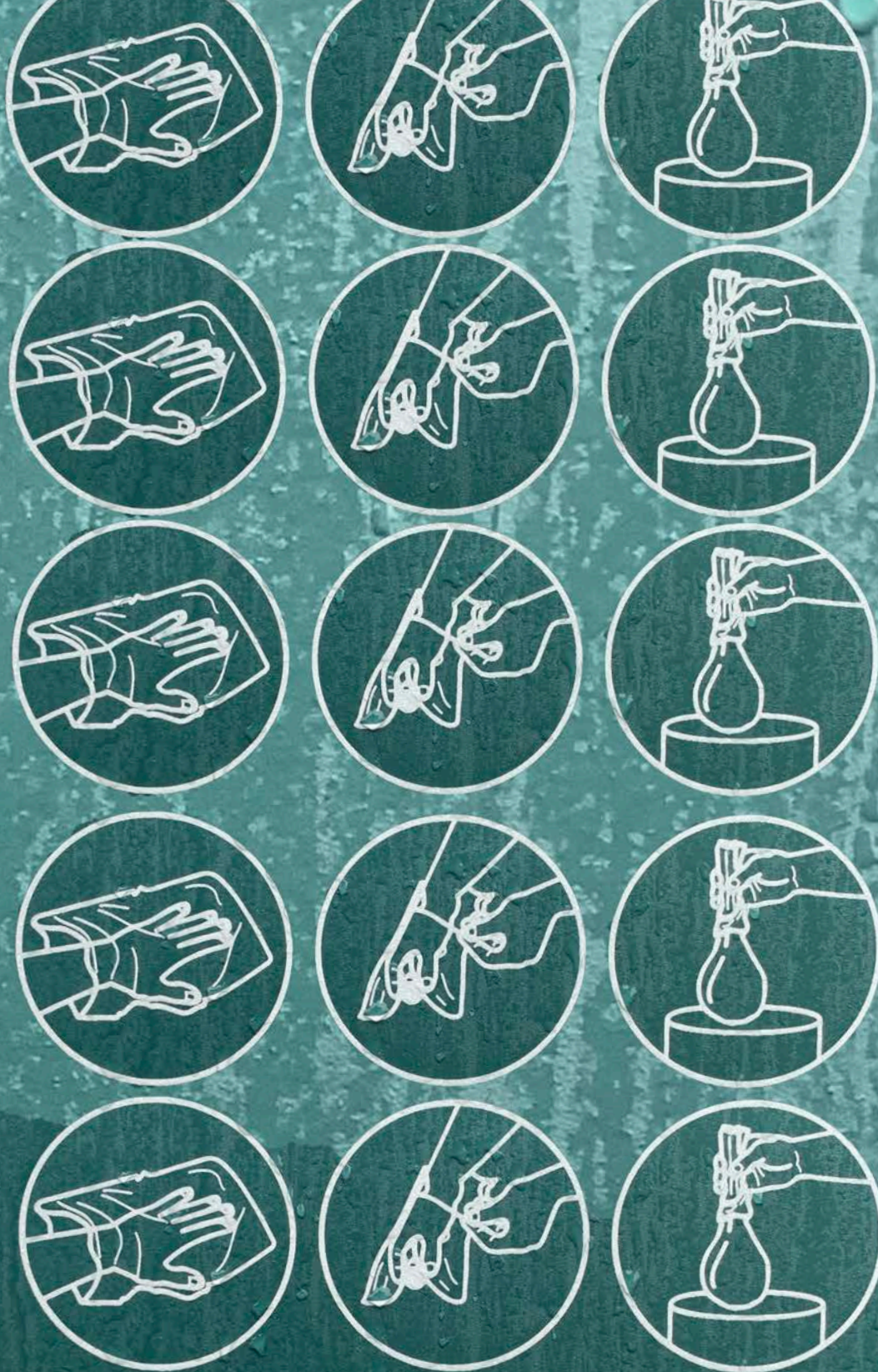


REACTION



No. 08 NAIL BITER



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE

1) PLACE HAND INTO BAG 2) PICK UP WASTE & TURN BAG INSIDE OUT 3) TIE A KNOT & DISPOSE

REACTION

No. 08 NAIL BITER

- {0} BRITT MOHR & KAILLA COOMES
- {3} YVES ELIZALDE
- {4} *FOREWORD*
- {6} SEBASTIEN NOTRE
- {8} *MALADAPTIVE*
- {10} BRIAN VU
- {11} *SHORT STORY LONG*
- {14} *A BRIEF HISTORY*
- {16} MARION CONSTENTIN
- {18} *BIG SUR*
- {20} XUNI GONG
- {22} MASSIMO NOTA
- {24} TRACY PITTS
- {25} *BOOKCASE CREATURE*
- {27} KATELYN KILBURG
- {28} POL KURUCZ
- {30} BRIAN VU
- {31} *SHADOWS IN FALL*
- {32} *URGENT SIGNALS OF WANT*
- {34} DAVID WIEN
- {36} STEPHANIE GONOT
- {42} SEBASTIAN SCHWAMM
- {45} LOUIS RIDDICK



FOREWORD BY KAILLA COOMES

Nails can exude BOLDNESS, build SELF-ESTEEM, and can even be a STATUS SYMBOL. When someone gets their nails done, i.e. make an appointment, pay \$30 plus tip, and spend half an hour minimum at a salon, it's a luxury. Not to mention maintaining them, regular upkeep, no biting (stress less), and avoiding all environments that will chip or ding their hard work. When someone has their nails done, it tells much more about the person than just what you can see.

For Nail Biter, we decided to choose three songs where each song shows how people's relationship with their nails differ. To pose the question, why do people get their nails done and what does that tell you about them? Also, why are nails important to some and not to others? Throughout Nail Biter we try to address these questions, and we start with three hip-hop songs.

Fancy (T.I./Drake)

**NAILS DONE, HAIR DONE, EVERYTHING DID
NAILS DONE, HAIR DONE, EVERYTHING DID
OH YOU FANCY HUH?**

Jumpin Jumpin (Destiny's Child)

**THIS WEEKEND YOU'RE GOING OUT
IF HE TRY TO STOP YOU,
YOU'RE GOIN' OFF
YOU GOT YOUR HAIR DONE AND
YOUR NAILS DONE TOO
A NEW OUTFIT AND YOUR FENDI SHOES**

Pro Nails (Kid Sister feat. Kanye)

**BUBBLE LETTERS ON MY BUTT SAY 'FRESH'
OOPS, I'MA GO, NAILS LIKE WHOA,
ACRYLIC BASE TOP ALL GOLD
CLOTHES ON MY BACK TO THE PAINT ON MY TOES
STAY FRESH 'CAUSE I'M ACCUSTOMED TO GOLD**

NAIL



BITER

NAIL



BITER

MALADAPTIVE

ELLIE CHATMAN

1

I'm restless just watching it.
Watching that smooth hooked beak twist and pluck
one tiny feather with such precision
