

DASHEW CENTER'S ART AND WRITING MAGAZINE

2024 EDITION

ENVELOPE

The International Experience

Step into a realm where art transcends borders and stories speak a universal language.

Celebrate the beauty of diversity and the power of creativity as you flip through these pages.

UCLA Dashew Center

ENVELOPE

DASHEW CENTER'S ART AND WRITING MAGAZINE

ABOUT THE MAGAZINE

Dear Readers,

This is our sixth edition of **Envelope, Dashew Center's Art & Writing Magazine**. When you open Envelope, you find poems, creative fiction, digital art, drawings, paintings, and photography. The hope for this magazine is that it provides a platform for international students, scholars, and staff, both at UCLA and UCLA Extension to share their unique perspectives with the extended campus community and beyond. We hope you enjoy taking in the creative work from this talented community.

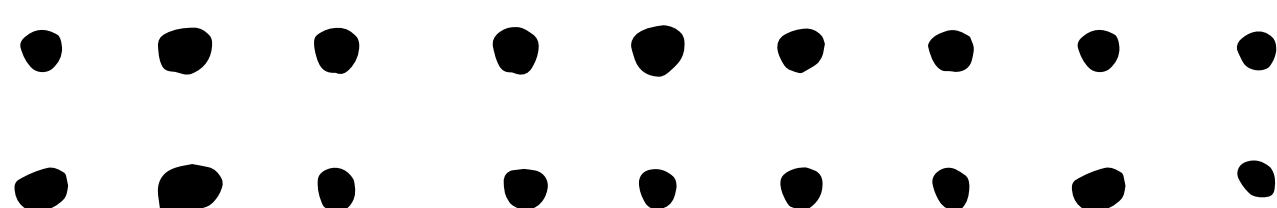
An enthusiastic thank you to all of our artists and authors who submitted to this 2024 edition of Envelope. We are so inspired by your creativity! We are glad that Dashew Center can continue to support an outlet for the international student, staff, and scholar voice. Check out the past issues on Dashew Center's website. Want to get involved in the next issue of Envelope? Look for announcements on Dashew Center's communication channels.

This year's editorial team included Akshata Panda, Caroline Thrailkill, Elizabeth Vargas, Hillary Thomas, Jenna Bustamante, Peter Wang, and Rose Merida.

DISCLAIMER - CONTENT ADVISORY

The views, opinions, and interpretations expressed in articles, reviews, and featured artworks are those of the individual contributors and do not necessarily reflect the views or opinions of the Dashew Center. All artworks and images published in Envelope are used with permission from the artists or copyright holders. *Be mindful that content ahead contains topics or themes that may prompt strong emotional reactions, intense responses, or discomfort for some individuals.*

For any questions or concerns, please contact us at:
www.internationalcenter.ucla.edu/contact-us.



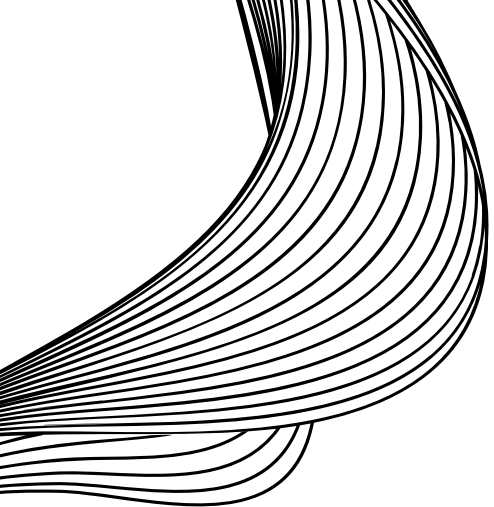


TABLE OF CONTENTS

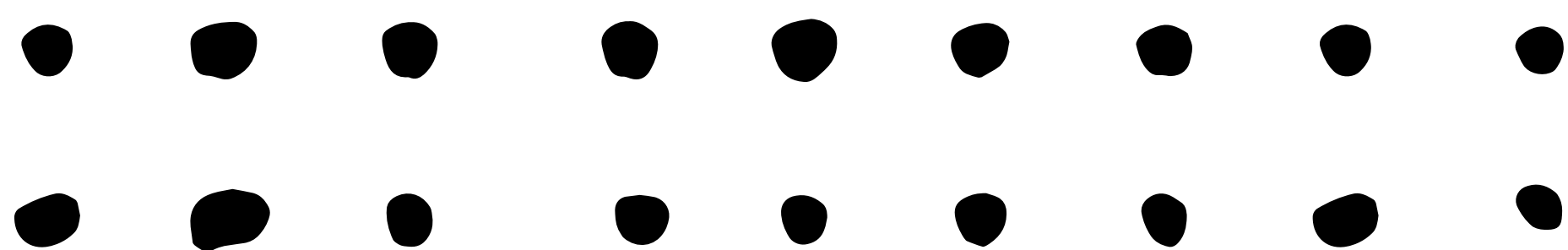
| PAGE | ART TITLE / AUTHOR OR ARTIST |
|-------|--|
| COVER | • MANHATTAN BEACH / CONRAD HABERLAND |
| 2-3 | • LET'S TALK ABOUT LOVE AGAIN (3 ART PIECES) / NHUNG NGUYEN |
| 4-5 | • THE GARDEN OF EDEN / LI SHOU PHOEBE |
| 6 | • THE IMPRISONED BELIEF / LI SHOU PHOEBE |
| 7 | • THE MINGLED MIND / LI SHOU PHOEBE |
| 8 | • BRIGHTNESS AFTER THE GLOOM / PETER WANG |
| 9 | • THE ELEGY OF THE VALLEY / PETER WANG |
| 10 | • SET SAIL / PETER WANG |
| 11-12 | • THE GIRL IN THE CONVERSE RUNNING SHOES / SIERRA BENAYON-ABRAHAM |
| 13 | • THE BURNING CLOUDS / OTIS CHEN |
| 14 | • GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY / OTIS CHEN |
| 15 | • FLOWER SHOWER (2 ART PIECES) / MICHELLE CHEN |
| 16-19 | • SPIRIT AND FLESH (3 ART PIECES) / YIFEI WU |
| 20 | • DOODLE LEAD / ARPITA ROY |
| 21 | • DOODLE BIRD / ARPITA ROY |
| 22 | • DOODLE DURGA / ARPITA ROY |
| 23-25 | • A FLY FISHING STORY / SIMON ZORRAQUIN |
| 26 | • MEETING POINT / ARPITA DAVE |
| 27 | • RESTART / ARPITA DAVE |
| 28-29 | • ALBUM COVER / HAYLEY SPINA |
| 30 | • HUMMINGBIRD / HAYLEY SPINA |
| 31 | • PELICAN / HAYLEY SPINA |
| 32 | • SNOW / LYNNA SI |
| 33 | • STEPPING FOR A BREAK / LYNNA SI |
| 34 | • GIANT IN THE FOREST / LYNNA SI |
| 35 | • VIRGO FULL MOON / MICHEALA R. TRELBY |
| 36 | • SOUND / MICHEALA R. TRELBY |
| 37 | • MIRRORS / MICHEALA R. TRELBY |
| 38 | • PORTAL TO TRANQUILITY / MUSTAFA ALELG |
| 39 | • ACADEMIC OASIS / MUSTAFA ALELG |
| 40 | • SOLITUDE IN SUNLIGHT: STILL MOMENTS OF CAMPUS LIFE / MUSTAFA ALELG |
| 41 | • SPINALOGA DOOR TO SEA / EUGENIA S. VASILEIADOU |
| 42-43 | • SPINALOGA ISLAND / EUGENIA S. VASILEIADOU |
| 44 | • RESONATE / PREGYA VIJAYAKUMAR |
| 45 | • WAILING / TYRA DIOS |
| 46-47 | • ANTICIPATORY GRIEF / NICOLE BOSIY |
| 48 | • ATLANTICS / AYE BANENGIYEFA WABOTE |
| 49 | • LIBRARY / AYE BANENGIYEFA WABOTE |
| 50 | • A DIALOGUE WITH THE FUTURE / RODRIGO ALONSO GILA |
| 51 | • STRIKE A POSE / SANKHA SUBHRA DAS |
| 52 | • SKELETON OR SOUL / EDEN TAN |
| 53 | • CXVI / EDEN TAN |
| 54 | • THE MONSTER UNDER MY BED / EDEN TAN |
| 55 | • EXPECTATIONS AND RESENTMENTS UNDER CONSTRUCTION / VARTIKA SHARMA |
| 56 | • WHISPERS OF SERENITY / VARTIKA SHARMA |
| 57 | • BOUNDLESS HORIZONS / VARTIKA SHARMA |
| 58 | • SHINDIG / CONRAD HABERLAND |
| 59 | • MANHATTAN BEACH / CONRAD HABERLAND |
| 60 | • CHUNG KING ROAD / CONRAD HABERLAND |
| 61 | • MOONLIGHT / ZIJIA ZHANG |
| 62 | • RAIN IN LA / ZIJIA ZHANG |
| 63 | • I, ME, MY / YUE LONG |
| 64-65 | • L.A. HIGHWAY / ELISA LOPEZ ROCHIN |
| 66-67 | • A SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN CENTRAL PARK / MAIA FAITH |

