



David Joel Kitcher

Big Owl

2020



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Let's Talk.

Adriana Baer

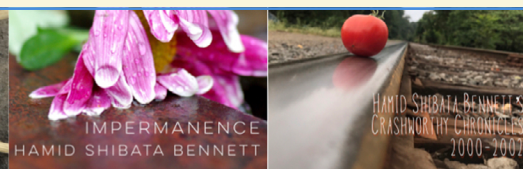
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ARTIST: JAKE VAN BUREN

I'm Jake. I was born and raised in Vermont and moved to the Milwaukie area five years ago. I'm a psychology student but I've always loved doodling and drawing. I hope to one day incorporate my love of art with my future clinical work as I believe art is such a great form of expression. This year has been difficult for everyone, but I try to see the humor and silver lining in it all.

"Jenna thought it was time to do something about her mask tan."





SNAKE BITE (2020)
5"x 11"
Flashe & oil on paper

"The studio was full of random objects and weird drawings with these wild compositions and shapes I had never thought possible."

David Joel Kitcher



An outpouring of creative energy imbued by the initial days and weeks of the pandemic, and the collective sense of distress in the months that followed, were the catalyst for David Joel Kitcher's debut exhibition "Cabin Fever," at Ampersand Gallery and Fine Books in NE Portland.

Anxiety over rent, the fear of not having money for groceries, uncertainty amid the ambiguity of a strange new reality were emotions Kitcher eventually channeled into a state of deep focus and discovery.

The loss of his job meant endless hours in the studio, but he recalls frustration over the first results. "I was trying to make these little intricate gouache paintings. Over and over, looking for that type of work to give me some sense of relief or peace of mind. Forcing it to say something it wasn't. I was so full of anxiety and that kind of neat, delicate perfectionism was never going to work. I needed to loosen up and let go. That's when the good stuff started happening."

Magic, as he describes it, came in the form of simple graphite rubbings he started making while out on morning walks with his wife, Sarah. Taking cues from frottage pioneers like Paul Klee and

Max Ernst, Kitcher started experimenting with anything and everything he could find around his house that made an interesting mark. "It was exhilarating and freeing," he says. "The studio was full of random objects and weird drawings with these wild compositions and shapes I had never thought possible."

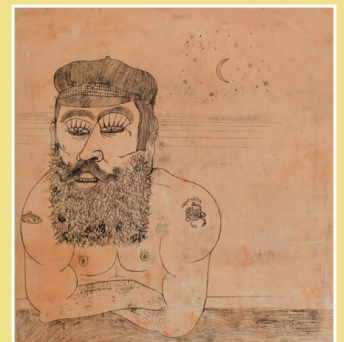
As the drawings became more figurative with mask-like heads and faces, he shifted to oil transfer, a technique more akin to straight drawing. He was seduced by the beautiful smokey mark that the transfer process leaves on paper, often colored by a wash of Flashe paint and sometimes embellished with china marker, ink and charcoal. Heads and faces with weird hairlines, uneven beards and crooked, crazy teeth.

His characters seem familiar, but are not exactly from this world. They are the stuff of an old front porch blues song, a line or two out of Melville, lost tales told by timbermen before all the trees were cut down, a tattooed arm at the turn of the century. The folk classics of our American psyche filtered through a new era of truncated media technology, a restless dream, our latest bout of cabin fever.

[Q djkitcher.com](https://djkitcher.com)

[@davidjoelkitcher](https://www.instagram.com/davidjoelkitcher)

David Joel Kitcher (b. Olympia, WA) studied drawing and printmaking at the Evergreen State College and received a graphic design degree from Seattle Central Creative Academy before relocating to Portland, Oregon in 2016. He is a working full-time artist and is currently having his debut solo show at Ampersand Gallery and Fine Books up through May 9th, 2021.



SERENADE (2020)
19"x 18" / Flashe & oil on paper

*Writing reproduced from Ampersand Gallery and Fine Books website; read in full here: ampersandgallerypdx.com

FICTION

BY CHRISTY DROGOSCH

Charlie McCracken Gets Moving

Charlie McCracken, who everyone knew as Charlie, fell in love, got married, and had a daughter. Or, no. He had a daughter, fell in love, got married. Or, wait, no. He got married, had a daughter, fell in love.

It's all in the details. And the details don't matter.

Charlie's story is like yours, like mine. At some point he fell in love. At some point he got married. And at some point his bride, girlfriend, partner, lady friend, loving companion had a baby girl. They all lived happily ever after. Until they didn't.

Charlie got a divorce. (Of course). Charlie's daughter became the star of his life. (Of course). But Charlie wasn't truly happy. (Of course not).

But where there's hope, love finds a way. Or some such dainty expression of hopelessly needy hopefulness. There was no love for Charlie. There was no hope, either. Charlie was a hopeless sad-sack of a man trapped in a lonely life of visits with his daughter and evenings with a bottle, or can, or flask, or whatever.

With every sip Charlie could feel the life draining away from him, but this life-sucking nectar gave him power. The power to grieve. Poor Charlie was mired in a sadness that had no place to go. It changed his voice, his outlook, his face. His face had indeed changed. He could read the emptiness of loss all over it. He was certain others could too. So he hid his dragging face in the folds of another layer of blanket piled high on his bed to ward off the cold and the ugliness of another winter.

