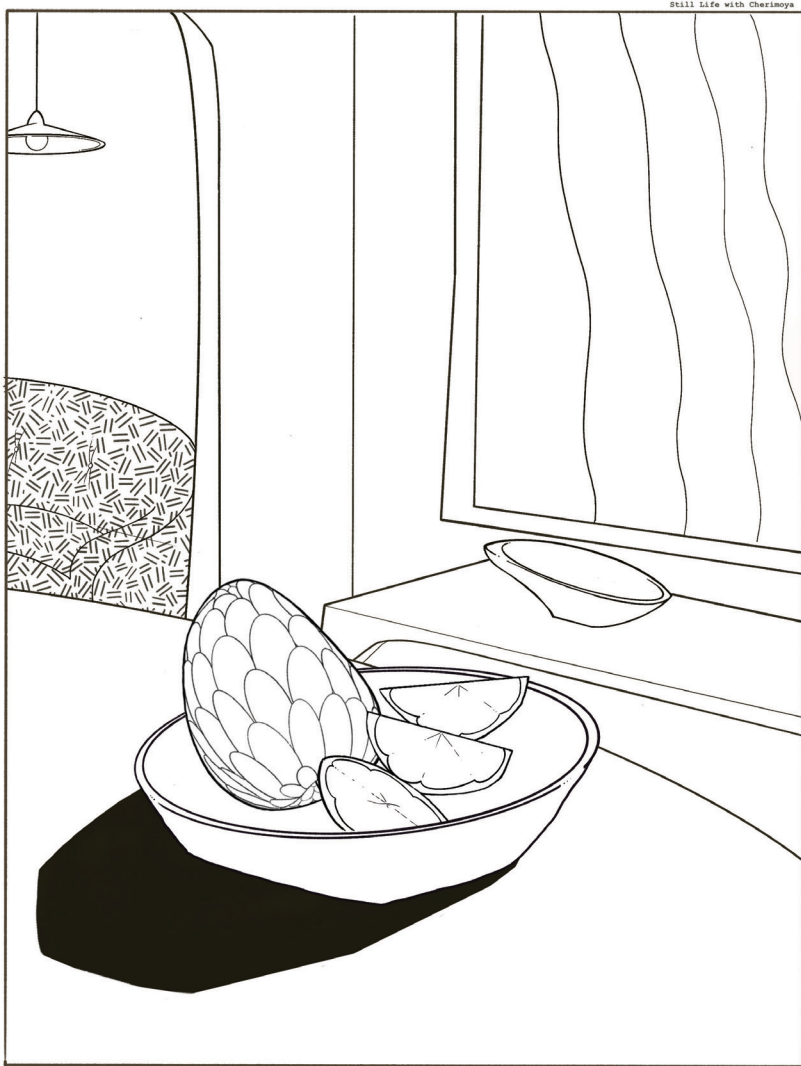


# GHOST PRINT



Still Life with Cherimoya

STILL LIFE WITH CHERIMOYA

Zac Prangi

Issue #2

Welcome to Issue #2 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, paintings, and other artwork made in the IPRC and afar. Be sure to check out the interview in the back with our cover artist, Zac Pranji.

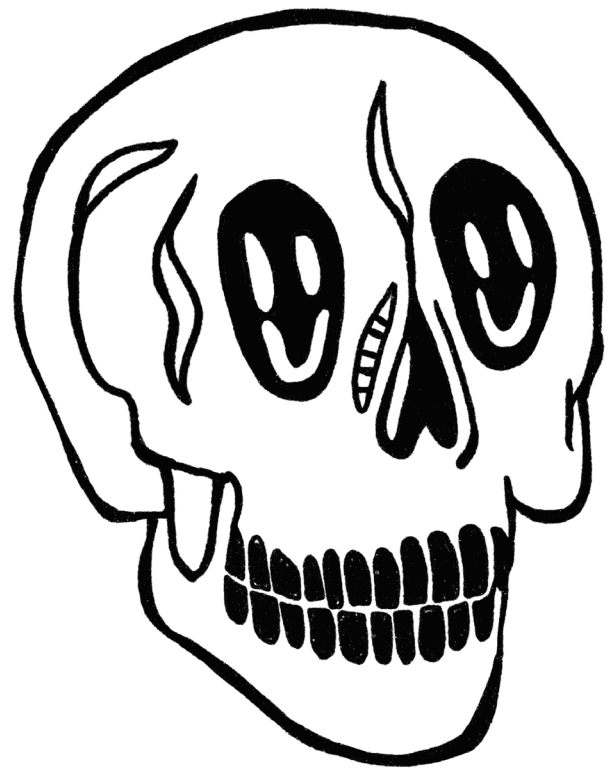
Ghost Print is a monthly-ish publication, so keep a lookout for our next call for submissions. We would love to feature your art!

