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the TRACKS Magazine Team

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TRACKS

MAGAZINE



ISSUE 1
BRIDGE

WINTER 2023

THE VILLAGE

Dear Main South, Worcester,

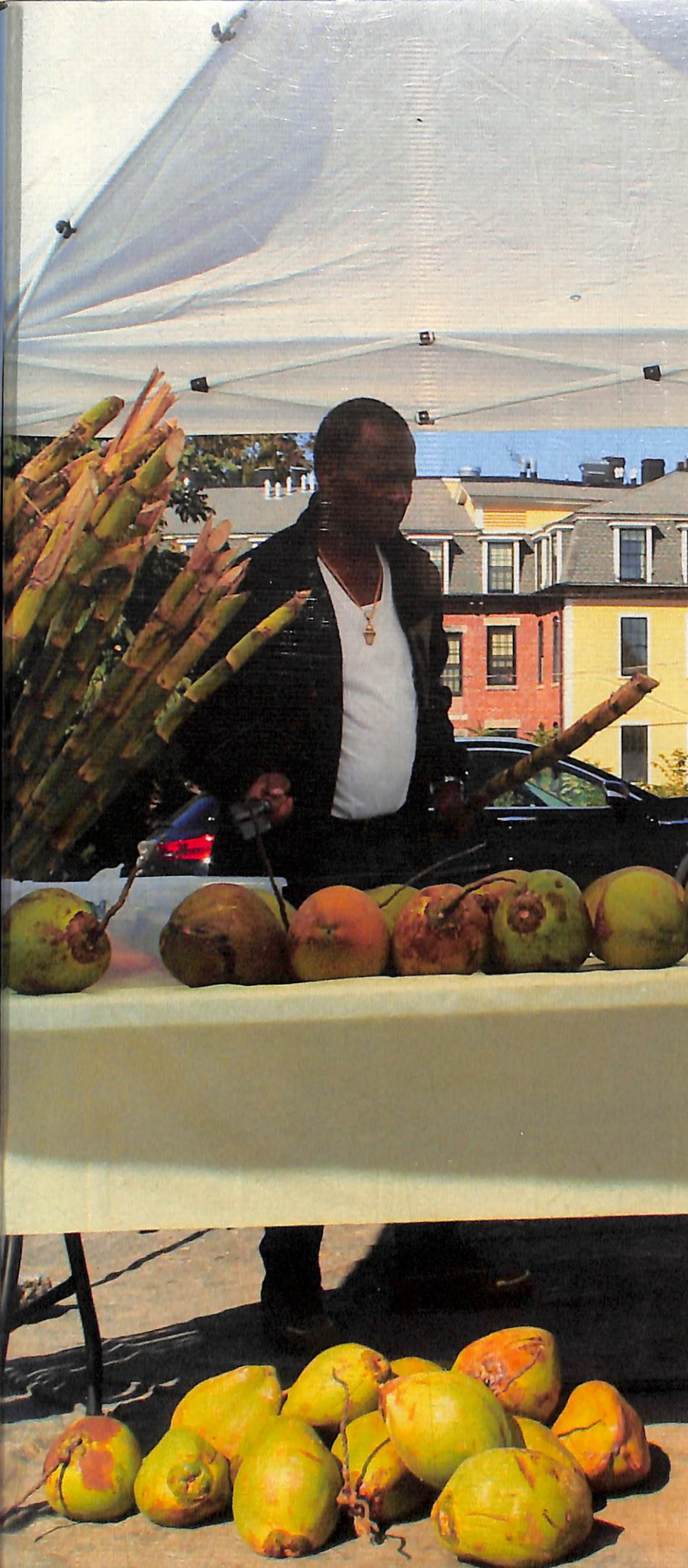
Welcome to TRACKS Magazine! We are proud to introduce our very first issue. Our theme for this issue is "bridge." Your submissions were imaginative, bold, experimental, and radical. Your art interpreted "bridge" in almost every way possible, from bridges between people and communities, to bridges in music, and bridges between the past, present, and future. We could not have wished for a better batch of submissions for our first issue. The TRACKS team is proud to provide this platform for Main South; we hope to highlight this community's incredible skill for many issues yet to come. Thank you for your artwork, your talent, and your time. We hope you enjoy the first edition of TRACKS as much as we have enjoyed putting it together.

Sincerely,

The TRACKS Magazine Team

ISSUE ONE: BRIDGE

- 1 DIMITRI SURIEL
- 2 JULIA CAHILL
- 4 GABEL GRAMER
- 5 LEO BRISSON
- 6 THE VILLAGE — SPOTLIGHT
- 9 PARKER MILGRAM
- 11 FARMER'S MARKET
- 12 GYANI PRADHAM WONG AH SU
- 16 JULIA MONGEON
- 17 ARTISTS FROM THE BOYS AND GIRLS CLUB
- 18 ANA BEIRNE
- 19 DANIEL KELLY
- 22 ON MUSIC
- 22 CLAYTON SINGLETON
- 23 BEA WINN
- 24 RENÉE KNOWLES
- 27 ANNA PARISI