and that velvety black tongue twirl it with innocence
and obsession.

I pity you, my eyes said to the parrot's.
But there was no evidence of shame in those shiny
black pupils.

What I should have said is *I envy you*.

2

It's a poor habit, truly.
I could say I wish parental hands would have slapped
my own hands away,
intercepted before I nipped at my own buds,
but I can't place the blame.
It was expected that I'd simply grow out of it.
But I fall deeper and deeper into smaller and smaller
percentages
with every lapse—
twelve, eighteen, now twenty five years.

3

Look mom, no nails! I used to need the stimulus to
induce the response, but now I respond all day long
without any apparent stimuli.

4

Feather-plucking is what's called a maladaptive
behavior. Disruptive or dysfunctional patterns of
behavior in attempt to cope with stress.

It's common for birds in cages to become bored and
they pluck and pluck for a lack of stimuli. You can
Google it and find an excess of sources and studies
and methods to fix it.

5

I scour Wikipedia pages for my own fix and
press my fingertips to my mouth,
tear off little white arcs with my teeth,
bite and redden the surrounding skin,
finger by finger,
caged and ceaseless.



Omega Supreme Records

SHORT STORY LONG

James Vance, owner of Omega Supreme Records, sat down with us to talk about the real insecurities of starting a label from nothing.

The LA native, began as a DJ, but now has worked with 17 artists from eight different countries. His label started because he loved that boogie funk sound and he wanted to give artists who had that sound an avenue to make their

music accessible. After nine months of DJing there was finally enough money to put a deposit on the record, starting him on a journey that got him to where he is now.

It was **all hands on deck** from there. The record label would be a combination of the music he loved and the chance to share it with other like minded artists and DJs out there. The nerves weren't

there. Vance believed he **has had his hand** in the music scene for so long, that he knows what music will make people move. Though his first record for the label made people dance the second was pool side funk, which he said might be considered risky, but he believed in his artists and knows them like **the back of his hand**.

