driving down unknown roads & finding strange places to remember later and write about.

SOMEWHERE

BY TIM MORRISON

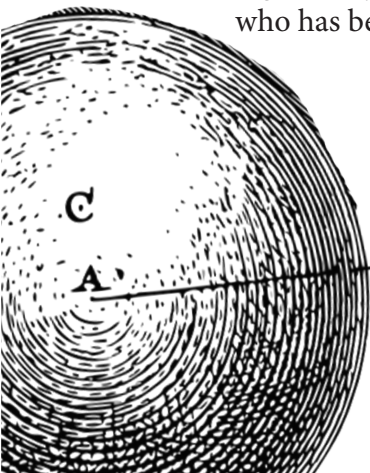
A woman in the hills of Hungary
keeps her husband
on top of a stone fireplace
in a half-full fruit jar.

Kicking in the blue, open ocean of the Pacific
a young boy realizes he cannot swim
and sinks down two miles to provide temporary food
for a bulimic anglerfish.

In a small Illinois town, two teens try to beat a train
making the conductor an alcoholic
for the rest of his life.

On page 43 of a discontinued geometry textbook,
a lonely square looks longingly
at a triangle on the next page,
who is rather obtuse.

Making his way down Europe to Israel, a man
who has been passed over for most of his life



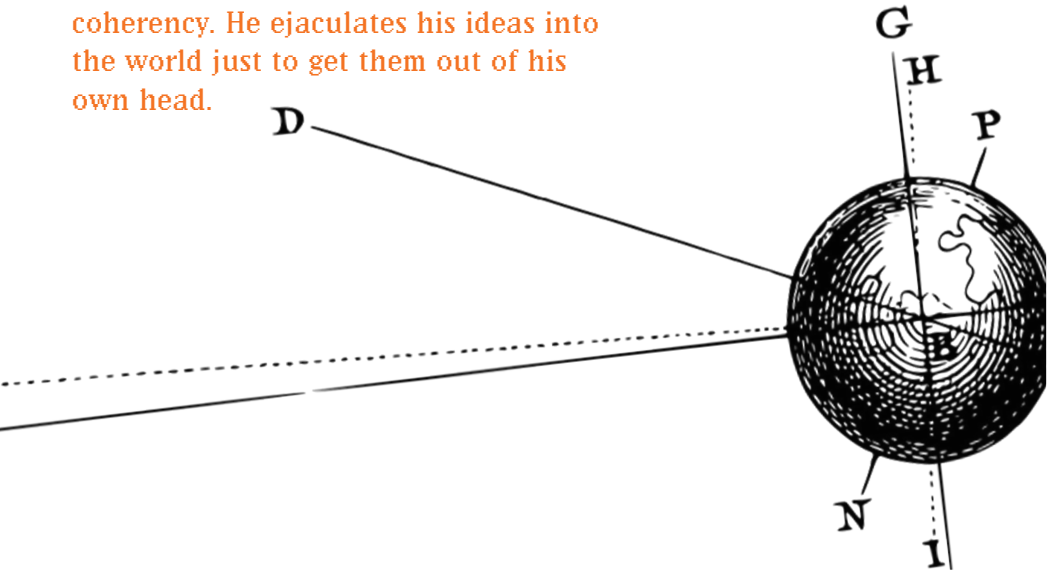
becomes obsessed with God and eventually realizes
He is God.

On the North Pole, a retired Reindeer
tells a Polar Bear an old knock-knock joke
which makes the bear laugh
even though it has never seen a door
nor has any idea what one is used for.

Held in the outer arms of the Milky Way,
a relatively small, half-lit orb
circles a red, slow-burning star
for a long, long time
until it eventually floats away
for no apparent reason at all

IG: [@timthesuducer](#)

Bio: **Tim is a writer and filmmaker
who is constantly battling for
coherency. He ejaculates his ideas into
the world just to get them out of his
own head.**



SORRY!

BY TOBIAS PEOPLES

Odds are, you spent more of your formative years interacting with a television than you did with your own parents. The younger you are, the more true this probably is. And now that you are older, your eyes are magnetically drawn to whatever screen might be in a room, whether that be the sports game in the corner of the bar or the glass rectangle you pull from your pocket every time there's a lull or you think you feel a vibration on your thigh. Now, I want you to put all this familiarity with television and Youtube and Netflix to good use and imagine within that pretty little brain of yours that what you are about to read is a movie, and you are the director.

