

SQUARE 95

AUTONOMY

EDITOR LETTER & ABOUT

This year, the human race battled for autonomy once again. Ukrainians continue to fight against Russian power. Iranians continue to fight for women's rights. Americans continue to fight for control of their bodies. As college students, we experience true independence for the first time. We learn how to meet deadlines, how to do laundry most efficiently, and when to take time for ourselves. We're all still learning that, though.

Autonomy is a human right, and yet people risk their lives to achieve it. It's international and political, and it's domestic and personal. Autonomy is self-control. Autonomy is self-governance. Autonomy is self-love. The pieces in this issue of Square 95 reflect autonomy, and I hope you enjoy them.

Thank you to the contributors who submitted such amazing pieces in such a short amount of time. Thank you to the wonderful copy team who helped choose and edit the pieces to make sure Square 95 is the best it can be. Thank you to the fantastic design team who inspire me everyday and brought my vision to life. Thank you to our editor-in-chief Kaitlynne Rainne, who is the busiest and hardest working person I know, only next to our advisor Kat Medina, who is the sole reason this publication exists. And thank you, reader, for picking up this newspaper and advocating for autonomy.

Please enjoy,
Charlotte Beck, creative director

District is the award-winning, editorially independent news source for the Savannah College of Art and Design. Founded in 1995, the publication has evolved to an online format where students create daily multimedia content. District has earned more than 500 awards from organizations including Columbia Scholastic Press Association, Society of Professional Journalists and Associated Collegiate Press. District operates on the passionate belief that educational and inspirational content should be available to all.

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One copy of Square 95 is available free of charge to SCAD students, faculty, staff and the public.

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District

SQUARE 95

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Charlotte Beck is a graphic designer and poet from Charlotte, North Carolina. She's the creative director of Square 95, District, and Port City Review. When she's not working, she enjoys listening to music and reading novels.



Charlotte Beck, BFA Graphic Design

Born and raised in Belize, Kaitlynne grew up around culture and stories. From the fairytales she enjoyed as a young girl to the very real stories about her heritage and the people around her, they all fueled a creative desire in her to be a storyteller and writer and share stories. In her writing, Kaitlynne enjoys exploring the complexities of life, human emotion and what it means to be true to oneself.



Kaitlynne Rainne, MFA Writing



Sevyn Michaela-Rose Waters is a writer and chief copy editor with an interest in poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction. She currently has work published by Savannah Magazine, Square 95 and District, as well as a self-published poetry book, *Where the Coast Begins and Ends*.

Sevyn Michaela-Rose Waters, BFA Writing



Emma is a writer, editor, and columnist with a passion for creative non-fiction and magazine journalism. Her work is inspired by nature, identity, and community. When not writing, you can find her cooking, spending time in nature, and listening to podcasts.

Emma Pilger, BFA Writing

Julia Gralki is a non-fiction writer from Germany. Her work revolves around mental health, sustainability, and athletics.



Julia Gralki, BFA Writing

This is Abby Chadwick's first time being published in Square 95, though she currently works as an editor for SCAD's student-run newspaper, District. In her work in interior design, she hopes to inspire the senses that surround the word "home," instilling clients with the feeling of belonging somewhere. In her writing, she hopes to do the same.



Abby Chadwick, BFA Interior Design



Allison Abruscato is a photographer, writer, and marketer from Maryland. In her free time, she enjoys reading, running, and spending time outdoors.

Allison Abruscato, BFA Photography



Madeline is a poet, author, and journalist from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Her works are inspired by nature and spirituality. Outside of writing, she enjoys reading, doing yoga, making jewelry, going on walks, and spending time with loved ones.

Madeline Marks, BFA Writing

& EDITORS

portraits by Morgan Epps

Madisyn Welborn is a photographer devoted to creating images that inspire others to enjoy the world's natural beauty and acknowledge social conflicts. While experiencing various cultures and environments firsthand drives her to create, she finds hope in the potential images have in changing the world. Madisyn fell in love with photography through traveling with her family and exploring remains at the root of her passion.



Madisyn Welborn, BFA Photography

Isabelle Helen is a creative writer who loves to explore women's empowerment through both fiction and non-fiction. She takes a lot of inspiration from her own life experiences and the world around her. She hopes that her writing helps people feel seen.



Isabelle Helen, BFA Writing



Juliette Wood, BFA Writing

Juliette Wood won the Best Writer award in the fourth grade, earning her a Hershey's Bar, some stickers, and a newfound passion in life. She's been writing fiction ever since then, but only after coming to SCAD did she discover her love for nonfiction writing as well.



Maggie Wollard, BFA Graphic Design

Maggie Wollard strives to create feel-good experiences with work. She believes that the best design should be immersive and have a lasting impact. Motivated by her passion for art and a good cup of coffee, Maggie creates bright and bold work across a variety of mediums that will leave a smile on her audience's face. You can see more of Maggie's work at www.maggiewollardesigns.com.

