

WALLFLOWER

magazine

*for the girl who
shies away from
the limelight*

VOL 5

Too quiet.

Too sensitive.

Too naive.

Too gentle.

Throughout our days on this blue cosmic marble, we are all called names.

These labels may be given by unaware adults, insecure peers, or uninformed strangers.

We take these words when we are young, and the words of people who do not matter still manage to cut cold and hard. They brand us, and we hold to them like an unfriendly trellis.

Because they are what we know. They are better than the great unknown, than the work it takes

to ask ourselves who we truly are.

This magazine is for the girl who has been called *too gentle*, or *too quiet*. Whose softness has been used by the hard, whose light has greatly offended the darkness.

Your light is your sword. It is a gift, and there will be many who try to take it from you.

In your heart of hearts, you want people to feel loved. You want to wander in the fading light of the day, probably barefoot, contemplating the deepness of life. You love castles and rose bushes

and rabbits and ducks.

Here, you can be soft. You can believe the world is as kind as you hope and pray you will be.

Here, we celebrate the wallflowers. For they are the ones who listen. They are the ones who love. ❀

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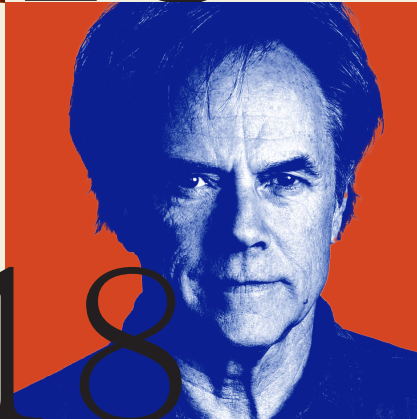
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A Country Girl's Guide To BIG CITY LIFE



New York City



Miami



Los Angeles



What next?!

"I miss my quiet home, where I was born, The fields, the
peace, away from this scare, The city's too much, I must
return there." — AESOP'S FABLES

For a self-proclaimed country girl, I sure have visited a lot of big cities. The siren call of towering buildings, simmering concrete, and wailing emergency vehicle sirens never appealed to me as much as the quiet power of a forest or field. Yet, our God has a great sense of humor. I've found myself in big cities time after time, most notably Los Angeles, where I've kept residence for four years. I am determined to find the good in every situation, so whenever I find myself in a big city, I try to look at it with writer's eyes. Because, maybe one day, I can write a novel centered here (or at least with a character hailing from New York, etc. I would like to take you through three big cities, and leave you with tips on enjoying your time.



New York City

AESTHETIC: Tan coats. Buildings shoved next to each other like strangers on a subway. Napkins flying down the street. Dealers of everything from watches to pizza. A heavy grayness. Brick buildings (just like in *You've Got Mail*). Bagels the size of your face. Pizza dripping with grease.

LOOK LIKE A LOCAL: Nothing bright or eccentric. Ideally neutrals: black and tan are best. Thick, classy coats and practical sneakers for your long walk to the subway (if you must wear heels, pack them in your bag to switch into later).

FOOD FARE: Hot dogs and pizza are best for grabbing on the way to your destination. Your pizza will come with a piece of parchment paper on the end—it's not a mistake! That's to help trap all the grease, so it doesn't drip on you as you walk. I also enjoy a bagel in Central Park (the size of them is stunning; these bagels have been well fed!!). And, lastly, a cup of overpriced hot chocolate from Angelina Paris.

Miami

Aesthetic: Green blooming jungle, heavy with moisture. Ripe with color. Clambering iguanas. Peacocks. Butterflies. Botanical gardens. Sleekly southern.

Look like a local: Anything effortlessly fashionable that allows for air circulation (you'll

need it, the damp heat really gets to you). Sandals or sneakers, never boots or anything like Doc Martens.

Food Fare: Miami is home to a large Latino community, so you have to stop at an authentic restaurant or market and try their most popular items! Be warned, the coffee is not like your local Starbucks (much more bitter).

