

# SAD GIRL REVIEW



Katie Churchill / *West Coast Best Coast*

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contemporary art & text to bring you down

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SAD GIRL REVIEW  
PO Box 39032  
Harewood Mall PO  
Nanaimo, BC, Canada  
V9R 1P0

sadgirlreview.com  
editor@sadgirlreview.com  
Facebook / Instagram / Twitter: @sadgirlreview



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issue 08

# ANCHOR & ROOT



**EDITOR**  
Amber

**ASSISTANT EDITOR**  
Amy

**3D MODELING & ANIMATION**  
Matthew Fox

**CONTRIBUTORS**  
August Elzinga  
Charlyse Brown  
Elise Boulanger  
Gwyneth Butchart  
Jenna Cronshaw  
Jocelyn Wong  
Kamal Parmar  
Katie Churchill  
Kayla Trace  
Kepler Marshall  
Mary Anne Molcan  
Nicola Kapron  
Paige Quinn  
Sam Bollinger  
Vanessa Maki  
Zoe Bechtold





Artwork by Matthew Fox.

# issue 08: anchor & root

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### sensitive content

Issue 8 is suitable for many readers. It contains mentions/depictions of the following sensitive subjects: depression, illustrated nudity, and the death of a childhood friend.



### on the cover

**West Coast Best Coast** by Katie Churchill.



# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

## **LANDBACK & TREATY RESPECT NOW**

This issue was produced on traditional Snuneymuxw territory. Hay ce:p 'qa' (thank you all), Snuneymuxw. A donation was given to the campaign to establish Nanaimo's First Urban Indigenous Independent School as a gesture of gratitude upon the release of Issue 8: Anchor & Root. We offer our continued appreciation to all of Vancouver Island's first people: Coast Salish, Nuu-chah-nulth, and Kwakiutl.



BIPOC, LGBTQA2S+,  
& disabled lives matter.

## **THANK YOU**



Support for this issue was provided by a Resilience Grant from the City of Nanaimo. This is the first fully funded issue of Sad Girl Review. The city's generous funding allowed us to pay staff, compensate all contributors, and purchase needed supplies.

## **GET IN TOUCH**

Got questions? Comments? Ideas?  
[editor@sadgirlreview.com](mailto:editor@sadgirlreview.com)



**LETTER FROM THE EDITOR**





# Amber Morrison Fox

## ***Letter from the Editor***

### *Uy' skweyl (good day)*

Issue 8: Anchor & Root is a collection of work by people that live on and around Vancouver Island. These poems, writings, and artworks are influenced by this unique location in one way or another, with many drawing a parallel between the self and the land, or inner feelings and exterior circumstances.

The initial inspiration for this issue comes from a tidal pool I discovered last summer in Nanaimo, BC. The small pool of seawater held bright yellow anemones with bubblegum pink frills, vibrant green seaweed, white barnacles, black rocks, and opalescent shells. This micro world of stranded sealife was framed by the crashing waves of the Salish Sea on one side and towering trees on the other. Vegetation gripped and twisted its roots into the crumbling cliffs while boats drifted by on the current.

I think of this issue as a tidal pool: it represents only one small world among many waiting to be explored. I am unable to fully show you what this island is like through a single photograph, artwork, song, or poem alone, but with the help of many local contributors, this collection brings us a little closer to a more in depth understanding of our particular place in the world. I encourage you to look deeply into the practices of the emerging and established creators throughout the following pages, to follow and support their artistic efforts and growth. Their contributions are what brings colour and life to our network of tidal pool communities.

May your roots anchor you to your own sense of place, wherever that may be, while your imagination drifts freely.

Amber ♥

IG: @ambervisualartist

Twitter: @amberartist







Amber  
**Nanaimo Memories, 2017-2021**



**INTERVIEW**



**ELISE BOULANGER**

Photograph by Laura Baldwinson.



in conversation with

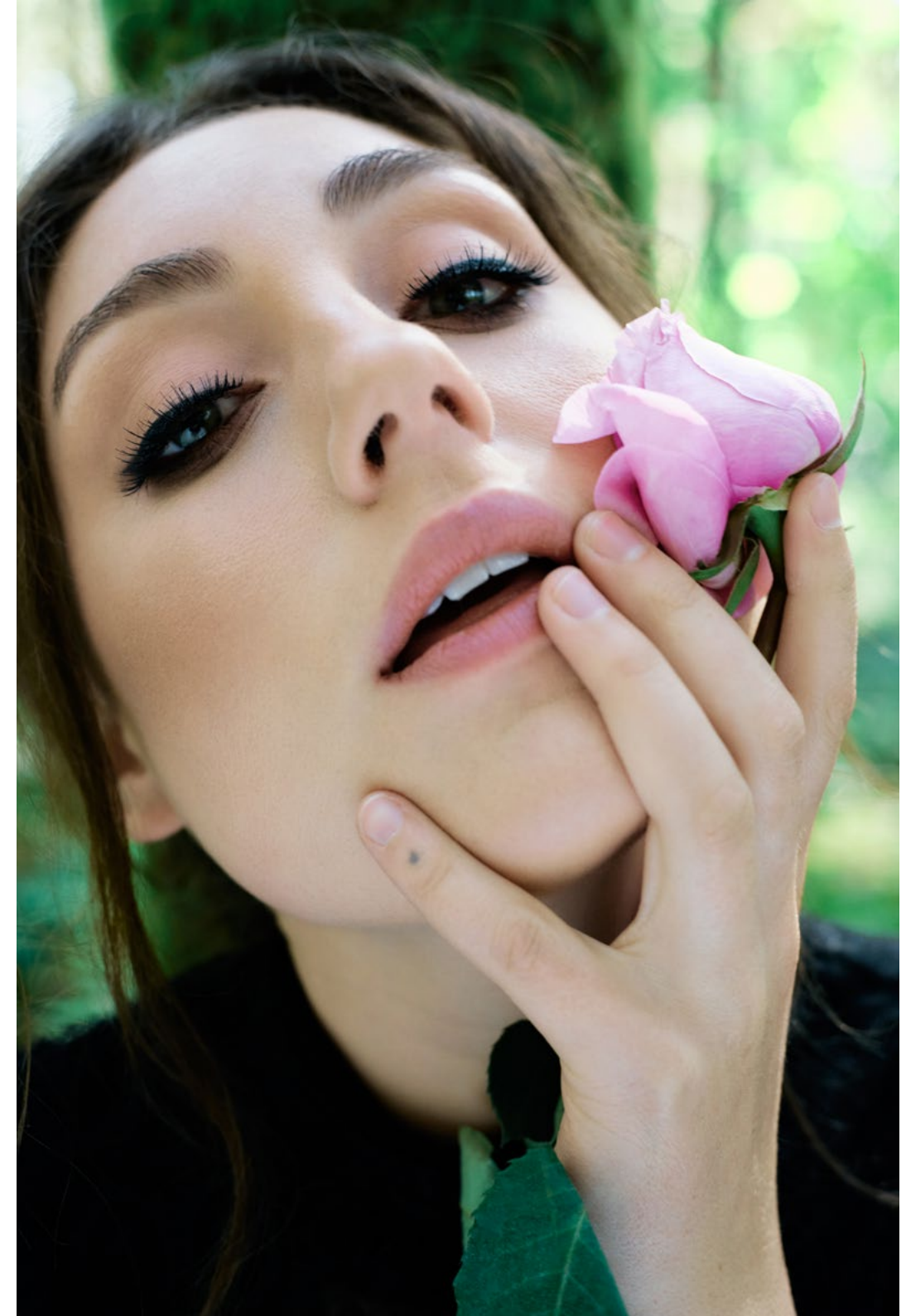
*Elise Boulanger*

***Singer-Songwriter & Environmental Advocate***

Hailing from the West Coast of Canada on Snuneymuxw territory, Elise Boulanger is a bilingual Indie-Folk artist with a haunting avalanche of a voice. She creates cinematic dreamscapes influenced by nature, her classical training, and artists like Regina Spektor, Patrick Watson, Franz Schubert, and Radiohead. She's sonically reminiscent of Kate Bush, Lana Del Rey, and Kishi Bashi.

