FOR ALL OF US - we are all human.
Dear reader,

Have you ever been unconditionally loved?

Have you ever been unconditionally accepted?

Treat yourself with that unconditional love, just as you would a child. Treat yourself with that unconditional acceptance. Treat yourself as you would your best friend.

What is it that makes you uncomfortable? What is it that you forget the love, the unconditional love? What is it that you forget to treat yourself with that acceptable? What is it that you forget to treat yourself with that acceptance?

We are far too critical of ourselves. We are far too critical of others.

So to the children of the world, to the children of the world, let us accept one another, let us accept one another, let us accept one another.

We are children of the world. We are children of the world. We are children of the world.

As if we were not.

But I don’t think we are.

And you?

Much love,

Rebecca

Eternal Life In The Kingdom Of
Collage The World | @collagetheworld | facebook.com/collagetheworld
I grew up going to Fenwick Island near Rehoboth Beach, DE on summer vacation. The sunset photo comes from a Delaware tourism magazine that I picked up at a rest stop earlier this year on a road trip. Original photo of Yomibato River by Charlie Hamilton James.

*All work @collagetheworld is creative commons licensed (CC BY-NC).

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DEAR READER...

Reader,

Have you ever felt less than human? Belittled – shamed relentlessly – and ridiculed by those who had more than you?

You had your flaws circled twice over in red by people who were supposed to love you unconditionally? Have you blamed yourself for the ways you were hurt? And have you triumphed to become better, or have you been forced to follow their example by retracing the dark bruises on your arms so they never quite heal? Them and the bruises, both.

Is that what makes us human? And do we all get to be? We have the same wants and needs, but not we are the same since the vessels of our souls are painted differently. An array of hues, and mismatched patterns decorate the earth and nobody sees it as art. Our paints peel and we are flesh and bone and spirit, uninterrupted. We try to interrupt with cries about the role to play. The roles we want to play.

Tree, we think. And we are stuck, we think. And we are human. We are all just human. And so very often.

We are artists: Never let them tell you otherwise. Take your emotions and paint your patterns in the earth and the sky. There is not, and has never been, anybody quite like you, so grasp any crack and shine it from the cracks of our painted houses before the night falls. Please.

It’s not called “sick”, “disabled”, and “mentally ill”. Minorities are forgotten, and those experiencing this aren’t referred to by name. Our situations and experiences illustrate our worlds too if our ships have broken in unnatural ways.

We will never make it back to shore.

You don’t feel shipwrecked. We’ll cast a sail, and if that doesn’t work, we’ll swim.

What if I don’t know what? I hope we go on an adventure.

Love,

Ryan McLaren

*All art is the property of its original artist. Thoughts and opinions expressed in the works of this book do not necessarily reflect the beliefs or positions of the publisher, editor, or author.*
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All Dolled Up

Nara Monteiro | @_narsbar

She will come in the mail—
one of the new ones,
with the silicone skin
that feels raw and sticky
(it feels real, but like a wound)
and all of the customizable features.
She will be a dream body—literally
soft as clouds and looking
just like the woman in my head last night.
I want her hair brown
and her chest warm;
green eyes and
long, tapered fingers
to run circles up my back.

When she arrives, I
eagerly strip away the cardboard and
bubble wrap
free her from her bonds
carefully store her instructions
most people don’t come with instructions
tuck her in to bed
shiver naked in the dark, watching her
before crawling in under the covers.
I have to give her time to fall asleep
it’s not easy
in a strange house
in a stranger’s bed,
but she is perfectly still
right away.
I almost wish there was something whirring
or clicking
like a breath
or a nighttime jerk.

