

The background of the entire page is a dense, abstract collage composed of various artworks. It features a variety of colors and textures, including deep blues, purples, and greens, along with more earthy tones like browns and yellows. The collage is composed of numerous overlapping and layered pieces, creating a complex and rich visual texture.

good company

Spring 2019 | Vol. 1

Honors College Spring Art Magazine

good company

a collection showcasing the
artwork of University of
Wisconsin-Milwaukee
Honors College students

Spring 2019
Vol. 1

featuring work by

Matthew Beyer -- English

Bescent Ebeid -- Architecture

Antonio Joseph-Fecteau --

Mechanical Engineering

Danielle Gross -- Journalism,
Advertising & Media Studies

Sierra Hansen -- Film,
Atmospheric Sciences

Hannah Hennessy --

Elementary Education

Corinne Kronschnabel --
Anthropology

Amanda Niebauer -- English

Lena Orwig -- Journalism,
Advertising & Media Studies

Madeline Palecek --

Anthropology

Lily Pickart -- English

Kyah Probst -- ESL Education

Evelyn Schloff -- Digital Arts &
Culture

Sana Shakir -- Biochemistry

Ariana Strupp -- Journalism,
Advertising & Media Studies

Zachary Thiel -- Architecture

Peyton Wells -- Sociology

Pamela Westphal -- Film

Nicole Wicker -- Biology

Brooke Yocum -- Business

Seraphina Zweifel -- Design &
Visual Communication

Faces

Lena Orwig



The Stingray

Bescent Ebeid



Medley

Bescent Ebeid

Bluebeard Poem

Antonio Joseph-Fecteau

"Enter my domain my sweet little thing.
You are free to wander about as you wish.
Explore the library, the foyer, and enjoy the paintings in the study.
If there is anything you would like to eat ask the staff.
If there is anything else you may want I can provide it for you.

However, there is one caveat.
You must never enter the room at the end of the hall.
That place is forbidden.
Even when I am gone you must obey this rule as if I am over your shoulder.
If you do not follow my words you will be severely punished."

And then one day he left her.
He was gone for only a short time.
But that was enough.

"I see that you have disappointed me.
I don't know why I keep doing this at this point.
It's always the same result.

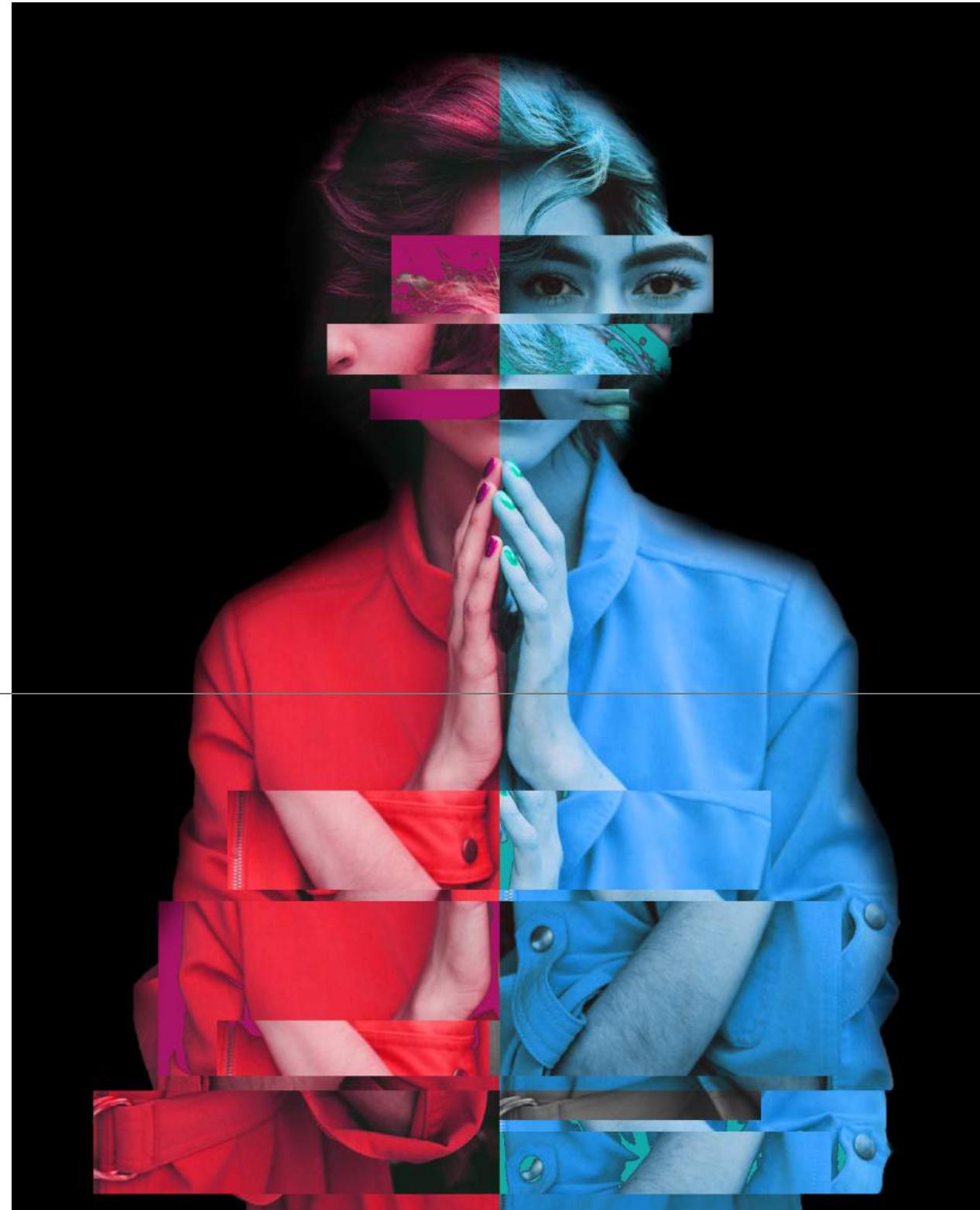
But I have been doing this for too long to stop.
I have to keep going,
And throw away the garbage."