Poor Charlie. He knew that's what people thought of him. Poor Charlie and his sad life. His loss. His suffering. His world was gray and bleak and empty. It was an emptiness that even his sweet angel daughter Myra couldn't salve. She drew him pictures. She sang him songs. She combed his hair (until there was none left to comb). She read him poems. She brought him weedy bouquets. But,

alas. Charlie only stared into space and gave her a timid smile, the most he had to give. She caressed his weak hand and sat at his side.

One day the bottle became heavier in his hand. The sour taste in his mouth made him shiver. The light came through the window and he saw it. He truly saw it. He felt the warmth on his face, his pate, his hands, and in his heart. Spring had arrived and it revived his aching body. On that day he stood up. He smiled. His smile broadened. He felt younger, clearer, fresher. He knew what he had to do.

He piled high the needlessly lingering stacks of empty longings and burned and buried all of them. He walked out his front door. He breathed in the air. He ran his hand over his smooth head. He smiled a wide, even smile. He felt the lightness and warmth of himself. How did it happen? How does anything happen. It just did. And he was free of the burden of himself as he sallied forth, his mood unsullied by his swollen eyes and he picked up his pace. Oh, yes. He briskly moved forward. To where? Who cares! He moved forward into the world, into his world. He moved forward into a new world where gray is beautiful and darkness is only a shadow.

He welcomed the quickness of his liquid pulse, the glow of his warm face, the softness of his eyes so blue they held both sky and sea. Charlie McCracken moved. And the world moved forward with him. Charlie McCracken was the embodiment of the holiest of all wars, the winner, the loser, the believer. His arms longed to hold, and his hands longed to touch. His lips longed to kiss. To kiss deeply, lovingly, passionately, honestly. The wholeness of him, the open vulnerability of his smiling face, the lightness of his step would carry him forward, get him going, move him into the knowing space where home is you, and you are home in yourself.

PLAY FESTIVAL

An online festival showcasing local talent

Joseph Bertót

I had such a good time working with The Chapel Theatre's Short play Festival. It was an Oasis after such a heartbreaking year of theatre blackness. They found a way to make all the artists feel safe and finally have a venue to create in. There is something special that happens to us when faced with adversity. We always find a way to come together. Lately, it seems we are all moving at such breakneck speeds we have forgotten how wonderful it is to come together and create. Thanks to The Chapel Theatre we all had the opportunity to share our talents and feel like we are going to come out of this stronger. It was a great surprise to be nominated best actor of the festival. To be honest I didn't really know that there would be other categories outside of best short play.

It was a great surprise when I was told that I was chosen. I was simply overjoyed to be on a stage again with my fellow creatives, getting to do what I love more than anything else... create. And of course the only way I was able to be nominated best actor was because of my acting partner Cameron Lee Price and director Christy Drogosch. And of course the whole production team that put this festival together. Looking forward to seeing everyone at the theatre!



BEST ACTOR: *DETAINED*

Bertót graduated from Hialeah High School and attended Miami Dade Community College with a full musical theatre scholarship. He left college to pursue acting full time and worked for more than 20 theatres in Florida before branching into film, television, puppetry and voiceover work.

He moved to Los Angeles in 2001 as a regular cast member on Nickelodeon's award-winning "Taina." In his 12 years in Los Angeles, he performed on TV, film, and in commercials, working with such directors and actors as Paul Haggis, Tommy Lee Jones, Matthew Perry, James Caan, and the Duplass brothers on HBO's "Togetherness."

Bertót currently lives in Milwaukie, OR.

Erin Shannon

BEST DIRECTOR: *ALIEN IN AMERICA*

I once participated in a year-long study of the concept of creativity with a group of teachers from the arts-based middle/high school where I teach dance, theatre, and yoga. One of the concepts that stuck with me was that humans tend to be less creative when given zero parameters or boundaries to their creative projects, but when they are faced with restrictions (perhaps a pandemic?) their creative brains must find ways to solve problems that they never would have explored otherwise. In other words, constraints force us to think outside our creative comfort zones and expand as artists.

At the beginning of the pandemic, I felt like I was being placed in an artistic quarantine. *NO, you may not proceed with the performing arts as we know them to be.* I know I was not the only one. All around me, my students and colleagues who lived for the performing arts seemed crushed that their projects could not continue how they'd envisioned. Then, slowly, we began to chart a new path forward.

At the end of January 2021, I was invited to direct a short play, *Alien in America*, as part of the Chapel Theatre Co. Play Festival. Stepping

into this project, we all knew it would feel different from our live theatre experiences, but tracking the experiences of my fellow artists during the pandemic had taught me that we needed to continue to create, and the best way to do it was to find a way to embrace the unusual circumstances, rather than fight against them.

The play was scheduled to film on location at Chapel Theatre after three weeks of Zoom rehearsals. My Covid-conscious concept had just one of the three actors on location, with the other two interacting “live” over a Zoom call which was to be projected on the wall behind the central character onstage. The actors at home would track the action on a separate Zoom call “monitor” and then make their entrances and exits accordingly, while also remotely running sound and video cues throughout.

