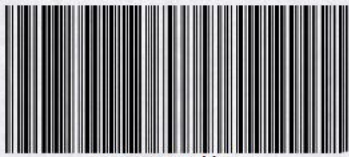


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UC MERCED YOUNG ARTIST'S MOVEMENT



yammers.neocities.org

IN MY RESTLESS DREAMS... I SEE THAT TOWN.

Morning fog, blistering heat and dilated pupils. The world is enraptured in silk and keratin. *It hungers for more.*

Bulbous masses swell within pools of Crimson. Something is awry in the rural town of Merced.

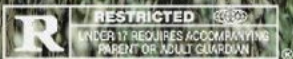


Photography credit:
Karen Zavala-Guevara,
Grace Garnica,
and Zachary Silva.



APPROX. RUN-TIME 5MINUTES

Young Artist's Movement is UC Merced's foremost art club: a GASP coalition dedicated to the promotion and education of the arts on campus. We strive to create a space where creativity blooms, artists may connect with one another and hold events that spark community.



(C)2022 Young Artist's Movement of UC MERCED.
Package and Design by Y.A.M Creative Directors.



HE'S OUT OF HIS CACOON...



HORROR

A Y.A.M HALLOWEEN ZINE:

MARIPOSA MASSACRE

METAMORPHASIS, METAMORPHASIS, METAMORPHASIS, M

ARTIST SHOWCASE

SIZIJE / SHANI

IG: @chani.wanni

Shani never fails to deliver horror works that creep into your mindscape with their haunting textures and obscure color palettes.

"Peek-A-Boo"s bizarre, turquoise blues mesh beautifully to create an intangible, spherical mass of unwavering flesh.

"Sight of the Blind" 's enthralling and spiralling composition draws viewers eyes towards its central, glaring iris.

These are not pieces to merely look at, but to have them gaze upon you.



"Peek-A-Boo"



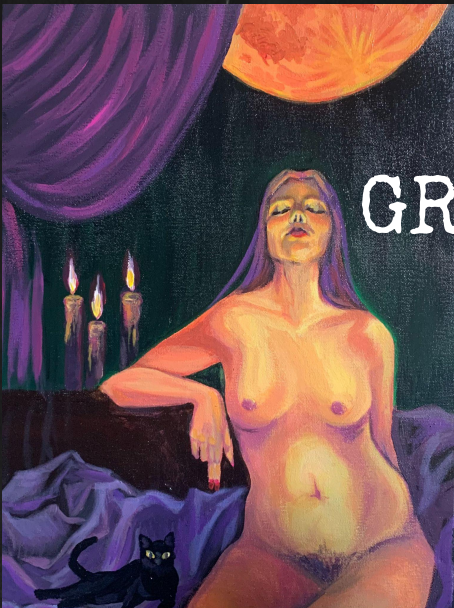
"The Sight Of The Blind"

GRACE GARNICA

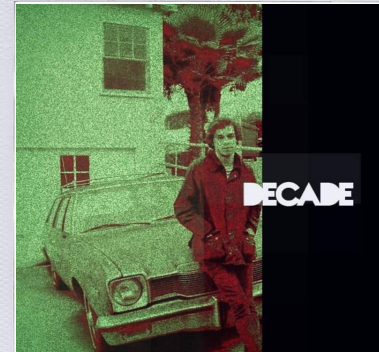
IG: @shooting.star.girl

A beautiful color palette of sorbet yellow and oranges juxtaposes with dark purples and blues. With deceptively simple strokes, skin, texture and come alive under the moon's caress.

Grace truly understands the serenity of witchhood and how to illustrate it.



"Witch"



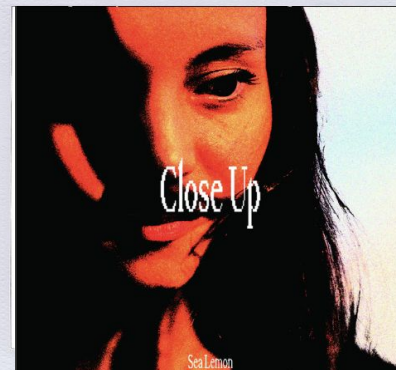
Sail - MAREUX

Fans of autumn, cloudy days, and haunting synthwave music will already have John Maus playing as they drive into foggy days and unknown destinations. For those who haven't dived into Maus or synthwave music, this song is a cute and groovy tune that can make you fall in love with the bright gloominess of synths and John Maus.

Darkwave sensation Maruex may have already infiltrated your playlists with hit song "Perfect Girl", but his discography extends far beyond Tiktok virality. "Sail" is part of his 2013 EP *Decade*, a release that further proves the timelessness and edge of this emerging synthwave artist. Sail away with the nostalgia of this track fitting for the cold winters of Merced that we all know and love.