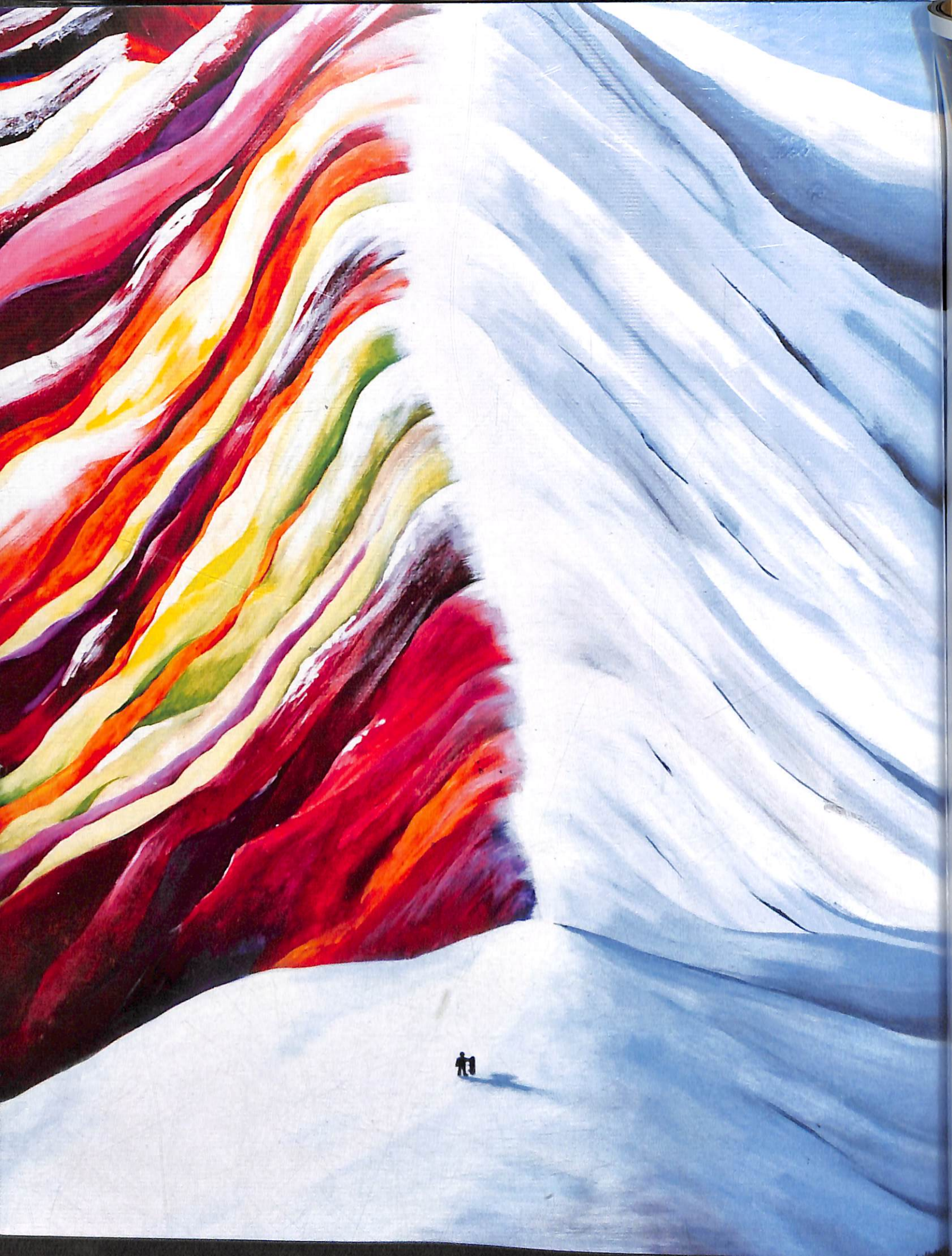
Humans of Main Middle

Poem by Dimitri Suriel

they built a bridge over
us
to bestow labels of trolls,
low-lives, and addicts,
condemned in shadow
to be forgotten
a woman lays face down
on King Street crying in agony
while people walk by as
if she doesn't exist
even with screams choked with blood
of being beaten and robbed
nobody does anything,
so she rises and limps away
defeated until a friend arrives
giving a healing hug,
in that moment she is seen
by another "troll"
though we live in shadow
our eyes have adjusted
to look through labels, but
seeing what we are,
humans

"This area consistently gets labeled as dangerous by institutions like Clark and the City. This area does not get supported enough, instead it is criminalized and stigmatized. The poem tries to capture how both institutions have built a metaphysical bridge over this area, but we still see the humanity within each other."

Left: Dimitri Suriel, *A Small Taste of Nostalgia*, 2022.





Julia Cahill, *Mountain 30*, acrylic on canvas, 2021.

"Mountain 30" holds a strong place in my heart because it was the bridge to me re-discovering my passion. Ever since I was young, I've always been involved and interested in the arts. But due to pressures, I ultimately went to school for engineering and have dedicated a lot of the recent years to pursuing degrees and licenses. "Mountain 30" was my first painting I had done post-study and after a long hiatus from my paint brushes. It ignited a fire in me and gave me the confidence I needed to make the arts a more present part of my life again.

Born and raised in Worcester, MA, Julia began drawing and painting at an early age and despite pursuing a career in engineering, she enjoys spending her free time expressing herself through her artwork.

Primarily using acrylic and oil mediums, her work focuses on colorful explorations of natural landscapes, both of places she has been and places she wishes to go. She owns her own Etsy shop selling prints of her work and works side-by-side with her husband in their woodworking endeavors.

In my pottery, I often attempt to bridge art and nature, using and emulating natural patterns and forms to create functional ceramics. Since I began doing ceramics, I quickly fell in love with the medium because of its ability to reproduce textures found in the natural world, capturing moments and remnants of the ecological world. Much of my work this fall has been using leaves I collect on my walk to the studio. Art and nature are two of the most important things to me, and to bridge them through pottery has been an extraordinary journey that I hope to continue for a long time.

Gabel Cramer, Amateur Potter



There's a memory that I have, and like most memories which shine out of us two, we are at a campfire to which you are quietly and intimately attending. We're in the Hudson valley, it's December, and night is opening above our heads. Tomorrow we will ride in your car's small cabin to a lake and walk its cusp and be between the snow.

The year before, you came to join us in Ithaca. The pandemic had arrested the city, and we saw deer in the street. The little green sprouts in that spring were extra dewy. I worked in a garden then.