“These artist write their own songs and it’s usually very nostalgic, but something you have never heard before done well.”

Omega Record Supreme was originally create with Vance and a couple of DJs, but it seemed to be **getting out of hand** and complicated.

“[I] had a meeting with them and said going forward I am going to continue on my own. It wasn’t successful by any means, it was super risky, I think they were more comfortable with that than trying to pursue a label, I think it was the best bet for everyone. I think ultimately it makes it easier because I work with people, but at the same time I definitely want to be the one to sign off on things so there is there like a level of perfection or a standard that I want to uphold...it’s way quicker to make things happen with one person.”

Now he could be **at the hands of his artists**, focusing on how to get their music out there. Something that he couldn’t do when he was trying to promote his own music, which he accounts to as one of his failures.

“I failed, because I couldn’t get behind it.

It taught me a lot about the fundamentals and groundwork in the industry. I think it’s easier for me to get behind an artist, it’s hard to get behind your own self when you are the artist, it would be like painting a picture and saying this is the best fucking picture.”

Since Vance has been in this industry for a long time, he is more than willing to **lend a hand** and give advice to his artists, he wants them to learn from his mistakes.

“Yes, I hella do, because a lot of the artists are coming from kind of an obscure place, they aren’t coming off of record deals, most of them either don’t have the means or experience to put out the music and so I try and give them all the things on my mind their own use.”

When the Omega Record Supreme first started Vance was using the legendary Dave Cooley, who has mastered records from Blood Orange to Washed Out, to master his records. Though this may have been a steep price, he **had to hand it to him**, he made those record sound sweet.

“It definitely did eat a chunk into our budget, so we learned how to save money right away after two years of using Dave Cooley. Being involved with Dave Cooley didn’t necessity get us any other industry relationships, he did not plug us for anything else, but it did give us a sensibility of the landscape. You learn the standards, talking to him the first two or three times was nerve wracking because I had never had to do that at a high level, so he helped me gain my confidence.”

Since his label is one of many side hustles, **his hands have often been tied**, not putting enough effort into what the label needed to succeed.

“I definitely feel like I have slacked off, because my own personal work became not as manageable as it was when I first started. It has fallen off as far as growth goes, but at the same time I feel like it has maintained decent growth, enough to keep going.”

Vance is a humble man, **never biting the hand that feeds**. He recognizes that his success his because **he worked his fingers to the bone**, but he will never take it for granted.

“I feel like I am slowly going through life trying to manage the levels of success that I have at the pace that I am having it. I think it’s more realistic with my set of circumstances, and that’s apart of my insecurity, but that’s also apart of the reality to where I am at. I am thankful for all that I have at this point. There has to be a humility to everything you do...Like this is all a gift, so taking it for granted is obnoxious. I try to recognize where I am, I have seen things crash and burn because they might have been too successful too fast. And I have seen things that should have been successful sooner, not get the notoriety too. Just trying to find the right path to navigate is always the struggle.”

There came a time when Vance got “burnt the fuck out,” he was doing everything himself and feeling like he was just **hanging on by his fingertips**.

His creativity had halted and he had to focus on something else for awhile.

“It made me refocus on some changes going on in my own personal life, [I had to] level my income. I refocused my DJ output to being more serious and active for a paycheck.”

Vance didn’t let himself be down for long, his **finger is back on the pulse** of his label and he’s about to release a new album. He is nervous about this record, **crossing his fingers** that it will work, because it’s a new sound and he doesn’t want to disappoint his listeners. “Because if it isn’t positioned right. There is no other person, when I say we I mean me, it falls on me.”

Omega Supreme Records is **in good hands**. Even though Vance has got his **hands full**, he’s satisfied with what he has accomplished so far and can’t wait to create more success.

Interview by Kailla Coomes



A BRIEF HISTORY

PAT-A-CAKE

It is generally accepted that the origins of this rhyme date back to 1698, first appearing in the Thomas D'Urfey play *The Campaigners*. Though some experts have made connections to The Great Fire of London in 1666. This theory assumes that bakeries in general were a significant fire hazard.



TWINKLE TWINKLE

The lyrics are from an early-19th-century English poem by Jane Taylor, "The Star". The poem, which is in couplet form, was first published in 1806 in *Rhymes for the Nursery*, a collection of poems by Taylor and her sister Ann.