***It Started in the Garden*** (2021), with its shimmering and tormented string passages and howling vocals, is Boulanger's new single and first music video. "It's more than a dark and moody love story of when you do something you love with someone you love and then they turn around and do it with someone else," explains Boulanger. "As a passionate environmentalist, I've partnered with environmental organizations to raise awareness for the indelible importance of biodiversity in the face of climate change. The video includes choreography in intoxicating gardens and wild forests with roaming wolves."

***It Started in the Garden*** contrasts her previous single, ***Cigarettes et rosé*** (2020) which received national CBC airplay and prompted UK music blog, For the Rabbits, to proclaim her "ready to make a very big impression on the world at large," and the ***The Mariner's Remedy*** (2019), which received national community/college radio airplay. Boulanger has performed at the JUNO celebrations in Vancouver (2018), several notable Vancouver Island festivals, and large Canadian theatres, like the Tidemark Theatre.



Photograph by Laura Baldwinson.



**SGR:** Your new song *It Started in the Garden* heavily draws on botanical imagery such as nootka roses, ancient trees, and invasive ivy. It makes me wonder what your songwriting process is like: are you the sort of person that often finds your ideas and inspiration outside?

**ELISE:** Waldlust is a German word meaning lust for the forest, and one of my favourite words. Nature is one of the most mysterious and beautiful things in the world. Given the amount of biodiversity found here in mid-Vancouver Island, it's hard not to be influenced by the beds of fog and thick greenery. For a while, I had been collecting lists of words I fancied and would then try to make sentences out of them, like hoarfrost, for example. The most recent song I began to write, however, was about someone close to me who has yet to find relief from their insomnia.

**SGR:** Speaking of biodiversity and waldlust, the video for *It Started in the Garden* is such a visual treat: it's got that lush Vancouver Island scenery, awesome wardrobe and styling, a handsome love interest, and a real wolf. So what was it like to work with an actual wolf?!

**ELISE:** Tundra the wolf gave me some of the happiest memories of my life. I instantly wanted to be her best friend and couldn't believe that we found a wolf for my first music video! I was determined to have a wolf, and in the end we did! Tundra was gentle and distracted. We had a team of seven or so people behind the scenes when filming in the forest. A couple of times horses appeared on the path. It was such a funny sight to see a group of people, a wolf, and a confused looking horse all standing together.

**SGR:** Ecological concerns are woven throughout your music. Your song *The Mariner's Remedy* is about love and loss but it's also about the sea. When you sing the lyrics "*Fukushima is in me*," you seem to be conveying a sense of pain that's as personal as it is anthropogenic. Why do love songs seem to be one of your preferred ways of approaching environmental issues?

**ELISE:** Ah! I haven't observed myself approaching environmental issues through love songs. For me, caring for the earth will be ever-present in all facets of my life. Our full attention needs to be on living in a reciprocal way with it.

Ever since I began writing music seven years ago, I've written a song for nearly every lover I've had. I'm an unabashed romantic who never wants to write a sappy love song. Perhaps this observed approach is a subconscious entanglement... I love love and nature.

*The Mariner's Remedy* is about the social phenomena of ghosting. I wish people could have the decency to avoid this through simple and respectful communication... The line "*Fukushima is in me*" comes from the fact that the nuclear reactors have not stopped leaking toxic waste into the ocean since the initial catastrophe. Everything is everything. Everything is connected. *The Warming* is not a love song. It is a blatant soap boxer, musically screaming about the state of the world. It's the one song I apply my full gusto operatic training.



**SGR:** The video of your performance at The White Room (a now defunct and very missed music venue in Nanaimo) is incredibly, criminally underrated. It's a full EP's worth of gorgeous songs, performed with Anatol McGinnis on cello, during the early months of the pandemic. How has COVID-19 affected your music since then?

**ELISE:** At the onset of COVID-19, I was one week into an eight-week music development course in Toronto, a city I'd never visited. I felt so excited and full of potential. My brother was demanding I return home despite my reservations to stay. Ha, he cares for me. For summer 2020, what would have been my first tour, was cancelled. However, I am glad to say that I did finally tour this autumn 2021 with the *It Started in the Garden* tour. With the undulating cancellations, I primarily stayed here on the island then jumped across the Rocky Mountains to Calgary. I saw no wild roses in wild rose country! Wild roses were such an element of the tour.

I spent a lot of time attending webinars to the point where I was doing them everyday. I loved how accessible networking had become. That was definitely a phase, however. Up until this past December, I was bound and determined to not let the shutdowns stop me from performing. In December, after somehow deciding to go back on tour (!?), I became quite discouraged. After twenty years of performing, I had a completely empty audience. Because of these sad girl feelings, I made the choice to not perform for the next few months. Instead, I have shifted into giving back to the community by reaching out to musicians to submit to the Snuneymuxw/Nanaimo playlist and organizing the *Nanaimo Music Symposium*. Through this, I hope to create a strong sense of community connection within the local music scene and instill support and inspiration.






**SGR:** So glad to hear you're still finding ways to make music and connect with the community. What's next for you?

**ELISE:** I have begun studying arranging in preparation for recording my climate change-themed EP. I have also taken steps to teach myself at-home recording despite much resistance to do so, haha. At the beginning of spring I will be doing an amazing show at the Wildwood Eco Forest with... guess who?! Tundra the wolf (!) along with Lawrence Thomas and his kids, Patrick Carpenter, previous head of the VIU music department, and my lovely band. There will be foraged tea from the forest. It's a wild musical tea party with wolves! I want to collaborate with more artists. Reach out if that's you, reader! Finally, I'll be sojourning out to Montréal for my first time.



*Elise Boulanger*

[www.eliseboulanger.com](http://www.eliseboulanger.com)  
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**ELISEBOULANGER.com**

Photograph by Laura Baldwinson.



Charlyse Brown  
**Heart Earrings**



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**CHARLYSE BROWN**, from Snuneymuxw First Nation, creates stunning beadwork in many different styles. Follow her on Instagram to see what she's been making and DM for custom orders: @brownsbeadwork.



# WRITING & POETRY





# Gwyneth Butchart

## ***Take me to Mayne Island***

I spent a limited amount of summers, New Years' days, and maybe some Thanksgivings at my aunt's summerhouse with her husband and children. The air on the ferry ride over to the island felt the same every time; whether it was stormy and dark on the last ferry of the day or a sweet summer afternoon lulling through to safe passage.

I grew up around these islands, green mountains, and water that to visitors looked dangerous and unforgiving. To me this was my ocean; my home and every time I passed through it I felt the calm wash over me.

This island was my safe house.

It was my beacon of light in a dangerous storming ocean. Every summer I spent floating through the calming salted water was a summer well spent. Every winter I bundled up and trudged up the snow sprinkled drive was a winter visit well worth it.

In the summers for lunch, my cousins and I would make instant ramen. If the pantry was empty we would be given money to go run down to the store and get it ourselves.

Flip-flops running down concrete roads will always bring me back.

There was the anticipation of the noodles. When each kid lined up with a bowlful of dry noodles waiting for boiled water and a plate on top.





When it was finally time, the whole kitchen was filled with warm chicken and beef broth-scented vapour. While we ate, all that could be heard was the hurried slurping of noodles and our giggles at each other's rushed eating. We desperately wanted to savour these salty noodles but at the same time already wanted to be outside exploring again.

The field by the library was our favourite spot, that and the forest area on the property. We would play fairies or explorers or something else imaginative and dance around in the backdrop of our childhood's forests and beaches; entirely oblivious of just how fleeting it all was.

I remember the wonder of the summer market stalls the most. The feather pen booth, the small animals gently sculpted out of wool, the earrings made out of colourful rocks, and the small child-sized bow and arrow sets where I would spend my cash hoarded from birthdays and Christmases. The summer house was on the same road as the market so my cousins and I could just go down by ourselves and taste that freedom.

There was a church sale one summer. We had to walk down past the main store and the dock and up the big hill. It was a hot day but the breeze coming off the ocean helped. We stopped halfway up the hill to eat crabapples and blackberries from the side of the road and it gave us a moment to catch our breath.

It felt like a mountain to our young legs. We could see what we thought was the entire front edge of the island from that hill. We needed to keep going, though, because we knew at this church sale there would be all kinds of second-hand treasures waiting for us.

