

Vox

Autumn 2019



SFUHS' Literary & Arts Magazine
Vol. V, No. 1

Vox

Volume V, Issue 1

Autumn 2019

“In a small town there one day opened a door to nothing.”

—Graham Gerrity, “Untitled”
Volume II, Issue 1

Editors' Note



Dear Reader,

Welcome to the Autumn 2019 issue of *Vox*, San Francisco University High School's student arts magazine. On behalf of our entire editorial team, Alexa and I are elated to share this snapshot of student artwork with the UHS community.

Each year, *Vox* editors are tasked with generating a vision for what the magazine can and should be. Most years, we've admittedly failed to meet the expectations we've set for ourselves. Between the demands of schoolwork and extracurriculars, it has been challenging for us to shepherd our dreams to fruition. This year, we're trying to be different. Armed with a new faculty advisor, sizeably larger team behind us, and the magic of InDesign, we've changed the organizational structure of *Vox*. We held two workshops earlier this fall—dedicated to blackout poetry and figure drawing—the results of which we've printed in these pages. As we hold more workshops and gather more feedback, we'll continue to refine this new dimension to the magazine. My hope is that we can make *Vox* more accessible to UHS, from our selection process to the number of copies we print.

With that goal in mind, we decided to break with tradition and announce an open call for submissions for this issue. We also published every artist who chose to submit (without identifying them by their graduation class), although we were unable to publish every piece we received. The result is a dynamic snapshot of what UHS students are thinking, feeling, and learning within and without our classrooms. Much of the joy of editing arose in pasting a sophomore's photograph next to a senior's poem and seeing what connections our readers might draw. Very rarely—if ever—do students have the opportunity to see their work in serious dialogue with that of artists in other disciplines. Here is our first attempt at that lofty goal.

Although we've given *Vox* a makeover, we've kept our name and our history. That's why you'll see that we've dubbed this issue "Volume V, Issue 1." It's true that we're changing things up—yes, you'll find a drawing by our Head of School and her granddaughter on page 25—but we're drawing on at least five years of student leadership. You'll be hearing about more submission calls, workshops, and art shows very soon. In the meantime, here's a sampling of what UHS is writing, painting, drawing, photographing, and collaging this autumn.

Best,
Lukas & Alexa

Above: Selections from the Self Portrait Issue (2018).

Contents

Prose

A Really Nice Trip up to Muir Woods	Devan Paul	13
Lunch Line	Eve Leupold	23
The Bright, Brown Eyes of Great Aunt Marie	Hayden Deffarges	31

Poetry

Young Girl Born of Stone	Emilia Fowler	17
Untitled	Pablo Hansen	19
Untitled	Claudia Bruce	27
Passio Poem #2	Ava Perryman	35
Philosophy of Logging	Lukas Bacho	37
Untitled	Rania Borgani	41
Identity Crisis	Hannah Urisman	45

Photography

Untitled	Jiho Lee	12
Untitled	Eva Krueger	18
M2	Emma Chin-Hong	25
The Morning After	Braeden Wong	34
Asa Film 2	Emma Chin-Hong	36
Still as a Rattlesnake	Hailey Bancroft	50

Drawing, Painting, & Mixed Media

Ocean	Emma Chin-Hong	11
Untitled	Rivers Golkin	16
Untitled	Olivia Luk	21
Untitled	Caroline Hall-Sherr	22
Untitled	Sydney Duncan	26
Untitled	Julia Eells and her granddaughter (aged 4)	29
Untitled	Olivia Luk	30
Self-Portrait	Janine Navalta	38
Untitled	Julia Brockland	39
Opening	Sadie Scott	40
I Tried to Draw E. T. Again	Luqmann Shaikh	42
Look Me in the Palm	Sadie Scott	43
Untitled	Lucy Hurlbut	44
Untitled	Olivia Luk	46

Workshops

Blackout Poetry	Various Artists	47
Figure Drawing: Rachel Damian	Various Artists	49

Masthead

Alexa Fisher
Visual Editor

Lukas Bacho
Literary Editor

Team Members

Rania Borgiani
Claudia Bruce
Emma Chin-Hong
Hayden Deffarges
Emilia Fowler
Rivers Golkin
Pablo Hansen
Lucy Hurlbut
Jiho Lee
Olivia Luk
Janine Navalta
Sadie Scott
Hannah Urisman
Braeden Wong

Jenifer Kent
Faculty Advisor

Submissions

We're looking for original writing and visual art by students that is both intellectual and visceral, conventional and experimental, real and imaginative. If you have even the slightest itch to share your work, don't hesitate! We accept submissions year-round at sfuhsvox@gmail.com.

If you're interested in being part of our lovely staff, send your inquiry to lukas.bacho_20@sfuhs.org or alexa.fisher_20@sfuhs.org.

Social Media

Find us on Instagram @sfuhsvox.

Copyright © 2019 by Vox, San Francisco University High School's student-run literary and arts magazine. All rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America.

Display text set in Mr. Eaves OT; body text set in Palatino. Designed with Adobe InDesign CC 2019.

Front cover: "Untitled" by Olivia Luk (appears on page 30). Back cover: From "Lunch Line" by Eve Leupold (appears on page 23).

Student Artwork



Ocean
Emma Chin-Hong



Untitled
Jiho Lee

A Really Nice Trip up to Muir Woods

Devan Paul

•
After thus learning their language and forms in details, we may at length hear them chanting all together in one grand anthem, and comprehend them all in clear inner vision, covering the range like lace." —John Muir
•

There is something not quite natural about redwoods.

People talk a lot about being in nature, and how pristine and rugged and dirty it all feels. The grass and mud beneath your feet diffusing into your soles, as if there's some energy to be absorbed there, some lacking peace of mind easily accessible via a barefoot stroll through the dog walkers' lawn in the park twenty minutes away by car. You can leave your conference call, shaking your head about that idiot exec who thinks he knows more than you, or how stupid your kids can be sometimes. You can take the Buick and drive to the parking lot by the bluff, where you can take off your shoes and roam. A break from the sterility of your office, of your Cloroxed kitchen, of the power-washed sidewalks. Studies show that fifteen minutes of exposure to nature every day is good for you, that it builds those T-cells in your thyroid. *Imagine that!* Something, you tell yourself, is natural about this. You are reconnecting with the earth. It feels good.

But redwoods feel like something else entirely.