The scene is this: there is a kitchen. It is a bit messy, but nothing out of the ordinary. On

the refrigerator, the crayon drawings of a child are presented proudly, and on the counter, unopened bills are pushed up against the backsplash. A young man, dressed in a red sweater (or maybe it's blue. Your call. Just keep the symbolism in mind), sits at the table. A young woman, in a dress (either red or blue) stands in a doorway.

Call action!

The woman enters and grabs her coat off a nearby coat rack.

"Where are you going?" says the man.

"I'm sorry," the woman says, "This just isn't working, I just..."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm sorry."

"Are you coming back?" says the man, still seated, looking up pitifully at the woman standing over him.

"I'm so sorry," the woman says again, "I should have never agreed to move in with you. It's not because you're not a great guy, it's because I just don't think we're compatible the way you think we are."

"What do you mean? I mean, I thought we were doing really good," the man says.

"We were, but it was a lie," says the woman.

"Was it always a lie?" says the man.

"I think so."

"You never loved me?" The

to see him try to remain composed. Keep the emotion — that's great — just bundle it up and keep it stuffed inside. It's okay to let it leak a little around the seams, just don't explode.

You go for another take.

"You never loved me?" says the man. "Why did you tell me you did?"

The woman takes a deep breath. "It would have been so much easier if I did. And I tried to for a long time—"

"To love me?"

"Yes."

The man wails, "Ohhhh, come on! What the fuck?"

"I'm sorry," the woman repeats.

The man stands to his feet, his pain giving way to anger.

"You say that," the man shouts in the woman's face, "You say

that you're sorry,

but if

should have told me before I turned down that job in Nashville to stay close to you! You shouldn't have lied to my face—"

The actor's train of thought is interrupted by the heavy thumping of footsteps up above. He turns to you and says, "Sorry."

The footsteps descend down a set of stairs and into the kitchen and you see that they belong to a teenage boy muttering "What the fuck..." He walks up to a balding middle-aged man holding a boom mic.

The boy takes a deep frustrated sigh and says to the balding man, "Are your friends ready to go home yet?"

"Sorry. We're running a little late and we're just trying to push on through," says the balding man.

"It's late."

"I'm sorry! You really need to talk to the assistant director about this. He's in charge of the schedule."

"No. No. No."

"Hey, Aaron!" says the balding man, but Aaron the AD does not move. No one moves as they watch this situation unfold with the man and this boy.

"No!" the boy shouts, "I'm talking

man is in tears now. "Why did you tell me you did?"

You call cut! You take the actor aside and tell him that you appreciate the emotion, but you would like to try another take in which he attempts to hold those tears back. You want

you really cared, you wouldn't do this to me! I love you, Angela! And if you didn't love me back, you

WE HAVE TO FINISH THIS THING TONIGHT

to you, Dad!”

“Aaron, where are we on the schedule?”

“No, Dad! I’m talking to you! I’m talking to my father, who has an 8-year-old daughter upstairs who can’t sleep! It’s 12:30 at night and she can’t sleep because her dad wants to forget he’s not in college anymore! He’s a father now! He has two kids that have school in the morning...!”

“Look, I’m sorry,” the father says. “I’ll tell them to speed things up.”

“No!” the boy says, “You’re the fucking man of the house! It’s time to fucking act like it!”

“This is an assignment. We have to get this thing done for class!” the father says.

“It’s film school! Your kids have real school tomorrow! We don’t want to throw our lives away, like you did! All the money you spend on this shit, it could be going towards securing a future for Rachel!”

“We have to finish

this thing tonight,” the father pleads to his son, “because it’s due in two weeks and it still needs to be edited and our editor is going to be gone next week because he has to go to a wedding with his parents—”

“Alright, shut it down!” the boy demands. He points at you. “If you people aren’t out of here in ten minutes...”

“Didn’t I try to teach you love, Samuel?” the father says to his son.

Samuel, the son, begins tearing down equipment on his own. He touches a light that is too hot and burns himself. You and the crew continue to stand by, unsure of what to do.

“Fuck!” he says dropping the light to the floor.

“What the hell!” says the father, “What are you doing?”

“I’m taking control of this house!” Sam says, clutching his hand.

“Apparently that’s gonna have to be my role now! I’ve practically been raising Rachel myself ever since Mom died, and you’ve just been acting like nothing has changed. She’s not here to pick up your slack anymore! It’s time you start acting like a goddamn adult, you fucking loser!”

The father sighs and looks at his son. “I get it now. I’m sorry.”

