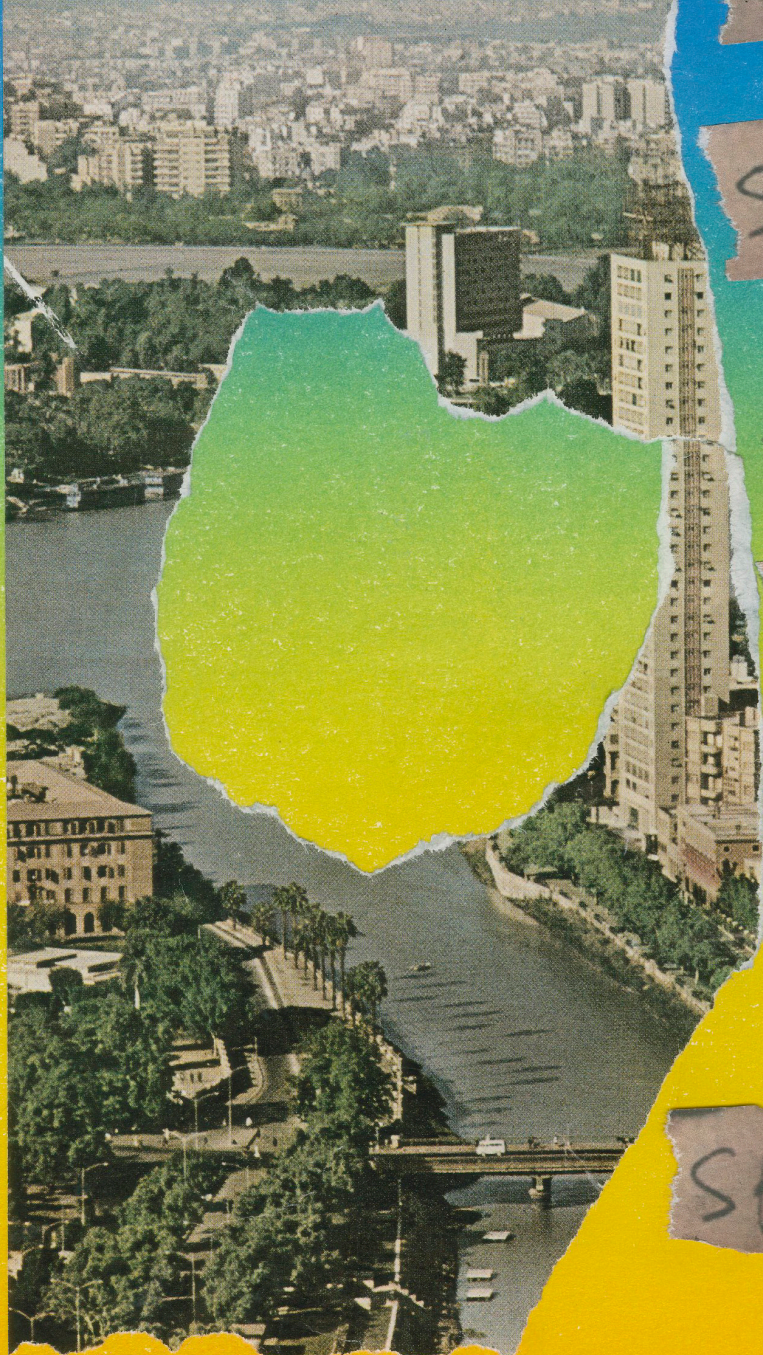


GHOST PRINT

Issue #1



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HIT!

Welcome to Issue #1 of Ghost Print! This is an experimental zine featuring IPRC community members. We started this zine because we miss seeing our friends in the studio and making stuff together. We hope this reminds you of what it's like to be in the IPRC. Within this zine you will find poetry, collages, graphics and a visual poem among other artwork made in the IPRC and afar. Be sure to check out the interview in the back of the zine with our cover artist Pauli Ramirez.