And so he did.



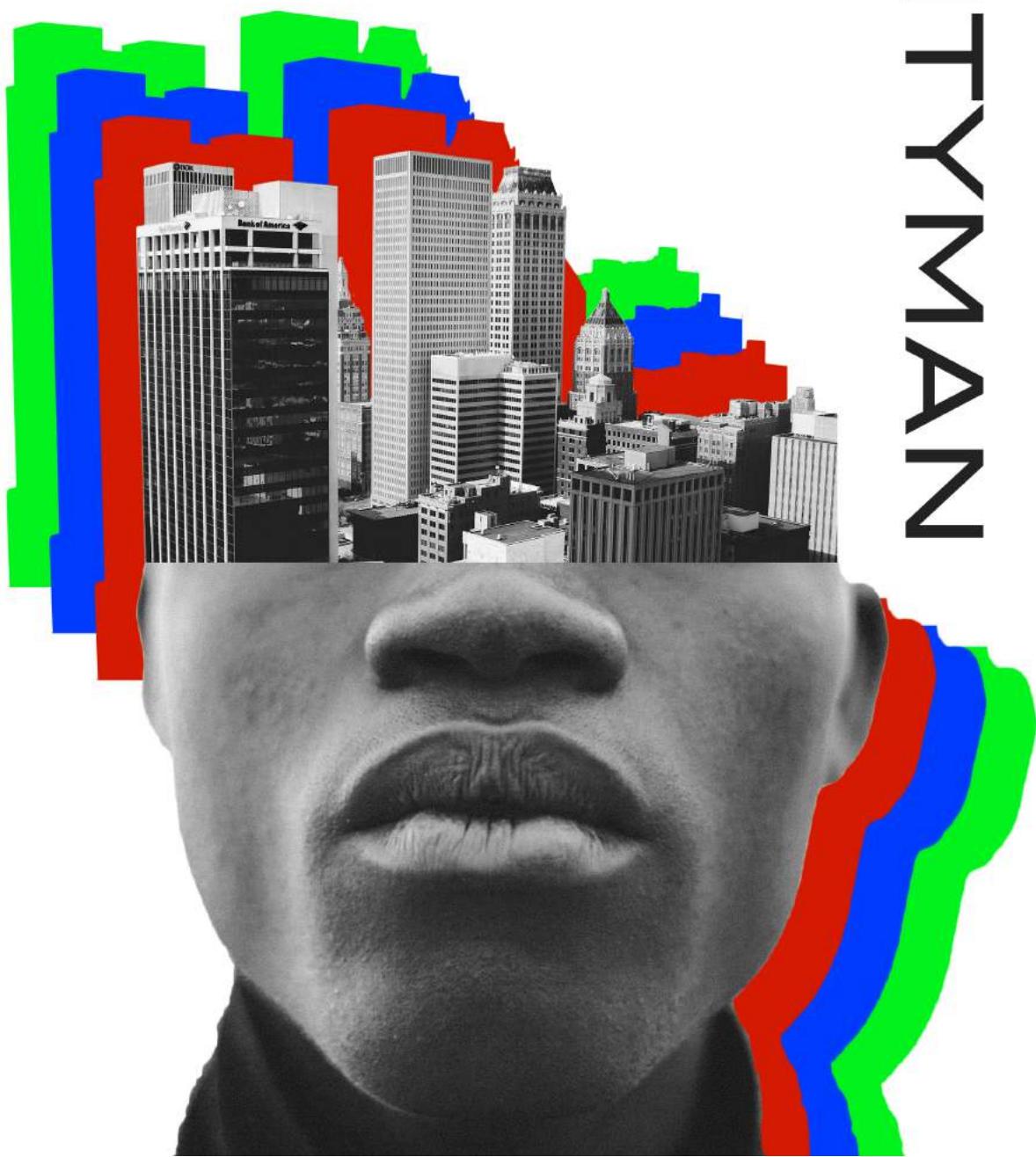
A Different Identity

Brooke Yocum



Split Glitch
Seraphina Zweifel

CITYMAN



City Man

Seraphina Zweifel

A Cautionary Tale

Corinne Kronschnabel

Beware beware
Says your mother
as she hands you your basket.

The beast is real here.
He hunts in the light of day
with greed and arrogance abound.

A familiar face
with eyes asleep.

You must guard yourself
from the beast
or risk being devoured.

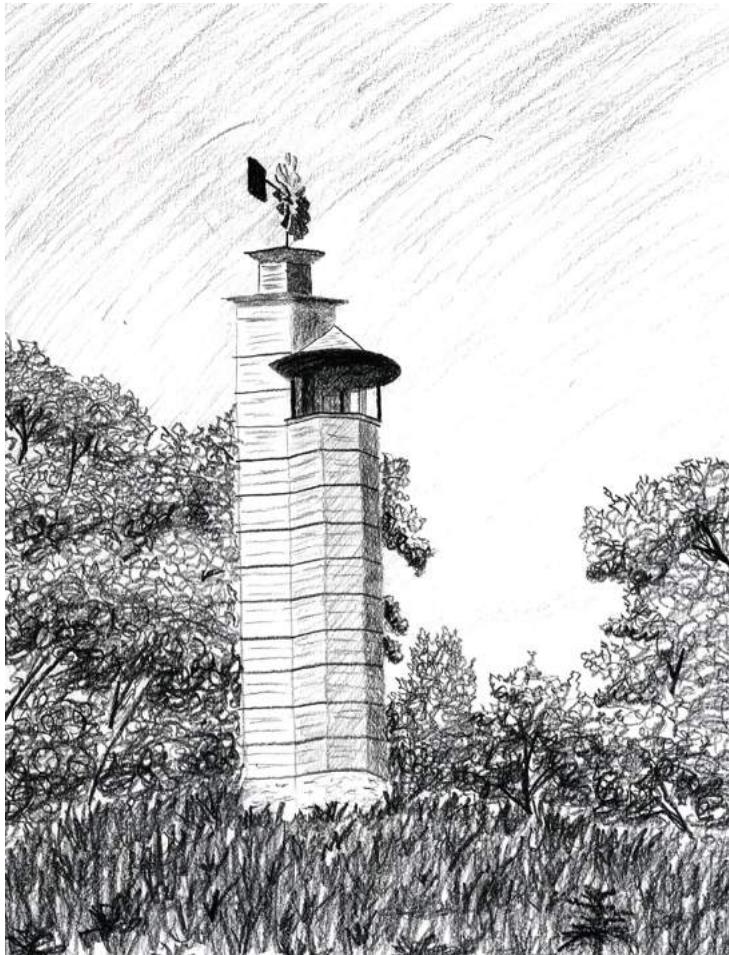
Beware beware
Says the hunter,
eyeing your woven basket.
The dark forest is not for you.
All by your lonesome
on winding paths
you would be smart not to stray from.
That is where the beasts are,
in their lupine form.
If you see them it is too late for you.
You are already theirs.

Beware beware
Says your grandmother
bedridden and small.
You should not be here.
Humans fear death and rightly so
for unlike animals we are bound by time.
Animals live their lives without worry
and they do not fear the beast.
They are the only ones
who truly die in peace.
Humans only depart with rage.

Beware beware
You say to the wolf,
as you stand outside your grandmother's home.
The beast has no power over me.
I do not fear him or death
for I am an animal of my own creation.
Unbound by the thoughts of others
I can dictate my own life.
I have strayed from the path
with my basket intact
and I have seen there is nothing to fear.

Beware beware
Says the wolf,
sitting in the forest.
For you are your own downfall.
You are not the only one with motivations.
There are always others,
watching from the edges
with wide eyes and careful smiles.
You would be smart to take notice of them
or risk being devoured
for they are the very same people who warn you.

