

pulp
MAG

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Kwantlen Polytechnic University (KPU) takes its name from the Kwantlen First Nation. We at pulp MAG encourage our readers and community to explore all the ways to further support decolonization; we work to support the efforts of Indigenous voices.

PULP MAG aims to be a safe, inclusive space for emerging artists of all types. We want to give a platform to unique voices with important stories to tell, no matter the medium. We believe in the importance of artist recognition, exposure, paying our creative talent, and in building a strong community to hold the work. At pulp MAG, we especially appreciate the avant-garde; we are ready to push the boundaries of art with you.

VIEWS EXPRESSED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE NOT NECESSARILY SHARED BY THE EDITORS

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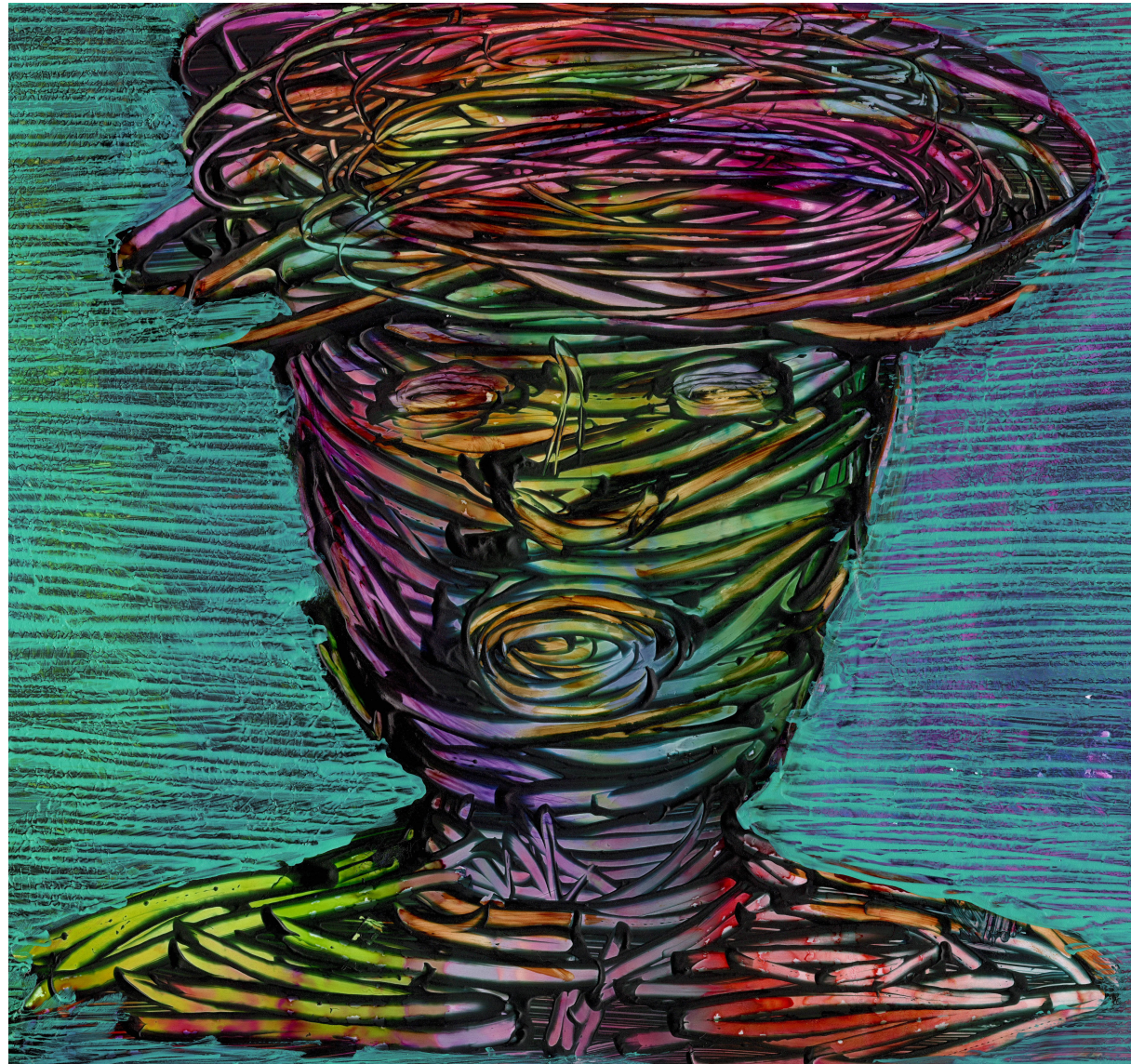
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Visual

Claire Lawrence
Acrylic, Alcohol Ink
8" x 10"
2021

Call to the Universe



Poetry

Aziza Azizullo

Hands

Reaching out, intertwining
magnanimously, twisting
together. Connected
like the fibrous roots
of blooming orchids
or tangled sturdy redwoods.

