

The background features large, out-of-focus shapes in shades of green and blue, resembling stylized leaves or petals, set against a light cream-colored background.

*port city  
review*

ISSUE

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*review*



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The typefaces used in this edition of the journal are Swear Display, Degular, and Degular Display.

This edition was managed and designed by Charlotte Beck with the use of Adobe Illustrator CC, Adobe InDesign CC, and Adobe Photoshop CC.



## OUR *mission*

We exist to provide students a forum to share their very best works. Curated by students, the journal seeks to be intimate, exploring art from every angle.





**Wistful**  
Ashton Melton  
Photography  
BFA Photography 2024  
Leawood, Kansas

**Red Nose Day**  
Xinxun Liao  
Motion Media  
MFA Motion Media Design 2023  
Guangdong, China







**The Lovers**

Ellis Fox  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2025  
Mount Pleasant, South Carolina

**Ghost City**

Kodian  
Ceramics  
BFA Jewelry 2025  
Bluffton, South Carolina

**Joe Hisaishi**

Nino Cao  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2022  
Jinzhou, Liaoning Province, China





# JOY THEORY

Adelina Rose Gowans  
Poetry  
BFA Writing 2025  
Swansea, South Carolina

here is a good equation: all bowls of soup  
     multiplied by I BRAKE FOR WILDFLOWERS  
 bumper stickers plus the miracle of scabs  
     and scars and healing equal a probably kind  
 planet. a haunted planet, but livable, and worth  
     protecting and loving. let's talk about love.  
 my favorite planet of all. i love those old, line-heavy  
     drawings where wind is a stumbly smoke puff  
 emerging from some cloud god's chapped lips:  
     a 2-cent deity with yawning eyes and a vast,  
 unknowable body. standing on my front porch,  
     summer storm sleepyheading toward us,  
 i feel the wind spur the magnolia trees, rustle  
     cotton. a wonder: how anything so tired can  
 move. as a teenager, my father raced sailboats  
     with his brothers. they memorized every synonym,  
 every translation of *capsize*. still, they celebrated  
     how the wind choired, cupped them together.  
 made them small as my matching finger scars.  
     hope: their cathedral. something to brake for.  
 on the front porch, the wind caws through  
     the treeline—shakes my skirt, tells me *storm's*  
*coming*. it's true: i've seen the sky eat itself, but that's  
     yesterday's news, tomorrow's worry. today is for  
 soft words and ballast. today is for knowable kind.

**The Cosmos**  
Hannah Jaumot  
Mixed Media  
BFA Fibers 2023  
St. Augustine, Florida



The Wizard of OZ Book Cover Designs  
Taya Person  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2023  
Brainerd, Minnesota

Chicken Dude  
Kit Joseph  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2024  
San Juan, Trinidad and Tobago







**Outside Art's Cafe**  
 Caroline Gendron  
 Illustration  
 BFA Illustration 2024  
 St. Charles, Illinois

**Beer Can Label Design for 3 Car Garage Brewery**  
 Melanie Brustad  
 Graphic Design  
 BFA Illustration 2023  
 Bradenton, Florida

**The Ocean Calls**  
 Yeong yuh Lin  
 Illustration  
 BFA Illustration 2025  
 Taipei, Taiwan



**Day with the Cousins**  
Bella Kimmel  
Painting  
BFA Painting 2023  
London, England

**Reusable Bottles**  
Anushua Sinha  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2023  
Savannah, Georgia





**1 REUSABLE**  
Bottle can save about  
**156** PLASTIC Bottles  
a year

patagonia

The advertisement features a central character of a blue water bottle with a black cap, a red cape, and a recycling symbol on its front. The bottle character has large, expressive eyes and a determined expression, with its right arm raised in a fist. The background is a vibrant, colorful illustration of various flowers and foliage in shades of orange, yellow, and green, set against a backdrop of blue and white swirling patterns. The text is prominently displayed in the upper left quadrant, with '1 REUSABLE' in large green letters, 'Bottle can save about' in smaller grey letters, '156' in large blue letters, and 'PLASTIC Bottles a year' in smaller grey letters. The Patagonia logo is located in the bottom right corner of the illustration.



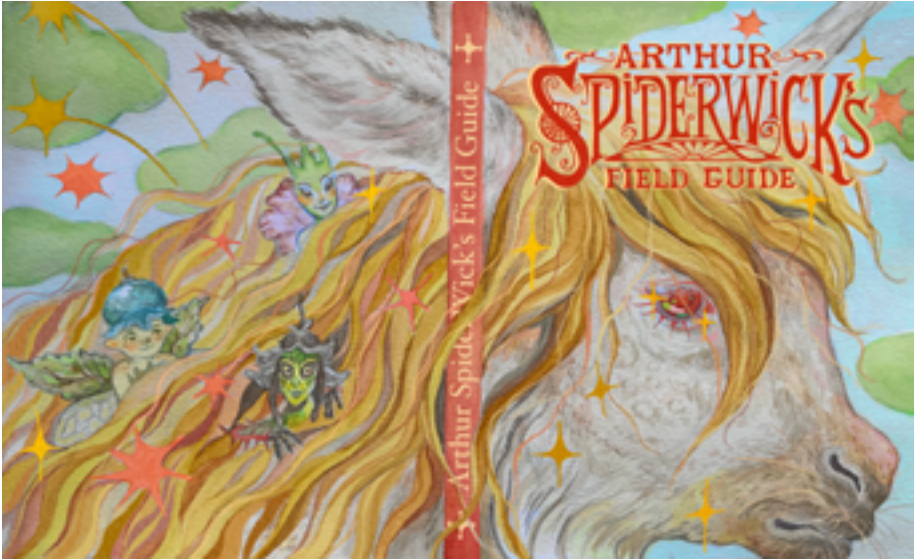


**Flocks Trifecta**

Jamie Niles  
Painting  
BFA Painting 2023  
Winchendon, Massachusetts

**Chameleon House Sneaker**

Elizabeth O'Connor  
Sneaker Design  
BFA Accessory Design 2024  
Kansas City, Missouri



Arthur Spiderwick's Field Guide Book Cover  
Ellis Fox  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2025  
Mount Pleasant, South Carolina

Meow-y Christmas  
Lindley Wiesner  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2024  
Lake Forest, Illinois

Year of the Tiger  
Kaylee Ruiz  
Illustration  
BFA Animation 2024  
Allentown, Pennsylvania







# MIMI'S INTERLUDE

Grant Davis  
Poetry  
BFA Advertising and Branding 2024  
Nashville, Tennessee

i remember in my mimi's sunroom:  
mornings in lewisburg,  
white wicker basket-threaded chairs,  
a family of deer staring at us  
and us peering at them.  
i don't remember the smell in particular  
other than it smelled like her  
and what i can imagine would be  
coffee in the morning, of course  
the kitchen was just steps away.  
every time we would visit  
she'd greet us at the back with  
dreamsicle ice cream pops  
and a trip to the movie store.  
we'd wear out the same vhs films  
like we had never seen inspector gadget before.  
and in the morning:  
cinnamon toast,  
dew on the grass,  
the sun tugging at daylight  
and fawns staring at their mother.  
i look back to see my mimi  
holding her coffee, smiling.  
i'm perched in her chair  
with gleaming admiration.  
a visual conversation  
of gentleness  
only a grandmother and grandchild  
can foster.