They are proud sentinels of a time lost to the ages, the nature guides will say. *Yes, wow,* responds the tour group in hushed murmurs. *You can't see this kind of thing anywhere else,* they will whisper to one another while plodding along the ADA-compliant nature trail through the woods. They stop. Is it

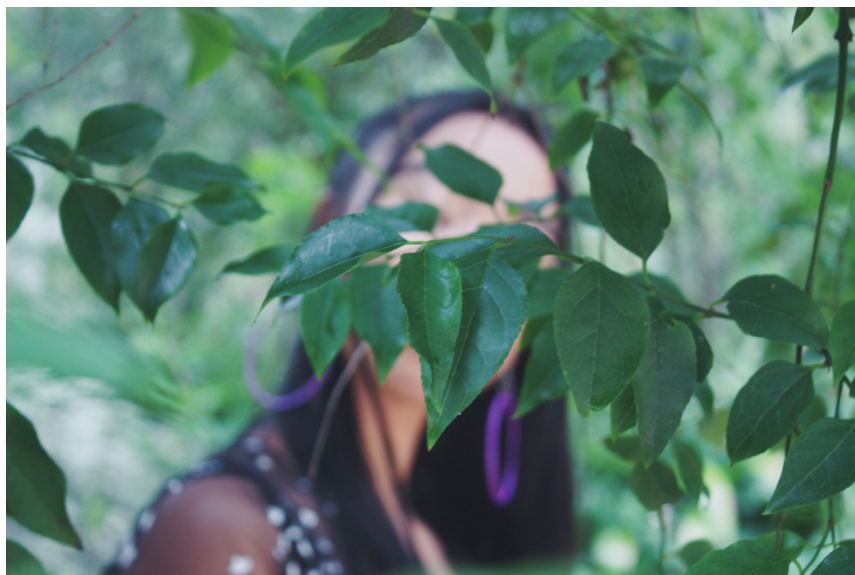
to listen to the sounds of birds aflutter in the canopy overhead, perhaps? Or could it be due to a pondering question asked by the Gentleman From Peru With The Goatee? Maybe the guide has spotted some sort of a majestic species of fauna, something you so rarely see anymore due to the warming of the planet, the loss of natural habitat, humans' encroachment on the coastal marshes of Florida, the increasing acidification of the seas—but no. They are waiting their turn to enter Cathedral Grove, since the park ranger stationed on the side of the trail is cautioning that it's at capacity. *Glad there's some limit here, some order*, the group mentions to each other. They have driven forty-five minutes to get here, one hour with traffic, and so far, they are not disappointed. After intense consultation with the rest of the family, they decided that yes, they would be bringing their camera, because they all read that article in April about break-ins at San Francisco hotels. The parking spot was reserved months in advance—a new system, due to the National Parks Service's being overwhelmed with demand—and went off without a hitch. Thank *God* they remembered to bring the print-out with the confirmation number.

The group will leave soon. The kids are getting antsy, and maybe it would just be better for everyone if they had a nap, because the games of *I Spy* aren't working as well as they were thirty minutes ago. The Lady With The Large Zit On Her Nose has been sighing more frequently, more audibly. She is probably getting restless. Hiking can be so *fatiguing* sometimes. They haven't even done that much, they know, but something about being out in the open like that is just so *tiring*.

The guide feels it too, how the group is not as asking as many questions as they were before, like how much rain the trees need every year and how tall they can *actually* get. She has been beginning to like her job less and less anyway. She used to *love* those trees, and the way the kids from out-of-state would gasp when they tumbled out of the tour buses. There's been so much more chatter in the woods recently, and she can barely speak to those in the back of the group because of the other groups around her. She hopes those folks are still enjoying their time here.

It is only towards closing hours, on her last break before the end of her shift, that she can feel that sort of feeling she used to.

There are less people in the grove then. She will look up, the redwoods filling her field of view in that sort-of-stereotypical-cinematic shot where their trunks seem to extend directly from right where you're standing, and breathe slowly. She will breathe in, and breathe out, and breathe in, and breathe out. After a few minutes, she will stop and wait. It is only then that she can hear that primal breath emanating from somewhere just beyond her comprehension, somewhere deep down below the grass and the discarded Diet Pepsi cans and the ferns. She will breathe in again, once more, this time in perfect sync with that other breath, and she will feel that feeling creep in through her soles and up through her thighs and into every vein and artery in her body, gripping her stomach and her gallbladder and her esophagus, and it is then that she turns and leaves the grove and thinks about her Prius, sitting in the parking lot five minutes away and about whether it's been broken into again. What a *drag* that would be, she thinks.



Untitled (cont.)
Jiho Lee



Untitled
Rivers Golkin

Young Girl Born of Stone

Emilia Fowler

Clothed in stone, she stands firm.
Her feet are the only connection with the world around her.
Her face is a mask,
Chipped marble serves as a reminder of mistakes made during her creation.

Her proportions are imperfect,
Realizing a beauty that only her creator could see.
She is unfinished,
An emblem of lost passion.

Born of rock, she is strong.
Only the elements tarnish her shine.
Their criticism echoes off her,
Her face remains impassive.

She is an enigma,
Born from the deepest recesses of an artist's mind,
No one can guess what she represents,
Or who she is.



Untitled
Eva Krueger



Untitled
Eva Krueger

Untitled

Pablo Hansen

life's
a trait of evanescent death
well, that's what she always says

as she raises every.. thought
motioned t'wards this ephemeral platform
that nihility begot
that cognizant men look to as artform,
but not for naught—
as they strive for unstriven and never done before
yet they live for the dead and eschew metaphor

but life?
but death?
yet failure, nor success
why! these questions
how! beautifully they stain,
on a blood-marked carpet
in a dark hall
under the shadows
of a.. coveted award
deep in the treachery, of the quest of
my ego's final
— test.



