

issue no. 4

THE GRASS
IS GREENER



at the core

VULNERABILITY + DESIGN PUBLICATION

Editor's Letter:

As my study abroad experience comes to a close, I walk away with lessons I didn't think I needed to learn. My experience was not as glamorous as expected but my time here has taught me something valuable: to rediscover a patience with others, and not lose myself in the process. Entering 2020 there is no clean slate, no clear conscious, and no redos. With each day comes change, and this new year only serves as a reminder to diligently continue building upon what was learned in previous years.

In 2019, I spent most days figuring out how to prioritize myself and recover from the exhausting years prior. It was about learning my limits with others and develop an unwavering confidence in my abilities and existence. To say no and not give an explanation, to end relationships that hurt me, and to stand my ground in the heat of conflict. It has been one of the best years of my life, but along the way I've discovered a newfound understanding of myself. A more conscious awareness of those around me, and how I could be better.

The Grass is Greener is about designing our future and uplifting those around us. How patience can inspire change while still setting our boundaries. It's about kindness and improving the state of the world. To rekindle human connection and listen better. To take care of ourselves but remember that compassion goes a long way for others.

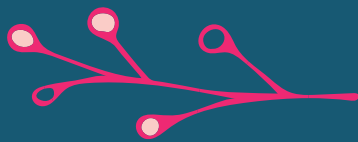
Ibby Day
Editor in Chief

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

“
*anyone who isn't
confused here
doesn't really
understand
what's going on*



UNTITLED YEAR

A SHORT DRAMATIC SCENE

JACKSON WYLDER-KIENITZ

TWO What day is it?

ONE What?

TWO What day is it?

ONE No, I heard. I just-- why do you care?

TWO What what, was it Saturday? Or Friday? What day was yesterday?

ONE I don't know.

TWO I don't, God, what was it!

ONE Does it matter?

TWO Oh, no, no nonono.

ONE What?

TWO Noo. Oh my god, I think we missed New Year's.

ONE What??

TWO I think we miss--

ONE I know. I heard. I didn't even know the month.

TWO How did we-- I can't believe we missed it!

ONE Are you actually upset?

TWO New Year's!

ONE Yeah. New Year's. Woo-hoo.

TWO Don't make fun.

ONE Your eyes are wet!

TWO I know. Stop.

ONE I can't believe you're actually upset.

TWO Well, what do we do?

ONE What?

TWO What do we d--

ONE Stop repeating yourself. I heard.

TWO Then what does what mean!

ONE What?

TWO You keep on saying what!

ONE Yeah. Cause you're confusing.

TWO I'm not-- we just completely missed it.

ONE Or maybe we're three hundred and sixty whatever days early.

TWO That's not-- no.

ONE What's the big fuss. It's a day. Just a day like any other. We could say it's in two months and it'd feel the same.

TWO It's a day to mark the new year. It's new beginnings, a fresh chapter. And we lost that.

ONE Can we even say our years are the same length at this point? We can barely see the sun. It's just a speck in the sky lost among all the other specks.

TWO Well how else would we measure it. We don't exactly have seasons to go off of.

ONE That's my point. How do we judge a day? We control light and dark. Is it sleep cycles? Hell, maybe you and I are on different years, then. I sleep so much more than you-- I'm sure we're on different days, months by now.

TWO I don't like that.

ONE Kinda fun. Like we're time travelling just by talking to each other.

TWO No. We're on the same year. We need the consistency.

ONE Do we?

TWO Yes. And we need tradition to keep us sane.

ONE We need New Year's?

TWO It's one of my favorite traditions!

ONE When was the last time you really celebrated New Year's, on Earth?

TWO Thir--no forty. Uh. I'd have to check the logs.

ONE Please don't.

TWO Ok. I'm sorry.

ONE No.

TWO I don't know why this is getting to me.

ONE It's okay.

TWO It's just

ONE I know.

TWO I don't want to lose my humanity.

ONE You won't.

TWO Yeah.

ONE What day is it?

TWO What?

ONE What day is it?

TWO I know-- I thought you didn't care?

ONE Let's start a new tradition.

TWO Yeah?

ONE Yeah. A new holiday. We'll celebrate it every year on this day. Get your log.

TWO What should we call it?