ROW ROW ROW

It has been suggested that the song may have originally arisen out of American minstrelsy (minstrel show). The earliest printing of the song is from 1852, when the lyrics were published with similar lyrics to those used today, but with a very different tune.



ITSY BITSY SPIDER

The song can be found in publications including an alternative version in the book, *Camp and Camino in Lower California* (1910), where it was referred to as [the classic] "Spider Song". It appears to be a different version of this song using "blooming, bloody" instead of "itsy bitsy".



THUMB WAR

"One, two, three, four, I declare a thumb war." The history is a bit controversial, Author and humorist Paul Davidson claims that his grandfather Bernard Davidson invented the thumb war in the 1940s. While American copywriter Julian Koenig claimed to have invented thumb wrestling in 1936 as a boy at Camp Greylock.



IF YOU'RE HAPPY AND YOU KNOW IT

The song was published in various places through the decades following the late 1950s, including a volume of "constructive recreational activities" for children (1957), a book of drama projects for disabled children (1967), and a nursing home manual (1966).



MARY MACK

It originated in Virginia in 1908, though the origin of the name Mary Mack is obscure, and various theories have been proposed. According to one theory, Mary Mack originally referred to the USS Merrimack, a United States warship of the mid-1800s named after the Merrimack River, that would have been black, with silvery rivets.