Fai is—in the simplest terms—an enjoyer of things. When she is not obsessing over art history, K-pop idols, or pirates, she is the Art Director of SCAD Manor, a fashion publication. Post-graduation Fai plans to pursue a career in music-related graphic design.



Fai McCurdy, BFA Graphic Design

Carlota enjoys creating art that expresses vulnerability. She enjoys creating with different media, such as printmaking, graphic design, embroidery, painting, and photography. Some of her hobbies include screen printing, laying in the park, trying out new restaurants, and watching Gilmore Girls.



Carlota Sosa, BFA Graphic Design



Reem Hinedi, BFA Graphic Design

Reem is a graphic designer who is currently studying at the Savannah College of Art and Design. She loves print and publication design, as well as illustration and printmaking. Her hobbies include rollerskating, thrifting, cooking, and hanging with her cat Milo.



Morgan Epps, BFA Animation

Morgan Epps is a concept designer and animator from Atlanta, GA. They are the director and creator of the film Gearbevel City (2023), and they love to tell unique and fun stories through the eyes of characters from all different backgrounds. When they aren't doodling, they love to dance, play piano, and study all types of subjects from history to philosophy.

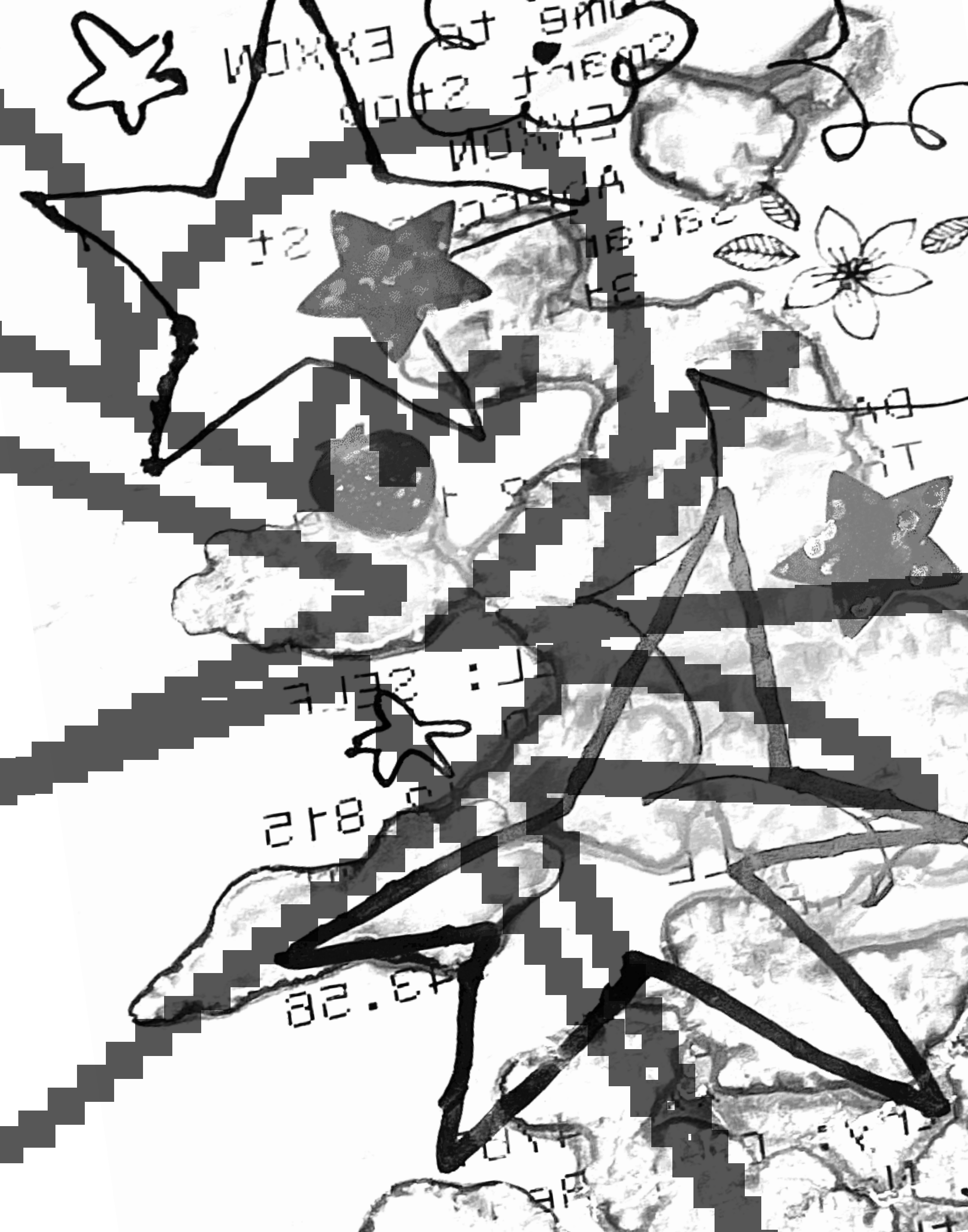


I LOVE
A GIRL

by Madeline Marks

In my mind, in the atoms that billow
inside my body, a fate waits to come alive.
I love a girl in the drying lavender
of an eggshell white room, in the pristine
green lawn behind the wooden fence,
in fairy homes, witches' brew,
and princess dresses. I love a girl
who sits in the lines of my palms,
whose honeyed murmurs I hear drift
between magnolias on a hushed June day.