Untitled
Olivia Luk



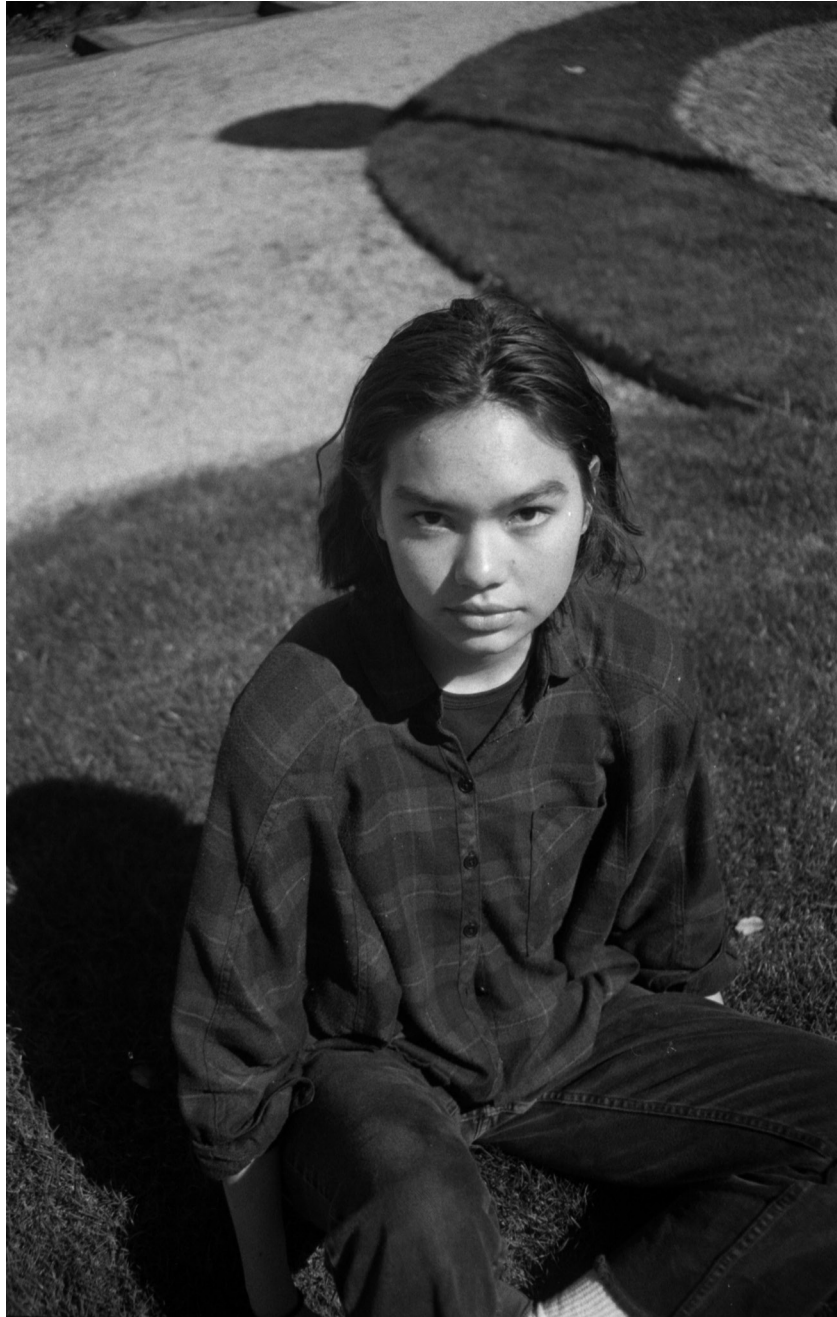
Untitled
Caroline Hall-Sherr

Lunch Line

Eve Leupold

People cut the cafeteria line differently here. First they walk to where the women's bathroom is and stand in the corner and stare at the bulletin board, which hangs in between the women's bathroom door and the cafeteria counter. Their eyes twitch like tiny bugs. They walk up to a person halfway through the line and ask her if she knows what the math homework is. As her mouth speaks the answer, the cutter's eyes dart to look at the tables. They stare at each table and where each table is in relation to each of the other tables, and who has chosen to sit at which table and where the people at each table are in relation to where everyone else is. They move their body and turn to talk to the person who has waited in line about the math homework and how they hate the new math teacher. The new math teacher talks too fast. His handwriting is bent all over the place. He never lets the students come into the classroom before he gets there because it might be a fire hazard. When the line moves a tiny bit, the person who cut the line will say in a low voice that it's just crazy how it takes an hour if you wait in the back, those poor freshmen that wait in the back, they check their boxes as they wait because they know how long it will take. The person in line looks at someone further in line and speaks a lingering agreement. The lines move awfully slow here. Someone is ordering the vegetarian option, with no sauce. She also orders vegetables on a separate plate. The orderer is small, and took her backpack into the line with her. The line stirs; drunkenly lurching forward, it is a lazy beast. The person who cut mentions that the math teacher has the audacity to assign a test on the second week of school, and with no review. The other one nods, looks forward. Math really is too hard. And you can have my spot, I'm not too hungry for this anyways. She grabs something to go, a pear and brie sandwich, or maybe the cobb salad. The person in line can't really see her, because she is now hidden

in the other line at the cash register, talking to the friend, probably about the math homework, or maybe something else. Now the person is waiting in the line. They move their head in the direction of the tables and the counter. Their body shifts to face the counter. Someone else stands in the corner of the room, and he is staring at the bulletin board.



M2
Emma Chin-Hong



Untitled
Sydney Duncan

Untitled

Claudia Bruce

it was put on the board.
my teacher told me to stand up in front,
of my 6th grade class and,
read the assignment.
i stared at it for a while,
and i started to read,
to, then suddenly the letter t,
flipped upside down and decided,
to become an f
the o became a c
the c turned into an n
i could feel all eyes on me.
my mate whispered "today"
i said today,
still trying to figure out how that matched the board.
we turned itself into,
me.
but i finally remembered what i say first.
its been 3 minutes now and,
all i had read out loud was,
"today we"
will and be started to move around the board.
then all the letters switched around,
and

f

e

l

l

o

f

f

the board.

the only thing still there,
was one word.
then my mate finally whispered to me,
“today we will be”
and i said that.
then i turned back to the board.
while i was attempting
at sounding things out
my mates couldnt handle it anymore.
they bursted out in giggles.
i read “poet..try?”
and got a detention for delaying the class.



Untitled
Julia Eells and her granddaughter (aged 4)



Untitled
Olivia Luk

The Bright, Brown Eyes of Great Aunt Marie

Hayden Deffarges

•
After Gabriel García Márquez
•

The outside breeze had never quite been able to permeate the house on the loneliest street corner of Chanteloup-les-Vignes. A peculiar stillness haunted the cottage's crooked walls, and to step over the threshold was to momentarily lose one's breath, a fraction of time in which one's unsuspecting lungs were forced to accept the implacable hardness of the inside air.

It was a disarming summer day when Charles arrived on the cottage's stoop, battered suitcase in hand, to tend to his great-aunt. Ever since her move from Paris out to the desolate town, the formidable old woman had been steadily disappearing, the unmovable air leaching the solidity of her being and weakening her already fragile health. It had started slowly, the opacity of her skin waning with the arrival of new seasons, and it took many months for connections to be made between her growing translucence and the stifling spirit of her domicile.