In that time, your car was new enough not to break and sweat. You'd gotten it from D-, who sold it to you when her arthritis worsened. Then, you drove delivery, mostly in the evenings and when I joined you in the car, the glazed plastic dashboard smelled of energy drinks and coffee. In the house, we slept across the hall from each other.

I think you do remember – that once when we were young, I sleepwalked into your room. Maybe the part that I made up, was the part in which you sleepwalked into mine right after. You probably just woke when I tucked myself into your bed and then switched places with me.

In the house, we kept all the curtains drawn. Everyone could see in, and we made characters from the passers. There was one, who we called 'Dog Walk Smoke' – the man whose white beard grew over the course of the months, and who walked a terrier while he smoked a cigarette. On the fridge, we hung up a paper to tally all the times we saw him.

In the green wash of the evening light, inside the house. We were both in the light. At once doing homework together at the dinner table, then you were playing your songs to the microphone, and to me. And I could see then, from the wash of light – that our eyes are the same shape. And there are dark circles underneath, them. They band across our eyes, and are shaded in.

The part of me which can't be held, the part of me that is water.

Some years later, you made up a frame pack and began the walk from your home in the Hudson valley to us in Ithaca. I remember how you had to make things so thin, like leaves, so that everything could fit. And how you planned out the journey so well, so that all the days puzzled together, and your food was simple and regimented. But after the first couple of hours, you'd decided to quit. You ended up in Ithaca by car, standing like an October leaf, stock still and the bag rising from your back.

I think you found things hard in Ithaca then. Especially on the hill where you moved, where the driveway was steep, and so your tired car could get stuck. And the canopy of trees extended into a hill beyond the little house. I could see that the light from outside could barely get in through the windows. And so much of the house was in muddy shadow, smelled like the inside of a tree.

Just to feel like a ghost, I lived in your old room when I visited home from college. And on the worst summer evenings, I sprawled on the bed in one slow motion, like a blooming flower. And I watched the evening light make waves on the turquoise walls through the tissue curtains.

Around that time, we drove toward a zeus-town together, hector or homer, and hiked the space between trees. At last, the vista had opened up and we found the water. Some big pond that'd freezed over too many times. And there, we climbed steps to an overlook, a half of a bridge which stopped a hundred paces into the water below. I felt the cold wind and wished we had a fire.

It's you and I, T-, in the divet in the woods with the fire between us. I can see your face glazed from the healthy fire. And your eyes are just like mine, they are pretty just like mine. But I'll not contain you, T-, to get there, I'll not contain you.

SPOTLIGHT—The Village

In Conversation with Sha-Asia Medina and Parlee Jones

By Amira Aderibigbe and Sophie Gill

Under direction and leadership from 25 year old Sha-Asia Medina, The Village Worcester is an Afrocentric cultural, learning, and healing center. While their focus is on Black folks, and their healing, everybody is welcome through The Village's doors.

Walking into the large green house visitors immediately feel the love that has been put into the space. The Village's physical building at 4 King Street has a history of being home to spaces of activism and community healing. It formerly housed the Stone Soup Artist and Activist Collective, which after falling on hard times during the pandemic decided it was time to transition the building and we were able to create The Village. Prior to Stone Soup, the building housed The Teacher Store.

Mother-daughter duo, Sha-Asia Medina and Parlee Jones, had been involved in providing Black history and cultural programming in Worcester for about twenty years before the establishment of The Village came to be. Spurred by

the significant and public murders of George Floyd, Breonna Taylor, Ahmaud Arbery and many more the two found it time to give the Black community of Worcester an affinity space. This space was for members to breathe, heal, and feel connected to one other, hence The Village.

"We couldn't think of a place to have the meeting because there wasn't a space."

Despite Worcester being the second largest city in New England, there were no spaces within its boundaries for Black folks of all backgrounds to not only grieve but to gather and celebrate as well. Medina adds that churches have historically been places for a congregation, but their goal was to create a community space that everyone could identify with based on general spirituality and love.

"It's The Village because it takes a village to raise a child, to raise a community, to raise a people."



Sha-Asia Medina (left) and Parlee Jones (right)

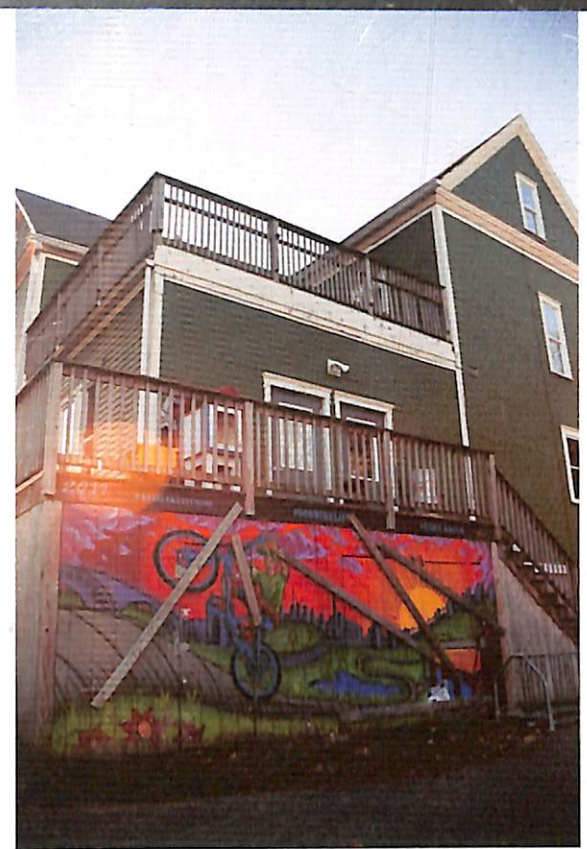
Jones, born and raised in the Worcester area, is the director of OurStory Edutainment; a multicultural learning institute focused on teaching Black history and one of the many organizations now located at The Village. She lived in Brooklyn, New York for some time before returning home to Worcester.