My love boils slow like a dormant volcano.
Someday I'll love a girl who now is only breath
in meditation. My love will rest as it has for years,
and I'll not wake it. Its embers will turn
over in their hearth. In love's sleep I will find peace,
a nurtured afterthought, unseen until at last
I choose to meet it — gentle and quiet
like the first yearning bloom of spring.





Phantom

By Izzy Drake

Washing off the hands gripping her skin is impossible when the hands aren't real, but only a figment of her mind. Steaming water rains down on her back as she tries to crawl into herself, into her skin, on the floor of the porcelain tub that has yellowed with age. Scrubbing her skin raw. She never thought it possible that her brain could become her enemy. Creating threats that aren't real. Putting her in situations where she can't bother people for help without sounding deranged.

The hands aren't real; her fears aren't real. *Get off me.* Each bump of her spine pokes against her skin as she shakes. She tries to become as small as she can, dissipating into the air. *This body isn't mine; this body isn't mine.* The need to peel off her skin is overwhelming. The need to clean her inside, her bones, her muscles, to bleach her brain of the things that haunt her is stronger than the need for a roof over her head. *I will never be clean enough; I will never be pure again.* Her lungs charred, her blood spiked, and her body used. She wishes she was strong enough to never let anything into her body again. She wants to rip out her hair by the root and grow new strands that haven't been touched by smoke or pulled by any man.

She knows deep down that she can't do it, she can't stop counting calories, steps, or pills. Because without the fuzz in her skull created by control, the hands become more concrete, more real. *Get off me.* The hands grabbing at her become tangible when she doesn't have clothing to hide her body from the minds of others. She can't help but wonder if it was her fault all along. She said, "No." Didn't she? *Did I? Did I? Did I?* She feels the pain and the effects of what happened to her, but she can't stop the questions. *Did I? Is it my fault?*

She white knuckles the side of the tub, weakness straining her body as she pulls her chin to rest on the edge, her lungs heavy, her breath is horse and scratchy. She shivers. Her arms shake as she pulls her bag of bones over the side of the tub and onto the bathmat, her feet touching the cold, tiled floor. The plaster between tiles is molded and she turns her head away from the filth only to see more mildew on the crease between tub and tiles. She screams without voice. *How can I become clean in a room so dirty?* The filth around her, under her, over her, on her and inside her, spreads.

No matter how many showers she takes, how many hours she sleeps, how badly she tries to take back control of her own body again, she never seems to be able to replenish what was taken from her. The hands will always be there, in the back of her mind, reaching out for her when she is scared and crawling up her spine before she even has a chance to determine her safety. She will scrub the plaster between the tile cracks, and she will sweep the dust spewing from the dirty vents. The cycle of making a mess, cleaning the mess, and peeling herself off the ground to stand back up on her feet will repeat.

Still, she will go back to bed, and she will pretend to sleep until she falls into the sweetness of unconsciousness. Unconsciousness; the paradise of mind. She will wake up, rub the lack of sleep from her eyes, and do it all over again. For years, maybe decades, until time heals her.

Pains



BY JULIA GRALKI

1. WHO ARE YOU?

Maybe a better question to ask is why we ask this question. Philosophers say we need to know ourselves to understand why we do what we do. This is the only way to self-actualization. And yet we frequently fail to find an answer to the question of who we are, perhaps because we seem too vast or too small to be true.

2. WHO ARE YOU?

I am twelve when I tell a friend: “I hate myself.” Her response is: “No, don’t hate yourself. You’re awesome. You’re so kind.” But I’m not kind to myself. I avoid mirrors because I can’t stand my own reflection. I isolate myself because I don’t understand my classmates who are forming cliques, wearing make-up, and are making fun of others. I turn silent because there is no one I can talk to. When I become a teenager, things start to change. I want to fit in, so I start putting on matte foundation that keeps my skin “shine-free” and mascara that promises extra-long eyelashes. My nails are painted in bright red now, the same color that my classmates use. My clothing style has changed into an imitation of the girls in my favorite movies. If I wear what they wear, I will make friends.

But under all the make-up, all the pretty clothes, who am I?

3. WHO ARE YOU?

I’m fifteen and the colors of my life are either pitch black or blinding white. There are moments of doubt and loneliness. Am I good enough? Do my friends really like me? Sometimes I punch the wall in a rush of anger at myself. I wonder if people would miss me if I wasn’t here.