The town was well-versed in the science of dissolution, and a visit from the local doctor confirmed her ailment. It was concluded that the only way to help the vanishing woman was to ensure the presence of others in the dejected old home, in the hopes that the mysterious air could not dissipate one so fast as two.

Charles was the third young relative to come and keep his great-aunt's company. The other two had stayed with the woman for several months each, then departed hastily before they lost the little color they had left. He was her brother's grandson, and his resemblance to that long-lost patriarch was

so startling that in his adulthood, his mother had called him “Father” as many times as son.

On that pleasant afternoon, facing the house from atop its stoop, Charles felt little apprehension. Thinking only of the hot sun that was beginning to beat down on his neck, he knocked heartily on the door, which swung open of its own volition to admit him.

“Hello, Aunt Marie,” he called into the somber entryway. No sound rang out, because the solidness of the house had caught in his throat and stifled his words. He coughed, and in the darkness of the hall, failed to see the light spattering of blood that fell over the rug as he did. He did not feel anything amiss, nor did he notice the rug’s slight, joyful gasp beneath his boots.

Charles called once more, and this time the words carried up the narrow staircase to where his great-aunt sat in her parlor with the blinds shut.

“Hello,” whispered a gentle voice that barely survived the journey down the stairs. Charles took them up two at a time to make Marie’s acquaintance.

His first thought upon seeing his aunt was that he was glad the windows were covered. Though her translucence was not so overwhelming as he had worried, he would not have liked to meet her in bright sunlight. There was a softness to her edges, a lack of distinct boundary between her and the fraying tapestry behind her table, and her colorless hair was indistinguishable from the textile’s sun-faded threads. He had no difficulty looking into her eyes, which were bright white and rich walnut brown, and held his gaze steadily as he leaned over to kiss her cheeks.

“Dear boy,” she murmured as he sat down at her left side, clearing away a few disheveled notebooks and volumes of poetry from the seat. “I’m sorry for the mess.”

“Nonsense,” said Charles, and she beamed at him, her glowing eyes protuberant in her muted face. He turned to take in the room, the bulk of which was occupied by a dilapidated grand piano, the table where Marie sat, and small ornate couches facing one another along opposite walls. As he helped Marie stand, he heard something creak in the far corner of the parlor. He whirled around, but saw only the piano, which winked cheerfully at him.

In the kitchen, he prepared Marie a scalding soup, excited by the batch of fresh vegetables that she offered him from the garden, though he did not recognize any of them. She drained her bowl with only a small hiccup, and giggled as he threatened to serve her more.

“Are you still hungry?” he asked, chopping a crisp violet carrot. As he looked at her, the knife slipped from the board and sliced into the skin between his thumb and forefinger. An inconsequential sequin of blood beaded out from the cut, and behind Charles, the flames on the stove danced a little higher.

“I haven’t felt so light in years,” said Marie, leaning over to grasp his clean hand with her incorporeal fingers.

Charles settled in with her goodwill, cooking and writing and bearing part of the heavy weight of the house in his chest. Despite her imminent invisibility, Marie was not fond of leaving her home. She found solace, she said, in the warm and tenacious presence of the cottage air inside of her nostrils and her windpipe. Even so, Charles found he could sometimes persuade her to take lunch with him in the garden, surrounded by the blossoming vines that whispered words of affection to Charles, imploring him to stay for the tenderness with which he watered them.

"If you keep spoiling the flowers and me the way you're doing, there'll be too much of us for the house to claim," Marie told him as if in confidence.

Restless from his long hours inhabiting the house, Charles, though essentially good-natured, did grow bored. One morning, he rose early and found himself examining the prospect of another day with dread. Marie was still asleep in her dusty bedroom on the first floor when he began to make breakfast. He left a pile of peeled mandarins on her bedside table and slipped upstairs to the parlor.

This was how he found himself pacing the room, having discarded his book and his resentful typewriter and his meal, all futile attempts to keep himself unaware of his confinement. He pulled the piano bench toward himself and ran a loving hand over gleaming ivory keys. Its scratched lid and shaky legs were an illusion; the notes he teased out from the piano laughed clearly into the dark room. Jolted by the sound of something other than Marie's frail voice, Charles pitched himself headfirst into his favorite concerto, playing greedily, breathing a little more easily. With each measure the weight in his chest grew another pair of wings, and his brief liberation was so intoxicating that he kept moving his hands after finishing the piece.

Breathless, he rose to the windows and pulled open the blinds; brightness poured shamelessly into the parlor, and Charles reveled in its glow, examining his agile fingers in the sunlight. But remembering delicate Marie, guilt caught him in his throat, and he was reminded of the pain he was supposed to be lifting from her. He raised his hand from the window and was ashamed at its opacity.

He resolved to wake her, to play for her, and ran down the stairs. There was no one in her bed. Calling her name, he rifled through her kitchen and then her little library, peering in between the pages of her poetry books in case she had gotten stuck in the verses again, when a tiny whisper tugged on his ear. Trembling, he followed it back to her bedroom.

On her pillow were two bright, white eyes, antiquarian irises weary and thick with reproach. They could not blink, but he recognized the grip of their unrelenting gaze. Charles opened his mouth to speak, but found himself choked by a cloying fog which slid down into his lungs and settled there. Coughing could not clear it, though he did try. On his third attempt, he managed a sharp intake of breath, which stung as much as it reassured him.

Charles approached the eyes, and with immense solicitousness he wrapped them in his handkerchief, which he tucked carefully into his inside pocket. Then he went upstairs to his parlor, closed the piano's lid, and waited to disappear.