In the morning, I call the company
and complain.
When I send her back, they ask me
what I didn’t like, and tell me that
after examining it, they can’t
give me a refund, you see
well the thing is
there are no defects, and
I never even used it
To Know Loneliness
Shayla Simone
@melodramaticsighs
This photo is a part of a series I did that deals with summer nostalgia and expectations, that may seemingly fall short most of the time. In this photo, Nadia (the lovely model) is dressed in what may seem like party attire, but she is sitting alone on the diving board of her pool, with no one else around. And there will be times when you're surrounded by others, and there will be times you feel lonely. There will even be times where you'll be in a crowd of people, but you'll still feel alone. It's because you're only human. We're only human.
Fear of rejection
The mirror

Mette Norrie
@norrieart
mettenorrie.com
Epilogue for my Father

A commentary on the line between human life and death
Holly Parkinson  |  @tonystarkinso

When the time came, my father's bags were not packed
True to form.
Possessions scattered hemisphere wide.
A red velvet gown hangs reluctantly over his shoulders,
Analogous to how he'd hang his cases before a planned departure.
We watched as he marched, accompanied, out into the white
His back turned.
Cold.

It is a wide windowed summer when his letter arrives,
Hand printed on soft grey parchment:
'Floreat Aether, my darling girls,
for it is akin to home.
I wish you were here.'
In Bloom
Photography and creative direction: Sherry Wang, @sherry.png
Model: Natalie Canham, @natcanham
As a woman who associates with multiple ethnicities, I felt it was important to touch on this idea of being mixed racially in a world where that concept is still being accepted in today’s society. I wanted this series to reflect my idea of what I see as the Contemporary women of now and in the future. I use bright colors and collage to celebrate the natural women herself while also commenting on other racial and political issues minority groups in the U.S have been dealing with for years and in the current political state of America.

The very concept of being a women in modern society has objectified our exterior beauty and created ridiculous ideas that women feel the pressure to attain—whether they believe they feel it or not, it is undeniable there. While all the more steering away from the natural beauty we inhabit from simply being a women.

I chose to portray a range of lighter skin, brown skin and dark skin women because I feel like this group is by far objectified the most and not celebrated enough!

These paintings reflect the political, and social struggles of being a culturally diverse women in this day n age.

cont. page 40
Odious Forms

The Odious Forms celebrate femininity in all its leaking and oozing condition. The monstrous female is rejoiced in all its gruesome beauty as you confront abjection and anxieties. Here, you encounter the female experience as you truthfully know it.

In researching the shaming and controlling of the female body, with particular focus on the Catholic Church’s ideals of purity, The Odious Forms were built for the reclamation and repossession of it and to counter oppressive manifestations that dismiss and humiliate the female condition. Female purity is problematic when it is desired by powerful systems such as Catholicism and patriarchy, thus resulting in the raw reality of female abjection being denied.

The costume, inspired by Julia Kristeva’s psychoanalytic theories on Abjection (The Powers Of Horror, 1982) demonstrate what the Catholic Church rejects. Kristeva argues that attempting to stabilise the abject (with such things as religion) is a state of denial and a way of attempting to purify the dark subconscious. Although she also argues that we are increasingly drawn to it, curiosity tempts us to examine our human state and yet we are unsettled by the ambiguity of it.

"One does not know it, one does not desire it, one joys in it. Violently and painfully. A passion" (1982: 9).

The Odious Forms costume had also been photographically documented with 35mm film which was initially immersed in female excrement, including urine. Due to this developing method, some of the photographs are beautifully distorted by the abject process.
BRYN
tempest

BETTER THAN THIS
from Bryn’s Tempest

Spotify | Apple Music | iTunes | Website | Instagram
So I'll watch you in slow motion
Feeling that tension rise
Oh see you me see you see us put on a show

And there are magnets in my bones Did you know this?
Can you see them? Do they show

Cause you're drawing me cross the room I'm fracturing inside
I don't care quite care where I am
As long as its in your eye line

So keep me at an arms length I swear you'll love me better With no past tense
For us to hold together

I know I know

So keep me at an arms length I swear you'll love me better With no past tense
For us to hold together

I know
I know
You'll never love me better than this

I'll throw on my second skin The one that won't quite fit Take a look at me now

Now let me dazzle you The way I want to
The I know, how.

