

40  
MAGAZINE

SONNY APOLLO



# EDITOR'S NOTE ~~SCRIBBLE~~



I'VE LEARNED WHAT  
HAPPENS TO A DREAM  
DEFERRED.

While the dreamer endures cyclical doubt and distraction, the dream sits, awaiting to be revived. Okay Kiki. Deep breaths. First tell them thanks. Thanks for even finding time and enough interest to read the damn magazine. Tell them how many overnight shifts went into this—Wait, no introduce yourself first. Tell them you are one massive creative contradiction who lives to write and writes to live. Tell them you're an artist, and you're sensitive about your shit. Never mind that. This magazine is a platform for every artist who works relentlessly on his craft. Tell them what they can expect in the first issue. Boring. Just give it to them straight. Be yourself. Make them cackle, sob, *think* Wait, no that's a couple pages later. You know what? Just keep it simple.

## DEAR READER

As my hands shake to write this, I hope this letter finds you in hopeful spirits. I'm awake at 4 am, listening to my iTunes shuffle tracks from Leona Lewis to Janis Joplin. Because when doubt strikes, music restarts the soul. I invite you to share my dream, Frederick's first urban magazine, a compilation of stories, photos, and perspectives. While reading this first issue of OUT40 Magazine, I hope you find inspiration and pride. This read is not for the lighthearted. But my wish is that you embrace it anyway...

From my scattered brain to yours,

Editor-in-Chief  
[Kiki@OUT40mag.com](mailto:Kiki@OUT40mag.com)

# CONTRIBUTORS



**NICO DANKS**, is a skilled freelance graphic designer from Frederick, Maryland. She studied digital design at Frederick Community College and dabbles in graphic design, illustration, photography, videography, editing, and production assistance. Nico currently resides in Chile. To view her projects, visit [behance.net/NicoDanks](https://www.behance.net/NicoDanks). For business inquiries contact, [info@out40.com](mailto:info@out40.com).



**AMY TOMEY**, resident of Frederick, Maryland is an adept freelance graphic designer. She has over five years in Photoshop experience and studied art at Frederick Community College. To view her projects, visit [behance.net/amyjredink](https://www.behance.net/amyjredink) and [amyjfiore.daportfolio.com](https://www.amyjfiore.daportfolio.com). For business inquiries contact, [info@out40.com](mailto:info@out40.com).



**CIANNA COOPER**, is a studio photographer based out of Frederick, Maryland. She provides service throughout the Washington DC, Metropolitan area. To view her projects, visit [cistudios.zenfolio.com](https://www.cistudios.zenfolio.com). For business inquiries contact, [info@out40.com](mailto:info@out40.com).

# THE LINEUP

relationships  
and love

DAY IN THE LIFE

storyteller's  
anonymous

POETS CORNER

White  
Diamonds  
and  
Calvin Klein

freestyle

For The 20Somethings

SPECKS OF GOLD

street talk



ILA + SILVIA DE!  
Topone non dimenticar mi  
Tomal Tivolo  
B-10-01  
Cucciona

MAROC

30/09/03

ISABELLA

Holger

PATRICK

WIA

LUTON

WIA

LOVE

LOVE

12-10-07

Topone non dimenticar mi  
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DAN

MAROC

30/09/03

HERE'S TO THE CRAZY ONES. THE MISFITS. THE REBELS. THE TROUBLEMAKERS.

THE ROUND PEGS IN THE SQUARE HOLES. THE ONES WHO SEE THINGS DIFFERENTLY.

THEY'RE NOT FOND OF RULES. AND THEY HAVE NO RESPECT FOR THE STATUS QUO.

YOU CAN PRAISE THEM, DISAGREE WITH THEM, QUOTE THEM, DISBELIEVE THEM,

GLORIFY OR VILIFY THEM. ABOUT THE ONLY THING YOU CAN'T DO IS IGNORE THEM.

BECAUSE THEY CHANGE THINGS. THEY INVENT. THEY IMAGINE. THEY HEAL. THEY EXPLORE.

THEY CREATE. THEY INSPIRE. THEY PUSH THE HUMAN RACE FORWARD.

MAYBE THEY HAVE TO BE CRAZY.

HOW ELSE CAN YOU STARE AT AN EMPTY CANVAS AND SEE A WORK OF ART

OR SIT IN SILENCE AND HEAR A SONG THAT'S NEVER BEEN WRITTEN

OR GAZE AT A RED PLANET AND SEE A LABORATORY ON WHEELS

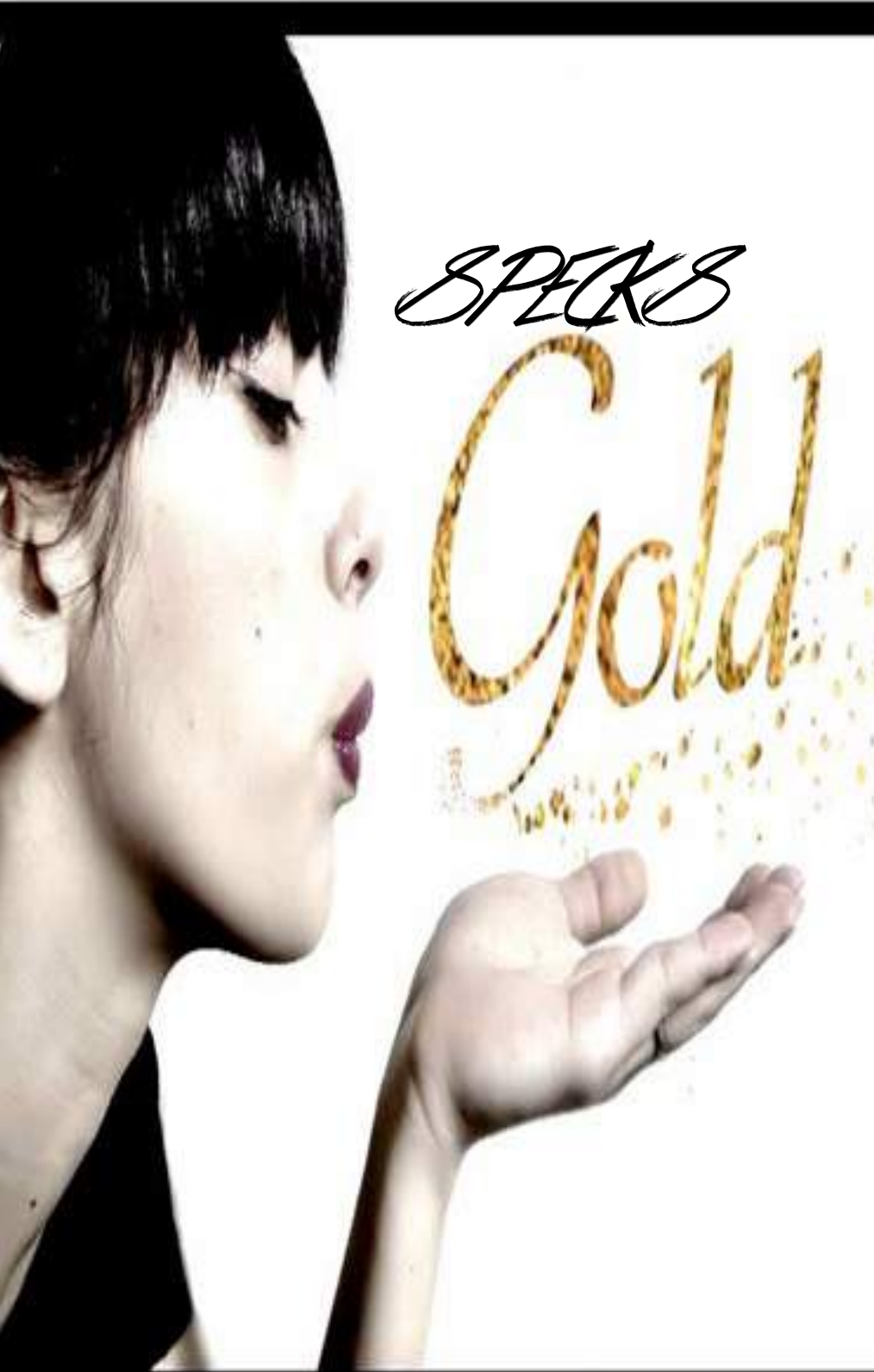
WHILE SOME MAY SEE THEM AS THE CRAZY ONES, WE SEE GENIUS.

