

SAD GIRL REVIEW



Making Movies
with Pam Munter

14
poets

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contemporary art & text to bring you down

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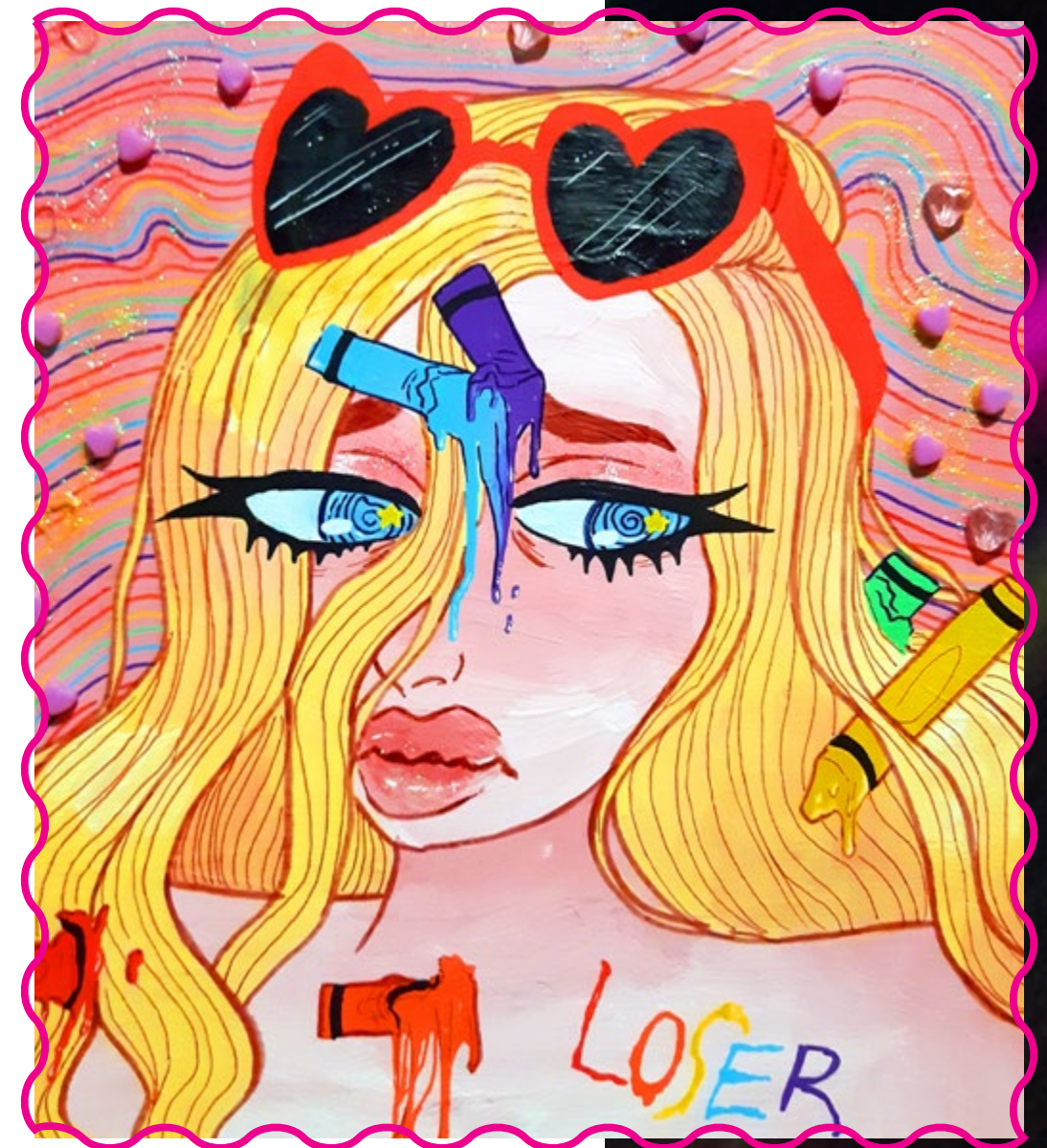
Michelle Granville

Mingzhao Xu

Pam Munter

Savannah Kater

sb. smith



Harmony Gray / Draw Better (acrylic paint, glitter glue, plastic beads, ink)

**ART IS HUMAN.
ERROR IS HUMAN.
ART IS ERROR.**

- David Bayles,
Art and Fear: Observations on the Perils (and Rewards) of Artmaking

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*Artwork by Harmony Gray, Michelle Granville, and Maggie Hinbest.



Maggie Hinbest / @artistmaggie / Self Portrait: day 23 (With Obie)

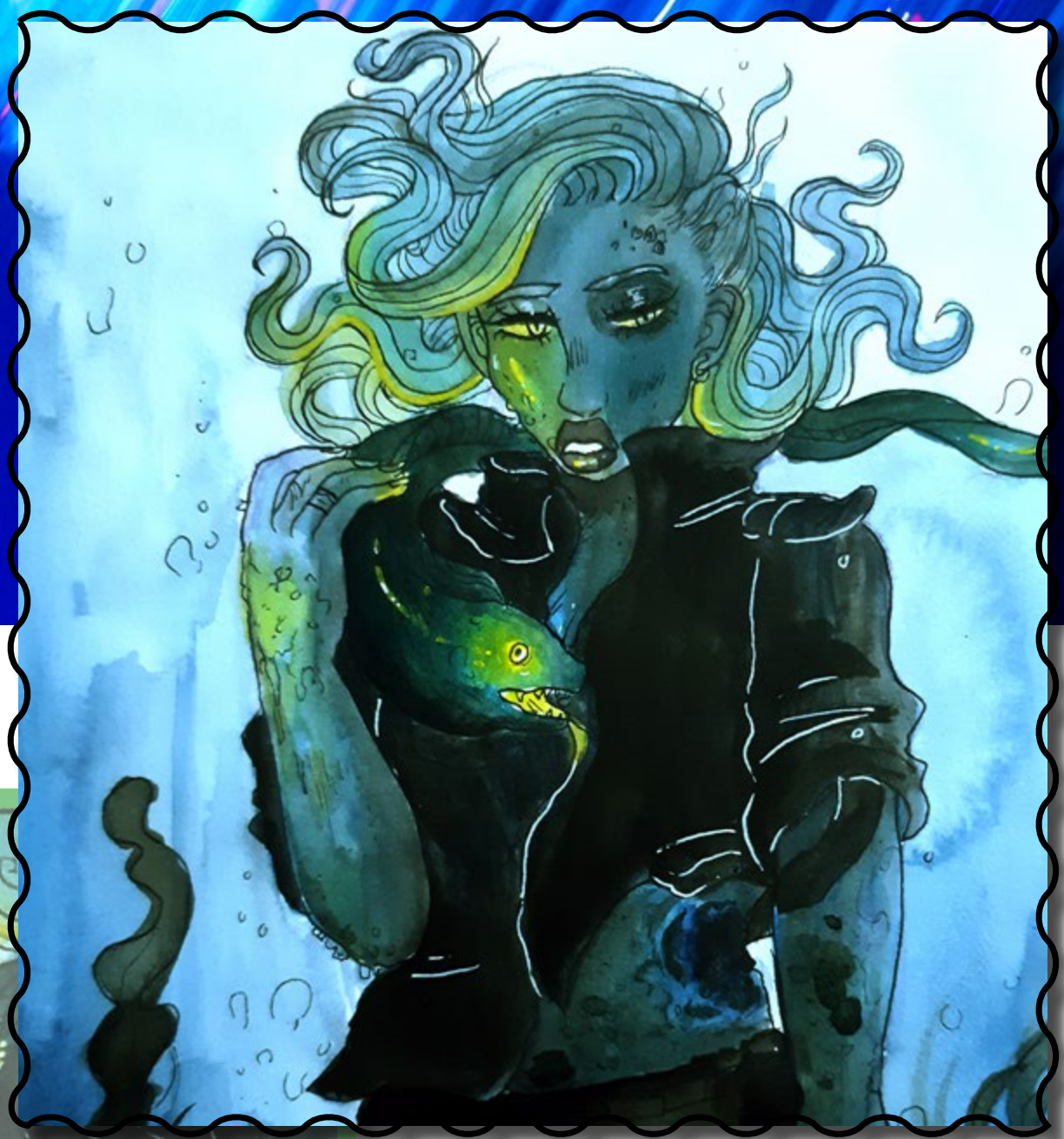
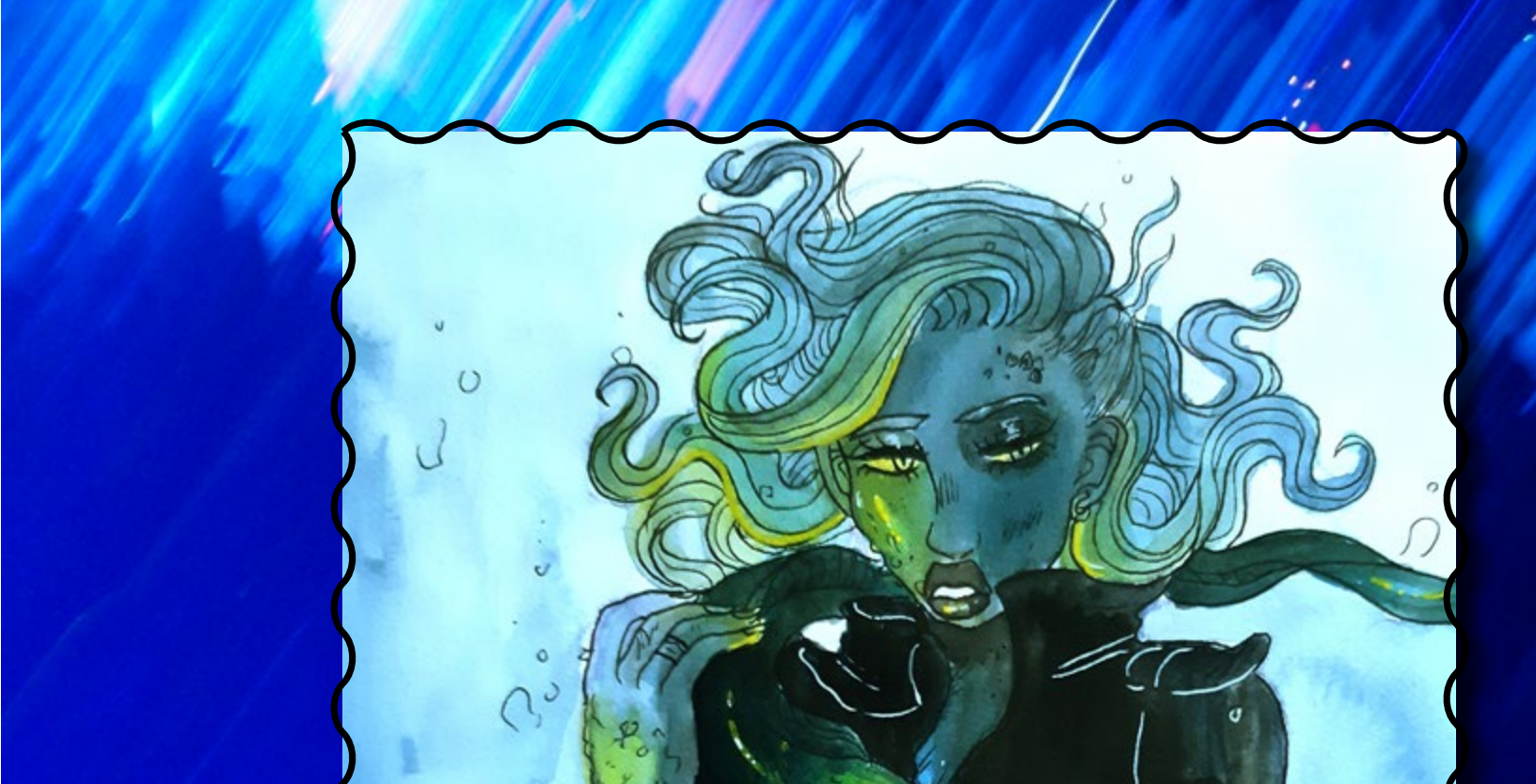
letter from the editor