Los Angeles

AESTHETIC: Blue skies. Empty faces looking right through you. Tiny dogs, big attitude. Don't be surprised to see people filming in public. Everyone holding a too small, too expensive latte. Exotic cars. Island time (everyone is always late).

LOOK LIKE A LOCAL: As eclectic as you feel comfortable. I've seen everything from women wearing thick Doc Marten platform sandals with a satin kimono to men in baggy cargo pants that bunch of like excess paint at their ankles. Gen Z here actually dresses like Gen Z—fluffy bucket hats and everything baggy from shirts to pants to shoes. And always bring your sunglasses, because the sun is always shining.

FOOD FARE: Anything and everything. Half of LA is your typical super-healthy vegan vegetarian alternative-milks junkie; they frequent Erewhon, where you can purchase a delicious smoothie...for \$20. Some coffee shops don't even offer whole milk, and they'll always double check what milk you want since they're still on the oat milk train. The other half is extremely diverse, and it's such a joyful experience. Since I've been in LA, I've tried Thai, Vietnamese pho, Indian, and Filipino. The nice thing is you know it's (usually) authentic. We've also found a couple places that don't use seed oils and proclaim it proudly.



A COUNTRY GIRL'S GUIDE TO BIG CITY LIFE

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los angeles



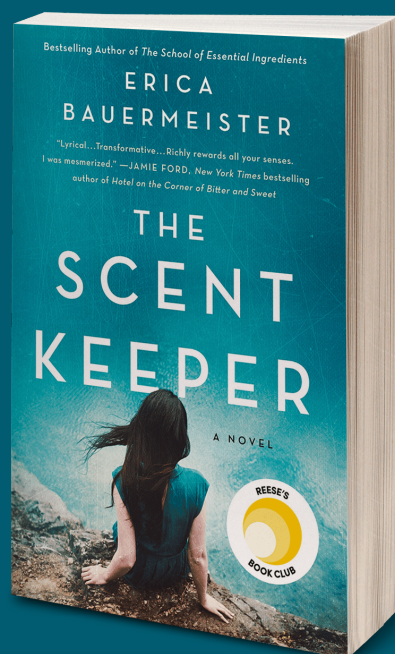
miami



new york city



los angeles



Book Shelf

**THE SCENT KEEPER
BY ERICA BAUERMEISTER**

My mom gave me a battered copy of this book the last time I went home. The middle pages were falling out, held on by a couple dollops of glue. By the time I reached the middle of the novel, it was bleeding pages.

This book had been well-loved, and there is ample reason why. I love lyrical writing—maybe flowery prose seems pretentious or unnecessary, but the more I read modern fiction, the more I crave the riddle-like paragraphs of 1800s-era literature. This novel scratched that itch very pleasantly.*

But, as much as I love beautiful writing, what is a pretty package if there is nothing of value inside? I am happy to report that this book offered *much* value. I am fascinated by media that focuses on one of the five senses.

Bird Box centers on monsters who bring death when seen. Paradoxically, the monsters in *A Quiet Place* are drawn to their victims by sound.

The Scent Keeper focuses on scent, a sense I probably focus the least on. As a graphic designer, I am extremely visual. The package design at Trader Joe's just about takes me out every time I cross their threshold. I'm constantly looking, looking, looking, taking in moments and capturing them with my mental camera.

Yet, scientifically, scent is the most powerful sense. One whiff can bring you back to your childhood, a person, a moment. This book centers on the power of smells.

Our main character starts out living on an island with her father (I'm also

*Much in the same way as *A Study in Drowning*, which I reviewed in Issue 3 of Wallflower Magazine.

**The kids threw the rumors out like
lit matches, to see what would catch.**

**I stayed silent, listening to the fizz
and spark of their words, pretending I
was water, putting them out.**

THE SCENT KEEPER

a sucker for stories about children isolated from the outside world in a Rapunzel-esque way). Her father has a machine that captures scents, and he's obsessed with storing scents in bottles.