**In The Mountains**  
Caroline Edge  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2023  
Kansas City, Kansas





**Body Dysmorphia**

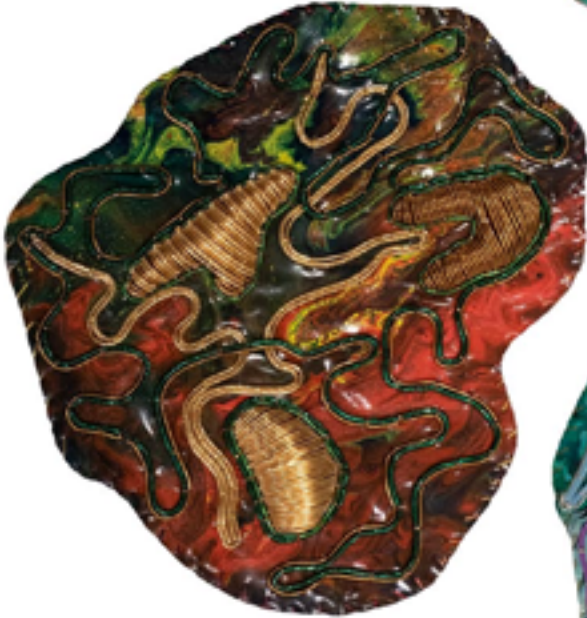
Aaron Williams  
Photography  
BFA Motion Media Design 2024  
New York City, New York

**Show Package Rebrand: Maddie's Do You Know?**

Weiqlan Han and Yuwei Liu  
Motion Media  
MFA Motion Media Design 2023  
Wuhan, HuBei, China



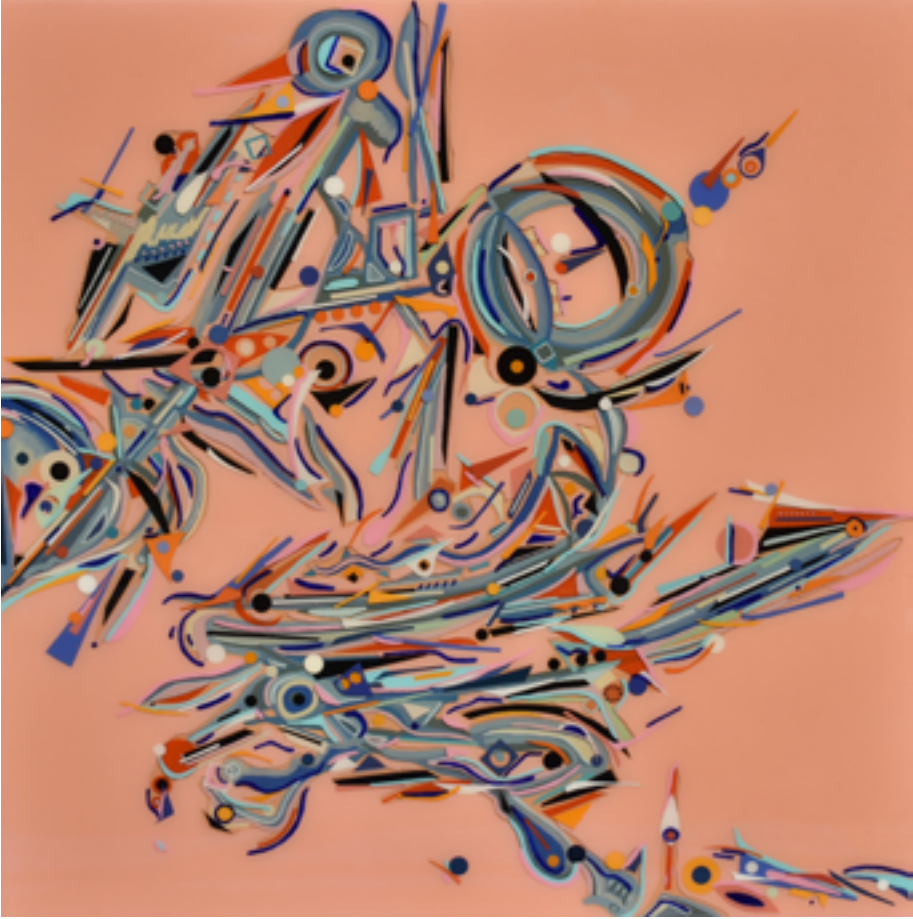




**Extraterrestrial**  
Hannah Jaumot  
Mixed Media  
BFA Fibers 2023  
St. Augustine, Florida

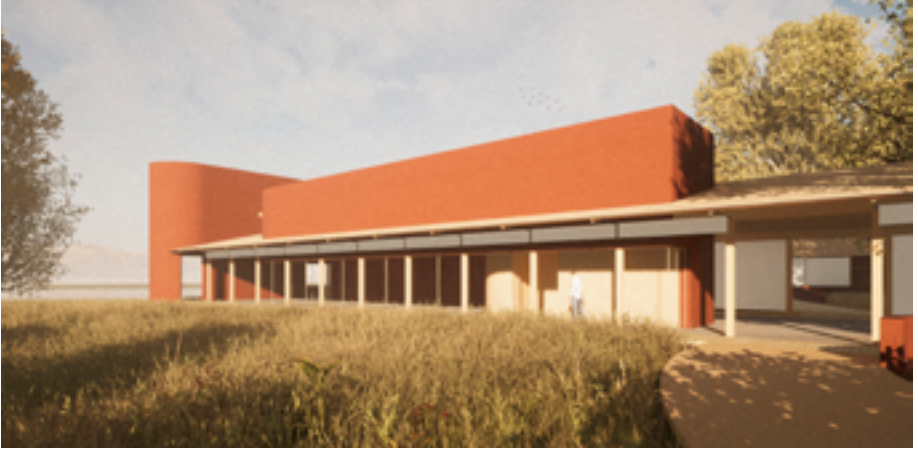
**Selfhood**  
Julia Roland  
Painting  
BFA Painting 2024  
Savannah, Georgia





**Peach State**  
Jamie Niles  
Painting  
BFA Painting 2023  
Winchendon, Massachusetts

**The People's Orchestra**  
Avery Seip  
Architecture  
MArch Architecture 2025  
Washington, D.C.







**Personless Portrait**  
Yinxuan Duan  
Photography  
MFA Graphic Design 2024  
Heilongjiang Province, China







**Momotaro**  
Yuntong Lei  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2023  
Changchun, China

**Welcome New Bees**  
Yining Li  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration & MA Motion Media Design 2023  
Handan, Hebei, China



#HowDoYouDunk

Lici Beltran

Advertising

BFA Social Strategy and Management 2024

Appleton, Wisconsin

The Teapot Peacock and the Tree Turtle: The Curiosity, The Climb, The Bond

Caroline Edge

Illustration

MFA Illustration 2023

Kansas City, Kansas





# COMO BAILAS CON LA CARIBEÑA

Natalia Pereira Rodríguez  
Poetry  
BFA Writing 2023  
Guayama, Puerto Rico

I gave you all the Salsa in me  
Así caribeña que soy  
I swung these hips as  
sweetly as Puertorriqueñas do

You should've kept it  
at *Brujería* or *Tú Con Él*  
and at la distancia  
between us  
but you went on  
to ask for Merengue

Así como si fuéramos  
dominicanos, bebé  
Mucho más pegaditos,  
chest to chest  
for *Mi Mujer Me Gobierna* then  
perfectly stepping to  
*Suavemente* en semi-círculos  
y vueltitas

¿Para que pedí otro baile?  
Only el Rey de la Bachata  
was left  
Romeo Santos would call me an  
impostora when we danced to  
*Imitadora* with my arm  
around your neck

Y tu  
cuerpo dirigiendo un  
abrazo sensual  
that let our foreheads  
rest, saying  
*Eres Mía*  
mejor de lo que el  
lo cantaría

**My Own Company**  
Abigail Wornock  
Photography  
BFA Photography 2025  
Searcy, Arkansas







**Hard Copy Invite**  
Faith McCurdy  
Graphic Design  
BFA Graphic Design 2023  
Denver, Colorado

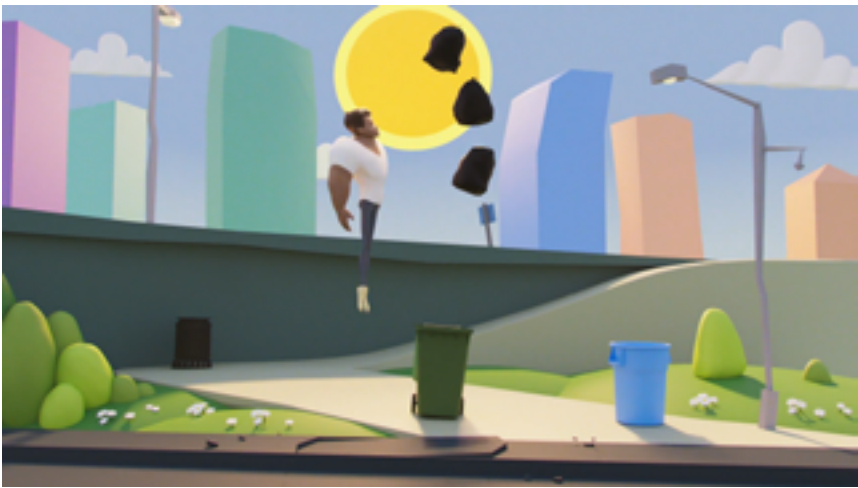


**Amish Delight**  
Dylan Gutierrez  
Photography  
BFA Graphic Design 2023  
Austin, Texas

**Paperboat Drinks**  
Anushua Sinha  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2023  
Mumbai, India









**Introducing the TrashMan!**  
Chandrabhas Tanguturi  
Animation  
MA Animation 2022  
Hyderabad, Telangana, India

**Foiled**  
Maris O'Brien  
Painting  
BFA Painting 2025  
Smithtown, New York



**Rock n' Roll**

Kaylyn Inda  
Illustration  
BFA Painting 2026  
Bay City, Michigan

**Head In The Clouds - Event Promo**

Isabelle K Winarto  
Motion Media  
BFA Motion Media Design 2024  
Jakarta, Indonesia