On the day of filming we would have exactly three hours to figure out if this concept was actually going to work in the space and get all the video footage we needed. Would we have taken this approach had our creativity not been restricted by the circumstances? Almost definitely not! Was it simultane-



Erin Shannon is a director and choreographer who has been active in the Portland theatre community for 15 years.

She is a member of **TriptheDark Dance Company** and teaches dance and yoga at Northwest Academy, an arts-infused middle/high school in downtown Portland.

When she's not fully engrossed in a theatre production (which she almost always is) you can find her reading, crafting, or traveling.

ously nerve-wracking, thrilling, and life-giving to find brand new ways to explore our art form? Absolutely!

At the end of the play, the main character, Zemmy says, “If having a little faith in my own people means I might get out of here, I’m willing to try.” The experience of working on *Alien in America* felt like taking a leap of faith to get out of an artistic quarantine. We took it together, into an untraversed way of making theatre, and I suspect that the pre-pandemic “rules” of making art will be forever expanded moving forward.



CONTINUED...

**BEST PLAYWRIGHT
& BEST PLAY:
*TALE OF THE USER AGREEMENT***

Lolly Ward

When I moved to Portland, I desperately wanted to find a writing community here. Fortunately, I met several playwrights through friends and workshops who were also participating in and wished to support the Portland-area scene. When Chapel Theatre opened its doors, we were grateful to have a new place that valued our contribution as local creators. Chapel underscored that commitment with its inaugural Short Play Festival, which introduced new works that were to be rehearsed, filmed, and then presented online. I was delighted to hear my play *The Tale of the User Agreement* was chosen for the festival and my talented team included Blake Stone, Libby Cozza, and Heath Hyun Houghton.

They moved lightning fast to check in with me before diving into production. When I saw the finished video in the festival, I laughed out

loud and marveled at what they'd accomplished! They had expertly captured a fractured fairy tale warped by modern times and parental expectations. And they had found and explored moments I hadn't yet fully appreciated. So to hear our team won for *Best Playwright* and *Best Play* was the cherry on top of the whole experience.

A writer may spend many hours alone, typing away on the couch, with dogs draped every which way... so for Chapel Theatre to create something from nothing, especially during this pandemic time and especially by celebrating local artists, felt extra special.



Lolly Ward toured internationally and nationally with *The Actors' Gang* before moving to Portland, Oregon, where she co-founded and co-directs **LineStorm Playwrights**.

She is currently editing a collection of outdoor plays for Applause Books titled *Go Play Outside*. Read her work on the **New Play Exchange**. Member: Actors' Equity, Dramatists Guild, LineStorm Playwrights.



ART IN OREGON

Erik Sandgren

Erik Sandgren Woodcut Print Donation to the Museum of the Oregon Territory

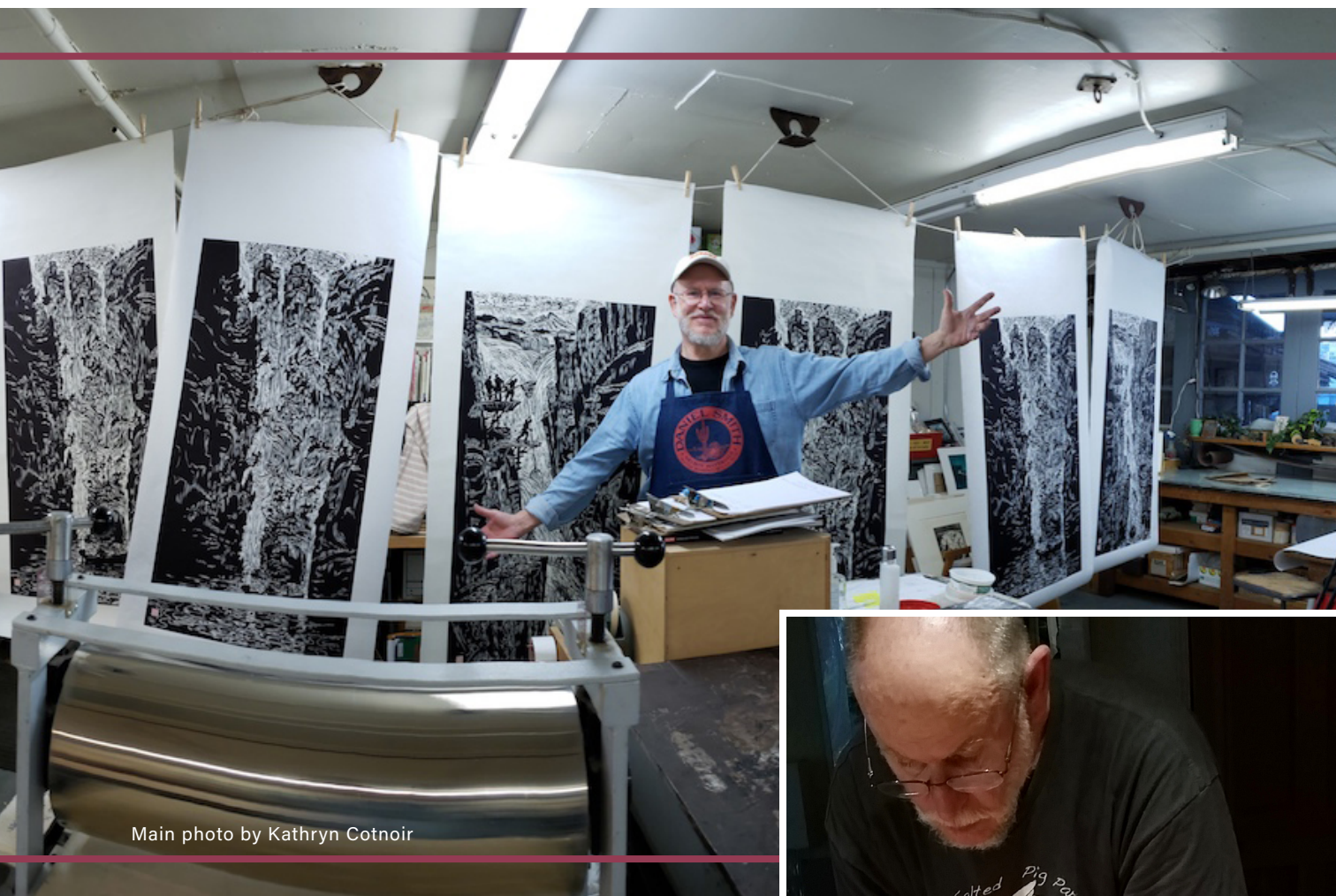
Art in Oregon is honored to facilitate the Museum of the Oregon Territory's latest art acquisition, ***Willamette Falls, 2020***, by Portland artist Erik Sandgren.