This is a truly beautiful coming-of-age story. It tackles the dark moment you face when everything you've known about life seems to be false, or when you realize not everyone is telling you the truth . . . even people you trusted. It is a warning of losing yourself in people pleasing. Its colorful descriptions of what it's like to be an outcast in society will hurt your heart.

And, finally, it is about the beauty of young love. How, sometimes, you don't know what's good for you. But sometimes, you do.

You will never experience scent the

same way. It is clear that great care and much research went into writing this novel—I especially loved the last third of the book, where the main character learns how to create perfumes and explains the different layers of a scent.

Definitely add this book to your TBR!



A COLOURFUL HISTORY

Chrome Orange

Formula: $\text{PbCrO}_4 \cdot \text{Pb(OH)}_2$

Chemical Name: Basic lead(II)-chromate

Hex Code: # d64522

This color, though it didn't even have a name until the 15th century, found itself intertwined in religious and royal garb. It could symbolize either the light of godliness or the garishness of debauchery.

While orange has existed since the dawn of time (well, duh), the color itself didn't have a name until the 15th century. Instead, it was called yellow-red or saffron. Hindu and Buddhist monks wore orange, but conversely the color was used to signify revelry and debauchery in association with the Roman gods Dionysus and Bacchus. Orange is the official color of The Netherlands in association with the Dutch Royal Family (the House of Orange).

When European merchants purchased orange trees from Asia, the color found its name.

Both the Egyptians and medieval artists used a pigment called realgar which had an orange color. Another orange pigment, orpiment, fascinated alchemists since they believed it held the secret to making gold. Unfortunately, it is highly toxic and incompatible with other pigments.

In the 16th century, Louis Vauquelin discovered a mineral that led to the eventual invention of chrome orange. Along with other new pigments, artists could now capture the colors of natural light. The Pre-Raphaelite movement popularized this color, since one of the artists' muses had red hair.

The Impressionist movement took orange even farther. Some artists used Chrome Orange straight from

the tube. They found if they paired it with the color opposite from it on the color wheel—blue, or specifically azure—it made both appear more vibrant.

But the most avid use of orange goes to Vincent Van Gogh.

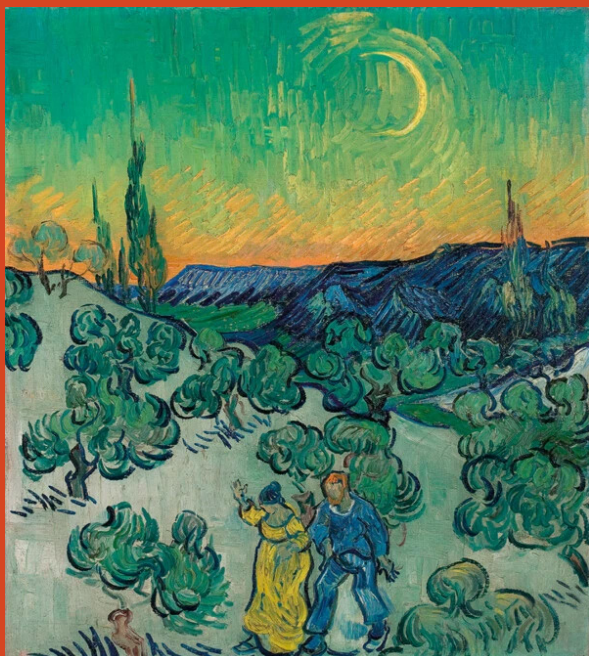
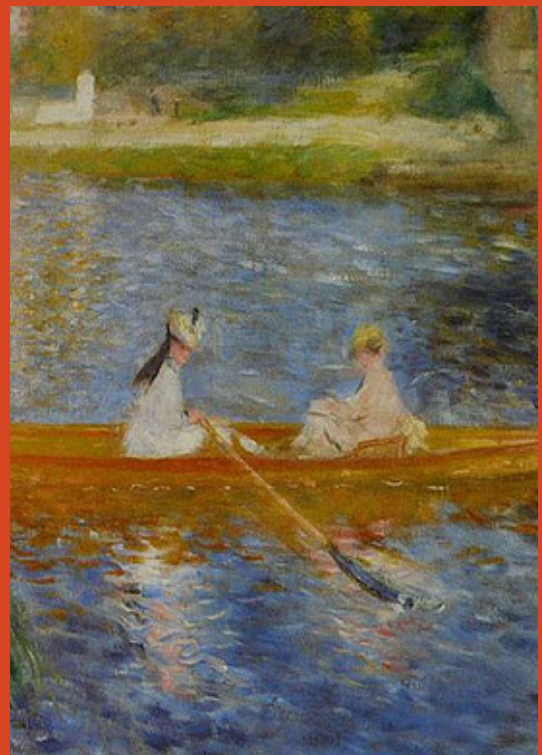
The pigment Chrome Orange has since ceased production due to its high arsenic levels. ☹