BECAUSE THE PEOPLE WHO ARE CRAZY ENOUGH TO THINK THEY CAN CHANGE THE WORLD,

ARE THE ONES WHO DO...

BY JACK KEROUAC





A mile of speckled business establishments, falling short of their bottom line, guarded by a community of neighborhoods, some of which often make headline news, colored with culture and flashes of faces in passing from surrounding counties and the capital.

the

A misplaced pride that has dipped in the creek and driven to the pike has abandoned this side of town. The mile has accrued many notorious staples: a low income community, bombarded with crime and illegal immigrants, plagued with disappointment and an eye sore at its end.

forty

Deemed unworthy of federal monetary allocation, a not so blind eye is turned. Ranting hecklers feverishly jump to express their disdain with the corridor's condition. Believing the strip's dying grace needs a savior from which to rescue, Frederick County rallies committees and professional planners to revive its estate.

The Golden Mile once experienced an era of bloom; people congregated and business boomed. It was a flourishing pot, where guaranteed prosperity for business owners and a breath of achievement for families new and retired was promised. The gold of our mile has chipped away. What remains has tarnished and depreciated.

potential.

Through the grit and grime of lost profitability, changed demographic and fallen reputation, there is still raw beauty found in the dulled gem. The corridor has been stripped of all superficiality and remains naked.

If not measured by economic disparity or depressed aesthetic, Route 40 is of an aged artistry, incomparable to other stories of regressed communities. Let it not be judged by not only its future outlook but by nostalgia and hope.

Waiting to be awarded opportunities from political promises, 40 remains plain potential. With golden remembrances and wishes, we stand for revitalization of our forgotten neighborhoods, the prematurely classified ghettos, stereotyped residents, and blackballed businesses. A spell of hopelessness captivates the town as pointed fingers, diverted eyes, for lease signs and front pages plague our communities. Onlookers distrust and don't believe. Where there is no hope, there is no spur from the people to restore.

Before we try to scour speckles of dirt we may find that it sparkles when seen in altered angles of light. Perspective. Opportunity. Specks of gold are waiting to be rediscovered and redefined, wishing for the granted liberty to gleam once again.



STARVING  
ARTIST

PLEASE HELP

GOD BLESS

# selcouth

(adj.) unfamiliar, rare, strange, and yet marvelous

pronunciation | sel-'kooth

# FOR THE 20SOMETHINGS WHO THINK THIS CAN'T BE LIFE.

I'M GRATEFUL FOR LIFE. NOW IF ONLY I COULD FIGURE OUT WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO WITH IT.  
FOR THE UNDECIDED, THE STAGNANT, THE DREAMERS NOT DOERS, THE NOT-QUITES, THE APATHETIC AND MUNDANE.

WE HAVE FOUND OURSELVES RIDING THE PENDULUM THAT ROCKS US TO BOTH EXTREMES STUPIDITY AND ENLIGHTENMENT DURING TIMES OF MOVING LIFE EVENTS THAT TEACH AND REMIND US SIMULTANEOUSLY. MOST TIMES WE SIT IDLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TWO WHEN OUR WORLD STOPS MOVING. THIS POSES A FRIGHTENING DILEMMA AS WE PONDER SWINGING LEFT OR RIGHT AND ARE EVEN MORE SO AFRAID OF BEING HAUNTED BY STILLNESS. IN SILENCE, WE FACE THE PAST FAILURES AND MISSED OPPORTUNITIES THAT IGNITED OUR BURNED BRIDGES SO YOUNG IN OUR JOURNEYS.

## MY FRIENDS, WE HAVE ENTERED THE AGE OF THE 20s.

WE ARE PAINTING THE GRAY BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG DECISIONS AS WE FEEL OUR WAY THROUGH LIFE.

WE DO NOT WISH TO SELF-REFLECT. WE ARE YOUNG, BUT OLD ENOUGH TO BELIEVE WE CAN DO WHAT WE WANT, AND STUPID ENOUGH TO ACTUALLY FOLLOW THROUGH. THESE ARE THE TIMES OF REBELLION, FAST LIVING, AND ENDLESS CELEBRATION.

## BUT REALITY HAS STRUCK.

WE SEE A YOUNGER VERSION OF OURSELVES THAT EMBODIED FULFILLMENT, WHISKED AWAY IN A CAREFREE BREEZE FROM DAY TO DAY. WE STAND STILL IN DISBELIEF, WONDERING HOW WE GOT HERE AND WISHING TO GO BACK.

MAYBE IF WE DRANK MORE WINE, ADULTHOOD WILL MAKE SENSE.

WE LOOK TO OUR PEERS WHO HAVE BECOME BEST FRIENDS WITH FORTUNE, WONDERING IF WE CAN GET ON ITS GOOD SIDE, TOO. FEELINGS OF INADEQUACY, THE PRESSURE TO DO MORE, AND BE MORE, HAUNT US AT EACH DAWN AND DUSK. BUT FEEL COMFORT IN KNOWING THAT EVERYONE WILL EXPERIENCE THIS SLUMP OF MERE EXISTENCE.

THE GOALS WE ONCE HAD WE NOW SEE AS THE SEATBELTS TO OUR LIVELIHOODS, HOLDING US DOWN. WE DABBLE WITH FIGURING OUT OUR BELIEFS, RELIVING CHILDHOOD TRAUMAS, CHASING DREAMS THAT SEEM UNREACHABLE.