There are also moments of hope and relief. Notebooks filled with words of wisdom I only recognize as my own because they are written in my handwriting. I read my texts over and over, unable to grasp the true meaning of my own words: *Wholeness can only be achieved if you accept both the positive and the negative, the light and the dark.*

4. WHO ARE YOU?

Am I what other people think of me? I am sixteen now, and the labels put on me feel like adhesives I can’t pull off my skin. Labels like ‘pretty,’ ‘successful,’ or ‘intelligent.’ Or maybe: ‘quiet,’ ‘shy,’ and ‘tight-lipped.’ Then there are words that no one ever said. Words like ‘unloved,’ ‘ugly,’ or ‘worthless.’ Am I what I think of myself?

5. WHO ARE YOU?

I am seventeen years old, and food has turned into my enemy. While my meals become smaller and smaller, so do I. The scale shows a lower number now, my clothes are getting baggy, and I fit into jeans I bought when I was twelve. I avoid sitting down now, not only because I want to burn more calories, but also because my bones hurt on the hard wooden chairs at school. When I look in the mirror, I still see the fat on my hips, my chubby arms, and the thighs that are too big for those of a runner. People are telling me that I’m too skinny, that I should eat more. And yet, I choose to believe the mirror.

Time passes, and I realize that as a human being, I see the world only through my own eyes. We can’t choose to perceive our surroundings by looking through the eyes of someone else. All our experiences are subjective, and all we can offer is compassion and sympathy—including ourselves.

6. WHO ARE YOU?

I am eighteen and my transcripts are filled with As. My class rank is one of the highest, and my personal best on the track is getting better. People are congratulating me and telling me I’m doing great but I don’t feel great. My heart beats faster when the teacher hands out the exam results. My fingers tremble when I turn the paper to look at the grade. It’s another A. By the time I reach the final exam in high school, I forget what freedom feels like because the pursuit of perfection has put me into a cage.

7. WHO ARE YOU?

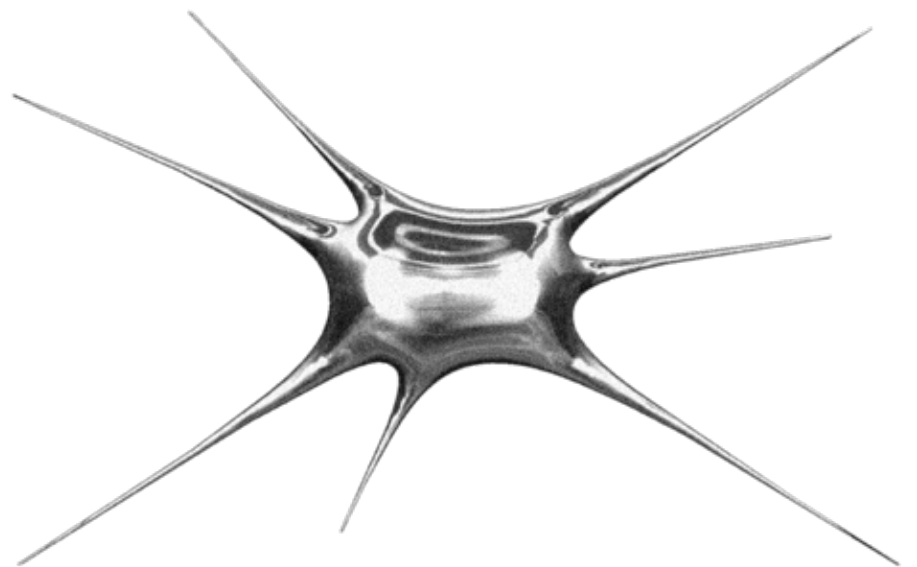
I am nineteen now. I wonder, *is there only one self inside of me?* How can I ask this question if there is only one of me? Who is asking this question? And who is supposed to answer? How can I ever be the full me if I expect another part of me to answer the question I’m asking?

I can only hate myself if there is more than one of me. Separation is the origin of hate. But if I can love myself without conditions, I can become whole. Because love unites even opposites.