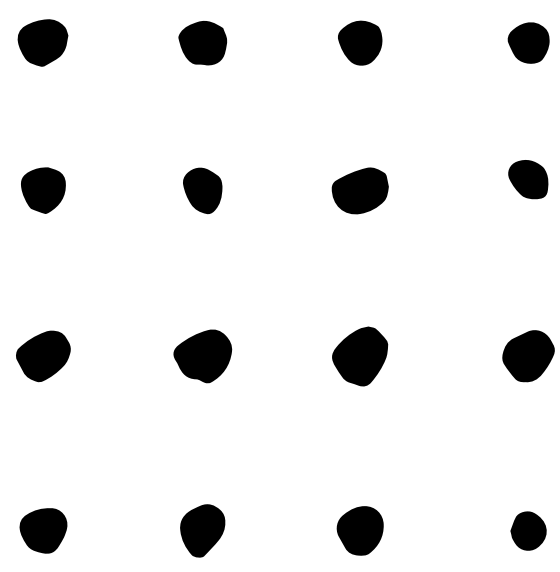


LET'S TALK ABOUT LOVE AGAIN

Nhung Nguyen | Vietnam

Filmmaker Nhung Nguyen turns the camera on herself again. This time, it is about a painful breakup that forces her to take a deep look at the complicated relationship with her neglecting and distant father, which forms a vicious cycle in her dating life.





Through the integration of performance art, installation art, and video art, my work highlights the intricate relationship between society and human nature. The models engage with the installation through choreographed movements.

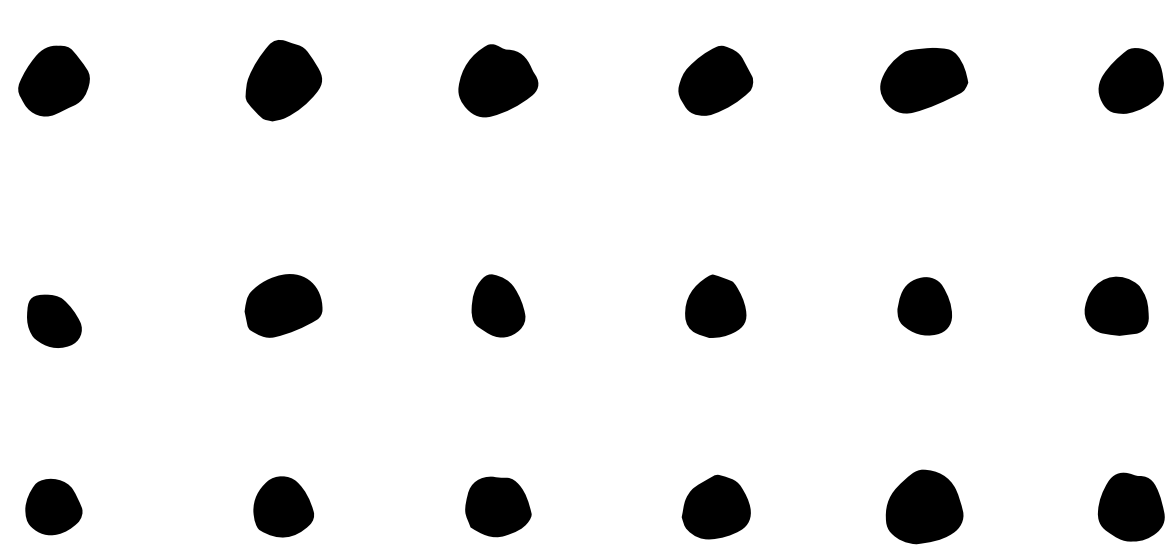


THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Li Shou Phoebe |
HK, China