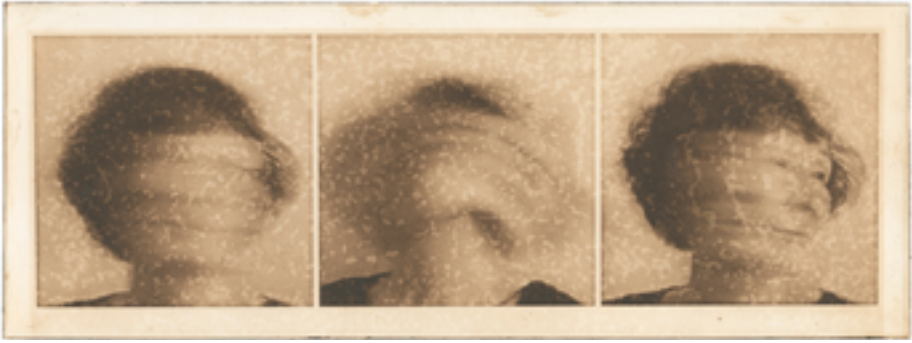


**To Terra Collection**  
Isabella K Donohue  
Jewelry  
BFA Jewelry 2024  
Las Vegas, Nevada

**Twelfth Night**  
Sarah Sokol  
Illustration  
BFA Sequential Arts 2023  
Springfield, Pennsylvania

**Premeditated**  
Mada Jones  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2023  
Hoschton, Georgia





# MY OLD HOUSE

Madeline Marks  
Poetry  
BFA Writing 2024  
Wallingford, Pennsylvania

My old house is a cool stone mansion, and in its halls I hang like cobwebs. Winter is dry. My chimney smoke is thin and I prod the flames with my hands.

The pages of my library books are yellow and frayed. Moss spreads in my fountain, fades like an old tattoo. Skinny trees wear lichen like lace gloves.

A ghost cat plods its cold paws on marble. It slips into wallpaper when I look away, into chalices and cherubs and olive branches.

One day, I noticed the portraits in the hall are me: a child, small smile. Paint torn across my round cheeks like stretch marks. How weird, I think. How odd.

Dust collects everywhere but their frames. Bright gold and thick. When I climb into bed it grips me like ivy. A cat howl rings but my eyes have sunk. The fire fails; I sleep.

**Inner Madness**  
Jee Su Kim  
Printmaking  
BFA Photography 2023  
Songdo-dong, Incheon, South Korea

**Patchwork**  
Kodian  
Jewelry  
BFA Jewelry 2025  
Bluffton, South Carolina







**To My Future Sweetheart No. 1**  
Savannah Young  
Painting  
BFA Painting 2024  
San Clemente, California

**The Harbor Master**  
Melanie Brustad  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2023  
Bradenton, Florida

**Little Big Fish**  
Maris O'Brien  
Painting  
BFA Painting 2025  
Smithtown, New York







**The Celestial Archivist**  
Aarushi Menon  
Graphic Design  
BFA Graphic Design 2023  
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia

**No Man's Sky**  
Gab K De Jesus  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2023  
Manila, Philippines



**Architecture Footwear Collection**  
Lu Pan  
Accessory Design  
MA Accessory Design 2022  
Shenyang, China

**Ciao!**  
Yuntong Lei  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2023  
Changchun, China





**Dream of the Red Chamber**  
Xinying Wang  
Illustration  
MA Illustration 2024  
Shenyang, Liaoning Province, China

**Hong Kong 2019**  
Jee Su Kim  
Printmaking  
BFA Photography 2023  
Songdo-dong, Incheon, South Korea





Hong Kong 2019

204



**A Friendly Encounter**

Holly Nephew  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2024  
Duluth, Georgia

**Meraki**

Danielle Krietemeyer  
Interior Design  
BFA Interior Design 2023  
Orlando, Florida





# DAYDREAM

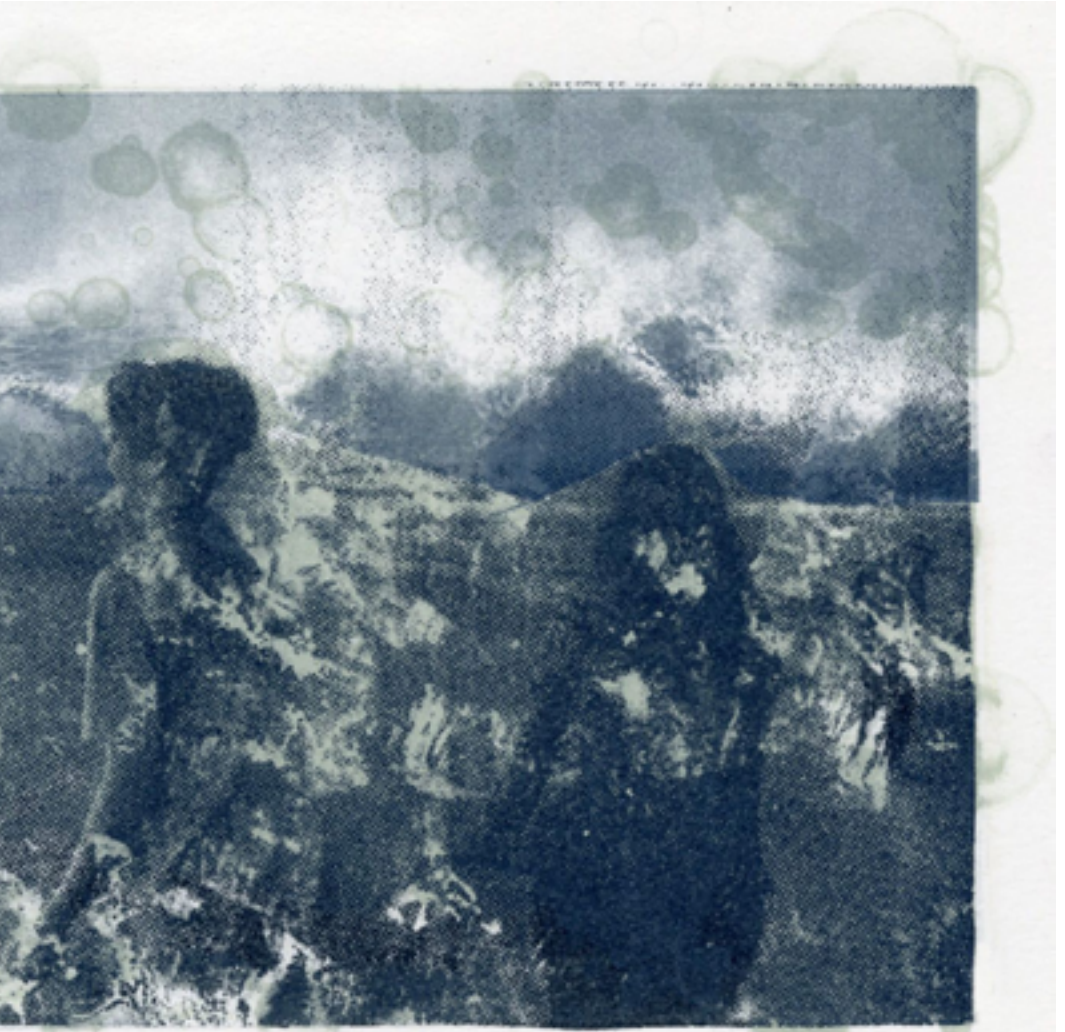
Kaylee Ruiz  
Poetry  
BFA Animation 2024  
Allentown, Pennsylvania

My dream doesn't come at night, only when I sit on the bus and watch moss cling to the trees. Feeling so cold, it comes when my hands are so empty that everything I touch slips through, when I let hunger whisper in me. So there's this dream and it comes when I peel oranges for myself, with love, but it always tastes sweeter peeled by other hands. So I want you in my home but I am too afraid to open the door, knowing I can't triple lock it behind us and force you to stay. How do you say hello when you are practicing your goodbyes? How do you let someone walk into the kitchen and out again?