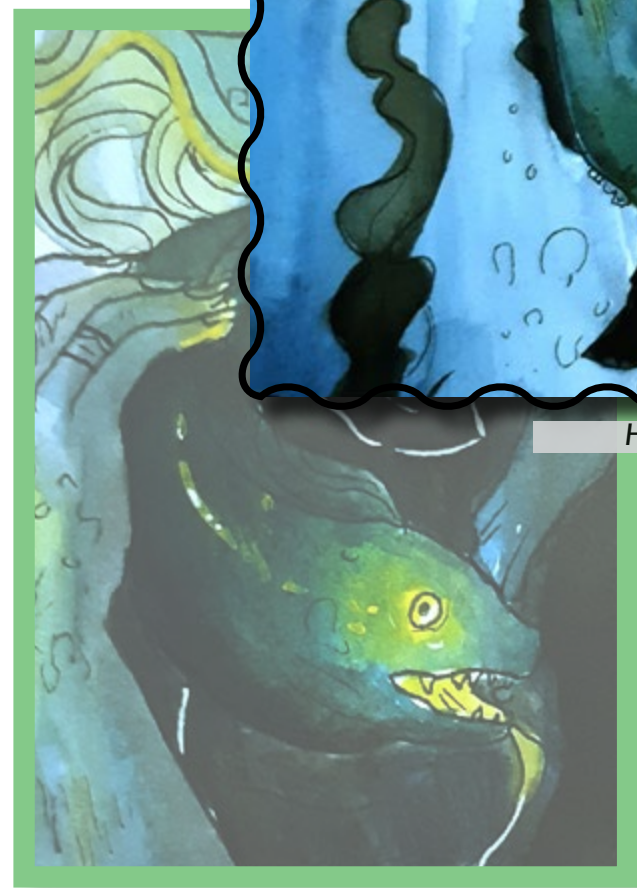
Welcome to Issue 3: Failure.
 I wrote several letters and deleted them all.
 In lieu of something better and more thoughtful, please see this list of excuses as to why this issue is late:

| | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| applied to grad schools. got rejected by grad schools. | had my wisdom teeth pulled and couldn't eat solid food for two weeks. | worked a few 40+ hour weeks. |
| my bones hurt. | general procrastination & self doubt. | took up Tai Chi but dropped it because I couldn't memorize any of the move sets. |
| the laundry pile now occupies ¼ of my bedroom, so it's a chore to get dressed in the morning. | looked after my roommate's pets and plants while she was away on vacation. | anthropogenic dread. |
| took the foster cat to multiple vet appointments. | filled an entire journal with observations, objections, and detailed accounts of hopelessness. | the house was so messy and I couldn't think properly, so I had to clean it all. |
| taught myself how to knit with my hands, which has been a time consuming but otherwise comforting activity. | learned a week's worth of healthy vegan, gluten free recipes, but ate a truck load of fast food. | I don't know who I am anymore? |
| checked social media accounts several times per day without posting or interacting. | created a spreadsheet to organize and document my record collection. | received rejection letters from every publisher, contest, and residency that I submitted to. |
| wrote dozens of poems and then edited them out of existence. | became reacquainted with the library and now support it through my frequent late fines. | slept too much, or not enough. depended on the day. |

Amber ♥
 Editor, Sad Girl Review
 @ambervisualartist

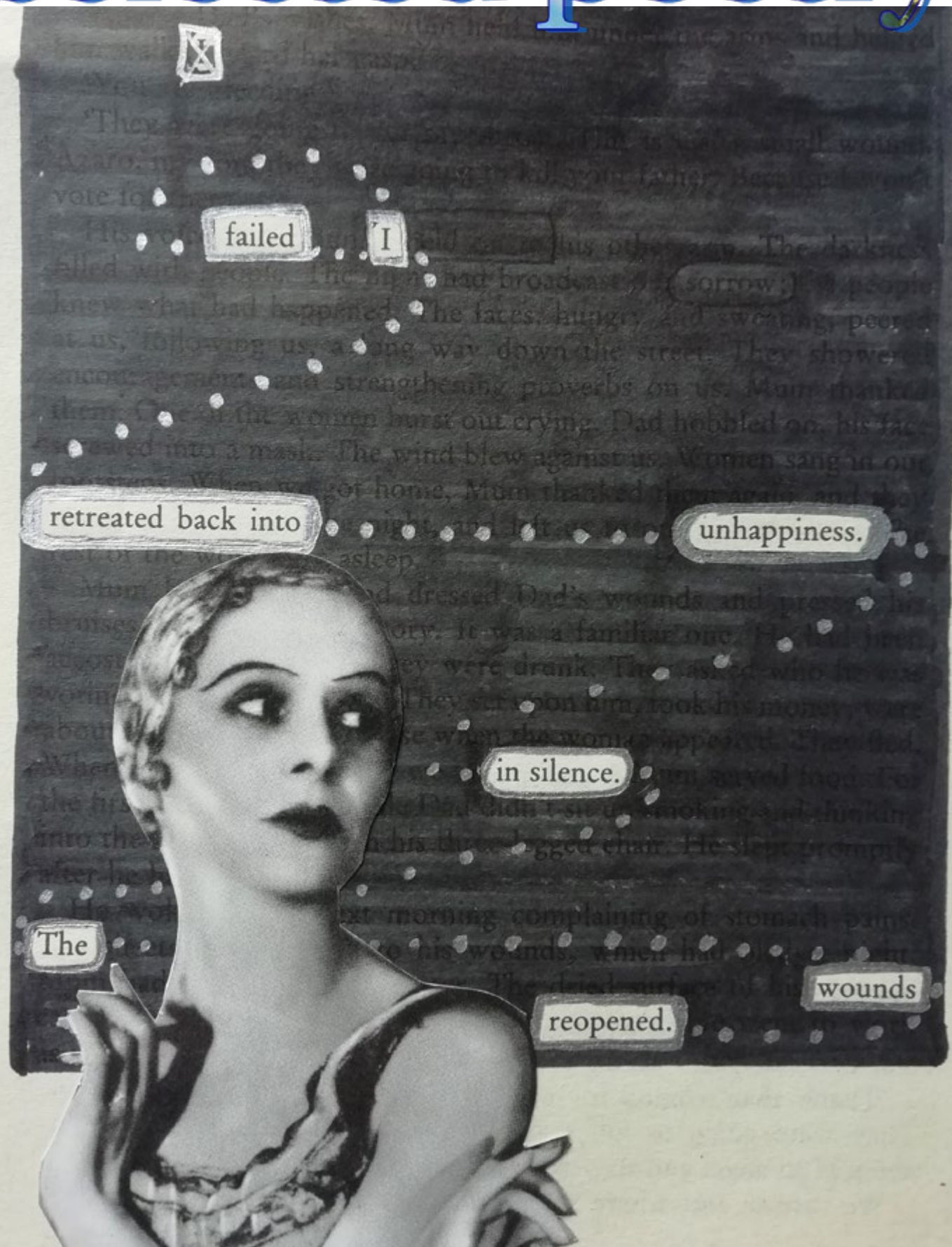


Harmony Gray / I Live In A Drum Barrel (watercolor, ink)



