

issue no. 11

CHANGING HUES

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PAINTERS etc.
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at the core

VULNERABILITY + DESIGN PUBLICATION

editor's letter:

Dear Readers,

For the first time in almost a year I write to you on March 22, a day that holds an incredibly special place in my heart.

My adoption day.

Today is a symbol of a beginning, but a beginning warred by a push and pull between naivety and complexity.

I've since had three more beginnings, equally as tangled as the first.

Misunderstood is a constant feeling, felt because most perceive the gaps and the overlaps and never the sum. There are so many nuances in experiences to share, but this hiatus has given me time to reflect and return to my core.

It's been four years since I wrote **Duality**, a precursor to **Changing Hues**. **Duality** was scratching the surface. **Changing Hues** is just a collection of words on a page left to observe.

Ibby Day
Editor in Chief

special thanks to: Elinda Xiao
Photographer

AT
THE
CORE

ATC is an independent, not-for-profit publication driven by passion and a goal of sharing stories and artwork that remind us that we're all human at the core. If you'd like to be in our next issue, please email ibbyday@gmail.com.

Paper:
Hammermill 60lb Color Copy Digital Cover

PURE WHITE

"The beauty of white lies in its simplicity and purity"

April 6th, 2011

Best Day Ever! So I had softball practice and Karlee wuz there. The coach forgot speakers so I couldn't show her my awesome songs. I REALLY wanted to play catch with Karlee but Rachael asked her first. Anyway Evi and I played next to Karlee and I was on the same side as her. Anyways Evi threw the ball straight at Karlee I shout "watch out" and she gives this cute yelp and I catch it! She wuz like "thanks!" Then Karlee was in this hyper-funny stage and we had a lot of good jokes. Then Karlee is distracted somehow and Rachael throws the ball FAST at her and I so happen to be looking at Karlee, and I step in and catch it just in time. Karlee doesn't notice but Rachael and I stare at each other like "oh my god" and Rachael goes "She just saved your life" and Karlee goes "wut, so confused" and I tell her the story. Shes soo hawt, and NICE! I finally saved the girl of my dreams! Also gettin CC an awesome b-day present. Karlee said theres NO WAY I'm gettin cut! SOO CUTE!

May 14, 2011

This entry is all about Karlee. Okay so 2 days ago I saw Karlee in Charlie Brown and afterwards we kinda hung out. You won't believe what happened on Friday. Karlee sung in the talent show and at one point the lyrics were "This girl is impossible to find" and Karlee looked RIGHT at me!!! She smiled at me and I looked back and gave her a corny smile and looked away and she did too which was awkward and cute :)

May 19, 2011

Karlee agreed to go to Pirates of the Carribean 4 with me THIS weekend and then she'd hang out at my house! BUT my idiotic mom was asking me pointless questions to stress me out and so we were in a fight. My dad is out of town so my mom might not take us!? Wtf! C'mon the one time I can impress Karlee she blows it! GOD DAMN I hate my mom. Also at softball Karlee picked me a flower while I laid on the ground and it was really sweet. So then I picked her one and she put it in her hair :)

July 2, 2011

I made lots of friends @ camp! Oh and Karlee said I wuz cute. I texted w/ her for awhile today. Oh and got a bunch of new songs.

July 4, 2011

3 weeks till I leave... Oh and I tried being more caring for Karlee and she totally hates me... big heartbreak.

April 23, 2013

Sorry I haven't written in forever. School's almost over (38 days) and I've been so lazy... Oh and super huge news... I totally confessed to Karlee and told her I was gay and have always liked her. Turns out she liked me too! AHHH! I'm in a super good mood.

MARIGOLD

"Anyone can find the dirt, find the gold instead"

Dear Samantha,

Since writing about you, I find myself thinking of you more often. I wish we could've grown up together. Would we have carried our friendship into adulthood or were we predestined as childhood companions? Perhaps in not knowing what we would've become, there's purpose disguised in the agony of losing you.

Your death was unfairly arbitrary - a wrong time wrong place moment - but maybe I only tell myself that to make sense of it.

Sometimes I wonder if I romanticize your death, or if I haven't come to terms with the grief all these years later. Maybe it's both.

I've never lost someone I cared about in the way I cared about you. But I miss you, and I still find myself searching for ways to fill the void that was left in your absence. All that's to say, losing you kindled a fire of sorts that sparks when I need a reminder to continue living the life that you were denied. Not necessarily for you, but a reminder to live a life worth living.

Your compassion came at a time that neither you nor I knew would be formative for me. While losing you was hard, I didn't know at 7 that life itself would be relentless.

7 was not the age I hated living, but it was the age I learned people like you existed to offer hope when my world became clouded.