BECAUSE WE'VE BEEN TOLD WHAT TO DO FOR SO LONG, WE ARE PROGRAMMED FOR DIRECTION. WE ARE LOST AND DISTRUST OUR OWN INTUITION, THE MAGIC PLACE WHERE RISKS HAPPEN, LESSONS ARE LEARNED, AND STEPS ARE TAKEN TO FURTHER SELF-DISCOVERY.

WHEN WE USED TO RIDICULE THOSE WHO HAVE TREAD BEFORE US WITH THE LIFESTYLE THEY CHOSE, WE WERE NOT YET EXPOSED TO LIFE'S ULTIMATUMS. NOW HERE WE ARE, FACING THE SAME TESTS OF UR PREDECESSORS, REALIZING IT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE. WE'VE NEVER BEEN TESTED. OUR STRATEGY HAS BEEN STRIPPED NAKED OF ALL FLUFFY FANTASIES: SURVIVE FIRST, THRIVE SECOND. WE HAVE BEEN THROWN THE FASTEST LEARNING CURVE.

AND THAT'S BECAUSE WE'RE ALL JUST KIDS WHO GREW UP TOO FAST.

## THIS IS LIFE.

AND WHILE YOU MAY BE THINKING THAT THESE MOMENTS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE THE BEST WITH MEMORIES TO TELL YOUR GRANDCHILDREN, YOU FIND IT HARD TO LIVE IN THE MOMENT, DON'T YOU?

WE ARE EITHER TOO CONSUMED WITH TOMORROW OR FIND TODAY JUST SO UNINTERESTING THAT WE LET OUR MINDS ROAM FREE TO ANY PLACE BUT THE HERE AND NOW.

THIS IS NOT A HOW-TO GUIDE. A THERAPY SESSION, MAYBE, BUT THIS IS A SIMPLE CONFIRMATION THAT YOU ARE NOT ALONE. NO ONE KNOWS THE ANSWER. AGE PROVIDES PERSPECTIVE, NOT ABSOLUTES.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE THE STRONGEST.  
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE THE MOST OPTIMISTIC.  
WE ARE NOT PERFECT AND WE DO NOT HAVE TO BE.

YOU JUST HAVE TO LIVE.  
BECAUSE IN LIVING YOU

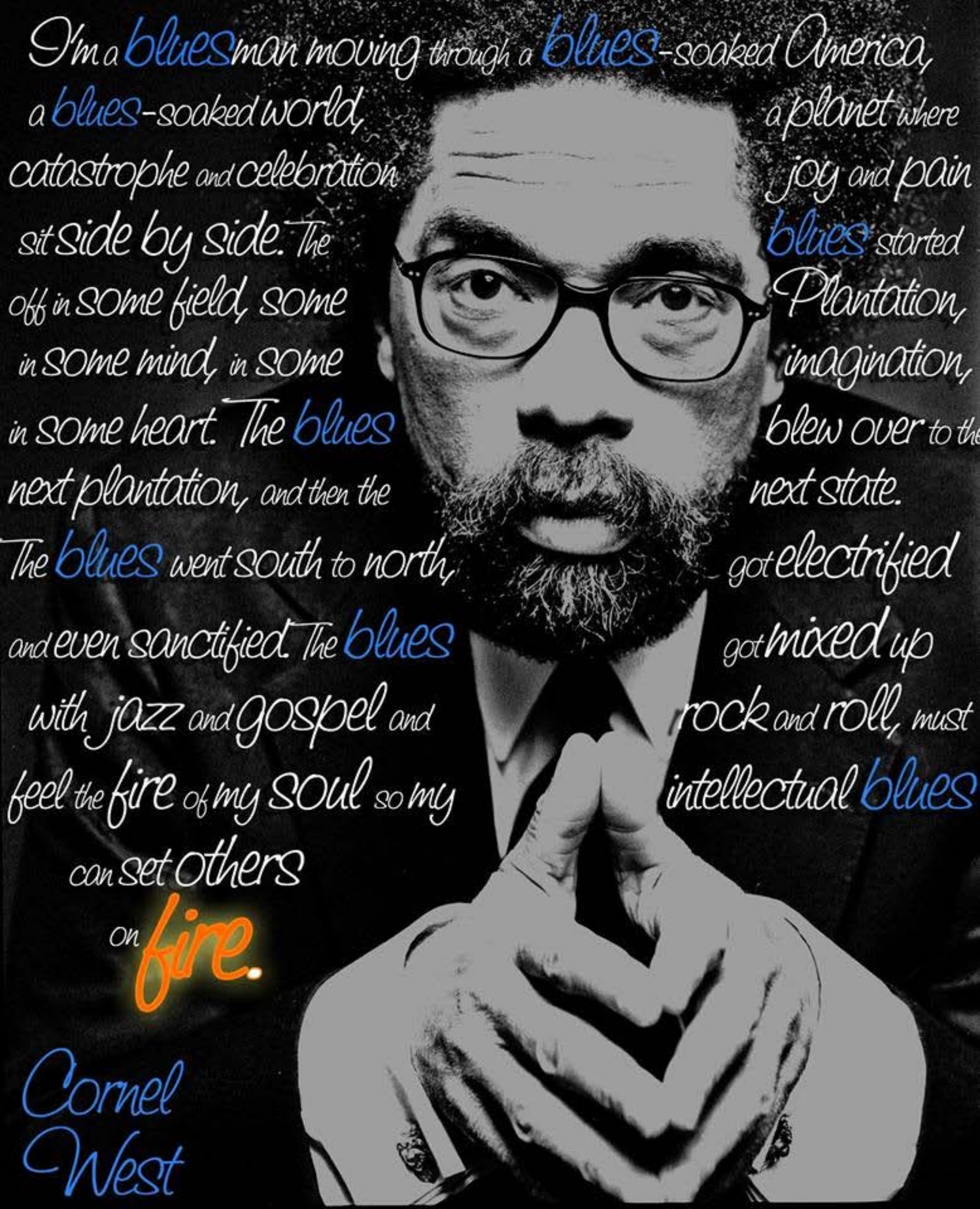
WILL BEGIN TO FIND..

AND THE DISCOVERIES

WILL BE BEAUTIFUL.

...AND HOPEFULLY  
EDUCATIONAL.  
-END-





I'm a **blues** man moving through a **blues**-soaked America,  
a **blues**-soaked world,  
catastrophe and celebration  
sit side by side. The  
off in some field, some  
in some mind, in some  
in some heart. The **blues**  
next plantation, and then the  
The **blues** went south to north,  
and even sanctified. The **blues**  
with jazz and gospel and  
feel the fire of my soul so my  
can set others  
on **fire.**

a planet where  
joy and pain  
**blues** started  
Plantation,  
imagination,  
blew over to the  
next state.  
got electrified  
got mixed up  
rock and roll, must  
intellectual **blues**

Cornel  
West

# YOU KNOW YOU'RE FROM 40 WHEN...

**DISCLAIMER:** THIS IS A LIST COMPILED BY A BIASED TOWN GIRL WHO GREW UP ON KEY PARKWAY

- 1 You've hung out on one of the many stoops of Elmwood Terrace...
- 2 You've had conversations with the Elmwood Terrace security officers like longtime friends...
- 3 Middle of the night walks to Giant Eagle on warm summer nights were routine.
- 4 You used to attend the annual summer carnival at Frederick Towne Mall as a youngster.
- 5 You remember the Frederick Towne Mall as the heart of the Golden Mile.
- 6 Later in life, you and your friends walked around Frederick Towne Mall as an intuitive habit, all the while knowing there wasn't jack shit in there...
- 7 E-Wood and CPM each had a respective crew...and while reading this, you actually know what I'm talking about
- 8 You've walked a block to buy chicken wings and fried rice from Hot Wok after getting off the school bus.
- 9 You've snuck into the Hoyt's movie theater at least twice...which probably contributed to them closing. Shame on you!
- 10 Denny's and McDonald's were the hang out spots until the wee hours of the morning...or until they kicked you out
- 11 You've devoured Casa Rico's fried ice cream.
- 12 You've sampled the Giant Eagle candy isle. Wait, I'm kidding, that's illegal...