The large 48" x 24" woodcut print on kozo paper is inspired by the deep cultural, agricultural, and industrial history of the falls, as witnessed from the spectacular view from Promenade Park above the museum.

Portland-based artist, Erik Sandgren, was born and raised in Corvallis, OR, surrounded by a bustling culture of visual arts instigated in large part by his father Nelson Sandgren (1917-2006) and many remarkable thinkers associated with Oregon State University.

His childhood home served as the cultural center of the Corvallis art scene where artists, historians, writers, and scientists gathered to discuss art and ideas. This early training in the importance of collaboration, community, culture and history fuels many of Erik's creative endeavors.

Sandgren's large woodcut print demonstrates his interest in capturing the spirit of a place through deep respect for the past, in physical evidence and research, and reflecting on where we are now.



Main photo by Kathryn Cotnoir

Erik writes:

“Going forward while looking back, I hope that my compositions invite a long view of ourselves in relation to our current constructs of nature. We urgently need to re-examine our assumptions about nature. We are caught between today and tomorrow. I hope Willamette Falls is an invitation to figure out anew who “we” should be and to re-imagine our sustained existence here.”

Erik Sandgren printing at Atelier Meridian.
Photograph by Kathryn Cotnoir





WILLAMETTE FALLS, 2020
Erik Sandgren
Woodcut print on kozo paper
48" x 24"

Educated at Yale University and Cornell University, Sandgren returned to the west coast where he served as the primary art faculty member, generalist responsible for a strong Foundations Program, at Grays Harbor College (Aberdeen, WA) until 2017.

Sandgren's artwork can be found in numerous public and private art collections, including the Hallie Ford Museum, Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, and the Museum of Modern Art (New York, NY).

eriksandgren.com

[@sandgrenart](https://www.instagram.com/sandgrenart)

The long-running annual
Sandgren Coast PaintOut
is scheduled for
July 7 - 17, 2021,
in Yachats, OR.

Details can be
found here:

eriksandgren.com/events/workshops

Museum of the Oregon Territory:
211 Tumwater Dr.,
Oregon City, OR 97045.

Open hours:
Wednesday through Saturday,
10:30am - 4:30pm
clackamashistory.org

Willamette Falls, 2020, is proudly
on display in the museum's lobby.

Art in Oregon:
artinoregon.org

**Join the free Art Shine Database
of Oregon visual artists:**
artshine.org!



I'M NOT LYING WHEN I MAKE THIS UP

BY HEALY

WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ IS TRUE.

This may give you the hee-bee-gee-bee-who-bee-what-eez, so proceed with caution... and to my loyal readers this may come as a shock so brace yourself... but I believe that my life's purpose, my destiny's child if you will, is to discover a secret pass (short for passage) to another dimensh (aka dimension, obz). I've kept this hidden for reasons that include:

1. I just figured it out not that long ago, pretty much right before I wrote this article you might say... and...

2. Honestly I don't know much about dimensions other than 2D and 3D, which are shapes that I teach to my Kindies. But, this is a different kind of a dimension... I think. And I'm going to discover it. Bold, I know, since I pretty much can't pass an ep of *Are You Smarter Than a 5th Grader*, skated through science in high school by being funny (or *squirrely* according to my biology teacher, who didn't think it was funny that one time I was busted not paying attentsh in class when I answered a question as if I knew what I was talking about, only to find out that my friend fed me a fake answer to a question that wasn't even asked, so when I raised my hand confidently to provide an answer to make it seem like I was paying attentsh, it made it

seem pretty obvz that I was not...), and in college I took social sciences to avoid the sciency sciences. I had stayed alive this long and I didn't want to end up dead in a science lab experiment from faulty equipment like that one girl in that one episode of *Are You Afraid of the Dark*. I know the dangers of science, but my destiny cannot be denied and these diminenshes aren't gonna find themselves.