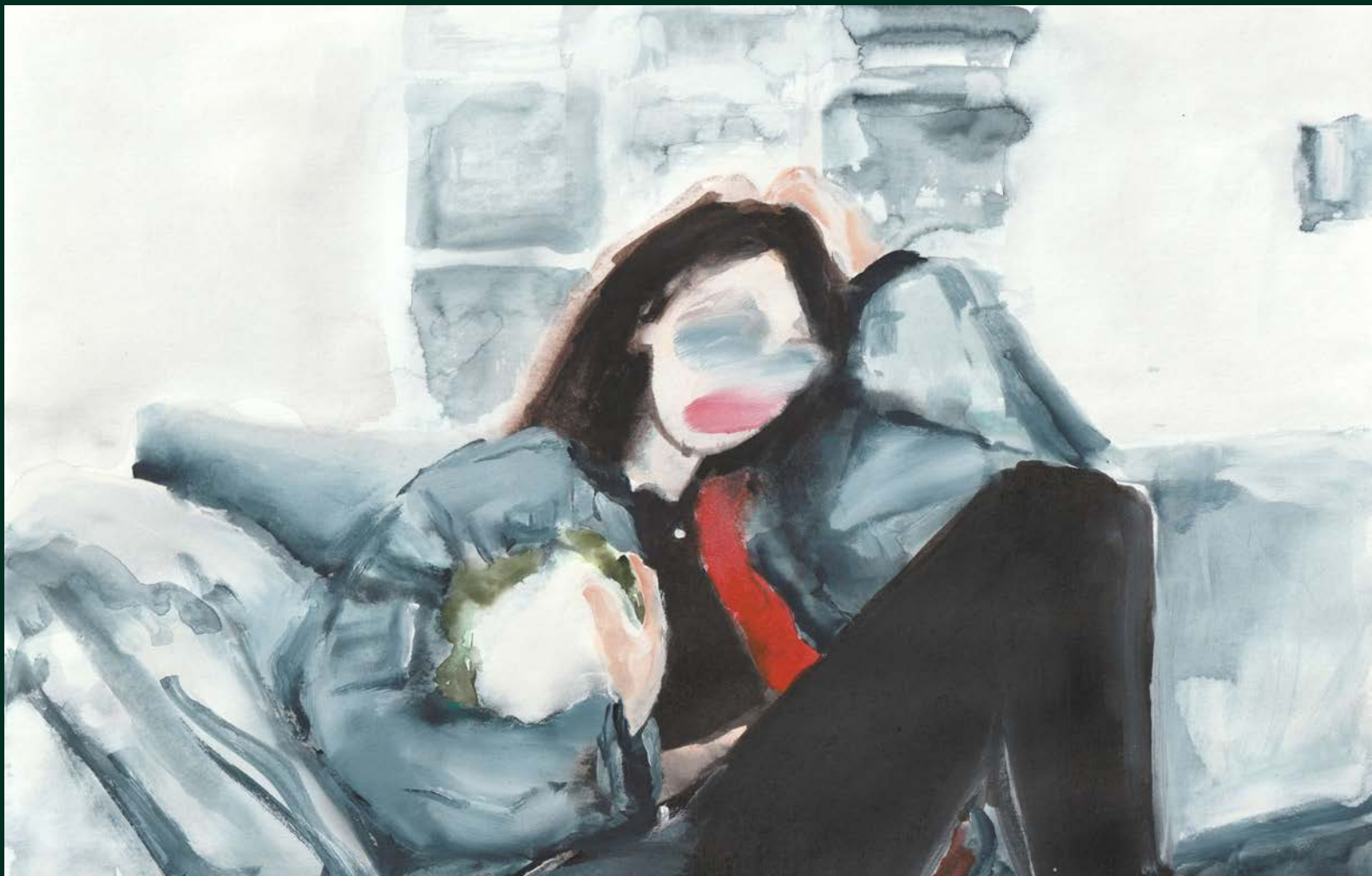


NAIL



NAIL

BITER



BITER



XUNI GONG



36

1817.

— 103

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TRACY PITTS



BOOKCASE CREATURE

JACQUELINE FITZGERALD

The unframed photos on the bookshelf were thoughtfully chosen to showcase her life. And that life was perfect.

One was of herself and two girlfriends after a day at the lake. Their skin was sun kissed and their eyes, a satisfied coolness. Another image featured an apocalyptic NSA station in Berlin turned street art canvas. The body of an ex-fling laid back on the concrete flooring overlooking the city where time and wind had removed the walls of what was once an enclosed space.

From somewhere in her mind, a disinterest in what was interesting five years ago whispered.

She thought of her parents, their lives, the marker of age. What were their lives? Where, in the patterns and routines and in their nearness to retirement, was interest? Where was satisfaction? These questions made her think of her upcoming 30th.

A man different from the man the in photo was in bed with her. The curve of his back and shoulder cut away at the bookcase on the wall facing the side of the bed on which

he slept. Lined by the rise and fall of his body breathing, the bookshelf had an air of human warmth that the books themselves tried to convey but couldn't truly deliver.

His body, his back to her, lay next to her as she sat up in bed at the too-early hour and examined the photos. The edges, bent with over-handling and discolored from sun bleach, blended themselves into the folds of the literary life she remembered like a watercolor painting hung in a habitually and thoughtlessly tread hallway.

How did a hole open?

The backing of the shelf, beyond the photographs and the books, hinted at something more than a surface. The white paint appeared silver in the light of early morning insomnia and began to texture like taffeta.

And then, a protrusion, a pushing of the surface until the tension gave way and a white finger pushed through. It bent at the seeming-knuckle and pulled the tear in the satin paint finish. The finger was no more than a tree branch like that of a white

aspen — a ghost tree. A tree that haunted without apparent occupation, yet here was its creature.

No nail, just a long spindly finger painted in white, satin finish. Then two more fingers emerged from the darkness. Moving. Whether it was escaping or opening an escape, she couldn't tell. She couldn't even remember fear. The finger pulled away at a tear in a place in her home that had never received a moment's attention. The books, read years ago, their stories abandoned as little more than decor, sat unmoving as the fingers ripped away at the hole with the slow determination of an hourglass.

But those stories didn't matter in this moment, other than that they may have contained some hint that this creature, the one pulling at an opening void in the backing of the bookshelf, might have been summoned here somehow.

It had to have been some kind of magic. The tear was big enough now to fit a hand through. But to her surprise, the spidery, ominous finger retreated.

And then an eye appeared. An eye that was harvest moon yellow, and that seemed as big as that celestial body. It flashed and sparkled as the black dot of a pupil at the center of it stole her away. The eye blinked and stared again wide as the pupil dilated. She knew it was looking into her own amber eye, curious and daring and perhaps frightened.

Her eyes were no match for the creature's.

The creature blinked again.

Then nothing.

The eye became lifeless. The moon eclipsed by judgement and disappointment.

The girl looked again at the books and the photographs, the white satin paint of the shelves and the man's skin who lay asleep and facing the wall where the creature threatened to emerge.

But it was gone now. She silently laughed and let it echo through the slit that remained at the back of the bookshelf that now began to wither, leaving only a wrinkle. For a moment, she wondered if it would be back. And then she didn't remember to wonder.

Her hand reached out to the man's soft skin as her thumb caressed his delicate shoulder. She lusted after them in a way that made her want them as her own. So she kissed them with covetous desire, and she banished the creature that visited through the crevice.