13 You've walked/ran/scurried/hailed ass across the longest, never-ending crosswalk of the strip (at the Hillcrest Drive light) and almost faced your death.

14 Baker Place was once the great wooded adventure in which you and your next door neighbors explored, got lost and ran for your life convinced you had been bitten by a snake on numerous occasions.

15 You knew all the shortcuts and back alleys. The landslide behind Hawthorne Square houses to the Lake Coventry basketball court that is quite messy when wet, the dirt road and neat steps from Hickory Hills apartments to the Waverley Elementary sports field, the convenient passageway between the Elmwood Terrace apartments and FTM that many consider quite dangerous at night, the rather abrupt and reckless dirt slope where the fence ends from Giant to Giant Eagle... I'll stop here.

16 Your grandmother made you walk to Waverley Beer and Wine store to buy her scratch offs. I was 7.

17 You knew Motel 6 as Holiday Inn.

18 The penalty for missing the Transit bus was one hour and a torturous trip through the entire city of Frederick.

19 You used the Red Horse, no not the steak house the actual horse, as a landmark when giving directions to your home.

20 You paid \$2.00 on Thursdays at Holiday Cinemas to catch a flick.

21 You ordered a gyro from Gyro King.

22 You pronounce Baughman's Lane with a G.



## 2 PM

Ryan, THE VETERAN, 40, 13-year artist  
 Sirvone, The ROCKSTAR, 23, 4-year artist  
**SIRVONE BEGINS A HIBISCUS PIECE.**

While he is working, we discuss a few many wierdnastyoffensivehystericalunfathomable things...  
 His first tattooing was at the age of 19 for \$20 after giving up CAN studies in college.

**YIKES:** Sirvone reminisces on a 60-year old client who requested a penis and vagina tattoo on her chest. He recalls her talking dirty while being inked.

Both artists reveal their bodies once being blank canvases, now painted with various works of self-tattooing. I hate getting tattooed, I love the outcome." –Ryan.

## 3 PM

**RHONDA WALKS IN TO NOTIFY THE TATTOO ARTISTS OF CLIENT APPOINTMENTS TOMORROW.**

**FACT:** "You need to be humble in this industry." –Ryan.

**FACT:** There are three types of tattoo artists: The artistically inclined, the mechanically inclined and those who are both. – Ryan. Sirvone uses 4 tattooing machines at a time. Ryan uses only 2.

**FACT:** Stealing clients? The big industry "NO."

**COPY AND PASTE ARTISTS BEWARE:** "Proportion is proportion that's not gonna change, ever." –Ryan. For instance, a thigh tat is shot at an angle on a camera. Uploaded on the web. Reprinted on a flat surface. Retraced. The tat loses dimension. Get it?  
**HISTORY:** South Carolina legalized tattooing less than 10 years ago.

**TATTOOING GENITALS:** A man once requested a 4-leaf clover on his penis. "I'm not touching his d\*\*k! You think it's gonna be soft?!" –Sirvone.

**YIKES:** Women who get completely undressed for lower back tattoos. ...Maybe it's a trend.

Ryan has carpal tunnel. He explains tattooing techniques like, applying ointment on the side of the hand so the gun slides on the skin. He attends tattoo conventions to perfect his craft. "We're not reinventing the wheel in this industry. Everything that we're doing has been done." –Ryan.

A roundtable discussion takes place about the movie Superbad.  
**FACT:** Color pigmentation vs. skin tone. A red on cream may be a purple on chocolate.

**FAILED ARTISTRY:** "I failed all of my drawing classes. You don't tell me what to draw I draw what I want! It's my style." –Ryan.

## 4 PM

Sirvone spontaneously discusses in detail his future funeral plans: "Being dead never sounded so fun."

The colorfully drawn, "Feel free to tip your tattoo artist!" sign hangs high on the wall to catch the eye.

Tattoo Etiquette, people.

"My go to response to compliments on tattooing is, 'I get lucky sometimes.'" –Ryan.

We start a chain of awful food spots that resemble practices of the movie, "Waiting." Yuck.

**EHHH:** When tattooing exes, do not reminisce on the relationship. Though she may be a delusional, cheating, confusing tramp, all of that is irrelevant now.

## 5 PM

**LUNCH BREAK:** PIZZA RUN TO PIZZA BOLI'S.

**TWO CUSTOMERS SIMULTANEOUSLY SHOW FOR SIRVONE.** His daily goal is to find an orderly fashion to have everyone out by 9. One of them coins the name, The Nut Scratcher, during his visit. How'd he get that name? ...Yup. The Nut Scratcher and I shake hands as Ryan introduced me as his wife. There is nowhere to run. While washing my hands, immediately thereafter, I disregard the "Caution: Hot Water Is Hot" sign while lathering. I leap in shock and silently shriek from the scorch. Ouch.

**SIRVONE COMPLETES A QUICK DRAWING OF THE VIKINGS SPORTS TEAM HORN. HE FINISHES TATTOOING IN TEN MINUTES.**

**HYGIENE:** Sirvone defines his self-made term: "Stinky hand." While doing arm tattoos, stinky hands are those that smell like sh\*t. He also discusses bad breath. "I want to put up a sign that says, 'Please do not breath in my f\*cking face if you do not want to me to f\*ck up your f\*ckin' tattoo.'" But I think there's too many f\*cks in there though."

**FACT:** There are no sick days in this industry.

**THE RISK OF TATTOOING:** Artists potentially come in contact with blood borne pathogens and other diseases. He recalls a time contracting strep throat from one of his customers. Sirvone and Ryan discuss putting their penises in the autoclave...while eating pizza. Heat and pressure baby.

**FACT:** Sirvone does not tattoo feet. He hates when a jagged toe nail snags his glove, the never-ending "pluck" while inking.

## 6 PM

**SIRVONE BEGINS FINISHING A PIECE ON A RETURNING CUSTOMER.**

He addresses and nullifies shop rumors on reusing needles and ink.

A conversation sparks about unexpected impregnation and more dirty talk. \*Shrugs\*

Ryan explains the antique artistry of powder mixing.