Above: Flaming June, Frederic Leighton

Right: The Seine at Asnières (The Skiff), Renoir

Below: Landscape with Couple Walking and Crescent Moon, Van Gogh



Off the

I loved this on the hanger, but I've gotta be honest—I didn't have high hopes for how this dress would look on me. Imagine my surprise when it actually hugged my curves... and then it sang when I paired sunflower earrings that matched the pattern!

With the keyhole neckline and blue piping, it's not



your ordinary, conservative, kinda blah shift dress.

When my sister and I took our roadtrip, I was so glad I wore this outfit for pictures. Standing in front of a forlorn train, I could imagine the story of a girl longing to escape her southern roots (that girl is not me, FYI). There was something haunting about the contrast of the forlorn buildings and vehicles with the happy dress.

Hanger

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a dark blue sleeveless dress with a vibrant floral pattern in yellow, orange, and white, stands in a grassy field. In the background, a black steam locomotive and several freight cars are on a railway track. The scene is set in a rural area with wooden buildings and utility poles under a cloudy sky.

FEATURING

Dress *thrifed* from Mimi's Closet

Price: Free!

Location: Raleigh, NC

*Seller: Found in my mimi's closet while on a trip there
two Christmases ago!*

Perfect with: White lace tights and vintage shoes

My mimi works at a thrift store, and she let my sister and I rifle through some of her found pieces. It's amazing when you talk to your grandparents, because you see bits and pieces of yourself, your siblings, and your parents. Sometimes we do things in parallel with our relatives, not even knowing the invisible, nonscientific genetic bond we must have. My mimi grows plants, potting them in unique objects like abstract pieces of wood and random pieces of furniture; my mother does too. I love losing myself in a thrift store, feeling like a scavenger of rare goods; my mimi does too. My mother can knit words together that stretch and expand into silky smooth prose and poetry; so does my papa, and I as well. We are all mosaics of the love that came before us. ❀

Playlist

SCARLET //
Telenova

MORE // Rachel Bobbit

Aquarius //
Lor

SOFT

THOUGHTS

CHAPTER SIX

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Watch out for the negative people. They are everywhere. They seem to have the Minus touch rather than a Midas touch. Instead of making everything golden, this Minus touch turns every grey if not to Lead. Bunyan's Pilgrim needed to beware of the Slough of Despond. We need to watch where we walk. As far as I know, there is no spiritual gift of "discouragement" given to the New Testament church.

Watch out for the gloom and doom folks. Black clouds are always on the horizon for them. Some folks are not happy unless they are unhappy. As with cows, they should have bells around their necks to warn us when they approach, so we can at least get out of the way before they trample us with all their bad news.

Written by my papa, Ingimar Deridder

RECEIPTIFY

LAST YEAR

ORDER #0003 FOR AMANDA BROWN
MONDAY, DECEMBER 30, 2024

QTY	ITEM	AMT
01	SO HIGH SCHOOL - TAYLOR SWIFT	3:49
02	CHURCHYARD - AURORA	3:46
03	SPEED DRIVE - CHARLI XCX	1:58
04	DEAD INSIDE - YOUNGER HUNGER	3:20
05	ACE UP MY SLEEVE - LORD HURON, BEN SCHNEIDER	3:50
06	FIRST TIME - RUTH B.	3:17
07	DANCE THE NIGHT - DUA LIPA	2:57
08	RIVER LEA - ADELE	3:45
09	ECHO OF MY SHADOW - AURORA	4:05
10	TIME STANDS - NATHANIEL	3:53

Psalms 107:35-38

He turns a desert into pools of water,
a parched land into springs of water.

