

WYTHAMES VOICES

ISSUE #5

ISSUE #5 REFLECTION

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Behind Untamed Voices

ABOUT UNTAMED VOICES

Often people need permission, an opportunity or a platform to share. Welcome to Untamed Voices. Untamed Voices is a collaborative publication dedicated to providing a space for Creators to be heard and feel seen; committed to uncovering and discovering stories throughout the Mojave desert and beyond, so that we can build community upon shared narratives.

It is with great honor that I ask all of you to take this from here, that you speak up and share with the community all that you have to say.

Together we rise.

"There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you." Maya Angelou

-Emily Silver, Editor In Chief





Floating

Oil on Canvas, 24 x 36 inches

This painting is what the anxiety of the pandemic feels like. I am floating and have no control. I don't know when I'll get to hug my grandparents again, or if I'll get to see my friends on my 16th birthday. I am constantly told "just a few more weeks" "it will be over soon" but then there's another announcement, and another lockdown. The light represents art and specifically my art class at school. Art has been the thing to get me through this pandemic, and the community at my art school is the light in all of this darkness

JANE FORREST

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Jane Forrest is a 16-year-old artist based in Toronto. She is currently majoring in contemporary art and studying contemporary photography at the Etobicoke School of the Arts. She is a painter and photographer and primarily works with oil paint on canvas. Her work focuses on themes of control, the global pandemic, and community.

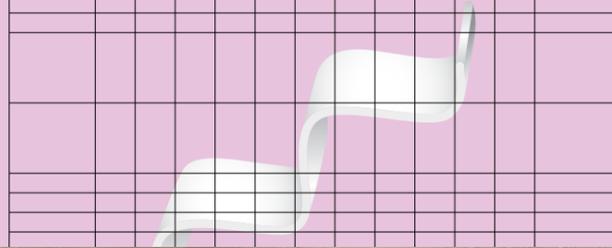
This painting is about the moment of realization that this pandemic we are living through, is so much more severe than I had thought. Around mid April 2020 I went running around my neighbourhood. This was the first time I had really left my house since March. It was damp and cold but I was so thrilled to leave my house that I didn't care. I ended up at this bridge overlooking the highway. It was about 6 o'clock, rush hour. Usually right now the highway was packed with people, but at that moment I realized that the highway was empty, the world had stopped. I then realized that this virus was so much worse than I could have ever imagined.



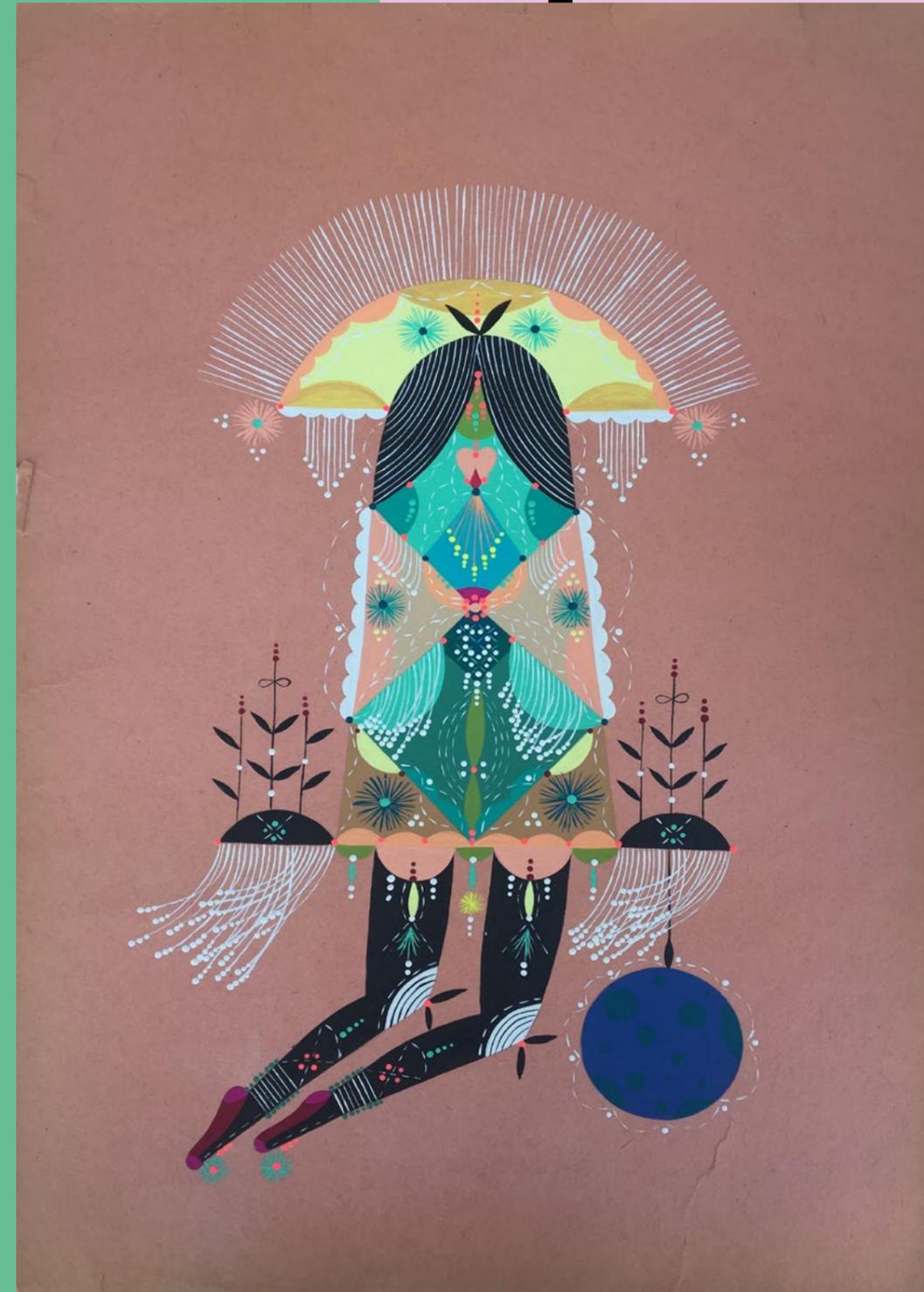
Empty Highway

Oil on Canvas, 30 x 40 inches

INTERVIEW WITH BUNNIE REISS



2020



2018

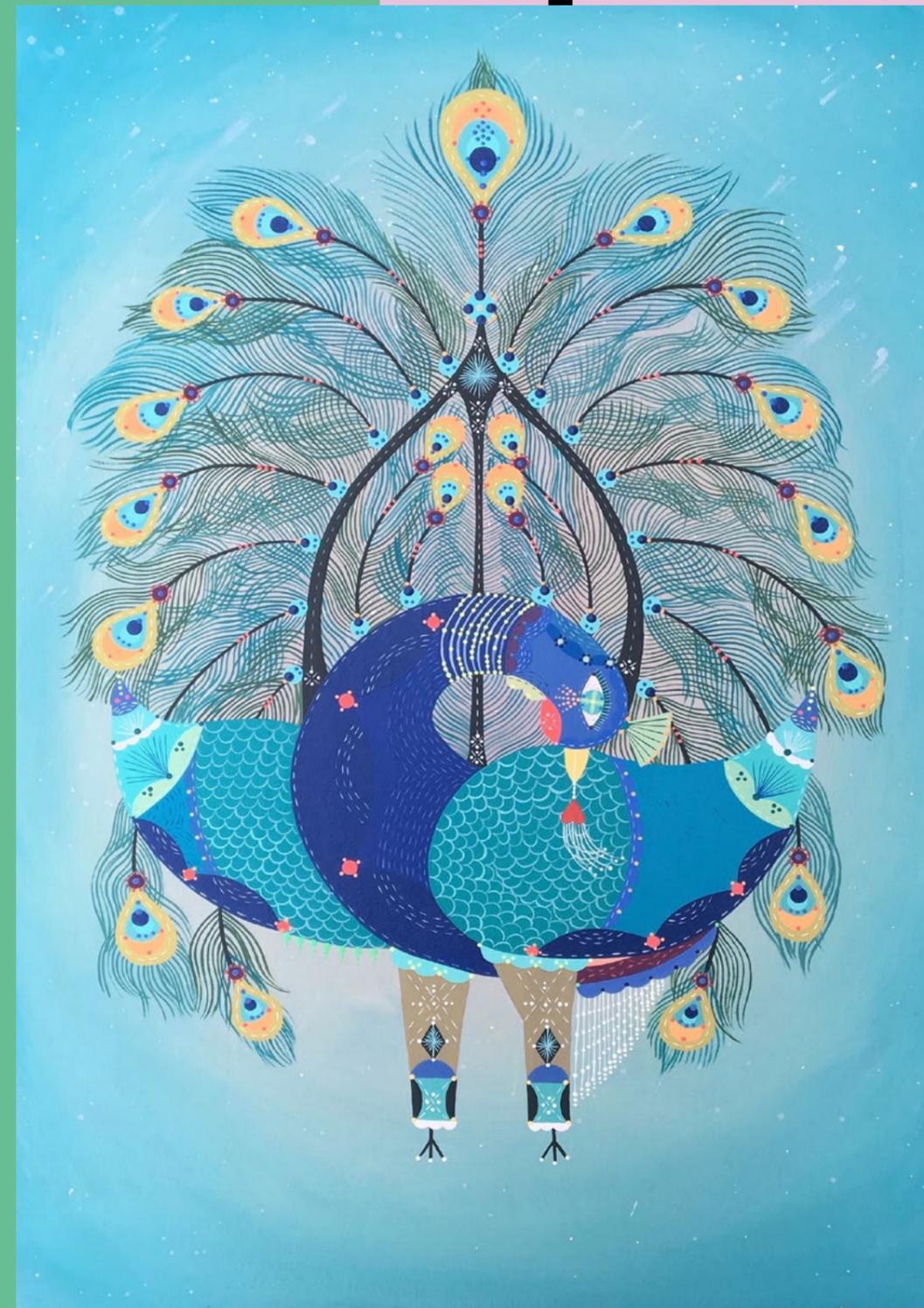


INTERVIEW WITH BUNNIE REISS

from the Space Angels, 2019, solo show Superchief Gallery, Los Angeles



Where to find **Bunnie**
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STANDING, HEAD TO KNEE