For years there have been signs I was the chosen one, but I was too blind to see. Well Kaiser Permanente, guess who's thriving now?! Looks like I won't be needing those lenses you tried to push on me. What's that DMV? It says I wear corrective lenses on my driver's license? Well I don't in real life, so who looks dumb now?! All I know is I'm seeing clearly now the rain is gone. (It's actually raining right now TBH). I see my destiny. I see a passage. A secret passage—leading me, leading us, to... another dimensh ... *ensh* ... *e n s h*...

Where to start?

Well, I never was much of a reader, but just like Buffy, when I moved to my new school I found myself one day in the library. Not one to read much, I spent my days in the library learning to type with a dangus cardboard box over my hands and sticking big floppy things into computers to play a game in which I would inevitably die of dysentery. There was one book that whispered to me, calling me over to the little corner of the library by the

window where the *Babysitters Club* series sat. Book Number 9. *The Ghost at Dawn's House*. A classic tale of a secret passage. Of a ghost.....

That's about all my memory has got.

Each time I checked out that same dangus book and joined the babysitter gang again, I was subliminally picking up on something that would serve as the blueprint for my destiny. The idea of finding a secret passage. RIP Ann M. Martin: thanks for writing those books. Not sure if she's dead, just haven't read the series in a while, and TBH I saw they have a TV series now, so I feel like the franchise kinda sold out.

It wasn't a coincidence that I met my best friend, Nicole, at this new school of mine. Fate threw us togeths to help open my eyes. Now, I am not lying when I make this up. (LOL I just reread that sentence and it makes no sense and sounds like I am making it up... I meant to say "I'm not lying when I say this"! I'm keeping the error cuz it's time y'all know I'm not perf. I know I come off as Harvard level smart on a scale of 1-10, but I'm not and it's time you know.)

So, yeah, I'm legit telling the truth when I say Nicole's house had a freakin' secret passage!! It was off limits since it was in her sister's room. Of course, being who we were, we'd sneak into her room and go into her closet (sorry Jennie), and like any kid's wildest dangus dreamy-poops, there it was, like *Narnia*, or *The Secret Garden*, the

entrance to a secret passage. (I think these references are rel(evant), I'm not sure I evz actually read those classics, but it seems like they both had cool secret passage/place type themes).

My first real secret passage!! For realz! It went behind the walls, under the stairs, and out through the big water heater thingy or whatever it was. Simple, yet secret. Sort of. Close enough. It didn't look like much, just spider webs and dust bunnies...and the occasional whispers of the walls telling you to look deeper... seeping into my subconscious.

My grandma lives in a beautiful home up in the west hills that is possibly the home that inspired Everclear's hit song *I Will Buy You A New Life*. Shoutout to my grandma and shoutout to Everclear.

So, my grandma's house has always been the epicenter for my classic get-kidnapped-and-held-hostage dream. This home that is full of love and fam by day, turns to the scene of my stress dreams night at night. Trapped by bad guys in my grandma's house, I'd be stuck with nowhere to run, but sometimes there would be a secret passage I would find downstairs and it would lead me to my escape... but, then, nothing. The dream ends. Another slumber meant I returned to the hands of my captures, only known to me as "the bad guys" in my dreams and another attempt at finding a secret passage would ensue.

Now as an adult, and expert dream analyzer, I think these "bad guys" might actually be the government infiltrating my brain to stop me from finding the truth, which is out there according to Moulder. The CIA knows what I know, but they don't want me to know what I know, y'know? The secret passage leads somewhere they want to keep secret. I am putting myself in danger even writing about this, and you are basically in danger for reading this. My bad.

What the CIA doesn't know is I've started tapping into new secret passages in my dream world they don't know about. Please tell me there are no readers who work for the CIA. Shoot!...

So, these secret passages keep appearing in my dreams. Always near a staircase, leading to some epic room that no

one else knows about, and always feels eerily real. I sometimes have flashes of these spaces during the day and have to question whether it is real or imagined. Now, I know enough about visiting other dimensions because I watched all of *The Fringe* with Pacey and blonde hair lady, and *The OA*, which teaches you special moves to transport you to another dimensh, complete with animalistic sounds. I will make you perform these eventch.

If you haven't seen these then get on it because this dimension ship is sailing and you won't be able to swim where I'm goin' so you better know what yer doin'. These shows are proof that there is more to life than what we see. The actors in these shows literally travel to other dimensions, people!! I mean... !!! Hello! But I get it, you have to see it to

EACH TIME I CHECKED OUT
THAT SAME DANGUS BOOK
AND JOINED THE
BABYSITTER GANG AGAIN,
I WAS SUBLIMINALLY
PICKING UP ON
SOMETHING THAT WOULD
SERVE AS THE
BLUEPRINT FOR MY DESTINY.

believe it. My dreams don't lie and these shows are great if you aren't much of a reader or also find yourself boycotting The Babysitters Sellout Club like me and can't brush up on book number 9.