Tying ourselves to one
another, our hands are a tight
knot. Your long legs lead us
through crowded streets.
The din of downtown
suffocating. You hold still,

upright and unwavering.
Keeping me from blowing away,
getting lost, being picked
apart. Linked in unity.

Life is a Watch

Life
 is a watch,
 it is a gift
 passed on from
 previous generations.
 It is intricate
 and fragile,
 protected only
 by a thin shell.
 It is repetitive,
 it is complex
 and interconnected,
 maintained by
 many parts
 moving each other.
 It is full of circles
 and cycles.
 Everything to come
 has been before.
 It is repetitive
 Some say it has no start,
 some say that it starts at birth,
 (some say it's truly at conception)
 some say it starts at graduation,
 some say it starts after college,
 some say it starts at forty.
 It is repetitive.
 It is always
 moving forward.
 Every moment passed
 will never be again.
 It is dependent
 on outside energy,
 sustained by
 regular twistings
 and turnings.
 It is repetitive.
 It will wind down
 and stop--someday
 despite our best
 efforts at repair
 or maintenance.
 It can be given,
 passed down to
 future generations.

Life is watch

21



Winter Blues

Winter's first tease is a chill in the bones
of creaking, rotten houses and the flesh prisons
humans grow accustomed to calling home.

Somewhere amongst the midst of Autumn,
the air changes from the crunch of a crisp apple to the knife
that carves it, from biting, to pricking, to piercing skin.

Every year, plants wither, wilt, and die, and take with them
warm nights, the fairs, the playgrounds, replace them with
cemeteries and rock salt.

The harsh glow of the holidays is failed electro-shock therapy,
salivating aromas of fresh-baked sugar cookies grow nauseating and
cold. All the best presents are left buried under the snow.
Shattered with the realities of black ice and bad drivers
are the cherished yet broken fragments of Winters that once were. Snow days
are unpaid, and only *the* one percent gets a week off in December.

Wind chimes scream like a symphony of middle schoolers, and
when the snow finally melts, it leaves behind muddy puddles
that swallow rain boots whole. But the water nourishes.

Every Spring reveal is the second act of an opera with no
intermission, every gasp of air the baptism to a religion
or a cult. Perennial plants come alive again. The dead ones stay dead.

Closets cleaned and cookies baked. The Easter bunny
breaks into the backyard. Drugs are replaced with allergy medication
and long walks on the beach with someone else's dog.

Early Spring is always the same; shivering in sundresses with
shaved legs, jackets firmly tied around the waist. Cozy gloves
stashed in every pocket, all five senses just waiting for a chill.

Visual

Sophia Satori
Acrylic, Metallic, Wax
Chalk, Watercolours
2021

Love is Always There



Poetry

Liam Fleming

cannery

Too many times I've tricked myself
into hiding it with lies
when the sadness wells up inside
instead of streaming from my eyes.

Canned daily, they're fresh and local.
These emotions age for years,
sealed away in mason jars
they're pickled by my tears.

At best, they're rather sour
so my home is quite bereft.
I keep these cans of pent-up feelings
because they're all that I have left.

Poetry

Olivia Ingram

homo economicus – after Transnational spaces and everyday lives by David Ley

homo economicus

The habitus of embourgeoisement

savoir faire: bonfire vanities

cosmopolitanism

and

The Satanic Verses

different verses below the poverty line

grounded, the habitus

zen Global Shift et al.

homo economicus

The internalization of/in economic activity

Satanic et al.

a turbulent world

Industrial change

et al.

Visual

Sheila Van Delft

Acrylic on Canvas

2021

Looking West from the Fire Pit



Freedom

One day of freedom. That's all you crave. It's almost suffocating, staying in this home you've had for years since you were a toddler. You're certain you were put on house arrest for something, only you don't know what. Are your parents just overly protective? Maybe. But this can't go on any longer. If it does, you don't know what you would do.