The Morning After
Braeden Wong



Passio Poem #2

Ava Perryman



Asa Film 2
Emma Chin-Hong

Philosophy of Logging

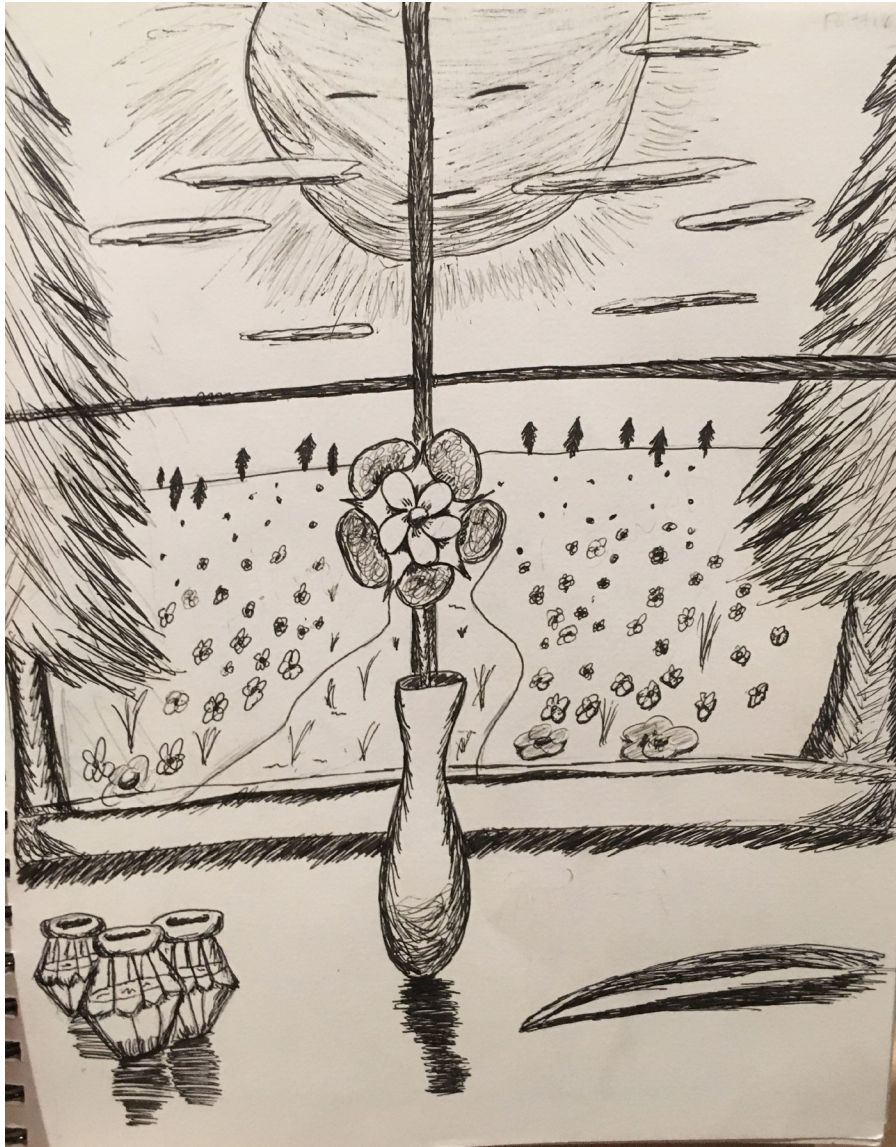
Lukas Bacho

-
- “Esse est percipi.” —George Berkeley (1685–1753)
-

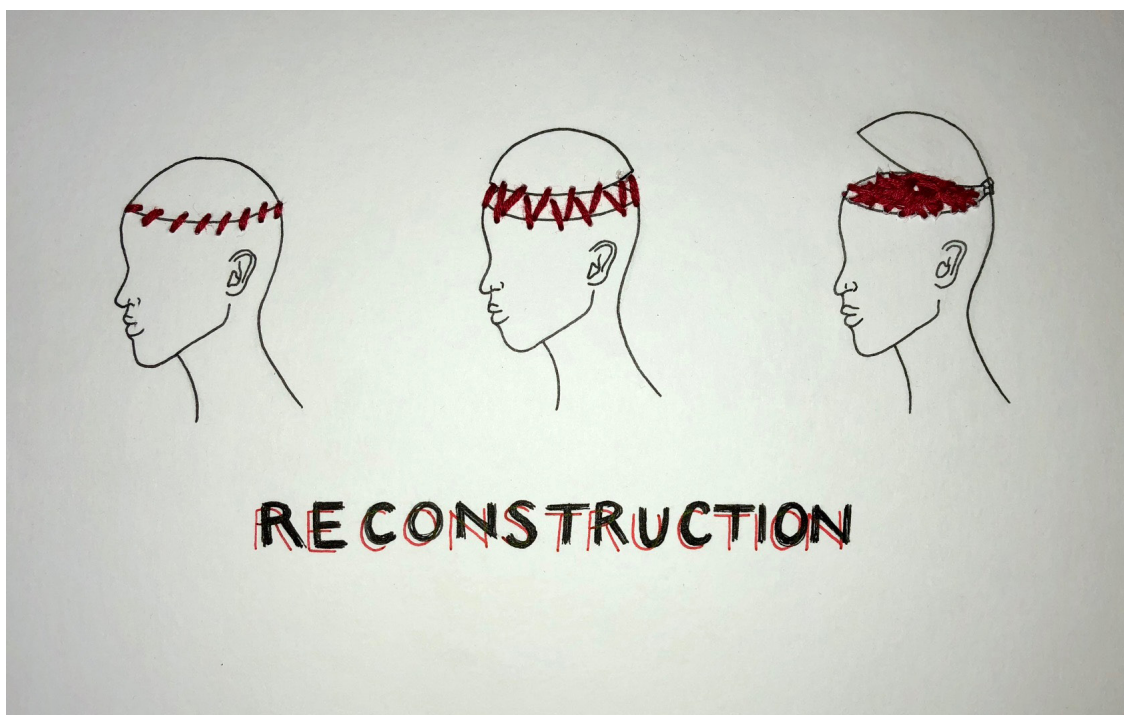
A tree falls soft and silent in the wood.
Of dying [timber] we know next to none.
So what about its insects and its birds?
Its feller and his felt are seldom spelt,
yet I perceive him now. His fingers snap;
his jawline saws, but who’s to say it sees?
I almost smile that I fell for him
but snap myself. His good teeth show and mine
do not. A toothless saw is just a sheet.
Holistically reviewed, I’m only Times
New Roman, black and white on paper-thin
pulp fiction now. If you perceive me, please
saw logs beside me only. I still want
the common application of your love.