And I'm falling just right into you
The sweet way you believe
I wanna walk right out this crowd with you Take you far away with me

Chorus

Better, better. Better. And you could love me better than this You could love me better than this

So keep me at an arms length I swear you'll love me better

With no past tense
For us to hold together I know
I know

And hold me like your last breath Like we could stay forever There's no future plan
For us to be together
I know
I know
And I'll never love you better than this
It Doesn't Define me

My visuals ideas were inspired between some of Gorillaz Songs (Saturnz Barz, Clint Eastwood, Andromeda, and Tranz) imagine my mental health and some people told me that the Universe has already surrounded me if I wanted to keep fighting my darkest moments and keep believing in myself.
It's all in your Head

The pose was inspired one of 2010's TeenVogue magazine photoshoot of Emma Watson.

Meghan LeVaughn
@meghansdreamdesigns
meghansdreamdesignsblog.tumblr.com/
TO DESIRE THE FEELING

SHAYLA SIMONE | @
This photo is a part of a series I did based on my first girl x girl song that I wrote a couple of years ago. I had just started listening to Hayley Kiyoko at the time, and the fact that she was so open and so real when it came to sexuality... it made me feel empowered and more okay with the fact that it's okay to like whoever I like. It made me realize that there could be romantic songs about girls being in love with girls, rather than them using each other as a one time experiment. So, the lyric from my song that I associated this photo of Elly and Dani (these gorgeous models) with is, "'Cause here we are, holding each other real close. And he's far from what you call home."
Each As Worthy As The Next (9x12”, mixed media, resin) is a celebration of bodies not always regarded as perfect or beautiful: fat bodies, scarred bodies, bodies with disabilities, or bodies that fall outside the typical gender binary. Showing them all together, presented as beautiful and acceptable, because ultimately they all hold the same worth.
Self Portrait (8×10" mixed media, resin) is a physical expression of me coming out of a long depressive episode, emerging from a chaotic and unruly haze, and confronting the world again after having been absent for a long time.

Emily Adams
@Slightly_threadening
Slightlythreadening.daportfolio.com
Where Have You Been?
Julia Ratcliffe
@jahuliya
redbubble.com/jahuliya

Acception
Contemporary Women Series 6
30x40inch Oil, Acrylic & Mixed-media on canvas
Rhaiah Spooner-Knight.
@badgalwayway
rhaihsk.portfoliobox.net/
3 Steps to Surviving a Traffic Stop
As a Black Person in America

Step One
• Don’t drive

Step Two
• Make yourself look as harmless as possible.
  Put your hands on the steering wheel.
  Keep your voice down.
  Don’t make eye contact.
  And say Sir or Ma’am.
  Make sure you are not in control.
  Make sure they know
  That you know
  Your opinion means nothing in this situation.

Step Three
• Pray that your skin will not be seen as a weapon
Pray that they won’t misconstrue your questions
As resistance
Pray that by the Grace of God
You can come home
Pray your complexion will not be
Your death sentence
And that is how you survive a traffic stop.
Maybe...

Everyday, I turn on the news or open up one of my social media platforms I am watching someone who looks like me die. Everyday, I watch a life be unjustly taken from this world and I cannot help but think when am I or my loved ones next? When will they be pulled over for a taillight and end up in a body bag? When will I be sitting in a coffee shop and be escorted out by police? These questions inspired this poem because although we like to think we are all treated equally...that is a lie. Some of us cannot even go for a drive without fearing for our lives.

Cheyenne Tyler Jacobs | @shewillspeak | shewillspeak.com
REVELATION THAT YOU’RE THE SAME INSIDE
GEORGE DAVISON
@GTD_STUFF
Send nudes?
Anne inspires me to draw on my own imagination to create whimsical, powerful pieces through found images and mixed media. In her classes I have learnt to use acrylic inks to create mood in my work, and we are now experimenting with acrylic paints for colorful backgrounds for my collage work. Her training in fine art makes her a terrific teacher, she is very encouraging and engaging with her students. Her studio bursts with colour, books, mixed media tools, and art abounds on the walls, even collage flowers greet you at the front door!