Ghost Print is a monthly publication, so keep a lookout for our next call for submissions. We would love to feature your art!

Enjoy the explorative art forms within these pages
--Marissa, Gabby, and Emmy

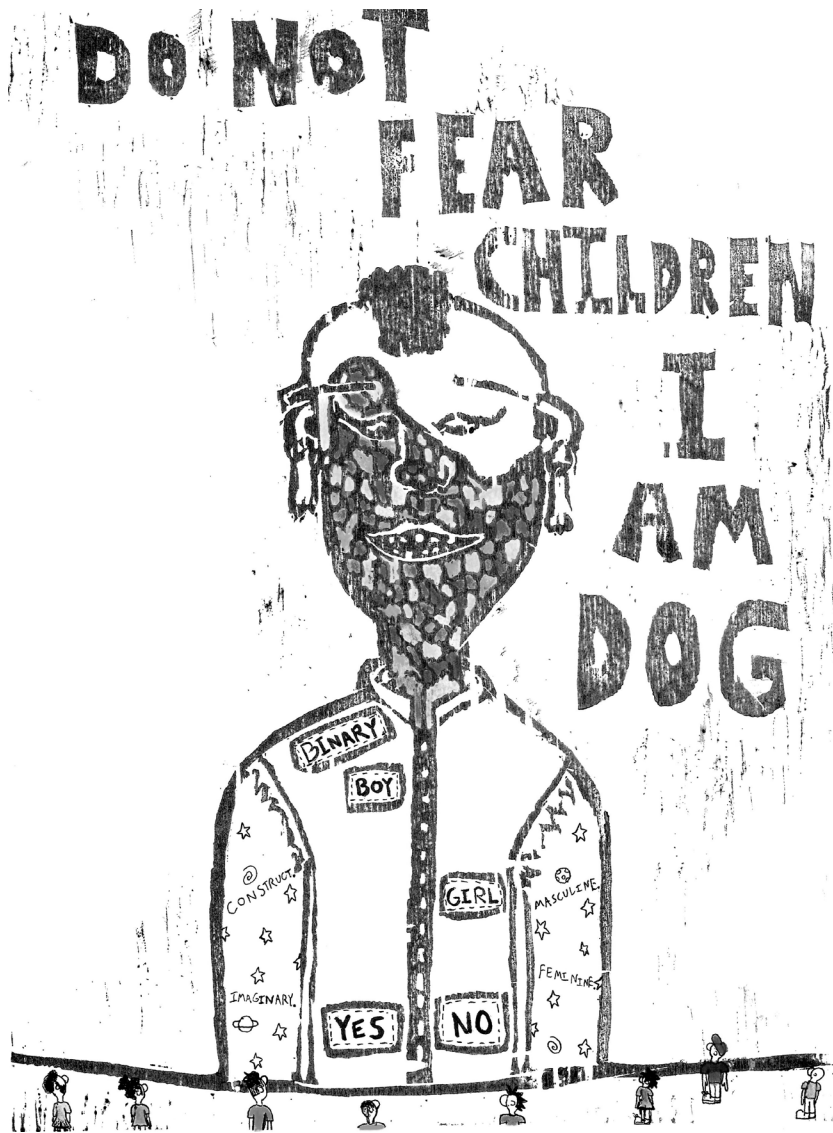


2020.9.21. Whole days playing videogames.
The void: an imperceptible shadow. Penis is just a long clit. I play my body like you may play a videogame. Playing the girl alleviates my dysphoria. 10 months on hormones, soon I level up. My gender exists primarily in my bedroom mirror, in my partner's eyes, on computer screens. Your gender stats can be adjusted with the right power-ups and gear.

Dysphoria is the sound of errant radio waves, a pre-existence, a döppelgänger writhing in agony. The dyphoric body tends towards death if it cannot express itself, meaning if it cannot express its desire. Suppressed dysphoria manifests as death drive. When the flows of desire for another body are blocked, they return as a refusal of the body as it exists. Dysphoria is the feeling of error and void.