ONE Late New-- no. Wait.

TWO Yes?

ONE Old Year's Day.

TWO Yes!

ONE What time is it?

TWO 9:57 AM.

ONE At 9:58, we celebrate.

TWO Let me write this down.

ONE You're gonna miss it. 10.

TWO Oh!

ONE 9.

BOTH 8.

BOTH 7.

BOTH 6.

BOTH 5.

BOTH 4.

BOTH 3!

BOTH 2!

BOTH 1!

ONE Happy Old Year's!

TWO Happy Old Year's!

ONE You feel any better?

TWO Much.

ONE Good. I'm going back to sleep.

ART FEATURES

THE WORK OF VIVIAN LE AND YASMIN CORREA

FIRST FEATURE:

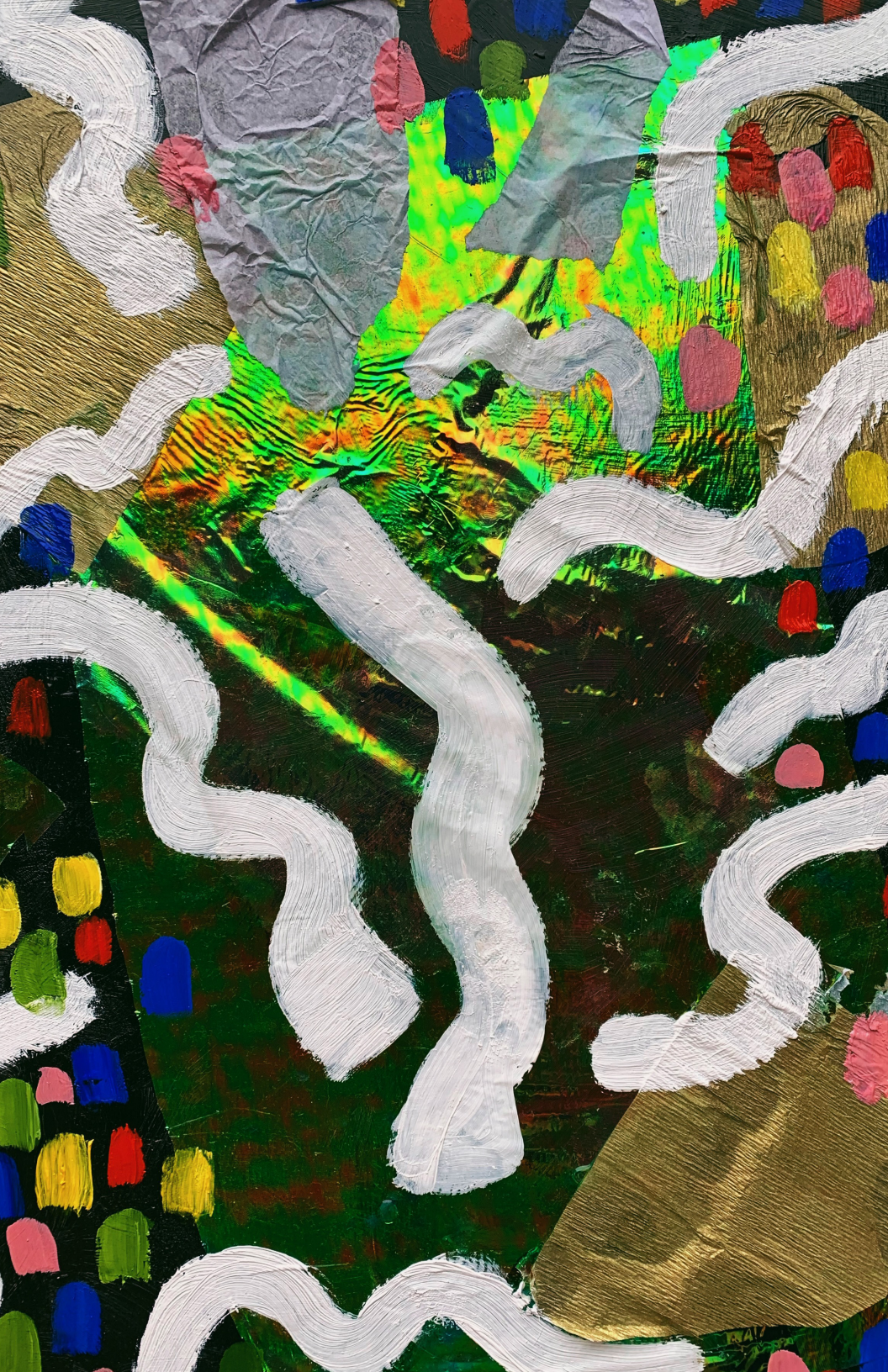
YASMIN CORREA

@yasminacorrea.art || yasminacorrea.myportfolio.com

SECOND FEATURE:

VIVIAN LE

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INTERVIEW WITH YASMIN:

Q: What has affected how your art has evolved over the years?

Humans keep changing almost all the time, that's given & proven fact. Since I started my journey for my BFA at Pacific Northwest College of Art (PNCA), my work is continuously growing, in almost all mediums that I discovered in high school & even the ones that I am currently still discovering. I'm constantly learning about things that interest me & I feel like I can paint about the things I've learned. Right now, one of the main things that I'm starting to realize is that I'm using art as a way to heal from my traumas & mental health. It's one of the only outlets I have, it makes me disconnect for awhile and I'm able to feel complete as a person



again when I'm done with a piece. I started out doing art in high school & the work I used to make didn't make me feel complete as a person afterwards. I think that also having a big support system career & personal wise is important & it definitely has helped my growing art practice. I'm grateful that I have both of those within my co-workers, friends & classmates in Oregon.

Q: What is a time you set a goal for yourself and failed?

I feel like this happens to almost everyone, it's hard to not avoid it. Like most people in the world, I've had a couple of times where I've failed to achieve a goal (even if I was close to achieving it). I've learned within the last few years to divide my goals & define each one, but one of the biggest goals I've had where I have failed was trying to get to place where I wasn't entirely happy. My weight loss journey (post high school) was one of the biggest goals where I thought I failed, but it made me change as a person too & I've been able to



change what I want as my goal. The weight loss journey actually ended up reflecting an eating disorder, which I'm not going into details about but it destroyed my belief of what I should look like. There were days where I wouldn't eat anything & run more miles (excessive exercise) instead because the repercussions to please people would be greatly

impacted. I thought for the longest time that I had failed almost everyone I knew when I couldn't reach this "x" amount on time in late 2018 & that thought process turned me towards bulimic type of behaviors. I'm not ready to dive into details about that one either, but the recovery process from that changed me & how I see my goals. This is where I started



to divide my goals into the different aspects of life & then having a couple ultimate goals, which so far I've been able to reach. I also now have the toolkits to how to reflect on a goal & say to myself "Hey, it's okay that you didn't reach this goal, you could always try again & get back up there", which is how people end up calling me out as "resilient". I think in the years to come, I'll ultimately be better & happy if I keep my goal focus this way & have it divided.

Q: What do you hope to achieve as an individual or artist in 2020?

Like I said in the last question, I have multiple goals

that are directed towards the different aspects of life. I also have a couple ultimate goals for the next year, but these goals are ones that I'm constantly working on. I know that ultimate happiness isn't always possible, but one of my ultimate goals for 2020 in all aspects of life is to be happy & content. I've struggled with feeling this way in all aspects of life, but 2019 was one of the most transformative years of my life & that changed how I see things for myself & others around me. I was able to see what made me happy & see what I needed, which was a wonderful experience for me. I became more hopeful, happier & overall content & I hope to broaden this into my art practice as well.

Me BEFORE:



Me NOW:



Q: How do you think your aspirations have changed over time? What has this journey been like?