On the shelf was another photograph. She didn't remember taking it. And as she thought about slumping down into the sheets and curving herself into the man's back, she noticed in the photograph an illusion of rippling over spines of books and white satin finish.





NAIL

BITER



An excerpt from SHADOWS IN FALL

These autumn nights are underworlds, speaking to an ending, a fading of life and the promise of rebirth. The promise brushes itself on the thinning and chilling skin of her hands and restful fingers, along her ankle bones tethering her body to the portrait of light obstructed that captures her again as she opens her eyes.

Did she blink?

Was it sleep?

Perhaps, there is no shadow place. Only wind whipping through and around trees and mended fences, around modest homes and a body numbed by time, standing still and alone at midnight.

She inhales smoke and exhales breath and fall. The cigarette burns orange but smoke shadows are elusive and invisible there in that beckoning shadowed, sacred space. She breathes in the changing season.

JACQUELINE FITZGERALD

URGENT SIGNALS OF WANT

EDMUND
SANDOVAL

I couldn't understand why I couldn't understand why you were so upset.

So I started laughing.

And you did too.

Though you didn't want to. And were mad as you'd ever been.

We were standing on opposite sides of the room. I didn't know what to do with my body. My hands were cold. I leaned back on the wall and upset a picture frame. You said you didn't feel well. You'd had too much to drink.

Too little to eat.

I said I felt the same.

I rubbed my abdomen.

I looked to the window. The neighboring houses. Cars in the road.

At the windowsill, a box elder crawled.

I looked at its coloring. Its slow progress.

I thought of Halloween. Kids in costume. Candy. Ghouls.

I thought of the night prior. The dull cast of the porch light and our wooden table chairs in the lawn. Heat lightning in the distance, the towering clouds, the sky black, yellow, purple.

We'd held hands and watched as fireflies beamed their urgent signals of want. Like humans in a bar, slick with alcohol, indiscriminate, playing it casual in their desperation.

Someone, flash, anyone,

flash,

it's not just loneliness.

Sputter.

00018755A REV A

We'd talked and drank. We'd worn loose clothes. Heat rose from the sidewalks, the roads. Sweat drummed. We'd gotten excited about something. The windows of the house were open. In the far off hills, a brief, two-eyed ember glow, brake lights illuminating, a car slowing down, then speeding up, and the rustle of hooves passing fast through the undergrowth.

We weren't told that it needn't mean anything. That it could exist on its own. Without love. Or feeling of that kind. As though it were a hobby, a way to pass time, like going to the movies on a weekday afternoon, then having an ice cream sundae, stretching in the floor of the living room, pop music. In lieu of chores, working.

To feel alive while being alive.

Let me tell you.

In the movies, sex isn't sexy.

And often sex isn't sexy in real life.

Yet we get to it often enough.

Earnestly, dispassionately, wonderfully.

And when the bed is warm.

And when there is want for need of longing.

And when the air conditioning is feeding as bread.

She'd never be able to bring him home. But he wasn't really dumb. He just acted it. So she went to him. Easy. As things are.

You said the first time you couldn't help but think of the wet laundry you'd let sit when I came over. I said I'd heard the buzzing of the machine's timer. And you said, But how. But how, if we were together.



