ISSUE 12: LOVE
VOLUME 1

“For anyone who wants to be loved.”

LOCK & KEY - KATY SMITH

COVER

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THIS ART AND WRITING IS LOVELY TO BE ENJOYED. SWITCH TO A TABLET OR DESKTOP FOR THE BEST EXPERIENCE.

*OR READ ON THE ISSUU APP SO YOU CAN...

4
WRITING IS FAR TOO
ENJOYED ON MOBILE

A FULL-SCREEN VIEWING EXPERIENCE*

DOWNLOAD OUR EDITIONS AND VIEW THEM OFFLINE
Dear Reader,

They say, "Love makes the world go round," but then they go ahead and spin it for us. They tell us what to love. How to love. Who to love. Why to love. They love the resulting headache, and they step up to take their turn at twisting our words to their liking. And so the world goes round, but only under their control. They forget to mention hate makes the world go round too, and they forget to tell us which direction they themselves are turning.

Instead, they tell us love is patient. They tell us love is kind. They tell us it does not envy, does not boast, and is not proud. But they cannot wait to hurt us. They program the pulse in our chest to beat slower and slower – perhaps out of jealousy, or perhaps just because they know they can - and they do seem proud (then again, I guess wedding vows don’t hold true anymore anyways). We go through the rotations. We spiral. We spiral. We spiral. Sometimes, we mistake it for falling. Sometimes, I guess it can be – in a sense.
To the artists, they say, “Love is a strong word,” but I say I wouldn’t consider us weak. As much as this world has hurt us – and us the world – this particular moment in time has made it clear that love can conquer anything. In a time of uncertainty and fear, love has brought people together – and although we cannot be physically close to one another, we are singing on our balconies; we are donating to those who need it most; we are joining friends and family for virtual dinners dates, digital workouts, and online concerts.

Now, more than ever, we need love. And you’ve poured your heart into this issue to show us every type and every stage of the love you’ve felt.

But keep feeling it. Love and be loved and don’t let anyone tell you a broken heart is your end. Pick up your pieces and hand them out to the people, places, and things you love. Spread the pieces of yourself all over this Earth – from the bottom of the ocean to the top of the mountains. But don’t forget to keep a piece for yourself.

Because you make the world go round too.

Dear reader, I love you. I love this magazine, this community, and this family we’ve created. I love art. I love sharing it.

And I love this adventure.

Stay safe, and much love!
Rebecca McLaren
xoxo

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CHECK OUT OUR NEW PODCAST!
In Another Life

The last time you saw me,
we were children,
young, wide-eyed, unafraid.
We danced to
She Will Be Loved by Maroon 5
and you did love me.
I thought I would marry you.

Back then,
your eyes were filled with infinite stars,
you were an entire universe.

Back then,
my laugh was made up of glitter
to be found in your life, long after I left.
I thought I would marry you.

You filled a time capsule
with the parts of us we loved the most:
the inside jokes,
the hand on a shoulder,
the glance from across the room.
You buried it all in your back garden.

Someday,
someone will excavate
the land you called home.
They will learn about our love.
I thought I would marry you.

These days,
I can’t remember the touch of your hands.
Can you remember my eyes?
The taste of my name on your tongue?
Your name is a foreign word in my mouth.
But I remember you.
I thought I would marry you.

I think of you unexpectedly
when I am buying milk
or waiting at a red light.
I thought I would marry you.

We may meet again
in the supermarket
or at a bus stop
or in a rocket ship,
taking us far away from here.

You may be less stubborn,
I may be more magic and fireworks,
we may be better people.
But I no longer think about marrying you.
I HAVE FOUND ANOTHER I LEXICON LOVE I SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA I LEXICONLOVE.COM I @LEXICON_LOVE
Close, yet

Close, yet
far away

far away
CODY CUPMAN RIDES THE BUS
AND CALLS HER THE NEXT DAY
CODY CUPMAN’S Safe Word is...

RASPBERRY JAM

Raspberry Jam
Hyperpigmented dots dance across my legs; a waltz I wasn’t invited to. But the scars that mark my body are progress reports of how far I’ve come. For close to two years, I picked at my scabs, watched them bleed through teary eyes, and wished I could somehow change my skin as easily as someone changes their coat. But now, I am proud of how my skin looks, because I’m healing. The scars are faint now, but they are a reminder that my pain isn’t permanent and growth/healing isn’t linear. If anything, it is a reminder that I am alive.

Two years ago, my body got the best of me. I caught a viral infection the week of midterms, and again exactly two weeks later while studying abroad in Hong Kong during the fall quarter of 2017. I had the worst fever, the worst joint pains, my skin was bleeding and cracking, and I’d never felt so fatigued and drained in my entire life. It was so bad that the doctor recommended I take a week off from classes, which was impossible because of my college’s strict “four absences or you fail policy.” I’d already skipped class twice for two classes, halfway to bombing the fall semester. Yet, I couldn’t quit. I couldn’t risk my GPA, which would risk my ability to pass the study abroad classes, which would risk my scholarship, which would risk my entire enrollment. So, I toughed it out. On the last day of the semester, I passed my classes. My worst grade was a C in math. But that day, I took the train to Hong Kong Disneyland, and learned the importance of treating myself.