You just need that freedom. Even if just for one day. You need that glimmer of hope that you can live life for yourself. You just have to find it.

And one day, you do. An advertisement on Facebook pops up, showing a small apartment up for sale. It doesn't look too nice, the carpets are a little dirty, the shade of brown on the walls ugly, but why do you care? You have to look.

Anything to feel free. Even if it is with a Facebook ad.

You can see yourself building a true home there. In this, quite honestly, shitty apartment in the city. It's expensive, for sure, but you don't want to let that stop you. You had heard a few businesses were hiring, and it's not like you can't handle money at all. You might save up enough to paint a colour you like on the walls and maybe hire a cleaner for the carpets.

After that, you would be free to do whatever you want with this place.

You imagine all the food you would make there. The friends you would have over. Can all that be possible?

You decide you can. This is your life, and you're an adult now. You can do whatever you want with your life.

That is, if your parents allow this.

No, you remind yourself, almost forcefully. Your family can't control your life. Except, of course,

they have, up to this point. They probably don't know how to let you go yet. How to let you explore the world as your own person.

That doesn't make your metaphorical suffocation any less prominent, though. All you know is: you need to leave and see the world. Spend your own money on what you want to buy.

You snap back to reality with the sound of a door slamming downstairs. Should you bring up this ad to them? They've surely become less demanding of you these past months. But would they be open to letting you live on your own yet? Deep down, you don't bet on the idea. The conversation wouldn't go down well, soon turning into this huge fight over personal control and values.

Freedom. That's all you ask. Of your parents, of everyone. All you really need to do is build up enough control of yourself to communicate your thoughts and desires clearly, in a way that would make people listen to you.

With this, you turn off your phone, but keep it in your pocket. You feel the need to bring up the Facebook ad to your parents if necessary, if you're even ready to talk to them about this. If you aren't ready to bring it up tonight, at least you have some nugget of hope to hang on to.

Freedom feels somewhat easy to grasp now. It might be in reach. You even treat yourself to the thought that your parents might be ready to slowly allow you to make your own choices – step by step, day by day.

But that doesn't mean that it'll get easier with time. They might shut down this idea at any time and try to keep you in this house even longer.

The eventual conversation could go either way, you think.

Freedom. That's all you crave.

Bloodguilt

“Leave it to Charli to have the nerve to wear white to a funeral,” Janet said in between long puffs from her cigarette. She smirked, and Charlotte widened her eyes at Janet’s uncanny ability to avoid colouring her cigarette with her creamy nude lipstick. When they were teenagers, Janet had always carried lipstick in the same denim pocket as her cigarettes, lest her beauty queen makeup ever not be flawless. Leaning against the pearly white church gate, she looked more like an old black and white film star, nothing like the small town Prom Queen she had once been. Half a decade tended to change things. Her hair was short, styled in Monroe-esque glamour waves, and her crisp suit was matte black, with not a glitzy tiara or colourful corsage in sight.

“I wasn’t planning on coming to the funeral. Just to the celebration of life,” Charlotte said. She tugged her white dress shirt awkwardly at the sleeves and shifted her weight. She thought about asking her sister for a puff, but they both knew she quit smoking years ago. “I’m not going inside.”

Janet laughed, “You’d burn before the holy doors. I think Tom would have wanted it that way.” She threw the burnt remnants of the cigarette in the nearby trashcan’s ashtray and walked back towards the venerable church, the very center of their small town of Little Rock, but stopped in the middle of the stone staircase. She turned to look at Charlotte, “Celebration’s at Tammy’s house. Where we used to live with Dad.” They made eye contact, and Charlotte thought about running up the stairs and bursting into the church with Janet, rushing down the hallway like it was Sunday morning again and Mom said they could eat waffles after church. But their brother Tom had always been the one leading the way. Janet stared at her for another moment and Charlotte wondered if they were thinking the same thing. An apology formed on the tip of her tongue, but before she could open her mouth, Janet turned and walked back into the church.