And there he lets the hungry dwell,
and they establish a city to live in;
they sow fields and plant vineyards
and get a fruitful yield.

By his blessing they multiply greatly,
and he does not let their livestock
diminish.

violette



Silk Georgette Earthy
Leopard Dress & Scarf
Set (S)

\$ 120.00 USD

ADD TO CART



Vintage Rare 2000s Sue
Wong Beaded Floral Silk
Dress (S-M)

\$ 167.76 USD

ADD TO CART



Le Gala by Mon Cheri
Shimmer Fairy Dress (M-
L)



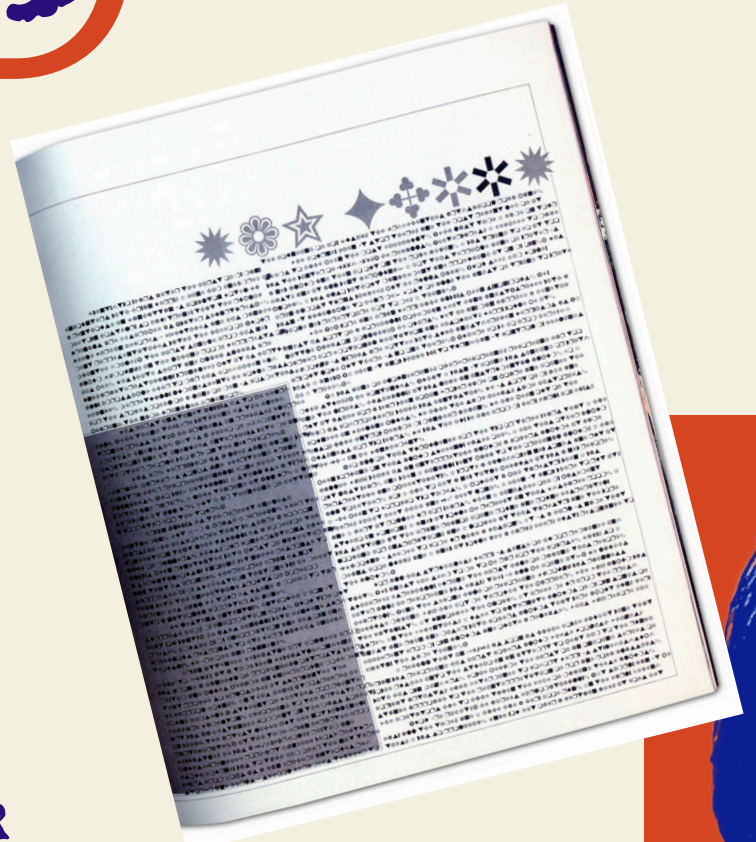
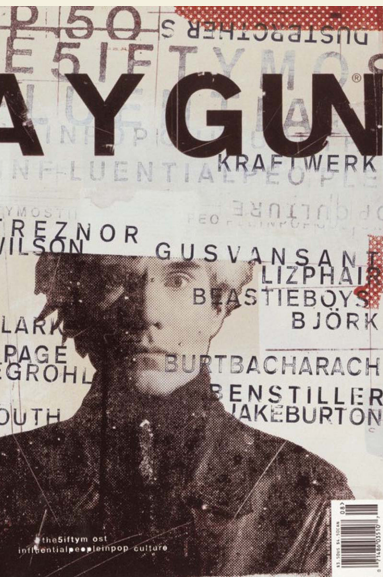
Vintage Jump Apparel
Ombre Green Shimmer
Gown (S-M)

Art History

DAVID

CARSON

GRAPHIC DESIGNER



For a quiet, gentle, cottagecore girl such as myself, you may find it odd that the graphic designer most inspirational to me in design history is the edgy, rock-n-roll, almost-nonsense "Godfather of Grunge" David Carson.