8. WHO ARE YOU?

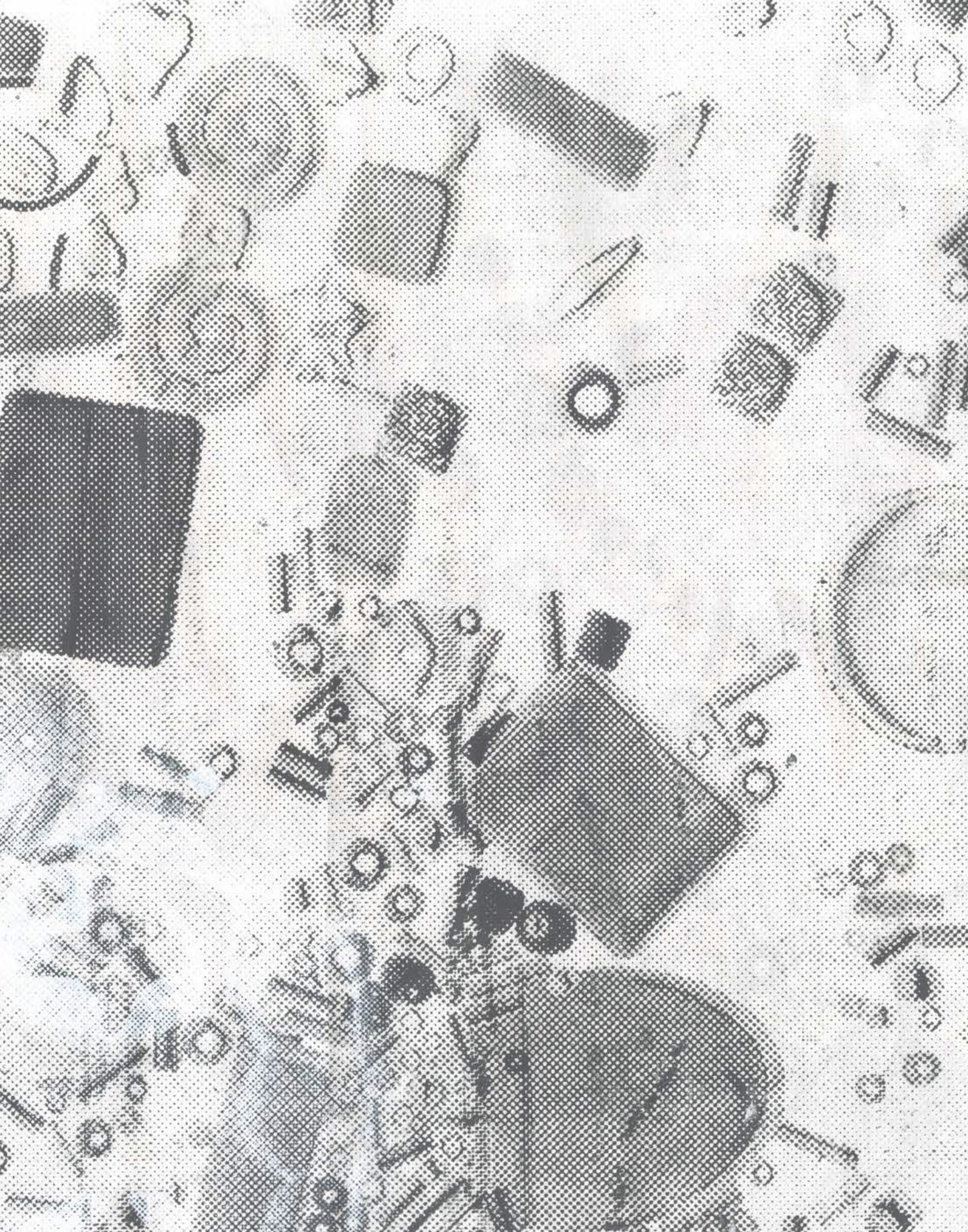
I am almost twenty, and for the first time in my life, I know what it is like to be in love. If I don’t love myself, I cannot be *in* love. Because as long as I try to hide part of me, the other person will only ever love the polished part that I am showing.

I realize that I don’t have to know myself in order to love and be myself. I was chasing an illusion of knowing myself, because we never get the full frame of who we are if we try to define in words what and who we are. Words are just a way to judge and label the world surrounding us. Instead of ‘knowing ourselves,’ we need to *be* ourselves. Only in an unrestricted, unconditional state of *being*, we are who we truly are. And only then we can find true love, happiness, and fulfillment.