DAVID
WIEN



YOUR FUCKING NAILS

TAPE SARDINES TO YOUR FINGERS

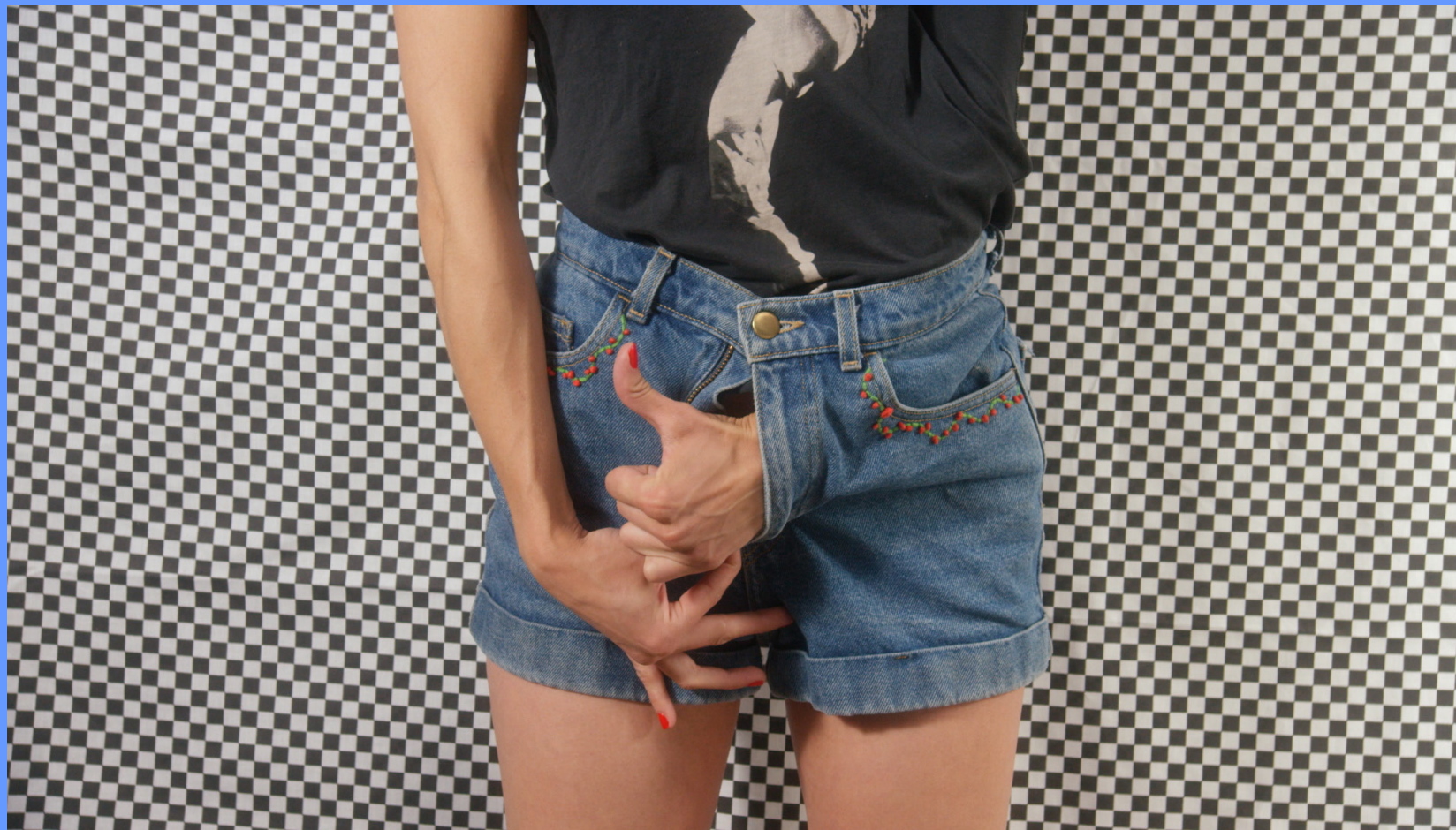


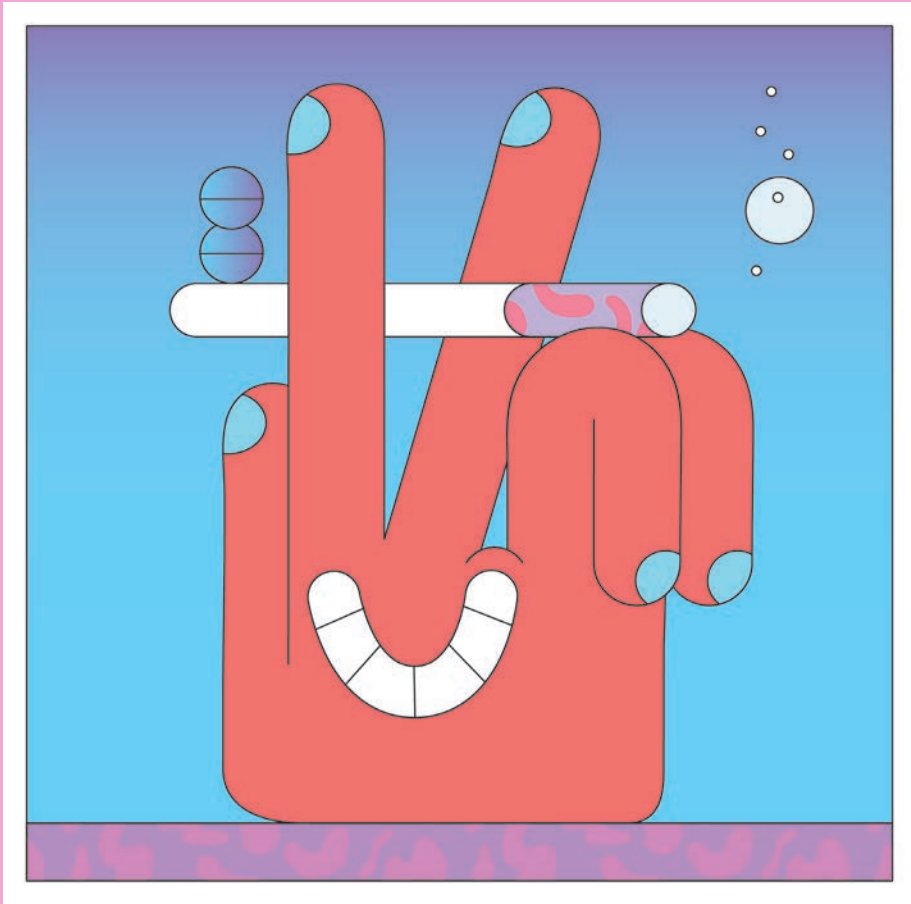
HAVE REALLY LONG SLEEVES



**VERBALLY ABUSE
YOUR NAILS**







SEBASTIAN
SCHWAMM



BEACON QUARTERLY
beaconquarterly.com
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CHACHA SANDS
founder & editor-in-chief
cribdesignhouse.com
"When I was 7, I threw a brick at my brother and broke all of his fingers."

ZACH WESTERMAN
director of design
zachwesterman.com
"I have the largest hands in my family."

BRITT MOHR
director of visual content
britt-mohr.com
"When I was four, I stabbed my sister in the hand with a fork. Over a bowl of mac and cheese."

KAILLA COOMES
director of written content
@kailla_coomes
"The only bone I've broken was my pinky."

STEPHANIE GUY
lead graphic designer
stephanieguyart.com
"I have successfully painted my nails while driving in traffic."

ARIEL WEISER
graphic designer
arielweiser.squarespace.com
"I love the sound of nails clicking on a table."

NATHAN BERGFELT
graphic designer
nathanbergfelt.com
"I've always thought thumb wrestling was the best way to settle disputes."

REID KILLE
graphic designer
reidkille.weebly.com
"My mom made my think I was born with a sixth finger and told me that she bit it off."

BRIAN VU
CROWN / COME UNDONE
pages 10, 30
brian-vu.com

CARSON C. MCLEOD
BIG SUR (FOR RYAN)
pages 18-19
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DAVID WIEN
STACKS
pages 34-35
davidwien.com

EDMUND SANDOVAL