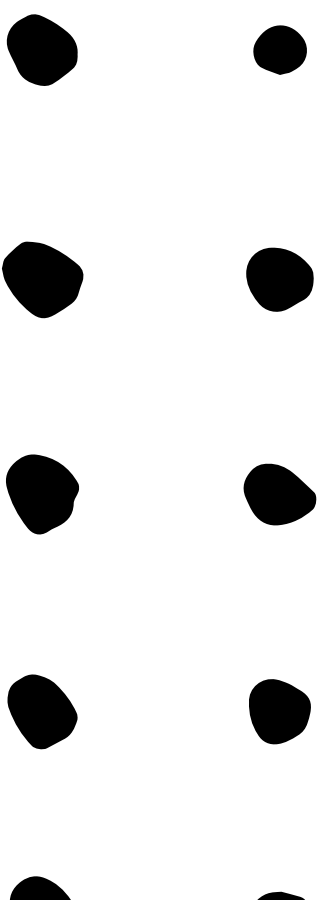
Li Shou Phoebe | HK, China

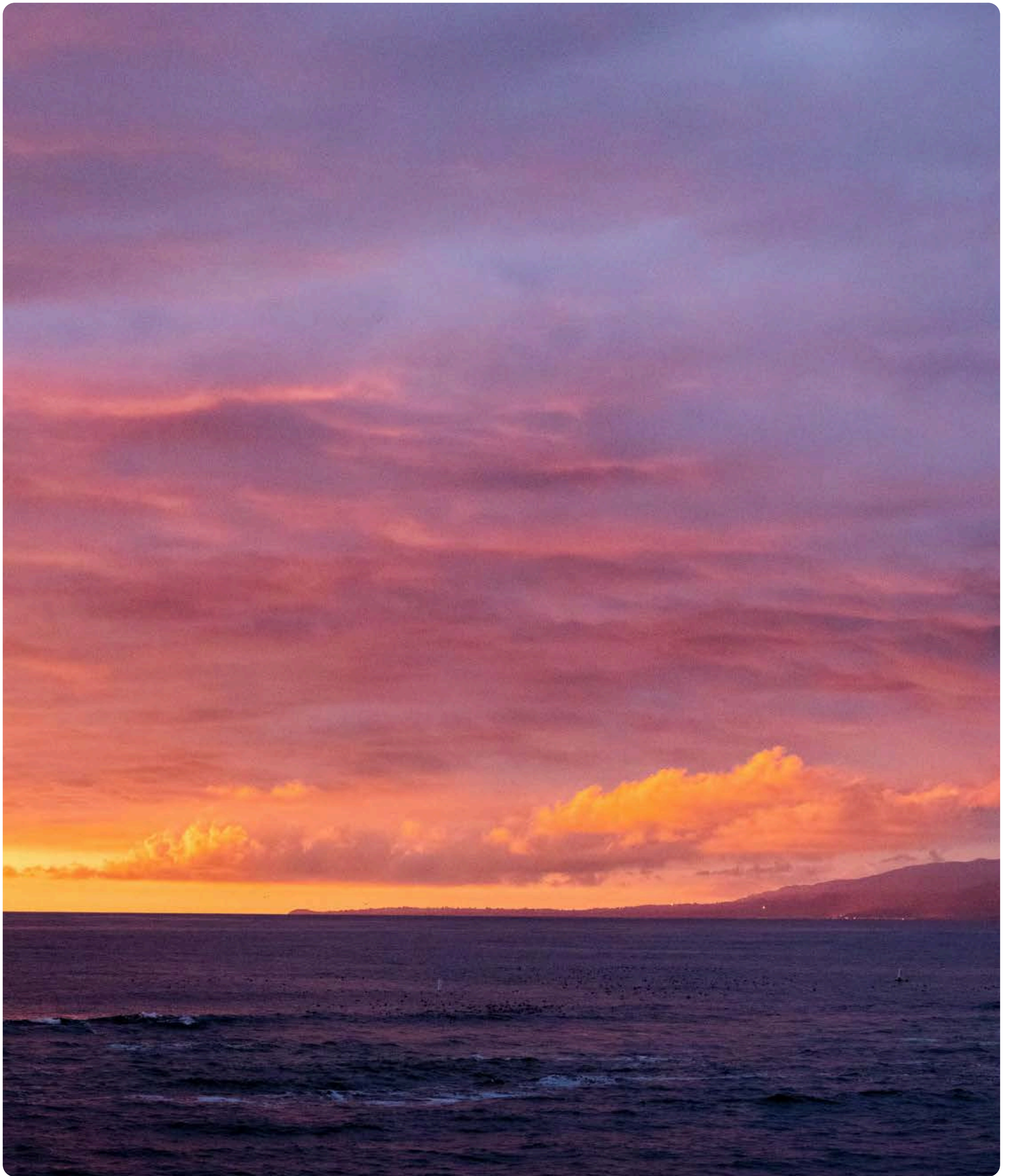


THE IMPRISONED BELIEF

THE MINGLED MIND

Li Shou Phoebe | HK, China





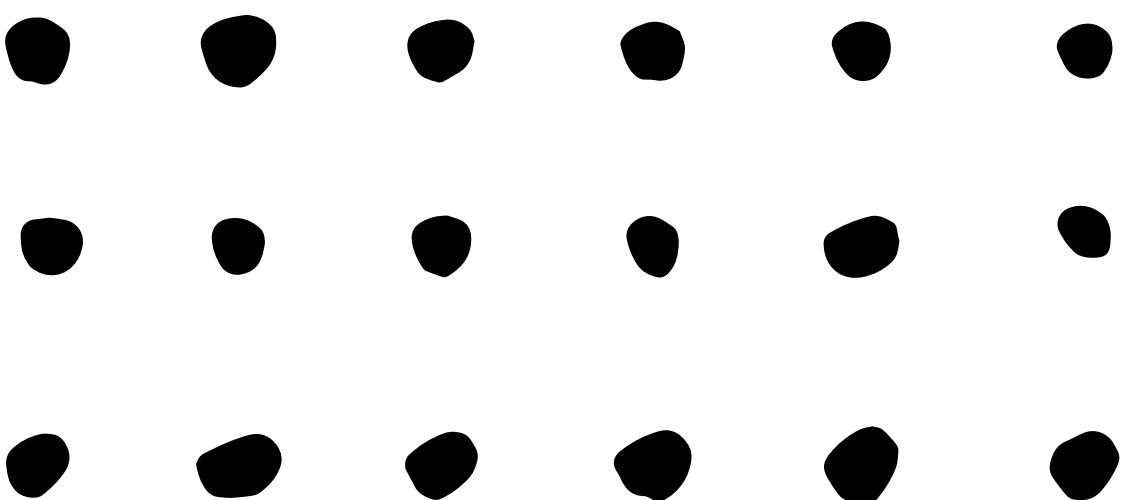
BRIGHTNESS AFTER THE GLOOM

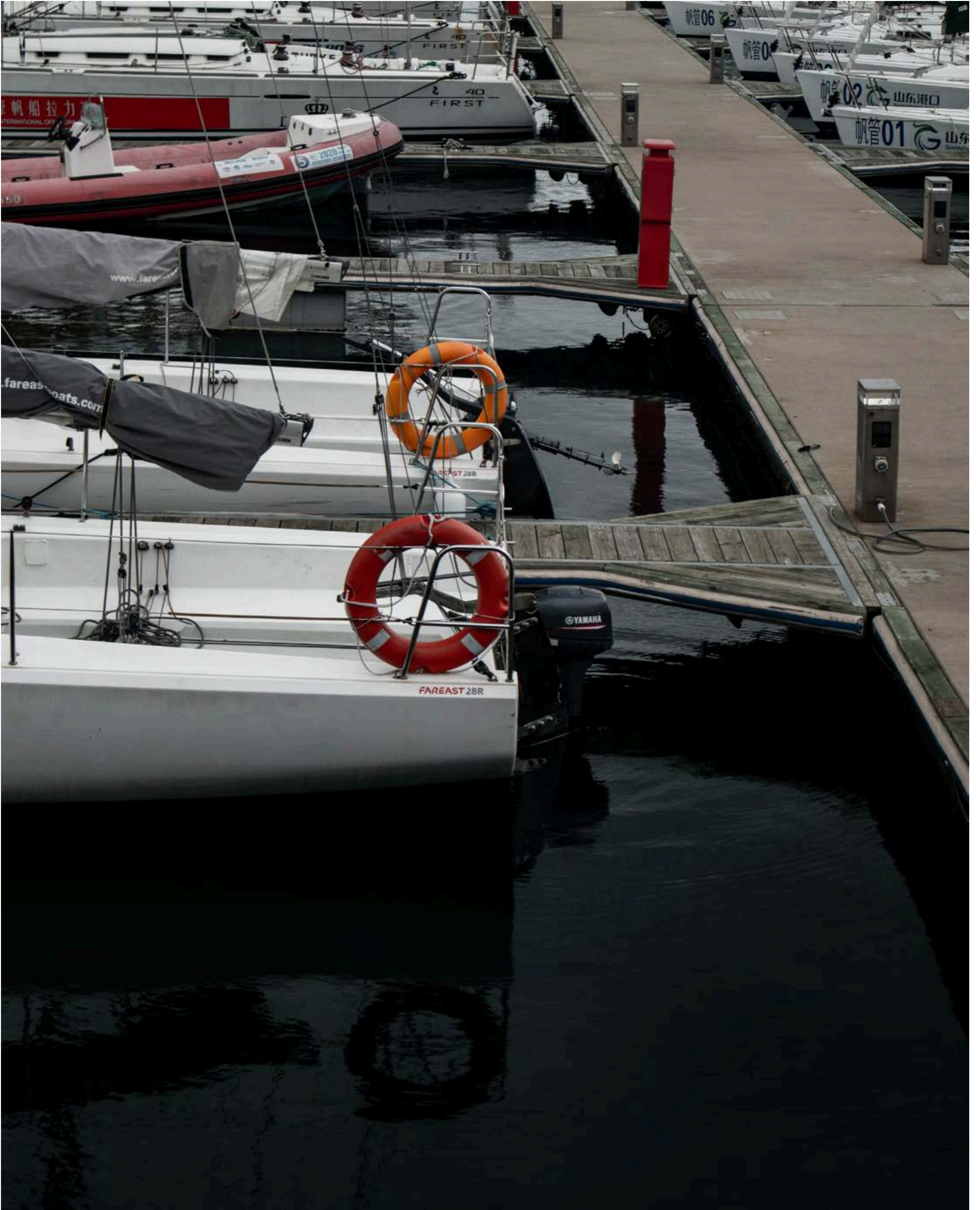
Peter Wang | China



THE ELEGY OF THE VALLEY

Peter Wang | China





SET SAIL

Peter Wang | China

THE GIRL IN THE CONVERSE RUNNING SHOES

Sierra Benayon-Abraham | Canada

***Note: this is an excerpt of the full story**

Red. Blue. Red. Blue. Those are the first colours I see after opening my eyes. The ground is hard, wet, and uncomfortable. Concrete. I'm lying face down on the street. Then I hear the sirens. Loud and screeching, only making the ringing in my head worse. I start to lift my head, using my eyes to glance from side to side. I see the cops running from all different directions shouting orders at one another. I wipe my mouth on my sleeve, the blood dripping from my lips soaking through my shirt. My hair, stuck in a tangled mess, still stickily wet and damp. The next thing I know I am being pulled to my feet by two paramedic officers, they are trying to ask me questions and I can just make out the words their lips are forming.

“Maven? How did this happen? Do you know where you are? Can you tell us what happened in the last 48 hours?”

Then the flashbacks and memories start pouring in. The party. The park. The club. The movie. The beach. Him. I turn away, hoping that just the movement of my head facing the other direction will make it all go away. Unsurprisingly, it doesn't.

I realize then that it is time to face the hundreds of questions being thrown at me from officers, detectives, paramedics, and just people, all the onlookers and reporters shoving their provoking curiosities into my face.

I push it all aside and focus on the two first responders standing beside me. I answer their questions first: how I am feeling? Do I think I have any severe internal damage to my body? Who can they call?

“I don’t know,” I force out while I hear them mumble something about me being in a state of shock.

They take me into the back of their van to bandage me up, and besides a minor concussion, they say I will be fine and all my scrapes and bruises will heal fairly quickly. Still, I get rushed to the hospital as the police call my parents and little brother. Oh gosh, what are they going to think? They probably won’t believe it at first; they will think the wrong parents were called. So incredibly unlike their daughter. Never would our Maven be involved in something like this. Me: the straight-A student, class president, competitive cross-country runner, guitar-player, and promising girl that somehow manages to do it all. Somehow manages to please everyone. How wrong they all were. I can almost see the disappointment and worry that will bleed through their eyes as they realize it is me, there one and only daughter. At least I’m alive, is all I can think for their sake. Unlike someone else.



THE BURNING CLOUDS

Otis Chen | China

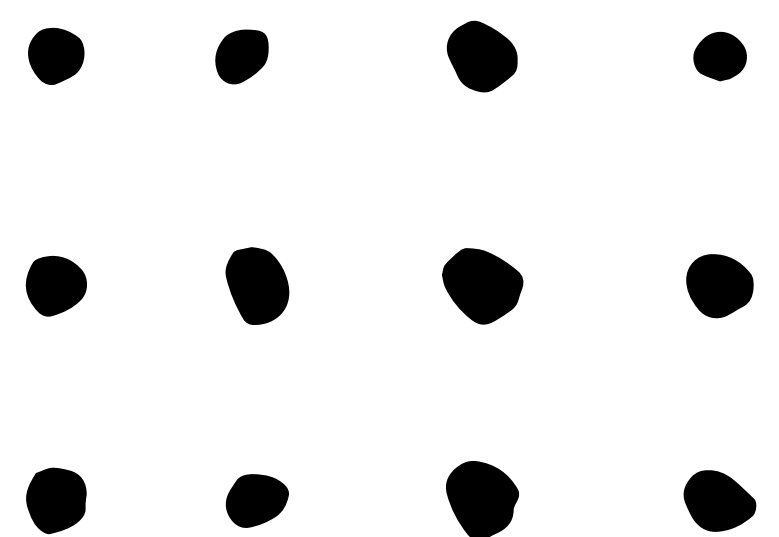
Mountains, palm trees, and sunset -
this is the quintessential Southern
California dusk.