Harmony Gray is a British Columbia based artist whose practice focuses heavily on expression, character, and mood through color palette. When not painting or drawing, she can be found out in the wild, failing left and right (as you do). Find her on instagram @andesiitely.

selected poetry



Michelle Granville / @beleafmoon / Reopened (blackout poetry with collage and pen)

'90s TV stars: where are they now?

yellow Teletubbie—
chubby limbs, plump butt,
vintage battery-powered voice box
behind a glittering TV-set tum—
no longer lives at home
amongst the grassy, rolling hills
of the English countryside
in a psychedelic place
(the Tubbytronic Superdome)
and is now found stuck
on a narrow bathroom counter;
balanced haphazardly
between the sink
and litter box on the floor below:
uh-ohhh, Laa Laa, uh-oh.

sb. smith is a disabled writer hailing from Western Canada. Their work has been published in Navigator Student Press and Portal Magazine. They currently study at Vancouver Island University, and are the Editorial Intern for Rebel Mountain Press's forthcoming Disabled Voices Anthology. Find them online at sb-smith.com.

Unwound at the Public Library

We've pulled books from the shelves and turned them into the Tower.

Here is the lightning,
here are the flames,
here is the desperation, so far under our skin
it might as well be our bones.

Here are the false promises on which we have built this world.

Sequestered between ten thousand knitting books
(all donated by your grandmother)
and a mythology section so old it's probably original.

There are beautiful things around us,
but we can't see them.
When Odysseus spoke, he wove stories,
the way his wife wove her bridal veil.
He turned words into a blindfold, until no one could see
the way smoke billowed from his mouth.

I can feel my skin unraveling
—like someone didn't bother to read a single one of those knitting books.

Here is my heart, exposed,
not even on my sleeve, but on the floor between us.
I thought I'd left it behind, but I can't even do that right.
Tell me it wasn't a mistake, tell me—

Scheherazade's stories were the only thing keeping her alive,
woven like a tapestry,
until they ensured her safety.
I never could make it work like that.

This is me, awake until four am the night your father came back,
as if somehow I could pull you from the house using only my words.
And this is you, wrapping my hands in gauze
despite the glass still embedded in them,
like softness was something either of us could recognize by touch.

If we don't leave now, we'll both die here.
I never wanted that for you.

Do you think when Icarus sees the sunrise he thinks
My God, finally some light.
My God, finally,
some warmth.

Do you think he could even feel it as the wax dripped from his shoulders?

Katherine Nazzaro is a Boston resident. She has loved Greek mythology since she was a child, which influences a lot of her writing. In her spare time she volunteers at her local library, forgets the name of every book she's ever read and enjoyed, and changes her mind twice a minute.

Ants in Anthills

We gather and gather more until
our hills are not big enough,
so we find new homes—larger, impressive.

When an unfamiliar insect enters our land,
we band together to fight, to tear him apart.

As our little ones grow, we insist
that they too hurry to work,
hurry to reproduce, hurry to build
larger, impressive homes.

When we die, we leave ghosts
that mock the living with taunts,
“You're doing it wrong.”

Cat Dixon is the author of EVA and TOO HEAVY TO CARRY (Stephen F. Austin University Press, 2016, 2014) and her chapbook, THE BOOK OF LEVINSON, was published by Finishing Line Press in 2017. She teaches creative writing at the University of Nebraska, Omaha. She has work (co-written with Trent Walters) in They Said: A Multi-Genre Anthology of Contemporary Collaborative Writing (Black Lawrence Press, 2018). Twitter: @DixonCat



Somewhere to Go but Nothing to Wear dreams, 2004 (the year of my second wedding)

This is the event of the season, event of my life, all I need is something to wear. But who has my dresses? Where did she go? Where is the key to that room?

Why do I need those dresses? Why do I need this event of my life? I've had many dresses, many events; why do I need even more?

Because time took them away. Time has to put them back.

Marion Deutsche Cohen is the author of 27 collections of poetry; her latest titles are *The Project of Being Alive* (New Plains Press, AL) and *New Heights in Non-Structure* (dancing girl press, IL). She is also the author of *Crossing the Equal Sign*, about the experience of mathematics. She teaches a course she developed, *Mathematics in Literature*, at Arcadia and at Drexel Universities. Her other interests are classical piano, singing, Scrabble, thrift-shopping, her four grown children, and her five grandchildren. Her website is marioncohen.net

Late/1979

for her & others like her, & their babies

My dad, he doesn't cry,
but he did when he heard
the news; sat at the kitchen
table, put his head
in his hands, and cried.

I said, through my own tears,
don't worry, Daddy, I won't be keeping it,
everything will be fine.
He couldn't look at me.

Mom said maybe I'd like
to have a baby after all? She
said she had four, wouldn't trade
us for anything. But then,
she was married, she was twenty five,
a housewife, it was different.
Her tongue burned:
Why was I so stupid
to sleep with a boy who's still
in school? But it doesn't matter;
why not keep the baby?

I still don't know why anyone
would think having one of these is a good idea.
It just screams –
dirty bottles, diapers piling up.
I have work in the morning. Mom
has to take it from me at 2am
because I want to shake it until it shuts up.

I don't even want it.
It's a mistake I can't erase.

Just this once,
we thought. Nothing would happen
just the once, but it did.

And his mother said, give the baby
to us, we'll take care of it. And my mother
said, we'll keep it, don't come round here
or I'll deck you, and my father cried at the table,
and I never wanted it.

Kate Garrett is a queer, autistic writer, mama of five, and managing editor of a handful of journals. Her writing is widely published online and in print, and her first full-length collection, *The saint of milk and flames*, was published by Rhythm & Bones Press in April 2019. Born and raised in rural southern Ohio, she moved to the UK in 1999, where she still lives happily (or grumpily, depending on the day) ever after in Sheffield. Find her on twitter: [@mskateybelle](https://twitter.com/mskateybelle).



Michelle Granville / @beleafmoon / Bound (monoprint, found text and collage)

Zero-Sum-Game

(after Barbara Loden's Wanda, 1970)

time is that thing
 one thinks
 there will always be more of
 when I was a teenager
 I already knew that this country
 would keep on killing its youth
 and that time would overwhelm me too
 if time is equated with money
 I'd rather give back your time to you
 I'd rather tire and numb the fuck out of you
 because god knows it's taken tenacity
 to become this indifferent
 to remain this silent
 in the face of all
 these men whose
 loose jaws jabber and slobber out
 four letter words
 that barely impinge on my purview
 want something blondie?
 what do you know about drowning?
 what do you know about subsistence?
 what do you even know about living?
 don't talk to me about choice
 don't talk to me about freedom
 don't talk to me about volition
 don't talk to me about autonomy

don't talk to me about goodness
 don't talk to me about sisterhood
 don't talk to me about sobriety
 don't talk to me about maturity
 don't talk to me about responsibility
 don't talk to me about those two ruinous pearls

Truth and Beauty
 I'm just no good
 goddamn upright citizen
 of the US of A
 I told you -
 I am so bored
 I'm already dead
 I came into this world
 wanting everything
 and I'll go out unseen, unwanted
 undesired, unmourned
 life got smacked out of me
 soon enough I learned to live
 with the barest of expectations
 sniffing up morsels of exhausted air
 through my button nose
 that same nose I use to snub you

Anna Backman Rogers is a Reader in Feminism and Visual Culture at the University of Gothenburg. She is the author of *American Independent Cinema: Rites of Passage*, *The Crisis Image*, and *Sofia Coppola: The Politics of Visual Pleasure*. She is the co-editor of two volumes on *Female Authorship and Documentary Images* and a volume on *Feminism* with Laura Mulvey.

She is the Editor in Chief and Founder of the feminist journal MAI. Her poems have been published in *Tears in The Fence*, *Lune*, *Occulum*, and *Amberflora*.