Beware beware.



Romeo and Juliet

Zachary Thiel

Taliesin

Zachary Thiel



Juno: A Modern Look at an Ancient Goddess

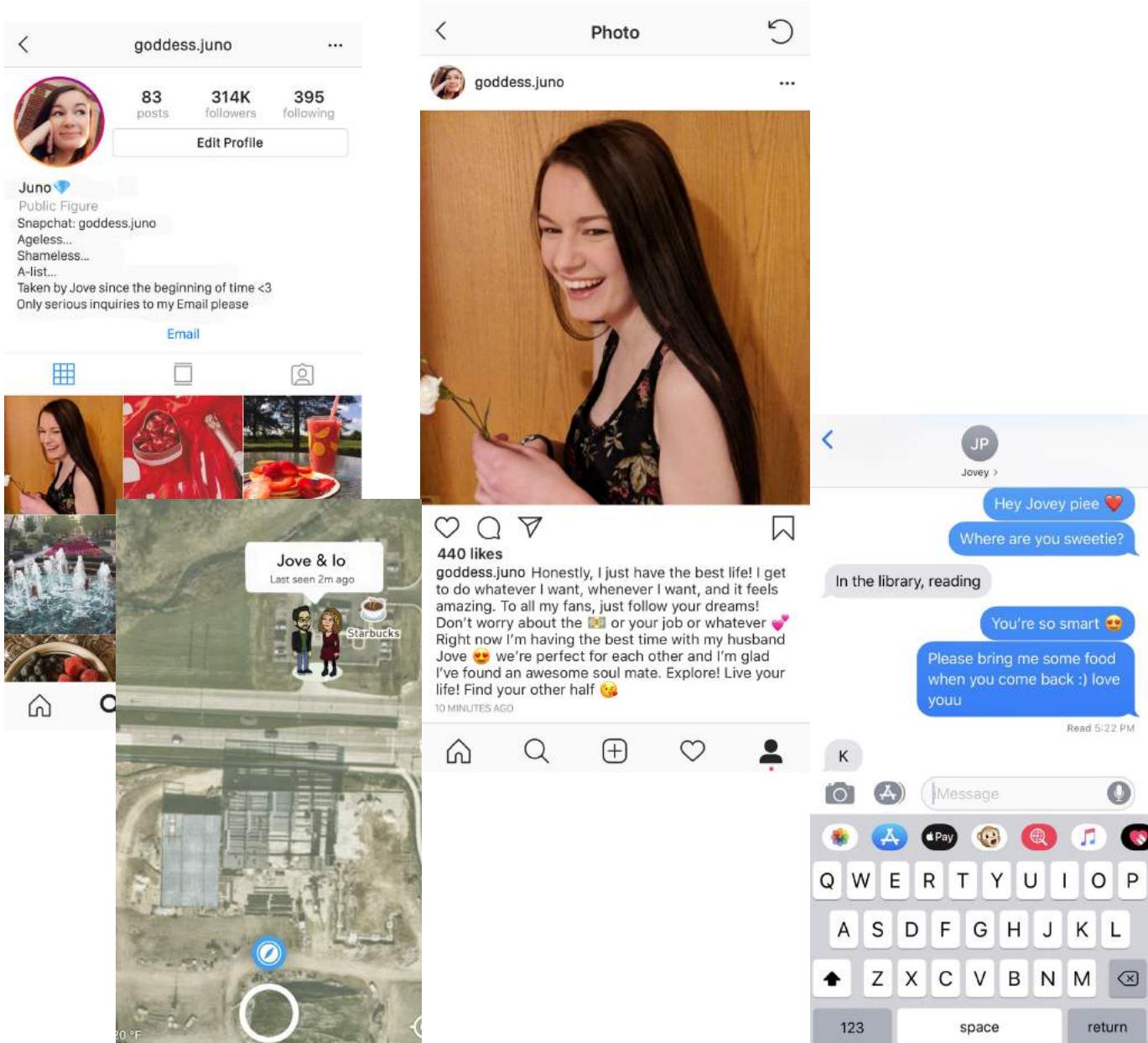
Sana Shakir

Greek and Roman Mythology have been cited and studied for centuries, so their Gods and Goddesses are very well known. In *The Metamorphoses* by Ovid, these myths contain characters that are heavily personified and relatable. One of these characters is Juno, also known as Hera in other myths; she struggles with her husband Jove and her place in society. This project aims to remake Juno's character in today's world through a chronological series of pictures of her presence on social media.