9. WHO ARE YOU?

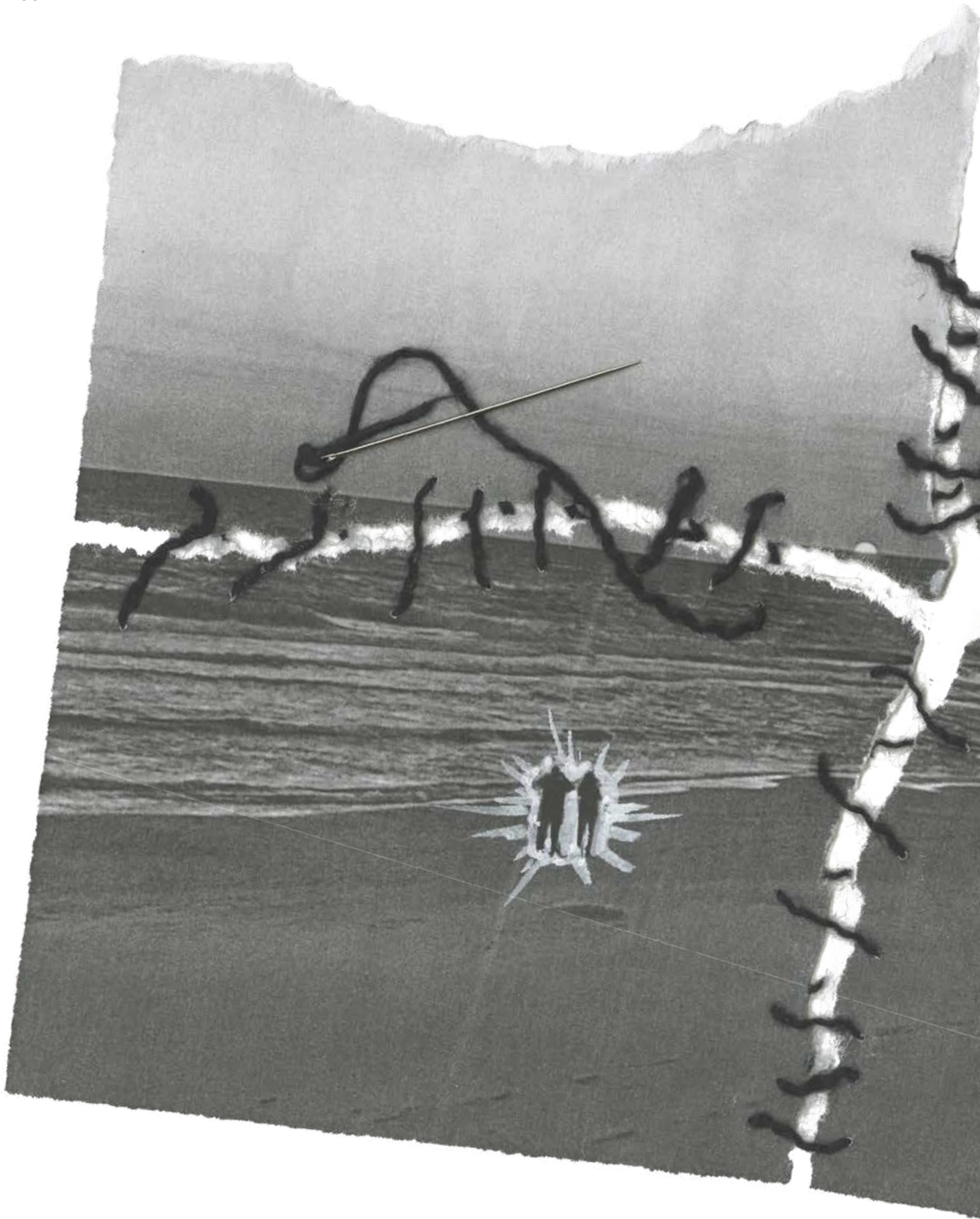
There are a million different answers to this question and yet there is none. Because even if there are a million different shades of me, I will always be the sum of them.




I DON'T GO TO CHURCH ANYMORE

by Abby Chadwick

I bared my soul to the church when I confessed, and my sins weren't mine anymore. Then they preached, they prayed, they marched, and suddenly my body wasn't mine anymore.