Before the doors closed, Charlotte could see a few dark silhouettes and a hand reaching out to

cup Janet’s back. She wondered whose hand it was. She hadn’t seen or even spoke to any family members since Tom’s accident five years ago. And before that, it was five years of awkward email chains and Irish exits at family dinners. Her own mother had kept her at arm’s length, had called to inform her of Tom’s wedding to Tammy, Janet’s promotion to supervising barista, and Tammy’s graduation, but never to congratulate Charlotte on her novel’s accolades or her growing success in the literary world. Their father had died young, and although her older siblings could remember details like the dirt under his fingernails and the deep hums he made when folding the laundry, Charlotte’s earliest memories began the day after his funeral when they moved into the trailer park across town.

She walked back towards her car, the only light-coloured hybrid amongst a sea of dark pickup trucks. When she had passed the church’s parking lot only a half-hour earlier, she had been drawn to the cars out of a desire to see if her family still drove the same vehicles. She didn’t recognize a single truck, not even Janet’s rundown Ford she had treated like her own child. Their mother had always said that the truck cost more than their house, more than the land that their home was parked on. Looking back, Charlotte could feel the bitterness rise up her throat like bile, and she swallowed hard. She yanked open the car door and started the engine, furiously stomping on the pedal before she could start to think about all the ghosts in the church, and how they would soon bleed out into the town.

Charlotte’s stepfather had been the one to call her about Tom’s death. Before she could offer any pleasantries, Paul’s uncharacteristically assertive voice had overwhelmed the speaker: *Tom’s dead. Funeral’s Friday. There’s gonna be a celebration of life at Tammy’s.* She had known that Tom had never left the hospital after the accident, laying in his own little world as the machines kept his heart steady. She hadn’t once visited him, and to her, he was as dead as the other family members she hadn’t spoken to since his accident. Still, it had sent shockwaves from the tip of her clenched fingers to her strangled throat, and all she had managed to muster out was a promise to be there before she clunked the receiver down on her office telephone.

She was sitting in her car outside Tammy and Tom’s house. Once, it was their childhood home, but

the death of her father's paychecks had made upkeep impossible. Her mother had relinquished the house to the bank, and almost twenty years later Tom had bought it as a gift for his wife. It was her graduation present—some type of fancy arts degree—and he had worked overtime as a skilled construction worker to afford the downpayment, though she didn't know exactly what his job entailed. Learning about her family's life was like playing a game of telephone, and she had always been the receiver, until the calls stopped coming through at all. She hadn't reached out to them either, as she knew exactly what her family would want to talk about: the book, and the interview.

The first truck to arrive carried Charlotte's mother and stepfather. Her stepfather circled the truck and opened the rusted passenger door, and her heart lurched as she watched her mother step out. Brenda was dressed in all black, her light eyes and brassy blonde hair an almost uncomfortable juxtaposition. Paul kissed her forehead and slammed the truck door behind her, rattling Charlotte from her position parked on the curb. She sunk lower into her seat as her stepfather surveyed the neighbourhood, but she knew she was seen the second his eyes swept over her vehicle. He walked Brenda to the chipped brown door of the warm, one story house and strolled back down the driveway towards Charlotte's hybrid.

A swear slipped under her breath as she got out of the car. She smoothed down the wrinkles in her dark dress pants and met him at the end of the driveway, "Paul, I'm so sorry for your loss."

He smiled awkwardly and stopped at the very tip of the driveway. She stood on the road.

"And I'm sorry for your loss," he said.

Paul, unlike Janet, hadn't aged a day. The dark circles under his eyes were still there, and gray still peppered his roots. His smile was as warm as ever, though she felt compelled to count his crooked teeth, and she wondered why she hadn't thought to do it before.

"Congrats on the book deal," he said, and her eyes snapped away from his mouth. "They announced it in the local paper. Right next to Tom's obituary."

She cringed. "Thank you." The silence sat between them, and she pursed her lips. "It's not about

you all, you know..." The words spilled out of her mouth. "It's not—it's not the same narrative. It's about aliens. On a different planet. It's not contemporary. It's—" she swallowed hard. "It's not about us."

He smiled softly, but didn't show any teeth. He must have caught her staring. "That's good to know. Come on in. The rest of us will be here soon," he wrapped an arm around her shoulder, and she leaned into the leather musk of his dark denim jacket. Paul had been the interloper, once. The man that Janet, Tom, and her had thrown slushie and ketchup packets at under the moonbeams of the flickering gas station sign. The man that had kissed his girlfriend contrary to the threat of weak spurts of dollar store water jets from her children. He had joined the family and never left, and there was a certain honour to it that Charlotte couldn't quite understand, but knew was worth appreciating.