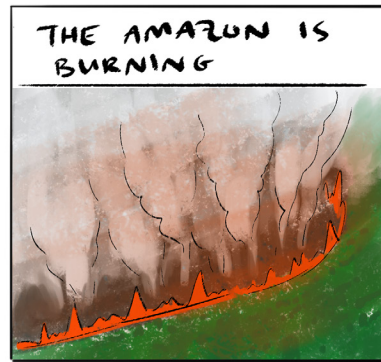
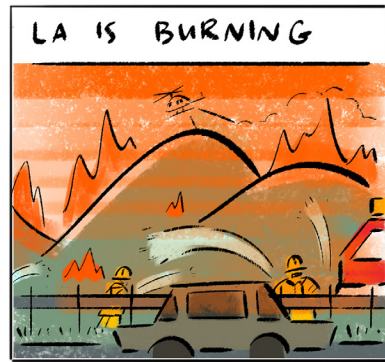
I've always loved comics growing up but I also watched a lot of television. I got a flip book as a Christmas present once. When I opened it up and tried drawing in the pages, I felt bored immediately. From this, I thought I would never be able to do animation at least. As I got older I sought more practical careers because I wanted to be able to support my Vietnamese immigrant family. It helped that I have a lot of interests, such as environmentalism and animal science, so biology seemed like a good path. A part of me also wanted to prove to my traditional Asian family, and peers, that I was smart enough to pursue a STEM field. In the end, nothing felt more fulfilling to me than drawing. Now that I've finally

INTERVIEW WITH VIVIAN:

Q: Why did you start comics?

I started making these comics as a way to vent. Around the end of last year I was getting so sad and frustrated with my work. I constantly felt like I had things to say but they weren't important enough to share. Or that my drawings weren't good enough. I kept finding myself saying, "I wish I could make comics..." but the only thing stopping me was this high ideal that if you're going to make a comic it better be a. hilarious, b. super insightful, or c. well drawn. In the end, I couldn't take it anymore and started making them for myself. Even if they're stupid random thoughts I have or a snippet of my day, I think the practice itself will hopefully lead me to become better at telling funny or insightful stories that appeal to a wide audience in the future. In the end, I think even the comics I look up to were predated by a series of not-as-good comics or, dare I say, bad ones. I'm hopeful.

cont. on next page →



NOV 15, 2019 VL

come to terms with it, the journey is a lot harder but a lot more rewarding. Wanting to do storyboarding for animation, with comics on the side, is a constant jump from job to job. I'm still working on breaking in but I know it relies on perseverance and hard work. I just have to keep going at it until someone in a position of power is willing to take a chance on me. This lifestyle will probably

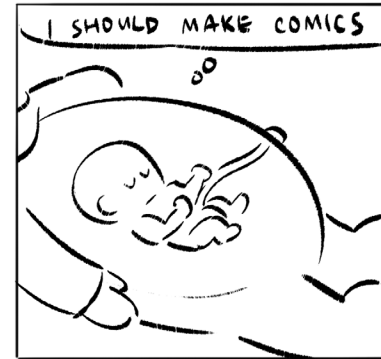
last my lifetime but when I get the little wins the struggle seems worth it.

3. What are you looking forward to learning in the next year?

I'm constantly learning how to tell better visual stories. I watch films, read comics, talk to peers. Simply through making things I'm excited to see my growth. I'm hoping in the next

year, there will be a seminar on "how to become a genius". I'm hoping they'll say genius isn't always something you're born with and that it can be something you're taught. All joking aside, I want to start compiling these mini comics into zines and make full

fledged graphic novels some day. My dream is to make a graphic novel, multiple even. I'm also excited to get started tabling at shows, cons, and fests, to hold myself accountable to these aspirations.



NOV 12, 2019 VL

ROSE GLASSES & HINDSIGHT 20/20

IBBY DAY

My time abroad was complicated, traumatic for the most part. The sad part is that half of the culture shock comes after returning home and realizing that no one has the time to listen to you detail all of your experiences. But as I write, and scrap piece after piece, I'm coming to a greater understanding of my experience on my own terms.

In the last semester, people pushed my limits beyond what I was capable of, mentally and physically. I couldn't handle the responsibility imposed upon me and communicating only seemed to make it worse. I shot myself in the foot with every decision I made, digging my grave deeper until I broke.

Mostly, I was disappointed in myself. I continued one of my worst habits: picking up after people who didn't deserve it AND feeling guilty for not helping when I could. My class was passive, unmotivated, and exhausting in every way. But in my mind, still human. They were still people going through the obstacles of life, just like me, so I convinced myself I should help. However, I quickly realized that I was sacrificing my time carelessly. I found myself scolded for giving design advice to

my peers who ultimately were too stubborn to take it. Too prideful to acknowledge that I knew more than them in certain subjects. Perhaps it's because I was significantly younger than all of them, I wish I knew.