PACIFIER

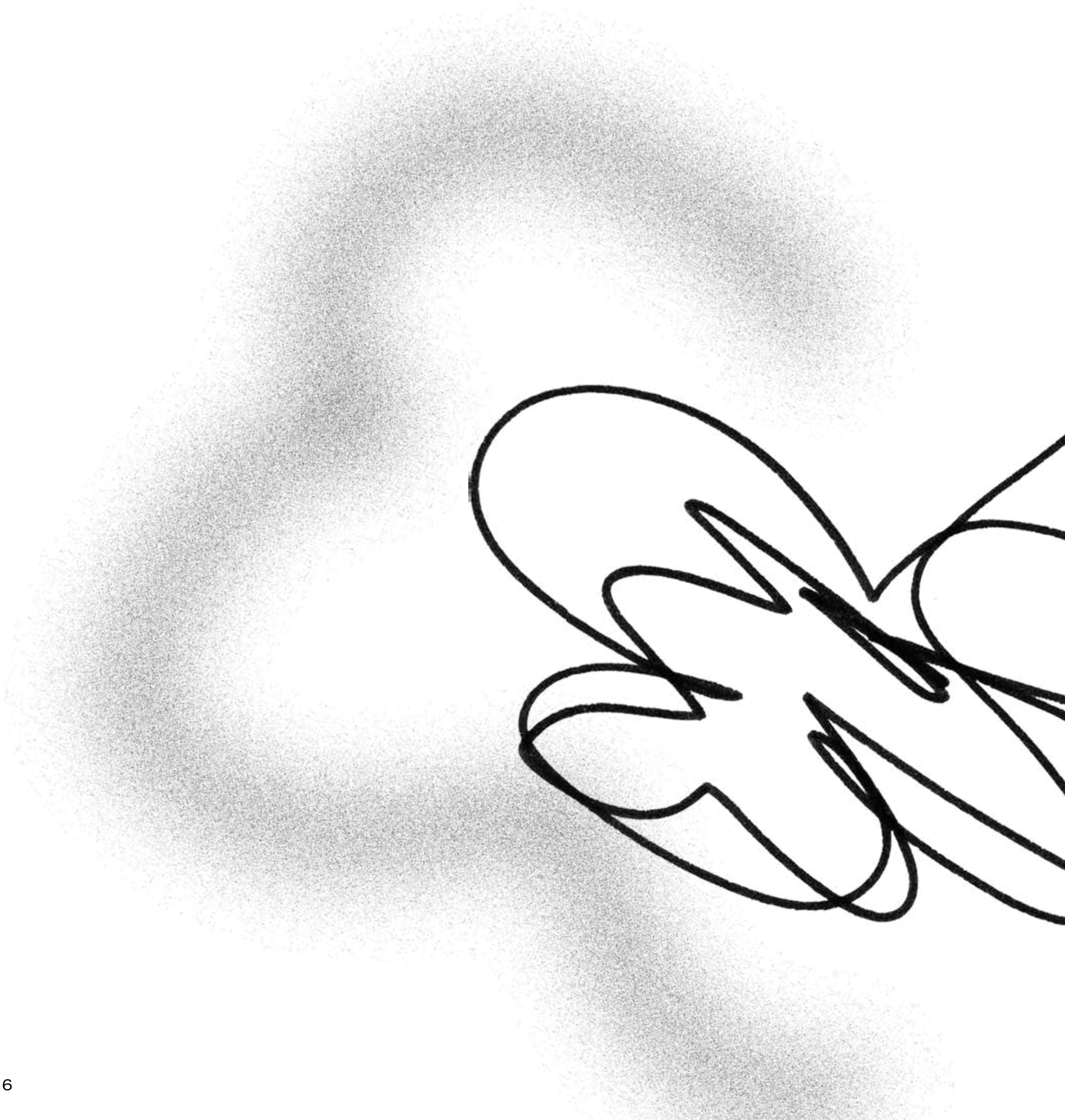
Look at me now, honey.
 Watch me pace this cliffside
 where the wind whips
 even tears to points.
 It's not small that I invited you here.

You see, my father never gave me a pacifier.
 He wanted me to be tough.
 "Like Joan of Arc," he said.
 Twenty-one years later, he took my hand,
 told me it's okay to need someone.
 I choked on these words.
 I threw them away.
 Because once, I clawed myself
 out of a grave and with muddy hands,
 I was the one to wipe my face.

Tell me, what do you see?
 Look at the beauty of this ocean.
 The dark wilderness of its depths.
 The violence, the peace, the blues and grays.
 You want to swim in it?
 You should know better.

Watch me pace this paradox
 until my feet bleed and sting.
 I dream of a safe place.
 I revel in the pain.
 It's not small that I invited you here.
 Is this okay?

BY SEVYN MICHAELA-
 ROSE WATERS



conscious ness

by Emma Pilger



When endless choices paralyze me, I think of the Washington coast. I sat on sun-soaked rocks, held my knees to my chest, and watched the water for whales. My cheeks flushed as the mist dampened my face. I wanted this beach to know I was there, that I felt its pulse, and that I loved it more than myself. I wanted to melt into the air like sugar and give up my consciousness for tranquility. I thought, “This is where I’m meant to be,” as if there is some greater destiny for me laid out like a clear path in the woods.

If I had given up my consciousness for tranquility—if it was even possible—what would it mean? I would go where the ocean wind told me to, always obeying without a thought. Then surely I would know peace. But what is peace without turmoil? Can one exist without the other? Maybe destiny is the name for the longing that drives action. I know about the randomness of life.

Everything is a choice.

Who am I to make this transaction when others do not have the freedom of choice as I do? Independence, as commonplace as it may seem to me, is rare to so many. Not everyone is able to see the Washington coast in a lifetime. It is a privilege to choose.

The wind will continue to have no control over my movements and I’ll carry my consciousness like a locket on a string. The ocean may still be daunting, but there is beauty to be found in its freedom.





MY B  DY,
MY CH  ICE
by Allison Abruscato

"THE
THONGS"
BY JULIETTE WOOD

Do you wear the thong tonight?

It is for an anniversary. And it's his favorite color. He compliments you on it every time he sees it. But god, isn't it an awful piece of fabric? It barely covers what it needs to, and the areas it does cover are often red and itchy the next day. It's the lace, the lace that's been washed and dried with T-shirts and washcloths and jeans for the past three years. It's the stupid, abrasive lace. The lace that doesn't make what's under it any more magical. But he likes it.

While you fold your laundry you wonder if his face would betray his disappointment if he were to take your dress off tonight and find you're wearing the most comfortable pair of underwear you own. *Was the dress not enough for you? Does this destroy my sex appeal?*

Well, you try not to think in hypotheticals. Maybe he wouldn't mind. He'll still get to have sex with you. *He's a good guy. He is different.* You pick the thong up out of the pile of clothes on your bed. You stretch it out with two fingers. It's a size too small for you now. It rides up your ass and digs into your skin. It makes sitting down an ordeal. It makes him horny. You pick up another pair of underwear—cream colored, cotton, a size too big. They feel like wearing nothing. "Granny panties," he'd called them once. "Period panties," you'd corrected him. But you wore them all the time when you were single.