Carson began his career in music and skateboarding magazines, then moved on to alt rock-n-roll magazine Ray Gun (I'll put out a disclaimer now: I assume some of his work isn't the most wholesome, so exercise discretion when looking up his designs.). His designs grew to define the grunge style that we now associate with the '90s.

He played with reverse reading and extreme justification. He layered text over text, and even had words falling off pages or colliding with one another. One of my favorite stories is when he received an article to typeset and he thought it was boring, so he changed the font to Dingbat (this is a font made up entirely of symbols; see above). He did include the full interview in the back of the magazine with an actual legible font, but I find this hilarious (your art can be funny)!

His work has always spoken to me because of the collage-y, scrapbook style. It's as if he's handcutting and pasting all the photos, shapes, and typography. I love that he's a nonconformist, and is strictly anti-grid (I also find it mind-



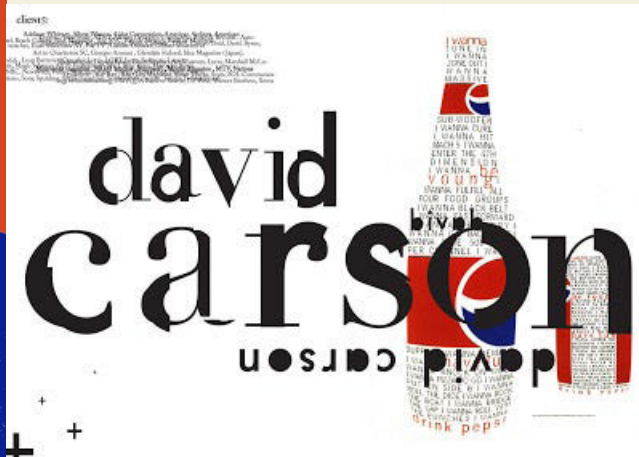
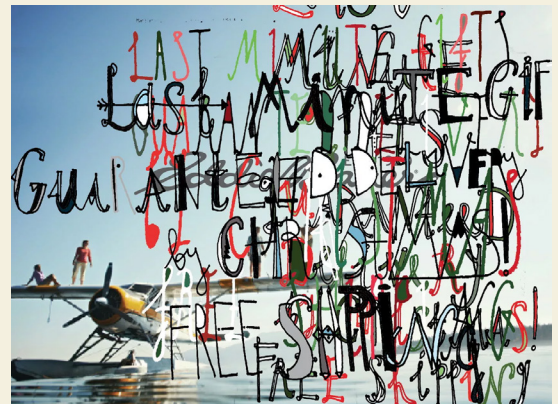
numbing to design with a grid).

I find great beauty in the chaos of his designs, because it trusts the viewer to figure out the message. For example, when looking at his work, I found a magazine spread (left) that had the text "ateboarding" across an image of a man midair, his skateboard underneath him. Now, someone with little imagination could complain "readers aren't going to get it . . . where's the 'sk'?" That irritates me. That like in writing, when the author presumes that I, the reader, have the intelligence of a box of rocks. Obviously, if I see "ateboarding," I understand that the "sk" is missing just for funsies. Even without the image, I like to think my common sense can fill in the blanks. Carson's designs also require trust—if you can't read something, then the point of the mishmash of text is more important than the words itself.

Carson seeks to convey emotion with his grunge typography, and his experimental style has helped him gain clients such as Nike, Pepsi Cola, Ray Bans, Levi Strauss and MTV Global.

His work inspired me to take great risks, especially when I was a beginner designer. When designing like this, you take a lot of L's. I quickly learned that the demographic for my workplace will usually not appreciate designs like this, so I use it mainly for my own outside-of-work projects. But, as a creative, it is so important to push the limits—the limits of legibility, of understanding, of structure, of balance.