When I Saw Degas's Little Dancer of Fourteen Years

From the gallery I viewed her,
She stood in fourth position
Fingers laced behind her back,
nose pointed up and chin held high.
A satin bow tied around her solid ponytail.
Six buttons clamp her corset tight
Above the tutu of gauze hanging from her bronze hips.
Her gaze fell just over my head
From her pedestal, inside her glass case.
The prodigy ballerina I failed to be.
Never taking in directions,
I simply pranced about the room
And only walked on my tiptoes for my own amusement.
I hung up my leotard and slippers at the tender age of three
After the career ending injury of a pinched finger
in a boarded up window pane.
But when I look back at Polaroids of that little girl in pink,
Hair in a bun and hand on the barre,
I am proud of her for being a nonconformist so young.
Striving for fun instead of flawlessness,
Upon that polished wood floor
with no discipline to immortalize
In a statuette like her.

Gail Bello is a playwright and poet from Waltham, Massachusetts. Her work has been published in The Sandy River Review, Ripple Feminist Zine, Collective Unrest, Turnpike Magazine, Bonnie's Crew, Tiny Flames Press, Philosophical Idiot, Vamp Cat and Pussy Magic. She is thrilled and honored to be published in Sad Girl Review. Follow her on Twitter @AquajadeGail and her blog <https://thaumaturgedramaturge.wordpress.com>

Brake pedal

My friend said I could drive his car
I never had before, but,
we were a bottle of wine in
and the street was empty
so OK
turned the key
pulled the stick
and pressed go
with my feet on both pedals
squealing brakes through suburbs
until he noticed what was wrong
and the correction was absurd
that I had never learned
how to push metal in machines
like the men do
through all my years
at this knowledge sale

Angela Caravan writes poetry and fiction in Vancouver, BC. She is the author of the micro-chapbook Landing (post ghost press) and her work has appeared in Pulp Literature, Sad Mag, Cascadia Rising Review, Memoir Mixtapes, and more. You can find her on Twitter at @a_caravan.



2 poems

by Chelsea Margaret Bodnar

I spend a lot of time thinking about:

Eloping with a ghost or demon,
Not here on floor, with my
last words to you
dissected
Unimpressive. Sure,
You can't always be
somebody's ten, no Mr. Right
to altar-vow and
swipe. Fallout
for your bombshell,
lover mine
This honeymoon in bottom
of my cup
gone red, my greatest hits and
pickup lines: used up



I should spend less time:

Staring down the summer like a vulture
and blotting boys
to pixels, to terrible haircuts
The liquor that crowds up their pics
And me, not cute at all,
not even down
to fuck
It's probably true: I'm toxic
like the Britney song
Are you for real? shut up—
And all these polos, posing with their pets
pack of dogs
howling endless their hideous
song
the same refrain
my swan
sings once
my prophesy, all bullshit



Chelsea Margaret Bodnar / 1990 / milquetoast with teeth. Her poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in: The Bennington Review, Menacing Hedge, Rogue Agent, Wyvern Lit, Thirteen Myna Birds, and others. She is the author of the chapbooks Basement Gemini (Hyacinth Girl Press, 2018) and dead people's bedrooms (Ghost City Press, July 2019)

Some Days are Atomic Bombs

Leaving bodies, and bodies, and bodies
under mushroom clouds dressed in frills of lace and satin
draped over buildings and fields and places
no one knows are real, but for the stock photographs
on brochures people say they'll keep for the memory
but don't.

Dead bodies tell the best stories
like the time he wrote one for you
and there was the word trust
you didn't recognize but pretended to
and then a year later he was just another dead body.

Dead bodies take too much room.
But if you ask why we bury bodies in empty space
when we could burn them instead, inhale their ash
and silky smoke, fill our chests,
someone is ready to call you a hippie or a
terrorist.

Some days are atomic bombs splitting your life into two.
The one before the explosion
when he cradled you in the palms of his hands
and the one leftover to recover from the blast
when you realized promises of Salvation were the closest things to
I love you you'd ever get,
that should have killed you, but left you crawling instead
dragging elbows and knees through your own guts
splattered on the ground like a drink for the red ants of summer.

Lena Ziegler is the author of the fiction chapbook MASH (The A3 Press, 2019) and editor and co-founder of The Hunger. She was a finalist in the Autumn House Press 2018 Fiction contest and the 2017 Goldline Press Non-fiction contest. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in Indiana Review, Split Lip Magazine, Dream Pop Press, Requited Journal, Yes, Poetry, The Seventh Wave, Gambling the Aisle, Literary Orphans, The Flexible Persona, and others. She holds an MFA from Western Kentucky University and is pursuing her PhD at Bowling Green State University.



HE'S SHIT, SHE'S SHIT

starts every story
after scouring, I see only my face on the porcelain surface



*This poem initially appeared in Geometry Literary Journal, Issue 4 Nov/Dec 2018.

Mingzhao Xu immigrated to the United States from China as a child. One of her greatest joys is using fiction to highlight the humor, challenges and pathos of everyday life. She currently lives in California.



It Isn't Stress

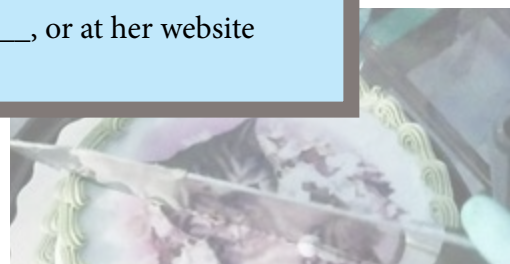
my dentist fit me
for a retainer today.
he says I am under stress
and have been clenching my jaw,
pushing my tongue
against my teeth.
I do clench my jaw:
to keep my mouth shut
my tongue bitten and raw
from holding back words
before they pass through
tiny enamel walls
straining with the pressure
and weight of the things
I cannot bear to say.
He says I have to relax
or I may do more damage
to my teeth.
He doesn't know that if I do,
the wrong words may slip
through the spaces between them,
causing damage that
cannot be repaired

*This poem has also appeared in Augie's Bookshelf (within "And We All Breathe The Same Air" anthology) & And So Yeah.

Isabella J. Mansfield writes poetry about anxiety, body image, intimacy and will occasionally break her "no rules" rule for haiku, tanka and senryu. In 2018 she won the Mark Ritzenhein New Author Award. Her book The Hollows of Bone was released by Finishing Line Press in January 2019.

Cake

You can have me,
or you can eat me.
You can't love me,
leave me,
and try to keep me.



Emily Duren writes essays and poetry about sadness and the human condition. She received her MFA in creative writing from the University of California, Riverside–Palm Desert and, when not writing, can be found watching true crime documentaries and reminiscing about the '90s. Find her on twitter @edurenwrites, instagram @whylime__, or at her website emilyaduren.com.



The Televised Fail

I drove five hours one way // highway blurring asphalt and bone stripes behind my eyes // keeping the constant migraines company // after spending five years of // donating my body to a professional hell // the goal of performing on a higher stage in front of more snapping cameras // more teeth // pushed through and // the spandex fit // my sole diet of chalky protein drinks cleansing my organs // pushing out the clogging calories // that made me thick, that made me usual, that made me un-televisable //

The stage was set for my limbs to shine // my boots took flight and the lift was wrong // my crown crushed onto the mat beneath me with a force // meant to snap and paralyze // I could hear the gasps and shrieks from the audience // could almost hear the dread from the dressing room // my body rolled to its back so I could see the lights // blur and panic too quick to gauge // I could feel my breath leave // hear my neck crack // as though I had plummeted to the bottom of a staircase //

The precautions I took to strengthen my neck //over the years as I twisted and trained // would spare my life, but not my pride // once I got up, the relief of a saved life // was quickly replaced by the disgust for an imperfect entertainer // the hisses came at me // a blackened pit of boas // worse than any sting I could feel from my neck // backstage, when my tired thighs carried me away // the wife of a trainer ranted and raved about how the move must be done // her fake tits proud and plastic // unmovable stone under thin fabric // as my downcast eyes and boots didn't move from the floor // (I too shy a guest to defend a broken form // letting her sour and seething mouth vent every escalating problem she had) // until I was released into the night // and I drove the five hours back // tired and torn // with a stinging chest // and a creaking neck cradled by cohesive collarbones //

The blessed cameras snapping away // preserving the botched move on shiny, preserved pixels // the altar of my failure // eternally archived for armchair reviewers // to judge and point, to laugh and critique, to preach and portend // forever and ever // amen

December Lace is a former professional wrestler and pinup model. She has appeared in the Chicago Tribune, the Chicago Sun-Times, Pro Wrestling Illustrated, The Molotov Cocktail, Pussy Magic Lit, Lonesome October, Awkward Mermaid, Three Drops From A Cauldron, and Rhythm & Bones YANYR Anthology as well as the forthcoming The Cabinet of Heed, and Rhythm & Bones Dark Marrow, among others. She loves Batman, burlesque, and things that go bump in the night and can be found on Twitter @TheMissDecember, <http://decemberlace.blogspot.com> or in the obscure bookshops of Chicago.