In my dream I wash dishes in our kitchen and someone has found a home in me, and the breath I have been holding for years softens in my chest. I dream over and over, I cook us soup, I cut the potatoes small because I care about you, I fall in love with the rhythm of this small knife and with feeding us. I cook with extra garlic because you're like me and we promised to live deliciously. I wash your hair and you wash mine, and you take your strength off like armor and leave it outside. When I give up on dreams I still think of this faintly—persistent, buried in my chest—how brave it is to want anything at all.



**It Comes In Waves**  
Delaney Dumm  
Printmaking  
BFA Photography 2023  
Oviedo, Florida



" IF COMES IN WAVES "

D.DUMM





Fast Delivery  
 Susie Lu  
 Illustration  
 MFA Illustration 2023  
 Handan, China

La Provincia  
 Faith McCurdy  
 Graphic Design  
 BFA Graphic Design 2023  
 Denver, Colorado





**Getaway Car - Lyric Video**

Isabelle K Winarto  
Motion Media  
BFA Motion Media Design 2024  
Jakarta, Indonesia

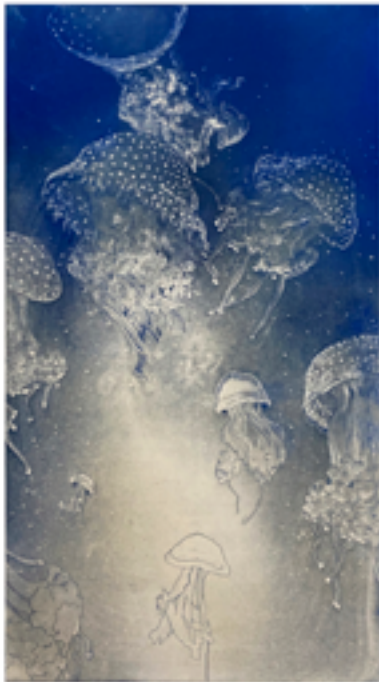
**Morning Tea**

Sienna Walker  
Illustration  
BFA Sequential Art 2026  
Katy, Texas



**Seven Sister Hills**  
Yunqi Xiao  
Photography  
MFA Advertising 2024  
China





**Jellyfish**

Nino Cao  
Printmaking  
MFA Illustration 2022  
Jinzhou, Liaoning Province, China

**Girl Surf**

Madisyn Welborn  
Photography  
BFA Photography 2024  
Denton, Texas

**Cocoon-break**

Yuki Meyz  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2024  
Nagoya, Japan







**Ocean**  
Cole Pu  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2023  
Su Zhou, China

**La Belleza del Valle**  
Emily Peca  
Painting  
BFA Painting 2025  
Buffalo, New York



# SOME COWBOY

Sevyn Michaela-Rose Waters  
Nonfiction  
BFA Writing 2023  
Atlanta, Georgia

## 1.

I saw my first cowboy when I was eight years old. Reaching my head out of the passenger seat window as Aunt Heather idled the car to a stop, I breathed in the wet, earthy air—a smell I was unfamiliar with. A tan, sloping hat shaded the cowboy's face from the sun. He stood in the center of a circular paddock guiding a horse with a lead into a radial trot. His hand was steady. The breeze blew through his plaid button up only to move to the flourishing trees and quarter horses that dappled the hilly pastures beyond. His oily face was tense and lightly streaked with dust kicked up by the horse's hooves. He made a clicking sound with his mouth, not noticing us.

"That's Papa Larry," said Aunt Heather. "Your grandfather!"

The horse whinnied. I realized this man was no longer a stranger, but a collage of my dad's memories. Papa Larry. A clenched jaw, strong arms holding a

set of twin baby boys, the same arms throwing one of them against a wall a few years later, then a door slammed, and a returned wedding invitation marked, "No."

I wanted to go back to when he was just some cowboy.

## 2.

Indiana country is beautiful in the summer. Trees curl over the greenery, shading the horses who spend their days avoiding the blazing sun. Farmers set out bales of hay and the carnival is the closest thing to a city. At night, screen doors creak and children catch fireflies. I remember the smell of burning wood and cut grass. The sound of gravel beneath truck tires, the feeling of dirt between my toes. It was the second time I had come to Papa Larry's, and my dad's first.

We walked along the stables that day, before Mamaw's funeral. My brother

Untitled  
Katelyn Myrick  
Photography  
BFA Photography 2024  
Pompano Beach, Florida



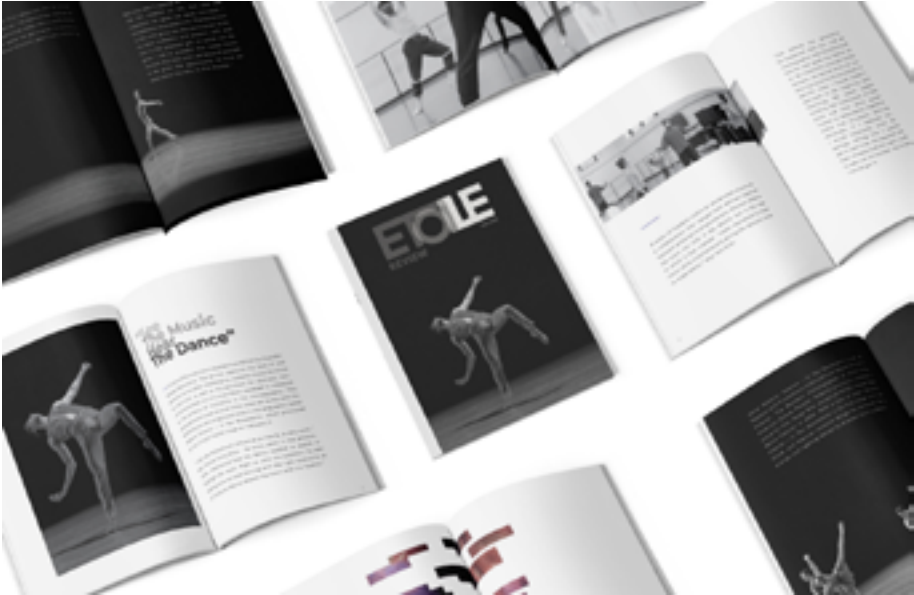
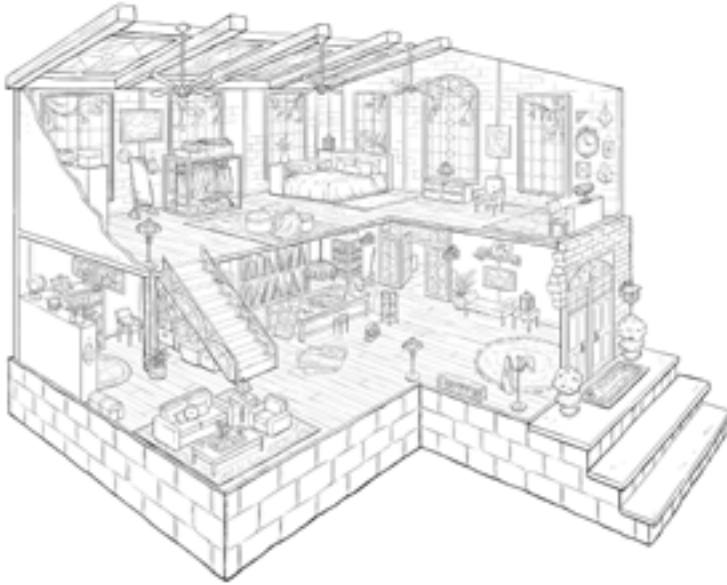


and I fed apples to the horses who curiously leaned their heads over the stall doors, my dad and Papa Larry a few paces ahead. We liked the horses, the way their big yellow teeth crunched into the grainy texture. Papa Larry asked my dad so many questions. How is Lindsay? Where will you travel next? You coached on the same court as Roger Federer? How is your brother? Are these two kids of yours playing tennis, too? All code for: what have I missed?

After two days, Indiana was far behind us. My dad sat in the passenger seat while Aunt Heather drove, the kids in the back. Trees passed us in a blur, the winding interstate seeming to unfold forever. Beads of sweat, so slowly, collected on my dad's temple. His jaw clenched and unclenched. He looked out the window, fidgeted with his iPhone. Then his body rolled in waves until the first sob escaped.

"I don't know," he said, hands over his face. "I don't know."