"The prodigal daughter returns," Tom had told her at Christmas dinner, nearly seven years ago. He had welcomed her with a twinkle in his eye, making a show out of grabbing her tin foil mashed potatoes and lifting her short frame into the air, causing her new velvet dress to crease.

"Except I haven't repented," she had said. Their mother's new apartment was small, and had been decked out in red and green for its debut. The entire family had worn matching Christmas sweaters.

He had laughed and fumbled in his wealth of pockets. "Not yet, you haven't."

Before she had had a chance to ask what he meant, he had pulled a bronze chip out of his pocket, and they spent the next hour talking about everything except for real life and stories.

That night was all she could think about as she sat in the living room of the childhood home she couldn't remember. The walls were yellowed with old cigarette smoke, but the house smelled like the lavender-scented, off brand Febreze they used to buy. Her mother and Janet were sitting on the couch, sharing their excellent posture and white knuckles. They shared looks every time Tammy sighed or Paul made a noise from the kitchen. Tammy had driven in with Janet, and had walked straight from the doorway to the loud red love seat. Her legs were tucked under herself, but she kept perfectly to the left side, leaving space for someone else to sit.

Janet was the first one to break the silence, “How have you been, Charli?” Her eyes bore into hers, and they quietly agreed that Charlotte had never been outside the church at all.

“Flourishing,” she smiled, before remembering the circumstances and switching to a funeral demeanour. She looked over at Tammy, “I was so sorry to hear about Tom’s passing. Is there... anything I can do for you? Anything you need?”

Tammy looked away from the spot on the wall and glared at her, “I think you’ve done enough.”

Charlotte’s head snapped back to Janet’s, ready to share a can you believe this look like they had done as teens, sharing eye rolls. Her sister shrugged in response.

Tammy stood up abruptly, “I’m going to go make some tea. Anyone want tea?” She looked towards Brenda and Janet. They both shook their heads. The three of them watched as Tammy hurried to the kitchen, making a pointed effort not to glance Charlotte’s way.

“So... who told you Tom died?” Janet sunk into the couch and lazily draped her arm over the armrest.

Charlotte crossed her arms. “Paul did.” She couldn’t mask the smugness creeping into her voice.

Brenda closed her eyes, and rested her head in her hands with a sigh. Janet patted her mother’s back. “You could’ve shown up yesterday... or last week... or last month... or last year... or five years ago. There’s no inheritance, you know,” Janet said, matching her sister’s smugness.

Charlotte’s nostrils flared, “I’m doing very well for myself, thank you very much.”

“Oh, I’m sure you are. Selling out your family is the way of the rich, isn’t it?” Janet smirked.

She rolled her eyes, “Will you knock it off? It’s Tom’s celebration of life, for God’s sake.”

Janet laughed, “Tom’s celebration of life? Are you sure it isn’t Tyler’s? It’s all the same to you, anyways, isn’t it?”

“I—” Charlotte stopped. She breathed slowly, and tried to compose herself. Never apologize for the truth, or its application. That was her mantra, the only thing that had gotten her through the past decade. “What do you want me to say, Janet? That I wrote a fictional novel that borrowed a scattering of details from my life? It’s been a decade. Move on.” She felt anger creep into her chest, the same indignation that lived in the trailer park, the temper that exploded in the interview. She clenched her teeth.

Janet stood up and balled her fists, “Tom would want me to say something. You wrote a book about all of us, including him, his addiction, his entire life *for God’s sake*,” she mocked.

Charlotte shot up from her recliner. “It’s called,” she hissed, “storytelling. It’s not wrong to take a little inspiration from life events. Tom knew. And Tom didn’t care. He loved me enough to respect my decision.”

Janet threw her arms in the air. “Oh, that’s bull—” she fell silent. Tammy slowly walked back into the living room with her overflowing tea cup and carefully sat back on the loveseat. If she had heard them arguing, she didn’t mention it. She breathed into the chamomile aroma and sipped her tea.

Both sisters sat back down, and stared at each other in silence.

Charlotte’s old room had been turned into an office. Janet had dragged her there, after Tammy had left for the kitchen for the fourth time and didn’t return. There was a thick layer of dust on the worn brown-leather office chair and the sleek glass desk. Every item in the room looked specifically curated from garage sales and thrift stores, and Charlotte could imagine Tom excitedly picking each item and holding it up like he’d found a gem. She smiled lightly. It was the first time in years she had thought of thrift stopping with anything but spite. She absentmindedly spun the amber globe on the desk.