Self-Portrait
Janine Navalta



Untitled
Julia Brockland



Opening
Sadie Scott

Untitled

Rania Borgani

The Mirror

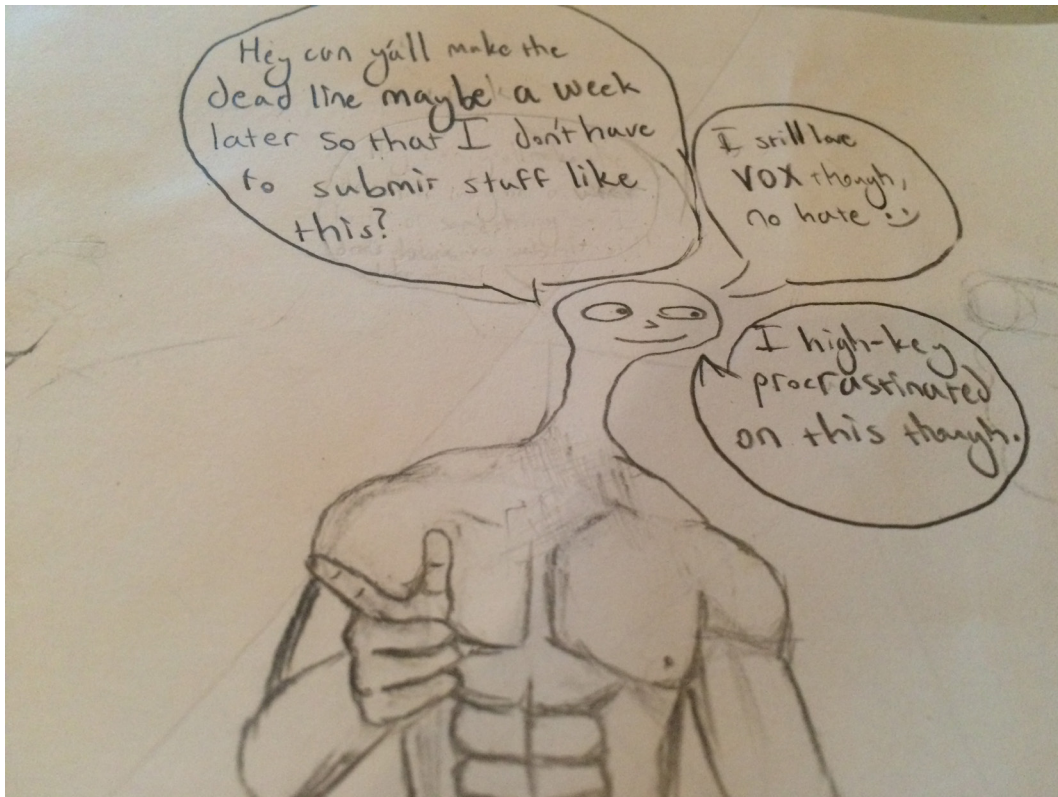
I consider mirrors to be extremely displeasing to look at. I am convinced mirrors only exist to highlight my worst features. If perfectly content with every aspect of myself, why possess a mirror? To have full confidence would be to not own a mirror and only those with intolerable levels of arrogance adore mirrors, but I lack both traits. However, I do like the concept of mirrors: only reflecting the outside, while the inside remains hidden. It is rather unpleasant to think the mirror purposefully hides the inner thoughts of what it is reflecting, but it is the truth.

The "Reflection"

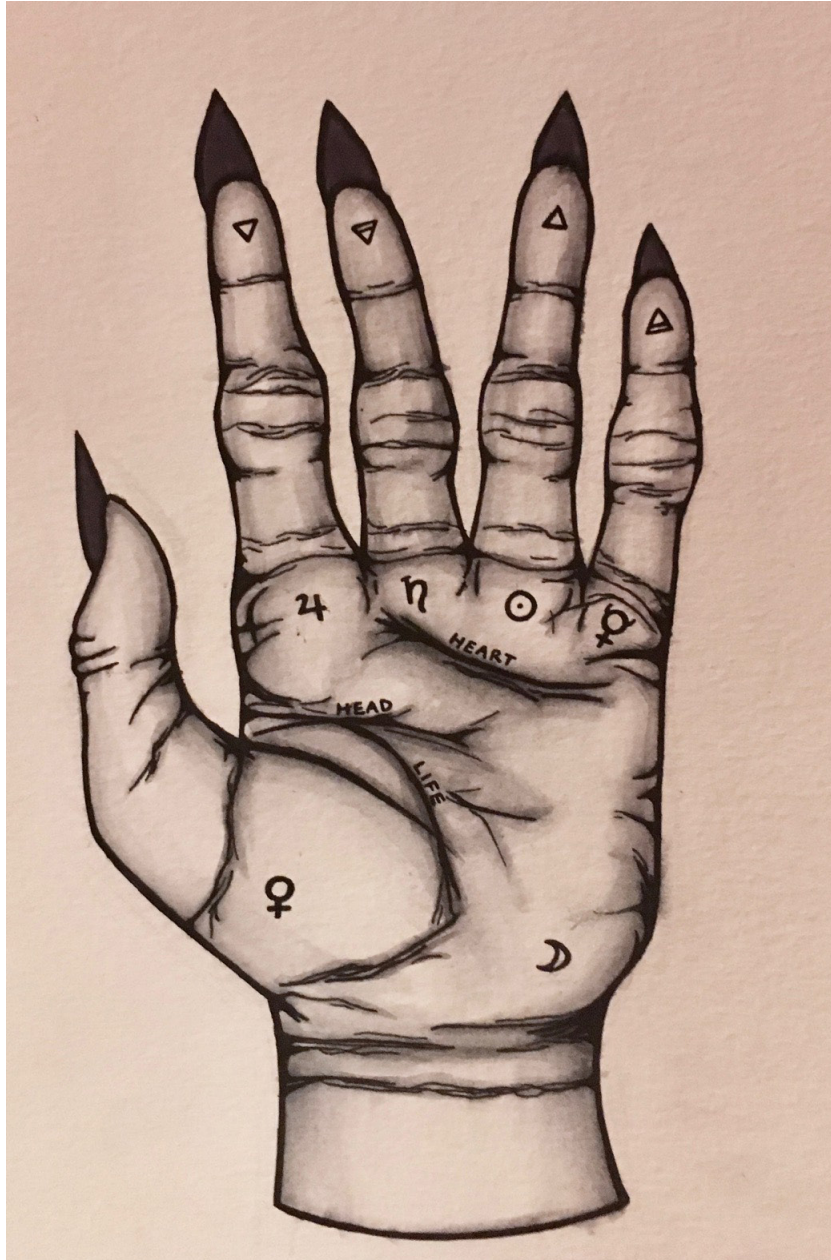
I consider myself to be a sort of mirror. Not because people love to look at me but because I reflect what they expect to see. Their conceptions bounce off of me just as I want them to. I suppose I am not the sort of mirror they are looking for. I don't exactly reflect the truth, but I reflect their truth. And so long as they don't crack open the mirror, I am perfectly content with what they see.