Visit the complete site: shakirsana6.wixsite.com/juno

For more information on those who contributed to the project, please check out the "Info" tab.

Read: top left - right to bottom left - right



A Shifting Backseat

Ariana Strupp

The wind whips my hair across my face. It rushes through the windows, loud, erasing all noise except those of the road, the wind, and the laughter that pierces this all-consuming rush of movement. We sit, still in our seats, pushing forward, forward, forward.

First, it was me in the backseat, Jesse shotgun, though he wasn't called Jesse then, and Destiny at the helm. We sailed down highways, safe in our bubble with the heat cranked all the way up. I sweat time and time again, out of my purple down coat, yanking it off as the artificial warmth swallowed me whole. The nights didn't seem as dark, with the way the street lights reflected off the snow. With the way dumb jokes and too-personal questions made eleven p.m. feel like the only time worth being awake. Our voices were loud and the backseat was messy.

"Why do you have a scooter back here?!?"

"In case the cops pull me over. I can scoot away."

The time Carol told her she had to clean her floor so she dumped all her underwear in the trunk for six months.

I wasn't alone back there for long, and though I was often surrounded with assorted fast food wrappers, I, thankfully, never had to sit amongst the underwear. It was our friend Kiesner, lanky and perpetually awkward, that sat next to me on my favorite day. This time the backseat was hot, not because Destiny turned the heat up too high, but because she refused to turn the air on. The windows were rolled down, letting hot, Independence Day air run across our sweat-slicked skin. Jesse was still in the front seat then. A bag heavy with dozens of filled water balloons rested in the space between my legs. They were soon popped by a rival gang of boys, soaking my tie-dye shorts so they clung, plastered to my hips. Together, our collective voices rose up, breathless and off-key as we screamed along

with guitar riffs and the sweet sound of Patrick Stump. Our pop-punk blasted out of Destiny's busted speakers as we drove in search of somewhere to freely exist at full volume. We were unshackled from any responsibility in the way that only the Fourth provides. It was cheap rubber and cow manure and the way the grass smells when it's summer. "It was the Fourth of July." We sparkled like fireworks against the summer sky that is never truly black. We burned bright and fizzled out.

Jesse never really rode shotgun after that.

He moved to Oregon and lost Destiny as he found himself.

Now, I'm friends with one or the other. Can't mention her around him or him around her. I'm the unfortunate middleman, refusing to let go of either of my best friends.

For a while, it was just me and her. Sometimes it still is. For a little while it was the two of us against the world. These were the moments when I discovered the anger that is found in grief.

I sit in the front seat now.

We added Luis to the backseat. He took my place as I took Jesse's. Again, we journeyed north, the heater choking me out of the purple coat that I grew too big for, but refused to give up. We rattled on as winter slowly turned to summer, as relationships sparked and then burned out. The music we played to distract from the wobble of the tires and the pull of the wheel changed as much as we did. A CD slot constantly filled with something new.

This time, it was me who left.

I wanted to start myself over someplace new. Far away from the constant nosiness of my small hometown. Wanted to take my backseat musings and make them my reality.