Janet sat down in the office chair and crossed her arms, “Why’d you bother coming here?”

She leaned against the dark, peeling wallpaper and thought about her answer. She wasn’t supposed to apologize for the truth. And the easiest way to avoid an apology, was to lie. “I wanted to see you all again. I wanted to be here for my family. For Tom.”

Janet twirled around on the chair, sending up a small cloud of dust as she swiveled back and forth. She ignored Charlotte's confession. "Why'd you do the interview?" She asked. "You knew what we thought about the book. You could've left well enough alone."

Charlotte raised her chin. "It had been five years. I didn't think it would be a big deal if I admitted to that journalist that I took inspiration from my childhood. It was my life too, you know." Janet rolled her eyes at Charlotte's speech. "I didn't think it would make the front page, here or in the city."

"Yeah, you did. That's what you wanted. To make the front page. To make money." She stopped swinging and kicked her feet up on the desk. "Why are you here?" She asked again.

Charlotte shifted her weight so it flattened her clenched hands behind her back. "I want to be part of the family again." She swallowed hard. "I'm sorry." The words didn't feel right coming out of her mouth. They felt foreign. "If I had known that the interview would have affected Tom like that..."

Janet laughed incredulously, a maniacal shudder running through her body and escaping her lips. It rattled the entire desk. "Of course you knew. He had his first overdose after he read that book of yours. You told the entire world he used to be an addict, and you expect me to believe you didn't think it would trigger a relapse?"

Charlotte tried to maintain eye contact, but Janet's dilated pupils were too intense to focus on. The knock-off painting above Janet's hair became her target, and she focused on the colourful robes of the men eating their final feast, the spread of wooden utensils and empty plates. "I know it's my fault, now. But there's nothing I can do to change the past. I'm sorry."

"You killed our brother... And all you have to say is sorry?" Janet scoffed, "Where were you five years ago, when he drove his motorcycle into a tree? Where have you been all this time?" Her voice broke, as she stared at her younger sister, "Why weren't you here for us?"

An overwhelming guilt spread into her chest, and Charlotte found it hard to breathe. She finally stared into Janet's eyes. Her pale blue eyes were glassy, but fierce. The smell of her cigarette smoke mixed

with the overt saltiness of her tears into one nauseating blend, reminiscent of the alleys her and her siblings used to play in near Rhodes Bay beach, the only travel destination for miles. Tom would stop for a smoke and her and Janet would run through the long alleyways behind fish and chip restaurants, gelato parlours and overpriced gift shops, waiting for him to finish and lead their games again. "I don't know what to tell you. I'm here now," the guilt bubbled into her throat, and threatened to release, "I'm here to stay."

Janet pushed her chair back and walked towards Charlotte. The chair spun in her wake, knocking into the desk's drawer with a thump. Neither of them paid it any attention. "I don't trust you," Janet said, "but I love you." She put her hands gently on Charlotte's shoulder, and then wrapped her in a hug.

Her family had always been the touchy-feely type, the hugs and the I-love-yous at every opportunity. The hug felt nothing like the last time her sister hugged her, after she handed her family copies of her brand new book and before they read the back cover. It was pure desperation, on the part of both sisters. Charlotte clutched her sister and muttered another apology in her ear.

They let go of each other, and Janet wiped the corner of her eye, "What's your next book about?"

"Monsters," Charlotte said, "in a parallel universe."

Janet nodded, her silver hoops twinkling under her ears. "I look forward to reading it," she looked towards the door, "do you want to go talk to Tammy with me?" she asked, hesitation creeping into her voice and stance.

"Sure," Charlotte said, "I just want to... look around, for a minute." Janet eyed her warily. "I just want to see if I remember my old room at all."

Janet nodded, and her red painted nails trailed the walls as she left the room, rattling down the hallway and into the kitchen. Charlotte stood in silence for a moment. Her eyes surveyed the walls, the nooks and crannies, the rusted knick knacks on wooden shelves. She gravitated towards the bookshelf in the farthest corner of the room, and ran her fingers over the leather bound books and journals, until she landed on a familiar blue cover. Looking warily at the door, she slipped it off the shelf and studied the

Popcorn Lung



inscription. *Tom. I know this has been a hard time for you. I wrote as a catharsis, and I didn't stop to think about how it might have affected you. Maybe you can write your own sequel in this journal. All my love, Charlotte.* She rapidly flipped through the journal's pages. There was writing in every line, thick, darkened scrawls of lead and light gestures of blue pen. It was full, well-loved. Every passage was signed with Tom.