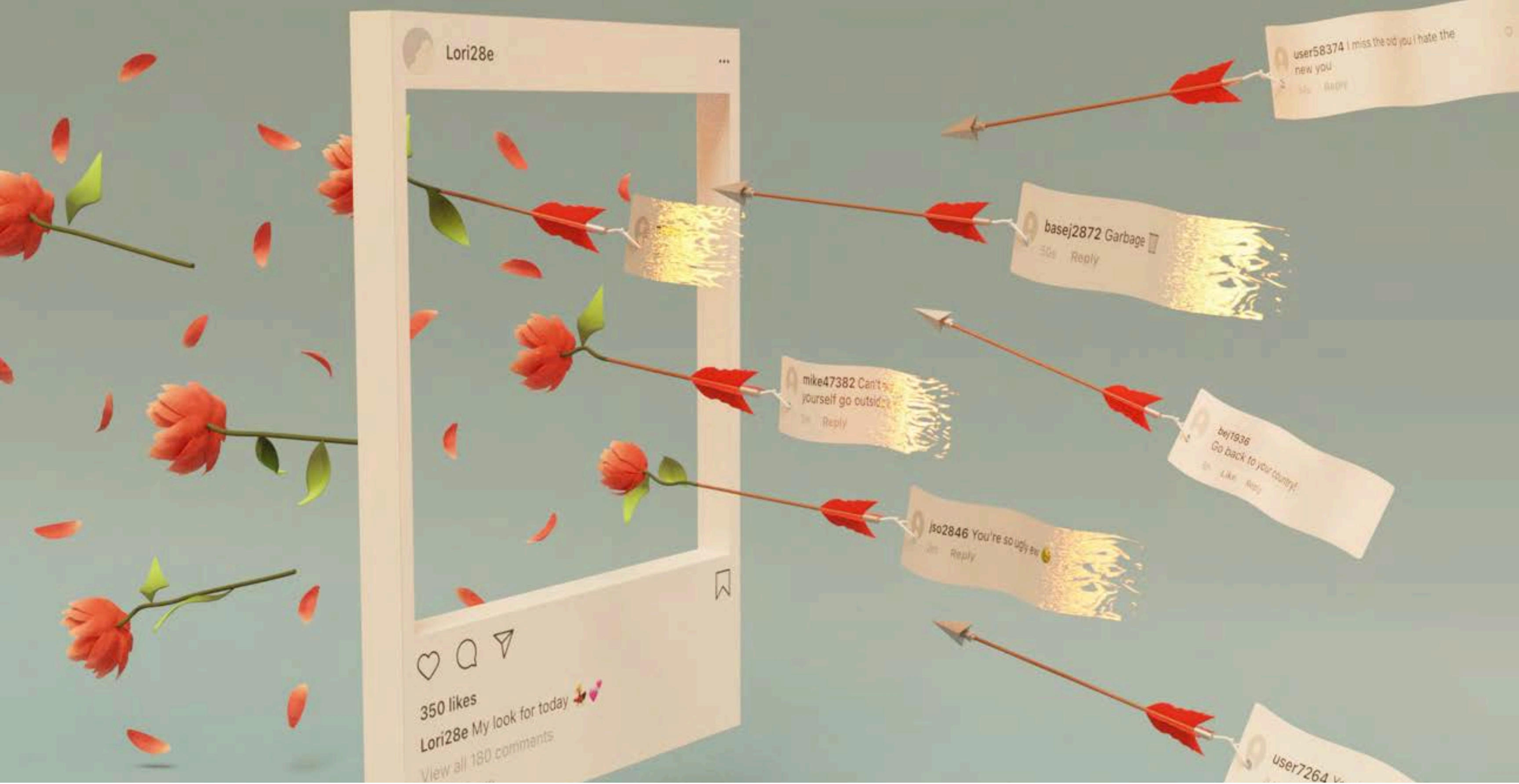
View from Griffith Park Trails, the skyscrapers
of Downtown LA lie beyond the Griffith
Observatory, shining like diamonds.



GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY

Otis Chen | China





FLOWER SHOWER

Michelle Chen | U.S.

A mindless comment can instigate a wildfire of hatred. Instead of letting these hateful comments negatively affect us, we can choose to respond with elegance and transform these remarks that shoot at us like sharp arrows into a harmless shower of flowers.





• •
• •
• •
• •

SPIRIT AND FLESH

Yifei Wu | China



This series of drawings is inspired by the negative Buddhist view of predestination. I explore the extreme ambiguity and tension between the Spirit and Flesh in metaphoric figures.

SPIRIT AND FLESH (CONTINUED)