Have fun looking at this art and happy spring from the Ghost Print Team!  
--Marissa, Gabby, and Emmy

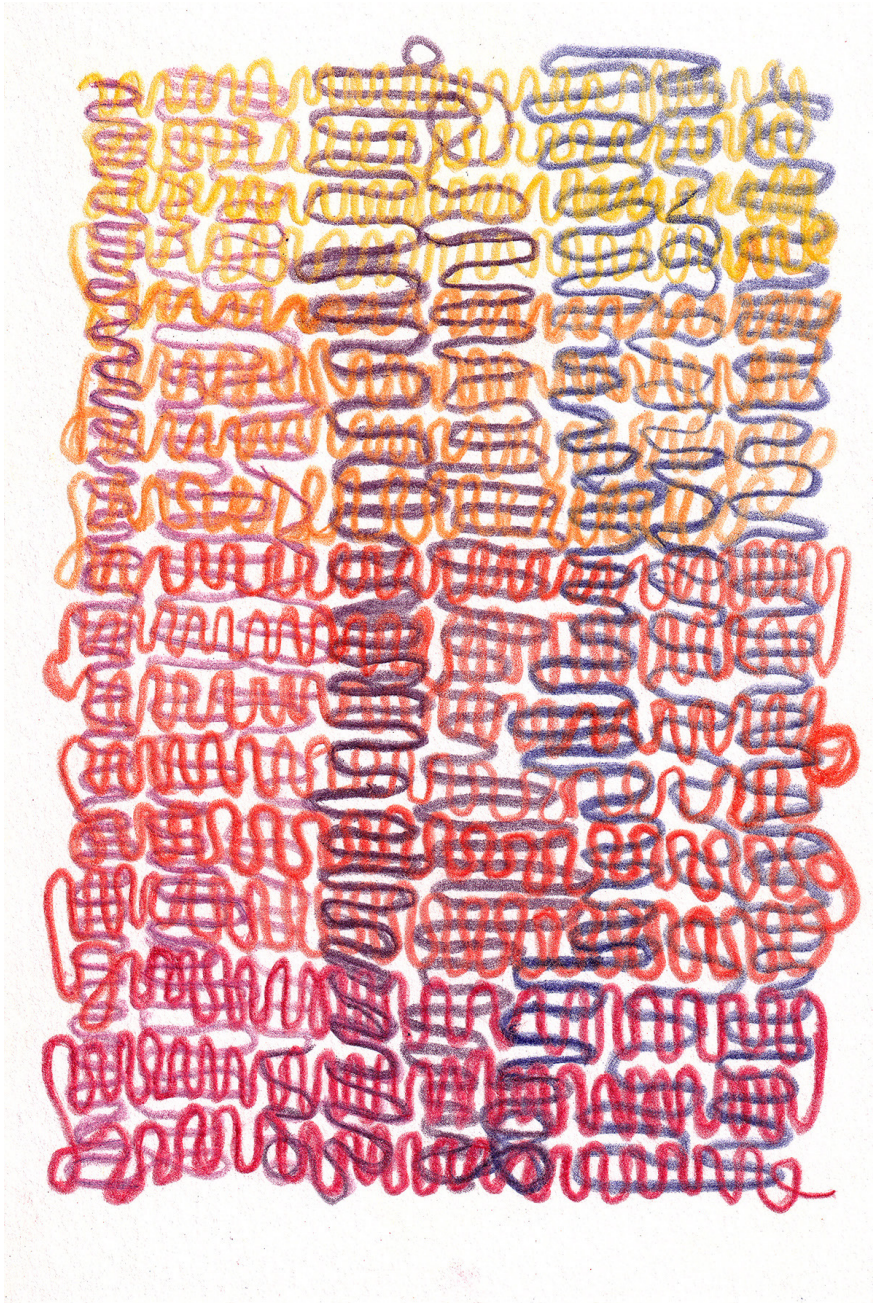




--*Scooter Break* - Mari



--*Siempre* - Mckensi Payne