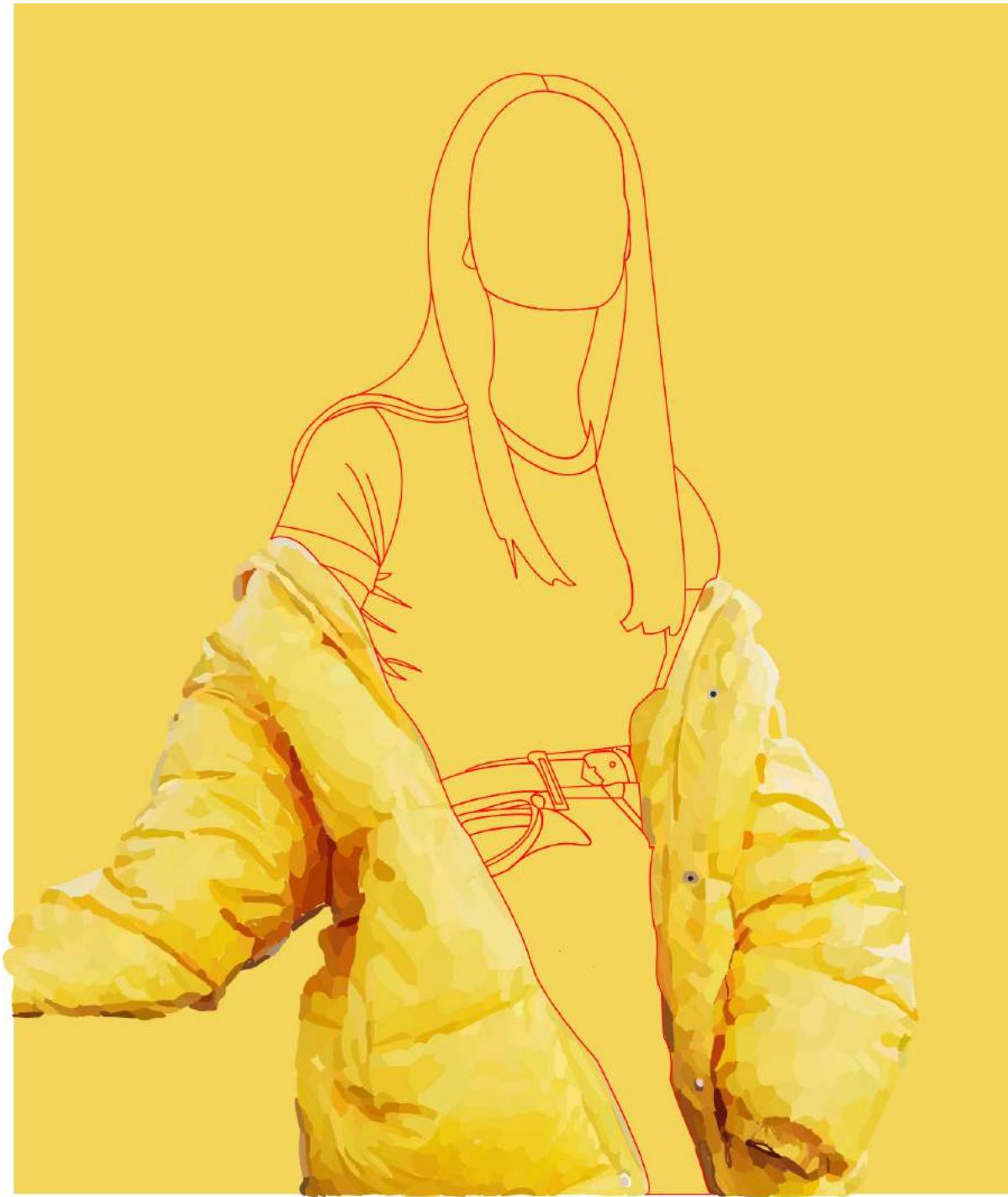
College is all-consuming and city driving is nothing like the backroads back home. I see my friends in the winter, when the air bites at us only when we rush from the heat of the car to the warmth of the stores. I see my friends in the summer, when we chase out the bees that slip inside rolled-down windows to get at the left-over slushies sitting in the

cupholders. I see my friends once or twice in the fall or spring, a quick drive from here to there on my one or two days back. I see them in the time that life allows. I worry that these days of riding shotgun in that dirty silver Camry may be some of my last. What do adult friendships feel like? Do they have a place? Do they smell like gasoline?

Do they have patches on the back, clean silver against soot-stained black where a unicorn sticker used to be?

Everything I have ever been, I have been in that car. Fourteen to nineteen is a period defined by change and uncertainty. Who am I? Who do I want to be? Things are easier to admit when you don't feel tethered to the land. The world makes sense in an off-kilter way. But any sense is better than senseless. Her car feels more like home than mine. My rusty, maroon minivan may have raised me, but when I'm behind the wheel it is I that must make the decisions. It is easier to be a passenger, to forget that we are moving.

Now, I take the bus. It feels slow and clunky, a welcome pause in my new life that moves with an unstoppable rushing. Sitting in a car feels foreign to me now. Though these memories are mine, they feel like they belong in a past life. I miss them, but it is in the way that you miss something that happened in a movie. I hurdle forward into the future at a breakneck speed, only slowing in these shared moments, driving together, feeling the familiar geography of the land beneath the wheels, windows down, music up.



In the Mirror

Evelyn Schloff

Sunset Steamboat Ride

Sierra Hansen

On a sunset steamboat ride tonight
Chugging along the turbulent blue
A whiff of the pink ham floated by
As the waiters were passing through

The sea curled into the burned horizon
As the paddles cut the waves
The steamboat stood solid and tall
For once, nature had behaved

It seemed to me that all land was gone
Quickly disappearing over my shoulder
I counted carefully each star in the sky
While the ocean breeze grew colder

This sunset trip was now a nighttime cruise
The whistle calling that it was time for bed
I lay in my soft sheets, sea spray in the air
Hoping this ride would never end



Orangutan Pendant Cast in Silver

Nicole Wicker



Indications of Adulthood

Danielle Gross



Hand Painted

Dresser

Danielle Gross

3.26.18 - 11:50 p.m.