Over the next year, I would succumb my body again. I would push my body to its absolute limit, bearing the weight of the entire world on my shoulders. I wouldn’t ask for help until I was at my breaking point, which happened quite often. I put my school assignments before my health. I worked at my college’s photography lab, often spilling photo chemicals onto my hands. Then, my hands would burn and scar because of my sensitive skin. I always said “YES.” Yes to hanging out. Yes to helping others. Yes to trying to keep the peace with a disrespectful roommate. By the end of the year, I’d drained myself dry. There were countless nights where I was truly running on empty. Before my eyes, my body began to break down. I couldn’t wear clothes anymore without my skin irritating to the point of it splitting and turning into sores. I didn’t have a car, so I walked everywhere, and ended up developing arthritis. I left a trail of flakes behind that resembled freshly fallen snow everywhere I went. During the winter semester of my senior year, I hated my body. I hated that I’d let my body deteriorate. I hated
that I couldn’t wear my favorite black hoodie without specks of white decorated on it at the shoulders. This was a time that’s hard to remember, but also hard to forget. But, it began my journey of self-love.

The following semester wasn’t different than the last. I covered my body more. On the hottest days in the relentless Atlanta heat, I wore the same black hoodie. I always wore a hat to cover my scalp snowflakes. I compared myself to almost every girl that passed. I felt as if I wasn’t pretty enough or even feminine enough to be friends with other girls. In result, I kept my head down when talking to other girls. I couldn’t look them in the eye, because I felt so inadequate. During this time, the friends I’d known in Atlanta years prior had blossomed into strong girl bosses that had their Glossier makeup perfected daily. I felt I was singled out because my dewy skin didn’t come from Glossier, instead it came from the psoriasis cream that I had doused myself in. As a result, I gravitated to only talking to guys, and developed a few strong friendships with boys. While the girls in Glossier were chanting, “men are trash!” I was embracing men because they accepted me for who I was at that point in my life.

After graduation, I transitioned back into the real world. I spent the first few weeks of summer gaining control of my body again. This may sound cliché, but the first step in clearing my skin and relieving my joint pain was actually drinking water. Yes, the magic clear substance. I also became more aware of what fabrics irritated my skin, which ones didn’t. I started wearing organic cotton shirts. I invested in psoriasis treatments. However, the biggest breakthrough in my journey to loving my disabled body was to talk about how I felt about myself. I started talking about how I felt about myself, whether verbally to a trusted friend but mostly to the Notes app on my phone. Seeing my own destructive thoughts on paper or hearing them out loud made me realize that I was so worried about how everyone had perceived me, that I destroyed my own confidence. I’d shrunk myself because I felt inferior to the other women around me.

Though, it wasn’t until I was in a safe space with other women with disabilities that I began to learn to love my disabled body. I connected with a group of assured women embracing who they were. We talked about self-love. We talked about navigating a world that isn’t ADA accessible, but the importance of commanding a space when we needed extra help. In doing so, I realized I wasn’t small. I realized that I was capable of being loved, by not only others, but myself. It just took the strength to pull myself up by my bootstraps, let go of the constant need to compare and validate myself to others, and free myself from the chains of insecurity. Last month, I attended 29Rooms DC. There was a meditation room where myself and about ten other women sat in a circle. The mediator of the mediation room asked each of us to choose one thing we liked the most about ourselves. The majority chose physical aspects, but I said, “my resilience.” My resilience to always come back a little bit stronger than I was before after reaching the darkest lows is what I love most about myself. I love that I don’t completely give up, unless the situation is toxic and I’ve exhausted all of my options. But for the most part, I am a fighter. I love that I’m learning how to speak up for myself, because for
the last few years, I never knew how to. I always remained mousy and timid, afraid to share my truth in fear of judgement or retaliation.

And now, I’m embracing the physical aspects of me. The dry patches on my hands are no longer repulsive, instead I see it as my own personal form of Henna tattoo. I don’t squirm when a flake of skin falls from my scalp, instead it’s just a signal that maybe I need to take care of myself a little more today than I did yesterday. I proudly wear short sleeves, shorts, and skirts. My beloved black hoodie is still hanging confidently in the closet, but she’s no longer my crutch. I’ve come to terms that I am more than just my body. My body does not define me. My body is a gift, and I only get one of them. With my body comes scars, but it also comes with love, resilience, compassion, and the drive to share others’ stories as well as my own.

COURTNEYLOWRYPHOTOGRAPHY.COM
Photos are taken on Sunday and 11am at the place that with people that are
day morning between 3am at is like my other home like my other family.
Dear Meghan,

You are loved! You should love yourself more! You deserve love!

You are NOT broken, tragedy, or burden...

I love you.

Say ‘I love you!’

Yours truly...

Meghan
Your friends & family loves you so much!

You deserve LOVE!