Sam looks at him, still steaming. He says nothing.

“That must be why you’re so angry. You’ve been trying to process your mother’s death and we have yet to really talk about it. I think it’s time we get this all out in the open. How does this all make you feel?”

The father touches his son’s shoulder. Sam pushes him away.

“Deal with this!” he says, pointing to the broken lamp on the ground. “All of you,” he says pointing to you and your crew, “get out of here. I don’t want to have to say it again.”

The boy runs upstairs and the father just stands there.

“Sorry about that,” he says meekly to the crew.

“Cut!” you shout. “Great take, everybody!”

Sam skips down the stairs. “How’d I do?” he asks you enthusiastically.

“Perfect,” you say. “Absolutely fantastic! I really felt it! That raw emotion, that frustration with you father! And you!” you say, directing your attention to the father, “you’re so pitiful! I love it! I mean that as a compliment, I promise!”

The actor who played the father smiles and shrugs off whatever negative connotations your compliment may have held.

“How’d we do?” asks the actor in the red/blue sweater.

“You? Good enough. Angela? Fabulous! Great work!”

Angela smiles. The actor in the sweater turns his eyes to the ground.

“That’s a wrap!” you say triumphantly.

You submit your short film to festivals and it gets turned down over and over again until “Sorry!” is finally accepted to an indie film fest in Lincoln, Nebraska where it has a modest premier in the ballroom of a four-star hotel and wins an honorable mention.

After the awards ceremony, you are approached by a pudgy man in a grey suit with doughnut crumbs down his front. He tells you he loved your film and offers you a distribution deal. You end up signing a contract and are promised that “Sorry!” will appear on streaming services soon, but it only ever ends up on a website called media-net.tv.net with Russian subtitles and you never see a dime from that movie.

Six years later, you’re walking around in a truck stop gift store somewhere in a Nevada desert, and you see something that makes you remember that dad that you were on set with that

one time, who’s life was in shambles because he never gave up on that artist’s drive. You think about how you had been scared of turning into that one day. Never overcoming the delusion that you were meant to be more than you are. You know better now. You had made the initiative to try for that dream and you had made it to the Lincoln Independent Film Fest (LIFF). You gave that film your full, one hundred percent effort, and at the long ride it took you on, you were left with nothing, but the confirmation that you’re just not cut out for filmmaking.

And you know what? That’s alright. You prefer it that way. It’s easier. That’s for damn sure. No more fretting over whether you have a compelling story. Whether the script is good enough. No more working for free, just for the experience. No more fear of failure. You’ve accepted it, and now there’s no

**YOU'RE
SO
PITIFUL!**

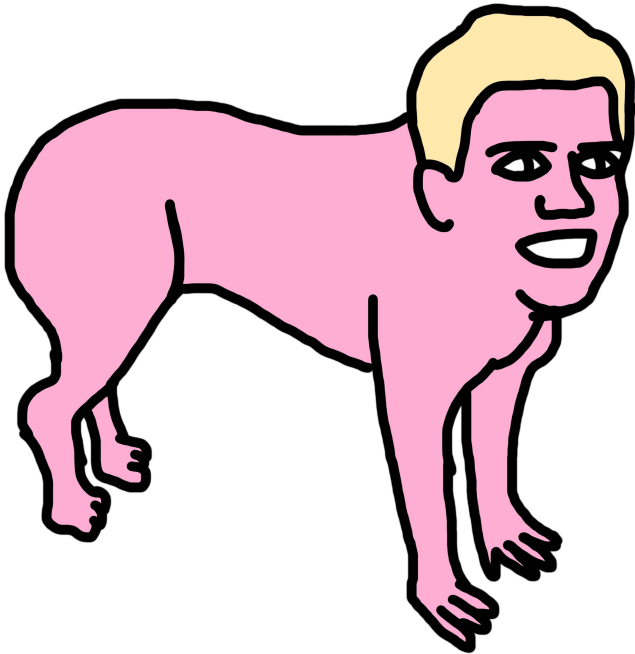
I Love it!

more confusion about it. No persona to put on. The whole film thing was a bust, and now you understand yourself a little better than you did before. You're not a director. You're just a normal, old person, like all the other normal, old people out there, and you can be that person full-time, now that you've dropped the act. On a wire rack in Nevada, you see a \$5 DVD called Indie Movie Funny Laugh Pack 4-Pack. The front of the box is split into four quarters. In the upper left-hand corner — the most prestigious of the quadrants — reads your name, followed by big red letters

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