AC0001: realgirl1994_vol 1
AC0002: wormzine
AC0003: realgirl1994_vol 2



March

Danger is my first name, baby boy--
I knew it in my crib, and now you see:
The outdoors hurts our lungs
while the indoors makes our faces chafe and bleed.
Those horns could mean our death by fascist hordes
or nothing much, my body just won't say.
I feel ashamed, avoiding light of day;
the streets where we, imperiled, dodge and wheeze.
Don't tell me that I'm safe-- it won't appease me
and I can't take it seriously now.
I know the dead are piling by the day,
too much, too fast.
If I survive the next six months, I will not be the same.
That, I can say.

+++

But one fine day,
or on the grayest day,
we'll realize we are loving without fear--
just to accept, and not to earn again.
And we'll ring golden temple bells,
stand tenderly at forest shrines,
by leafy pools,
the minutes gone
but safely hid this time.
And we will sit outdoors on evenings long,
with friends,
nobody missing here.
We'll eat fresh bread.
The sun that dips and plays
behind the laurels' leaves
will bring us to brief silence,
their perfume all in our lungs.
We will feel the airplane shudder on the landing strip;
the ocean past the atoll
is a shade of blue we've never seen before.
Emerging now, the sky is full
of frigatebirds and fairy terns
and we will squint
and laugh

and awe
and know at last, in places deep,
all doubt is overcome.

+++

Today the virus builds unsteady walls
Between this place and influenzal halls.
Their humid tang, the rooms so hot and small,
the constant beeping, TVs on too loud.
We won't all drop dead walking on the beach,
won't all "figure it out", won't all know peace.
You need to be alive to feel relief,
is what I told myself ten thousand times.
Great temples fall,
and we don't get to choose
our fragile parts.
We crouch at bedsides,
faces held in hands,
as we come home
even to this dull pain;
the home the dying ones are waiting for.
I tie my boots up tight
for the long slog goodbye.

+++

Secluded is the field
but otherwise, not what I thought.
The ground keeps sinking,
there are no clear borders to the stream.
The path through all this tall grass widens,
waned and disappears.
Stinging nettle crowds at my hand height,
the thick thorns of the blackberry
are dangling at my neck.
I move intently,
as much like an egret as I can
with these soft, fleshy legs.
I move slowly, toward the green hills,
their single oak
a lighthouse to me now.

--Emily J. Schnipper



Full Moon Roof

The city from space was just sparks
metal on metal riding
its own burning on earth
guardrails radios air freshener
some things give pieces of themselves
forever the same vinegar mother brining generations
of pickles and beans the end of one christ candle
lighting the next off the same flame
I look to space car wrecks near misses outer deaths
same old atmosphere the windows down
I practice moving without purpose follow
that fat pale valentine pinned
like a halo above me smear of amber
always over my shoulder yellow luck never seeming
any closer or farther away

Aubade in Quarantine

We sever
and we tangle

all at once, limbs of the quince
tree lobbed in the alley

swelling and melting
with every rain.

I stutter awake,
slacken my jaw

after a night white-knuckling
through the void.

You pull the duvet over
your head and sigh.

We take turns like this,
exchanging inches

of mattress, give and clutch,
tug and falter,

alternating nightmares
and escapes.

I watch puddles
form in the predawn,

flinch at the kettle's
first humming and remember

when I enjoyed
that sharp wail without

you startling
dewy from dreams O you,

the most sleepless
of all my nights.