I LOVE You!
your noxious love is all I’ve come to know
like suspended chords in minor keys I’ve become addicted
to your dissonance
like secrets locked in kitchen cupboards
your unattainability intrigues me
like the milky haze of twilight
I dabble in your immanent danger
like odd numbers, divided in two
you bind yourself to the one left behind
making love to me

my body has become your experimental operation table
like scalpels your claws carve away flesh from my collarbones
you savour the flavour of the fat you have sucked from my thighs
with each passionate pull you strip my flaxen hair of lustre
but blindfolded, you whisper to me arousing my anxiety
forcibly insisting that I still haven’t changed

my mind you have made a drawing board for your unrealistic hypothesis
your propositions persuade me to inch farther and farther from reality
the waste bin
a sepulchre of scientific investigations gone wrong

my soul you have mixed with sedatives, promises, false hopes, and a slew of caffeinated lies.
a highly reactive aphrodisiac that I ingest far too easily

on my knees I try to rid myself of you
my body heaves involuntarily
as you tarnish my lead laden insides
leaching ecstatic.
you are seductive like original sin.
I can taste the temptation soft between my teeth,
like apple fermented in bile,
each time you caress the flesh of the back of my throat.
your snakeskin leaves scars
your acid burns perpetually in the pits you have left
stripped of my humanity
I sprawl exhausted and euphoric on the bathroom floor
your frame supporting mine together
obsessing over emptiness

over and over again and again
enthralled by Repetition competition
and Desire
I want you
to want me, like you want them, and like they want you

but, you see
I’m too rational.
I know you never will.
TRACES

I look at your eyes, I see the stars
I imagine the stars, I see your eyes
A shooting star—oh so rare
My only wish is to see you again.

UNTITLED

my light, my moon, my star,
I am drawn to you
especially so in the nighttime
when thoughts of you invade my mind
I look up
and look forward to days with you
you are so beautiful
I’d let my thoughts of you drown me
for just one night in your presence

11/15/19
Lillian Pricer
@SWEETNUTHN

*Inspired by the song Cosmic Love
by Florence and the Machine
WHAT IS LOVE?
A. BABY DON’T HURT ME
B. DON’T HURT ME
C. NO MORE

SO WHAT IS RIGHT AND WHAT IS WRONG?
GIMME A SIGN
sometimes i believe that
i don’t truly know love yet.
i dreamt of it as a teen,
flirted with it and failed
three years in a row.
after the third time, a small voice inside
sneered, “you’ll never find love, let alone know
of it.
but then i realized that i’ve always known love-
through my mother’s words,
my father’s phone calls,
my grandmother’s wisdom and gifts,
and my cat’s warm fur against my cheek.
i feel love through every shared meal with friends,
every hug,
all the laughs and embraces…
i realize how silly i’ve been,
because i’ve known love since day one

ko-fi.com/kattrinam
OK NOW IT LOOKS LIKE AN ART HOE MADE IT

SHERRY
HAMILTON, CANADA
@SHERRY.YENIKA
*currently looking for free spirited & adventurous couples like this*
The Graceful Starboy
Fly boy into the sun, into the battered skies
Look at what is crashing down around you
What happened to your shine,
the atmosphere where you thrived,
This is not your familiar earth
For you are a part of the stars,
Resting for awaited ones, gracefully in your soul
You try to remind yourself, you shatter your rules
Who broke the permanent scars in the earth's ozone
Rebounding to shatter the air of the sky like glass
You are chasing the stars, the stars are chasing you
You pick up the shattered ozone pieces
We on earth try to pick up the wreckage you left behind,
You hurt her as you left for the stars
Her world, hurting as you left to new areas
She will always remember you as the naive boy
The boy who searched for bigger skies,
a Starboy who reached for things that were already there
but could never look down and act with emotion
to see that you were a star yourself
I want to

feel
the grooves
of
your
body
the way a
needle on a
record player
traces the
lines on
vinyl

read
the
slopes
of your
thighs
the way
blind men
seek
knowledge

fill
the gaps of your lips
with the cracks of mine

drown
in the riptides of your eyes
just
to
say
I tried
learning how to swim

be loved
"LOVE" FLOWER PUZZLE
#ALGORITHM, SOURCED FROM MY PRIVATE DIGITAL ARCHIVE WITH THE HELP OF ALGORITHMIC SYSTEMS

NOAHTRAVISPHILLIPS.COM
After the hypoxic shenanigans
with my ex lover
(no less than a loveless spine)

I spread onto the dried moss;
dead fish with half philophobic red oranges tattooed.

A maniac hovers above me;
(a heavy voyager of love)
dives into the cold chills and elegiac couplets i serve.

The Maniac, euphorically desires the burn in my blood,
the swears in my breath & the metaphorical vulnerability.

And i desire to be two cherries in a single icicle.
“MY VERY BEST FRIENDS THAT I LOVE”
YOU ARE HOME 5  I ANDREA VALDIVIA  I MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA  I @NEA.AU

LISTEN TO ANDREA in our new podcast!
When Love Stumbled

When Love stumbled into my life,
he sat down on my sofa and
put his feet up on my coffee table.

I thought I knew Love.
He played sports, played guitar
and bought me flowers simply
because he liked the weather.
But my Love is clumsy,
sings like a strangled cat
and buys me roses
because he’s done something wrong.

I thought Love
was clean shaven,
wore nice suits and owned a tie.
But Love has a permanent 5 o’clock shadow,
wears un-ironed jeans and
almost strangled himself
with a tie he borrowed from his dad.

I thought Love owned a nice car,
knew exactly where he was going
and drove well.
But Love owns a hunk of junk,
got us lost going to the supermarket
and thinks he’s a NASCAR driver.

I thought I would hear angels sing
when I looked at Love.
But all I hear is my favourite
Billy Joel song,
which he has memorised.
Love smiles at me.
Love has a coffee in one hand
and the TV remote in his other.
Love slips his shoes off.
Love promises to stay for a while.