Michelle Granville is a mixed media artist and writer based in the west of Ireland. Her work has appeared in Tell Tale Chapbooks, Riggwelter Press, One Sentence Poems and Dodging The Rain amongst others.



Michelle Granville / @beleafmoon / Thwarted (monoprint, goldleaf, found text and collage)

MAKING MOVIES

Pam Munter has authored several books including *When Teens Were Keen: Freddie Stewart* and *The Teen Agers of Monogram* and *Almost Famous*. She's a retired clinical psychologist, former performer and film historian. Her essays, book reviews and short stories have appeared in more than 100 publications. She is the nonfiction book reviewer for *Fourth and Sycamore*. Her first play, *Life Without*, was nominated for Outstanding Original Writing by the Desert Theatre League and she has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Her memoir, *As Alone As I Want To Be* was published in 2018 by Adelaide Books. Find her online at www.pammunter.com.

I sat near the back of the theater, having devoured my third Rolaid in ten minutes. Sitting around me were mostly strangers, people a generation or two younger, animatedly talking with one another. It made for a chaotic and noisy surrounding but I was lost inside my own silent thoughts. My first movie, which is to say, the first movie in which I had a role, was about to premiere at a theater in North Portland. The year: 1998. The film: "Birddog."

After my partner and I closed our clinical psychology office in 1995 following 25 years of practice, I had attended a year of classes at Portland Actors Conservatory, had been accepted into an actors' workshop and was studying singing with a local teacher. The goal was to live out the dreams I had harbored for a long time. I had no idea where they would take me or what was possible. Truthfully, it didn't matter. Just the doing was enough. Through my friends at the actors' group, I heard about a seminar in acting run by a local personal manager for actors. Gail was a 50-something squat, obese, no-nonsense woman who made it obvious at the start she did not suffer fools gladly or at all. She ran her workshop like boot camp, barking orders, offering little support or positive reinforcement.

"No! Don't make that face in the camera!" Or, "You're indicating. Try to be subtle." We all took it in stride, just part of the business, I thought.

We ran lines she had provided, did some improvisations but mostly listened to her and her guest, a casting director at Twentieth Century-Fox, talk about acting as a profession. I knew, at 52, I was too old to wallow around in such starry-eyed dreams and, truthfully, I was happy with my life of relative leisure. When the seminar ended on Sunday afternoon, Gail called out my name and asked me to stay for a minute. I wondered what I had done wrong.

"I think you should get representation." Only her mouth moved, her frozen face showing no expression, so I didn't know if she meant I should get a lawyer or just get out of there.

I looked at her blankly.

"What do you mean?"

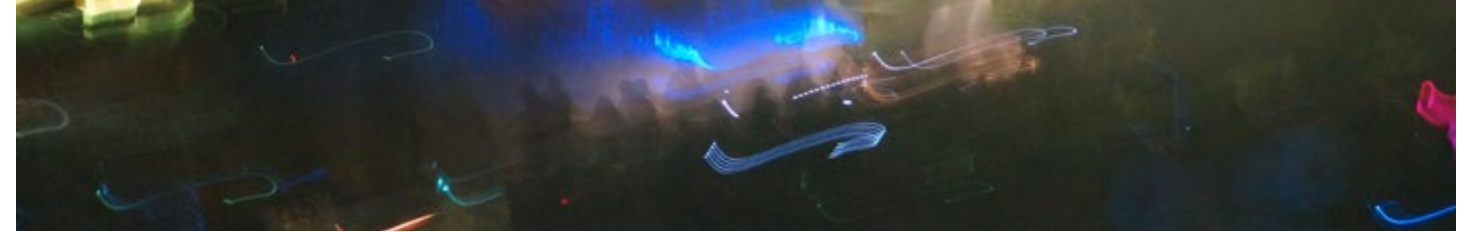
"I think you are castable. There are lots of parts you could play. Right now, Portland is teeming with commercial production and people in your age group are marketable."

I was surprised. Not too old, huh?

"Well, thanks. How do I do that?"

"Let me give you the name of an agent in town. She has a busy, successful agency. I think she'd be interested in you."

When I was a kid growing up in Hollywood, people would kill to be taken on by an agent. It often took years, if ever. I had even bribed a friend to fake a phone call from "my agent" during a lunch at the Brown Derby. We were both 12. Having an agent was a sign of success. Was it really this easy here in Portland?



The next morning, I called Ryan Artists and made an appointment with Rachelle Ryan, herself. What would she ask? Would it just be a "go-see?" Would she want me to deliver one of my monologues? Her office was in a run-down industrial section of Northwest Portland. I had to be buzzed in, making me wonder if she had been under siege by a disgruntled actor at some point. I walked up the stairs and the woman at the front desk ushered me immediately into an office where a well put-together woman sat behind a desk. Rachelle was pert and obviously bright enough to have created this little empire but a little emotionally removed. Her outfit looked to be expensive and she was perfectly made-up and coiffed.

What should I say? I had been so stunned by this possibility that I hadn't done much preparation, other than obsessing over what to wear. This was all new to me.

"What have you done?" she asked. Fair question.

"Since leaving psychology, I've been singing around town. I've taken classes at Portland Actors Conservatory."

"No movies, TV, radio?"

"Oh, yeah. I am the producer and host for "The Beaverton Arts" show here on cable. It's just finishing up its third year. A long time ago, I was a DJ on the campus radio station. Actually, the first female disk jockey in Los Angeles." I wondered what else I'd remember once I'm out the door. Why hadn't I written this stuff down?

"Do you have head shots?"

"No. Do you know someone who can do that?"

She gave me the business card of a local photographer. Did this mean I was in, that she'd represent me? I was afraid to ask.

"I think we can sell you. Welcome to Ryan Artists." She stood up and gave me what could pass as a smile, and shook my hand.

Wow. Sell me? What an odd concept. But I was more than game, open once again to possibility. Why not?

When I got home, I rummaged through my closet, trying to decide what to wear for a photo shoot. Rachelle hadn't given me any advice about that, but I assumed it should be something neutral, as I didn't know where the photos would be sent or their purpose.

Walking into Owen Carey's studio, I felt oddly excited. I had never had professional photos taken before. When I was 12, my father had tried to take some shots in our back yard, the sight of which left me with PTSD for years. I hoped these would be better. Awaiting my arrival were two women, one who would do make-up while the other tried to figure out what to do with my short hair. Owen walked over and introduced himself. He was a tall, gaunt man with haunted eyes. There was something other-worldly about him, as there often is about many creative people. He treated me as if I had been doing this all my life. As Owen began to shoot, I realized I had worried for no reason. Of course. This is why they were called "head shots," after all. No one really cared what I was wearing much below the neck.

"OK, Pam. Now give me a big smile. Ah, a little less. Perfect. One more. Turn your head to the right a little. Tilt. Great. Now let's move the light."

My head was racing, back to the movies where such photos were a part of the plot. George Hurrell, Cecil Beaton. "Funny Face" is my favorite film, one full of so-called fashion shots, a fictionalized story of the famous photographer Richard Avedon. I suspected Owen was no Avedon but it didn't matter. The whole process felt so self-indulgent, almost scary. It's as if I were getting away with something.

When I went to pick up the box of 8X10s a week later, I was pleasantly surprised at what a proficient job he did to make me look good. I guess it was all about the lighting, after all. Years earlier, my father had used spotlights in those traumatic photos, as if I were about to be interrogated by a suspicious police detective. Owen and I selected three of the best "looks" and I dropped them by Rachelle's office on my way home. Just a few days later, I got a call for my first audition. Me? Called for an audition? It seemed unreal, a fantasy I had lived with for years.



Sitting outside the casting director’s office were about 20 women, many in my age group. They seemed to know each other and were friendly toward me. My lack of nervousness surprised me. Oddly enough, it didn’t feel as if much was on the line here. Clearly, this was a competition but one in which I didn’t know the rules. None of this would be my call. I decided to enjoy the process.

He called me in, told me where to sit – on a tall, brown stool - nodded to the cameraman to begin and asked me some questions.

“Are you athletic?”

That’s an unexpected question, I thought. Those women out there didn’t strike me as jocks. Of course, I wasn’t exactly dressed for track, either.

“I am. I have always loved sports. Right now, it’s tennis, but I never turn down a chance to shoot baskets or toss a baseball around with a friend.”

“You shoot baskets?” Why was he surprised? My age? My gender?

“Yeah. It feels good to jump and move around the court. It’s fun. And I have to say I’m not too bad at it, either.”

“Huh. Well, OK. Thanks. We’ll let Rachelle know.”

I left, thinking I’d said too much or maybe not enough. What are the criteria for success? Just being hired?

But three days later, Rachelle called and said I’d been cast in the filmed commercial. It was for a senior residence in the southern part of Oregon. I’d have to make the two-hour drive down there where a costume awaited me. A costume?