Myself

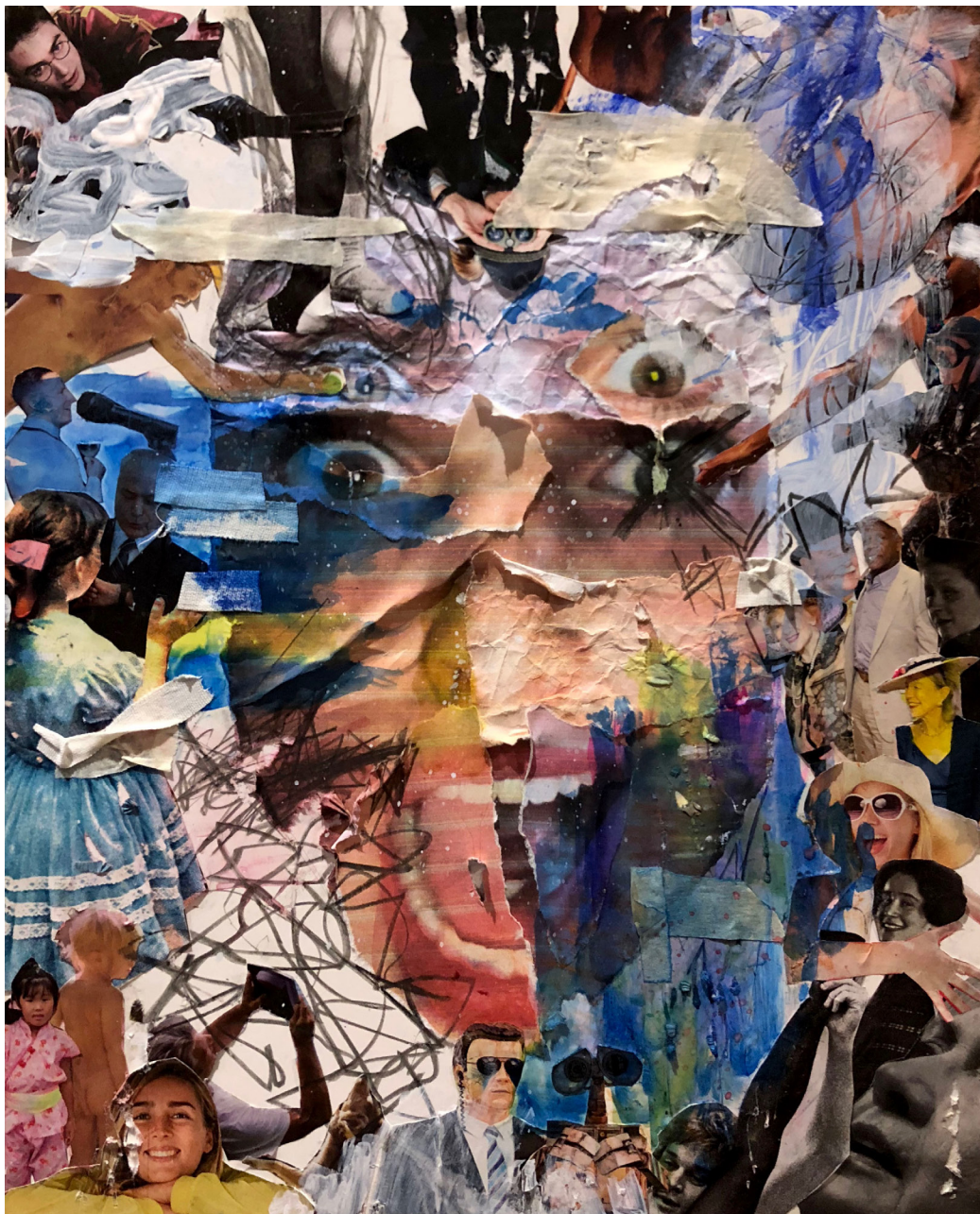
Only within can I truly understand what I am and who I want to be. Sometimes I think it is okay to show parts of the soul. Sometimes it is okay to strip the body away. But sometimes it is scary and it is easier just to show the body. I don't mean to make it sound like it's so polarizing. Truly, it's a spectrum. I think the ultimate goal is to have the tattoos from the outside resemble the tattoos on the inside.



I Tried to Draw E. T. Again
Luqmann Shaikh



Look Me in the Palm
Sadie Scott



Untitled
Lucy Hurlbut

Identity Crisis

Hannah Urisman

My past is filled with people I used to call “myself.”

I know who I am now. But *now* is only an instant; and after that split second, I am a new me.

Who is me? Who am I? I thought I knew.

But now looking back on the me I used to call myself, I can’t recognize the person I thought I knew so well.

It sounds confusing, I know. That’s because it is.

We change each second. And with an evolving image of who “I” am, I can look back on my former selves,
and see completely different people.

There have been countless *mes* in my short lifetime. I have been millions of people.

Like a revolving door of new people whom I can call “myself.”

And the people in my life who know me have only known the *mes* they have met. They do not know “me.”

They only know the people who wore my skin at given points in time.

I can honestly say that I hate some of the *mes* I know.

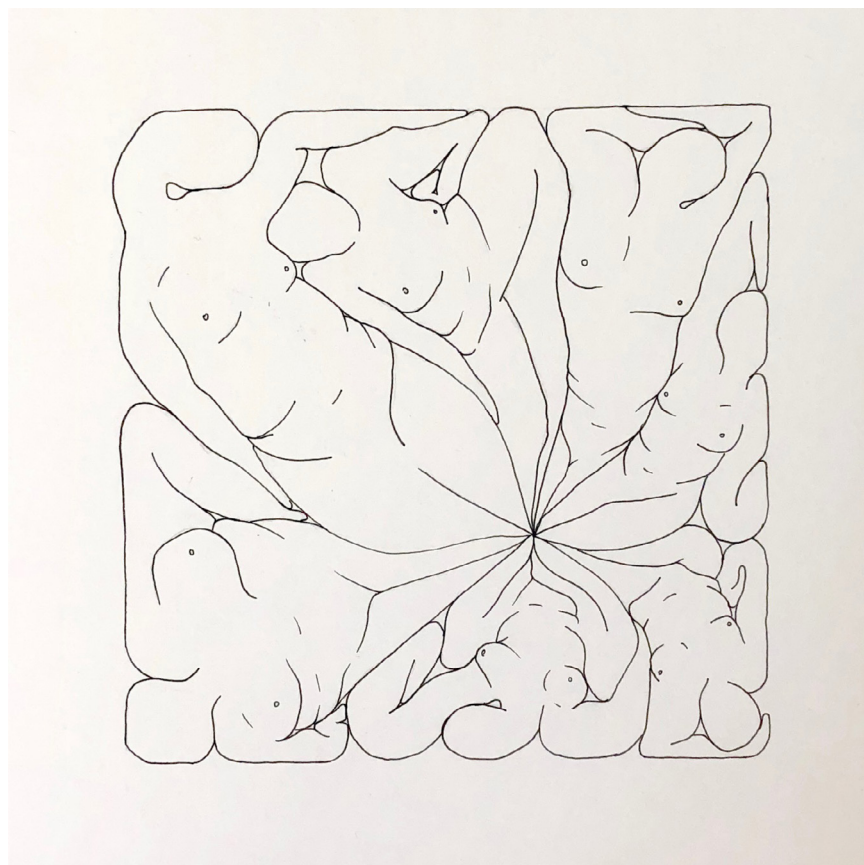
Some are mean. Some are selfish. Some are angry. Most were too young to understand what I know now.