RACHEL-GLASS.WEBNODE.COM
pretty.
darn.
cool.
a conversation with UNTTLD

by Mallory Thompson

Questions provided by Mallory Thompson, all photos and artwork provided by UNTTLD.

When asked to describe their music in 3 words, **unttld** chose to describe their sound as ‘**pretty. darn. cool.**’ and I think that’s exactly right. Hailing from Southwestern Florida, **unttld** is comprised of Alex Perdomo (22) and Kevin Moody (21). Inspired by artists such as Frank Ocean and the Beatles, they provide a unique and refreshing sound that is sure to spice up your 2020 playlist. Recently I had the chance to interview **unttld** about where they find inspiration, what the new year holds for them and their most recent EP ‘**racehorse**’.

**How did you both meet? Tell us the story of your friendship/how that turned into bandmates?**

We met in middle school band as percussionists. Our relationship has almost always had some sort of musical involvement. We stayed really close friends throughout high school doing drumline and TV Production (something each of us ended up pursuing long after school). We had a graduation party where we performed with a couple friends as a band and it was a really cool, new experience for us. It was only a few covers, but performing the music we liked felt super rewarding. We only began writing/recording when we got into college. It started as goofy songs we would make for friends on Alex’s iPhone GarageBand, but what started as a joke quickly evolved into something we put more time and effort into. We upgraded our equipment and the production value just steadily rose from there.
Following from the first question, how did UNTTLD come to be? What made you want to start making music together?

After that grad party in 2016, our friends jammed a lot over the summer break. Jam sessions consisted of a lot of covers, but we’d always put our own spin on our favourite songs, even improvising some new ones. This kind of creative freedom really inspired us to take up songwriting. After finally making a song we were proud of, we decided to publish it online.

When we received genuinely positive feedback from people whose opinions we cared about, we realized we had something on our hands.

Ever since then, we’ve just been trying to outdo ourselves with every track.
Where did the name UNTTLD come from? And does the name/spelling have any specific meaning?

When we shared our first song, we didn’t really anticipate it being a regular thing for us. We just knew we made something we wanted people to hear. As a duo, we wanted a name. Kevin suggested “UNTTL” and we both agreed we liked it. We figured our music would speak for itself and we didn’t need a title.

What’s the most important thing about making music?

It’s hard to describe, but there’s something that feels awesome about this type of self-expression. It ends up being really reflective and even a little therapeutic. At the end of the day, it’s all about making people feel something.

Where do you draw inspiration from?

Nine out of ten times we draw from personal experience. Past relationships, personal fears, anxieties, etc. We don’t usually tell fictional stories, though it’s something we’ve talked about experimenting with.

How has your music changed since you first started?

When we first began, we didn’t know how seriously to take it. We were still kind of messing around and both insecure about our singing voices. Kevin had some musical theatre background, but singing on a track still felt very vulnerable. Because of our mutual interest in hip-hop/R&B, that’s where the majority of our beginnings came from. Eventually, we embraced our voices and made the music we really wanted to make. The sound is always evolving. We like a lot of different music between the two of us, so our catalogue covers a lot of ground.

Are they any specific artists/creatives that have influenced your sound / your music?

We have a lot of different inspiration, but it all goes through what we call the “UNTTL” blender™. Hall & Oates, The Beatles, Michael Jackson, Justin Timberlake, Frank Ocean, Clairo, just to name a few.

Following this, who is someone you’d love to collab with in the future?

Bobby Caldwell, Randy Newman, Phil Collins, Stevie Wonder, Rex Orange County, Charlie Burg, The Lemon Twigs, Ryan Beatty, Tyler the Creator, Steve Lacy... Someone, please put in a good word ’cause none of them answer their phones...

For your new EP, why did you choose the name ‘Racehorse’?

The title of the EP comes from having a “racehorse” outlook: the attitude of focusing on yourself and your own future. Stay in yo lane.
Following on Polemical’s current theme of LOVE, how have your feelings and emotions shaped your music? Are any of the songs on Racehorse based off of past relationships?

Racehorse is different from our other music because it’s less about the past and instead focused on the present and future. Despite that, all our music is a product of our emotions and feelings. We’re both sensitive little boys, so it’s only natural for us.

What song off of Racehorse is the most meaningful? Why?

Alex – If I had to pick one it’d be “Never Tender”. This song makes me dance and cry. I hold the lyricism on this track very close. Despite the fun and dancey exterior, this song covers a heart-wrenching situation. Beyond the lyrics, this song had the biggest journey to get to its final destination. We took risks and abandoned things we thought were good in search of something better from version to version. I’ll never forget how rewarding it was when we finally landed on the current arrangement. I immediately knew it was my favourite.

Kevin – “Blue Moon” is probably the most meaningful to me just because I’m most proud of the lyricism I contributed. It’s also the first song that has me playing guitar, which is something I’m relatively new to. The song was born out of the two of us just messing around one night with a guitar at my house, which is not traditionally how our chord progressions begin at all. The EP was initially slated as five tracks, and this one just happened to be a spontaneous late-night creation. It was born in sort of an intimate setting and I like to think it kept that integrity ‘til the end.

Where do you see yourselves in 5 years?

The real answer is we have no clue! We have a big relocation ahead of us, so our lives are gonna look really different. We hope to reach a new level with our music and to collaborate with cool people!

What do you want listeners to take away from your music?