Amanda Niebauer

Rain falls on a sleeping city, making everything softer, simpler. The pavement soaks up the water like a concrete sponge and the sweet smell rises from its cracks and crevices like steam. The night in its weighing, inky darkness is now like velvet. So dense you can reach out and touch it, wrap yourself in it. The city lights are well-worn patches sewn into fabric.

Rain is too soft for the permanent ink of a pen. It is the lightness of a pencil. Gone in an instant. Even the dim yellow light of a lamp at a writing desk is too harsh for such a drippy night. It is better to be enveloped by it all, to let the eyes adapt to the rare beauty that too many people sleep through.

Rain in the night distorts the world, from the drops on the window panes to the sheen of water on car roofs or roads. It gently splats onto tree leaves and into shallow puddles, content with its journey and its destination. At night, where only the moon and street lamps illuminate the shining drops as they tumble, everything feels peaceful and content and right. At night, everyone mumbles in their sleep, nestled between piles of blankets and the arms of someone who loves them for every miracle they are.

Rain descends on the girl standing in the street. It makes her hair curl in a flirtatious game, and her eyes glint like they carry the raindrop's diamonds. Her skin is smooth like caramel under the orange street lights, and her clothes hang off her frame, making her look like an angel in tumultuous robes and grand wings. The rain kisses her face as she looks up into that blanketed sky above her. She lets herself smile for the first time in a while, arms wide with the world in front of her.



Self-Portrait

Kyah Probst

A Small World

Hannah Hennessy



Shoe Polish

Hannah Hennessy



Runner #09

Matthew Beyer

He collapses; head kissing the concrete, his eyes are fixed on the tunnel behind him. The world begins to fuzz and smear as his brain desperately tries to punch out of his skull. A woman shrieks and her face is stained. Passion has applied her sarcastic mark on the man and it slides down his brow, further obscuring him. His head bows to his chest, where the reflected digits glower back at him. Anchors at his ankles, he attacks. "100"..."75"..."50", the anchors turn from iron to steel. "25": a metamorphosis, followed by a howl, then black and white.

It is now complete; the man collapses.



Oklahoma
Madeline Palecek



The Flavors of Springtime

Peyton Wells

A Summer's Breath

Lily Pickart

Mint leaves and june-bugs

A leafy canopy hung over our still heads, our traveling minds,

as we sipped from the crystal-lipped jars that had strayed from your windward cupboard

The sun typed out its lettering in the pockets between the treelims

And I could hear a white-tailed kite lifting its sunken song to the afternoon air

Grass stains and the winged beetle

All was laced with a summer's breath, the hallow that rests on the cider horizon

Softer whispers colored with honeysuckle and bear-all blossoms

This pearl of a moment is locked within a memory,

nestled between tufts of willowtrees and opal pocket purses

When Winter wades into the Earth of feathered frost

I lend this memory to you, for you to pluck from its sheltered post

and to scatter it among the sunflower seedlings and kindly grass

Leave me with the button-eyed poppies and the thrifited nest

To: You

Lily Pickart

"I hope you are absolutely in love with yourself"
these were the words spoken to me by my brother,
a soul painted with Apollo's inklings and lavender bundles

these are the words I now pass unto you
you with the fossiled fear and tattered necklace of apologies
the universe wraps its edges around you, dear one

you were born out of a cloud-kissed ceiling
and laid upon the ivied Earth,
her heartstrings tracing your blue night veins

so surrender your burdens to me
and learn to love the being
that houses your ever-bright soul



Shots of Milwaukee

Pamela Westphal

Meet the Editors

Matthew Beyer

Matthew Beyer is majoring in English, minoring in Communication with a certificate in Irrelevant Trivia. His dream job is a Title Deviser. His favorite books are the *Among the Hidden* series by Margaret Petersen-Haddix.



Sierra Hansen

Sierra Hansen is a current freshman. She's always loved the arts since she was a little kid, so she went into film school. She still loves to write in her free time, especially for her film projects. Her favorite films are *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* and *Baby Driver*.