But I wish I could warn them of what they would become.

But I can take comfort in the fact that they don’t exist anymore. They were replaced.

By me.

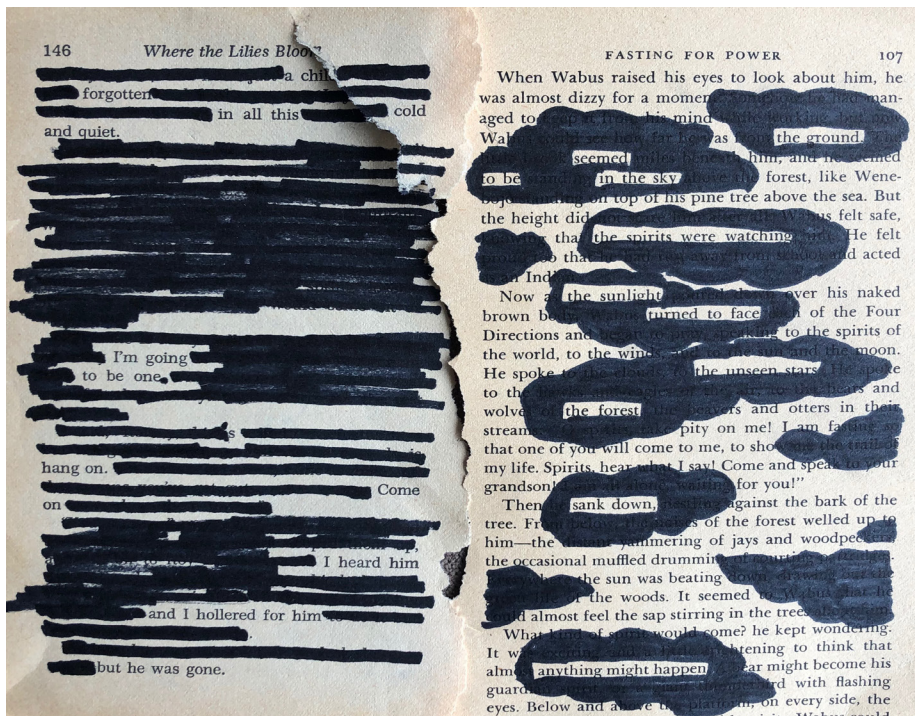
The *new* me.



Untitled
Olivia Luk

Blackout Poetry

[illegible]



WORKSHOP

Figure Drawing: Rachel Damian

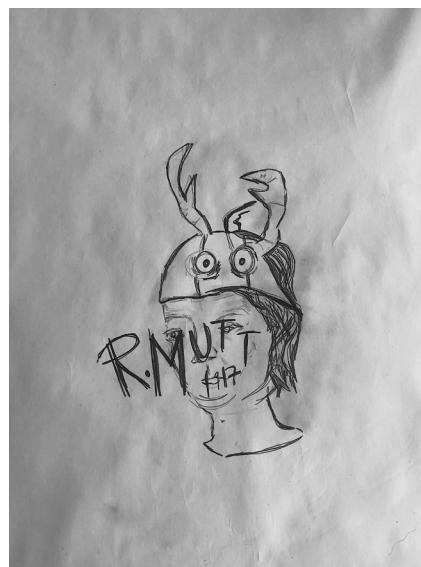
September 19, 2019



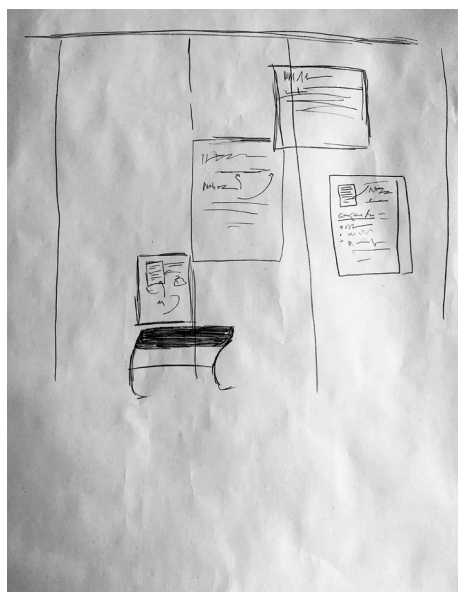
Devan Paul



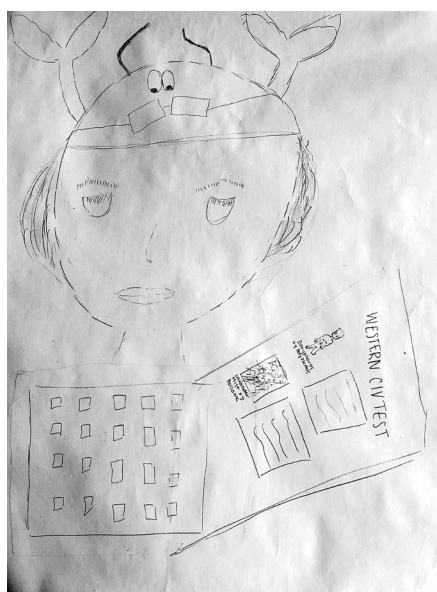
Olivia Luk



Alexa Fisher



Hayden Deffarges



Rania Borgani and Maya Swain



Still as a Rattlesnake
Hailey Bancroft

People cut the cafeteria line differently here.

EVE LEUPOLD

WRITING

Hannah Urisman
Pablo Hansen
Devan Paul

PHOTOGRAPHY

Hailey Bancroft
Emma Chin-Hong
Braeden Wong

DRAWING & PAINTING

Luqmann Shaikh
Sadie Scott
Julia Eells