The attention to detail. We put a lot of effort into giving our songs enough layers to allow new discoveries upon repeat listens. Every note and every lyric is a decision that we come to through discussion. It all has meaning. We want people to start listening to music differently. We hope one takeaway is that more people will start supporting and recognizing independent artists!

If someone reading today was interested in your music, what is the first song they should listen to?

We both really like “Never Tender”. It’s fun making retro 80’s tracks because we use nostalgic synths and programmed drums that give the songs a super authentic sound.
What can we expect from UNTTLD for the rest of 2020?

2019 was good to us, but we have so much planned for 2020. Expect more than just new music.

You can find UNTTLD on Apple Music, Spotify, or wherever you get your tunes.

or follow them on

Instagram Facebook Songwhip
"The beautiful thing about love is it's not always about the happy times, it's about the experience growing with someone..."

LISTEN TO UNTTLD
in our new podcast!
The beautiful thing about love is it's not always about the happy times, it's just about the experience growing with someone...
I shimmy out of the jackal stares, pickled compliments, disappointments leaving and latching onto others.

I wash away the crumbles of curses, chats on the boulevard; half senseless & half full of grim gossip.

I settle on celebrating me for playing brave and wash down your honey voice, with metaphors and ex lovers’ tantrums.

I stick my ear to the speaker and snap fingers, hold the radio up and dance like a rat who discovered a godown of cheese, like a crazy compass needle gasping for correct direction, like violin strings fidget to make a symphony, like god is high on the barmaid’s lips.
“Stills from video documentation of terrific grief (Part two) (2017) “
black pepper cracks
30.8.19

you’re nightless time holds less meaning now anyway mornings are nights evening the moon blooms start whatever age you are it’s a young boy walk elbows out your voice is tea pale chlorine blue eyes cracked black pepper pupils sometimes pool into black glassy liquid void a love for levi love lunar phases shift your face shape planes dipping the tide washes out and leaves fresh sheets I try to trace when I eat eggs from the bin out of date but time is wrong give you mouldy bread rub kiwi in your hair green frogspawn stuck on my thigh frightened cos you’re here now nowhere in flight found you in a hot field you lived where I was going flitted into my world one month time nothing just fell this way pepper splints falls scattered as if it doesn’t matter
Life is Elsewhere

My roommate’s blog title in 2012: la vie est ailleurs. Life is elsewhere. And honestly, that’s a colossal fucking mood.

I pass my days in the dark with wilting mint, jazz, and tiny shots of amaro. I watch a sugar cube dissolve into my green tea and equate it to the cliché of melting into you. Everything reminds me of you. I miss you terribly every night.

A regular at the bar told me you and I were like that movie Ladyhawke. I live my life after five in candlelight and printed silk button ups, in pilsner caps and wax and niceties. I trudge (sometimes stumble) home in the wee hours. I watch your shadow leave as the sun rises through the blinds.

In my dreams I am in your room tiptoeing across the carpet. There are a handful of dead bees scattered on the floor and the room is glowing blue from the TV. You have too many blankets and not enough pillows and you are asleep with your headphones on. I feel nothing but the ineffable electricity of your presence.

Sometimes I might forget things like how your voice sounds or how you’re an Aries or how I can’t smoke in your apartment but I will never forget that electricity.

Time is distance. Hours and days and occasional weeks separate us like state lines and freeways. I am here and you are there but also it is three in the morning and I am seemingly the only person in the city of Baltimore who is awake right now.

I miss you always and that is probably what love is.
Handmade with 6 pieces of paper and glue. 10 x 12"
The way I want to be loved is very simple:
I want raw honesty
Hurt me with your truths
I want Passion
Make love to me, and then turn around, and fuck me good
I want vulnerability
Feel comfortable enough to cry in front of me, and I'll cry in front of you
I want gentleness, but you can be a little rough too
I want you to be book smart, but also know the streets
I want patience because I know me, and you're going to need a lot of it in order to deal with me
I want stability because that's what I'll give to you
I want empathy because I need you to be able to put yourself in not only my shoes, but other people's shoes too
I need you to be true to yourself, so that you can be true to me as well
My kind of love

So when my straight friends ask me why there is no straight pride parade
I tell them, “You can’t be proud of something you’ve never had to fight
for.”
This is for every wedding I watched from the sidelines,
every fairy tale with stipulations,
every it’s a choice, it’s a phase, you’re disgusting,
every swollen choke of shame I learned to coat my throat with,
every gay kid who ever believed nothing would ever make this better,
because home meant break the parts of yourself
that don’t fit into the plaster of who you’re supposed to be.
When Friendship Meets Self-love

I found myself excusing pernicious behaviors because I thought I owed friends unconditional access to me. This is how I showed my appreciation and held myself accountable, no matter how drained it left me feeling. I thought that offering them what seemed to be boundless time would make up for my shortcomings in the past where I hadn’t shown up for them. For the longest, I didn’t know that this was an unhealthy approach. Now, I am choosing to withdraw my energy when I find it necessary. I am focusing on savoring the moment and forgiving myself for being unavailable to them and to me when we needed us most. I deserve to take several steps back after years of dedicating myself to situations void of reciprocity. Personal and professional life changes continue to force me to prioritize myself. This journey through self-healing with the help of mentors and guides is leading me back to my soul and my happiness.