BY COURTNEY MCMAHON

Reflection. I am looking at my reflection, looking at myself in the mirror. Behind the outline of my frame is a room I love so much. In September, it will be one year that I have slept in this bedroom and yet, it remains mostly bare. A couple of rugs, handmade nightstands on either side of the bed and naked walls; nothing hung except this mirror. Still, I love this room so much. I love where I lay my head at night, I love the person I lay next to. I love this house and I love that I have created a home. This home, that I never imagined having, in a place I never imagined living, building a life I had only ever imagined but never thought could be real.

I stare at myself and I stare right back. I inhale and exhale; I like what I see today. This girl (this woman) who is bright and clear-headed and full of love; she is oozing love. Like moonbeams shooting from her fingertips—love. This woman whose capacity to give and share and grow is exponential. And yet, she does not

feel overwhelmed or burdened or off balance. She feels calm, she feels still.

Stillness. Something that I experienced a lot of this past year and a half; in this strange span of time that slowed way down while also seeming to move so tremendously fast. I was uncomfortable, anxious, angry, scared, calm, quiet, still. I think about how often I come back to stillness— on my cushion, on my mat, on my bed, on the grass, on the sand. I learned how to turn it off.

I think back to before the pandemic, to when I didn't have an off-button. December 20th, 2020 was a Friday and it was also my birthday. Work was busy; it was always busy that time of year. It was not uncommon for me to be in 3 different cities in the span of a month. It was not uncommon for me to think, as soon as *I get through this next day/week/rush project, I will take a break. As soon as I get on that flight, I can close my eyes. As soon as my feet are in*

the sand, I can finally relax. It was not uncommon for me to keep going until I was forced to stop because finally my body would disagree with my pace. It was not uncommon for this to happen in December.

I remember that day because I was taking DayQuil to make it through the work day, because my head was pounding and my throat hurt. I remember thinking, if I could just hold off whatever was setting in until 6pm I would feel accomplished and then I could crash. I turned down invites to two different holiday parties. I spent my 37th Birthday in my PJs, eating soup. I spent Christmas in my PJs too, watching movies in between the fever-sleep. As usual my body was much smarter than me. After I got well, I managed to get on that flight and put my feet in the sand and when I got back, normal life resumed at its normal Courtney-pace.

Then March came along and the city closed, the state closed, the country closed. Like everyone else, I was stuck at home. Suddenly, I found myself stopping to rest more than ever before. I wondered if all this

sleeping was a stress response. We were, after all, experiencing massive, collective stress. Maybe this coping mechanism wouldn't treat me well in the wild, but there in my apartment in Brooklyn, with eyes closed, I was protected. Or had I just been depriving myself of rest all these years? The answer was yes, to the latter and the former. But the latter, now that was a fucking revelation.

The idea that my body and my soul demanded rest, was a revelation. I wasn't the resting type. I powered through, I moved onto the next task, even when I was fatigued (a mindset and a skill that I attribute 75 percent to the cross-country running I did as a kid and 25 percent to New York City). Except now, I didn't have anywhere else to be. I didn't have as much to juggle or coordinate. There wasn't a gym to get to or a subway to make. There wasn't a 30 minute window in which to walk the dog before my whole day was derailed. There were no social commitments or family commitments. There was nowhere else to go. I began to realize that sometimes I was simply finished with my tasks. Sometimes, I was just done.

And so, I had to practice stillness. When my body would tell me I'm tired, I would actually listen and rest. Suddenly, when I was turned all the way-on but needed to stop, I had the ability to turn-it-off.

Now I give myself permission to turn-it-off. This space, this stillness, this newly minted skill of off-ness, it ushered in my newfound ability to sleep when I need it and rise when I am ready. Turns out, I am the morning person of all morning people. I like rubbing my eyes and boiling the kettle at 5 am; I like letting the dogs out onto the damp lawn and seeing the sun peek through one side of the sky while the foggy stamp of the moon hovers on the other. I like that part of the day when morning and night shake hands and pass the baton. I like the way my brain works at that hour—when my mind is clear of what-ifs and to-do lists and I can simply be—be there in the morning, still and turned off before I move and sweat.

Movement. I need to move and sweat. I need it like water. I need it like sleep. Movement is my meditation. It's where I go when I need to think of nothing and when I need to

think of everything. When I move, it somehow feels like I can do both at the same time. When I move, I see the words I need to write, I hear the difficult conversation I need to have. When I move I get clarity on what I need to do next. When I am moving, I allow everything repressed to rise up, I give it space and then allow it to run through me and out of me. Sometimes this results in salty tears and other times, only an exhale. Stillness and offness and movement.

Reflection. I look at my reflection, in the mirror. There I am, staring back at me. I feel like I have spent more time looking at myself this past year and a half than ever before. Noticing how my body has changed, how my face creases, how tiny grays seem to grow through the cracks of my brown head of hair. I want to love this body, I want to love this face. But maybe appreciation and gratitude don't have to go hand-in-hand with love. Maybe they can hang and exchange like the sun and the moon do in the early morning sky. I don't need to love her every moment to value her strength or to thank her. This body is resilient and has carried me through the hardest parts of my life. This body houses me.

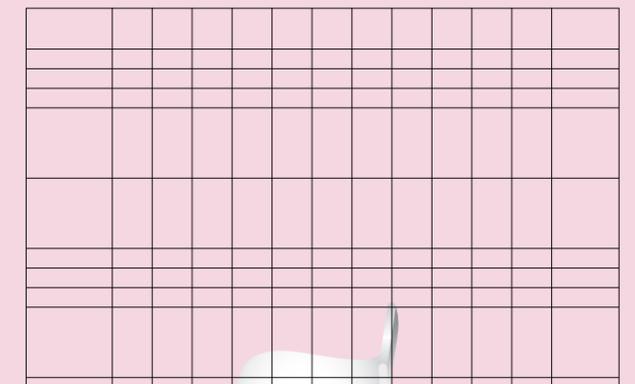
I come back to stillness – on my cushion, on my mat, on my bed, on the grass, on the sand. I learned how to turn it off.

I think back to the days, hours, weeks, months, years that I didn't love or appreciate this body. How in actuality I didn't love or appreciate me. But, I didn't know the difference or understand how to separate the two. I think back on years and events and experiences that caused me to quiet my voice and shrink who I was—how I overworked, over committed and over drank to keep that voice quiet and keep that girl small. I look at myself, at my reflection, and say thank you, for those years, events and experiences. I say thank you for those coping mechanisms. They were the best I could do at the time and they kept me alive. Yes, even the self-destructive ones kept me alive. Stillness and offness and movement and gratitude.

I found my voice again. Much like time this past year and a half, the resurrection of my voice moved rapidly and slowly. Multifaceted and different, yet perfectly Me each moment that I speak or cry

or write. This voice is mine. It is a strange and wonderful sensation to be reintroduced to yourself and like who you are; to no longer live in fear of being abandoned by yourself or anyone else. It's liberating to no longer care about disappointing people or losing people or not being who they need you to be. To realize what lies in the balance with Yes and No (such powerful words when they are handled with care). To find the type of freedom that will not allow you to be confined, even when you are confined because the city closed, the state closed, the country closed. I realized nothing could make me feel trapped once I knew I was free.

I never thought this is where I would be and yet I know in my heart, in my soul, this is exactly where I am supposed to be. I am home. In so many ways I am home.



Freedom. I look at my reflection, my body barely clothed, holding an uncomfortable pose: a forced stillness at the height of this morning's movement. I find a fixed point on my forehead. There I am, staring back at myself. Forced to see myself, held up with every ounce of muscle strength. *This body is resilient*, I think to myself. I dig deep and I call on that girl who used to run cross-country. The one who taught me how to power through. I am uncomfortable but I know this is only temporary. I handed my mind to my instructor for these 90 minutes; allowing him to be my head my body moves with his words. I am uncomfortable, but this is temporary pain. *This body is resilient*, I think to myself.

"Don't label it," he says, referring to the sensation of the pose, "just be curious about it."