You bought the thong with a Victoria's Secret gift card in your senior year of high school. You felt desirable when you tried it on at home. You were sexy. You were of age. Your then-boyfriend screenshotted all the photos you sent of yourself posing in it. That's how you knew it was hot.

This guy you're dating now, he would never ask for nudes. He has a T-shirt that says *feminist* on it. He proudly proclaims that he doesn't blame Yoko for breaking up The Beatles. He likes art. He lets you paint his nails. He's nice to your parents. He's a good guy.

Just wear the comfortable underwear tonight. It's not a big deal. He won't care. You fold the thong and stick it in the dresser drawer. You finish your laundry.

He made reservations. It's a place you don't really care for, but the wine is always cheap. He'll order a bottle for the table. He'll insist that you drink most of it. "I like when you're silly drunk," he'll say, as he always does. "You're so funny!"

You've done your make-up. He's coming to pick you up in fifteen. You stick to your decision, put the comfortable underwear on. In the mirror, you don't see anything wrong with it. It's not like your vagina becomes less of a vagina under the granny panties. You slip the short black dress on over your head. You smooth it out with your hands. There's no atrocious panty-line. Nothing that screams *I'm letting myself go!* You stare at yourself in the mirror.

Of course, when you get home, and you're silly like he hoped, and you're both stumbling to the bedroom, you'll forget what underwear you're wearing. You won't even brace yourself for his reaction. When he frees your arms from the spaghetti straps and pulls the dress over your head, you'll forget for a moment why he would make that face.

Then you'll remember. "Oh," he'll say, "that's okay," like you just apologized for something. He'll react like you should be embarrassed but he's covering for you. You won't need to explain yourself, but you will: "I just didn't feel like wearing super sexy undies tonight. Just wanted to be comfortable, you know?"

He won't know. He'll nod, though, and he'll take your granny panties off with less enthusiasm than before. "I get it, babe," he'll say, "sure."

You're deep in this thought when he texts you: *I'm here!* You focus on yourself in the mirror again. You're frowning. *One more second,* you text back.

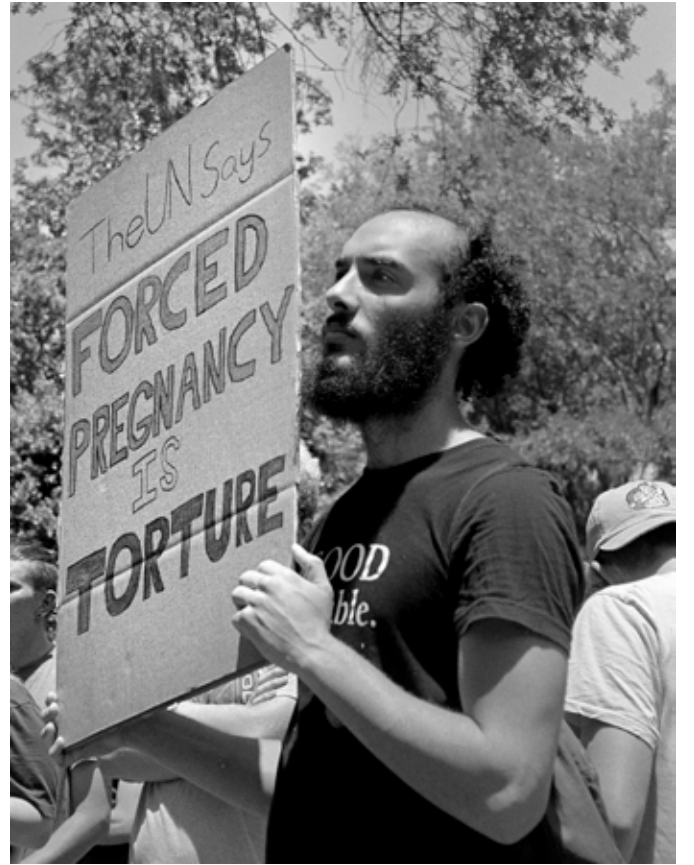
You put the thong on.

The March *for* Abortion Rights

by Madisyn Welborn

On June 24, 2022, the United States Supreme Court overturned *Roe v. Wade*, allowing states to criminalize and ban abortion. The 1973 case resulted in federal legislation that protected the right to abortion and restricted regulations on abortion. That protection is now entirely gone in 13 states with more pushing for the same, and American citizens are called to march and protest for their rights yet again.

The featured images were taken at an abortion march in Savannah, Georgia on May 14, 2022.





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meetings every Wednesday at 8:30 PM
learn more at scaddistrict.com