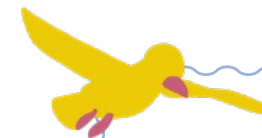
Eventually, we made it up the hill and were greeted with lemonade and the smell of fried carnival doughnuts. The rest of the day was spent at the top of the hill digging through treasures and talking to the people selling them.

At the end of the day, we raced down the hill. The first one to the field behind the library won.

To me, when I jumped into the ocean from the little motorboat it was the cold embrace of finally getting two months off of school. It was the reminder that we lived for this wonder. We fed on its fish and crab and enjoyed grand feasts and dance parties with its calming presence in the background.

The summer house has since been sold and lives on to spark joy in another family's life, but it will always live in mine.

There will always be a small corner of my heart dedicated to ocean swimming, our grand adventures, and the breath of nostalgia that envelops me when the ferry docks on that island once again.



**Gwyneth Butchart** graduated from Vancouver Island School of Art in 2018. She has been published by Sad Girl Review twice before in issues 6 and 7. When she is not writing her heart out, Gwyneth is working as a carpentry apprentice, spending quality time with family and cats, or doing art things.



# Kamal Parmar

## *To catch a dream*

In the distance,  
snow-slathered mountains ring the deep blue sky,  
like layers of white paint on a canvas,  
ablaze in the first rays of the sun.  
Down below, winding lanes ringed with cherry trees,  
black-birds fly low, zoom in,  
asters, starry-shaped with frilly wings  
dance in the honeysuckle-laced summer breeze,  
as it ruffles its frail petals.  
A sudden gust.. whoosh,  
lissome cherry blossoms fill the air,  
feathers afloat in a sea of broken dreams.  
Fractured realisations.

Along the dirt road,  
lie clusters of bramble bushes,  
peeping alongside the sword ferns  
that have long been a favorite haunt of slimy frogs,  
their mottled skin  
matching with the shadow speckled muddy floor,  
that has never seen a chink of sunlight.  
A lone poppy peeps coyly,  
struggling to breathe ,  
inches its way through the pebbled, gritty ground.  
I stop to watch—  
*my dreams, now, a reality.*

**Kamal Parmar**, Nanaimo-based poet and writer, has been passionately involved in writing for the last 20 years. Her genre is poetry and she has a few books, both poetry and creative non-fiction, to her credit.

She has a number of poems in reputed Canadian literary journals and magazines. She is a member of several writers' organizations and Writers' Guilds, acting as a manuscript evaluator in one of them. She is currently an active board member of the BC Federation of Writers, an associate member of the League of Canadian Poets, a member of The Writers Union of Canada, the Canadian Authors Association, as well as of Haiku Canada. She is the current Poet Laureate for the City of Nanaimo.





# Nicola Kapron

## ***Drowning Trees***

My lungs are prickly roses.  
I breathe soft pink petals,  
green leaves under prairie sky,  
and countless thorns.

I kept my eyes open  
as grassland turned to seawater.  
Such is my nature: I love things.  
I cannot keep them.

The first arbutus tree I saw dipped low.  
Tangled branches kissed the sea  
as brine stripped the bark  
from its limbs.

That tree was healthy,  
though it reached down, down, down,  
burn-red flesh bared  
to island sun.

Crown bowed,  
shrouded in its own skin.  
The ocean it reached for might kill it.  
It reached anyway.

How deep the roots  
that held it tight to broken stone beach?  
Did they sink into old flooded mine shafts  
as they did my heart?

END



**Nicola Kapron** has previously been published by Neo-opsis Science Fiction Magazine, Rebel Mountain Press, Soteira Press, and Mannison Press, among others. Nicola lives in Nanaimo, British Columbia, with a hoard of books—mostly fantasy and horror—and an extremely fluffy cat.





# Kayla Trace

## **Cold Air Bites**

The coldest thing in the world is a heart after it's broken  
Warmth fades, and it leaves us without a coat  
a blanket, or scarf.


Faded blue mittens,  
the only things left to my name—  
snowflakes frost the wool and my fingers quiver.

I shove my hands in the pockets  
of my heavy jean jacket,  
Inches of snow  
crunching under my feet  
as I take to the once-plowed sidewalk.

the cold air bites my neck  
as I think back to the warm summer,  
overheating in our tiny apartment,  
dreaming of melting ice—  
running down our skin.

The breakup took the summer with it  
The heating bills pile up,  
gas was cut, and the fireplace hasn't been used since.

The cold invades the bare home we once shared.  
Now I'm a stranger, wandering  
the halls and rooms that I simply don't recognize anymore.



**Kayla Trace** is a Cree writer who was born and raised in Northern B.C., but has called Vancouver Island her home since 2013. Graduated from Vancouver Island University with a BA in philosophy and studies in women and gender, she currently works for a non-profit in the housing sector. Her work *Wet Our Lips* was awarded 3rd place in the annual Indigenous Arts & Stories of 2018. She lives with her partner and four cats in Nanaimo, B.C., drinking coffee and watching anime. Find her on Instagram @dem1s10n and Twitter @kaylakthulhu.





# Kayla Trace

## **Heavy Hearts**

heavy hearts  
filled to the brim  
overlooking the ocean,  
the North Star  
and aurora borealis,  
lights that guide  
my wandering soul.

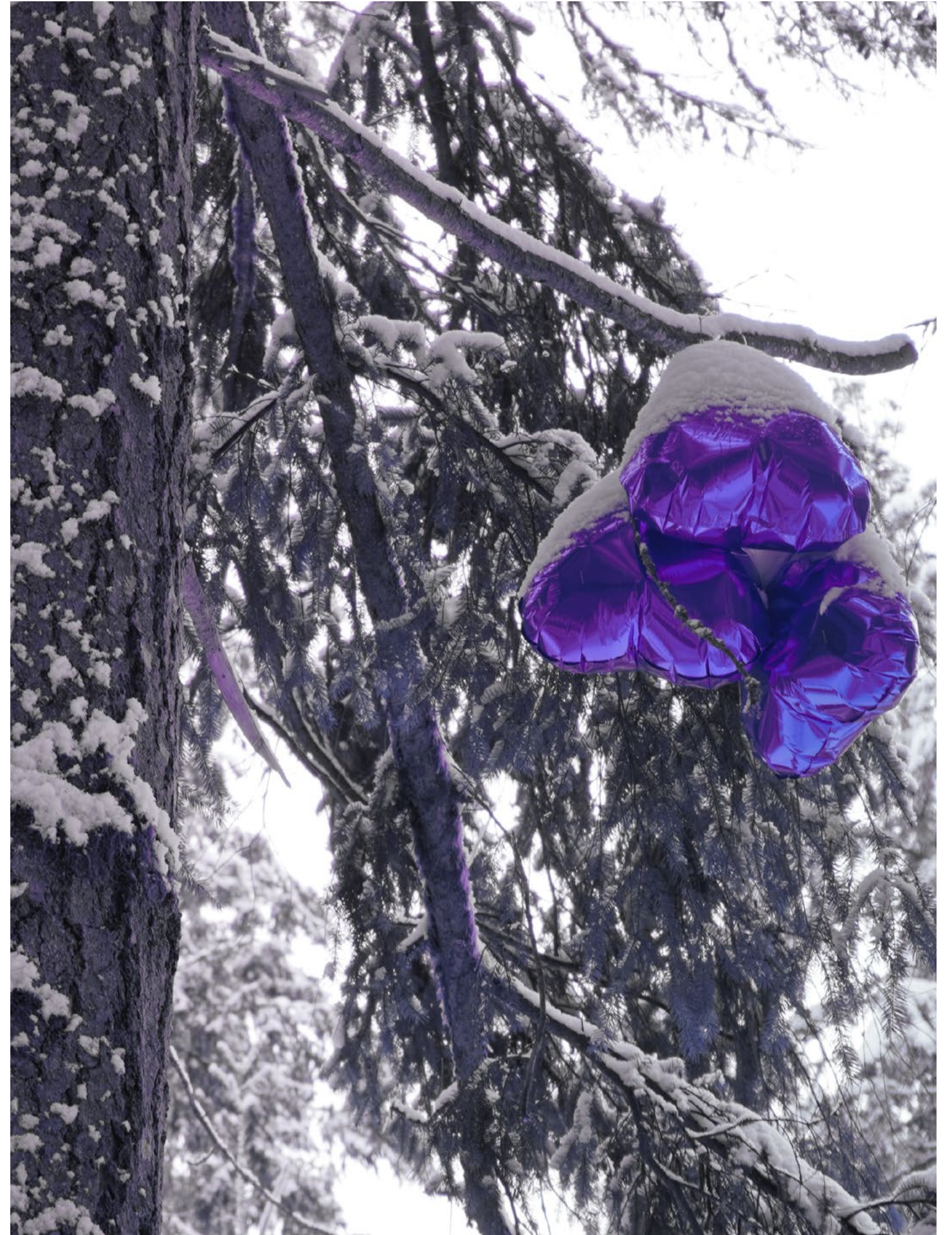
lyrics are written and  
tattooed on my body.  
years have passed  
and we look back  
at all the times our  
hearts had overflowed.