EVERYTHING IS SO MUCH

MAR 2021
VOL 04

recipe adapted by holly prog
poem by colleen louise barry

contribute to future publications of this zine
by submitting images, drawings, recipes,
meditations, stories, secrets, and anything else
you want to get off your chest to hello@jakelen.com
using the following subject line format:
everything is so

Ingredients:

- 1-12 oz bag of bitter or semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 12 Tbsp of butter
- ½ tsp of salt
- 6 Large eggs
- 1 ½ cup or granulated sugar

Preheat oven to 325 degrees

1. Melt the chocolate, butter, and salt in the microwave and stovetop safe bowl on 75% power. When softened, put 1 or 2 inches of water in a pan and bring to a boil. Put stovetop safe bowl over the boiling water to melt the rest of the way (until smooth).

2. Combine the eggs and sugar and whip on medium speed until light and fluffy (approximately 8-10 minutes). Fold chocolate mix into the egg mixture.

3. Pour into springform pan and bake at 325 for approximately 1 ½ hours.

If you have a double boiler, you can melt the chocolate in that; I don't have one so, I put it in a tempered glass bowl that can withstand heat, but be careful because it won't withstand direct flame.

The whipped cream I just make. You'll need one or two cups of heavy whipping cream, and then I add about a ½ tsp of vanilla extract and about 3 or 4 Tbsp of powdered sugar during the whipping process. Just flavor it to taste.