This becomes my mantra: *Don't label it; just be curious about it.*

I take this mantra and I fold it up carefully. It's so delicate, so true, so valuable. I take this carefully folded mantra and I put it in my sweaty pocket to carry with me for the rest of the day. I repeat it in my head

often. It feels like it was gifted to me from God through the mouth of my instructor. I want to take this sweaty mantra out of my pocket and bring it to FedEx. I want to make black and white copies and pass it out to strangers on the street. Don't you see, I will ask them, that you don't have to label your faults, your successes, your beliefs or disbeliefs? *Don't you see, I will say, that there is beauty in being curious about the sensation, that there is freedom in the presence of discomfort? Don't be afraid, I will say, to meet yourself again and like who you are.*

My body unwinds and I slowly move out of the difficult pose. I look at my reflection in the mirror. Brushing my fingers along the sweaty, folded mantra, I am overwhelmed with a sensation of simultaneous love and gratitude for this body that houses me. Like an emotional eclipse; rare and short lived but really fucking special. I leave and walk out into the world armed with stillness and offness and movement and gratitude and love.

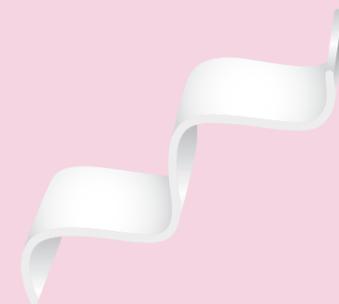
When I return to my house—a home, far away from my former Brooklyn apartment—my little family meets me by the door. I love them and they

love me right back. I never thought this is where I would be and yet I know in my heart, in my soul, this is exactly where I am supposed to be. I am home. In so many ways I am home.

Where to find Courtney

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About Kathleen Pizzello

Kathleen has been on the long and winding path of the journey of the self since she can remember. She is a mystic, a poetess, a deep feeler, a wild woman, and a priestess of the moon. She has been a teacher for over ten years, has countless hours of diverse training, and founded her business the moon + the mat in 2017. Kathleen's offerings come from a deep place of love, service, and authenticity. Her experience includes thousands of hours of yoga teacher training, 5 years of teaching middle school social studies, traveling the world, bodywork, energy healing, ritual magic, astrology and the path of the priestess.

She is in dedication to the rhythms of the moon, the earth, and the rising of consciousness on the planet. Her intention is to guide readers to a place of freedom in their bodies, minds, and hearts. The invitation is to be who you are. It is with immense gratitude that she writes and shares her heart. Kathleen resides in the high desert of California. She offers classes and other services via the moon + the mat online studio and guides retreats worldwide and teaches locally in Joshua Tree, California.

Where to find Kathleen

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In print: "The House Of Who You Are", can be purchased online at Amazon.

Live With Intention

Inspired by and written for Mary Anne Radmacher

KATHLEEN PIZZELLO

each day
when you rise
salute the sun
and give thanks
for the gift of your life

take time
to sit
be with your breath
and remember
the miracle
that it is
to be alive

say a prayer
for yourself
those you love
and those who challenge you
send your love
in every direction
gracing the north
the south
the east and west
above and below
within and without
with the essence of
your holy heart
move your body
make it a ritual
the prayer embodied
let it come alive
let it fill your vessel
the house of who you are
and then offer it all
offer it to the earth
to the sky
to the air

and to the waters
and to those who came before

as you move through
the rhythm of your day
show up courageously

be who you are
speak your truth
practice patience
and kindness
lead with your heart
take time to listen
and be with others
spend time with yourself
and be with nature

when the day is done
and the sun begins to fade
beyond the horizon
take a moment of silence
and stillness
to recognize the beauty
that exists all around you
draw a gentle awareness
back to your breath
give thanks
for this day
for all that you have witnessed
and for all the possibilities
of tomorrow

look up at the starlit sky
praise the moon
feel your smallness
and your greatness
dancing together
infinitely
through time + space

knife

Digital collage, papier-mache sculptures, acrylic paint



toast



Chloe Hamilton is an artist who works in photography, digital collage, illustration and sculpture. By reducing a visual moment to its formal elements of color, geometry, and light, she transforms an ordinary object into something both mundane and otherworldly, as if plucked from a dream. Chloe is currently based in Twentynine Palms, California and works as a photography editor.

These works emerged from the solitude of quarantine, from a desire to find stillness in a childhood craft, and as a way to connect to a spirit of childlike play and simplicity. The process of building papier-mache is simple and reflective, not highly technical - it allows for the process to become intuitive and subconscious. There is a nostalgia in the process, and I find myself pulled to reminders of the 90s and early 2000s, of my childhood and pre-teen years, commemorating objects as a means of reflecting.

LOSS, LOVE AND GETTING FREE

BY MELISSA GRISI, LCSW

In many ways, the experience of COVID-19 during most of 2020 was one of paradox: while each of us experienced the year differently, there is also a relatable sameness to the surreal passage of time, at least between those of us who took the recommended precautions (for which I was one). As a clinical social worker and licensed mental health therapist based in Joshua Tree, I witnessed many individuals experiencing a sense of both collective and individual grief of loss. That loss included not only those who lost their lives; but also the grief of precious time lost with friends and loved ones; lost jobs; lost income; lost relationships. The losses pile like the wreckage of a disaster.

For me personally, there were also significant losses. In the span of three months, my grandmother, my cat and my dog all passed away. Losing three members of my family in such a short amount of time, during a pandemic no less, was difficult, to say the least.

At 97, my grandmother “Mama” passed away in November 2020 at her home in Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Mama was a grounding and unconditionally loving force; my only reliable anchor throughout my chaotic childhood. Because of the pandemic and travel logistics, I wasn’t able to travel back East to say my goodbyes, and instead had to do so over the phone. I don’t have much memory of the words I said, but I remember her sighs and expressions of emotion, as I shared my love and gratitude with her. I could feel the depth of her love and our connection from 3,000 miles away. I don’t have many regrets in my life, but the regret of not being with my grandmother when she passed will be with me for the rest of my life. And yet still, with regret and fear swirling around me, I learned in that moment how much courage it takes to say goodbye to someone you love with your whole heart. How fucking scary and real and raw that very moment is, and also what a gift it is. To show up for that moment felt like an actual physical block I had to push

through; to acknowledge our time on this Earth together was about to end.

And then, a month later, my sweet dog Sunny died of cancer. His death devastated me. As the saying goes, my dog was my best friend. Have you heard the saying “Who rescued who?” My pal Sunny, this wild being; I rescued him and in return, he rescued me. And through this process of rescuing one another, we both found so much love, and we both got free.

In January 2021, I was in the grips of grief as a result of these cumulative losses—both individual and collective. Those first 4 weeks after Sunny died, I did yoga every damn day (much gratitude to my friend and teacher Emily Silver). I don’t know how I would have wrung out that grief without it; in fact, I wouldn’t have. I cried so much during those yoga classes. I kept a box of tissues with me and would let Emily know on the roughest days I wouldn’t have my camera on; which of course, was met with compassion and love. Oh! What healing can come from compassion and love from a fellow human being. I moved through my grief. It was so damn hard. I did it anyway.

And, in contrast to my losses of 2020, I had some unforgettably great moments, too. I started the pandemic quarantine from a place of relative privilege: I was in a contract for my full-time job until August 2020; my partner was gainfully employed with a stable job (we both worked remotely during 2020, which reduced our risk of COVID); we are healthy and we have a support system, both locally and back East. All of these aspects of our day-to-day life made the pandemic significantly easier for the two of us to navigate.

Like many Americans, my work days are hectic and long. Working as a therapist on the Marine Corps base for almost five years, I typically clocked in 10-12 hours daily, five days a week. And then suddenly, everything shut down. It became a forced slow down, a chance to rethink my goals, connect with my home in a new way and spend extra time with my partner. We went for walks every single morning. We had coffee together. He played the banjo for me on breaks. We cared for our dying pets. We gardened. We argued.

We shared our fears about the pandemic. Our guilt about being so far from family and friends. Then, as the wildfires lit the West, we discussed climate change and our future in the desert (a continuing conversation into 2021, for sure).

While all of this was happening, I was actively working to open my private therapy practice, Blue Sky Therapy. Opening a private practice had been a dream of mine for over a decade. As luck would have it, I signed a lease for a commercial space in February of 2020 and, a month later, the state of California shut nearly everything down (including private therapy offices). So I transitioned to Telehealth and saw my first clients in private practice through a computer screen.

What a strange, yet transformative time! As I was experiencing my own very personal losses in 2020 (and into 2021), I was also witnessing individual and collective losses. I showed up every day as a therapist for my clients, often holding space for the losses they were themselves experiencing in real time. It was some of the most profound, raw, powerful work I've ever done in my life.

I won't lie, during all of this I didn't do grief "perfectly" (as is often expected of me, because of my profession). Let's remember: therapists are always humans first. Just like you, I fuck up. Just like you, I sometimes return to unhealthy coping skills. But I know I did the best I could at the time, in life during a pandemic.

I learned in that moment how much courage it takes to say goodbye to someone you love with your whole heart.

I went to therapy, I did yoga, I hiked for hours in the desert. I cried. I talked to my friends. I attended many Zoom calls with my buddies from all over the country. I threw myself into various trainings. I drank whiskey. I cried. I ate chocolate and I ate carbs. I journaled. I played with clay. I started weaving again. I cried. I hugged my husband numerous times a day. I made playlists. I'd cry again.