No Title (Molly) [2008]- John Maus



Eraser - Sea Lemon

Sea Lemon delivered their debut EP *Close Up* this year, and it is a must listen this fall. The track "Eraser" will lure you to sea with its beautiful lyricism and striking instrumentals. There is a perceived darkness behind this EP's sparkly synths and lulling vocals, much like the sluggish creatures that are Sea Lemons. Sea Lemon explores what happens when you get too close, but can't seem to look away.



SPOOKY SZN SONGS: music recs curated by Y.A.M

written by worldiakadarah



Key - Mox

Local talent Mox (@teenageweirdo) blows away once again, with acoustic track "Key". In this 2022 single release Mox continues to prove her lyrical prowess as seen earlier this year. Whether you find yourself singing this song to someone long gone, or take it as an answer to questions that were left hanging, take a listen to this release and swallow the key to your worries.



Golden - Winsome

A couple hours up from Merced, Winsome makes waves with their album *Live Like Your Kids Drive Here*. Their song Golden does a stellar job of opening this record, and introducing the autumn vibes of northern cali with groovy melodies. Check them out on IG at [winsometheband](#).



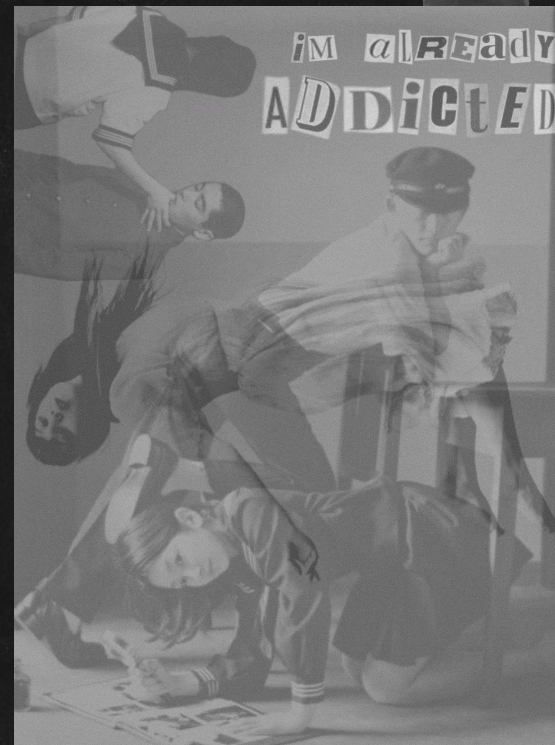
Beautiful Mahealani Moon - Ted Barber

Merced county native Ted Barber returns with the single "Beautiful Mahealani Moon". The haunting and nostalgic essence of Ted Barber continues in this purely instrumental track, guided by a guitar and soul that speaks louder than words. You can find Ted on instagram @ [erodoeht](#) or at The Partisan on occasion, blessing us with local live music.



"CULTURAL ANGELS"

@ISOLATEDFROMEDUCATION @ISO



"ALREADY ADDICTED"



LIFE IS A RAPE OF MY HEART'S FALLACY

by Michael Myers

In this darkness I lull
Life has taken a toll
Not the moonlight upon my face
But an endless scroll

Another night to waste
Another sun rise in haste
Upon the moon's escape
I sit and crawl away
From the day

Addicted to the pain
Of feeling this way
If only I could break from the chain
That keeps me the same

Crippled and shriveled
Eyes beady and white
Oh what a sight
Oh what a fright

The children see me and scream
I'm everything they dream not to be
I'm everything I dreamt not to be
And I do it so carelessly

Not a thought in my mind
Except the weathering time
From which there always is a rhyme

To live and let die
To allow my mind to escape
To bleed in to reality
Oh how it's such a rape
Of my heart's fallacy

Life bears its ugly name
across my chest
I chose not to wear its tattoo
And yet such is bore like a family crest
Nothing more than a lampoon

And so here I lull
In the darkness of the night
My mind in a dull
Wondrous of fright
Thinking thoughts of misery
Oh how such life's reality can be a rape
Of my heart's fallacy

i'd like to be a sacrificial lamb
as if my death could bring the world together again
or completely apart

i'd like tears to flow together
or have blood overtake it all

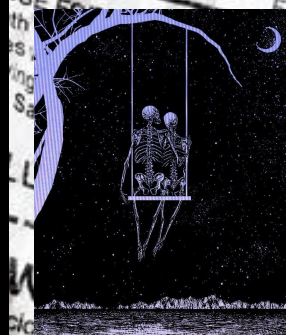
i want to have a cause.

i'd like to be a sacrificial lamb
as if my death could matter at all
but the truth is so plain it hides
behind the hopes of never being forgot

- d.e



Dusk by Grace Garnica



Familiar by d.e

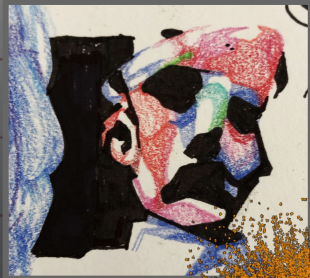


crochet piece by Xently Taina
ig: @xentlyknits



YOUNG
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illustration by Ellie Tng



"Creatures of the Night."
Sketchbook drawings by Sean.