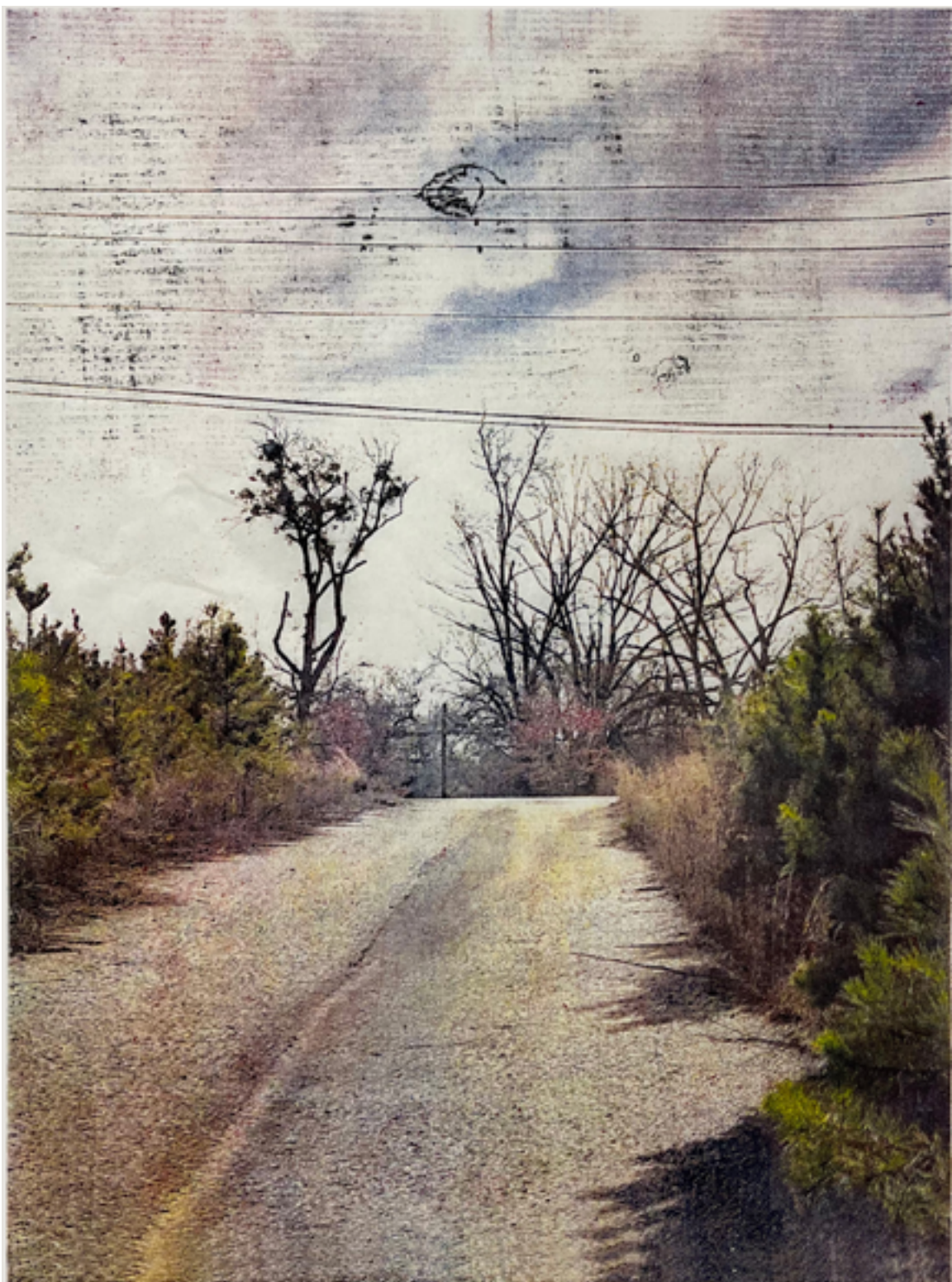




**Stained Glass Enthusiast**  
Caroline Gendron  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2024  
St. Charles, Illinois

**Etoile**  
Grace Marcy  
Graphic Design  
BFA Graphic Design 2023  
Bloomington, Illinois

**March 18**  
Mada Jones  
Printmaking  
BFA Illustration 2023  
Hoschton, Georgia





**The Feeling**

Abby O'Malley  
Illustration  
BFA Animation 2024  
Cedar Grove, New Jersey

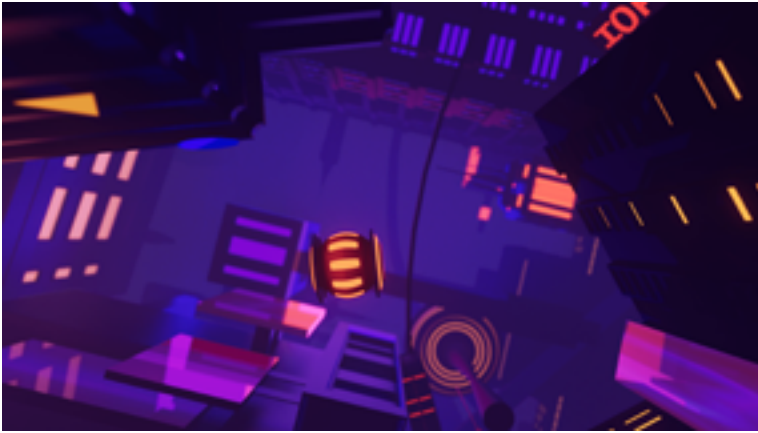
**Isdang Dilat**

Jacob Herrera Wachal  
Photography  
MFA Photography 2023  
Lexington, Kentucky

**Finals Week**

Jay Galdos  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2024  
Pompano Beach, Florida





**Beyond**

Harshitha Suresh  
Motion Media  
MA Motion Media Design 2023  
Chennai, Tamil Nadu, India

**Change is the Only Constant**

Shikha Gupta  
Accessory Design  
MA Accessory Design 2023  
New Delhi, India

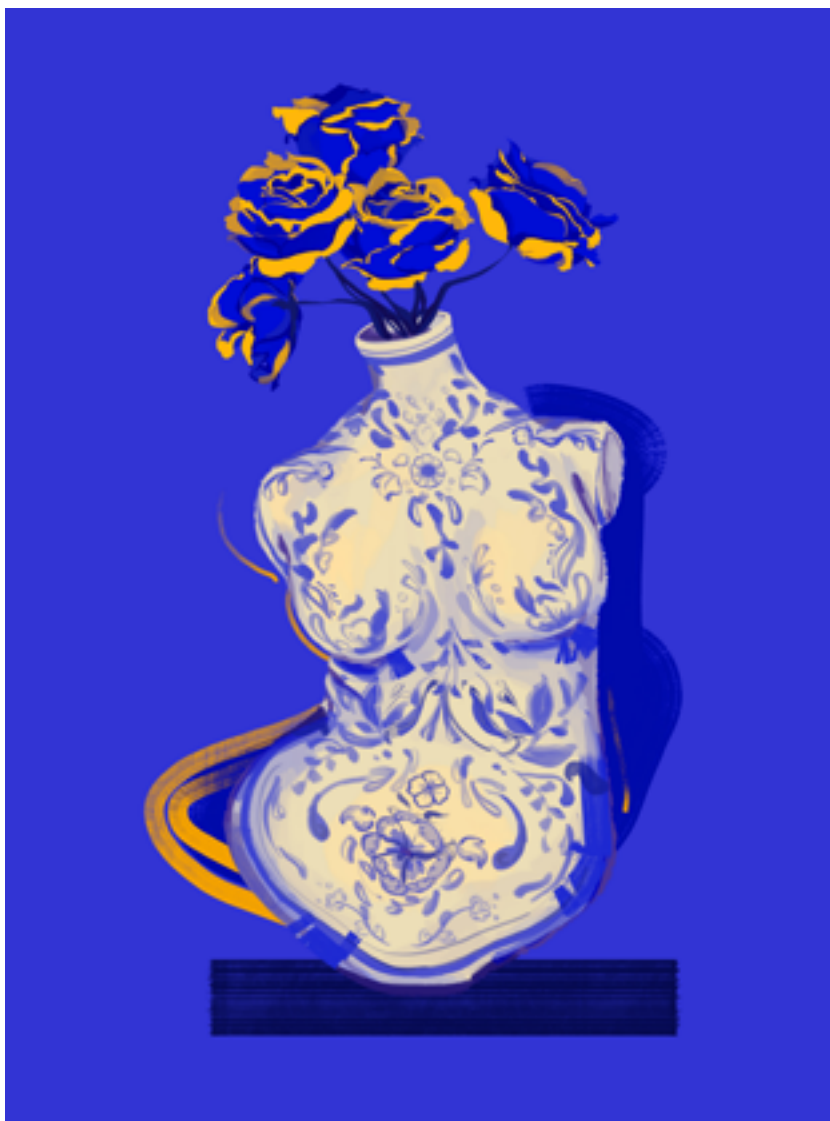
**Cold Shoulder**

Maggie Wollard  
Painting  
BFA Graphic Design 2023  
Niceville, Florida







**WE MATTER**

Michael Riley  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2023  
Atlanta, Georgia