It was raining that morning, as it always seemed to be in Oregon. When I arrived at the remote location, I saw a vintage, single-engine plane sitting on the soggy field. Oh, God. They don’t expect me to go up in that, do they? Had to laugh at myself when I realized I’d do it. In fact, I’d do whatever they wanted at that point. I was living the dream.

The director came over, introduced himself and showed me where to change. I would be dressed as Amelia Earhart, standing outside this lovely lacquered plane, then in the pilot’s seat, all the while saying lines touting the benefits of living in this senior facility. Apparently, the question about sports led them to think I was their typical resident, an active senior. I had been given the script a few days earlier so I had it memorized. Though I was letter-perfect, the tech end lengthened our shoot to about five hours. I left feeling I had done a good job and, heck, it was fun.

Over the next few years there would be lots of other commercials - for industrials, TV and radio. I had done some modeling, too, finding my face and body on the cover of a lingerie catalogue, of all things. By this time, I had learned to tell the casting director what he wanted to hear. For a Southwest Airlines audition, I constructed a story about its kindness to me when my mother was dying in another state. Actually, not only had I never flown that particular airline but my mother was long dead. I got the part. Acting is acting. Of all the jobs, though, I especially loved the voice-overs because they were ridiculously easy, requiring no memorization. Almost every experience was fun and even thrilling. Getting paid to do all this was a nice bonus. It wasn’t exactly the legendary status I had expected in my delusional childhood, but I was the real deal – I was a working actor.

Money wasn’t promised, though, as I responded to a call for an independent film. I would be auditioning to play the mother of the hero, caught up in a murder mystery set in Portland. Apparently, I aced the audition and was cast.

Movies had been my lifeblood from earliest childhood. They were a hyper reality, full of glamour, magic and mystery – the source of endless fantasies. I had studied film history and technique and knew how they were made, but had long given up any dream that I would actually ever be in one. I didn’t trust it would happen this time, either, until I arrived at the house in Southeast Portland that was being used as the set for the film. As I entered the house, it hit me – bam! I was going to be in a real movie – after decades of that idea teasing me from the far reaches of my brain. I could keep my head from racing but was less successful with my heart rate.

I was led into the living room where my scenes would be filmed. It was full of bustling tech people, setting lights and sound, dressing the set for my appearance. The director who auditioned me came over, gave me a hug. He looked very Ivy League, wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a sweater vest, his buttoned-down shirt rolled up to the elbows. Nice looking, too. He gestured to the three makeup people, speaking to the woman who stood in front of the others.

“Let’s get this going. You know what I want. But not too drab.”

The place was very busy, people talking all around me but not to me. That was fine. I was going over my lines, trying to keep down the excited little insects fluttering around within. Almost as soon as she was done, I heard the director.

“Pam, we’re ready for you on set.” I chuckled to myself, having waited all my life to hear those words. I wanted to freeze that moment, on the threshold of possibility, of life coming true.

The Director of Photography and the guy who looked to be in charge of the sound came over to introduce themselves.

I turned to the director. “Is there any specific way you’d like me to play this?”

“You’re his mom. You’re worried about him but you don’t know the deep danger he is in. Just be a mom.”

I could do that. For just a moment, I stopped to look around me. The setting and décor meant this was a lower middle class family, perhaps only marginally making it. Not much was made of my makeup or my hair, consistent with a person who would live in this smallish house. All these people had focused their attention, their expertise, on me in this moment. I felt the heat of the lights as they flipped on around me. In that split second, I saw all those childhood show biz fantasies coalesce in a tachistoscopic flash. Could this really be happening? Do I wake up now? Oh my God.

At first, it was hard not to look directly at the camera. I so much wanted to gaze at it lovingly and say, “Hi. I’ve been waiting for you. Where have you been?” I snapped back into reality long enough to center myself.

“Speed. Action.”

I got it in one take but there was a problem with the sound. So I did it a second time, then a third. We went on to the second scene, which was longer than the first. Again, all my preparation paid off. I felt good that I could produce even though my brain seemed torn in fragments of altered awareness. My body felt so caffeinated I didn’t know if I could control my movements.

When it was done, I floated out the door, having been in thrall of my moment on a movie set. It was everything I had hoped it would be. The director was well credentialed, so I was reasonably sure it would get finished. Not all independent films enjoy this particular fate, though. I also knew it could take a long time and wondered if I’d ever see it.

Later, there would be other films, too, playing mothers, grandmothers, a college professor, a judge – what Hollywood might have called “character” parts. Every time I stepped on the set, there was an indescribable rush. The same little voice giggled in my head, saying, “You’re really doing this. Somehow you pulled this off, even if it took a long time.” I remembered reading – and lecturing - about the Imposter Syndrome, painfully aware how I found myself firmly in that category.

As a young girl, I spent part of nearly every weekend in our local Bay Theater. More than once, I wondered what it would be like to see my face up there on that huge screen. Would I look sultry like Ava Gardner, powerful like Bette Davis, wholesome like Doris Day? I had sufficient confidence in the cinematographer to know he’d be kind enough to prevent a bucolic Marjorie Main lookalike from appearing on the screen. And now, at last, I was about to find out.

The premiere had been scheduled for a Friday night in Portland. All the people involved in the film would be there, of course, along with their friends, local reviewers and the public. When I arrived, I saw the Klieg light (one!) lifting its beam upward. No fans lining the street, though, no television interviewers. Dial it back, Pam. This is Portland, after all, not Hollywood Boulevard.

I didn't see anyone I recognized, which was probably for the best, I thought. About 15 minutes after I had been sitting in reverie in the theater, I looked around and noticed it was completely filled. No one in a tux, though. All the people there looked like Portland – their wardrobes full of Eddie Bauer, Nikes, muted scarves and Birkenstocks. I was dressed in what Rachelle Ryan had called “upscale casual,” nothing too fancy but appropriate for most every occasion in this casual city. Just in case anyone wanted an autograph or a photograph, doncha know.

The lights started to go down and the noise around me shifted to the inside of my head. Someone was screaming and I thought it was likely me. Why was I nervous? The performance was over. I knew I had nailed it. The director had told me so. And even if I hadn't, nothing could be done now. It would be...forever. I was going to see myself “up there,” as I had dreamed in childhood.

I hadn't ever seen the complete script, just my few scenes so I had no idea where I came into this or the context and plot of the film. I heard a familiar voice before I saw my face projected seemingly all around me. I thought it might be me but I wasn't sure. And then there I was, walking, talking, speaking my lines to my “son.”

In my every cell, I had hoped to be scintillating, memorable, even great. But I wasn't. What was up there was unlike anything I had remembered. The lines came out almost in a monotone. How could that person up there be me? I was sick to my stomach. I had a sudden urge to bolt out of the theater and run, run, run. All I could do was to slip down further in my seat. It wasn't just embarrassment but an acute disappointment in myself, after all these years thinking I could do it. Why didn't the director tell me how bad I was? Why didn't I know?

The film ended to huge applause. Some people around me recognized me and made some nice comments - just being polite, I'm sure. In the lobby, I saw the director across the room. I was going to apologize to him but he ran up and hugged me.

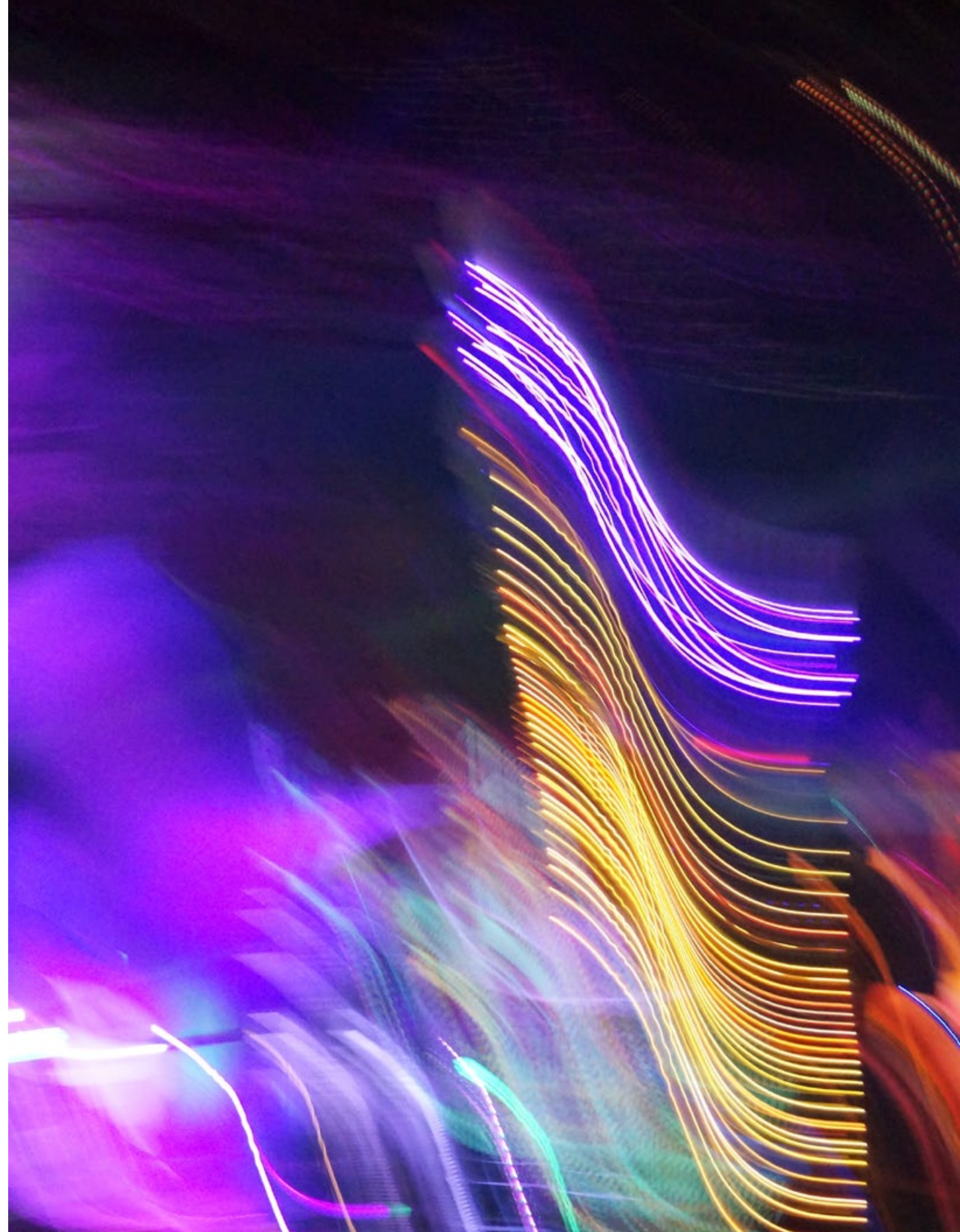
“You were wonderful. Thanks for being in the film.”