my life was sublime,  
as if deemed by Gods.  
but as the drapes fall,  
the rickety stilts  
that once held  
family and home,  
crumble to the ground.

nothing lasts forever  
as young hearts  
accept the failures  
the disappointments  
and every faltered dream,  
derelict hotel rooms  
and dripping ceilings  
look down on us.

heavy hearts  
filled to the brim  
we look at the lives  
we've lived,  
crumpled in the dirt,  
ants carry the pieces

reusing the old pains  
written down  
in my beat-up notebook.  
dug up and buried deep  
thoughts that agonize,  
but we share despite it all,  
about our heavy hearts.









# Sam Bollinger

## ***Wildflowers***

Do you remember what it was like when we were children?

We used to chase butterflies down by the creek,  
those little white ones that would play among the wildflowers  
and taunt us, fluttering just out of reach.  
You chased one up that old rotting log.  
I still remember that triumphant look on your face as you  
caught it in your hand,  
before losing your balance and falling into the frigid water below.  
For a few long moments, I was frightened,  
but then you broke through the surface and emerged with that  
unfaltering smile.

Do you remember how we used to play hide-and-seek in the forest?  
I would always hide behind that boulder I thought looked like an elephant,  
but you always pretended you didn't know where I was  
just so we could keep playing.

We used to weave wildflowers into our hair, the ones  
we picked in the meadow.  
You liked daisies but I always preferred forget-me-nots.  
We would sit in the shade of the willow tree and braid them into crowns.  
The branches hung down low, gently sweeping the earth, and made  
a nest, a cocoon, a place just for us.

Do you remember how we used to sing at the top of our lungs?  
We weren't any good, but it didn't matter  
because there was no one else around to hear us.  
Deep in the forest, we laughed at jokes only we found funny.  
We talked about nothing and everything;  
back then, we kept no secrets.

It has been so long,  
but I still remember the way the forest smells after it rains.  
That was always your favourite time to go out and play. In matching yellow  
rain jackets and rubber boots,  
we would splash in puddles and make little boats out of leaves.






We held competitions to see who could find the most earthworms.  
You always won.

It has been so long,  
but I still remember how the earth tastes.  
Dark red soil and purple berries,  
rich and sweet and alive.

Do you remember what it was like to be so free?

And that meadow by the  
willow tree? The one with the wildflowers?  
That's where they buried you.  
Daisies have grown all around your tombstone.  
I like to think they remember you.  
I never realized how beautiful they are.  
Not just white like I once thought, but  
pink and yellow and blue.  
All your favourite colours.

This is the you that I am going to remember.  
The one with scraped knees and rosy cheeks and flowers braided in thick dark hair.  
The one whose roots were buried deep beneath the forest floor.  
The one that made me feel like the whole world belonged to us.  
The one that never grew up.



**Sam Bollinger** is a Creative Writing and Journalism student at Vancouver Island University. When she is not writing, she is reading or thinking about writing. Find her on Instagram @sam.bollinger and Twitter @SamBollinger1.





# Jocelyn Wong

## **Lake Chelan**

I'm thinking about Lake Chelan and of falling asleep to the lull of the current in the back of our speed boat.

It's that initial jolt of the fishing rod. Or the pulling up of the crab trap, knowing you'll find treasure when it comes up to the surface.

In my dreams, the trip never ends. In reality, it probably never started.

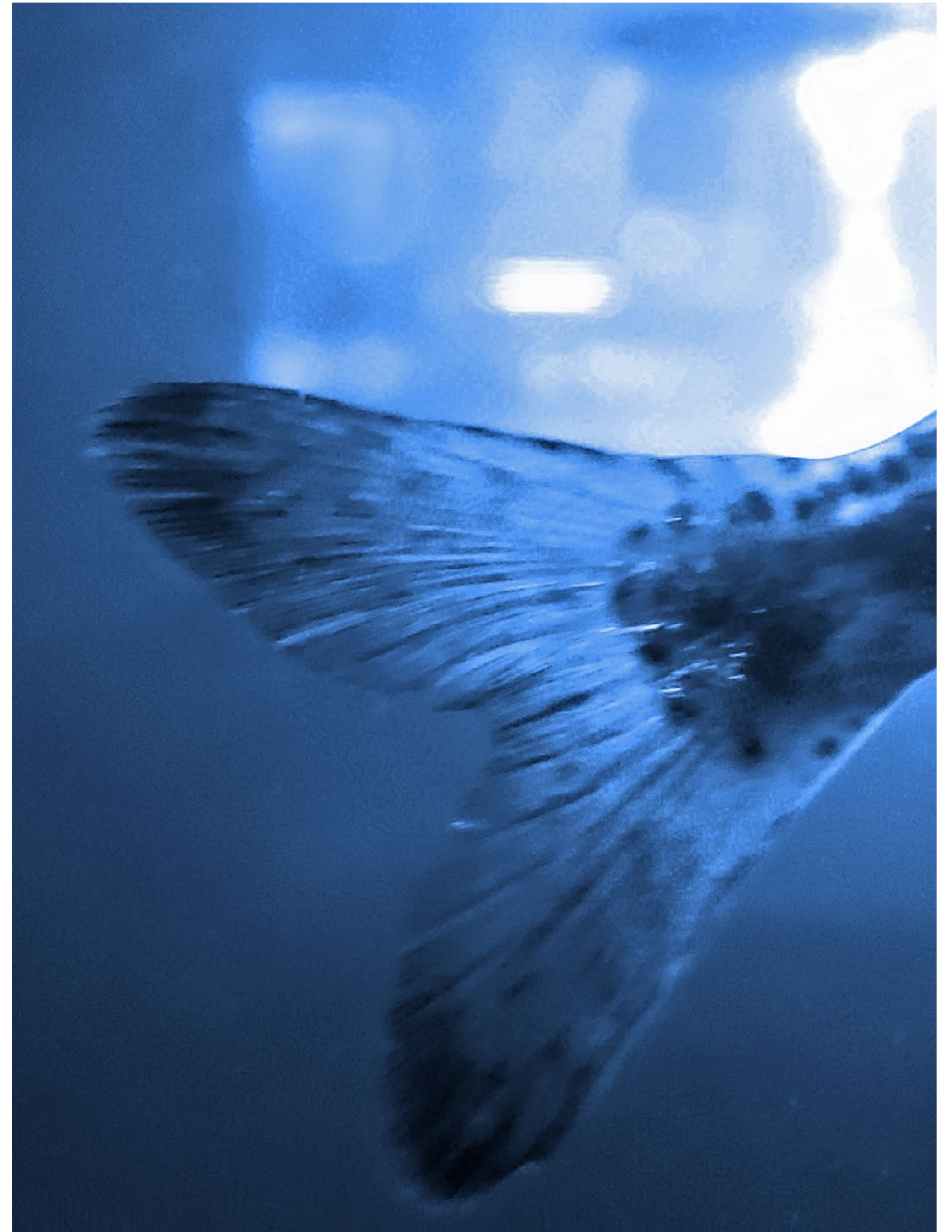
Boats sink. They become capsized, stranded - abandoned for less labour-intensive activities.

You lose the starfish earrings. The trap comes back up, but this time it's empty.

When you're not anchored, you're not grounded. When you're not grounded, you run the risk of drowning. In the water, I am beautiful. But beauty eventually fades.

Instead, I look for the perfect shade of Joni Mitchell blue and float endlessly on the surface.