**Yellow and Blue**

Angel Frazier  
Illustration  
BFA Animation 2025  
Overland Park, Kansas





# SETTLING IN

Madeline Marks  
Poetry  
BFA Writing 2024  
Wallingford, Pennsylvania

You smell like love, sleep like love, old  
love that ghosts away and back, dies  
or doesn't like camellias in Savannah  
February. It's old dull rain love in the  
sloshing gutters or painted on my  
windshield. It's a block away from you  
and your angel hair pasta, full belly first  
floor sleep next to humming AC while  
my car was rifled through and I had  
no idea. It smells like crumbly moss and beer  
between bricks and looks flat and magic  
like the buildings on the river, like it's out  
of a book. It flies like white birds  
across bog against city lights that turn  
purple when we press out backs into  
sand... like it will swallow us, bring us  
down and down. Oh. It feels like earth  
wrapped around my thighs and wrists.  
And it's beautiful—what a warm  
Halloween it will be in such sunny  
dirt, with the paper mill fuming off the  
city's edge and your love mid-air like sunset  
blackbirds diving off the boarded church.

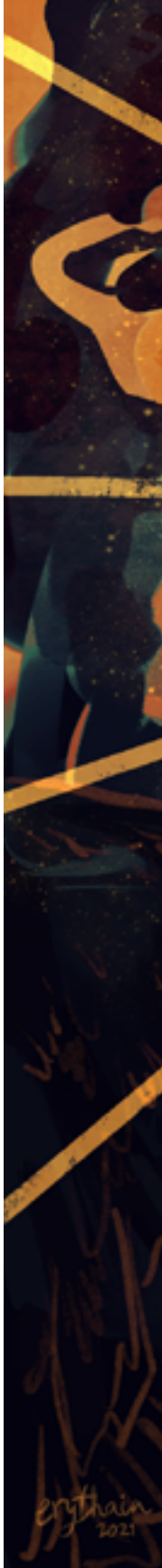
**Savannah Through the Lens**  
Joshua Archer  
Fibers  
BFA Fibers 2025  
Hartland, Michigan





**Noj Em Khong Tin Music Video**  
Nghị Phạm  
Film  
BFA Film and Television 2025  
Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam

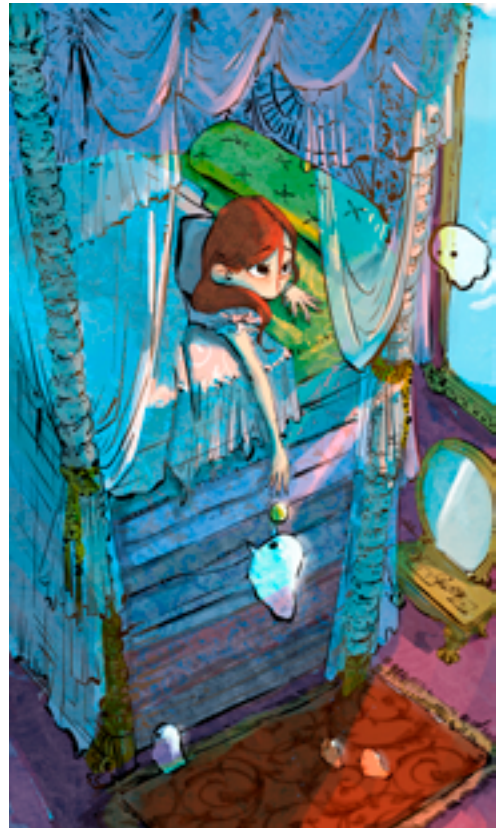
**I Think I Made the Cat Too Big**  
Hanna Cohen  
Painting  
BFA Illustration 2024  
Miami, Florida



**System Error**  
Faith McCurdy  
Graphic Design  
BFA Graphic Design 2023  
Denver, Colorado

**MADE IN GLORY**  
Anna Rohde  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2024  
Statesville, North Carolina

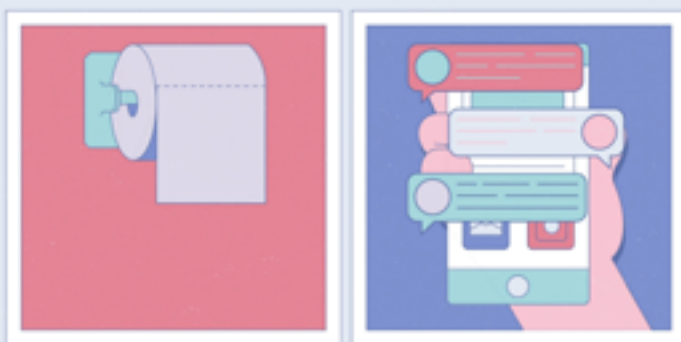




**Princess on the Pea**  
Yuntong Lei  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2023  
Changchun, China

**Fix**  
Weiqian Han  
Motion Media  
MFA Motion Media Design 2023  
Wuhan, Hubei, China







**ryan and kazimir**  
Sage Look  
Photography  
BFA Photography 2023  
South Elgin, Illinois

**Falling**  
Nino Cao  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2022  
Jinzhou, Liaoning Province, China





# WEATHERVANE

Sevyn Michaela-Rose Waters  
Poetry  
BFA Writing 2023  
Atlanta, Georgia

There's a boy and girl  
playing bezique in the library  
where I read Wuthering Heights  
or rather,  
strum the yellowing paper edges  
wishing you near.  
If you were,  
if I caught your eyes  
from across this wooden table,  
I'd apologize  
for the metal-plated skin  
that hid  
my delicate heart.  
The one that purples  
at your every misstep  
and bleeds,  
fearing neglect.

Don't say she's beautiful  
and don't close your eyes.  
You could pull the marrow

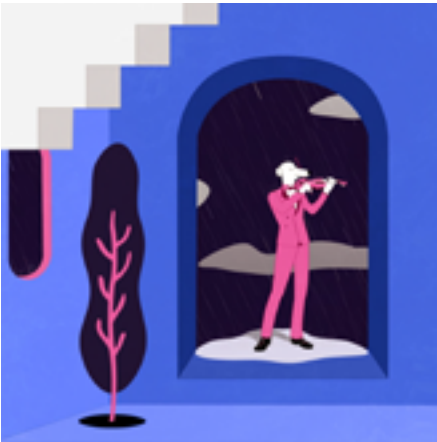
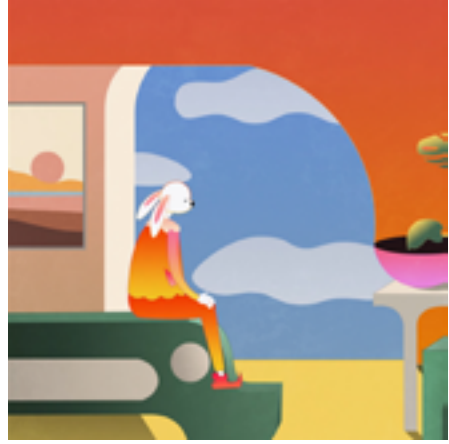
from your bones  
to save my life,  
but these are the words  
I will remember.  
The girl slams down a card.  
Wiping the fog from the glass,  
she peers into the storm outside.

I watch the way  
the boy watches her  
and my cheeks burn.  
If you were here,  
I wouldn't let you watch me like that.  
I'd hide my face  
between the pages of my book  
to disguise  
that I'm on the brink of bursting  
into rain.  
I'd apologize because  
you wanted a woman,  
not a weathervane.

Experiments with Fire  
Anelise Hurst  
Illustration  
BFA Painting 2025  
Denton, Texas







**Window**

Xinxun Liao  
Motion Media  
MFA Motion Media Design 2023  
Shenzhen, China

**Untitled**

Delaney Dumm  
Photography  
BFA Photography 2023  
Oviedo, Florida







TOMMYKNOCKERS



LIZARDMAN

Cryptid Oracle  
Jennelle Gallub  
Illustration  
MFA Sequential Art 2023  
Savannah, Georgia



**Strangled**

Pranav Nahata  
Photography  
MFA Photography 2022  
Kolkata, India

**Nesta**

Charles Gauthier  
Painting  
MFA Painting 2024  
Saint Louis, Missouri







**Wine Label Design**  
Aarohi Devasthale  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2023  
Mumbai, India

**Fish Oil**  
Megan Atwell  
Painting  
BFA Illustration 2024  
Coto de Caza, California



# LOS DE LEÓN

Natalia Pereira Rodríguez  
Fiction  
BFA Writing 2023  
Guayama, Puerto Rico

It can be intimate to be caught staring at one's reflection in a mirror. To be walked in on as one takes in their details with great attention. Diego does just that as he barges into Camila's well-kept bedroom. Rap pours from her speaker and now travels for her father and mother, Eleanor. Camila turns toward them, allowing the parents to fully grasp the formal yet masculine outfit hugging her short body. Diego directs his eyes to the dress hung on the closet door behind Camila. Then, aggressively scratches his beard and closes his eyes while audibly sighing.