"I came home with two babies and there was absolutely no cultural programming here. So I said, if I'm gonna teach my babies, I might as well bring the community along with us. We've been doing it since [Sha-Asia] was six".

The beginning stages of creating this space were not easy despite the pure intentions. Years of neglect had left the former home of activist groups into a space where those who had fallen on hard times came to congregate. Time needed to be spent rehabbing, healing, and mending relationships between neighbors who resided in the area.

The Village started from zero—Jones was working a regular 9 to 5 and took it on as a side project. Following her graduation from college, Medina jokes that she became the full-time director as a gift for her mom. Neither of them were making money out of their work at The Village—it all went back into the program.

"We had done so many community events over 18 years and never wrote not one grant for it. It was all community donations. It was taking your own money if you needed to. But we just made it work. That whole period we were rehabbing the building, no one was getting paid. We were writing grants, but it wasn't going towards paying us. It was going towards supporting the building. So it was really a labor of love, getting this building back together."



Medina and Jones note that the financial aspects are important but that they aren't stressed, "I have no stress, you know? Yeah, it's definitely worth it. Peace of mind." They understand the importance of their work and are committed to providing cultural programming and healing spaces for the Black community.

Children still need to learn Black history. So we did a Saturday school. We're doing Kwanzaa Academy, all with the intention of teaching children, mainly Black and brown children, about Black history.

The Village includes a myriad of programming from film screenings and discussions (we spoke to Medina and Jones on the eve of their anticipated *Black Panther* event), poetry nights, drumming workshops, Kwanza Academy for kids, to yoga and meditation classes. Everyone who works within The Village is united by their alignment with racial and social justice, learning, creativity, community, and healing (in that order).

The Village organizes a multitude of community events. One of Medina and Jones' favorites has been their whale watch trip. They provided accessibly priced tickets, with transportation included, to Gloucester, MA to go on a whale watch—180 people from Worcester went.

They've also put on beach trips "because some people haven't been to the ocean in years".

"We want as many community people that see their vision coming to life in the space doing that."

The space is used by a variety of different types of groups and people—oftentimes at the same time. The Village works to foster community and collaboration between all of the different organizations in the building and explore creative ways of collaboration. Medina explains the thought process behind this, "What does a collaboration between a bike shop and an urban farming group look like? How does that work? It's all about fostering community collaboration and folks feeling comfortable in the space." The Village provides opportunities for folks at different intersections to be present in the space.

Medina marks the importance of having Black and brown instructors and leaders in the space explaining that, "It's been valuable for folks to see Black people doing yoga or teaching yoga. Our yoga instructor, my brother, a Black man doing yoga and teaching yoga, is not something you're going to see just anywhere. I think people realize that and notice that. 83% of the people that have come [to do yoga] are Black and brown people and I know that the other yoga studios aren't going to report that. So it's been important for folks to see Black people in these positions. Our sound bathing woman is Black. The meditation woman is a Black woman." She notes that it matters who shows up and who comes back.

Creativity and art play a crucial role in The Village's vision. Medina and Jones are inspired by the seven principles of Kwanzaa—the sixth principle Kuumba, which means creativity, represents the goal to leave one's community more beautiful and beneficial than we inherited it. The two see art as a tool for building community and enacting social change. They see art as a part of the healing process and a strategy for engaging with younger members of the community.

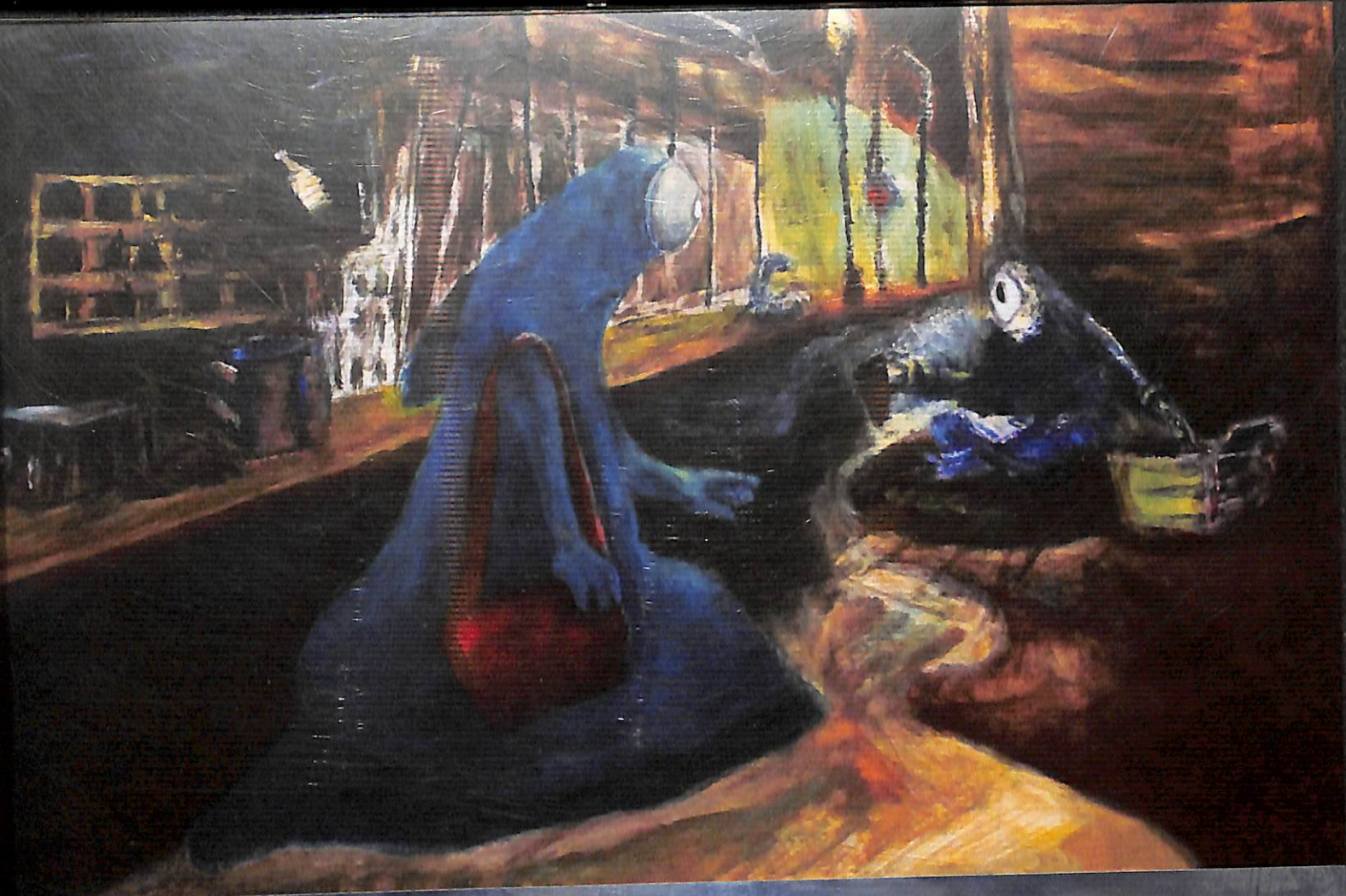
"We're always in one way, shape or form, incorporating art into what's going on at The Village."