I am still processing 2020 (and 2021), the individual losses I experienced and our collective loss as Americans. I think of the saying: *grief is love with nowhere to go*. These losses have expanded my heart instead of shrinking it. I am reminded of the common humanity of grief; we will all experience losses

and that makes my heart swell with compassion. Because of these losses, I hold an embodied experience of grief and loss. And because of these losses, I carry gratitude throughout my days. As I reflect on the past year, the common thread for me is love. Love for life, love for the process and the pain and most of all, radical self-love. I am continually becoming the person I was always meant to be and experiencing and honoring loss is a part of that very process. I've had, and have, an extraordinary amount of love in my life; and that love? That is everything.



ABOUT MELISSA GRISI, LCSW

Melissa Grisi is a Licensed Clinical Social Worker (LCSW #85168), Certified Advanced Alcohol and Drug Counselor (CAADC), EMDR Certified Therapist and trauma-informed yoga teacher. Melissa uses a variety of therapy techniques and tools to help clients meet their goals. She is trained in the following: Cognitive Behavioral Therapy (CBT), Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing (EMDR), Dialectical Behavioral Therapy (DBT), Motivational Interviewing (MI), Gottman Method Relationship Therapy, trauma-sensitive yoga, mindfulness, relapse prevention and expressive arts.

After working as a social worker for nearly two decades, Melissa founded Blue Sky Therapy in 2020. Her clinical practice is a reflection of her professional passions, incorporating psychotherapy, trauma-informed yoga and expressive art into her therapy work. In her spare time, Melissa enjoys hiking in Joshua Tree National Park, practicing yoga, gardening, creating pottery and spending time with family and friends.

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**“SO BEING
UNTAMED,
I THINK, IS
BEING INSPIRED”**

Emily Silver

COREY WILLIAMS

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Hail Storm, Iceland 2018

Praying for you
by Corey Williams

If you can't laugh right now
At least remember that
nobody knows shit.

Certainty is a sand castle
Jealousy is a bitter tit.

Life's no journey
but it's filled with dirty little magnets
pulling you down down down

So remember

You are God's little golden echo
a Prism chock full
of timeless, eternal light

You were meant for yourself
to experience all this

And So

Have a laugh, cutie.

COREY WILLIAMS

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Time For A Dip, Iceland 2018



Corey Williams is an interior and still life photographer based in Brooklyn, NY. He writes fiction, but you'll have to email him if you want to read it. Please do, he'd love to hear from you. Reach out at corey@coreyjwilliams.com

Self Erasure Glacier, Iceland 2018



REFLECTIONS OF A NEW YORKER

BY MATTYLAND @WELCOMETOMATTYLAND

One of the greatest themes of my life has been knowing when to move on. Whether it's relationships or moves across the country, I've come to trust my intuition when it says it comes time to leave.

The longest and most tumultuous relationship of my life was not with a significant other, parent or friend but rather the city of New York. Originally from Manhattan, my family moved away when I was in third grade and I found myself genuinely excited to live in a house with a yard. It was as a teen that I found my attention returning to my hometown and by the time I graduated high school, the campaign to return was my only concern.

It was on my 18th birthday that the relationship began and entered the honeymoon phase; I was throw-caution-to-the-wind in love and I couldn't help but daydream about our future together. At this point in my life all of my goals surrounded the NYC crown of success: a great job, a beautiful apartment and someone to share the latter with. I was completely unaware that these tenets I held in such high regard were eventually going to fade in importance.

Graduating from college marked the official end of said honeymoon. There were signs that things had started getting rocky but like any

dutiful partner I plowed through, ignoring that which was inarguably distressing. I know now that my time served was never meant to be a collection of what the collective deemed to be trophies. I lovingly refer to my hometown as 'the spiritual treadmill' because New York City is many things but for those of us who wish to expand ourselves spiritually, there's no better place to get your doctorate.

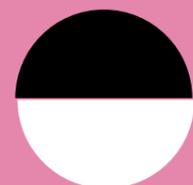
If being surrounded by millions of people at all times doesn't get you first, the trials of every day interaction inevitably will. Having a bad day and decide to take it out on others around you? You'll be collecting karma for that behavior until you see the light. Want to see the powers of manifestation at work? It's much easier to see results from thousands of potential synergistic opportunities as opposed to living alone on a farm in a remote part of the world.

The years passed and I contemplated leaving many times, even doing so for a short while, yet it wasn't long before I ended up right back where I started. After returning for the second time, I told myself I had the same goals as the younger version but we both knew that was a lie. While the gusto of my younger self was missing this go around, subconsciously I knew this return involved greater internal shifts.



CHLOÉ HAMILTON

Digital collage, papier-mache sculptures,
acrylic paint



cheese puffs

While I had started my spiritual journey years prior, it was in this particular window that I hit the ground running. I saw everything in my life as a lesson to be deeply understood and in return my life reflected such. The people, places and things I experienced were many and mighty. Like all sources of finite energy, the inertia slowed and it was clear after a few more years that my role in the relationship was coming to a close. I no longer saw myself reflected in the windows I walked by on my way home from work and I could no longer ignore the constant drain on my energy from interpersonal bombardment. By the spring of 2015, many of my closest relationships had either come to their organic end or had moved away before I dared do the same. By now my soul was ready to relinquish my spot to someone else and the means to do so were graciously afforded to me. I believe it was an episode of *Sex & The City* where Charlotte remarked that all break-ups are healed at the rate of half their duration. While it has not taken me 11 years to process it all, I'm happy to say I've fully exited on the other side. Not only has my hearing improved (noise pollution is no joke!), but I've learned to embrace colorful clothing and relish my well-deserved need for solace.

I saw everything in my life as a lesson to be deeply understood and in return my life reflected such.

This is not an ad for moving to NYC. Nor is it one for keeping away. Lessons come from a reservoir of infinite sources and when you look around you will see them reflecting back at you no matter where you reside. My greatest piece of unsolicited advice for anyone reading this is the old adage of 'when you know, you know'. When clarity comes, heed that nudge to move on and watch yourself open up to greater levels of experience.

Mattyland is a being of unbound creativity currently wrapping up an experiment in limitation and duality through the application of 'the human experience'. While he would deem the endeavor an overall success, it is still a term he applies loosely.

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@CHLOEHAMILTOE

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These photos are documents of moments from the past couple of years. They arise from an autobiographical practice, but the lack of personal specificity makes them organizing them by color feels like as good a way as any to find meaning in these thousands of visual memories. Each series becomes a scrapbook of feelings and hints at stories that belong to me and others. exist as memories beyond myself.

DALIA ANANI

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Dalia Anani is an artist and writer who lives and creates in the High Desert, California. She mostly works around themes of diaspora, remembrance, and social justice. Her work through the pandemic reflects on taking care of each other, especially during times of great uncertainty. Dalia encourages you to make a donation to the mutual aid group, Desert Communities United (DCU), a collective providing mutual aid to BIPOC and unhoused communities in the high and low deserts of SoCal. Venmo: @dcu-mutualaid



Mutual Aid is Love

watercolor pens and ink on 100lb Bristol paper, 11"x17"

JUSTINE YUENG

@WHEREJUSTINE

WWW.HERESJUSTINE.COM



Mountain Home

digital illustration. 2048 x 2505px

Justine Yeung is a freelance illustrator and graphic designer who originally hails from Hong Kong. She finds inspiration in delicious food and mezcal cocktails, quality time with family and friends, and everything to do with the great outdoors. For Justine, this past year has reinforced the idea that we are surrounded by vibrant beauty and life; something she reminds herself of everyday.

TRAVELS WITH REMO - PART I

BY MICHAEL FONTANA

Many elaborate and life-altering adventures happen during moments of mishap and misfortune. When things seem to be gaining momentum towards a new beginning, only to then alter and move life's purpose into a new direction; one that is totally different from the journey that was sure to begin. It becomes pure moments of quiet when the thoughts and the answers come. The great American writer John Steinbeck published his book *Travels with Charley* in 1980 and much of what he discusses in his text are the thoughts and pressing matters that concerned him in the later moments of his life. More or less his adventure allowed him to look at the American condition. My more recent travels have not exactly taken me across much of America, but the journey that I have taken this summer only magnified my observation of my current place on my path of least resistance.

Las Vegas, June 26, 2020

It is 10 AM and it is already 95 degrees outside. I have just packed up the GTI

for our journey, now I have to secure the house and get the boy in the car. He already knows something is up, as he has followed me in and out of every room since I got home after my Saturday morning training session. He has one consistent place he likes to be – in the way. I think I purposely take about three extra trips in and out of each room to accomplish two things: tire him out, and then to make sure I didn't miss anything as his constant hysteria can be confounding for planning purposes. He is adorable though; my child has his own eyes of wonder.

So much has happened in the past 72 hours. My girlfriend has just informed me that she is thinking about breaking up with me, my mom is about to have surgery, and I am dealing with a personal health matter that has become a bit concerning. Truthfully out of the three, only my mom matters. It is not invasive surgery, she is getting her toe fixed and will be laid up for a few days. We are unsure of how long my services are needed, but it is a chance to bond with mom and to reciprocate all that

she did for me as a child. I realize that my mom and I did not have the best relationship, especially in my teens, early 20s and through my 16-year marriage. But hey, better late than never.

So now, my son and I are on what will soon become a pilgrimage of sorts to reflect further on current pursuits and revelations. As many people choose to enter the city of sin for a weekend of debauchery I speed down Interstate 15 on my way to Los Angeles maneuvering in and out of traffic with an anxious German Shepherd panting and shifting constantly in the back seat; so much so that he can actually make the car shift in the lane if he gets too aggressive. It is crazy to think of how busy the roads have now become as it is "safe" to travel again.