I still think of you when reality chips at my optimism. Not because you're a distraction from the ugliness of the world, but because you chose to remain thoughtful in the face of it. You were sincere in a way that can never be explained in words. Against the unyielding temper of life, your spirit won every time, at least that's how I remember you.

To this day I haven't met a single person like you. You brought out the best in everyone, even if they weren't at their best and even if you weren't trying. But I think you understood that compassion took effort and that offering it unlocked a perpetual happiness of sorts. One free from delusion and one full of gratitude.

I think about that a lot. And maybe I'm convoluting who you were, but even if all of this musing is me simply assigning meaning to what you represented, all I want you to know is how much I miss you.

Samantha, I love and miss you, and I hope you're at peace. Thank you for being my my first friend.

With love,
Ibby

***“Like a bird singing in the
rain, let grateful memories
survive in a time of sorrow”***



July 19, 2012
1:52 p.m.
- d'bbry Day



OBSIDIAN

“The shadow is the greatest teacher”

When I was 12 I remember sitting on the windowsill of a new room in a new city wanting nothing more than to be gone. I wondered if the height would be enough but I opted for too many pills instead.

I hated the ages of 11–16.

When I moved to Palo Alto, I developed a temperamental relationship with my parents. None of my friends knew about the weekly screaming matches, the physical displays of outrage, and the increasing rage.

And the root of it all was that I, too, resented them for not doing more to support me when I needed them to.

11 was the age I knew I was gay, and for five years I watched myself live a life I didn't want. I hated everyone and I hated that society was forcing me to choose between two seemingly hard lives while simultaneously not letting me make a choice at all. I spent years grappling with the possibility that I might have to live the rest of my life that way or rock the boat more than I already had, sinking myself and potentially everyone in it.

At the same time, I learned my lesson in Minnesota - classmates didn't like the girl in Pure White. I was a weird, obsessive kid who couldn't contain my feelings and was punished for it in the form of bullying. It triggered so much anger that eventually I became a bully, one who likely is the villain in another's past.

But I got it all wrong, and just when I was figuring out how to interact with others and not hate myself, I was yanked away.

The best part of moving was starting over. I got to change who I was and reinvent who others saw on the surface. I grew out my hair and wore it in a ponytail, played to my strengths as an athlete, and scrutinized the “it” crowd until I found a way to conceal myself among them. Despite developing a knack for being liked, I still didn’t like myself. What I liked was control, and I needed to be good at it for my protection, at least until I could confirm my safety.

I turned to art. My written words and drawn pictures were the key to getting through it. Art has never been just about art. It’s been a best friend of sorts. One who’s been with me the whole ride and knows the most genuine version of me at every phase of my life. The one that soothes the rage, eases the anxiety and is unfailingly honest at all times.

Through my art I let more and more of my true self show, unexpectedly finding safety almost everywhere. Amongst the “it” crowd I assumed was shallow, amongst art kids I discovered were using art in the same way, and amongst strangers finding meaning and relatability from my work.

I found myself surrounded by second families and communities who loved me and whom I felt protected by.

Although one might think coming out takes some grand plan, the feeling hit me randomly. One day I just had the thought that trusting the world with this secret I deemed a hindrance wasn’t as horrible as I thought over the last five years. I told my friends shortly after and a couple months later met my high school sweetheart who I came out with at the age of 16. Everyone was supportive, and I don’t think I could’ve had a better experience.

The freedom that came with the truth is something I’ll never forget. A weight off my shoulders, and the beginning of uncharted territory, an exciting challenge I had only envisioned for myself.

It was a burst of confidence in others, and most importantly myself. I often think about this moment when I need to make difficult decisions or take risks because even though coming out itself wasn’t grandiose, it was the boldest move I’ll ever make.

BLOOD RED

“In my mind I see all of my passionate memories in bright, burning red”

ONE / Allow your softness to be a strength. Even though hiding is in your blood, bravery courses through it, too.

TWO / Reality has a way of poisoning the heart. Your persistent compassion is what stops it from infiltrating too deep. Refuse to let reality change you.

THREE / Love unconditionally, even in the face of opposition. Actions have spoken louder than words, say less and let them speak.

FOUR / Trust your character doesn't fade in moments of weakness or darkness.

FIVE / Chase fearlessly, but never foolishly. Don't lose sight.

SIX / Time heals. The journey doesn't end, but it does get better.

SEVEN / Show your friends your defenseless state. Trust that they will become your guards.

EIGHT / You aren't really kind if you can't be kind to yourself.

NINE / Say what's on your mind. Experience the freedom that comes after.

TEN / There's a world waiting for you. Nothing happens by accident, take that chance you can't stop thinking about.