Most recently I dreamt that I watched myself walk into an old building with beautiful ornate woodwork that reminded me of this church I worked in the basement of for a preschool. The church was built in the late 1800's and came complete with a lady that we would find occasionally rocking back and forth, quietly speaking in tongues.

I once went through a closet (again) that led to a staircase and up to the bell tower of this old, creepy, haunted, yet beautiful, church. Basically it was a secret passage because I went up there secretly cuz I wasn't supposed to be up there... sorry Linda! So this dream I had reminded me of that definitely haunted and super old, rad, place.

In this dream AKA my connectsh to the other side, I watched myself walk through a hidden door under a staircase (again with the staircase!) and it led to a hallway along a staircase that led to the entryway of a house. The lighting was magical. Everything looked golden. The air was glittering, I wore a fancy hat and I held in my hand a vintage suitcase. Sups cute.

I entered through this secret passage and found myself in a whole new world. I think the answers to the universe, to time travel, to alternate dimensions were at my fingertips that night. But of course, Pigeon, my soulmate, the love of my life, my cat, decided right when I entered this magical place to scratch at the curtains and wake me up to give her bathroom sink water.

I have my suspicions that Pigeon works for the CIA.

My dreams will show me the way and I will find that secret passage. Once there I'm not sure how to test my theory of there being alternate dimensions, but I do work for a school and have access to scienc-y supplies. I've got some droppers and glass bottles, magnifying glasses with sticky handles, and a toy microscope.

If anyone out there is more scienc-y than me, maybz you took a science class in college that involved a bunsen burner, or maybz you've been watching Sy-Fy since it was called Sci-Fi, please HMU. From what I've seen, dimensh hopping is safer when you tango with two. I'm lookin' to take my search beyond my wildest dreamz and find the secret passage that will free us all.

It's up to me to save the world.

I didn't ask for this job, this job found me. I'm not even supposed to be here today.

This message will self-destruct.

A large, orange, hand-shaped inflatable ring floats on the surface of the ocean. The ring is shaped like a human hand with fingers spread, and it's partially submerged in the water. The water is a deep blue-grey color with gentle ripples. The sky in the background is a pale, hazy blue.

I don't know what to tell you.

I don't know what to tell you. My brain isn't good this week and all the pages just have paragraphs that don't make sense next to each other. So I stopped trying to make them. I've been thinking of swimming.

I've been thinking of bodies of water. Childhood lakes with silt underfoot, long lazy river days in the summer with sandwiches and cold beer and burnt shoulders. I've been thinking of how people don't swim anymore when they get older, like it's something to leave behind. When was the last time you were underwater? I think I feel underwater. I almost got into the ocean late at night on superbowl weekend but decided not to at the last second. My brain is getting very noisy repeating every message i've ever heard before on a loop, repeating stand up straighter. Drink more water. Get up earlier. Eat more kale. Dress better. Say please and thank you. Smile with your teeth showing. Budget your money. Don't get a credit card. Why don't you have a credit card? Have kids or you'll regret it.

Don't get pregnant too young or you'll ruin your future. Do you know how many calories are in that? Go for a run. Running will ruin your knees. Call your mom. Don't eat too late at night. Don't get fat. Brush your teeth. Go to church. Be pious. Save for the future. Go to college. Wash your dishes before bed. Have proper sleep hygiene. Take vitamins. See a doctor regularly wear supportive shoes. Save for retirement, that's on a loop, so what I'm saying is that I'm trying to think of bodies of water and my brain hasn't been so good.

When my brain begins to loop like this, I try to get very quiet. I stand very still tossing skinny rice noodles in ginger broth and slice mushrooms and shred greens with my hands. I pull the right vinegar out without looking. There's an awful lot of noise and the messages about what you should be doing more or should be doing less or should be doing better are endless. In the kitchen, I crush cloves of garlic with the flat of a blade and pour brine into a hot pan. I have nothing to say here. Nothing is expected of me.

But even when i have nothing to say, it just... keeps looping in there. It repeats every message I've ever heard. Invest in the stock market. Don't sleep with too many people. Make your bed every day. Never go to bed angry. An apple a day keeps the doctor away. Wear sunscreen. Don't hitchhike. Recycle. Wash your hands. Water the plants. Be ladylike. Donate money to the "less fortunate." Count calories. Buy one get one free. Cookies are a sometimes food. Don't eat carbs. Are you sure you want seconds? Haven't you had enough? Is that how you want to dress? Make more money. Make more money. Ask for a raise. Don't be a bitch. Don't be cocky. Carrots are good for your eyes. Use protection. Audio books aren't real books. Is your timesheet done. Is the laundry done. Is your paperwork done. The bananas are going bad and you clearly aren't going to make banana bread with all of them. Do you have a minute. Can I ask you a question real quick. People are always wanting to ask just something real quick and never once has it been real quick at all and what i wish i was doing was swimming, i wish i was underwater, like in a bathtub when you're tiny, with your eyes open and the water wiggling above you, and time doesn't exist but bathtubs aren't big enough anymore, so instead....

So I toast whole spices in butter until they sputter and pop in the pan. I boil pasta in heavily salted water and crush tomatoes by hand and stir things with long handled wooden spatulas made of bloodwood. I slice watermelon radishes with a mandolin until you can see right through them, and pickle them until the brine is bright pink. I drink wine from the bottle and splash some in the pan and feel like I'm in a cooking video. I don't have to say anything out loud here.