COVID-19 has been "defeated" and states have opened and continue to open more and more across the country inviting visitors who have felt captive for the past 18 months to revel in freedom. It is hard to imagine how many individuals—stuck at home with free delivery of any food they want and multiple streaming services—have been starved for

anything, but we crave what we cannot have, hence a reason why strip clubs are still popular.

More and more cars continue to pack the north-bound 15 as the advertisements and illumination of digital signs reflect the soaring business re-opening and venue experiences. Vegas is free – cue William Wallace—and the economical energy flow magnifies more each and every second. I could only imagine what the strip would have been if the Golden Knights made the Stanley Cup Final. It was lovely driving around for the past 12 months with little to no traffic – sadly that is no more.

The ever-changing universe has its own plan. It is my duty to flow downstream with it and trust it. These new experiences have supported my trust and gratitude for the people who have come into my life and the events that I had with them. It also gives me a chance to look back and reflect on the part that I have played. Nothing is perfect. It appears to be when masked with pleasure and passion, but perfection is just a ruse sent by your ego to not face the inherent truth: honesty.

We are surrounded by a false reality that continues to grow each day and we must awaken and filter all that is not necessary. It has nothing to do with image, it has to do with awareness. As I live in a city of false idols, staying in one's body is highly important and critical. How we view ourselves is what matters. How people react is only their emotions and feelings towards themselves. There is a swift rustle in the back of the car; Remo has shifted again, and now has his head popped between the seats gazing forward along the highway. Then he gently rests his head on my shoulder: a boy and his dog. He makes me feel like a child in so many ways. He is pure love and joy, and I am the center of his universe. He is spoiled, but he listens, and there are times when he is off the hook. I can't be mad at him, it goes back to consistency and communication between us. I have worked with his training, but there are lapses.

As I think about this, I fixate more upon my current and past relationships. I have played many parts: friend and foe. Their reactions to me have been two-fold. It is their emotions and also the reflection of my emotions. It is complicated to explain, but people we meet mirror our personalities and

the aspects of ourselves that we both love and disagree with.

Traffic is moving smoothly. That is one of the best things about living in Las Vegas – our home is where people are flooding to, so traffic usually stays smooth both leaving and returning as you are moving in the opposite way of most visitors. As the 15 southbound begins to open up on the desert and we climb through the mini valley passing St. Rose Parkway, the journey truly begins. Civilization is slowly drifting away in the rear view mirror. Only a few stops will pop up along the way, and the temperature will continue to rise until we reach the Los Angeles coast line. The road is open, but all of the cars hover their speed around 77 MPH as we are all aware of speed traps here and there along the highway, especially along the wide-open spaces.

How much has the world changed? A little over 18 months removed from lockdown due to the pandemic. Many dramatic and ever-changing situations shaped and coincided with this event, but I wonder if it will continue and what will come of it. Will there continue to be more social empowerment? Will people continue to stand up and demand change and action? In contrast, how will

others react to people speaking their mind? What about the constantly oppressed and those who suffer from violence and disruptive decisions brought upon them by others? I often worry now that things are open and distractions continue to emerge as people want to “get away and relax,” that what united many through the pandemic may go away. We had time to think and take note and solace in what made us whole and happy. Now I am concerned that many may revert to external stimulation to initiate happiness as opposed to remembering that happiness must come from within the self.

We had time to think and take note and solace in what made us whole and happy. Now I am concerned that many may revert to external stimulation to initiate happiness as opposed to remembering that happiness must come from within the self.

This is a dangerous stretch of highway. Two lanes in both directions, trucks and cars moving faster or slower than necessary, and not too much room on the shoulder if an emergency pops up ahead. This 5-hour excursion is great for thinking about life's biggest quandaries and questions, but you also have to focus on the road. It is easy to get distracted when you are alone, and when I have a captive listener to openly orate my thoughts. I am not sure if Remo is actively listening, but he never talks back. Thinking aloud is much safer because it does two things: it keeps me awake and does not allow me to drift into the daydream world with my thoughts.

The traffic seems to be thinning out as we finally are out of the pass and heading towards the Cima exit. I have taken this trip six times since I moved to Vegas, and there are just distinct spots and places that you know and are aware of – when the traffic speeds up and slows down. It just happens.

It just happens. The next point of slower traffic will be just after this exit and he has another incline before we head down the highway for another 45 min till we hit Baker.

Driving has become a simple joy in life. It fills me with gratitude because I can and do move freely and think freely for myself. This drive in particular allows me to vacate all that needs to be left behind. I have myself, I have my dog. What else do I need? Enjoy the minimum and live the maximum. Time with the self is the most pleasurable. I matter, I am worthy, and I am valuable.

About Michael Fontana

Michael Fontana is enthusiastic about life and spending it with optimistic and open people. To Michael, each day is truly a joy and a beautiful experience he enjoys sharing with everyone he meets. He tries his best to express love and light to everyone— living life to the fullest and without regrets. He is a high school English Teacher and former baseball and strength coach. He lives in Las Vegas, NV, with his dog Remo, who is his special boy. He released his first book, *I Knew It When I Saw the Dog*, in 2020. The memoir evolves from Michael's personal experiences and the expansion he has achieved in his physical, emotional, and spiritual bodies.

Michael has an MA in Journalism from Cal State Northridge and an MS in Health and Exercise Science from the California University of Pennsylvania. He believes in asking questions and taking an introspective look into who you are as a person and your place in the world. The more you notice how others react to circumstances, only reinforces the understanding that one can only control your emotions. You decide how you will react to all of the contrasting situations that exist and swirl around you each and every day. Michael expresses his love for all humanity in the hopes that his words will encourage and embolden more people to open up their hearts, minds, and souls to their awakening moment.

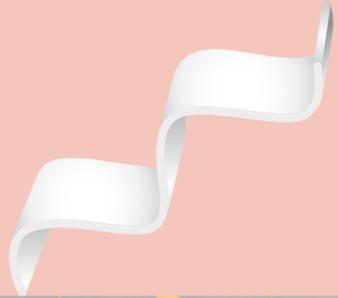
Where to find Michael:

@fonzy_brotherofthelight

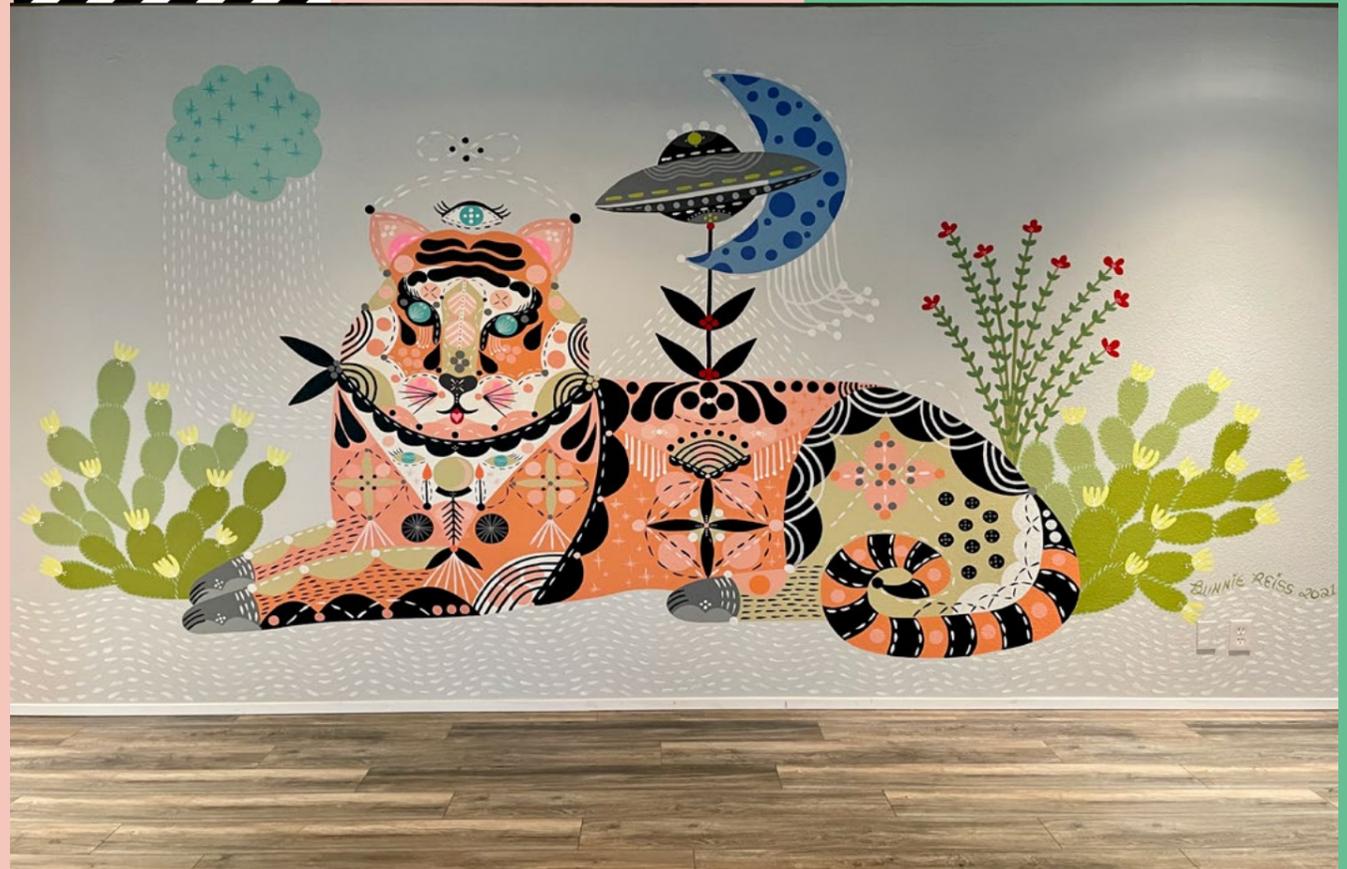
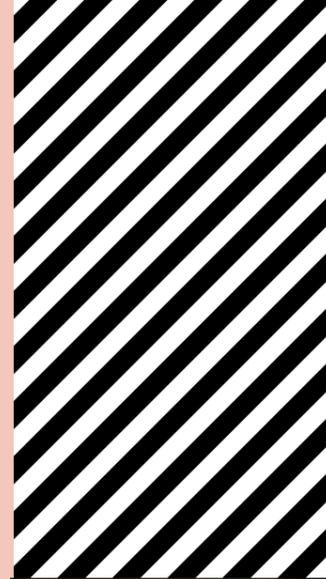
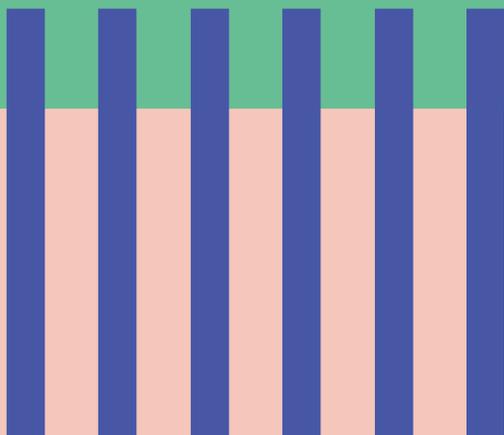
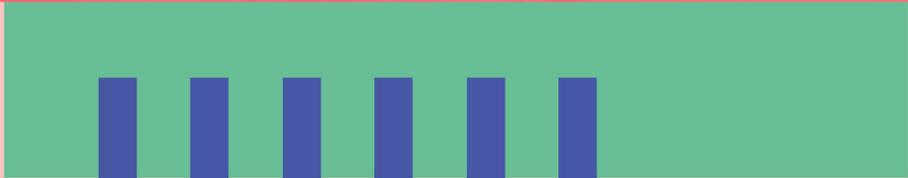
“The Enlightenment of the Modern Man”