## 7 PM

Sirvone discusses fantasies of sexing former school teachers.

The tattoo machinery breakdown: Ryan owns limited edition collectible items; replicas from the 1920s.

Ink almost falls on Sirvone's shoes. His reaction is similar to that of dodging a bullet.

## 8 PM

The backroom jams to Ryan's theme song: "Thrift Shop"

Sirvone talks about his extreme opposition to prostate checks, tells humorous stories about religion and suppositories.

Both mention "scratchers" who boil their needles in a metal pot on kitchen stoves. These artists potentially expose clients to diseases like Hepatitis.

**FACT:** Needles need heat AND pressure to effectively sterilize.

Sirvone makes a "Get out" and "Bye Bye" cup, only readable in the drinking position, for dismissing females after sex. \*blank stare\* ...You had to be there.

Artists prepare to leave. **STORE CLOSSES.**





7. Be gentle. You are meeting parts of yourself you've been at war with.

EXPRESSING YOUR FEELINGS



*privately speaking*  
ANONYMOUS STORY TELLING

# HERE'S MY STORY:

I was born into a world where mothers leave their daughters on workplace stoops for fathers and grandmothers to care for. Birthed by teenage parents, my arrival was inopportune to say the least. But my father embraced his responsibility and Daddy's Girl fully blossomed only to wither later.

I was ten when I became the stepchild, similar to the lackluster not-so-shiny toy cast to the bottom of the chest box after having too many days of play. Abandoned, I watched as my father unwrapped his new gifts: a new family. She had a daughter of my age and a child of whom my father assumed fabricated paternity. Being in competition emphasizes your flaws. I was fat, my hair was not as long, and I didn't dress as nice. When she braided my hair, she'd instruct me not to look in the mirror. I don't know if she was hiding me from my beauty or my ugly. The uncertainty is what tortures me most.

During those seven years, my stepmother blamed me for her marital blunders. Somehow I expected my father to be the superhero and save the defenseless child but all the while anticipating that the biting truth of disappointment would prevail.

I was forbidden from contacting my mother. But I don't remember her calling me on my birthdays, either. Her visits were seldom. I reasoned that seven years of marital abuse can make you forget your first born. I remember him running toward my mother with a knife and she using me as her shield. I still don't know if I were the sacrifice worth dying, or she worth saving.

I was just a lonely kid. I needed a mother. I needed a father. Both of my parents started anew. My grandmother was my saving grace. I felt like my parents died and I was the orphan who had to move in with family. Grandma's house was a place of refuge. It was an offering of stability. I moved back with her and my relationship with my father ceased. Then I began visiting my mother on the weekends.

At 13, I moved in with my mother. We shared adult conversations. I asked her why she had stayed for so long. I remember her saying, "Have you ever seen the movie, 'What's Love Got to Do With It?' It's like that." What's Love Got To Do With It. I would sit cross-legged on the floor and watch it all the time. It was my sentiment, my only attachment to my mother that I could had time to understand. I had time to rewind, pause, fast forward and stop this life whenever I wanted to. I was drowning in rage and resentment at everyone. And then I met love.

Peer pressure introduced me to him. Initially I had no interest. Then I found love to be a messy distraction and I was hooked. We began dating when I was 14. He was 17. Maybe a sudden fall makes a fertile girl. He rejected my pregnancy and a ninth grade abortion later, we were inseparable for four years to come. Looking back, I knew that I was willing to die at the hands of him. He never hit any of his past girlfriends. I was the first. Only I could get him to that point and I secretly prided myself in that feat. We made love, even after the cruelty.

It started off with pressure points. The first time he hit me was a smack and a bite. Punches. Choking. He pulled my hair. I never used to fight him back. I was a rag doll in front of my friends. It hurt, but whatever.

My mother said I got tricked. She didn't like him but she couldn't save me. No one saved her. I was going to do what I wanted. Whether it be sneaking out to see him, skipping school to see him, or inviting him over when she wasn't home, I loved him. And in my storyline, love had everything to do with it.

I started fighting back at 17. At 18 and 19, I instigated the fights. When he was incarcerated for robbery, I got a taste of escape. I was doing well. But when he was released, I retreated.

I broke up with him at 19. I had fallen out of love. He wouldn't let me go. He contacts me every once in a while. I've seen him. I've been around him. I've felt no temptation to slip back. Now I receive threatening text messages from an unknown number telling me that he should've taken my life when he had the chance.

Some say talking to your child does the trick. Telling her that she deserves better is the buffer she'll use in a time like mine. I say far gone is a destination. There is nothing anyone could have done to deter me from this path. This is my story. The only person I resent is me.

Childhood seemed like a dissociative memory. They tell me to move on. I'm damaged. But I'm moving on just like they told me to.

NO ONE CAN SAVE YOU FROM  
YOUR STORYLINE. IT WAS  
CRAFTED TO BE TOLD ONLY  
BY YOU, A PERSONAL  
JOURNEY FOR  
FOR YOUR SOUL  
TO ENDURE.



Grenomj.com  
(c)Minjae Lee

Grenomj.com  
(c)Minjae Lee

# THE SPIN LIST

cue the hip hop: figure you out

cue cosgrove: diamonds

me colors: somewhere feat bitatt

sonny apollo: white diamonds and calvin klein

# STREET DRESSES

**Hers**

Winter  
Fashion



Body Chains  
And  
Ear Cuffs!