What's next for The Village? Medina and Jones want to keep the space maintained sustainably and make sure the building is taken care of. This includes figuring out a way to sustain more Black folks being paid for their work at The Village. Medina also sees more youth programming in the space and racial equity training.

Check out @thevillageworcester on Instagram to stay up to date on The Village!



Ten organizations are housed in the building in addition to OurStory Edutainment including Worcester Earn-A-Bike, a non-profit community bike shop.





Sun Warms Fins, acrylic, charcoal, colored pencil, gouache, Graphite, and wax crayon, 2022.

To me, bridges are turning points. There is a decision to move to a new location, a new point of view. Bridges allow us to experience new things, but they also take effort to cross. The illustrations I've submitted show my original characters in times of conflict. These are turning points in the characters' lives where they must make a decision. The conversations and actions between my characters bring them together, and challenge them. The conflict prompts a choice, and an opportunity for positive change.

Parker Milgram is a fine artist, author, and illustrator based in Massachusetts. Parker loves to create original characters and is currently developing several picture books on themes of mental illness, grief, friendship, and neurodiversity. When they're not making art they like to play piano, go for walks in nature, and people watch.

Left: (Top) *Joni after Work*, acrylic, colored pencil, gel pen, graphite, and digital, 2021. (Bottom) *Family Room Conflict*, gouache over graphite and digital, 2021.

The Farmer's Market: Providing for Our Community

by Daniel Kelly

Photography by Renée Knowles



(above) Shanice Nelson

Shanice is quick to tell customers about HIP, and also resources around Main South for food security. "I like to donate to the Worcester Fridge, the food goes so quick there because people are in need of it. I try to teach my kids if you don't want it, donate it, because somebody needs it." She says that Main South houses a community that looks out for each other, and keeps each other going. "People just assume bad things about Worcester, but we have a lot of good." She comments on how nice it is to talk with her neighbors, and to see people out and about in a community like Main South.

She likes interacting with the regular customers, and catching up week-to-week about life and kids and such things. Caring for her 14 year old son and a 5 year old daughter requires a lot of her focus, but she finds a lot of joy in it. "You know five-year-olds, she doesn't stop, so that's my day. Chasing her, then putting her down for a nap and then I fall asleep with her" she adds with a laugh, going on to say it can be tricky to get her daughter to eat vegetables, but she finds ways to make it work.

Shanice says the farmers market is a good tool for building the community, because of the interactions you have with the other people there. "You get to meet different cultures, and maybe try a vegetable you've never tried before. People in line will be like 'Hey, this is what my culture uses, this is what you should make with it' and customers will try new things."

(right) Dave Larrimer

Every Saturday, from the beginning of summer to the first week of November, the Worcester Regional Environmental Council (REC) hosts a farmers market in Crystal Park (also known as University Park). I took a visit to the market to get to know some of the vendors, visitors, and operators.

Shanice Nelson works at Worcester REC, which hosts the Farmer's Market. A gifted multitasker, she continues our interview while maintaining simultaneous conversations with customers, and ringing up their purchases. She started in August, and has so far enjoyed how the job introduces her to new people. The community feeling of her job is also favorable, saying that her coworkers are all reliable, and if you make a mistake, people are there to welcome you and assure you it's okay. Shanice finds that taking time off for being sick is no issue, which helps make the working environment feel comfortable.

One of the vendors, Dave Larrimer from KettleBrook Farm tells me about the Healthy Incentives Program (HIP), an add-on to SNAP benefits that reimburses EBT cards for up to \$80 spent on fresh fruits and vegetables. He mentions how it's been mutually beneficial for vendors and customers, "Especially when the pandemic hit, it kept us in business, and it kept food going out to people's homes."