"¡Camila de León, estamos tarde! Change right now. No daughter of mine is leaving this house dressed like a boy," says Diego, making Eleanor tense a little behind him.

Even with his few good inches above his daughter's height and an intense stare, Camila doesn't show any sign of intimidation. Instead, she steps toward him with arms crossed, wrinkling her perfectly ironed button-down. He matches her stance and glares at brown eyes so similar to his that it is like glaring at himself. It isn't just the eyes, though. Everything about Camila is like staring at his younger self. Even more so when Camila dresses in chinos and dress shoes.

"That sounds great! You guys say hi to the family from me," Camila responds, smirking.

Eleanor's eyes widen at her daughter's nonchalance, then shifts her eyes to her husband. He has raised an eyebrow

at Camila and opens his mouth to reply, but Eleanor grabs one of Camila's hands. The clicking of her heels is silent because of the music, but her voice isn't as it passes her perfectly painted lips.

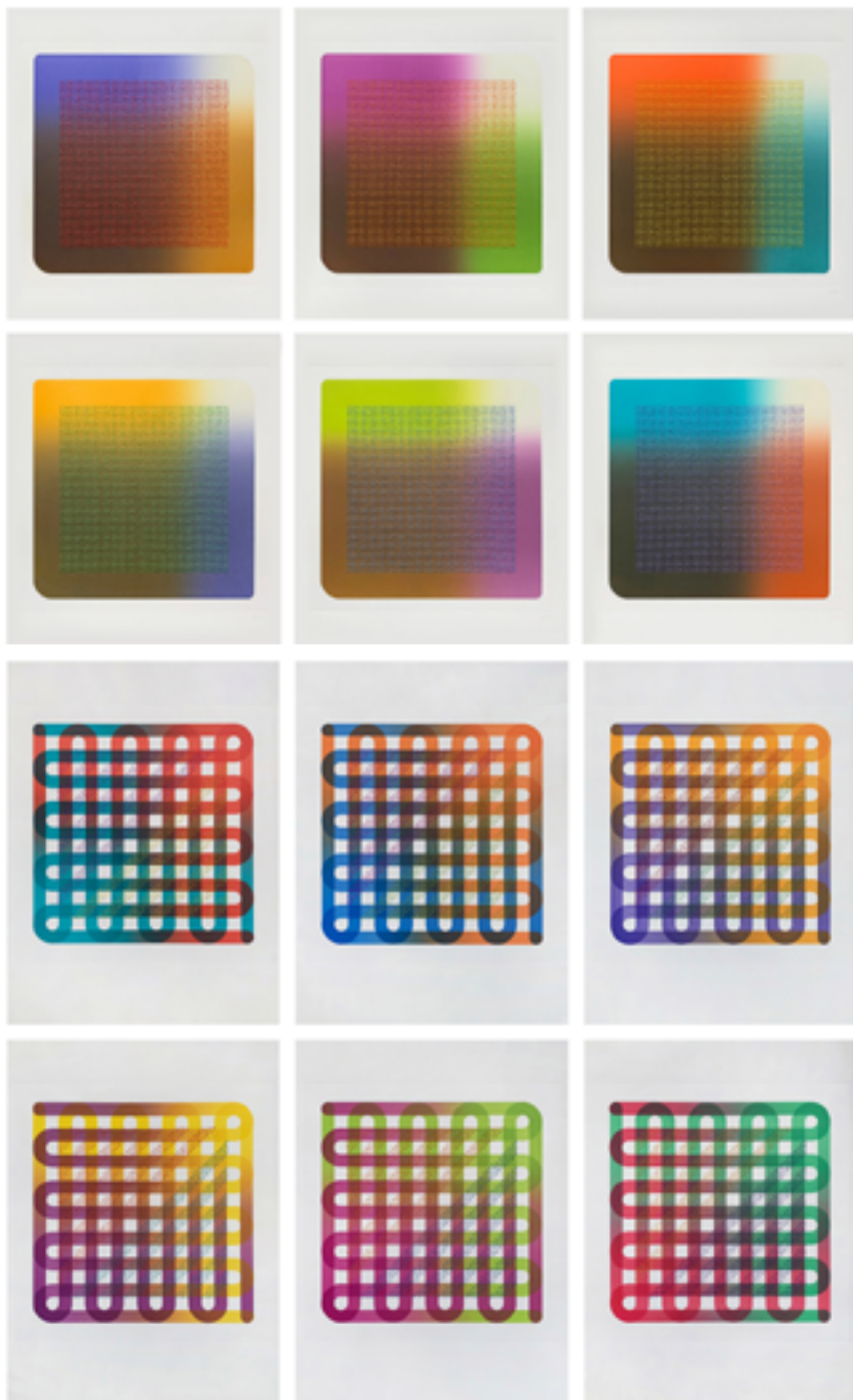
"Honey, please listen to your father," Eleanor says, caressing Camila's face with her other hand. The girl leans into the familiar touch. "For me, just this one time, put the dress on instead."

Camila scoffs and pulls away, slapped back to reality. "Mami, please don't make me wear that," she whispers.

Eleanor only looks down at her feet as Diego grabs her by the shoulders from behind, gently moving her away from Camila. He shakes his head with a noticeable eye roll, his wife by his side, then raises an arm. Eleanor quickly reacts by holding his arm with both hands before he can swing it down. The two lock eyes and breathe heavily before lowering their arms. Camila doesn't even flinch at the action.

"Mira Camila, no te recomiendo que juegues con mi paciencia. ¡Cámbiate! Now! And can you stop that stupid song?" Diego yelled. "No sé como más decirte esto. You're not a boy, you won't ever be a boy. Stop trying to give me a son when I had a daughter!"

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Gretchen Wagner  
Printmaking  
MFA Painting 2023  
Decatur, Georgia



Black Sky Spire - Excerpt  
Linqi Sun  
Sequential Art  
MFA Animation 2024  
Haikou, Hainan, China

Grace  
Delaney Dumm  
Photography  
BFA Photography 2023  
Oviedo, Florida









**Bio-Vessel**  
Amanda Bennett  
Fibers  
MFA Fibers 2023  
Charlotte, North Carolina

**Nia's Memory**  
Yuchan Yang  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2024  
Liaoyang, Liaoning, China



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Kaylyn Inda  
Painting  
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Michael Riley  
Painting  
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Atlanta, Georgia



**detcurtsnoced**

Dylan West  
Graphic Design  
BFA Graphic Design 2023  
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

**The Headless Horseman**

Benjamin Clarke  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2024  
Frederick, Maryland









# AS BODY

Madeline Marks  
Poetry  
BFA Writing 2024  
Wallingford, Pennsylvania

The girl is thin and quiet and wise. She learned to love you from her mother. They rocked on the embroidered chair and when snow fell she tucked her pants into her socks. She smelled her hair and kissed her eyebrow and whispered nothings like it was song.

The girl would fit her body, scalp to toes, in the porcelain walls of a moldy bathtub. Her hair would slide down her skin and tuck away in the drain. These days I carve away the urge to sit inside and press my fingers against the cracks, exhale dust and fill them with broth and honey, like my mother would.

My body is bigger and hurts like a woman. These days I wake with your eyes, hungry and reeling for flesh like it doesn't seek, like it doesn't yearn. The girl slips away and I grip her with breaking fingers and she screams off like a train and you hold my thigh with a thought and I know you love me as body.

What a small life lived in this bathtub, so small I bend my knees now. Mom leaves a glass of wine and a towel outside the door and taps her knuckles against the wood. My finger pads prune and water grows cool and low. When I sleep my body will be cold and naked and curled around itself like a seedling, rolled and drooping and breathing.

And it loves me as it were my mother.  
It loves me as I were a child.