Mens Kumihimo  
Bracelets

**His**



Simon Spurr  
Leather Sleeve  
Trench Coat



Emilio Pucci  
Thigh High  
Suede Boots



Michael Kors  
'Hamilton'  
Saffiano Tote

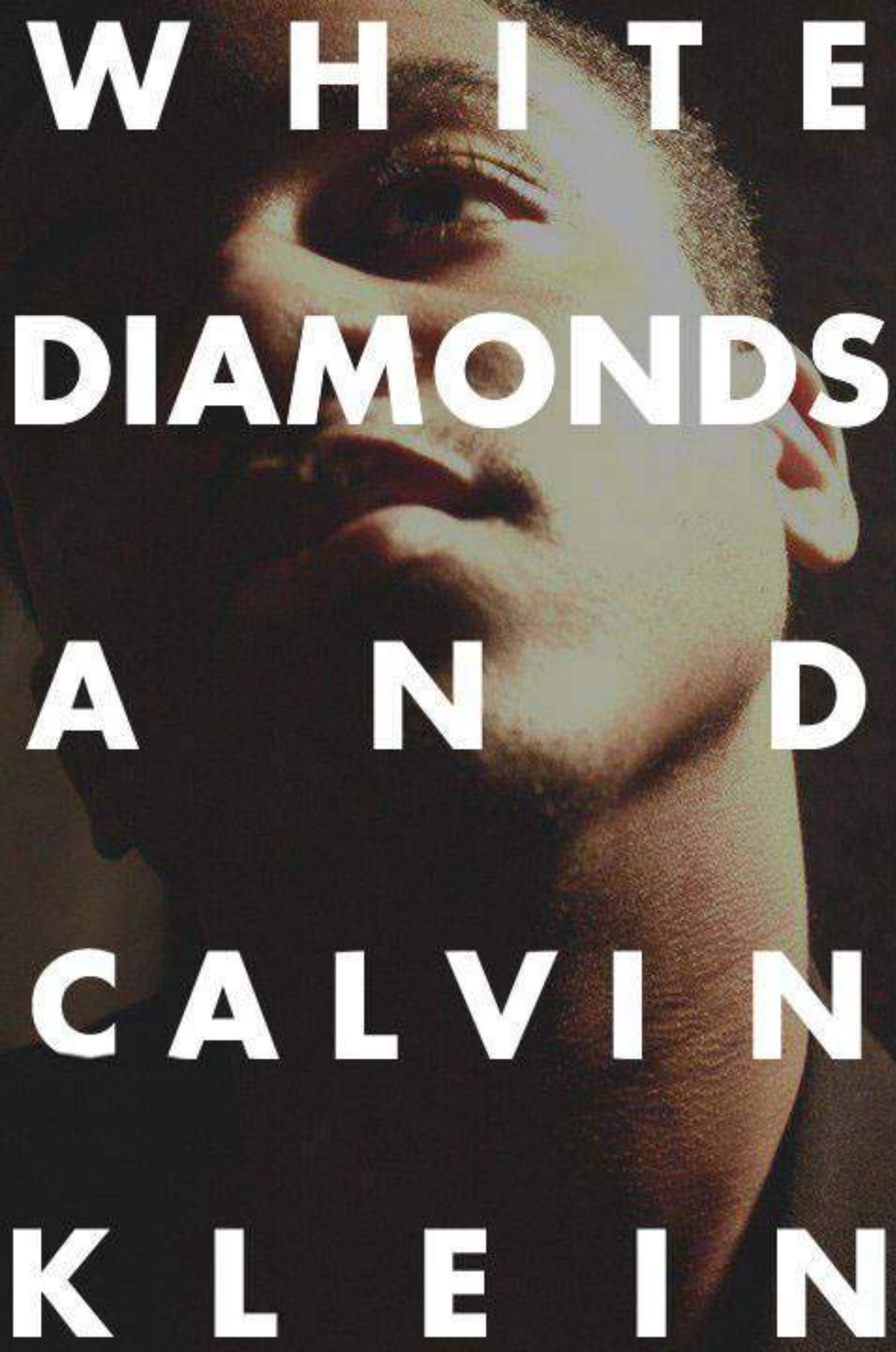


Ralph Lauren  
Polo Wexham  
Boots



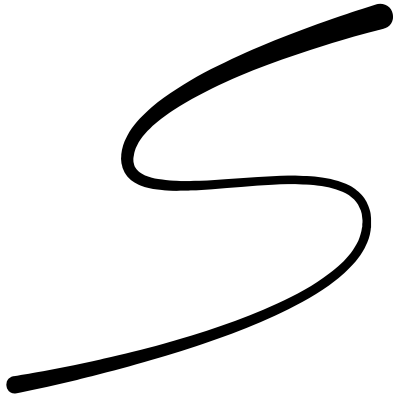
MONICA SUTRISNA





WHITE  
DIAMONDS  
AND  
CALVIN  
KLEIN





sonny Apollo's first step into the world of music was by "force and open arms" when his mother raised him in the church choir at the tender age of three.

He describes the day he and music met, as he sang the Stevie Wonder song "If You Really Love Me" on Wonder's cassette tape his father gave him at the age of nine, a singer he identified as one of his inspirations and starting point for his love of music.

Before Sonny Apollo, a stage name that sparks his late-grandfather's legacy, stands Joshua Diggs, a Governor Thomas Johnson High School graduate Class of 2010 many remember as theatrical, artistic, and free. A

player of many instruments, Joshua reminisced on how early he began including what he loved into the, at that time, dreaded institution of learning. *"I had a chorus teacher named Ms. Kathleen Taylor, shout out to her, I was in her chorus class in 7th grade. Now, the story behind that is I was actually in Spanish at Bal-lenger Creek Middle and the first time we got a pop quiz, I said f\*ck this I'm ready to switch out of this class, [Laughing] and lo and behold this girl from my church named Sammie Taylor said well "why don't you join chorus with us?" I was like "Okay," so I went in there and one thing led to another and Ms. Taylor she kind of put me on as you will. I did the music band and that kind of opened doors to doing musical theater. She was very pivotal in my foundation."*

Sonny Apollo embarked on his musical journey immediately after graduating high school when he realized the typical college student story would not be his. *"I left Frederick. I went out to Chicago, I went to Columbia College in Chicago, I did a semester there and then I went out to New York City and I got started. My college professor flat out told me, 'You are not the college type. With the career choice you are doing, you don't necessarily need college. College is for structure, not people in your form.' So, I took that and I ran with it I think like maybe two months later I went right out to NYC and I started auditioning for Broadway shows."* His work and experiences in the Big City led him to be a part of the show Carmen the Opera with one of the city's local opera companies.

Diggs' musical influences range from the Big Band era to gospel, from mainstream to present underground-artists who have yet to achieve such fame. He talks about musicians in differing genres and ages of acclaim such as Alicia Keys, Aretha Franklin, Elton John, Prince, David Bowie, Billie Holiday, Mahalia Jackson, Duke Ellington, and his long time high school friend Mac Kennedy.

Sonny Apollo defines his music as a "vulnerable and spiritual" sound. In comparison to today's playlist, Sonny says he is one of a kind. *"I don't feel I fit and I'm very okay with that because it allows people to listen. I feel like that's what's missing right now, I'm not interested in talking about who I'm sleeping with or what parties I'm attending...As far as today's music as a whole, it's a little cheap. But that's also indicative of the times. I'm just here to enlighten and spread the gospel of love."*