EVERYTHING IS SECRET

It's possible to be attached to an absence
So the way you love is long

Winter sidles in
The scene grows cold

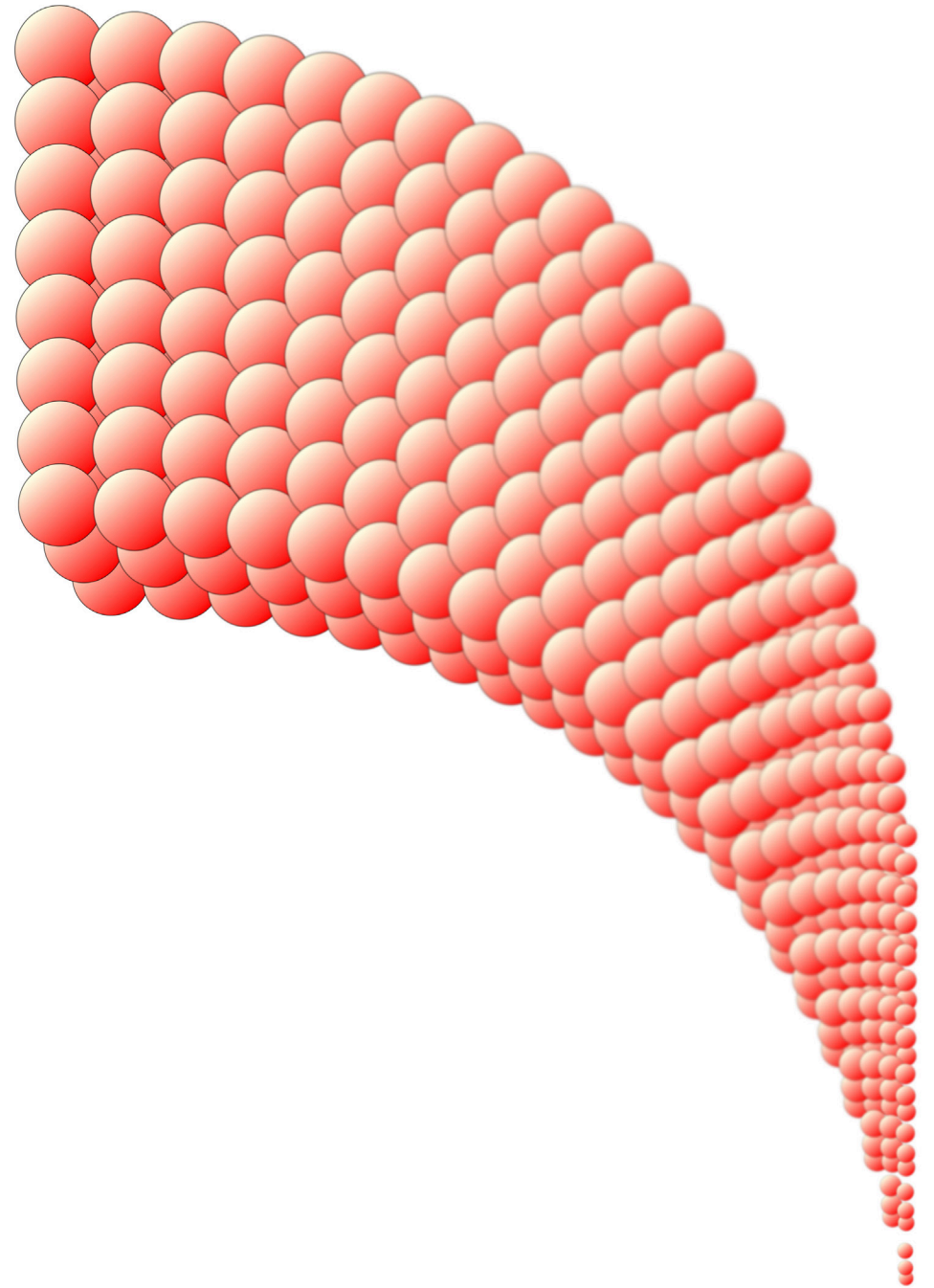
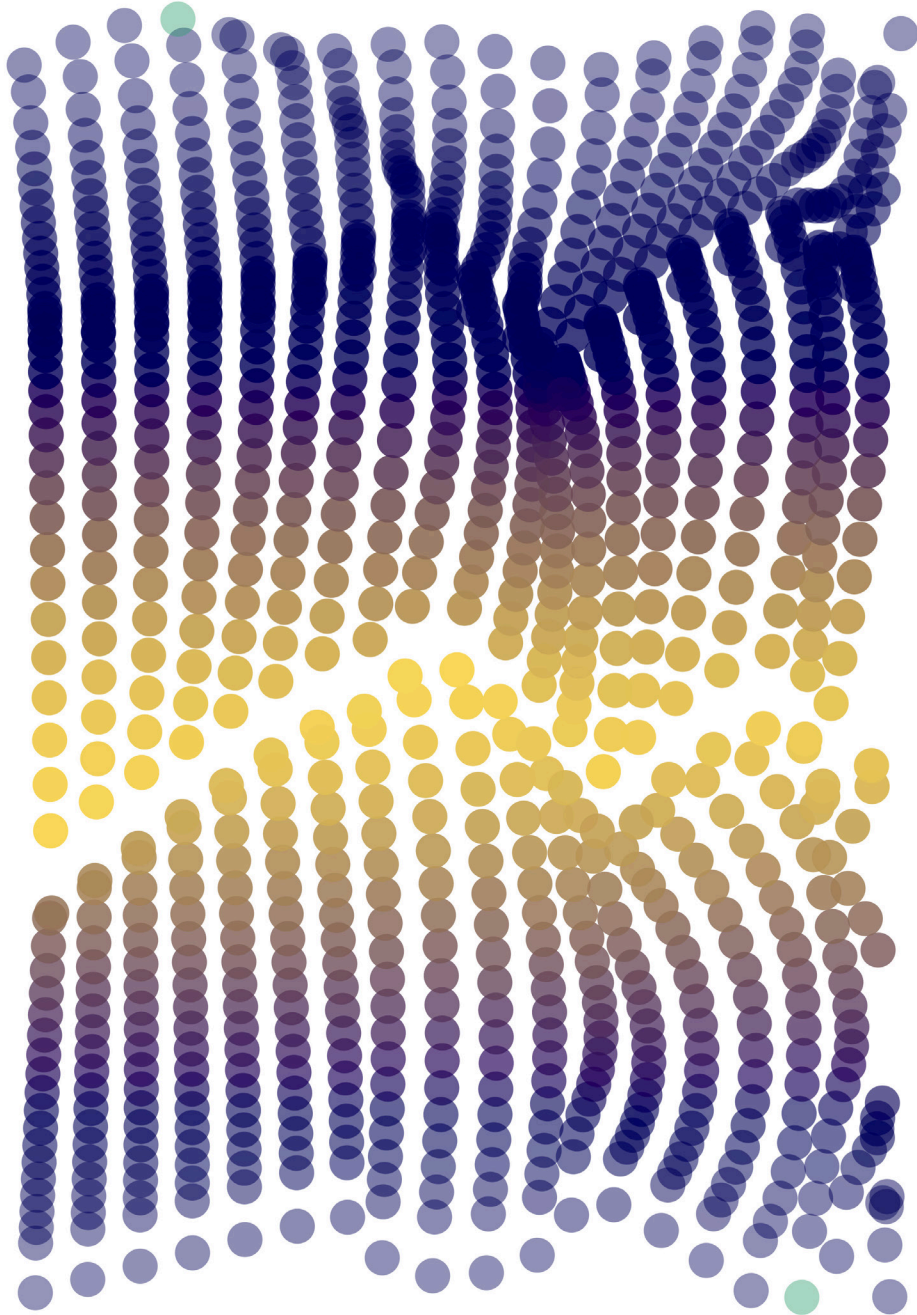
I wish my last name was Sleep
I hope to fall in love
Distinct from form or style —