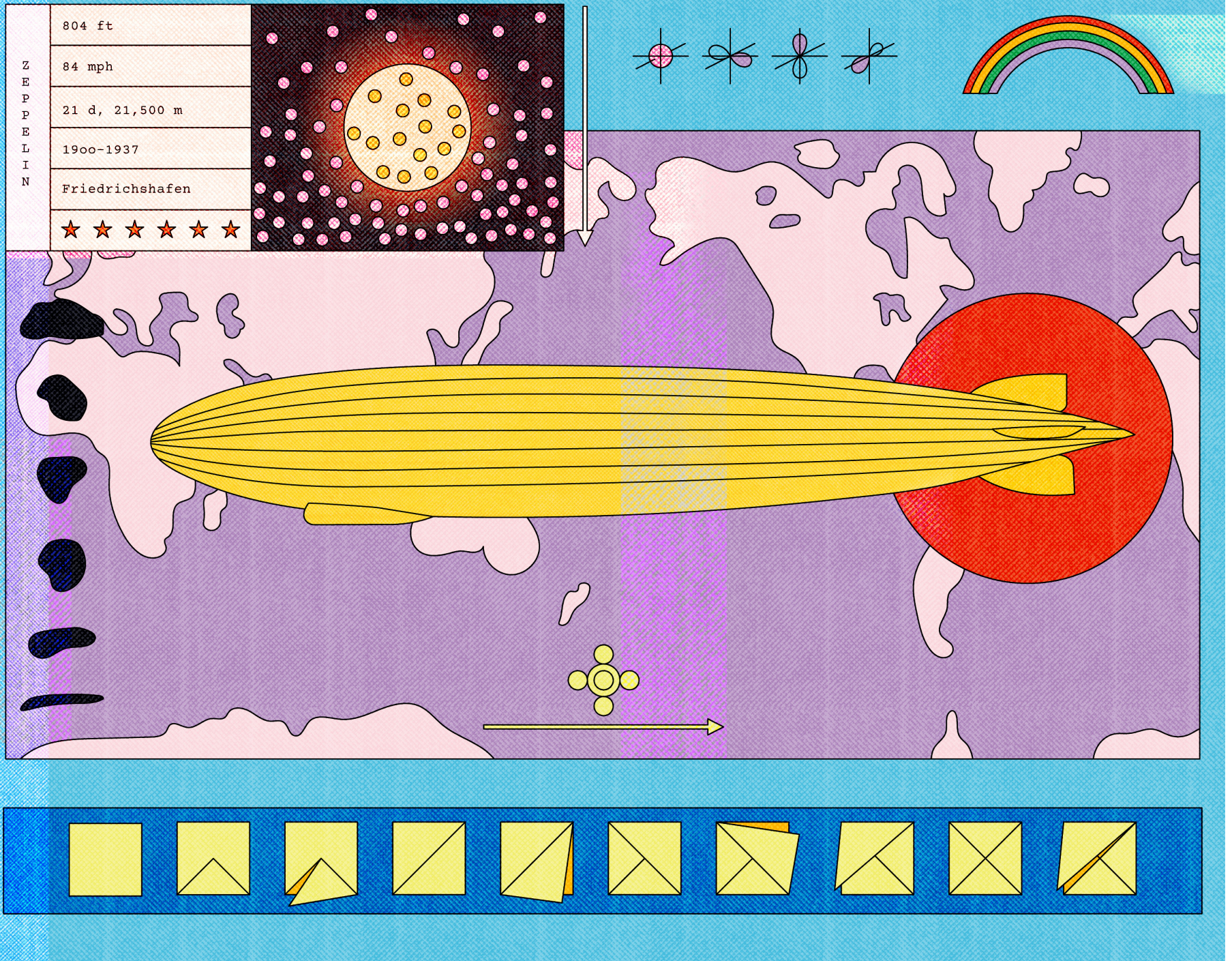
### Nothing Singing

I put a pin in my early morning dreams.  
Put on ambient bird noises when I can't sleep.  
Put dirt in a new bed.