Portrait of a Himalayan City

by Gyani Pradhan Wong Ah Sui

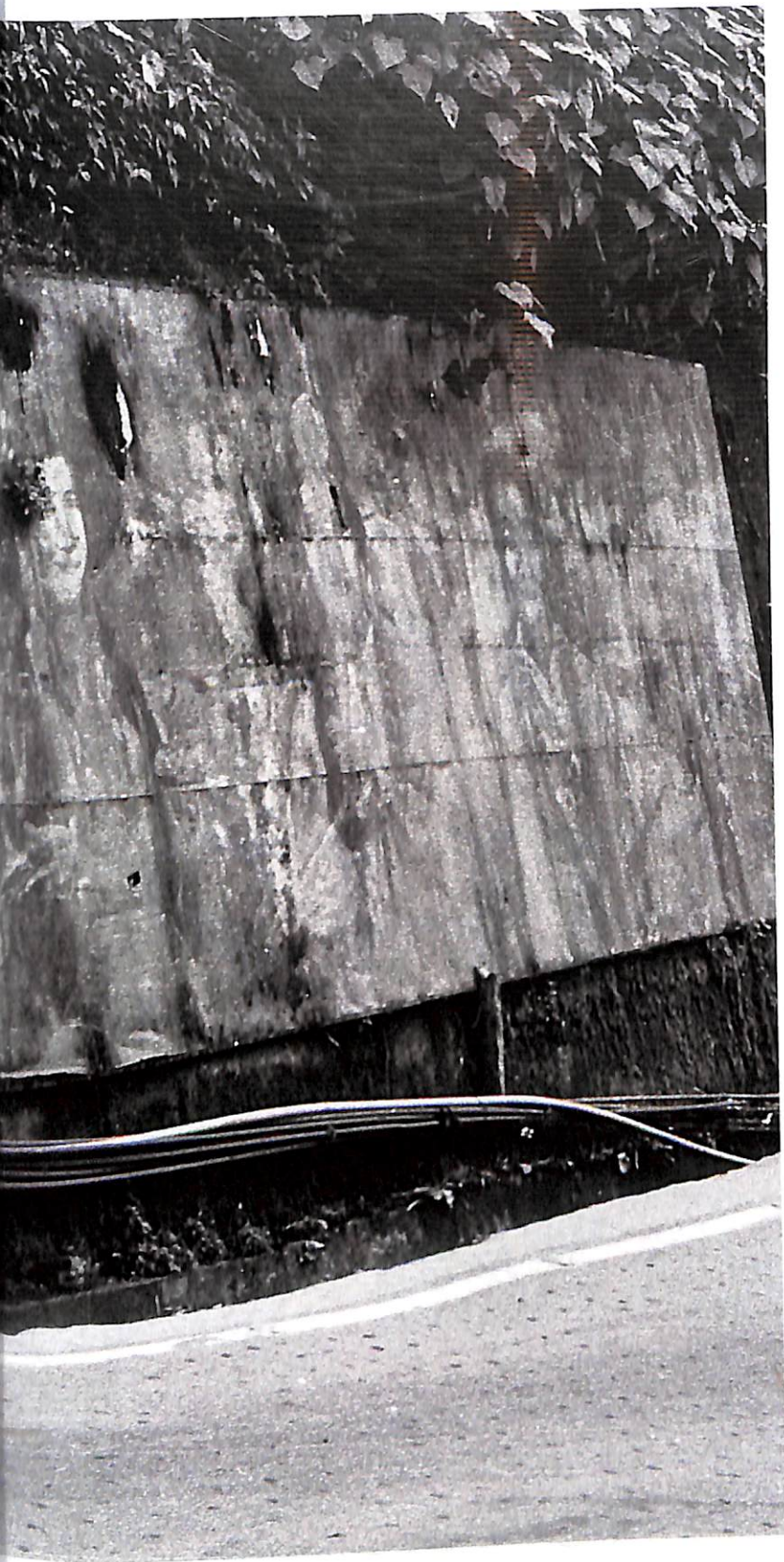


I really see my process with street film photography as a way to connect and really look at the places that I find myself in. After having studied in the US for 5 years now, I have a much different relationship with Sikkim than I did when I left. I think the distance I feel from it now as a result of time away has opened my eyes to the beauty in its imperfections and going home for 3 months this summer, (the longest time I've spent home since coming to the US) I was able to reconnect with home through photography. I spent a lot of time wandering the streets and watching the life of the city pass by, photographing these scenes bridged the distance that had begun to grow between my sense of belonging there.

Maybe it's the distance that makes it all so much more romantic to me. None of these things struck me in any way except as an inconvenience when I did live here, in Sikkim. The Wi-Fi was slow, school was infested with asshole bullies and tyrannical teachers and the bus ride there could end up being as long as 4 hours on some days. Life in Sikkim was and is a photograph shot unmistakably on black and white Ilford HP5+.







*Gyani Pradhan Wong Ah Sui AKA
Gyani Wasp is an international student
from Sikkim, India and Mauritius
studying Screen Studies and Studio Art
at Clark University. He is a
photographer and filmmaker who
enjoys reading funny reviews on
letterboxd and eating Ben & Jerry's
Cherry Garcia.*

Left: Julia Mongeon, *A Simple Stein*, gouache on paper, 2022.

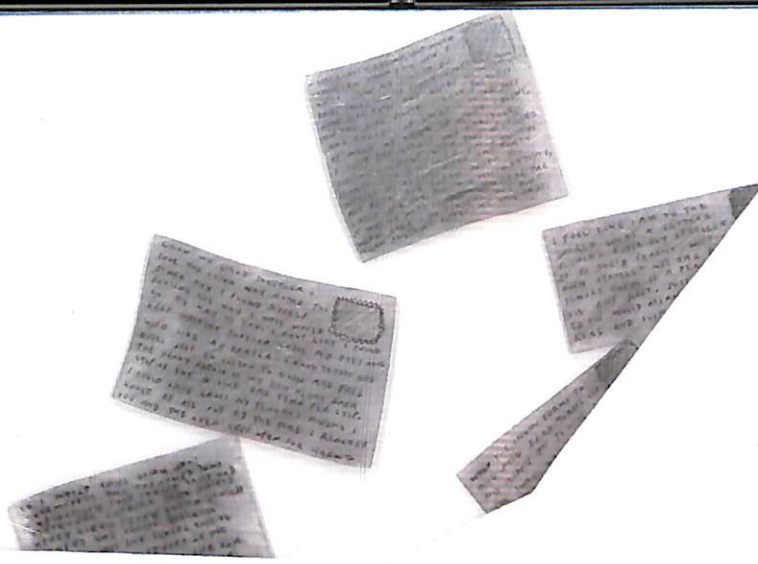


Julia Mongeon is a 24 year old illustrator living in Massachusetts. She is inspired by the simple joys in life such as pets, bread, and a good book. She creates pieces filled with color, nostalgia, and whimsy in an effort to bring happiness to viewers of her work. She can be found online @allie.and.jules.