My piece, our thoughts become our actions is an exploration into how our thoughts impact the way we act-through thinking positively we can create joy in the world. The transient and transformational nature of thoughts is shown through butterflies in this piece.

My other piece explores the strength of the female spirit expressed throughout the world in various ways, from the home, to artists, to society as a whole. Women are strong and resilient, through supporting one another, we can change the world.
what of this mysterious sentiment?
where the joy of awakening resonates,
where the seeds of enlightenment cultivate,
where the enslavement of chaos is banished;

ahh, yes...the only truth of the human experience,
the courageous journey of personal consciousness,
yes indeed the realm of the Spirit,
the divine manifested within....

BE HUMAN.
I believe that all humans share the same goal of one day attaining a place that they can call home. It may not always be a physical house, but simply a place where we can feel comfortable, safe, and free to be ourselves. Our bodies are like our first homes, where we try to understand our internal and external experiences, and what it means to live as a human being.

I believe that creating and nurturing this kind of place is vital to our growth and overall happiness as we are trying to navigate our (sometimes scary and uncertain) surroundings, which is why people experiencing homelessness is such an unfortunate and unfair reality. Their ability to create safe spaces for themselves outside of the typical house is truly admirable, and changes the precondition of what a home can be.
Red Woman
Christie Carriere
@chris_jwc
carriere-christie.format.com
One person can be many people in manner, feelings, and in productivity depending upon the situation. Who are you now? And who can you be in the future?
In My Back Yard
Natalie Carranza
Model: Lesley Carranza
Dollars or Change
Album by Joshay
@josh.altmann

Josh Altmann
Apple Music  I  Spotify

Hollywood Road
Apple Music  I  Spotify

Pancake People
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Body And Spirit
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TENDER MOMENTS
@BIGBABYINTOYLAND
SHERILYN FURNEAUX
Influenced by the concept of Yin and Yang, I explore how seemingly contrary forces are intertwined. Black and dark, I examine memories and feelings, extracting the positive and negative qualities...
Seventeen
Katelyn Wallach
@literateghost

Interconnected and interdependent of each other. Focusing primarily on the duality of light and darkness of each experience. There is no darkness without light and no light without darkness.
We are a close harmony electronic act called HUMAN.

Our concept is about the crossover of Humanity and Technology.

What are we evolving into?
Are we becoming so disconnected with reality that we've forgotten what it is to be Human?

We'll be releasing our first single "The Ground" on the 28/09/2018 on Spotify along with our music video.

The laundry room in my apartment building has a communal book shelf; this celestial background came from a beautiful Interior Design magazine I found there. The house painting by Claude Monet came from my Grandmother's old engagement book. The cut wasn’t wide enough for this piece, so I took about an inch off the bottom and added it to the left and right side. Tearing the woman’s face into strips allows her expression and gaze to be perceived in any number of ways.