I inspect the chunks I  
floss loose from my mouth.  
I listen for a bird I thought I heard.

I google how to make money fast.  
There is nothing singing, just  
a gesture of wind outside my window.

Isn't real just a pile of clothes I mean to fold,  
crouched, stretching out?  
There are shadows and then just the dark.

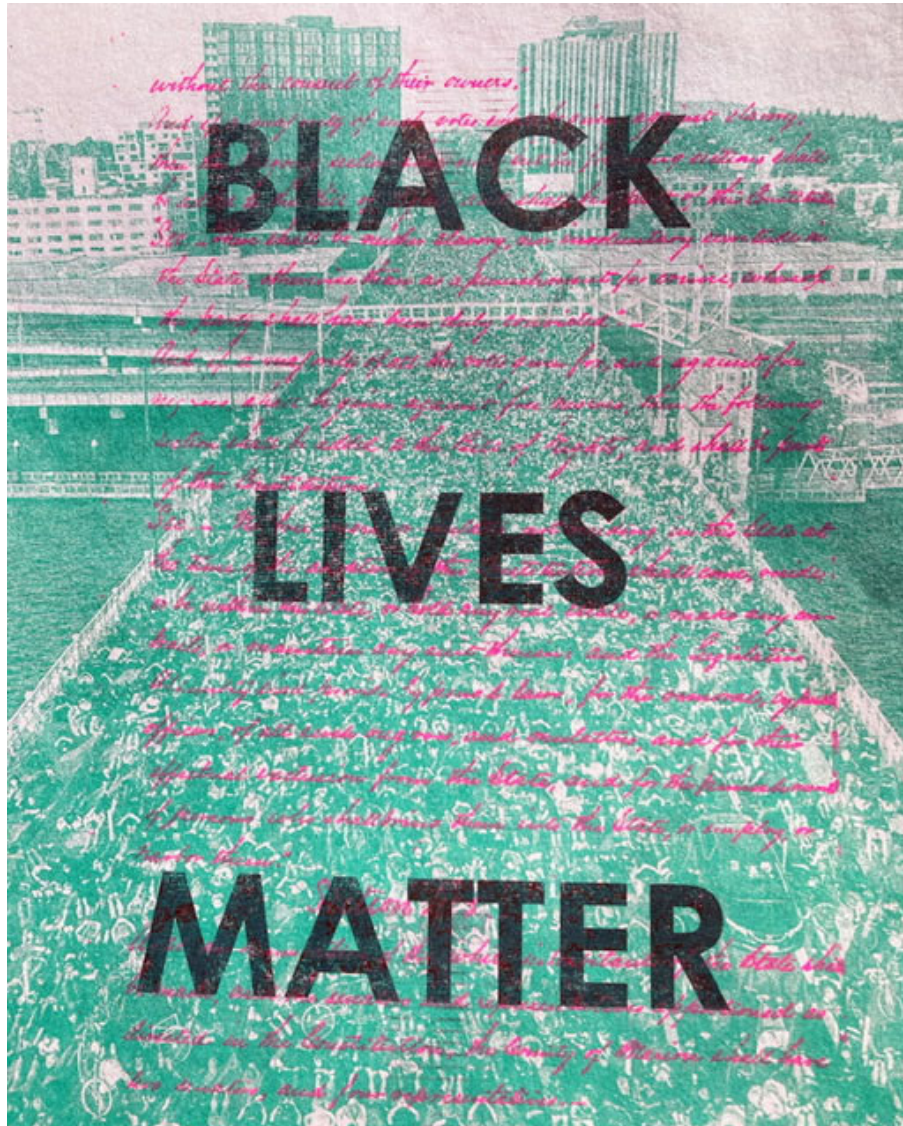




--Heidi Wollam



--Heart - Kayla Martin



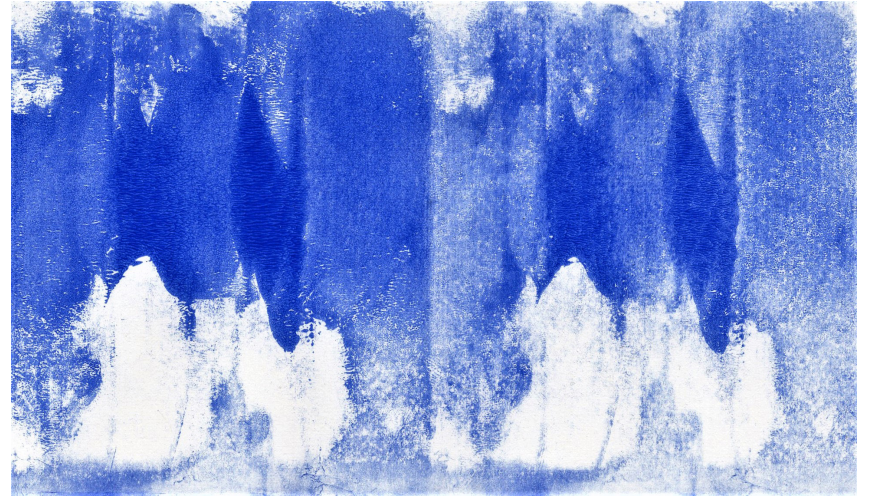
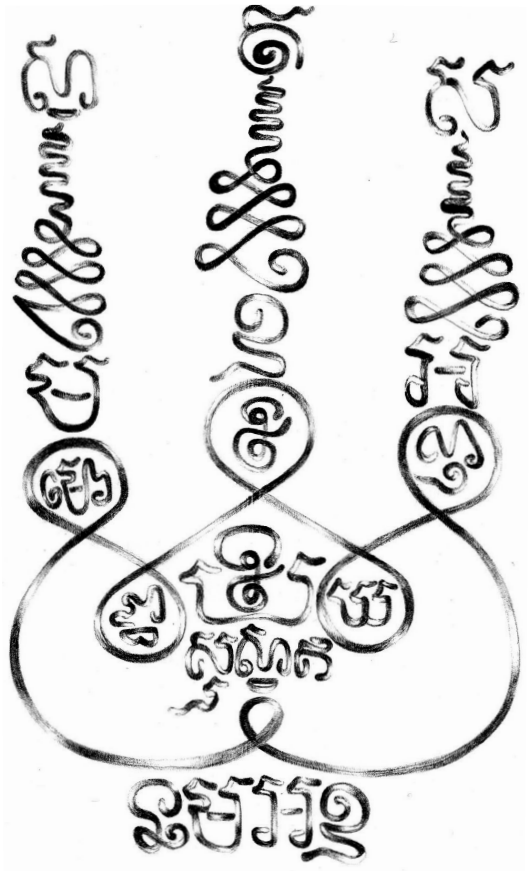
# BLACK



# LIVES

# MATTER







--Time Change - McKayle Meyer



--Tea Memory - Li

## Easter

I watched a bird out my window settle into a giant tree across the street hundreds of years old and I hardly give it the time of day. Where the f\*\*\* are my manners!

I want to write some charming poem that disembowels you into clarity, but I watched a new sitcom I mildly enjoyed twice in a row to keep away the quiet.

So I talk into my phone. “Some call it surrender, some call it detachment, might as well be called “lowering your standards!”” I elbow God, God busts a gut and calls me an incredulous b\*\*\*\*

The first love I lost felt like dying this love loss shows me that I am. When God says I am that I am I believe them. Can’t do magic can’t shoot lasers it is what it is. God’s got the same constraints we all do.

The bird prays me back into focus. We’re all the universe discovering itself, it’s just that it’s rather dull and gruesome. The life, which is largely boredom and stinking crevices, is Grace itself.

## Puppy Man

Feet are a bag of bones  
Endlessly rattling but never cast  
The Oracle never comes

Walks in the night are a net  
Dragged through the water  
She’s become a Fisher of men.

Walks in the night reveal if you are afraid to live or die

Once, on a walk in the night, a man in a verizon polo shirt walked to me and my friend and said “hey man where the fuck is my 50 dollars. You better give it to me now or I’ll beat you up,” and lunged at us.

My friend said “hey man I don’t know you we just work up the street.” The man said “sorry, you look just like a guy who owes me 50 dollars”

A sadness washed over him like he got scolded for hopping on the counter and eating a piece of pie.