It feels good, but discomforting. I often fear who will get fed up and leave, rightly so. I am grasping what it means to avoid taking shit so personally. People have the right to decide when they will remove themselves from your life. It is their choice. When I need space, I take it. I’m not the best at expressing what I desire at the moment in my friendships because I feel like my friends are entitled to more of my time since I require so much distance to breathe and focus on my peace and growth. I’m not one to romanticize the bonds we create with chosen companions.

To be real, I am the friend who has a hard time picking up the phone and calling you. I’ll text to check in. Occasionally, I ring the lines of the people I’m closest to because I know they care the most, and I long to hear their voices, too. But I’m also learning how to feel less guilty for not wanting to do things that make me uncomfortable, including having a conversation when I absolutely cannot. I’ll let them know that we need to catch up and talk or they will remind me of how long it’s been since we’ve last spoken.

I am not the friend who gets lost in trying to please you when you have neglected to communicate with me at all. I learned very quickly how damaging this can be. You feel the weight of it all as you try to swim through the thick of it. However, I am the friend who will go out of my way to help you when you are up or down by offering encouraging words or listening ears. I am going to defend you like no other, but on the downside, I don’t wanna talk every day of the week or even every two. I need more space to myself than I think most do. We can text all day...well maybe not all day...but you know what I mean. I’m not the friend who is going to be present at every outing because more than likely my money or mental energy is low. But I am the friend who will support you when you need it even if I can’t make it. When you need me, I’ll be there as best as I can be.

My love languages do not always reflect those of my friends. The biggest mistake I’ve made as
a friend is thinking that what I needed was what my friend needed. The next was turning a blind eye when I was being disrespected.

I'm still getting to know what loving and productive friendships look and feel like to me, and I'm an introverted empath. We have the right to decide what is important to us in their development over the hours, days, months, years and decades even if it may not match what a solid connection is supposed to be according to strangers, familiar people, and studies. I know where to find comforting characteristics in some of my existing relationships. I don’t need the plush surprises or all of the attention when shit goes awry. Sometimes this can be nice, but it’s not a dealbreaker for me. I’d rather not put that much pressure on my people. I’d much rather have a dance party with wine or brown liquor and a home-cooked meal. I’d rather talk for hours and chill out one-on-one. Now...I’m not saying that we can’t go out and turn the city upside down in our shimmery jumpsuits, with the bass booming while throwing back shot glasses and extending our pinkies toward the sky, owning the entire night. But you know what I’m getting at.

My friendships have taught me how to love myself more through negative and positive experiences. I could never replace the people in my circle who have invested genuine love and care. They know me best, and they act like it. They say it even when it gets annoying. They are a part of the reason why I am still standing. They call me out without making me seem like the worst bitch on the planet. I had a ‘friend’ who made me feel this way. After I realized how insecure she was within herself, I walked away because this turned into her using my life against me. Once you cross that line, I’m out. I had another who constantly talked about herself when I let her know that tragedy had hit me hard. Sometimes they would even constantly text in my ear as if I couldn’t hear the taps. Selfish people show their colors when you need them the most. It can come as a shock. It can be pretty hurtful, but that’s when you decide who is worthy of your time and your energy. The best thing you can do from then on is to love yourself more.

I used to get disregarded by people who found my dreams boring or patronized my efforts. These were supposed to be my friends. In turn, I let them dominate conversations because I felt that their obstacles served a greater disadvantage to their lives and were, therefore, more dire than mine. Some of them constantly pushed my issues to the side and often told me ‘...but you always figure it out. You always get your way. Stuff always goes right for you.’ They knew that wasn’t true. I trusted them with the worst parts of my journey, but somehow they still invalidated my struggles because I triumph. I realized that I felt abandoned by the very people I gave the most to, which turned into resentment that I still struggle with to this day. But the people in my corner are real ones. They help me to see me and that’s what I strive to do for them in return.

I know friendships have seasons, and not every one of them leaves a disgusting taste in your mouth. Sometimes you just have to let them go for the sake of yourself and/or the other person. I realized that the love I hand out so eagerly, no matter the circumstances, should be reserved for me, too. I am deserving of the love I give, and true friends help you to cherish that.
i forgive you
for little doubts
chewed down
raw
like itch
rubbed
that underside
of flesh feathered
to leak
scars we tell over
and over again
to that next lover
and next
to those new lips
asking them to carry
our limbs
for us
till we are full
even
to try again
those loose bottomed
words take me
as i am
or do not
at all
giving in
giving up
this body’s small failures
presenting along fault lines
chiseled
into that sheer face
and ricocheted into our arms
or our legs
or bellies
i want to look
past echoes
of others
vibrating around your vertebrae
because we are all born
from little deaths
buried in weathered soil
we all grow
from the bones
of our old ghosts.
I just fell in love on the streetcar today
Somewhere on the road between Church Street and Bay.
And maybe if the seat beside me’d been free,
You’d stand up, walk over, and sit beside me.

You’d see how we both tap our fingers along
To each of our secluded, pop headphone songs.
You’d then pause your music – that’d be how it starts.
Begin as two strangers, nervous beating hearts.

Ask me how I’m doing. I’d say I was fine.
I’d point out your glasses. You’d compliment mine.
The silence would linger – should we keep this up?
The bus, it’d be silent, but we’d both crack up!

Conversation flows when you like what you see.
And who is to say that you couldn’t like me?
We’d exchange our names, and I’d look in your eyes.
No filters, no DMs, and no chance for lies.
Jokes about traffic, small talk of the weather...
I’d roll my eyes when you said something clever.
And I’d miss my stop – second day in a row,
Not cus’ I’m careless, but to give this a go!