Retrograde Time Machine
Collage The World
@collagetheworld
It must be hard
Having your feelings
Suffocated
And then being expected
To broadcast them to
The world
As if you were a puppet
As if you were something
That can be taken out
When needed
And put away when
It is too much
You, young man
Were served
Micro-aggressions
At your dinner table
And you were made
To wash it down with
Silence
And you had to enjoy it
Being a Man
Isn’t as easy as we make it
I think there are many layers
To peel back
Many years of silent trauma
Unspoken heartaches
And invalidated emotions
But don’t let that discourage you
You, sir
Don’t have to live in this box
When you were created
To rewrite it all
I believe you can break that table
And serve whatever you need
But silence
Oh silence
I really hope
You leave that
Off the menu
Untitled
Amari Annahlyse
@amari.annahlyse
Leaf my hair alone
My name is Sylvia Mac, Child Burn Survivor and Founder of Love Disfigure who campaigns in raising awareness and showing support for those with differences and disfigurement. Two years ago, I leased an online video that revealed my scars and shared on facebook. The comments that I received were so positive that I decided to create a facebook group which now holds over 3.2k members. Earlier this year I put together a photoshoot which included men, women and children of all ages, ethnicities, size, differences, disabilities pose in swimwear so that we could together challenge the fashion industry to become inclusive. The campaign was very successful and went into many online publications, press articles as well as live Television morning show called ITV This morning. I then went on to share the photos with channel 5 news and recently Daily Mirror newspaper article. It has become such a successful campaign that some brands decided to include people in their campaigns with differences such as loriasis, vitiligo, scars etc. I recently put on a beach reveal and encouraged all women to join me wearing bikinis so that we could together share our photos and help hers online. I find it extremely important to be active so I can show that I'm not just sitting behind a keyboard all day but including everyone to join me on my campaign. I've also managed to connect with a large online swimwear retailer called swimwear365 who supports Love Disfigure. I have also been lucky enough to meet any wonderful inspiring people along my journey such as Sharron Davies MBE TV ports Presenter & Olympic Swimmer, Professor Greg Whyte and Jeremy Vine. I thoroughly enjoy my work and meeting lots of inspiring people and all the wonderful messages I receive daily. I'm looking forward to what the future holds for Love Disfigure as my campaigns will grow bigger and bigger with time.”

Sylvia Mac
@love_disfigure

Photograph by Sophie Mayanne
Public Indecency

I’m looking at all the other girls
And their flouncy hair
Why can’t mine lay flat like that
Instead of these busted straws
That stick out funny
I should grow my hair out
But these haircuts keep getting shorter

I forgot my watch and I feel empty
Left my red bull in the fridge
And my nails aren’t painted
I’m an hour late to pre
And my friends are hungry

Didn’t know where to catch the bus
Ended up at the wrong platform end
Good thing the driver needed coffee
He tells me he doesn’t pick up here
I should’ve been waiting on the other side

My makeup is a little funny
My eyeliner makes it look like I have no eyelashes
And I wish I was brunette
Cause they’re way more sultry

I really wish I was paler sometimes but then
again I don’t
I get a real nice suntan, never been a lobster
I think I’m sitting weird
How do regular people cross their legs
Where do I put my hands so it doesn’t look like
they’re creepy

My music is it too loud?
Damn my earbud got stuck between my legs
My phone slammed the floor
Sorry please ignore
No dad please stop calling this space is too
enclosed

Maybe nobody noticed
Or maybe everyone did
This is why I can’t be in public
Everything was wrong
I should’ve hid
Seoul Searching

Haraboji says Korea is the place where you can see the mountains the city and the ocean all under one sun but here you’re stuck in traffic on highway 401

Halmonie goes to Korea she misses all her sisters whom I have never known and all my distant cousins aunts and uncles

How is it that people see me as from a land across oceans and ask me what I think of nuclear explosion but I don’t know that home at all

Take me to Korea
I wanna be Korean too
Take me to Korea
Where people look more like me
Take me to Korea
Maybe I’ll finally fit in
Take me to Korea
I won’t but I really want too

Halmonie brings me gifts cotton underwear and change purses paper dolls with painted slippers heart shaped broches covered in crystals

Harabuji says it’s different a nation of a future time but don’t go in summer September will be just fine

How is it that people see me as from a land across oceans and ask me what I think of nuclear explosion but I don’t know that home at all

Take me to Korea
I wanna be Korean too
Take me to Korea
Where people look more like me
Take me to Korea
Maybe I’ll finally fit in
Take me to Korea
I won’t but I really want too

I know Seoul’s in my soul.

Seoul Searching
Marisa Cho
@marisajcho
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jerónimo batista rosa chaveiro
@NomadeCollage
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