“I'm so sorry I...”

“No, no. You were great. Just what the picture needed. We'll work together again, I'm sure.”

I walked to the car feeling like cat shit. He didn't need to lie to me. I know what I saw up there. It wasn't the person I had imagined myself to be. What had gone wrong? Maybe the problem was...gulp...I had no talent. I didn't belong there. I had been a competent shrink, a good teacher. What made me think...?

As time went on and I went to more premieres of films in which I played small parts like this one, I hoped my critical self-appraisal would be mitigated by the fact that, after all, someone thought I could do this. They cast me in their films. In spite of this behavioral reassurance, I never did get to the point where I could watch myself on the big screen without cringing. It always seemed like I had been lashed to my seat, forced to listen to fingernails being scraped on a blackboard for two hours. It was a relief to go home and return to a life where I didn't have to face the disenchantment of what happens when fantasies are confronted by the harshest of realities. In all those childhood dreams of being up on that big screen, it didn't occur to me that my big chance wouldn't have a happy ending.





TRU NAKED COLLECTION

by Savannah Kater

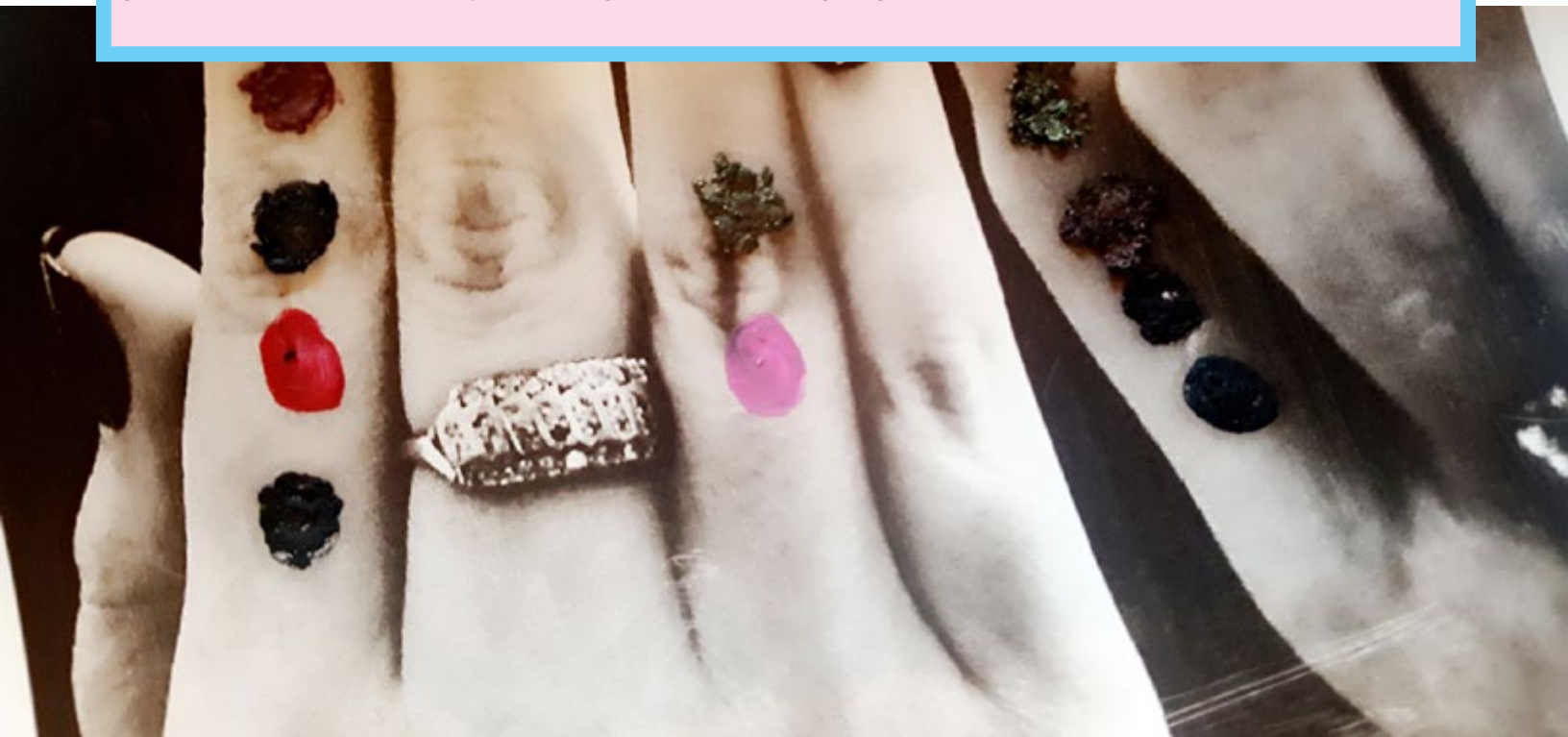
Makeup highlights selected features and minimizes others. It represents beauty and confidence for some wearers, but vulnerability and insecurity to others. There's a wide range of products in a number of shades that are able to conceal and/or reveal, depending on the user's needs.

Savannah Kater has employed all of these ideas in Tru Naked, her recent series of photographs. In each portrait she asked the sitter to respond to the question, "what are you most afraid of?" She recorded their response and then translated it into Covergirl swatches, effectively creating an entire language from makeup she had in her purse.