## INTERVIEW WITH COVER ARTIST: ZAC PRANJI

*You've been a volunteer with the IPRC for a few years now, what brought you to the IPRC in the beginning?*

I was interested in Portland's printmaking community and wanted to get involved.

*Collaging with different mediums is something you do a lot of, please talk a little about your process, do you start in one medium and then switch gears to work with another medium?*

I try not to waste my Riso, screenprints, letterpress, and inkjet test prints, because there's always something to start with in those. But I don't really have a formula. I just pull out a pile of scraps from the archive and say "What can I make with these?" The images just make themselves.

When I collage with prints, I can spontaneously combine the qualities of color, textures and nuances that are unique to each print medium in an infinite number of ways. When the collages get translated back into print, the images begin to evolve in unpredictable directions. It sparks an endless flow of images and ideas in my mind and on the paper.

*Has making art at the IPRC by using printmaking techniques changed the way you think through working on an art piece? Or is your progress more intuitive?*

Definitely. Learning the more technical parts of the printmaking processes has given me a lot of different lenses through which to view the world. I also think that spending time around so many creative people will inevitably transform a person and their craft.

*How has making art at the IPRC helped you stay connected to others during quarantine?*

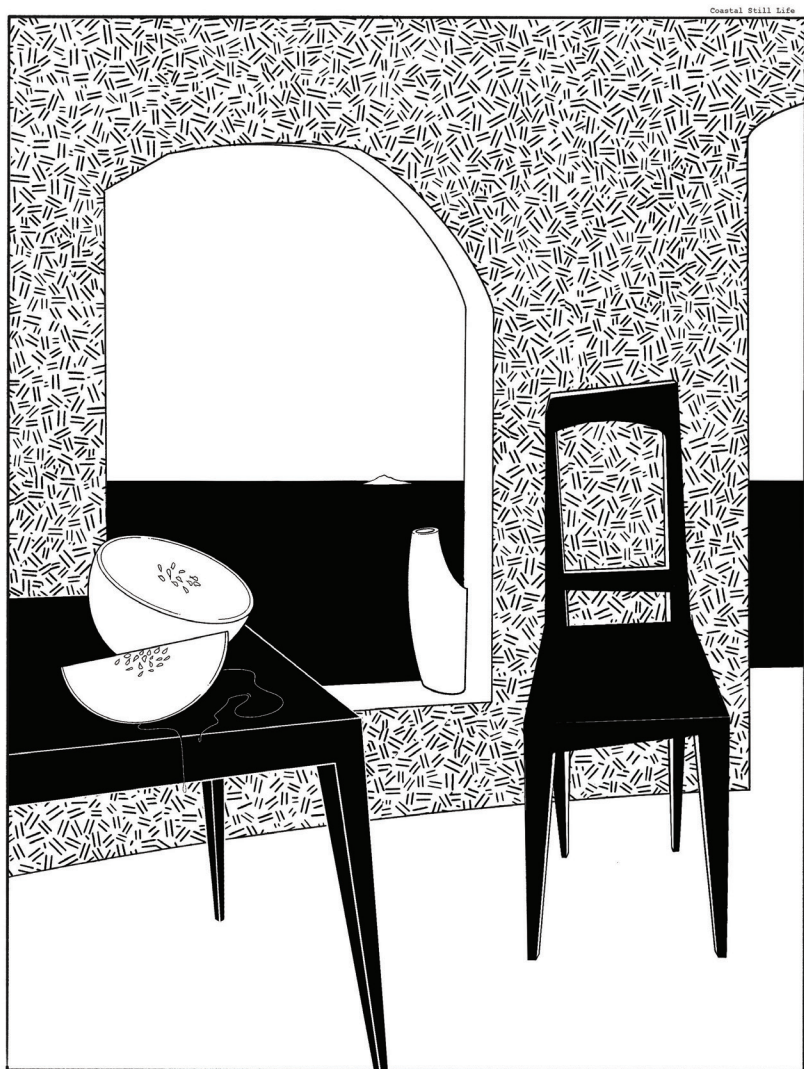
The past year has motivated a lot of people to reach out and challenged everyone to find creative ways of staying in touch. The IPRC community is in hibernation now, but it is still very much alive.

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Website: [zacpranji.com](#)



*Image courtesy of the Artist*



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*Zac Pranj*

GHOST



PRINT