In print: “I Knew it When I Saw the Dog” can be purchased online at Amazon, Apple Books, and Barnes and Noble.

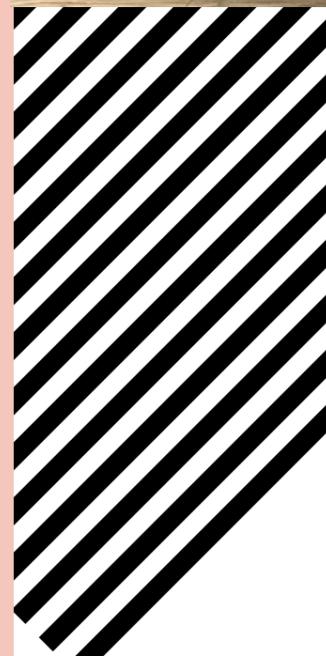
INTERVIEW WITH EMILY SILVER + COURTNEY MCMAHON



EMILY AND PUGS DAY 1 IN THE VIRTUAL YOGA STUDIO



**VIEW FROM OUR BRAND NEW STUDIO ONE YEAR LATER
MURAL BY BUNNIE REISS**



REFLECTING ON UNTAMED YOGA TURNING 1.

A conversation between friends

**Emily Silver and Courtney
McMahon**
July 29th, 2021

[Emily]

I'm really excited about the issue.

I'm really excited to talk to you about Untamed Yoga turning one. Oh, my God. Where did the time go?

[Courtney]

I know! Untamed Yoga is one. That's kind of wild. I remember the day that you called me. And you had this idea— you were bouncing it off of me, but really, you already had the idea pretty baked in your head. You knew what it was going to be. And it was so exciting. It was such a cool phone call to get.

And so my first question that I wanted to ask you is, what's the inspiration behind Untamed Yoga?

[Emily]

Well, I would say the pandemic is the instigator. We were just stuck there, in a space of not knowing.

And it was like a collective loss, which I thought was really

fascinating and really heavy. I actually stopped teaching yoga for the first two months really. I taught a few things here and there, but there were some political disagreements between myself and the studio that I was working at, so I stopped.

Then, I got a phone call from a former student who said that she'd been talking to her therapist, and she had been practicing with me for two years, regularly every week, three times, maybe five times a week. She called to say, you know, this is my own shit, not yours by any means, but I was in therapy and I'm having a really hard time because my routine with you and my practice with you was such a big part of my healing and my mental health routine and it just stopped with everything and I'm just wondering why.

I had been wrestling with my own practice at that point and when

I realized the ripple effect the practice itself had had on people that I had been working with, I

realized that I needed to get back on my mat and to get back to teaching, especially during the time of a pandemic.

At first it was kind of like a party, right? People didn't know, so we're eating dinner together, or whatever, people were drinking a lot. And then as time went on, it just became really hard and depressing. And I think I decided then that I needed to go do what made me feel good, but also was something that I could do for people around me. And that's kind of where that started.

I made one YouTube class, and I didn't know how to do it. It's against everything you learn about teaching yoga, like don't teach from your mat, teach the student, teach the bodies in front of you. And now there were no bodies. I had to use my own. That was hard, it was embarrassing. I did that one YouTube video and I had over 900 views and everybody was like, I want more. And that's just how me practicing with people virtually happened.

When everything happened with George Floyd, I felt this immediacy to help. That collision just seemed

like a very fertile moment to make change. And with my work at community colleges, it's always been part of who I am— social justice and equity in education. And this seemed like the only way I could do something given the circumstances.

Anyway, it was just a time I was teaching zoom to my college students while simultaneously going through this with my yoga students and it seemed like this natural connection to actually create something around yoga that was about Ahimsa; about causing no harm about the roots of it. We had moved into a community that we thought was very artistically driven, musically driven and yet there was just this underbelly of white supremacy out here, of Trump supporters, and that was kind of this like perfect storm for me. I just had enough. You feel like you can't do a lot. I think a lot of us really hoped...sorry, I get really emotional about all this...

[Courtney]

To me it feels like there's a lot of vulnerability in what you're doing; it's like a layer cake, a layer cake of vulnerability, right? First, we're talking about having to teach yoga in a different way, using your own body, being on camera. Just sharing your practice in a different way that's super vulnerable, then building this community that's rooted in all of these things that are super close to your heart. That's incredibly vulnerable. I don't think that it's possible for anything that happens with Untamed Yoga, or the Untamed Yoga community—whether it's Voices or anything like that—I don't think it's possible for it to not feel personal. It's all personal.

[Emily]

Yeah. I saw this, this point in time as a place to make change where I could, and it was super small, but I felt that it would ripple and it has in this amazing way. I had a job during the pandemic, I was so lucky because a lot of people didn't. And I thought, I could create something that I could use as a platform to actually donate a lot of money to other people or offer free yoga. I did

so much free work because I could afford to.

Before that, I did that in my art practice too. I didn't want to follow the rules with what I was supposed to make. I always made sure I had a job or four jobs so that I could make whatever the fuck I wanted. I didn't have to make this one thing 1700 times because that's what would sell. And it kind of relates to this in a way where I'm like, okay, I could afford to not have to get paid every penny to build this thing. Actually, at the moment, though, I didn't even think of it that way. I'm reflecting in that way. But at the moment, I felt like this was a necessity for my community. We needed to breathe, we needed to move, we needed to manage our anxiety and our nervous systems and we needed to be together when we couldn't be together. So that was kind of the biggest draw, the community part of it, and generating space virtually for people to still have that connection; to feel like we were connected.

And I decided right off the bat. If this is gonna make any money, it has to give money. And that was the business model from day one.

I never accounted for how much money I would donate. The lowest I donate per quarter is \$950. That's my lowest donation. \$3,500 is where I'm at usually. That's why this system works. I watched other systems fail, other yoga studios. I'm sick of the boutique yoga studio spiritually bypassing and using the practice as a way to “lead with love and light,” but not actually doing the work when people in the world are hurting around you. So yeah, it all started from a phone call. And then it just kind of, I don't know, we have a summer camp now. It's kind of crazy in a year, like what?!

[Courtney]

Totally crazy. I want to get to that. But before, before we do, I just want to, I want you to talk a little bit about the name. About what's behind calling this Untamed Yoga and what that means to you.