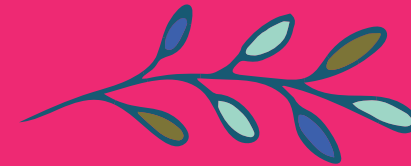
With so much burden I started to break, I needed help. I tried to explain, but I went unheard and worse, made to feel insane. I was already grieving most nights but on top of that, I had to deal with people not believing me. Not believing me that my roommate was a lazy slob. Not believing me that I was doing more work than them. Not believing me when I said that I knew what I was talking about. And not believing me when I said I felt unwelcome. It felt like a warzone and that most of my classmates were talking about me behind my back when I just wanted to be treated with respect. I didn't get that respect. So I quit. I recently decided to leave my program. The worst part is that I'm leaving resenting every single one of my classmates and questioning who I am. For the last few weeks, I haven't felt like myself. I'm angry, I'm frustrated, and my heart hurts. It feels like the person I worked hard to improve crumbled before my eyes and I no longer know the person staring at me in the mirror.

However, as I watch myself in the mirror the more I notice the details. The more I discover the overall lesson I've been attempting to grasp: ongoing resilience. Not any sort of resilience, the type of quiet resilience that's been churning for years. A realization that it's normal for me to exaggerate, and overthink. What matters most is how I walk away from it and understand that I've been walking away for years. There aren't always monumental leaps of growth, especially for me. Sometimes my growth means going backward, especially in this case, but at the end of the day, I will walk away understanding myself.

I can say I'm proud. I'm proud that I have the dignity and self-love to draw boundaries. I wouldn't have done that in the past. I used to ignore my limits and push myself to help others until it almost killed me. I'm escaping from people who treated me poorly yet I return with a burning urge to be kinder, more patient, and more perceptive of others. I didn't know I could be forced into conflict while in such pain and still stand my ground. I didn't know I felt comfortable allowing myself to be vulnerable in front of those I barely knew. This experience has set a precedent for where my limits lie and also allowed me to build upon existing skills. And the best part of it all, I get to walk away with something other than the respect of my classmates, self-respect.

“

*sometimes your
heart needs more
time to accept
what your mind
already knows*





CORE DESIGN

HIGHLIGHTING ARTIST PROCESSES

FEATURING:

AILIS O'REILY

@ailis_art || ailisartwork.com

INTERVIEW WITH AILIS:

Q: What is this piece about?

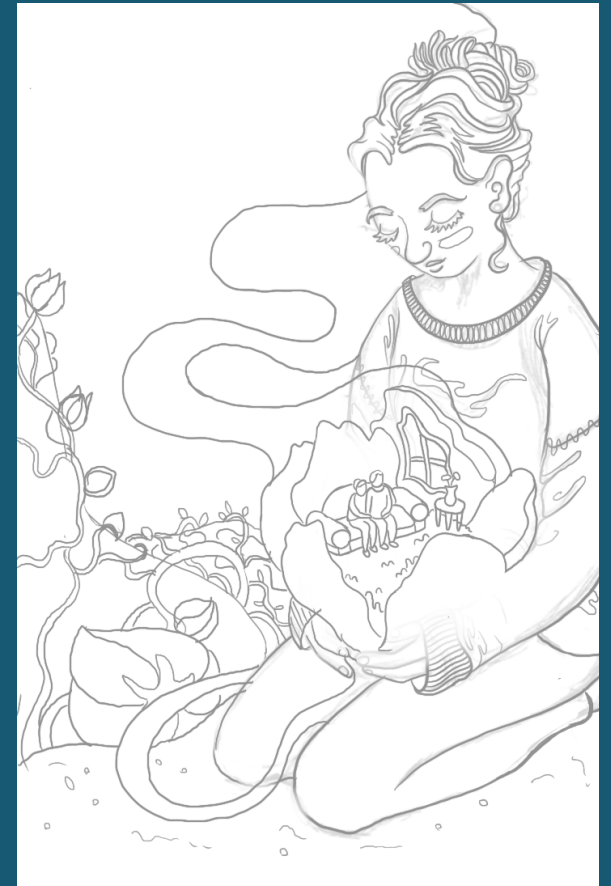
This piece is about new year resolutions and goals for the future. You can only have so many. In the end you have to choose the path you want to take, and that is represented through the girl deciding which flower to open out of an entire field. Flowers grow gradually and have to be taken care of in order to bloom. This is similar to the hard work in order to make your dreams a reality. The flower represents my dream of getting my own place, and making it my new home.