**Jocelyn Wong** is a prospective journalist studying English and Dialogue on the unceded Coast Salish territories of the the Skwxwú7mesh Úxwumixw (Squamish), sə́lilwə́taʔ (Tseil-Waututh) and xʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam) Nations. As a passionate storyteller, Jocelyn cares deeply about telling complex stories in non-prescriptive, authentic, and equitable ways. She seeks to join collectives that value diverse opinions and varied life experiences. You can always find her supporting her favourite local grassroots initiatives – or at the best mom-n-pops in town! Instagram: @joceamber.





# Kepler Marshall *On The Shoulder*

One step at a time  
Along the crumbling roadside  
Arm outstretched,  
Thumb jutting upward.  
As a car approaches  
I'm filled with a joy  
That disregards danger.  
But my ride passes me by  
And the feeling melts away,  
Crumbling like the roadside.  
Homebound,  
But I'll go as far as you'll take me.



**Kepler Marshall** was originally from Portland, Oregon but was raised all over the place in BC. He's nineteen and has been writing since he was eight. He is currently attending VIU with a focus on creative writing. He likes to experiment with style, especially surrealism, post-modernism and absurdism. He's on Instagram: @keplerswriting.





# August Elzinga

## ***If I could never see the sea again.***

When I was ten I handed my mother a mason jar  
I asked her to bring me back the sea.

The ocean may be blue  
but my sea is green sludge that sits by my bedside window.  
Sand, seaweed, and silt.  
It's the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

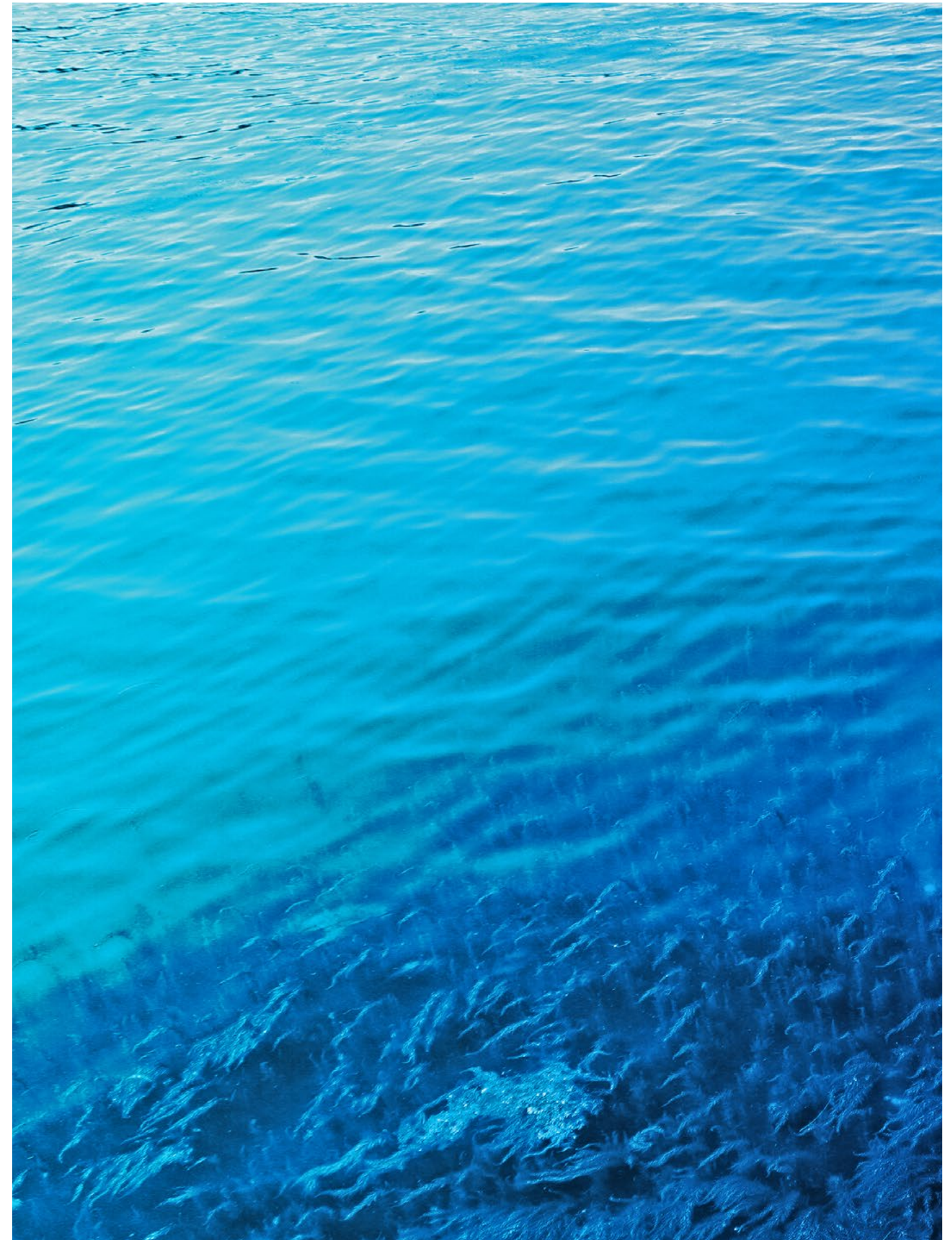
A girl in class asked what kelp was.  
When I whispered the story to my jar it laughed with me.  
Recounting her contorted face  
when I said you could eat it.

On sweltering sunny days  
I'd open the lid  
And let my fingers take a dip.  
Swirling up waves became my own personal shoreline.

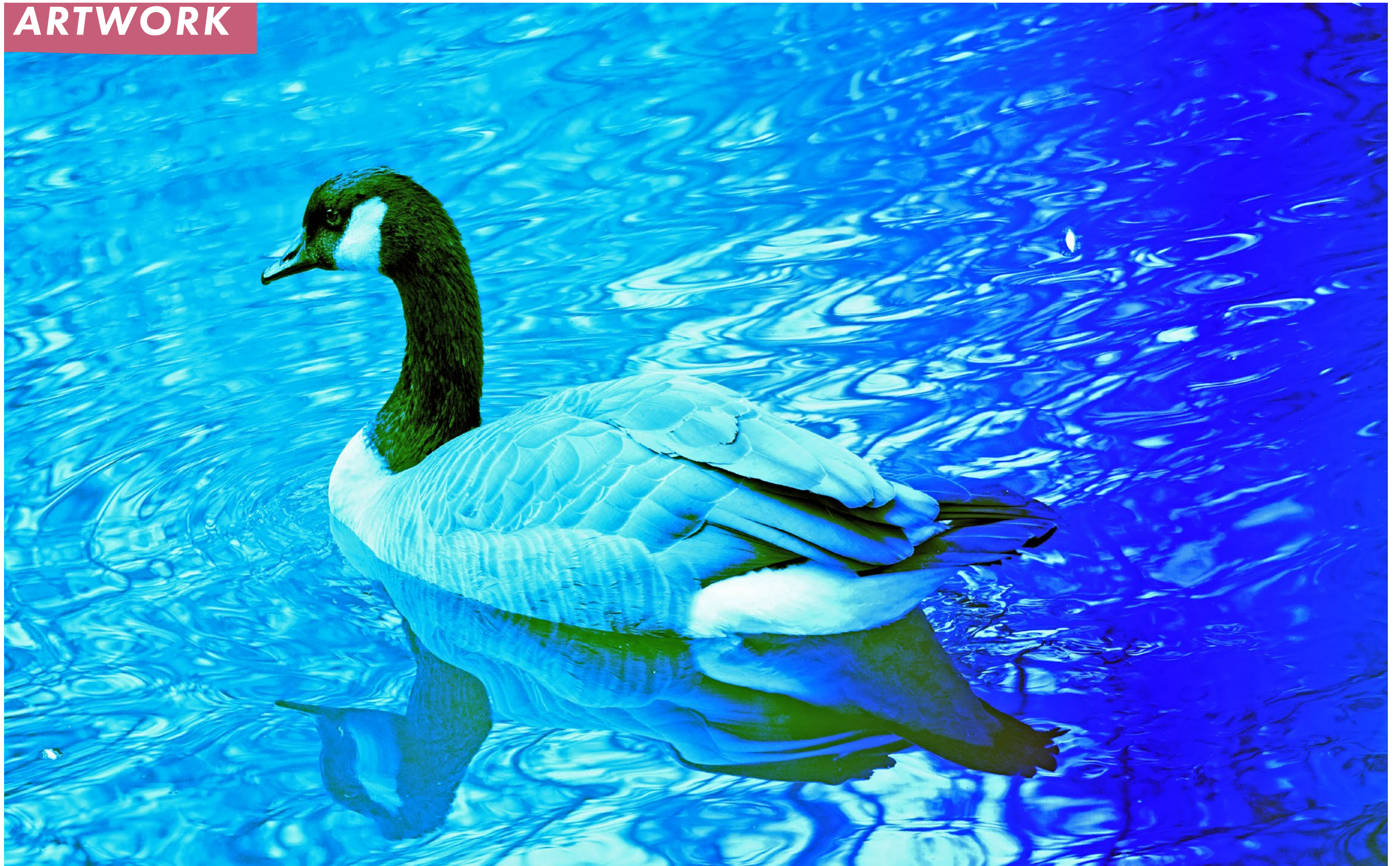
I watched as my sea got smaller.  
It became a lake, to a pond, to a puddle.  
Until it was just a dirty jar  
that smelled like home.