Maybe if it weren’t for our bloody cellphones
We’d act more like humans, and less ‘robot clones.’
But if not phones, it’d be books and newspapers!
I do not believe we used to be braver...

So reach out in-person! Just take a real chance!
Stop looking online! Love comes by happenstance.
Trade swiping on Tinder for real-life hellos.
No ‘dating tv shows.’ And no ‘final rose’!

I just fell in love on the streetcar today
Somewhere on the road between Church Street and Bay.
And if I’d had the courage to speak to you,
I think maybe you’d have fallen for me too.

~Rebecca McLaren
mclarenrebecca.wixsite.com/portfolio
Heart Half Drawn
A heart half drawn
Needs a pair to be whole
My pen is dying
May I borrow yours?
Days turned to nights
Months into years
But still I was waiting for you to appear.
The ink slowly drying
Along will my soul
I don’t know how much longer I can be on hold.
Our paths never crossed
I found someone new
But my heart was only half of what I once knew.
A heart half drawn
Pieced together by dots
I will never be as whole as before you got lost.
A square with no corners is like me without you
Incomplete and in disarray.
putting your necklace back on

NATRAUM.COM

It’s unfortunate how much I’ve thought about you lately.

My class asked me to find three objects I associate with bad memories and the first thing that came to mind was the fish necklace you bought me in Cabo, the one that you gave me after things had already gotten fucked up and that I wore every day for three years, even through my parents’ veiled attempts to give me other jewelry to get you away from me.

I wanted to put it back on, just to see how it felt, and it burned. The cold metal touched my chest and it laid awkwardly over my velvet tank top. I couldn’t fasten the clasp. I couldn’t keep it on. I remember this necklace once being a part of me and now it feels like a gaping wound.

I don’t remember the day I took you off and put you away in a box, just like I don’t remember you resurfacing and taking over my consciousness. You told me I was crazy when I told you what you had done to me. You consumed me. My whispers in the night to future partners still bore the sting of your deadpan voice.

Days go by where I do not think of you when I charge through the swelling mass in the halls, eyes fixed on the linoleum as I drown out boys’ chatter. Your face no longer perches in every battered corner or takes shape in the steam rising off my morning coffee. I do not hear your speech echo from the back of my mind to the knot in my stomach when I read your messages.

I do not see you. I do not feel you. When your knock comes at my door, I do not recognize its staccato clang. And I do not hurt when your vacant eyes gloss over me like a footnote. I strain to remember your voice before pushing it away, back to the beginning of a story that I wrote you out of.

It’s unfortunate how much I’ve thought about you lately.
“AM I FRIGID?!”

Trigger warning: This piece contains subject matter related to abuse.

“Don’t worry hun, you’ll find someone else”
“It’s just a phase babe, you’ll be back to normal soon”
“So, any naughty single life stories? Any naughty men?”
“You must be loving single life, are you on Tinder?!”
“Now I can live vicariously through you!”

God I can’t stand these questions “The bombardment of singledom” I call it now. It makes me want to shout at the top of my lungs “THIS BODY IS ONLY FOR ME!” before stalking off, hair swinging (if my hair was long enough to swing). Why do people presume that getting laid is the ultimate goal? That fantasising about the hot guy/chick/person that poured your pint on Thursday evening is the “normal” state to inhabit? Like anything else is just a tricky period that you’re going through, like the time you bought rock boots at 14? Is it? Is this just a phase, or is this me for the rest of my life? (if it is though, I’ll tell you now friends that I will live a life ten times more creatively productive than when I’ve been a serial dater...) Am I frigid? Have I somehow become socially awkward? Have I somehow become not only unattractive, but un-attracted? Why are these the default topics of conversation? Am I guilty of the same general gossip around someone’s relationship status, sexual appetite or library of dating apps?

Since I became single just over a year ago, during the hot sticky summer of 2018, the idea of being intimate with another human makes me what to jump in the bath and scrub every inch of my body. I feel coldness seep out from my gut at the thought of it, and an instant sensation of dirtiness. I don’t feel uncomfortable in my body, in fact I am most at ease when moving, connected to being physical and present in myself. So why does the idea of being in active closeness to another person fill me with such dread?

The words “You look like a shit” float through my mind (my mind’s ear? is that a thing?) not “Like shit” but “A shit” an actual turd. Is that even possible? Do I have a lump of sweetcorn sticking out of my head?

“You know why we’re not having much sex at the moment don’t you? Why I haven’t wanted to? It’s because of YOU. You’re not sexy enough. Why don’t you wake me up wearing suspenders with breakfast prepared, and then suck my cock whilst I eat pancakes?”

The alluring comments from my last romantic partner, that still reverberate around my brain a year later. Why don’t you? I should have replied. Do you realise that the reason we haven’t been shagging like rabbits might actually be because I don’t want to? It hurts your "AM I FRIGID?!”
You know why we’re not having much sex at the moment don’t you? It’s because of YOU. You’re not sexy enough. Why don’t you wake me up wearing suspenders with breakfast prepared, and then suck my cock whilst I eat pancakes?”