URGENT SIGNALS OF WANT
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@mund_sando

ELLIE CHATMAN
MALADAPTIVE
pages 8-9

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FALLING
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MARION COSTENTIN
ARTIST IN HEATWAVE / GIRL WITH CAULIFLOWER
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marioncostentin.com

MASSIMO NOTA
H103
pages 22-23
notamax.it

OMEGA SUPREME RECORDS
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Interview by Kailla Coomes
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omegasupremerecords.com

POL KURUCZ
UNTITLED
pages 28-29
Model: Mateus Gama
Photo and Art Dir.: polkurucz.com
Retouch.: Irina Muravyova
Retoucher, Fernando Ignacio, agr. Kovács Levent
Set design: @falsiany_, @marycruzis
Beauty: @andie.pontes
Hair: @andie.pontes
Nails: @andie.pontes
Coordination: @melongass
Styling: @falsiany_, @marycruzis
Production: @falsiany_, @marycruzis
Tech./Light.: @falsiany_, @marycruzis, @melongass

SEBASTIAN SCHWAMM
STILL DREAMING BOUT YOU / COCKTAIL HOUR
pages 42-43
sebastianschwamm.com

SEBASTIEN NOTRE
UNTITLED
pages 6-7
@sebastiennotre

STEPHANIE GONOT & JAMES GOODRICH
NAILBITERS PSA
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Producer: Vacation Theory
Stylist: Amy Taylor
Nail Art: Kait Mosh
Cinematographer: Keon Javanshir
stephaniegonot.com

TRACY PITTS
LITTLE MISS / BIG SAME
page 24

XUNI GONG
THE DREAM OF BUTTERFLY
pages 20-21
behance.net/xunigong

YVES ELIZALDE
UNTITLED
page 3
elizaldeyves.com