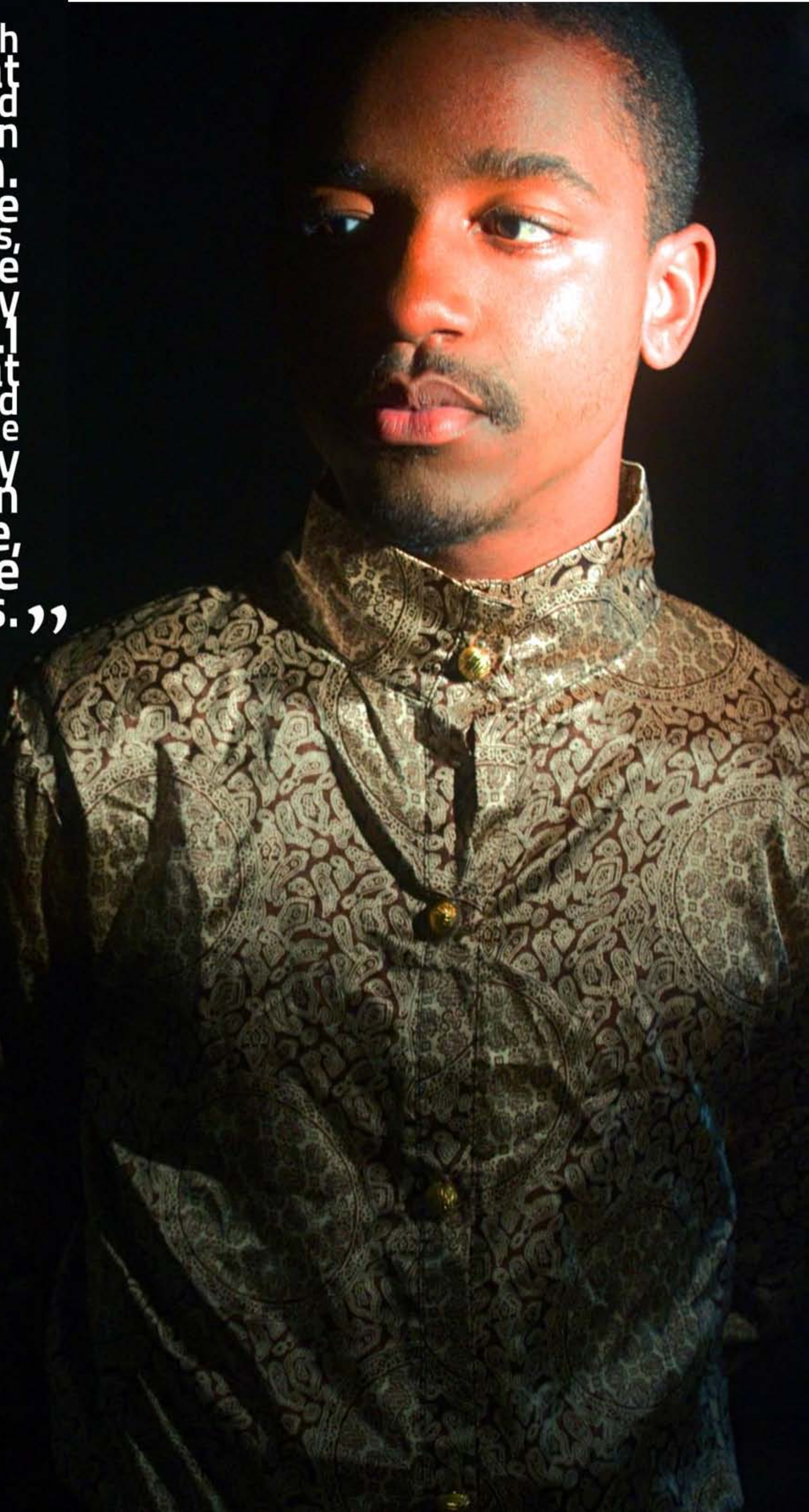
Joshua explained how the city of Frederick helped him chase his dream. *"Basically everything about my foundation, about where I'm at today is because of Frederick. When I discovered that I had a vocal gift I was in Frederick. Frederick is my stomping ground. That's where I got to explore and figured out what I like to do, what I would like to do, or figure out what doesn't work for me as well as you know, just enjoying life at that time. Frederick will always have a big part of my heart because that's where it all began."*

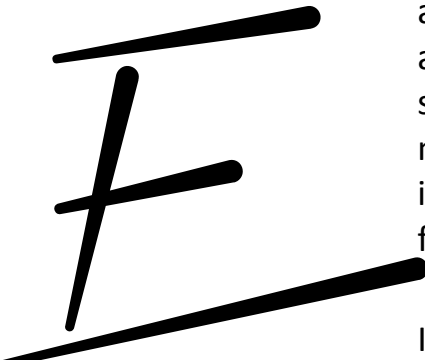
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“I’ve learned through this process that you’re only as good as your dedication to completion. I had to be in the moment at all times, even if that came at the cost of my own material... I never knew what I wanted the record to sound like because I didn’t want my first impression to be a bad one, now I embrace my leftedness.”





Earlier this year, Sonny Apollo and his team booked the Opening Mic to the Hit and Run Mini-tour in New York City. He hit strips of Chicago and completed his summer residency at the Jellyfish Lounge by performing for late diners and music lovers. While performing, Apollo met notable others in the music industry including the manager of R&B artist R. Kelly. He deemed performing for Mac Mall, an affiliate of Apple, as a humbling experience.

In the last year, Sonny Apollo's latest project is has evolved through various projects that led to his upcoming single entitled "White Diamonds and Calvin Klein," from the EP *Gypsy Fire*. Sonny described it as "definitely a singer's record." Co-written by composer Gemini, the storyline meshes Apollo's taste of jazz, theater, and R&B all into one that tells of a man in pursuit of a woman for a night on the town. The song explores the realization to the deeper value of women that surpasses sex, labels or materialism. Sonny revealed the influences of the record are women, men, sex, drugs, and love. "I intend for this project to be an "aural excursion" meaning that while listening to each song, you can see each song, you can feel the colors from each song and that you digest each song for what it is: an expression, a lie, a truth, a value, sexuality, whatever. Each song has a vibe of its own and that was intentional upon creating- there's camp, there's soul, there's rock, and most of all liberation. This project's conception over the past year has really liberated me and I feel comfortable in who I am as an artist and who I'm becoming as a citizen of the world."

A collaborative effort with his team of college friends and audio engineer Mac Kennedy, who Josh deems as a musical genius, his journey began with one causal studio session in Philadelphia. His collaborations have expanded since then to contributors like Chicago DJ Shazam Bangles and song co-producer Drew. Since commencing his musical path, Diggs has become more centered in discovering Sonny the artist and Joshua the person and learning the meanings of both.

"I've learned through this process that you're only as good as your dedication to completion. There was no real process for the creation of this project except being present at all times. I had to be in the moment at all times, even if that came at the cost of my own material. Sometimes I wouldn't want to record, and that's okqy. Sometimes I wouldn't want to rehearse too long, and that's okay. Sometimes I would want to be by the lake meditating or reading a book, and that's okay. If there's one thing that I've also learned over time is that life is simple and patience is not only a virtue but it's also a gift, a responsibility of sorts... I must have written somewhere between 80 and 90 songs for this project and recorded maybe 40 of them... I was on such a rollercoaster ride from the start back in Philly to the completion in Chicago. I never knew what I wanted the record to sound like because I didn't want my first impression to be a bad one, now I embrace my "leftedness."

Sonny Apollo's first single "White Diamonds and Calvin Klein" was debuted on September 18<sup>th</sup> from the EP *Gypsy Fire* that will be released in December. Download it [here](#). It can be heard and downloaded via the Cutz on Cuts Ustream radio website. Later in the year, Diggs will be performing during the Chicago Fashion Week at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel on October 16<sup>th</sup> and at the Shapeshifter Lab in Brooklyn, New York on November 21<sup>st</sup>.