The alluring comments from my last romantic partner, that still reverberate around my brain a year later. Why don’t you? I should have replied. Do you realise that the reason we haven’t been shagging like rabbits might actually be because I don’t want to? It hurts your pride too much to realise that, doesn’t it? Do you realise how exhausting and draining and ultimately boring it is being pummelled from behind whilst your hair is being pulled back so tightly that it’s hard to breathe? Do you know how unsatisfying it is to be fucked whilst your fanny is dry until your partner cums, and then that’s it, he’s telling you to get in the shower and wash whilst he prowls around, pride gleaming from his very skin, like he’s the owner of the world’s most supreme penis, not realising his fucking style is more akin to an aggressive windup dog?
This is how I should have replied, but I didn’t. I just felt smaller, dirtier, less sexy, shrinking inwards, and then started searching for underwear sets in flattering colours.

It’s a hard thing to look back at your own behaviour, when it goes in perfect contradiction to all that you stand for and believe. It’s hard not to feel spineless. The shame runs thick. Of course I know the effects from emotional coercion at the hands of another human being, but this doesn’t always make you feel better about it. Giving him all the credit, despite the phrases “You’re the worst woman I’ve ever met” “You don’t even know how to dress yourself” “You’re disgusting” “You’re cheap” still ringing in my ears, feels even more disempowering. Yes I was a victim to shitty behaviour, as are so many of us, but relying on the sensation of victimhood somehow did not help me. Recognising the effects has been important yes, but clinging to them has not. I do not speak for every person who has found themselves in this situation of course, just from my own experiences as a heterosexual woman, my own patterns of behaviour, and my own discoveries of what I found helped me claw my way out. My current aversion to sex and intimacy I presume is a part of this healing process... or is it that I am now just so over all the crap that I’ve lost interest? Bored of the bullshit?

Exhaustion envelopes me at the thought of beginning a new romantic relationship, but yet at the same time some part of me is anxious about sharing this in case it makes me less appealing to the opposite sex, for that potential distant moment in the future when I might comprehend fancying someone again. What a ridiculous paradox. It also makes me feel at a juxtaposition to the positive sex movement that is growing these days, something that I support wholeheartedly and passionately, but currently am unable to apply to myself. Perhaps I’ll get a vibrator for Christmas and start to break the ice...No, whoever you are reading this please don’t send me a dildo, even that is making me nervous! I think for now I’ll be sticking to my evenings saturated with books and colourful jumpers, whilst I curl up with my kittens and a hot water bottle. I will however be trying to bring awareness to the way I talk to and about other people, their sex lives, connections, and relationships, with consideration and respect for the stories that have brought them to this moment. As I write this I am eating chocolate buttons, whilst wearing a rainbow cardigan, yellow knitted socks pulled up to the knee and a furry muffler around my head. Becoming a crazy cat lady never looked so good.
maybe, not fuck

~ To S + J, thank you for inviting me as witness ~

maybe i love you
maybe i will throw myself
into the process and crushing machinery of love
with you

maybe
i will empower you
"will" - queer as in promise,
maybe itself being
promise, prediction,
inevitability of the future manifesting itself,
unfolding with every dip, spin, kick
with every collared shirt and pinky ring
with every hard, rude swipe of lipstick

promise being queered,
no longer ties that bind
but bonds
that hold with a strong adhesive
until they can no longer
and maybe let's hot glue it again
or maybe no
and we tearfully accept
that i'm too much of an aspiring top
to continue dating you

maybe not fuck you
but the crunch of rich bones,
maybe re-occupying land and spaces
maybe divesting, emotionally and economically
maybe growing our own food
maybe rent and tuition strikes

maybe organizing meetings
or maybe just jump the turnstile,
off the table, under the books
maybe water in the desert
maybe visiting and listening to our gay elders
maybe resting
maybe film the police
maybe date your friends
And maybe shower them with kisses

maybe forgiven indulgence
after forgiven indulgence
glamor with shallow pockets
liberated glosses, glitters
shimmering and sizzling golds

maybe too much titty;
maybe not all
simultaneously

maybe play,
as in coloring books and pop-punk
maybe braiding hair,
maybe back rubs,
drinking tea, reading quietly, sharing poet
and laughing loudly, forcefully, violently
maybe bright hats and loud jackets
with prints that argue with your dresses
maybe too drunk,
messy and sloppy
maybe "put this bitch in an uber,
and text her in the morning"

maybe second
third
fourth
maybe, not fuck you

maybe organizing meetings
or maybe just jump the turnstile,
off the table, under the books
maybe water in the desert
maybe visiting and listening to our gay elders
maybe resting
maybe film the police
maybe date your friends
And maybe shower them with kisses
maybe forgiven indulgence
after forgiven indulgence

glamor with shallow pockets
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and laughing loudly, forcefully, violently
maybe bright hats and loud jackets
with prints that argue with your dresses
maybe too drunk,
messy and sloppy
maybe “put this bitch in an uber,
and text her in the morning”
maybe second
third
fourth
tenth
infinite

chances (maybe thank you
instead of i love you,
maybe that’s harder to say)
maybe boundaries. maybe work in progress.
maybe loving through the process.

maybe a sucked tongue
maybe i’ll never see you again
maybe we wake up next to each other
maybe i will love you; let’s journal about it
maybe this is my fantasy; i like yours too
maybe let’s unite our delusions and dreams
maybe let’s also unite our deaths

maybe wait until the third date
Maybe wait until the third year
maybe wait
DON’T FORGET TO READ ISSUE 12: VOLUME 2!
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