But a jar is not a sea  
You see.

**August Elzinga** is a Queer Non-binary poet, playwright, and performer from the Lekwungen speaking territories. Their poetry has been published through the Victoria Pride Society e-Zine for three years consecutively. Most recently they were featured in The Frank Theatre's Telling It Bent program. You can also find them performing regularly as local drag thing Bromley B. Instagram @oliveor\_twist.

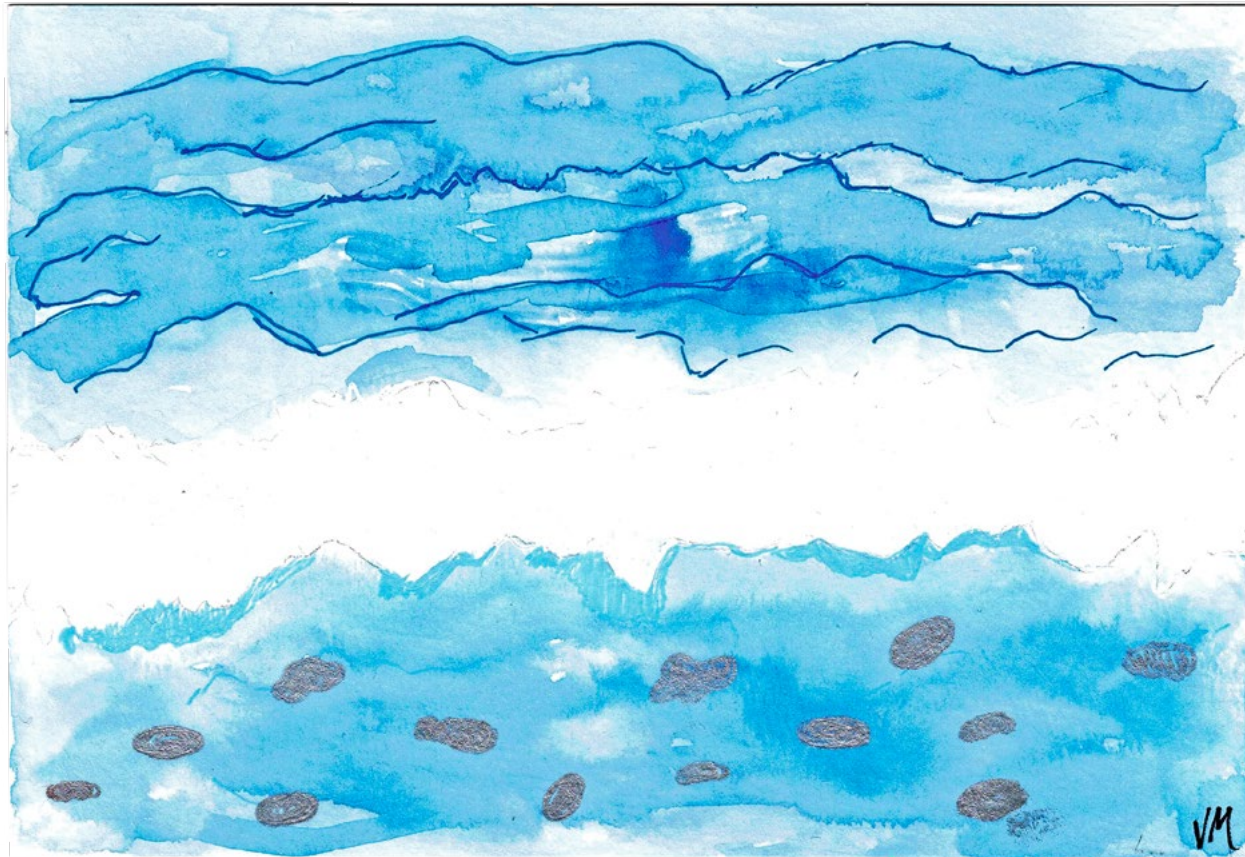








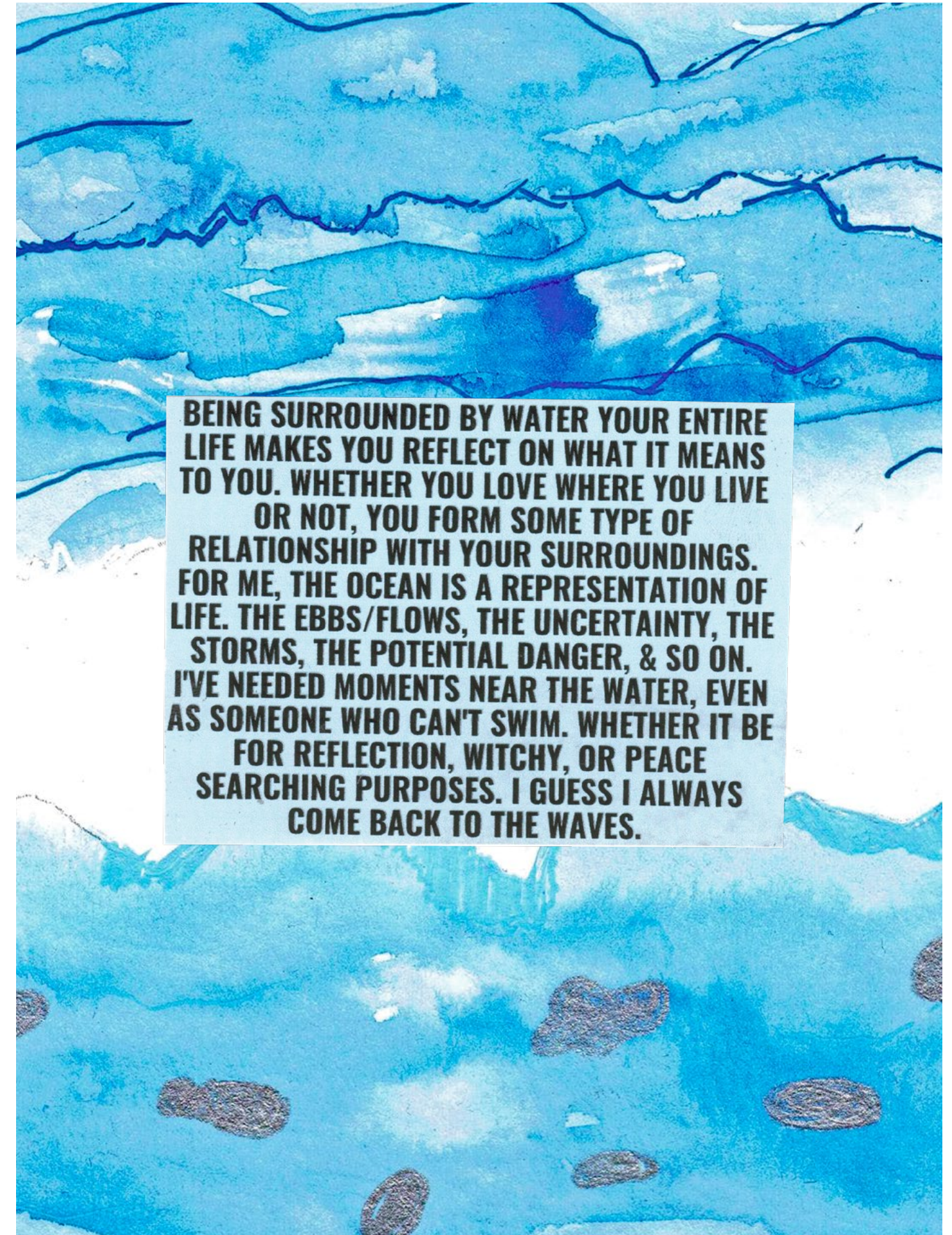
Vanessa Maki  
***surrounded by water***



Watercolour, ink, and paint marker on postcard, 2021.