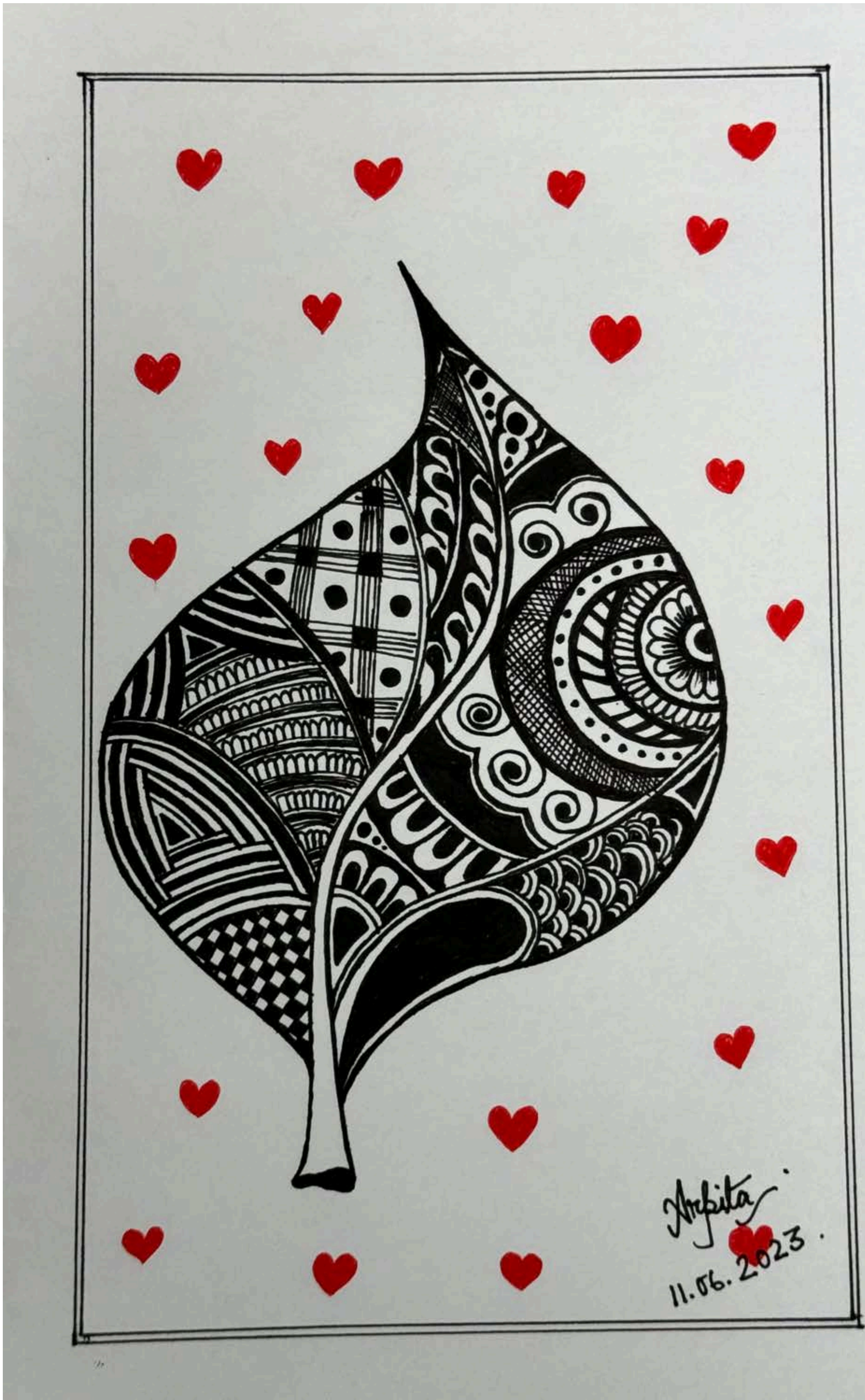
Yifei Wu | China





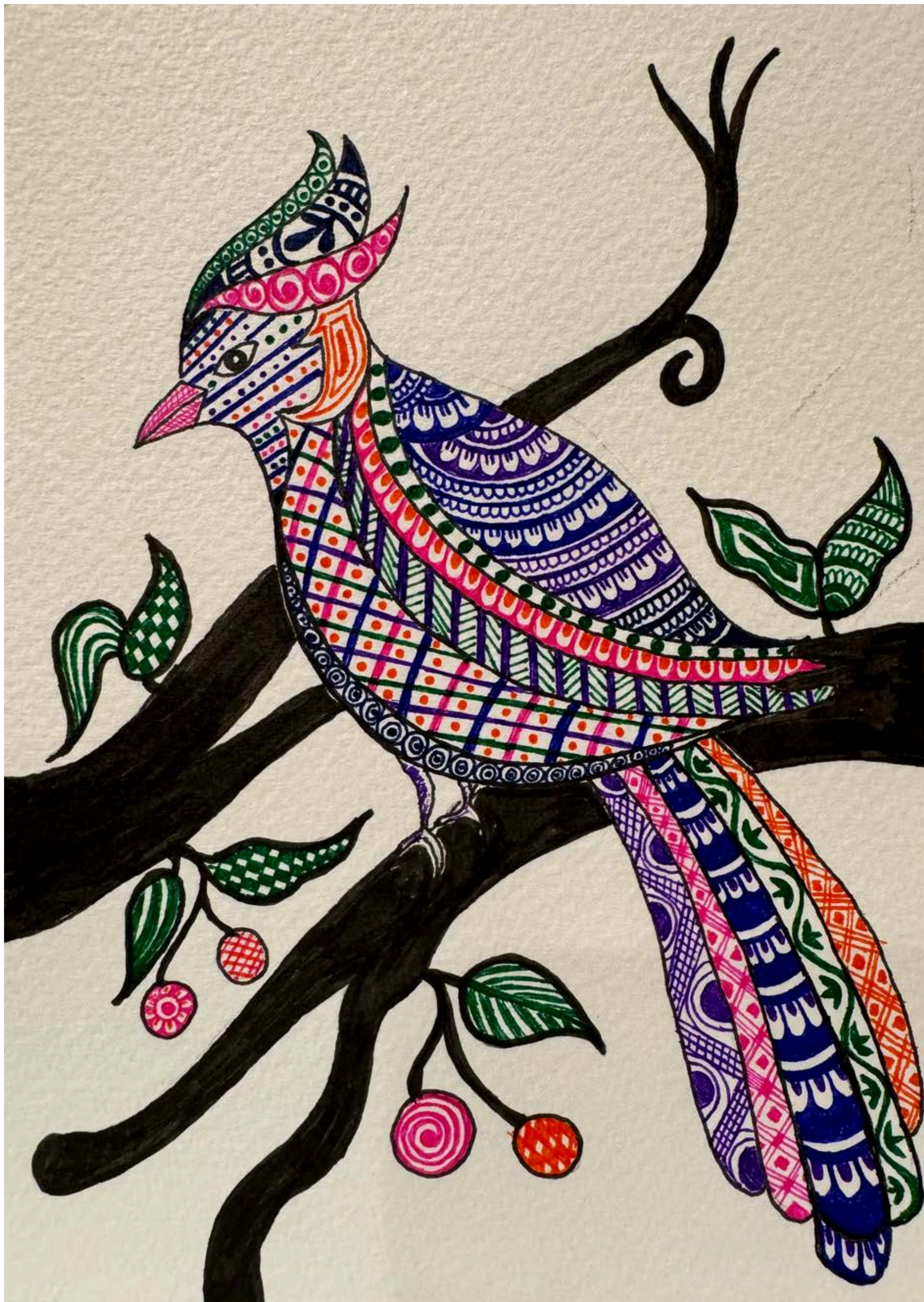
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •

DOODLE LEAF



Arpita
11.06.2023

Arpita Roy | India



DOODLE BIRD

Arpita Roy | India



DOODLE DURGA

Arpita Roy | India

A FLY FISHING STORY

Simon Zorraquin | Argentina

In memoriam Tata Fredy, my grandfather



The team arrived at Yellow Dog River - in the French Lowlands - to film on June 20th; it was on that 20th of June that they discovered the structures. Two events always have everything and nothing to do with each other. That's why when Voelker showed up, I knew there would be a story. He wore a fishing shirt with many pockets and zippers, underneath a striped t-shirt reminiscent of a classic French sailor. He seemed to have lived his whole life by the riverside, or at least he looked at you as if you were a trout.

We set up camp on the edge of the Yellow Dog River. Someone told Voelker about the discovery of the structures; at first, he asked many questions, then nodded and said:

"Hopefully, my trout won't find out. But since they can't be bought or bribed, I don't think they'd be interested in any palaces underwater."

Later, he showed us the flies, as the evening fell in Michigan and we set up the tents for filming: slim Jim, small Adams, Nymph, Candy Striper, Jassid, and Betty McNault. He named them with a smile, as if he knew what each of the flies saw when it landed on the water to tempt a trout. He said that Jassid was special for rainy days. Someone asked

him how it could be that after so many years of fishing, the trout didn't realize the trick they were being played. He said that the trick was patience, and that even sirens came with patience. Someone asked what sirens were; Voelker smiled and said patience, that we would see one soon.

The next day we shot some scenes with Voelker and Louie Benetti on the Ipsheming River fishing, and later with the two of them drinking bourbon from an old brass bowl in the forest, sitting on logs, as they used to do. While we filmed, Voelker recounted that he hadn't lasted a week as a lawyer in Chicago without being able to fish, just before publishing "Anatomy of a Murder." He continued:

"I understood that in a world where most men seem to spend their lives doing things they hate, my fishing was a source of endless pleasure and a small act of rebellion."

It was fascinating to listen to him. That day he didn't catch a single trout, and we feared he wouldn't catch any all week because of us. I heard Voelker saying as we passed by that the trout already knew we were there

to watch them. That night we ate canned sardines with the crew, and before we got into our sleeping bags, Voelker came very calmly to ask us to dream of trout: that you could also fish in dreams. I didn't think it was a metaphor, and I believe we all followed his advice.

I don't remember what I dreamed, but I do remember that it rained a little at dawn, then cleared up, and we got a masterful shot of Voelker casting the fly with very green trees reflecting in the river. He didn't catch a trout either. By noon, the crew pretended to be unconcerned, but we all knew that our time on the river was limited, and Voelker's luck was twisted. He had lunch with us and told us about a time when he was fishing with Lou Benetti and two others, and he saw his friends catch eight trout each while he went home empty-handed.

"It's the best feeling," he said, "because then you think you'll never catch another fish in your life..."

But the director was not calm because he knew how much money the investors had put in to see trout. He didn't want to talk about the structures anymore with anyone; I think he thought the discovery had been a bad omen. Voelker, on the other hand, seemed more interested in the topic than ever. He wanted precise descriptions of the structures, asked if they resembled those of *Khubla Klan*, Coleridge's dream. No one knew how to answer him. He said that the night before he had dreamed of constructions underwater; then, that he had never gone three days straight without catching a trout. There was silence. Voelker smiled and went back to his spot on the river bend to keep fishing.

So the damp afternoon passed in silence, and the whole crew watched him out of the corner of their eyes. You could feel the trout in the river; there was a feeling that they saw Voelker's fly and avoided it, in mockery, like a bullfighter to the bull. Or I thought, looking at the calm old Voelker, that between him and the trout, they had made an agreement and wouldn't show themselves in any film. Because night fell, we ate some lentils, got into our sleeping bags, and ended the third day without a bite.

In the morning, after some general shots, the director gathered us to say that if Voelker didn't catch anything that day, then we would have to leave because there was no budget; the discovery of the shitty structures had played us a trick, he said. I know it sounds absurd now, but at the time, we were all very sensitive. Besides, just like in a movie where scenes in different places and times have an effect on the viewer, why not suppose that in the world, events in different places of space (the discoveries were in the middle of the Atlantic) influence and converge among themselves. Like I said, we all believed in luck.

At noon, Voelker's wife brought fresh meat with potatoes for the whole crew. While we were having lunch, he kept fishing; we could see him there on the river bend, his eyes fixed on the fly and the flowing water. Louie Benetti came over to talk about hunting and fishing, and he asked us if we really understood that Voelker, "Michigan's Mightiest Piscator," was a legend; he said he had never seen him so worried. The director mentioned the discovery of the structures again. Louie Benetti said that trout only responded to stillness and humility; the director explained that if Voelker didn't catch anything, we would pack up camp at night. I suggested that maybe we could make a movie about a film crew that goes to film the world's best fisherman and he, with his luck twisted by a trivial event like the discovery of some structures at the bottom of the Atlantic, doesn't catch a single trout for the rest of his life; I mentioned the names of Herzog and Besson. Everyone laughed, especially Louie Benetti, and the director gave me a scathing look.

In the morning, after some general shots, the director gathered us to say that if Voelker didn't catch anything that day, then we would have to leave because there was no budget; the discovery of the shitty structures had played us a trick, he said.

I know it sounds absurd now, but at the time, we were all very sensitive. Besides, just like in a movie where scenes in different places and times have an effect on the viewer, why not suppose that in the world, events in different places of space (the discoveries were in the middle of the Atlantic) influence and converge among themselves. Like I said, we all believed in luck.

At noon, Voelker's wife brought fresh meat with potatoes for the whole crew. While we were having lunch, he kept fishing; we could see him there on the river bend, his eyes fixed on the fly and the flowing water. Louie Benetti came over to talk about hunting and fishing, and he asked us if we really understood that Voelker, "Michigan's Mightiest Piscator," was a legend; he said he had never seen him so worried. The director mentioned the discovery of the structures again. Louie Benetti said that trout only responded to stillness and humility; the director explained that if Voelker didn't catch anything, we would pack up camp at night. I suggested that maybe we could make a movie about a film crew that goes to film the world's best fisherman and he, with his luck twisted by a trivial event like the discovery of some structures at the bottom of the Atlantic, doesn't catch a single trout for the rest of his life; I mentioned the names of Herzog and Besson. Everyone laughed, especially Louie Benetti, and the director gave me a scathing look.