"A Simple Stein" is a piece of work that bridges the gap between my childhood memories, and the person I have become. Growing up my grandfather's house was filled with collections from his family's time in Germany. After he passed, these objects were passed down to my mother, and they still remain in our house. While searching for my own artistic voice, I found inspiration in these small German beer steins, and the family history they hold. I hope my work is nostalgic and reminiscent of a simpler time, of youth, and the joy that can be found in simple objects that surround us.

What Does Community Mean to You?
Drawings by Artists from the Boys & Girls Club of Worcester





My name is Ana Beirne, this piece is called shrunken letters and its from 2022. For this piece I interpreted "bridge" as a bridge of communication, which is something that's not always easy to facilitate, depending on the relationship you hold or the subject of communication. In this project, I used shrinky dink paper to shrink personal messages relating to subjects or relationships that I experience difficulty articulating on a larger scale. In this respect, I have constructed a bridge of communication that feels safe and cathartic for myself, satisfying the sense of release that communication can fulfill.



ball games

As soon as those wheels started turning, I knew I'd never see him again.

"I'll see you soon," he smirked, smearing his aloofness onto my face with a final breath of smoke. His absence left me cold, already craving the warmth's return. A single teardrop fell from his eye and branded me: a gentle reminder that, at least for a time, he cared. The bandit. The knight who held the world in a fist. The next night, I realized all that he took with him.

There's a long stretch of road on the west side of town that we used to drag ourselves along. This summer we burned through three tires and an entire trunk's worth of cigarettes, kicking up tar just to suck it back down. We called it the run, and some days we'd go on our run until the street lights turned on and we had to dodge them. Eventually we'd have driven so far outside the city that we'd get out of the car and the only light you could see was at the tip of whatever we were smoking. In this blindness, we were given the chance to finally see one another.

Maybe it's time we

Park

The car

It's all

Riding

On this

The Horse-back knights of the Southern Great Plains

Take your shot

Miss

Pay heed now

This might be all you get

And once you've slain the dragon

And moved on to other things

Don't let yourself forget

The ParkHorseHawkCarDoctorSeussBall games

And all

Those cheap shot pains.

Our shirts stuck to our skin, drenched from the heat. We stuck a package of Toll House under the windshield to see if we'd get solar powered cookies. Munchies are best quenched when the means of production are radioactive. Those were the best cookies I've tasted, even though they weren't fully baked. The scent of hot sugar still remains in the car. I wonder if he could smell it the day he ditched me.

Most of the memories that I couldn't contain, I scratched into my journal. External hard drive of the mind and soul: Trip Back Home, 2020. There's only so much space in the mind that another

person can consume. The journal is a mess of ideas, hopes, attempts at connecting the dots to reach contentment. Now I turn the pages with nostalgia for the fantasies that never got their chance.

"When this is all over," he said, "we'll make it happen. We can go anywhere we want." Two years have passed, and only some things are over. Too much has happened, but it still wasn't enough. Can I make up for lost time? Or do I have to accept it's already gone? He left, and took time with him. Sometimes I forget who he was. But the journal helps me recall:

He was absent. Some days he just didn't feel the need to show up nor did he find it important to let me know that I'd have to find another ride to my job interview. He'd ask me how it went, but his ears would only perk the moment I'd stopped talking. I played his game without realizing. He liked the attention, he liked that I depended on him, he liked being the hero.

Shining armor concealed his vacancies and that soft crown of hair made a fool of me. He bewitched me with his gifts. Every week like clockwork he'd come around, brandishing flowers, treats, once even a watch in an attempt to fill the gaps of his volatile love. Just a few weeks before he skipped town, he handed me a camera with a promise: "I'll show you how." Cameras are almost as great a decoration as the photos they could take if they were only given the chance.

It was by chance that we were bound together in the first place. You can't expect the world of just anybody, but from him, I had the right to expect not to be left on my own. I could expect him to be there when I fall to build me up or at least soften the blow. I deserved that. What he gave me instead was a cavity no dentist could fill. A void, a red flag, a big neon sign that says "CLOSED" in flashing letters. Come close, so I can send you away. That's what he taught me.

Some lessons you can't write down fast enough. The words in the journal say:

*Just missed you, that's all
I caught you at the wrong time
Maybe I should set down the glove
Or pick up a watch
Our old selves
Are worlds apart.*

But that day was so much more than a game of catch. Caught up in my delusions, maybe. I can't blame myself for being confused though. If he had just told me he'd be gone for good, I could have accepted it earlier. Instead he left me strings to hold on to. He was coming back, I knew because he told me. He hadn't lied to me before, right? There wasn't enough to lie about in a town as small as this. Now I know that sometimes you lie to someone because you don't want to watch them shatter in front of you. This is why you'd lie to yourself, too. It's both our faults for being human.

He taught me how to drive. Those days on the run are some of the fondest I can recall. His car

was old which meant we had only the radio. The AC didn't work, which made a fair excuse to always keep the windows down. When the windows are down, you can't keep the smell of skunk from getting into the car, but it keeps the skunkweed smoke from soaking into the seats, which comes handy in a town as small as this. He showed me patience. Never once did he lose his temper, even when I'd nearly wandered us into a ditch.

Often we'd park the car and toss a baseball around. Or we'd stop at the courts and play HORSE for a while, since it was the only game that'd be fair. Sometimes after a day of both, we'd end up back out on the run. He would sing to me, while we skipped rocks in the creek. That clear water washed past my knees and kept me numbly planted.