Her stomach swelled with a mixture of elation and contrition as her heart raced with the possibilities. She stroked the cover with an aching desire.

"Are you coming?" Janet called out to her from the kitchen.

Charlotte's face burned as she clutched her brother's diary to her chest. "I'm coming," she called back. She glanced towards the empty doorway. Without looking down, she tucked the journal into her tote bag and followed Janet out the door.

Aziza Azizullo: I am a second-year student at KPU in the English program. Reading is something I have loved to do and I've recently accepted my love of creating written work as well. I currently do not have any published work yet, but I have been busy with writing poetry and stories. I've spent my entire life painting and drawing so having a new medium to continue to express myself has been very exciting.

Claire Lawrence is a storyteller and visual artist living in British Columbia, Canada. She has been published in Canada, the United States, United Kingdom, Germany, Greece and India. Her work has been performed on BBC radio. Claire's stories have appeared in numerous publications including: Geist, Pulp Literature, Litro, Ravensperch, and more. She has a number of prize winning stories, and was nominated for the 2016 Pushcart Prize. Claire's artwork has appeared in Stoneboat, Wired, A3 Review, Inverted Syntax, Sunspot, Esthetic Apostle, Fractured Nuance and more. Her goal is to write and publish in all genres, and not inhale too many fumes.

Jonathan Robinson is an aboriginal KPU student. He is a Creative Writing major who would like to soon make a living off of creative endeavours, be it fine art, creative writing, or music, and his pieces often centre around animals and fantasy creatures.

Julia Ralph: This is one of the first works I have written in second person. As much as I love writing fantasy (it is one of my favourite genres to write in), I am also working toward writing stories with more mundane elements. I like to think this is my way of appreciating the more regular ways of life, the material things we have. With this work, I wanted to get a little deeper into this idea of mundane and explore personal connections to things outside of ourselves.

Liam Fleming is a fourth year General Studies major who thinks 2021 has been some kind of heinous prank. He is excited for it to end. Poetry is currently the only effective way he has found to accurately share how he feels with others and apologizes for it far too often. You can keep up with the many things Liam does and anxiously await the arrival of his second book at liamfleming.ca.

Olivia Ingram is a text-focused artist interested in people and their relationships to each other and/in the places they inhabit. Their work examines how language, connection, and community are influenced through heteropatriarchal-geophysical capitalism and popular culture. Her poetry has been featured in BAX 2020 and DRIP Zine. Olivia holds an MA in English from Simon Fraser University.

Samantha Krilow is a second year Creative Writing and Criminology student at Kwantlen Polytechnic University. She's been a writer since childhood, but has only recently learned how to share her writing with the world.

Sheila Van Delft received a Diploma in Graphic and Visual Design from Kwantlen Polytechnic University in 1987 and is currently enrolled in the Bachelor of Fine Arts Program, majoring in Visual Arts, fourth year. Her art practice includes murals, portraits, illustrations, and commissioned artwork. Sheila works primarily with acrylics on canvas and has recently been creating work to express her feelings of Home.

Sophia Satori is a 23 year old multidisciplinary artist from Vancouver, BC. Using materials such as acrylics, metallics, wax and watercolours, her work is a direct representation of her daily life as a mental health worker. The whirlwind of emotions in her chaotic day to day is evident in this piece about Empathy.

Taylor Hudson is an artist whose work fragments the body through large-scale oil paintings of viscera. The work is abstracted to the point where subject matter is unrecognizable but transcends into a state where the aura of a body is present. The works border abstraction and representation. The paint application and scale create a material separation but the subject matter brings the viewer into the embodied experience. These paintings centre on the complex relationship between the external body and inner self. Images of surgery inform the subject matter. The artist asks the question: what does it mean to be in my body?

Tyler Letkeman is a parent, teacher and poet who lives, works and writes in Brandon, Manitoba. He has poems published on Global Poem and is the creator, webmaster and editor of 4lines.art, a social media poetry magazine. He's a little bit of a paradox, teaching English and Physics and stanning for Jane Austen and Star Wars, but aren't we all in one way or another?

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