With the last light of the afternoon, we took one last shot, perhaps the best one: authentic Michigan light on Voelker and the river. Then the director applauded and said we had finished the job. Voelker, dazed, without having moved all day from his fishing spot, approached and said: "It's a pity: they'll come soon, I'm sure. I can keep waiting, but I sense you won't."

He exchanged a few words with the director, thanked him, and said goodbye. Then Voelker came to say goodbye to the entire crew. Smiling, he explained that most likely, as soon as we left the forest, the trout would start jumping as if in a circus, but that was life, and he had already gotten used to it. When we left the Yellow Dog forest, it was already nighttime, and we used flashlights to avoid damaging the filming equipment. We had arranged to spend the night at a hotel in Ishpeming, a few kilometers away, because our flight to New York was the next day. Upon reaching the hotel, everyone went straight to bed, exhausted from sleeping few hours on the ground, a common practice among fishermen. However, I didn't want to give in to sleep, so I left my things and returned to the Yellow Dog forest, following the path we had taken. I was as certain of Voelker's words as I was that he had made a deal with the trout because he had never gone four days without fishing in his life.

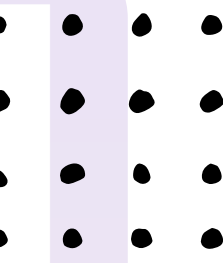


Voelker with Louie Bonetti, fisherman and hunter, on the Yellow Dog Plains north of Ishpeming, Michigan. MSS-39; John D. Voelker Papers, Photographic Series, ca. 1951. Used with permission from Kitchie Hill, Inc.

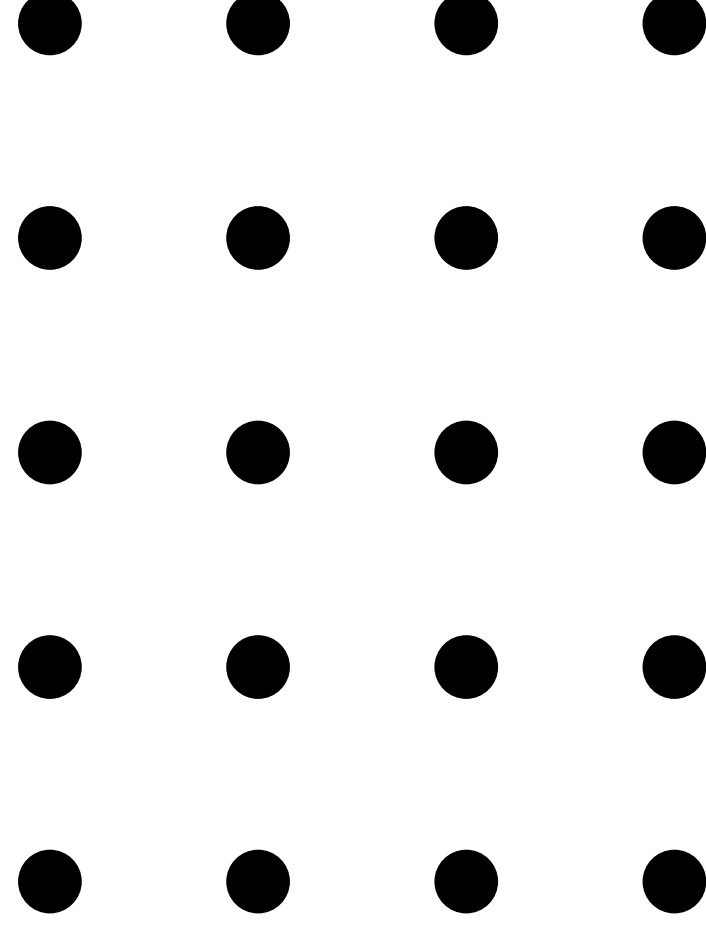
After a long walk in the dark, using the flashlight sparingly, I finally found the Yellow Dog River again. There was no wind, no voices, just the sound of flowing water. It took me a while to orient myself until I realized I was downstream from Voelker's bend. I walked cautiously along the water until I heard muffled voices. Over at the bend, a figure against the trees was Voelker standing at his spot, as he had been all day, with the fishing rod in hand. The moon illuminated the river. I noticed there were more fishermen upstream: Lou Benetti, one by his voice, and I think two more shadows. One of them was smoking. I stopped and watched the scene for a long time. No one spoke, no one moved, only the water continued to flow.

I almost fell asleep on a log until something woke me up. Voelker grunted or cleared his throat, and something in the water shook, while the old man took a strong step toward his spot. The rod was tense, perhaps too much, bent towards the river. The others had turned their heads to see what was happening. The catch continued to shake the water as Voelker brought it in slowly. I couldn't understand how the rod didn't break in half with such force, and I thought a fish couldn't shake the water so much, but I wasn't sure. When Voelker finally pulled it out, the moon illuminated it, and I saw clearly...

The others left their spots and approached Voelker, surrounding him. I couldn't see what they were doing, but I heard them talking and laughing. Then they separated, and I saw, I saw clearly again: I saw Voelker return it to the river, I saw that as it fell, it splashed as much water as if it had been a horse, and it slowly floated away, upside down, looking at the moon and downstream...



MEETING POINT



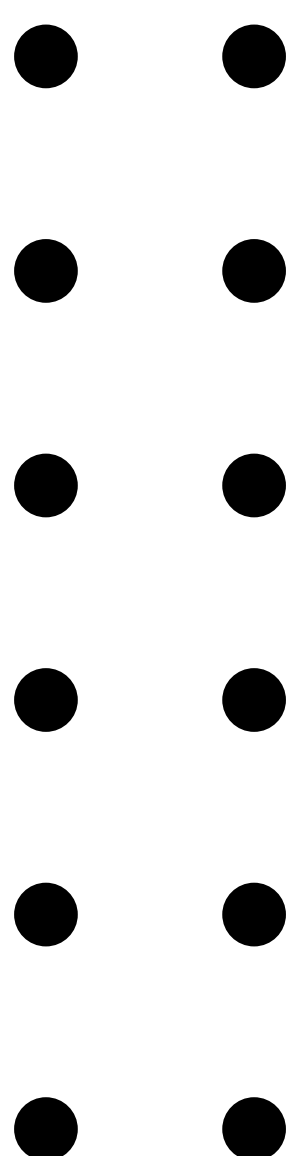
Arpita Dave | India

RESTART



Experience UCLA Campus Through the Seasons and Find the Courage to 'Restart'. The beauty of nature's rhythm is a reminder that every ending is a chance to rewrite your story, to grow, and to thrive.

Arpita Dave | India

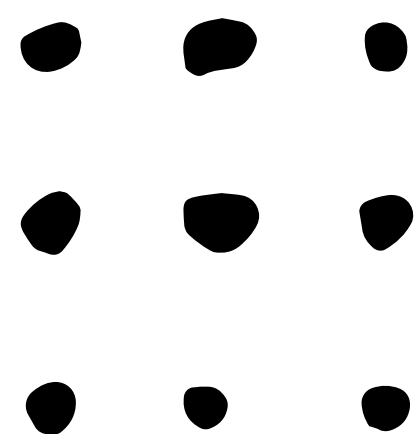


ALBUM COVER



Hayley Spina | Canada

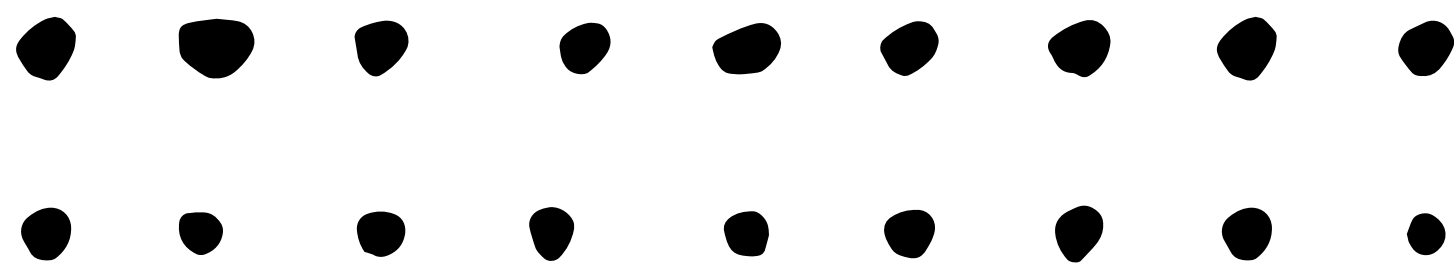




Hummingbird

Hayley Spina | Canada





PELICAN



Hayley Spina | Canada

SNOW

Lynna Si | Canada

Untouched snow after a fresh snowfall during winter in my hometown. A historical fishing and canning village, the leftover machinery is covered with rust and freshly fallen snow. The sky blended with the river, blurring into a serene blue.



STEPPING FOR A BREAK

Lynna Si | Canada



Hummingbird spotted at sunset village during a UCLA housing event. The lighting added hints of purple to the leaves, while the loud music dazzled the hummingbird, making it stop long enough on a nearby leaf for me to capture it with my phone.