We were always on the run. From what, I'm still not sure. School. Jobs. Growing up. Being grown. Everything else and in between. Time wasn't gonna catch us.

There's something to be said about routine. It can capture you. It can keep you locked away and enchanted. I had to figure out that routine kept me prisoner here. Where I live and he used to. Where we spent all that time throwing, catching, tossing, dropping, tearing, cracking up.

The day after he left, I couldn't move. My stomach woke me up, clenching tightly and keeping me planted in bed. For hours I stared at the ceiling, rejecting the bad dream. I checked my phone knowing it was hopeless. 5am. Maybe the worst time to accidentally wake up on your day off. I couldn't go back to sleep with the feelings of desertion spinning through my mind like the Indy

500. Such a long time we spent on the run, racing and racing. Chasing our past selves as they passed us by.

The journal says: *No need to be in such a rush. You'll get nowhere all the same.*

I've decided to stay here, and look around a while longer. With my eyes now open, who knows what's left to find.

Some bridges aren't made to last forever, and some are just never made. This story is about a love that never made it across the bridge.

on music

What's so special about a song?
How does it settle in all senses?
How does it permeate through an essence?
Where do they go when autumn passes
And the notes don't feel the same?
How does it massage the brain?
Easing all anxieties,
Undoing all pretenses
Feeling more real than life itself.
And why here
of all places?
Do I feel entranced the most?

—Anonymous

don't kill the buzz by Claytiana



"I wrote this song during the bridge between high school and college. It encapsulates the feelings of not wanting to grow up and take life seriously while also realizing there's really no choice in aging. The summer after graduating I was working a job I was not passionate about in order to save up enough money for school. Oftentimes when at a bridge or crosspoint in life it is bittersweet as you're excited for what's to come but also sad about what has ended. My bridge after graduating high school and preparing for college was filled with expectations to mature quickly countered with my want to celebrate and party with my friends."

"I am an artist, I am a loyal friend, and I am a femme person"

Clayton Singleton, better known as Claytiana, is an independent artist from Northeastern Connecticut. They are currently studying music production and technology at Worcester's own Clark University and will look to pursue a career in the music industry. Outside of music, Claytiana is passionate about creating youtube videos and experimenting with fashion.



*Listen on all streaming
platforms!*



Bea Winn,
*It goes on
like this
forever*, oil
paint and
chalk
pastels,
2022.

*hunger &
fire, life &
death*





Renée is based in Worcester MA studying studio art, with a concentration in photography.

"In my work I step into my subjects' space creating emotional and vulnerable connections to the work and the spectators. As someone who reserves themselves to explore others behind my camera, these photographs are self-portraits that challenged me to bridge the gap that I create between my subjects and me and my camera. Placing myself as my own subject creates an opening into the eyes of the people I photograph, challenging my idea of vulnerability and painting a composition of negative space with my body. These photographs are for you as my community to interpret, I want you to experience them as something personal as I open/create a bridge for you to join me."

CLARK UNIVERSITY
VISUAL & PERFORMING ARTS

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Art Lab
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OPEN CALL FOR ALL MAKERS!

March 2023

THE LOUNGE
a community art exhibit

REQUEST FOR ALL MEDIA:
VIDEO, MUSIC, 2D AND 3D WORK,
THEATER, DANCE, SCULPTURE,
FURNITURE, TEXTILES, DIY
AND ANY VISUAL ART.
ALTERNATIVE MEDIA HIGHLY
ENCOURAGED.

SUBMISSION FORM:
[QR CODE]

Submissions are rolling, with a final deadline of **March 1, 2023**.
Preference may be given to early submissions.



@CLARKTHRIFTSTORE

THRIFT

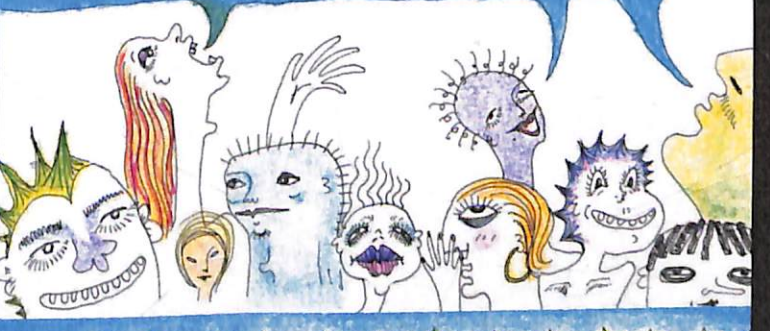
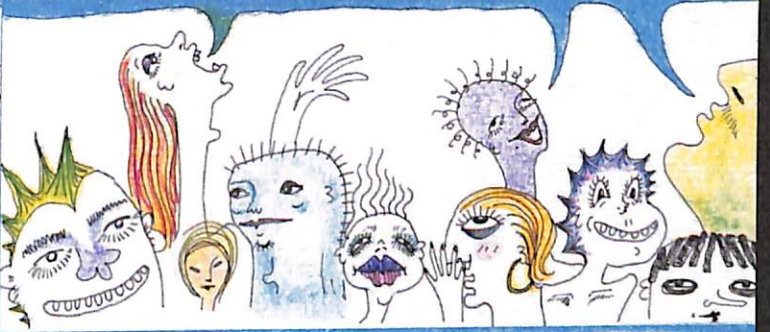
Clark Thrift Store

TRENDY & AFFORDABLE CLOTHING
•
HANDCRAFTED GOODS BY STUDENT BUSINESSES

MONDAY 12-4
TUESDAY 12-4
WEDNESDAY - CLOSED
THURSDAY 12-4
FRIDAY 12-4
SATURDAY 12-4
SUNDAY 12-4

STORE

930 MAIN ST



TRACKS





Peel at corner to remove.

MDD 01/05/23 179



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