Corinne Kronschnabel

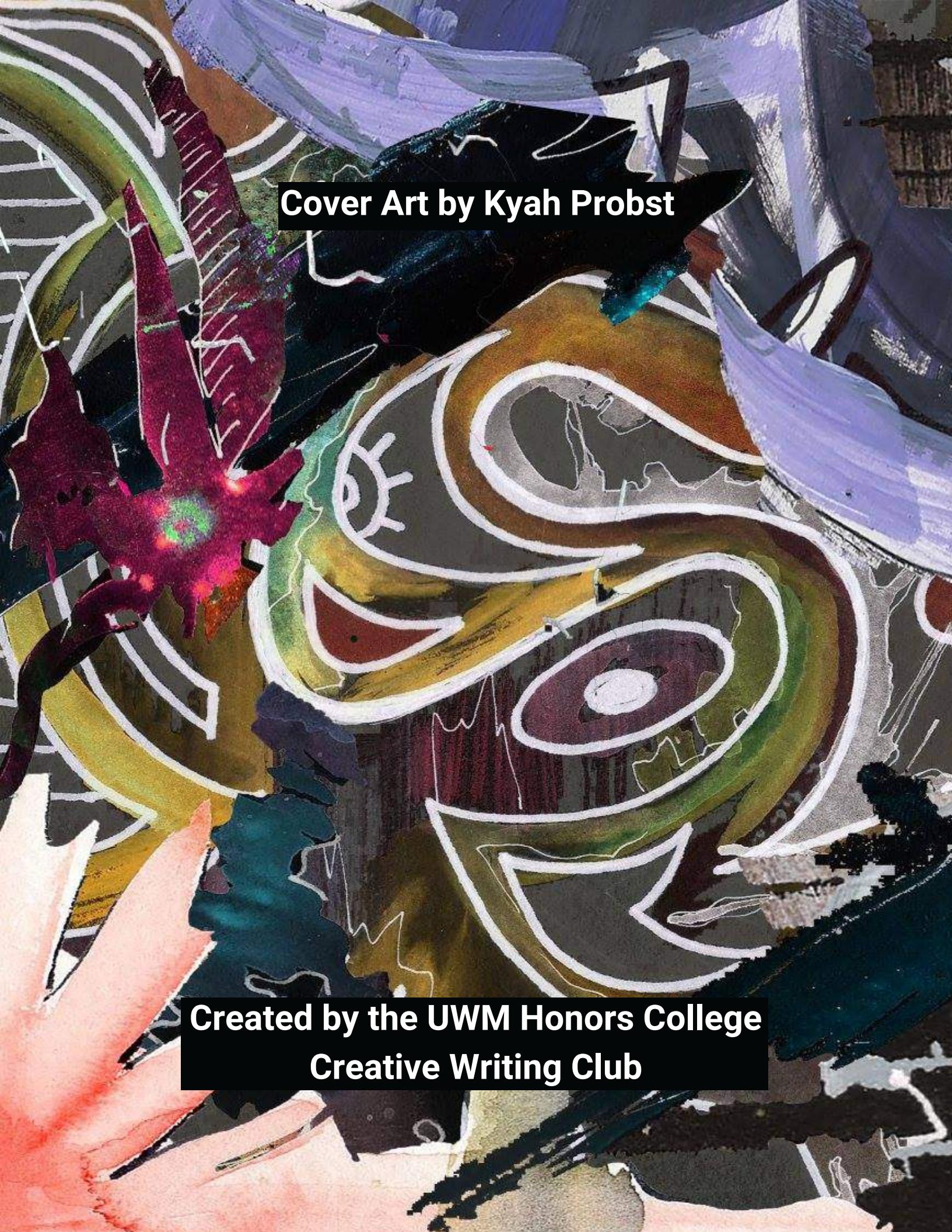
As a child, Corinne Kronschnabel gobbled up any story or book that came near them, and reading large amounts of stories only inspired them to make their own. A fan of writing in second person, they hope one day to publish multiple books (that is if they can get past their giant folder of works in progress). Some of their favorite books include *Galapagos* by Kurt Vonnegut and *The Night Angel Trilogy* by Brent Weeks. Corinne is currently majoring in Anthropology and is interested in studying cultural conceptions of evil through the medium of horror literature and ethnographic research.



Amanda Niebauer



Amanda Niebauer wrote her first book in the second grade on several sheets of printer paper stapled together. Naturally, it was a raging success with her class, and she has been writing stories ever since. Her favorite books include the *Harry Potter* series and *To Kill a Mockingbird* by Harper Lee. She is in her second year at UWM, majoring in English and minoring in Dogspotting.

The background of the entire image is a vibrant, abstract collage composed of torn paper pieces in various colors like purple, yellow, green, and red. It features large, stylized white outlines of letters and numbers, such as 'A', 'B', 'C', 'D', 'E', 'F', 'G', 'H', 'I', 'J', 'K', 'L', 'M', 'N', 'O', 'P', 'Q', 'R', 'S', 'T', 'U', 'V', 'W', 'X', 'Y', and 'Z'.

Cover Art by Kyah Probst

**Created by the UWM Honors College
Creative Writing Club**