Because there's always something looping, just all these words that don't mean anything. Plan ahead. Stop future tripping. Make more money. Clean your bathroom. Mow the lawn. Take out the recycling. Stop fucking up what is and isn't recyclable. Two for one deals. Go big or go home. Go to work early. Make more money. Stay at work late. Make more money. Do you have a second? Can i ask you a quick question? Is it garbage day this week or just recycling? Silence is golden. Feed the dog. Schedule the car payment. Why haven't you called your mom. Be a better friend. What's wrong with you. Schedule the mortgage payment. When is book club. Stand up straighter. Drink

more water. Did you set the timer. Do you have a second. Can i ask you a question. Drink more water. Get gas on the way in tomorrow. Fill the bird feeders. The kale you bought is going to go bad. And i think about swimming, about the pool at my grandparents house, and the tomato plants that we'd rub with our fingers, and how my grandpa would pick up each individual watermelon seed that i spit on the ground but they are long gone, the house on east jackson belongs to someone else now as much as any land belongs to anybody and i try to shush myself a little bit

So On a wednesday afternoon, i use my hands to de-rib sheets of kale and then shred them into a mixing bowl. I massage it with a mix of olive oil and lemon juice so the acid softens the leaves. I open avocados with such hope and then inevitably throw away rotten avocados. I stir melted butter and mustard and roast big chunks of cabbage until they wilt and brown at the edges and i just want to be quiet. There are all these fucking messages and i just...want to be quiet. My brain isn't so good and i'm thinking about swimming. About water so cold you can't breathe. All day i've been trying to think of how to write this, how to explain it, the looping, how to bring it together at the end, how to make it sound nice, to tie it up neatly like i meant it to be like this all along, but i don't have the perfect words. But This summer i went to a writing class where they had us write something titled "what i remember from the first time i went swimming." And this is what i said:

It isn't about the first time you're in the water, it's about the first time that swimming actually works, when you understand the perfect relationship between gravity and buoyancy and movement and you find yourself letting go of the side. And suddenly, You're bigger than before. You're invincible. You could never sink. There is no such thing as time or aging or paying rent. Chlorine in your hair. Your grandparents will be dead later and you won't have anything of theirs. You will be dead later and not have grandkids to give things to. Everything will be gone later and who do you hand the nice china set down to then, idiot, just eat off the nice china now.

You could be in the water forever. Summer doesn't end. Nothing is coming to get you and take you down. There won't ever be grief. There won't ever be monsters. Your teeth will stay white. Lets go swimming. It's quiet down there. ■

VOICES OF YOUTH

We Were Here in 2020 / BY TEAM REVOLUTIONARIES

Masks, fires, floods
killer bees, elections, protests

new eras of the internet,
change.

Strange news from across the world
Empty streets
No business
Cities cease to exist

Stuck in a house,
tried something new;
baking, cooking, volleyball,
saw something new,
saw a new normal,
with masks and hand sanitizer

I made a friend last year,
Call me peculiar
I've befriended Douglas Fir
Used to walk by Douglas Fir
At least two times a day

Saw Douglas Fir, but never really saw
Douglas Fir might throw a lot of shade,
But never had I felt so grounded

Just by leaning on a tree -

Lonely,
new nieces and nephews,
helped my friend fight,
new friendships and
Quote on quote "friends"

An apocalypse breaks out
Bandits everywhere
fighting for this world

a new evil has begun.

Descriptions of a bad superhero movie;
The Amazing Stay at Home-r!
Corona continues holding us back
Chains of steel that grip our community
and the fight goes on.
Mask-man vs. the world

Times that test the strength of our world
but we survived.

Society will only make life shorter
if you don't pay attention.
Death could be hiding anywhere,
stay close
—but not too close—
to loved ones,
Death will come to the ones
people desire most.
Jail feels different,
not the jail for criminals, no no,
it's the kind where everyone cannot even
leave their room to spend family time,
you'll get sick if you do,
if you know what I mean.

Masks, fires, floods

The room fades to black
as the rain pounds on the window panes,
Feel as your breath shortens.
A tear falls from your cheek,
While your memories from
the past year play over,
and over,
and over..
Friends smiling from thoughtful gifts
and wind blowing as you run around.
When suddenly
as if it were only a swift wind pushing you
off the ledge into a world of darkness...
That laughter turns to coughs
as you lose those you cared for to Covid,
Your friends start to lose their
sense of humanity
turning their back towards all that matter,
Slipping into a coma of depression
as smoke fills our lungs
from our world on fire...
an ear piercing sound bursts your eardrums
as you see the loving faces of
those who matter most,
You realize it was just a nightmare and those
most important will always be there for you.

The moments in between—
Where time slows for a moment
The warmth of the sun hitting your face
The cool breeze against your skin
The moments where you forget
for just a second

Baking cinnamon banana bread,
and making whipped coffee
binge watching all of my favorite shows
going camping with my family,
seeing a bear up close.

2020 was a hard year, but we made it.