Like a cloud clear sky
but full of sun
Piano notes framing
the expectation is it's empty
space, the in-between, nothing

The concept of content —
we'll encounter and then choose
or
what we choose creates it

It comes down to how many secrets you hold
That's the amount you have to worry

--Jakelen Diaz



Vessels (pt 1)

There's a piece of yarn and I look to it all the time
its tangled and we trip violent
we don't miss
Violins play, thought you wanted me praying on my knees
choirs spinning stories out of silk, we're taking ourselves to church
She's just mad she can't suck dick like me
everywhere we go men won't stop looking at me

(pt 2)

fucking in field of flowers, drawing bodily maps
sticky wet
pleasure in the name of transformation
Eat my edible for breakfast,
The next one who looks at me for lunch,
And fistfuls of spite for dinner
everyone's mother cooks
feed the ground, grow our daughter
The sun is too bright, i'm going to light it all on fire
The trees, the mushrooms, the starlings, the sea, and the sower
Burn me down in the name of abundance

we are dancing in a new age portal.
we talk to stars and read notes on raspberry leaves
braiding everyone's necks creating links in between

I have decided to write an aetiology¹ of pizza in order to distract myself from my unraveling, which has become quite colorful. My interest in the subject began fortuitously, when one night in a bar alone and without anyone to talk with I suddenly wondered how and when pizza originally came to be. It is clear to me that pizza has always exerted a magnetic force over mine and others’ minds, and not only pizza as a food, but the very word itself, which acts as a kind of enchantment. In a synaesthetic way the five letters of P I Z Z A conjure both metaphysical and gastronomic stirrings and, if one is lucky enough, an accompanying perfume. This led me to go even further and believe that pizza must also be a kind of self-propagating species and kind of macrobacteriapart of a wider family of Italian bacterial species but which has in fact gone even further and manipulated the fulcrums of evolution and shot to giant and edible proportions. And in fact I believe every pizza is itself a bacteria in God’s great anus, an anus in which we worms eat from gladly as the macrobacteria which we ourselves are! Ha ha ha, ha! So my absurd hypothesis is that pizza is in fact a self-contained species called pizzacus pizzacaticus (after the Latin) which spreads through space through bacterial transmission within God’s anus mucous membrane (and human lube).

...