Holes  
Wisdom  
Film  
BA Advertising and Branding 2023  
Stone Mountain, Georgia



**The King and the Slave**

Gab K De Jesus  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2023  
Manila, Philippines

**Little Hero**

Claire Chong  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2025  
Lorton, Virginia







**Fancy Bird**  
Bethany Montgomery  
Fibers  
BFA Fibers 2023  
Muscle Shoals, Alabama



**Natural Wonders of the World**  
Avery Helmer  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2025  
Raleigh, North Carolina





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Pranav Nahata  
Photography  
MFA Photography 2022  
Kolkata, India

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Madhuri Guntupalli  
Illustration  
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Jin Tao  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2023  
Zhoushan, Zhejiang, China





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Yinzhi Wang  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2023  
Shanghai, China

**The Glove**

Michael Riley  
Illustration  
BFA Illustration 2023  
Atlanta, Georgia







**Lonely Girl**  
Mingxuan Duan  
Photography  
MFA Graphic Design 2024  
Heilongjiang, China





# ON TRYING

Emma Pilger  
Nonfiction  
BFA Writing 2024  
Woodland Park, Colorado

At least you're trying. Those are the words that keep coming to you. *At least you're trying.* You meet deadlines and take walks. You go outside when you feel like you need to, and stay in when nothing else makes sense. So now, you're sitting in the park, sun spots covering your legs like the animal that you feel you are, reading the book that's been collecting a thin layer of dust on your desk for three months. There's a wedding to the right, and a proposal photoshoot to the left, and the park doesn't smell like grass or soil but like perfume from a department store and new shoes, and the breeze is blowing a little too hard, so hard in fact that your hair is no longer perfectly placed on your head, making you feel like an eyesore in the background of the happy couple's photos.

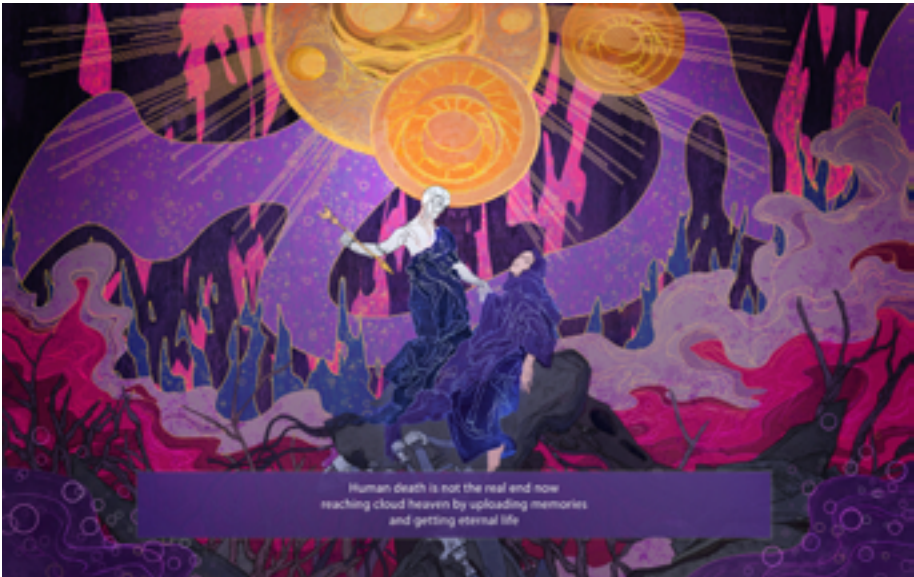
The part of trying that no one talks about is when you fail to see the results that are assumed to be produced when you start trying. But, you can appreciate that you have something to think about at the end of the day as you scrub all of the dead skin off of your face and use four creams and two serums to make up for the fact that you didn't keep up with your routine last month, but then you realize that you forgot to wear your sunscreen today, and then you're angry, really, really angry, and you decide that you won't brush your teeth because you did enough trying for the night and brushing your teeth would kill you.

Your callused toes are not looking up to par for the warm seasons, which perfectly matches your somewhat flat complexion and stubby fingernails. You always think that the warm weather will rid of the fat under your arms, or at least your disdain towards it. But it never does, which is probably for the better, since everyone on the internet seems to think that you should love yourself, or at least accept yourself, but then you remember that you don't *have* to do anything, and if you want to hate yourself, you can. You go to the beach despite being scared, knowing that you picked out the only swimsuit that flattered your clunky body but feel cute anyway, maybe because you're glad that you're trying.

Lying stomach-down on the sand, you re-read the back of your book over and over, avoiding actually opening it because you know that it's smarter than you. "A timely and elegant collection," a pompous, horrifyingly intelligent critic at *The New Yorker* states. You wonder if you'll ever be timely or elegant, or at least be able to use those words with power and poise, but thinking about your potential power and poise heightens your senses in all the wrong ways, and suddenly the sun is frying your skin and the wet air traps you, suffocating you, until your partner motions to you from the water, inviting you to let the waves support your body for a while, so you run to him, leaping and laughing and thinking to yourself, at least I'm trying.



**Too Much Love**  
Emily Peca  
Painting  
BFA Painting 2025  
Buffalo, New York





Artificial Intelligence  
Yiran Qin  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2024  
Hefei, Anhui, China



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Melanie Brustad  
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Sarasota, Florida

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Savannah Young  
Illustration  
BFA Painting 2024  
San Clemente, California









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Gabriela Poblete Abugattas  
Architecture  
MFA Interior Design 2024  
Mollendo, Islay, Arequipa, Peru

Why Bitcoin Is Bad for the Environment  
Jin Tao  
Illustration  
MFA Illustration 2022  
Zhoushan, Zhejiang, China



# artist INDEX

Archer, Joshua	80	Guntupalli, Madhuri	117
Atwell, Megan	99	Gupta, Shikha	77
Beltran, Lici	32	Gutierrez, Dylan	38
Bennett, Amanda	104	Han, Weiqian	23, 87
Brustad, Melanie	13, 49, 126	Helmer, Avery	115
Cao, Nino	7, 66, 89	Hurst, Anelise	91
Chong, Claire	113	Inda, Kaylyn	42, 106
Clarke, Benjamin	109	Jaumot, Hannah	8, 24
Cohen, Hanna	83	Jones, Mada	45, 73
Davis, Grant	21	Joseph, Kit	11
De Jesus, Gab K	51, 112	Kim, Jee Su	46, 55
Devasthale, Aarohi	98	Kimmel, Bella	14
Donohue, Isabella K	44	Kodian	6, 47
Duan, Mingxuan	120-121	Krietemeyer, Danielle	57
Duan, Yinxuan	28-29	Lei, Yuntong	30, 53, 86
Dumm, Delaney	59, 93, 103	Li, Yining	31
Edge, Caroline	20, 33	Liao, Xinxun	5, 92
Fox, Ellis	6, 18	Lin, Yeong yuh	13
Frazier, Angel	79	Liu, Yuwei	23
Galdos, Jay	75	Look, Sage	88
Gallub, Jennelle	94-95	Lu, Susie	60
Gauthier, Charles	97	Marcy, Grace	72
Gendron, Caroline	12, 72	Marks, Madeline	46, 81, 111
Gowans, Adelina Rose	9	McCurdy, Faith	36-37, 60-61, 84



Melton, Ashton	4	Seip, Avery	27
Menon, Aarushi	50	Sinha, Anushua	15, 39
Meyz, Yuki	67	Sokol, Sarah	45
Montgomery, Bethany	114	Sun, Linqi	102
Myrick, Katelyn	71	Suresh, Harshitha	76
Nahata, Pranav	96, 116	Tanguturi, Chandrahas	40
Nephew, Holly	56	Tao, Jin	117, 129
Niles, Jamie	16, 26	Wachal, Jacob Herrera	74
O'Brien, Maris	41, 49	Wagner, Gretchen	101
O'Connor, Elizabeth	17	Walker, Sienna	63
O'Malley, Abby	74	Wang, Xinying	54
Pan, Lu	52	Wang, Yinzhi	118
Peca, Emily	69, 123	Waters, Sevyn Michaela-Rose	70-71, 90
Pereira Rodríguez, Natalia	34, 100	Welborn, Madisyn	67
Person, Taya	10	West, Dylan	108
Pham, Nghi	82	Wiesner, Lindley	18
Pilger, Emma	122	Williams, Aaron	22
Poblete Abugattas, Gabriela	128	Winarto, Isabelle K	43, 62
Pu, Cole	68	Wisdom	110
Qin, Yiran	124-125	Wollard, Maggie	77
Riley, Michael	78, 107, 119	Wornock, Abigail	35
Rohde, Anna	85	Xiao, Yunqi	64-65
Roland, Julia	25	Yang, Yuchan	105
Ruiz, Kaylee	19, 58	Young, Savannah	48, 127





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