He summed up his plans for the future with two words: Performing and Preparation. From the "TJ Stage" to the many stages worldwide, Sonny's journey has just begun. -END-

Hands can perform miracles,  
These hands can be weapons  
or these hands can write glory

Wisdom or swords,  
It's your choice  
Now go ahead  
and write your story

These hands can touch hearts  
through elaborate tales, ges-  
tures  
These hands describe messages  
with words that convey

These hands,  
Hands are strong  
Hands touch lives

Words become weapons or  
swords  
Bring your peace to your hands,  
Praying you were together  
-Truelines

Who is to blame for the succinct  
writer?  
The one who told her she had  
nothing to say  
And she, for believing.  
The one who rushed her story  
when she attempted to speak.  
The one who hushed her voice as  
inferior.  
Accustomed to her own silence,  
she clips her thoughts short of  
wonder.  
-K

# Poets Corner

Extemporization  
Every conversation is a form of jazz,  
some people have peculiarities  
all artists do, we are dressed by our gen-  
eration.

We see character by the way people sit.  
We give off the illusion of randomness.  
We look for the color of sunlight shining  
foliage for the un-sculpted block of time,  
extension of the bloodstream.

Search for childhood wide-eyed concen-  
tration, hoping to touch upon the hill  
where work and play merge.

Let yourself disappear into the color of  
music in pens, keyboards, bows, the sax,  
the voice inside rising directing the cre-  
ative flow to exist and continue to  
bloom.

-Mallory

Seeds Sown  
We're all seeds.  
grasping to take root,  
climbing to surface,  
providing nourishment,  
becoming landscape.

We're all seeds.  
Struggling through the dark,  
grasping each dawn,  
each bit of sun,  
each drop of rain,  
soaking in despair,  
drowning in tears,  
or swimming up stream,  
we're all seeds.

Bursting through,  
breaking ground,  
tasting air,  
thriving,  
rooting,  
growing.  
Seeds of trees,  
Seeds of flowers,  
Seeds of weeds,  
all seeds of life.  
-Tia

An abstract painting featuring a central area of vibrant, multi-colored brushstrokes in shades of blue, red, yellow, and green. This central area is framed by thick, expressive black brushstrokes that create a sense of depth and shadow. The overall composition is dynamic and textured.

**WE**

**ARE**

**HUMAN!**

# STREET TALK

## UPCOMING DATES

Feb 7 National Black HIV/AIDS Awareness Day

March 10 Women and Girls HIV/AIDS Awareness Day

March 20 National Native HIV/AIDS Awareness Day

May 18 HIV Vaccine Awareness Day

May 19 Asian&Pacific Islander HIV/AIDS Awareness Day

June 8 Caribbean American HIV/AIDS Awareness Day

June 27 National HIV Testing Day



# HIV/AIDS

## THE STATS

In 2011, **42%** of Western region residents in Maryland living with HIV were in Frederick County. Washington County had the highest living cases with **46%**.

Maryland is the **third** state with the highest rate of HIV diagnoses. DC is ranked **first**.



GET TESTED.



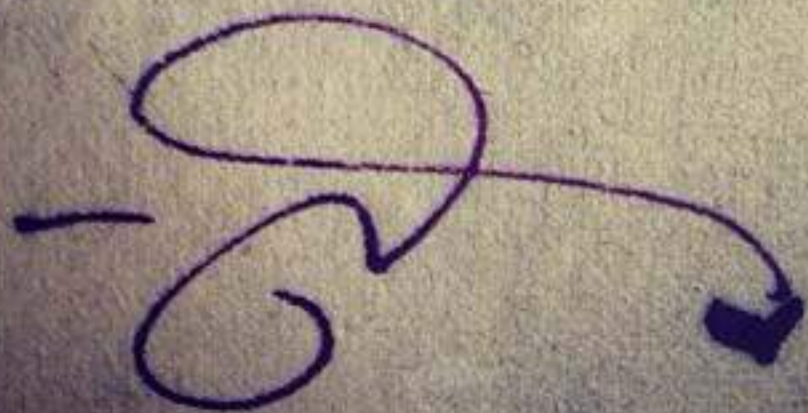
**Free, anonymous or confidential**  
OraQuick Rapid HIV testing.  
Test results that are available in  
approximately **20 minutes**.  
Free HIV testing now available  
every **second Wednesday** evening  
of the month from **5:00pm - 7:00pm**.  
**Walk-in & Appointments:**  
Fridays, 9:00 am - 10:30 am  
and 1:30 pm - 3:00 pm

## WHERE TO GO

Health Department  
350 Montevue Lane  
Frederick, MD 21702  
Phone: (301) 600-3342



my fingers were made  
to trace your scars  
with a touch so soft  
it ignites your skin





"I have a problem with those who see gay men as white women."



"Effeminate" is a derogatory word and signifies weakness.



The way you perceive me is not just what you can see."



"Sissy".

"Faggot" is a trigger word."



# Freestyle



“With this letter I’m saying **hello** to you my daughter for the **first time** since you was a baby, but I know God has his way of doing things. I hope and pray that eventually we will **love** and know each other like there was never any time missing in our lives.”

I have your face tattooed on my forearm, the only pic I’ve ever had of you, the one where you’re like 3 months and you’re laying on your stomach holding a tan teddy bear. It’s the only pic I have of you, and I’ve carried for almost 21 years. In that picture **you look like me.** You have my lips, my nose, my ears, my eyes, my chin, and if you have dimples, you got those from me.”

“You see the last time I held you I seen you, kissed you, baby girl you was six or seven months old. I do want you to know that I love you, I never stopped loving you. Look this letter is **harder** than I thought it would be.

“I want you to be **proud** of me but every time I think about it, I’m like “damn what a **first impression.**” I’m in prison, a **convict** ex-drug dealer, an ex-gangster. I just feel that maybe if I would have gone to **college**, I could have been a **better father.**

## Did I tell you I love you?

I’m just really glad that God has given me the chance to get to know you my daughter. I am not **perfect**, I’m just your father and your **friend.** So don’t fret, you’re not getting rid of me. I love you. Always have, always will.

# I KNOW WHY THE CAGED BIRD SINGS: LETTERS FROM MY FATHER

An eight page letter was the first time she met her father. A man who has served four years of a twenty year sentence. A fatherless daughter, she feels no anger nor regret toward him, just anticipating future memories. A Daddy's girl who never learned the ropes, she expects awkwardness and a crooked smile upon their first encounter. For now, she is content with written affections and seals them with wishful kisses, to be planted all over his face when the day comes. A 21-year old child, her innocence has yet to blossom into womanhood, rooted in a fatherless foundation, while awaiting each of his letters to provide the water and sunshine to nurture her inner little girl. A daughter who never ran and met her Daddy at the front door, never had an in-house Superman, never witnessed looks of discipline, concern, disappointment, adoration nor been saved by paternal instincts. She receives all of the better-late-than-never advice, interrogation, and stories of the good times on tri-folded notebook paper that she keeps in a distinct place in her cluttered room. A girl who never stopped loving a man whom she never met. She has become his latest pen pal, either one eagerly awaiting the others reply. A postal love. Next, is a phone call...



**SWAG**

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