[Emily]

Yeah, I'm all about the “un.” I have the Unpaved Gallery, you know, and then Untamed is a, —unfortunately, I named it and Glennon Doyle's book came out around the same time, which I think is a great book, it has nothing to do with that book,

though, I just want to make that clear— I feel really connected to that word, I felt really connected to WILD; being wild, right, like living out in Joshua Tree or in the Mojave Desert, it feels like there's such a draw to live outside of the expectations of something or the confines of something. And I think that I've always been somebody who lives in a blurry space like that. So being untamed, I think is being inspired. And even if you work a 9 to 5, or you do regular things, right, you can still be untamed. Like, you can still have parts of you that you are touching that are still wild and fertile. And that is what I'm passionate about. That, as we age, we're still tapping into those things like travel or movement, or breathwork, or any of those things that can inspire you drawing, painting, all that.



Also that as a space that's for health and wellness and for yoga is a reminder that we don't do this for the economy, we don't do this for the boutique experience. We don't do this for Lululemon; we do this to work together to collaborate to be in community to take it out of spaces and into the wild and make a change— that's where change happens. So I feel like it's such a versatile word that also for me is just like, when you hear it, it makes you want to do something different, you know?

[Courtney]

Yeah, it's definitely inspiring.

[Emily]

I didn't expect to cry. I cry every day. It's so annoying. I cry at bank commercials people open a fucking checking account and I can't handle it.

[Courtney]

It's because of your Cancer moon.

[Emily]

I don't have a Cancer Moon. I have a Scorpio moon.

[Courtney]

Same thing. Scorpio is watery, very watery. You have a watery moon.

[Emily]

Yeah

[Courtney]

I have a watery moon too.

[Emily]

But anyway, back on why I started it too is that I did listen to the Untamed audiobook on my walks—I would go on walks every day. And yeah, there is this part where Glennon says, find that one thing that hurts you the most, that is unbearable to you in the world and that's where you make change. That's exactly it, this whole, creating a safe space that's accessible, that I felt like my community needed and wouldn't discriminate against them and that would be safe in a pandemic, and yeah, that's really important, the accessibility and not discriminating.

[Courtney]

Yeah, I mean, I think the whole idea of creating a community creating a platform to practice

that, that is so accessible is, the thing that resonates with so many, and it's part of the reason why you do have the community you have because it's like...well take me, for example, I'm on the East Coast, you know, I'm not physically in Joshua Tree to be a part of the community. And yet, I do feel like I'm a part of the Untamed Community. My yoga practice with Untamed was a huge part of getting me through the winter months, just knowing that I could be participating in a 30 day yoga challenge, and not have to be confined by a time slot that wasn't feasible. I could practice on my own, but still with everyone else, if that makes sense.

It was great. And it felt different than just flipping on YouTube yoga; it felt different. And I think I speak for a lot of people when I say that.

[Emily]

Yeah. In October, I did the Savasana challenge, where people had to lay down for 10 minutes because I felt like, what can I offer people in themselves to say, you're okay, you know; lay down. Then we went

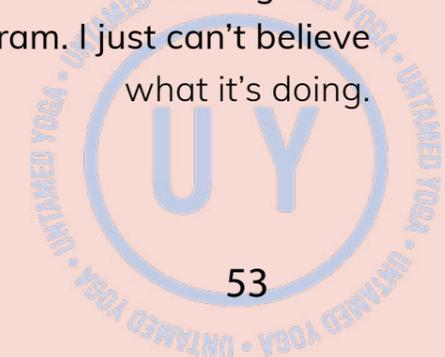
through holidays, and it just felt like, okay, now, you are home still. And you are still okay, and you're definitely going to make it. And now let's use all these tools. Let's use our own tools. So I was hoping that it would create a lot of strength through people in their own toolset. And I think it did, and I hope that it lasts, you know, I think it's easy to forget things, and I just hope we don't forget.

[Courtney]

I guess what I'm curious to know is when you think back on what you started, and where Untamed is now, in year one, is this what you imagined?

[Emily]

No, I am shocked that it's gotten as big as it has. I mean, it was a one YouTube video. And now we have a brick and mortar in Joshua Tree, we still have a full virtual studio and people practicing with us from all over the world and we have Untamed Voices and we've got the kids program. I just can't believe what it's doing.



Untamed is its own thing now it isn't me, it started with me making a video, but it is the community and I have said from the beginning that it isn't supposed to be centered around me.

That's another problem that happens in the yoga world is that the ego gets involved, and we're actually working against what we're supposed to be working towards. I'm hoping that it continues to ripple and to make positive changes in the world. You know, and I think it's just one breath at a time, really. And that's all it's been and it collectively grew. I think because people want to be a part of something that is actual change—we want change after what we just went through. We need a new system. The one that we've been living in isn't working. This is a space that wants to hear you. You know, like you can be heard, you can be seen, you can be quiet, you can stand next to somebody.

Our goal is to hopefully become a nonprofit, and have there be a board. So Untamed can really just be its own thing. A crew of humans.

Yeah. And I don't know how that'll go. It's kind of taking its own trip. So I kind of feel like I'm just on it for the ride now. You know, I'm not sure who's driving. It's exciting. Yeah. And I have such great people! Like you're working on Untamed Voices, and you're 3000 miles away and I think that's amazing. Like, how much better does that get to be Untamed? That's a good distance you know, and we have all these other people in between. That's a lot of miles. We have two managers now, I have a business partner, we have a whole crew that runs kids stuff now. It's cool. It's really incredible what's happened in this short amount of time.

[Courtney]

It's a really amazing thing. The community that has come out of this. Like you said, people want change. I think that's accurate. But I think the other thing that's important to note about what you've created is that it feels inspired, and it feels empowering. And what I mean by that is that I think people on the outskirts of the community, as they become more and more immersed, feel empowered to want to teach yoga

for Untamed or to write a piece for Untamed Voices or to get involved in one of the causes. Do you know what I mean?

[Emily]

That's what we want. Yeah. Everybody wants community. I mean, yoga kind of saved so much for me in my life since I found it a long time ago. But Untamed is also about these organizations that we're working with—people can volunteer with The Right Way Foundation or the DCU (Desert Communities United) doing mutual aid for locals. A lot of our people wanted to volunteer. We also offered free yoga to the entire organization. So there's this beautiful trade that can help happen with people who are making change in other ways. We can help each other out in that way because their mental health is important. They have a place to come. It's also a creative space that is still being grounded in this fight for social justice, and this fight for equity and women's rights and all these things that are inherent—you would think, are inherent—to being human. It's just a nice link between humans. You Don't have to do yoga

to be part of Untamed.

[Courtney]

Can you talk a little bit about your personal journey with yoga? What was your path? When did you start practicing? At what point did you decide you wanted to teach? Tell us about that.

[Emily]

I started practicing my first yoga classes, probably in college when I was drinking 40s in Washington Square Park and smoking a pack and a half of cigarettes a day. My friend Stephanie made me go to a yoga class at the YMCA in Brooklyn. I thought it was the worst thing I'd ever done. I was like, why would I do this? It was so uncomfortable to me. I can't decide if it was the actual movement that was uncomfortable. Or it was like, the image of yoga that I was concerned about, because I was overweight, and I was, you know, doing that fun stuff, college stuff, art school stuff.

“I JUST HOPE THAT, IN REFLECTION OF THE YEAR, PEOPLE DON’T FORGET THE LESSONS – THAT WE LEARN FROM THE INJURY.”

Emily Silver

Or if it was the first time that I realized there was an internal version of myself, that I could feel my own breath— that's like a weird thing to first realize. Then, I tried a few hot yoga classes and wanted to just kill myself. I wanted to vomit, and I didn't understand. And then for some reason, I just kept going. There was something about it, somebody would bring it up or want me to try it.

When we moved to LA, I didn't know anybody. I remember there was a studio behind the 7-eleven in Los Feliz. Charlie was working all the time and I was by myself and I didn't really have any friends. I thought that I would just go try this yoga class. This teacher was running a six week workshop series. It was like four days a week and I signed up for it because it was fundamentals, the intro stuff. And it was awesome. And there were only like four of us in it and I looked forward to it every day. That's when I think I started to get hooked. I think I got into regular practice from that. And then I started practicing at Modo—and that's a hot yoga place—and that was just mind blowing to me. It helped me through

every hard time. I think when I first started, I only went to my mat when I was struggling and I realized that now, on the other side as a teacher, a lot of the people that are coming are dealing with something that's broken. Not them, but something that happened in their life. A boyfriend broke up with them or a girlfriend. You know, whatever, they're going through a transition, there's something changing. A big shift is usually why someone first shows up.

I found myself there, and then I got injured really badly. I tore my hamstring and the doctor said I wasn't allowed to practice. I think it's important to know that I've always had weight issues, especially for people who are going to read this and don't know that I've been heavy most of my life. I've done a few fit swings where I've lost weight and then I bounced back to being heavy. Anyway, I had gotten into a place where I felt really healthy and then I injured myself. I had never been in that position before and I had a doctor tell me I shouldn't do anything for at least eight weeks. I got so depressed, I ate everything and

drank everything. I felt like I couldn't do anything. Finally, I crawled back into the yoga studio with a bunch of extra weight and lots of tears. I saw my teacher and she asked where I'd been and I explained. She was like, you don't need to ever leave your mat, we just have to modify. We can always meet you where you are, you don't have to meet us where we are. And that was like fucking mind blowing.

My biggest injury was my biggest learning tool. Yoga became about how to be gentle with myself, how to be patient and how slowly I could come back. And I came back in the newest version ever. In the most amazing way, that injury was a gift. And after that, I decided to teach.