**Vanessa Maki** is a Black queer writer, & visual artist. You can find out more about her by visiting the links below. & you can find her work by visiting Pink Advocate, dweller, The Gay Gaze, & more.

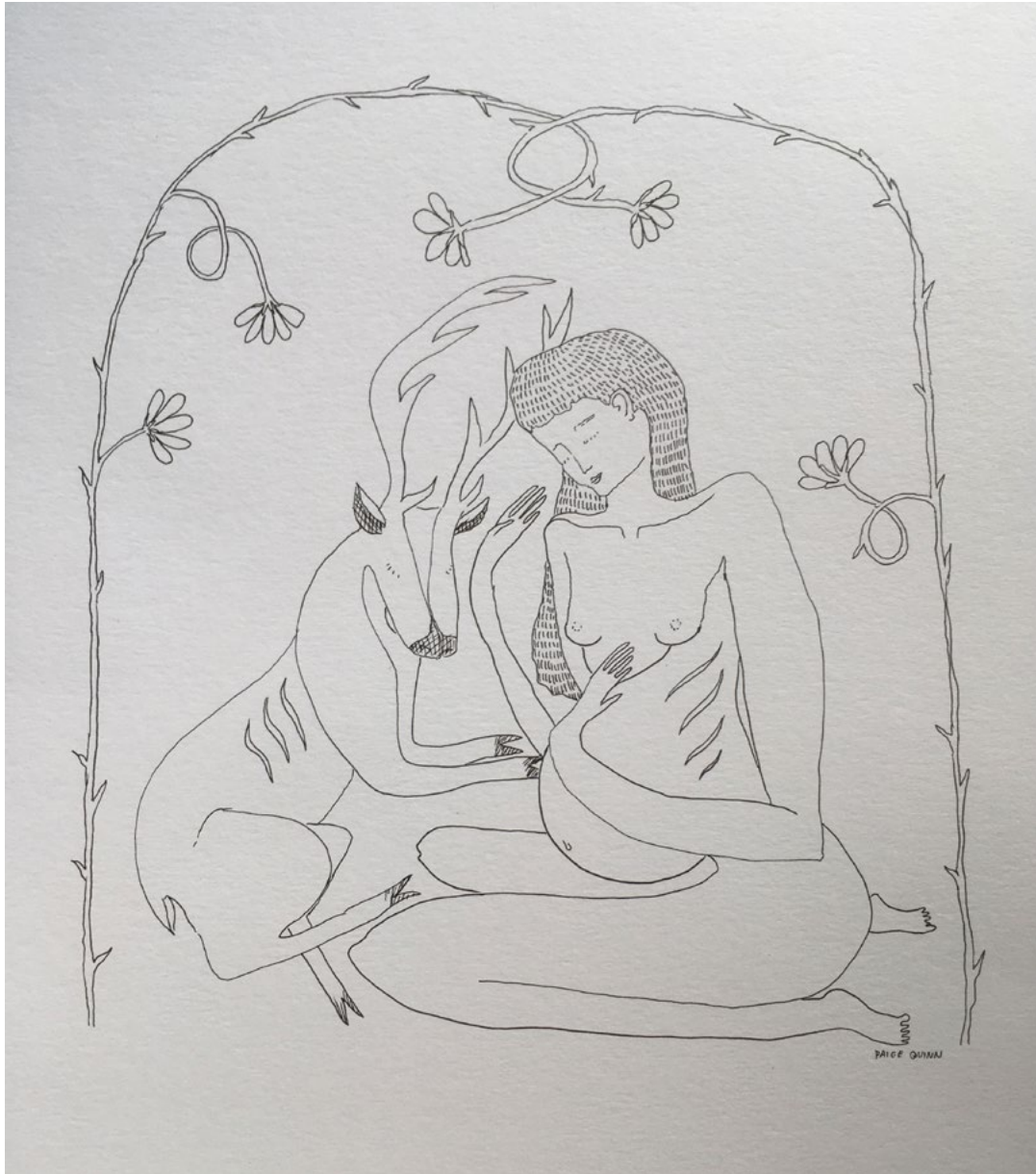
@theblackbuffy on Twitter + IG  
@bizarrefrights on Twitter + IG



**BEING SURROUNDED BY WATER YOUR ENTIRE LIFE MAKES YOU REFLECT ON WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU. WHETHER YOU LOVE WHERE YOU LIVE OR NOT, YOU FORM SOME TYPE OF RELATIONSHIP WITH YOUR SURROUNDINGS. FOR ME, THE OCEAN IS A REPRESENTATION OF LIFE. THE EBBS/FLOWS, THE UNCERTAINTY, THE STORMS, THE POTENTIAL DANGER, & SO ON. I'VE NEEDED MOMENTS NEAR THE WATER, EVEN AS SOMEONE WHO CAN'T SWIM. WHETHER IT BE FOR REFLECTION, WITCHY, OR PEACE SEARCHING PURPOSES. I GUESS I ALWAYS COME BACK TO THE WAVES.**