Pizza indeed has an ancient history preceding it. But as a distinct phenomenon, pizza is in fact recently modern. Pizza’s bacterial metamorphosis, however, can be situated within a historical trajectory which bridges the millenia and exhibits a consistent basic substance of ontological form through an identifiable phylogeny. For even food² requires an evolutionary development which becomes organized into distinct evolutionary stages. Of course though when the pizza bacterium originated it did not begin as such, protean and ungestated as it was. The cosmic pizza in the divine anus first made its way through the sub-anus, only distinguishing itself slowly in fits and starts along an evolutionary trail which could not be perceived except with the benefit of retrospect. Thus it’s neither unfair or unscientific to say that pizza once began as a rudimentary swampfish taking its first ugly, slimy, idiotic steps onto the salty and luscious tongue of land, learning to stand up straight only over many years (as we humans may also one day do), all in all in the sweaty meanwhile, refashioning itself through the demands of gustatory adaptation and natural selection, until at last it was capable of coming to a climax and attaining its modern form – one which has now ascended to becoming an astrospatial phenomenon.³

1 Aetiology can mean both the investigation into causes, as well as the investigation of causes of a disease.

2 I work with the assumption that food in biological terms is a form of intra-organic symbiosis rather than a unilateral absorption of dead matter.

3 If humans ever expand their civilization beyond the earth, pizza will certainly expand with them and reproduce prodigiously... at first as a powder and then in natural form and possibly even novel forms.

Artist Index and Information

Abby Castillo.....@twinchicken_
Christian Orellana.....@timmytron
Emily J. Schnipper.....
Mariana Mora & Brandon Marcoux.....@squigle & @foxruns
Meredith Adams.....@murmurdith
Jakelen Diaz..... @everythingissomuch
Sean Cearley.....@generatedpoetry
Lucky Robison.....@luck.ily666
Laura DeGrace.....@degracel0
Marissa Perez.....@m.a.r.i.s.s.a_p.e.r.e.z
Peter Guenther.....@pyotrpretzel

INTERVIEW WITH PAULI RAMIREZ

I saw from your insta account that you're also a DJ in addition to being a visual artist.

Which leads me to my first question:

How does playing music inform your art-making and vice versa?

Music and art for me are the same, they nourish each other and coexist while I create, my body uses and needs different extensions to communicate. When I make art, I start thinking in my body and my skin as the first layer, music for sure is a great ally to navigate sensations through that layer, while visuals do the same but through a different process it's more manual, more analogic. It is always a unique ritual, never the same. I believe in art and music as a potent and generous force for social change, and I can see that, just by feeling in that first layer, as a reminder that changes starts with ourselves as well.

How did you first become involved with the IPRC? Please talk about the art that you make!

Did you learn any new art techniques at the IPRC? How did you incorporate these techniques into your art practice?

First time I got involved, IPRC provided the space for a community event that I was part of the organizing, then I felt curious and started going sometimes when some friends were going to work there, I was trying to catch up the different process and methods of printing. I've been learning graphic art specially for selfcuriosity and by sharing skills with friends. Since I've been part of the BIPOC Artists and Writers in residence I've been having the chance to expand more my ideas and been an instructor of Landscaping Memory: A Collage Workshop for Black Indigenous and Brown Immigrants, and lately I've been working in a collaborative publication with youth Indigenous students, I've also having the opportunity to experiment with personal works, and combine collages, with risograph, and mixed techniques, that it something I love to investigate.

As a brown sudaka woman and multidisciplinary artist, educational practice and community sharing is essential, I can not think in the art that I do without to think in a deep desire of justice, the healing of us and the healing of this land.

Since the pandemic has forced many into different states of isolation, did you find that the IPRC's community helped to foster a sense of connection for you, and if so how?

So far IPRC has been my sweet nest. I'm super grateful for the community there, they've been so supportive, and when I say supportive, they know what I'm talking about. No body expected how pandemic was going to affect our ways to communicate and change the settings of collectivity. I've found IPRC as a permanent uplifting for the community and a space of sweetness and resistance at the same time.

IG:lapaushi

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Image courtesy of artist



SERENESS

GHOST



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