Playing video games with my friends
Playing varsity and starting
as a Freshman
Playing fetch with my dog, Devine

Going on beach trips with my family
the sand under my feet
my mom
watching me from her seat
the sun beating down on me
the blissful, voidless sea

Masks, fires, floods

George Floyd passed in May
Right after
were BLM protests.

Loud bass fills the room
wrapped up in a blanket of melodies.
A new pair of eyes
a partner I miss from sunset to sunrise.
Behind the wheel for the first time
a whole new world in front of my eyes.
Trapped;
surrounded by crisis
riot fires burn high.

We Were Here
during a time when the
world got punched
in the face
by a global pandemic;
A time where
there were opportunities
even though we lived
through a crisis.
Whether it's a positive
or negative experience,
2020 was the year
Where we were here
To learn more opportunities

And work together
As a team

Masks, fires, floods

November 26 2020,
Fear, panic and anticipation rising,
Getting higher, and higher
All because of my sister.

Sitting at the diner table
Anxiety increasing more, and more
"Mom, Dad... I have
something to tell you..."
All because of my sister.

I shut my eyes, falling in deep
Covid purely alive
Until I opened my eyes
No longer in sleep

Faint cheering rung my ears
Taps on my shoulder
"Covid has finally disappeared!"
My vision, no longer clear

Until I blinked twice,
Staring deeply at my ceiling
Realized this was reality
And that whole time I was just dreaming

I got into a car crash
that's had a big effect on me physically
and mentally
I have gotten all A's!
For the past 3 quarters
(I've never had that before!)
Painting how I feel or to calm me down
Working out - for myself, not for others
Wishing this all can be over

2020 the year of the pandemic
2020 the year of BLM
2020 the year of the wildfires
2020 the year that brought growth
2020 the year that brought distance
2020 the year that brought
us closer together
2020 the year of online
2020 the year to be tired

2020 the year to be creative
2020 the year to be far
2020 the to be near
2020 the year of twists
but most of all
2020
a wild ride

Masks, fires, floods
killer bees, elections, protests
new eras of the internet,
Change.

We Were Here,
in 2020



Lines from a Lost Letter / BY KIARA BURRIS

One, help me,
these words shouted out from a broken
bottle floating on the waves.
Two, Save me,
called out as I dive into the ice cold
waters surrounding the bottle.
Three, I'm lost,
it calls to me as the water spills over the brim.
Four, I can't do this,
it shouts. The water weakening and
tearing it's paper apart.
Five, it's too much,
the letter inside says feeling the cold of the ocean.
Six, I'm drowning,
it screams to me as the bottle begins to sink.

Seven, nothing,
silence as the bottle sinks deeper
welcoming the darkness.
Eight, bubbles,
it lets them out as it gives in to the pressures.
Pushing my way through the water I'm
able to grab it and resurface.
Nine, why?
the agony from the letter cuts like glass.
The pain evident in its voice,
you're precious I tell it.
Ten, leave me.
Let me go.
No, you matter.



Anger is a She / BY ISIS HERNANDEZ

She is anger

She is the one who
screws the lid on so tight
the next person spends
a solid five minutes
yelling and grumbling
at a jar of strawberry jelly

She
She is the one who
leaves bite marks on
the inside of her arm

She has holes in her walls
Don't ask she won't tell

She'll just mumble
"I saw red"

She is the one who's fists
are always bruised and
throat is always ruined

She has replaced all the
doors in the house more
than twice this year

When she speaks
she spits and
She likes when it lands
on your eyelids

This woman has never
touched lightly just with
a rough insert and push

She is fire when she
looks at you '

You almost squeal
when she does
You feel the pain she
keeps and you wanna run

You cus and run and hide
when she has arrived
At the bar down the
street she does
To get black out drunk

If you knew of the nights
she spends seeing lines

Licking blood

You'd understand how
she gets so mad her
eyebrows turn red rum

Run

No ones knows this
woman's name cause they
never get that far with her

You think she was a freak
but really the red you see
is blue asking to be seen

Anger is her
only
if you let that be your
ending place
For this woman who is
only asking to be held
with a blade for a tongue

NEED A LITTLE ROOM TO BREATHE?



HOW DOES THE ROOM+WHEEL EXPERIENCE WORK?

With ROOM+WHEEL the experience comes to you. We understand that not every gathering or family event can fit in our homes and we want to make sure that doesn't stop you from making memories with the people you care about most.

Our goal is to bring family and friends together in comfort and style, whatever the occasion, putting the worries of "Where are they going to sleep?" to bed. From reunions and family in town, to a games night with friends, our rooms have you covered!

ROOM+WHEEL is proud to use all Pacific Northwest building products in each of our rooms. All rooms are manufactured locally in Portland, Oregon. Built using traditional wood-frame style to make you feel right at home, our rooms are sustainable, stylish, and cozy. Rooms are sealed, insulated, and ready, which means you can relax and unwind no matter the weather.

Each room is custom built by a dedicated carpenter and small team. We take pride in the love and care put into each of our rooms.



ROOM + WHEEL

**ROOM TO YOU
ON DEMAND**

Roomandwheel.com

We take every precaution to ensure all materials used in our builds are sanitized, secure, safe... and ready for you.



David Joel Kitcher Kitcher Kat 2020



99E IS AN ARTS & CULTURE
MAGAZINE LOCALLY
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