That is your gift: asking questions. Pushing a little more. Don't be content with the walls around you. I truly believe the world needs people who dare to cut off their typography. ☸



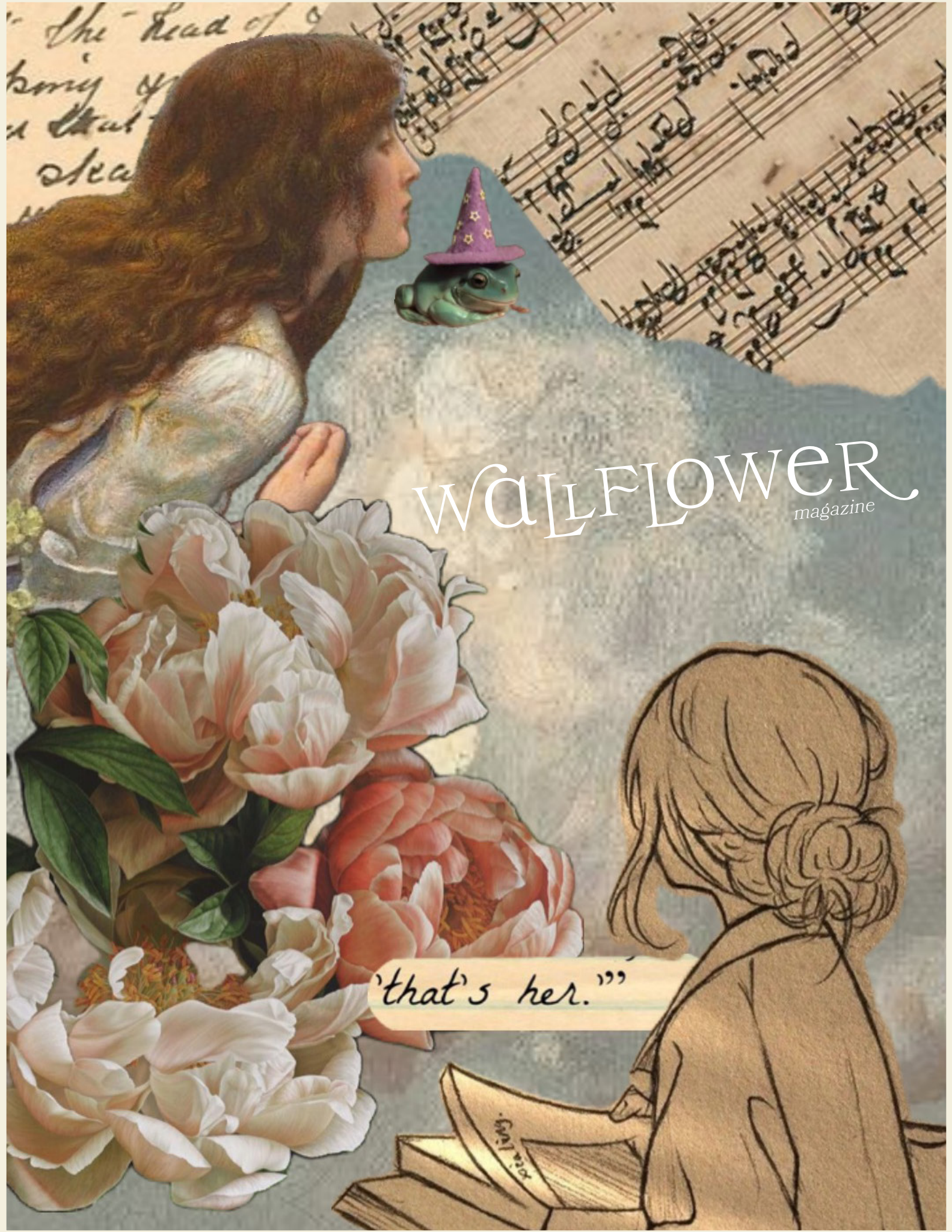
CHAPTER EIGHT

Quiet



Moments





WALLFLOWER

magazine

'that's her.'"