GIANT IN THE FOREST

Lynna Si | Canada



Totem pole in the VanDusen Botanical Garden in Vancouver. Edited through photoshop to show the contrast of vibrant life on the totem pole and the black and white surrounding environment.

VIRGO FULL MOON

**Micheala R.
Trelby | U.S.**

The moon consumes me,
as she crawls across a
dimly lit sky, spots a new
constellation, hangs herself
in it—Virgo. Maybe only
I could feel at home here.
Nothing is as it should be,
The Planets are Out of Alignment,
as the prophets say, but
maybe I prefer it that way.
When everything hinges
on a single voice, desperate
to be heard—it never will,
but that’s how it has always been.
This is the familiar time,
in my own starless eyes,
held dark by a moon who begins
to hide her face. I wonder if
she’ll ever return to us—to me.
This peak only means a
valley is to come, but
can I bear the weight of that?
I refuse to beg, but just one
more dark night will send me
to writhe across hot coals,
desperate to prove my
devotion to her. I can never
let you be content, I’m sorry.
Truly, it’s my fault, if you think
about it. Punish me. Scorn me.
Make me face what I’ve done
to you with my prayers and
dreams and anguish. It’s me
who dragged this opposition
into place. I know. Just
promise to come back,
once you’re finished
making your point. I was born
under a crescent moon, waxing,
journeying past the woman of
the sixth house. I was born
knowing you would come back
to me, if only I could—

“

SOUND

Micheala R. Trelby | U.S.

Sometimes, I wish I couldn't hear at all.
Not in those moments where he laughs, a joyful bark—
with his head thrown back, or she tells me of her new
cinematic delight, a frenzied pitch creeping into her throat.

No. It's not a real wish, I suppose. I hear the call
of birds, the whisper of leaves—squirrels flipping through
their
branches. The world can sound so soft, sometimes.

Sometimes, I'll catch something, and it reminds me of you.
A soft jingle of tags, padded feet on an icy tile floor.
I can almost hear the sound of your breathing, snuffling
against my ear, heavy on my chest before sleep.

But then I remember that wretched sucking sound,
as I pressed my hand to your chest, trying to stop the flow of
blood. I remember hearing a scream and thinking to myself
“What is that awful noise?” only to realize it was my own
voice.

There is a thick crunch of bone, a quiet squelch of blood.
I thought that there would be a gasping sound.
But no. Just a sucking lung. Punctured. A hole
that would never be stopped up in time.

I can't watch war movies. They never get that sound right.
The absence of it is worse—because I am forced to confront
myself. I would give anything not to know what that sounds
like.

Yet, the record skips, and it plays on a loop in my mind.

Sometimes, I wish I couldn't hear at all.

”

“

MIRRORS

Micheala R. Trelby | U.S.

Sometimes, I wonder if this is where I am meant to be.
Can I remember the last time my reflection was mine?
When I was born, my mother covered all her mirrors.

She hid away those superstitious portals—to defend
her only child to ever make it earth-side.
Sometimes I wonder if this is where I am meant to be.

I'm older now. I wonder if I'm wiser. I've grown
into a woman that I recognize. I wish that I hadn't.
When I moved in, I covered all my mirrors.

I was once a cherished thing, guarded close to her chest.
She told me of dark creatures, said to steal away with
beloved babies.

I sometimes wonder if this is where I'm meant to be.

It was years before I wished she'd let them have me.
I wonder if a devil you don't, might be better than a devil you
know?

What was it that drove me, when I covered all those mirrors?

I often wish that the face in the mirror was mine, not the
woman

I once knew, with her bared teeth and drunken flush.
Sometimes, I wonder if this is where I'm meant to be.
Maybe tonight, I'll uncover all my mirrors.

”

PORTAL TO TRANQUILITY: THE UNFENCED ELEGANCE OF HOME

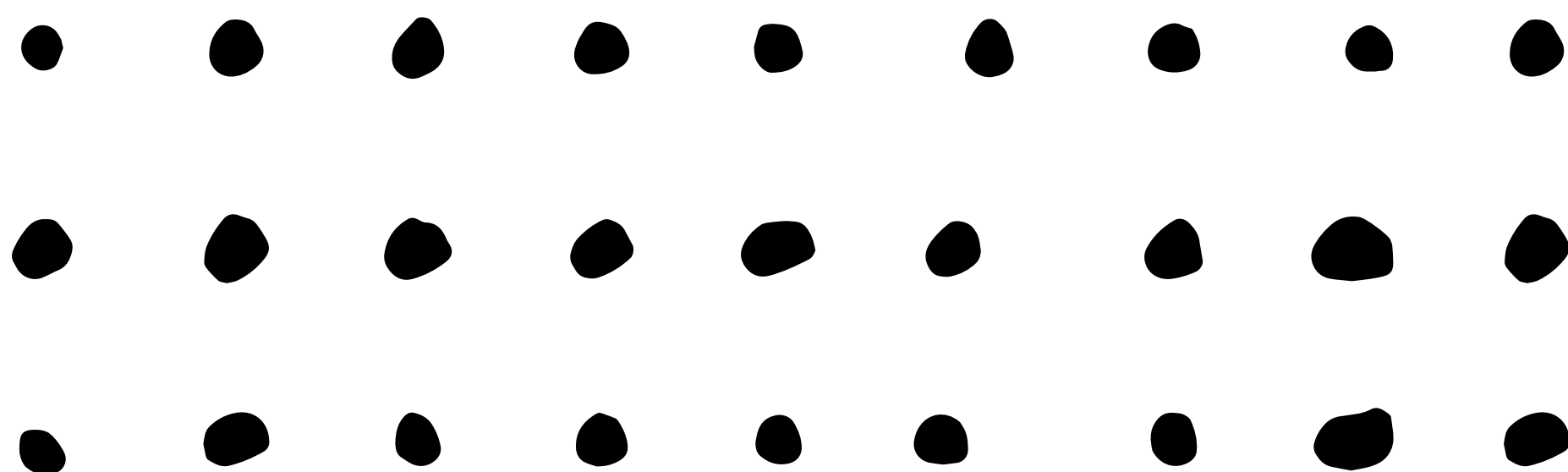
Mustafa Alelg | Saudi Arabia

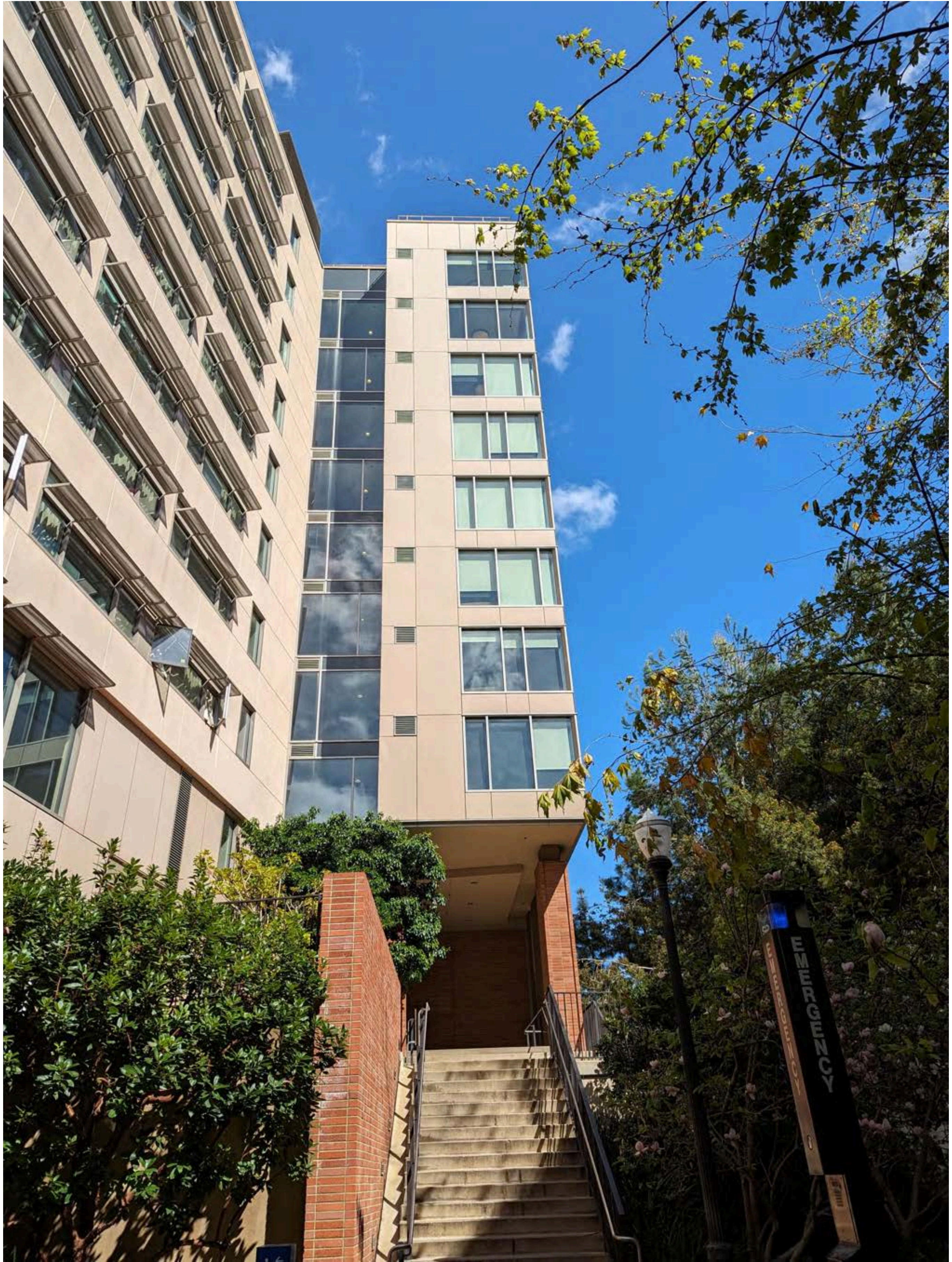


Small moments are all a person needs to appreciate to enjoy life. We owe it to ourselves in this hectic life to find enjoyment in such moments, no matter how trivial they may seem.