Q: What are your greatest fears going into 2020?

My greatest fears going into 2020 are pretty much the same since I have started college. The main one is the fear of not being a good enough artist to succeed. Will I end up being a burden? I think most artists fear not being able to take care of themselves. All the ones I know are perfectionists because we made the career choice knowing it would be difficult, but we want it with every fiber of our body. I'm going to graduate in the summer, and I do not feel ready. However, I have to graduate to get the job, the home, and the life I want. I have to remind myself that while fear is normal I have to let go, and realize I can not plan the future. All I can do is my best. No more. And wherever that takes me I'll be happy.

Q: How do you experience growth?

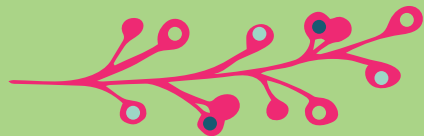
I like to think I embrace growth. Though I sometimes can be resistant to what it is I'm working on at the moment. A big thing I have realized I do is being really critical on myself. Perfectionism is ok up until you get burn out from never achieving what is in your head. You have to appreciate where you are in the moment. I'm still getting the hang of that one haha. The first step is realizing what to work on. The next is trying to accomplish it with a healthy mindset. I try to still love who I am in the moment, but also know I have a lot to learn, and it never stops.



COUNTING BLESSINGS

NADIA JUNOES

“
*she remembered
who she was
and then the
game changed*”



If I say that my new year resolution is to be more positive, a lot of people would probably say that was too vague. But in all honesty, this is the only phrase that best represents my determination to overcome everything that has happened in 2019, and what I had learned from it.

In the span of this one year, my father's business collapsed. My sister could not attend college due to the financial difficulties. My mother, who got admitted to the ICU because she suddenly vomited blood, refused to get an MRI scan of her body because the expenses were too high. School didn't seem to go very well either – as a student attending an art school famous for its rigorous workload, I often felt inferior towards the buckets of talented people attending the school.

I was in a very dark place. It felt like nothing was going well at all, like I was somehow abandoned by the universe. It didn't help that everyone – my family, my boyfriend, my squad since middle school –

was away back home; a 20-hour flight on the other side of the globe. I've always felt somewhat lonely here studying abroad in the States, but I've never felt so alone as I did then. Why am I here? Why are all these things happening to me? What have I done, eating away at their money attending an expensive art school in America? And this was the worst – what if I'm not worth it? Focusing on my studies was very hard with all of these thoughts endlessly churning in my head. My one consolation was my annual trip back home for winter break.

Thankfully, this break is just what I needed. In the days where I got to be with my family and friends, I also got to see how everyone is handling their own lives, how they tackle all the problems and hurdles they faced. I soon found out that my sister is attending private lessons to slowly build her portfolio for college in the future. My father works hard everyday to talk to various people in hopes to make something new. And my friends – all who looked like they were having the time of their lives from their Instagram stories – shared their struggles with me; which – surprise – is very similar to my own. They told me how they cried nights due to stress, how the toxic people around them hurt them so badly, they want to quit. How their family issues made them lose motivation to do anything for the day. But alas, they overcame them. They made the most of it, and it passed.

I now see clearly – and probably understood fully for the first time – that there is always a way, and to not lose hope. Doing your utmost, hoping for the best. Hard work will always be rewarded, and hard times will pass. Some things are out of our control, but there will always be some things that we CAN control. This is why I had firmly set my resolution for the upcoming 2020 to be a more positive person. To not just brood over the bad things and get stuck in the storm of the moment, but making the most of the situation. To constantly remind myself that hard times won't last forever, and that doing my best is more of a solution to everything than I thought it was. I will work hard and start anew with a fresh perspective. I will start each day counting my blessings, being grateful with what I have as I sip my morning coffee. And most importantly, I will keep in mind that everyone is fighting their own battles just as I am fighting mine, and that I am not alone.