I know what you
did last night.



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YOUNG
ARTISTS
MOVEMENT

cute works from yammers <3



"INFECTION" by Knives Garlitos

“NIGHT PRAYER”

by Sam Yutuc

Behold the man with spoiling skin
and his bones sticking out in places.
His distended belly is tender with rot
— his intestines falling out like a charm.
The corrupted flesh is tickled by the sun
with the tip of the bones cooked by heat.
He is weeping regularly; how he sobs!
Like a cloud heavy with condensation,
he teaches us the ways on how to cry
because we forget terribly,
terribly forget how to cry.

illustration by: Victorious
ig: @victorious_tatts



untitled by Grace Garnica



costume design by: Allen Duong

“I do cosplaying and I have been making DIY costumes
for halloween or conventions for a long time.”

When you get to
heaven, you will
find you're in hell

Halloween Rain

written by Michael Myers

The night of October 31st was young as soon as the sun fell
I saw the children run from the church when it rang its
bell

Laughter filled the spooky air of Halloween
Never so bright did smiles seem to gleam
With their arms stretch out-wide
For sweets to take back inside
Once the rain came on that starry night
I realized I was without a friend or foe by my side
Through the dark streets I walked alone
Rain spattered atop the screen of my phone
Checking to see if it was true
On Halloween I was alone

Halloween rain poured atop the pavement
Parents ran their children inside to save them
Out I stood my home
I saw the yellow light turned on inside
To the door I walked and knocked
The door gently opened wide
There she stood with sadness in her eyes
Trick or treat I said to her surprise
And she held back from telling lies
And she held back her choking cries
She put a piece of candy in my bag
And despite the rain wished me a Happy Halloween Night



painting by Blain

winter

written by Moximo Hamright



With a brief and sudden bout of courage, or maybe madness, she steps out onto the ice. She spreads her toes, forcing the freshly fallen snow between them like lava crawling through the cracks of igneous rock, the first sign of something more under the surface.

She hasn't felt this way since she was a child. The trees are bare, and so laid her heart. The wind is singing its concerto through the trees, egging her further onto the ice with every note. Deeper and deeper into the solid crust that tops the lake at the edge of town.

She can't help but recall her father, hear his words in between the breezy croons. He was the one who pulled her away the last time this happened, and with that came many warnings and scoldings, typical cold fatherisms. He was a harsh bastard most of the time, but she'd give anything to get that back. She wants to cut this pit of yearning for the past out of her stomach, to claw it out and leave it to sink to the bottom of the lake. We both know that's not possible. That pit sticks with you. Time doesn't heal, time is a cancerous growth slowing taking over your chest until the day it consumes you.



'Everyone has their day' she tells herself. A constant motto in her life, a family mantra passed down by song from sad-sack to sad-sack. The bottoms of her feet start to lose their sting, numbing as the frigidity crawls up her legs. She doesn't notice. Her mind is years away. She's in her childhood bedroom. It's the same room she sleeps in now, but the atmosphere is bleak and drab, tainted by time. Not in the safety of her memory. Her father tucks her in, the coziness of the memory completely overriding the first degree frostbite.

She can hear him singing that beautifully depressing tune, serenading her to bed. 'Nobody gets their way, but everyone has their day'. She misses everything about him, but his voice most of all. He had the most beautiful voice, yet rough and ugly, like a war-torn angel. That night was the last time she heard it. This was something she tried not to think about, she just wanted to stay in the warmth of that night, of her father's voice as her younger self drifted off to sleep.

'Oh no!' Lost in a maladaptive memory, she must have wandered out past the point of no return. The ice is too thin here, she hears a possibly fatal crack as she shifts her weight to get back to shore. She tries to run, but with her head still halfway in the clouds she loses her balance and falls, slamming right through the ice. She struggles for a minute, almost more of a natural instinct than a real desire to make it out, but the body can only fight so long. The water starts its crawl into her lungs, and things get hazy. The memory of her father is whispering in her ear. She starts to wonder if that windy tune was him, singing her to sleep. She lets her eyes close. 'So peaceful'. It all sounds the same now.