I've been rejected by so many jobs, I can't tell you how many, but I had one pretty hardcore rejection. I was sitting in the interview thinking, all these people sitting across from me weren't even seeing me. They were looking at their papers. They were asking me generic questions. I felt like it was the most unseen I'd ever been. I just felt like I could literally yell and like no one would give a shit. That was the day that

I was like, I don't want to do this anymore. I want to do something where I can make sure others are never feeling like that, you know, that they feel seen and heard and have something accessible. Yoga happened to be something I was doing every day. But I battled it. I'm like, who the fuck wants to be a yoga teacher? I'm not 90 pounds. It's stupid. It doesn't have any validity to it. People will laugh at you. I'm from New York, so that's even more of a thing. But yeah, I just felt at that moment that, I guess I'm a teacher, you know? Like, that's my path. So I went to training. And it was awesome. I did the Modo Yoga training. It was unbelievable. Even if you don't want to teach, I feel like the teacher training is just so good for your yoga practice.

[Courtney]
What's something totally unexpected that you've gotten out of your own personal yoga practice?

[Emily]

Wow. I think I have a better understanding of myself. I think I always thought other people were supposed to know me more. I think we kind of grow up like that a little bit. As the youngest of four in a big family, you just kind of get lost in that. So many people have other opinions that you get swept into or follow in-suit with. I think I have learned the most about myself in this way that I have my own back, but I also know my own deepest secrets. The funny thing is, I have crazy anxiety and I never knew that! I just thought that was how you felt. Now I can identify those things. I can say to myself, you just need to squeeze your butt cheeks and take a deep breath. You just need to chill. So, that's cool.

[Courtney]

So, some good old fashioned self-awareness.

[Emily]

Yeah, you made it way shorter. I could have just said "self-awareness."

[Courtney]

No, it was better that you said it

the way you said it. You know, I was making notes earlier today knowing that we were going to get together and talk. Obviously

I want that conversation to be pretty organic, but I was just thinking about how many different hats you wear— look, this is just a long winded-way for me to compliment and praise you because I feel like it's important to take a moment to just acknowledge and recognize all that you've done and all that you are doing. So, you know when I think about you, when I think about the different hats that Emily wears— yes, you are a yoga teacher, but you are also an artist and a professor, you are a gallery owner, you've had a podcast, you're a small business owner— and frankly we would need two other interviews to talk about all the other things you've done. But, for me, when I strip back all of those things, you are a teacher and a visionary and a connector. And that's the role that you play in so many people's lives and I just want to say thank you and tell you that I love you. Ugh, now I'm crying!

[Emily]

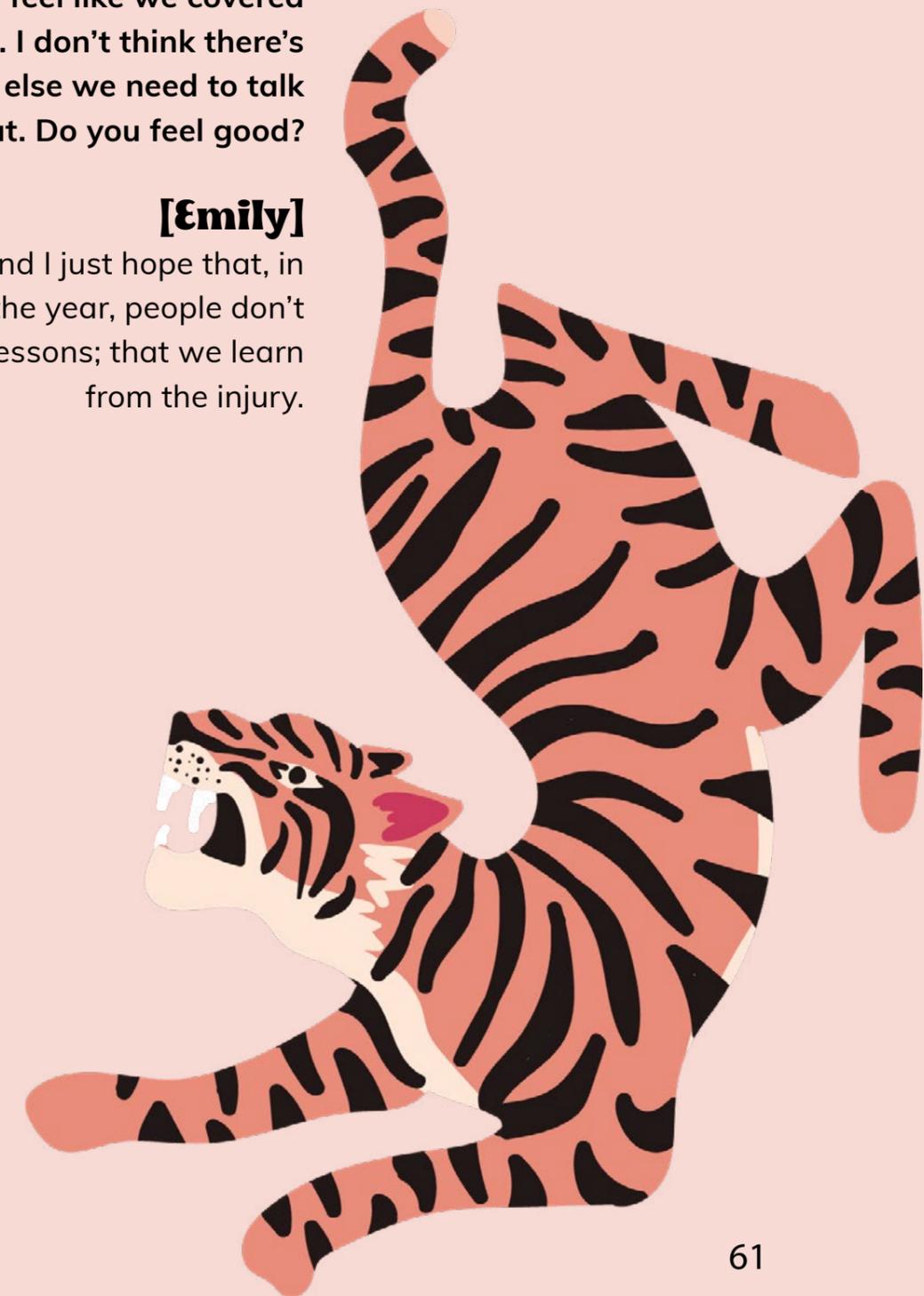
Damn you, we can't work together. You're fired!

[Courtney]

It's because of my Pisces moon; it's watery. I feel like we covered things. I don't think there's anything else we need to talk about. Do you feel good?

[Emily]

I do. And I just hope that, in reflection of the year, people don't forget the lessons; that we learn from the injury.





Where to find Emily
Instagram:
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www.emilysilver.net



SACRED REBIRTH

KATHLEEN PIZZELLO

I want to come undone
to fully unravel myself
freely & wholly
nude to the world
no reservations
because I don't care
what you think anymore
what I care about
is how broken my heart is
and yours too
and I know yours is broken too
because just being alive
in this world
will do that to you

but also
I wanted to tell you
it's ok to be broken
let everything
fall a p a r t
become ruins
and dust
become nothing
return to the void
that you were born from
the wellspring
that lives deep
deep down

inside the house of who you are
go there
again and again
drink from this well
and use its wisdom
to nurture a new dream of being
plant your seed
in your own dust
where you once died
and returned home
be patient
allow there to be
a current of love
waves of grace
and respect
for your dream
and your own
sacred rebirth

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BEHIND UNTAMED VOICES



Courtney McMahon - Managing Editor

Courtney McMahon is a life-long east coaster, repressed artist, and self-proclaimed funny person.

She has built a career in advertising that spans over 14 years; 10 of which she spent working way too many hours. She has worked with many notable brands, including Verizon, Levis and Lexus. It is through these career experiences that Courtney discovered her passion for building creative community and mentorship.

In August of 2019, Courtney launched Project 30Somethings—a living archive about what it means to be a 30 something woman today—comprising contributions from women all over the world. Courtney is currently completing her Health Coach certification training. By applying her own personal experiences to her practice, she hopes to inspire and empower others to improve their overall health, learn to trust their intuition and break old destructive patterns, so they can step into their power.

In contributing to Untamed Voices her mission is to break down barriers and build community through her writing; so we can all feel a little less alone. She promises to share the little bit she knows about some things each time she puts pen to paper.

Courtney lives in Connecticut with her partner Tyler and their two dogs, Leo and Olive. She has been living a life free of alcohol since June of 2019—the best decision she's ever made and a common theme throughout her writing.



Emily Silver - Editor In Chief

Emily Silver is an artist, yogi, educator, and art gallery owner located in Yucca Valle, CA. Emily is originally from New York where she received her BFA from SVA in NYC, her MFA from Penn State University. She is on the faculty at Santa Monica College and Copper Mountain College, where she has been teaching in the art departments for over 10 years.

She has been practicing on her mat for over 17 years and teaching yoga in the hi-desert, Los Angeles, Seattle and Portland over the last few years.

Yoga Trainings:

- 500RYT Hatha training from Modo Yoga. Kelowna, BC 50hrs Yin Training, Joe Barnett, Encinitas CA
- 100hrs Vinyasa Flow, North Vancouver BC
- 40hrs Flow State Advanced Sequencing .
- 50hrs Yin Training, Bernie Clark
- Currently enrolled in IAYT 805 Yoga Therapy program

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