"PHOBIA, FREE FLOATING FEARS."
- T. H. 02/18

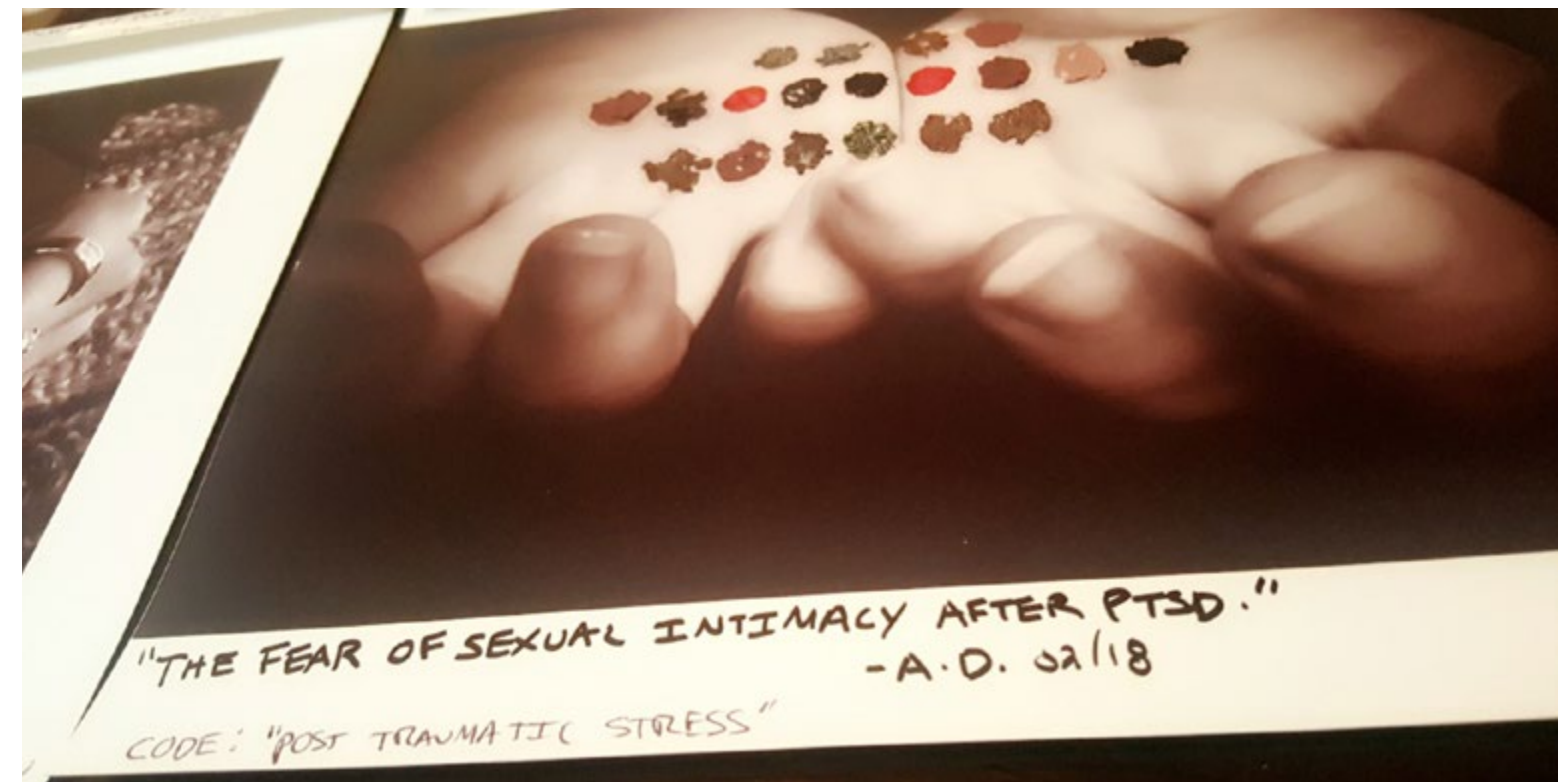
CODE: "FEAR OF FEAR"





"I FEAR GRIEF."
- L.K. 02/18

CODE:
"SOUND OF AMBULANCES"



"THE FEAR OF SEXUAL INTIMACY AFTER PTSD."
- A.D. 02/18

CODE: "POST TRAUMATIC STRESS"



"TRUNAKED" COLLECTION - COVER GIRL FEB

- A - COVER GIRL LIPSTICK - 316 - SEDUCE SCARLET
- B - COVER GIRL LIPSTICK - 345 - ENCHANTRESS
- C - COVER GIRL JEWELS EYESHADOW - 1
- D - COVER GIRL JEWELS EYESHADOW - 2
- E - COVER GIRL JEWELS EYESHADOW - 3
- F - COVER GIRL JEWELS EYESHADOW - 4
- G - COVER GIRL JEWELS EYESHADOW - 5
- H - COVER GIRL JEWELS EYESHADOW - 6
- I - COVER GIRL JEWELS EYESHADOW - 7
- J - COVER GIRL JEWELS EYESHADOW - 8
- K - COVER GIRL SMOKY EYESHADOW - 1
- L - COVER GIRL SMOKY EYESHADOW - 2
- M - COVER GIRL SMOKY EYESHADOW - 3
- N - COVER GIRL SMOKY EYESHADOW - 4
- O - COVER GIRL SMOKY EYESHADOW - 5
- P - COVER GIRL SMOKY EYESHADOW - 6
- Q - COVER GIRL ROSES EYESHADOW - 1
- R - COVER GIRL ROSES EYESHADOW - 2
- S - COVER GIRL ROSES EYESHADOW - 3
- T - COVER GIRL ROSES EYESHADOW - 4
- U - COVER GIRL NUDES EYESHADOW - 1
- V - COVER GIRL NUDES EYESHADOW - 2
- W - COVER GIRL NUDES EYESHADOW - 3
- X - COVER GIRL NUDES EYESHADOW - 4
- COVER GIRL LIPSTICK - 355 - TANTALIZE
- COVER GIRL LIPSTICK 295 - SUCCULENT CHERRY



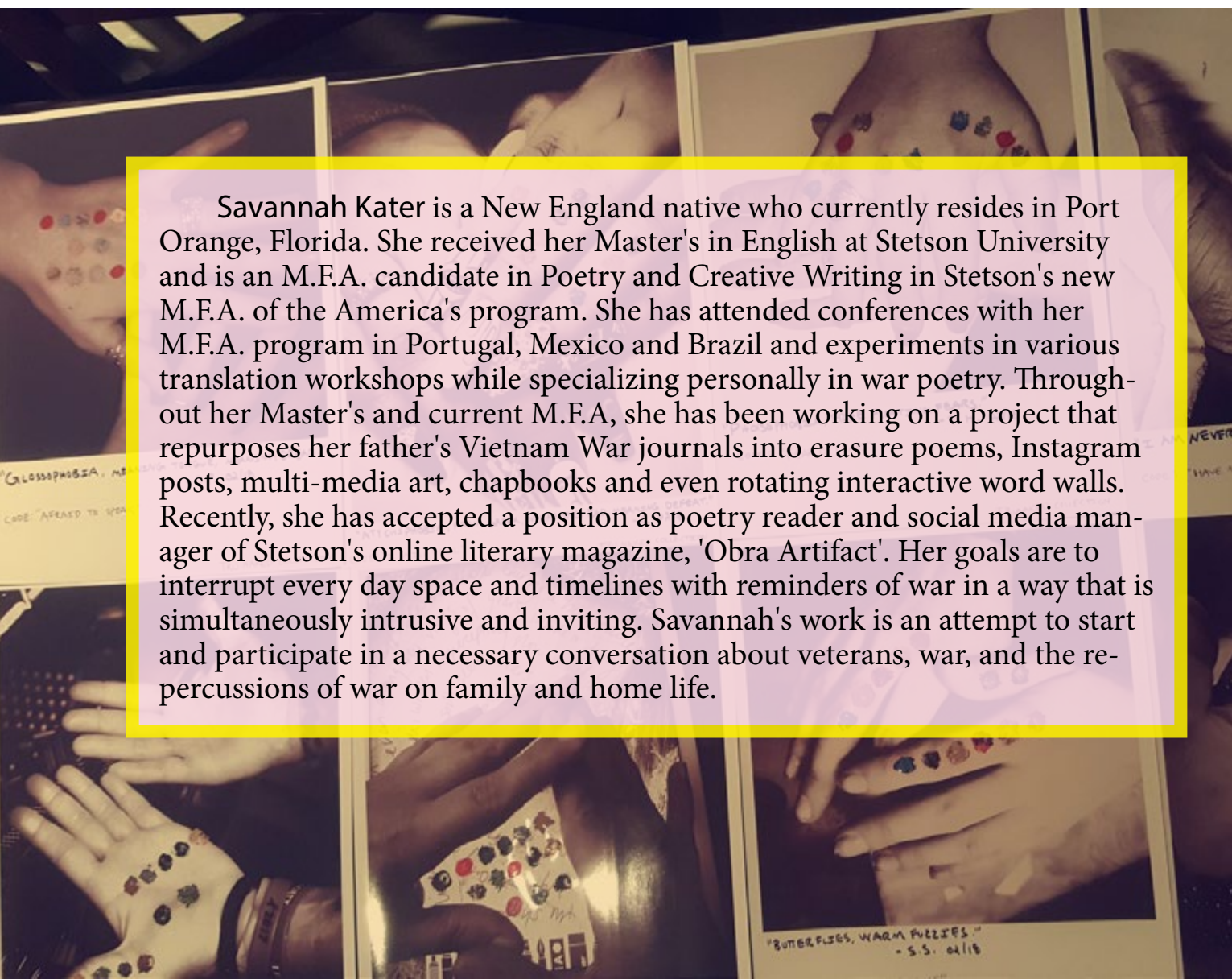
"I AM NEVER VULNERABLE."
- J.D. 02/18

CODE: "HAVE NO FEAR"



"I RESERVE MY DIRTY HANDS FOR MY OWN HEART."
- J.B. 02/18

CODE: "THEY GET EVERYTHING"



Savannah Kater is a New England native who currently resides in Port Orange, Florida. She received her Master's in English at Stetson University and is an M.F.A. candidate in Poetry and Creative Writing in Stetson's new M.F.A. of the America's program. She has attended conferences with her M.F.A. program in Portugal, Mexico and Brazil and experiments in various translation workshops while specializing personally in war poetry. Throughout her Master's and current M.F.A, she has been working on a project that repurposes her father's Vietnam War journals into erasure poems, Instagram posts, multi-media art, chapbooks and even rotating interactive word walls. Recently, she has accepted a position as poetry reader and social media manager of Stetson's online literary magazine, 'Obra Artifact'. Her goals are to interrupt every day space and timelines with reminders of war in a way that is simultaneously intrusive and inviting. Savannah's work is an attempt to start and participate in a necessary conversation about veterans, war, and the repercussions of war on family and home life.

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