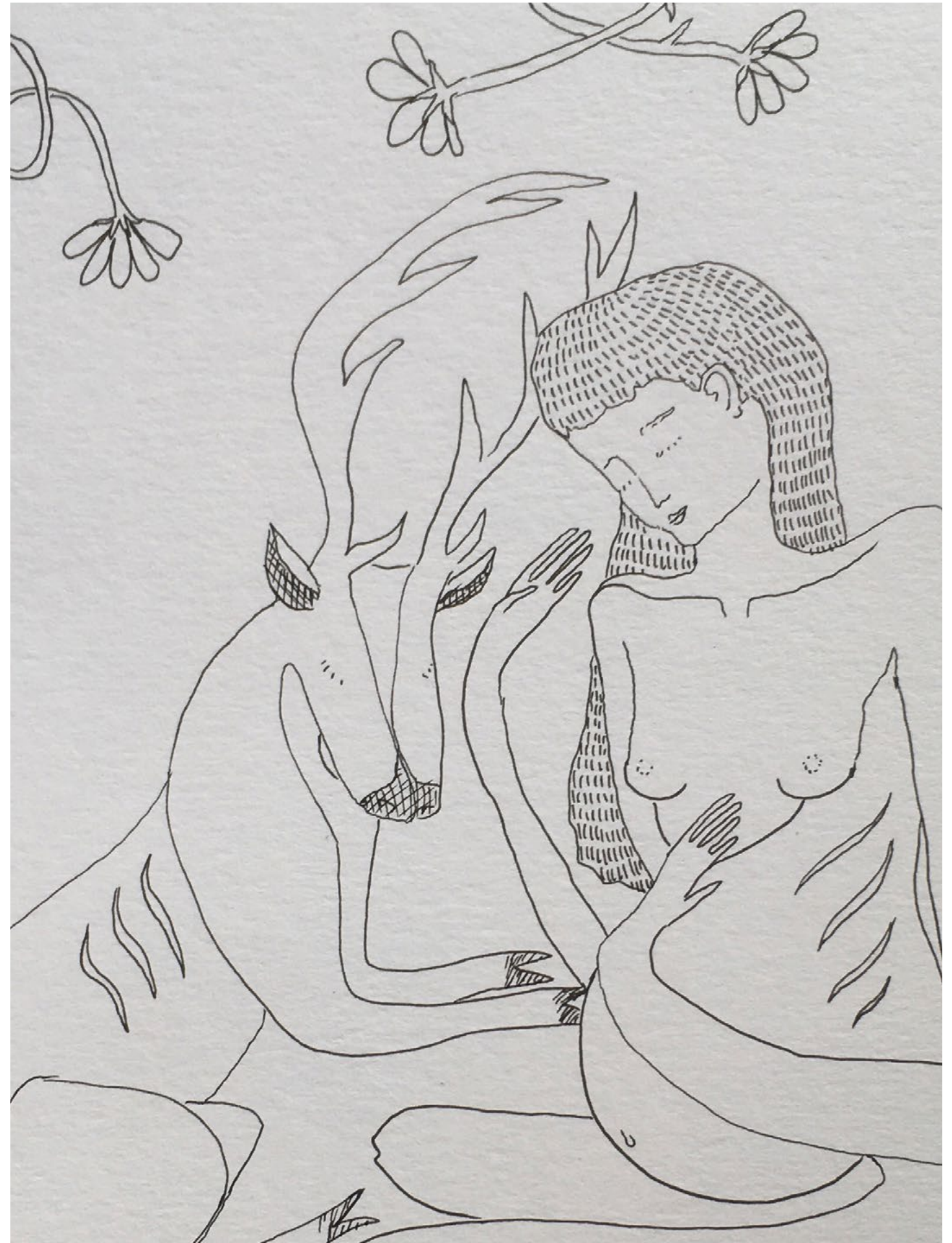
Paige Quinn  
**Woman and Deer**



Ink on paper, 2021.

**Paige Quinn** is an emerging artist who currently lives and works in Victoria, BC. Her artworks are inspired by spending large amounts of time outdoors studying the unusual shapes in nature, as well as the weird and wonderful characters who inhabit her consciousness. Her technical background is in Ecology, which has greatly influenced her practice. Find her on Instagram: @paigefitzquinn.

[www.paigefitzquinn.com](http://www.paigefitzquinn.com)





# Mary Anne Molcan

## **Exhale**



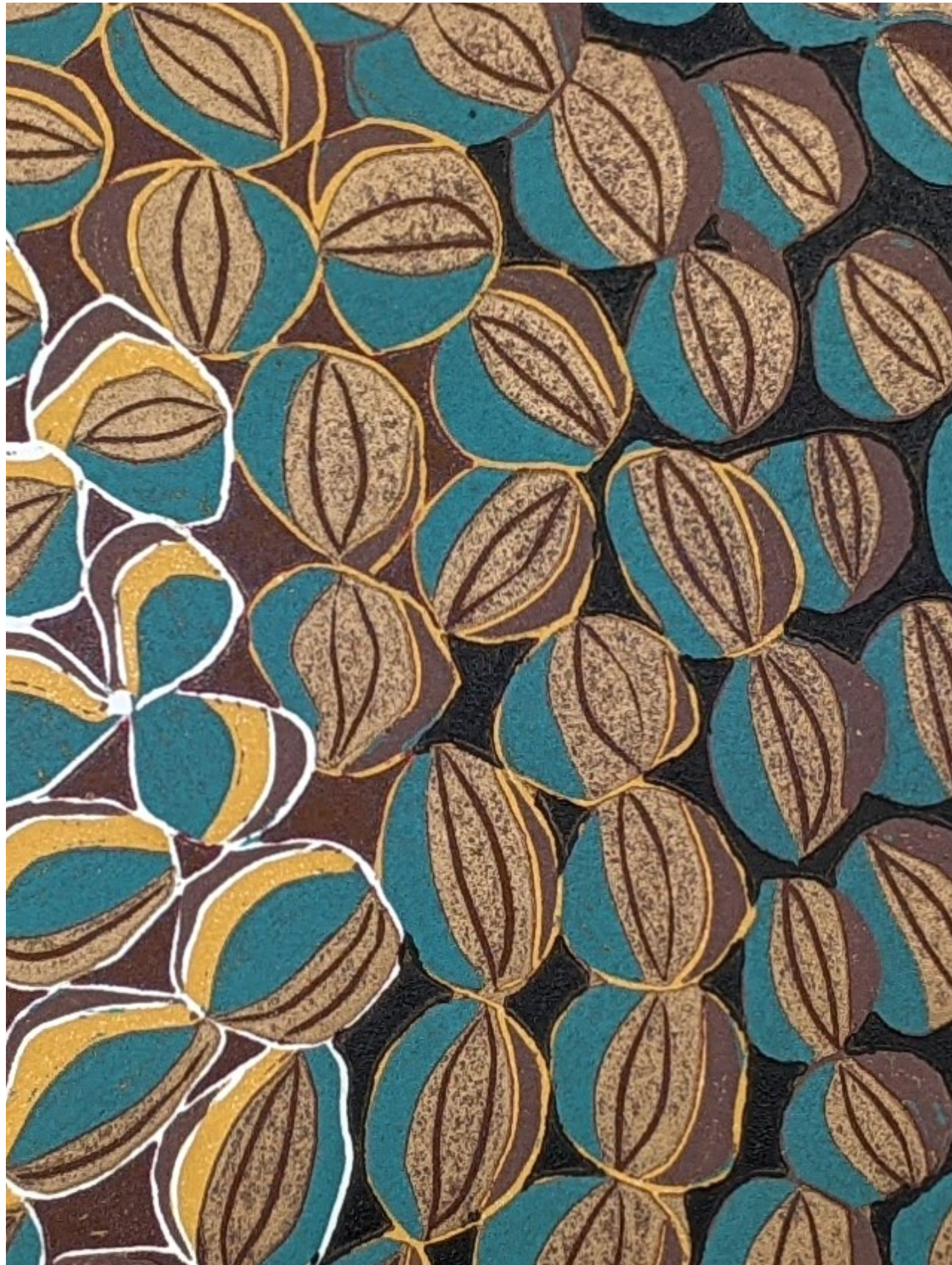
From the *Small Whispers* series, linocut reduction, 2021.

**Mary Anne Molcan** Mary Anne Molcan is an emerging Vancouver Island artist located on traditional Snuneymuxw territory. Her current focus is in printmaking media where she explores the intersection between the natural world and human values. Mary Anne's inquiries center on environmental stewardship and how that might manifest, as she blurs the boundaries between the natural world and human identity.

[www.maryannemolcan.com](http://www.maryannemolcan.com)  
Instagram: @maryannestudio  
Facebook: /mamolcan







From the *Small Whispers* series, linocut reduction, 2021.

Mary Anne Molcan  
***Illume***



Jenna Cronshaw  
***Hazy Saltspring***



Photograph taken on 35mm film, 2021.

**Jenna Cronshaw** is a Digital Media student at VIU. She dabbles in documentary style film photography and works at a local coffee roastery in her not-so-free free time. @shotbyjcron.







Photograph taken on 35mm film, 2021.

Jenna Cronshaw  
**Abandoned**





Matthew Fox was commissioned to create a video trailer for Issue 8. He writes...

## “A CARGO SHIP

anchored off the coast of Nanaimo’s downtown district can be considered an eyesore to some, but the ships’ functionality and size has an undeniable aesthetic appeal. On a clear day, you can see dozens of these large vessels parked around the islands on the Salish Sea.

Cargo ships are necessary for the survival of Vancouver Island residents and they form a vital part of our economy, but our near total reliance on them has become very apparent in recent years due to supply chain and climate-related issues. We require products to be brought in on boats from outside our communities because little emphasis has been placed on creating foods and goods locally. All of the things we buy, even the girly things, are shipped to us from far away.

Cargo ships can also be seen as symbols of colonialism, supporting destructive resource extraction and shipping goods made with exploitative labour. They serve to remind us that many of us had our “roots” planted here by those who arrived by boat and chose to lower their anchors in unceded lands. ”





## **SHIPPING CONTAINERS**

3D models created in Blender and Substance Painter.

**MATTHEW FOX** is a digital artist based in Nanaimo, BC. He earned a diploma in Visual Art from Vancouver Island University in 2017. While he was trained in traditional painting and sculpture, he has always been drawn to the technical capabilities and potential of computer-based art. He is currently exploring 3D modeling, digital painting, and VR. See his portfolio on SketchFab: [@autistsavant](#)





issue 08  
**END**

Artwork by Matthew Fox.



Sad Girl Review

**issue 9: cat lady**



call for submissions:

tell us about your cat(s).

deadline: july 15/2022

more details: [sadgirlreview.com](http://sadgirlreview.com)





Katie Churchill / *West Coast Best Coast*