ACADEMIC OASIS

Mustafa Alelg | Saudi Arabia





SOLITUDE IN SUNLIGHT: STILL MOMENTS OF CAMPUS LIFE



SPINALONGA DOOR TO SEA

Eugenia S. Vasileiadou | Greece



SPINALOGA ISLAND



Eugenia S. Vasileiadou | Greece



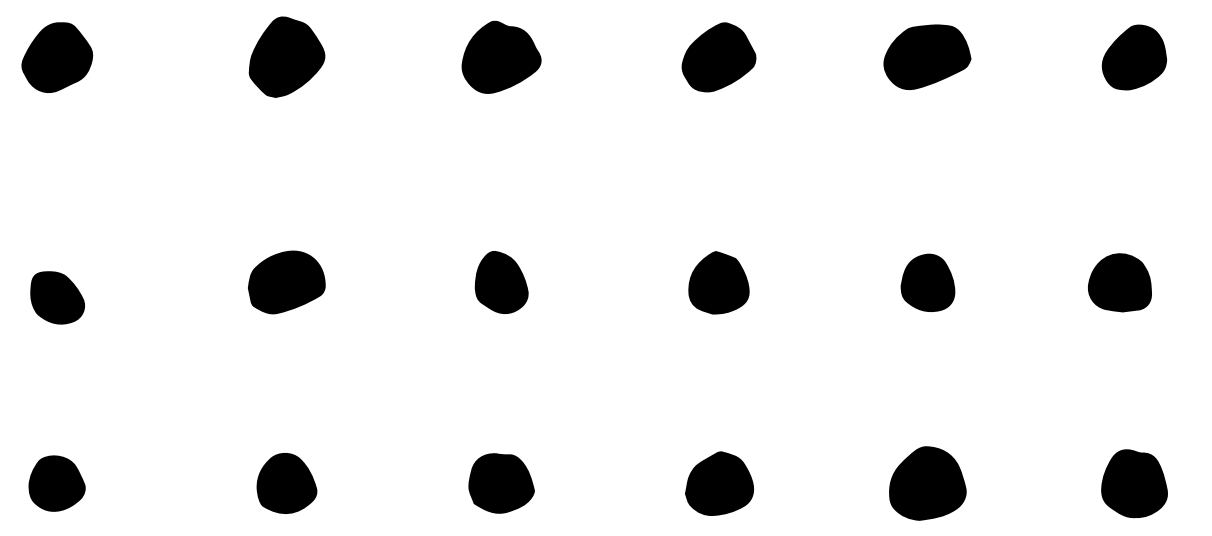
Spinalonga is a tiny island off of the island Crete with a rich history. Its use spanned from fortress to refuge island to leper colony. Spinalonga's old door connecting to the sea made me feel freedom and awe rooted in the island's beauty and history.

RESONANTE

Pregya Vijayakumar

A look into the eye and mind of a person going through different shades of emotions. Pen on Paper.





WAILING

Tyra Dios | Sweden

Wailing is a piece on the emotional fight we have within us, this piece challenges our emotional expression.

ANTICIPATORY GRIEF

Nicole Bosiy | Ukraine

Mom, I'm watching everyone die. I have three mice, and they're the only living beings I've ever found comfort in. I've sunk my entire college fund into these little guys. I used to have four; honestly, I cried more when he passed than when you did.

Everyday I hold them, I play with them, I let them sit on the windowsill so they can enjoy the sunshine, I give them free roam time. I sit there and watch them play fight with each other and have fun, and when they sit in my hands I can feel that little pitter-patter of their hearts, but my only thought is about the fact that I'm going to watch them get tumors and die. I have to watch the life drain out of them.

When my fourth passed, he was in my hands with his eyes almost closed and his body barely inflating with breath, and I was still promising him that he was going to get better. The second he died, I took up bone collecting so that I could have him with me as we would explore the world I always wanted him to see. I feel like a psychopath because I had the urge to keep his skeleton the second that scent of decay filled the air. I don't know why. I'd buried him and came back a little later when he was mostly bones. I separated his skull from his torso and his torso from his tail. His torso was mummified and all rotten with all his organs still intact in there. I soaked him for a week before I realized that I would have to cut him open to get the organs out and then get the skin off. I feel so fucking disgusting. I loved him so much, and all I did after he died was touch and hoard his rotted body for a month after he passed.

His brother has been so stressed that he's ripping out his fur. I got him another male cagemate, and they refused to

interact. I had to rehome him. Then I got him another friend—a 2 sweet grey baby with black eyes—who I hoped would be his lady love, but he nearly killed her in anger.

And now I can feel a lump growing in his neck but when I call the vets they say that they can't see him until it's actually visible and I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do. I'm going to watch them all die. Do I kill myself before they die so I don't have to mourn? Mourning gets you nothing, yet I can't help but feel like I would want to remember them at their best. I cry and shake and almost puke every time I think about this because I know death is inevitable—there's no cheating that—so I understand these very serious, unchangeable things.

Yet I still do anything to give them a happy life. Do you think mice understand humans? Honestly, I feel a little stupid for wondering this, but whenever I feel anxious or sad, I'll sit in front of their little cages and softly talk to them. Usually one or two or sometimes all of them will come to the door of their cage and bob their heads at what I say. Then, when I say goodbye, they leave and go back to hiding in their hay.

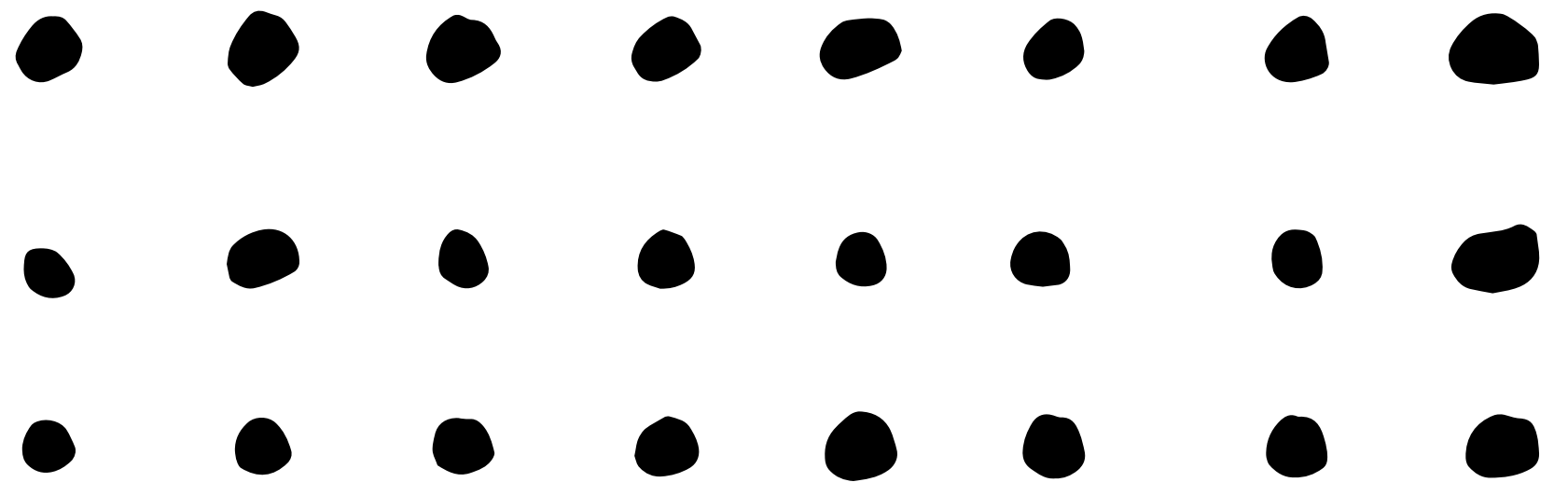
I don't know if they understand me or anything about their lives, and I know they don't live long, but I love and care for each and every one of them until their final moments. My other two mice are cagemates and brother and sister, and the boy—Cheddar—has been dealing with a respiratory infection. He's barely eating or drinking, only sleeping. I can't stand to see him like this. His best friend and sister is alive and well, and she's wondering why I've separated them. She's so upset and I don't know how to show her that he's sick. I haven't slept in weeks because I have to give him food and water by hand every two hours.

Mom, I don't know what to do. I'm watching my only friends die.

ATLANTICS

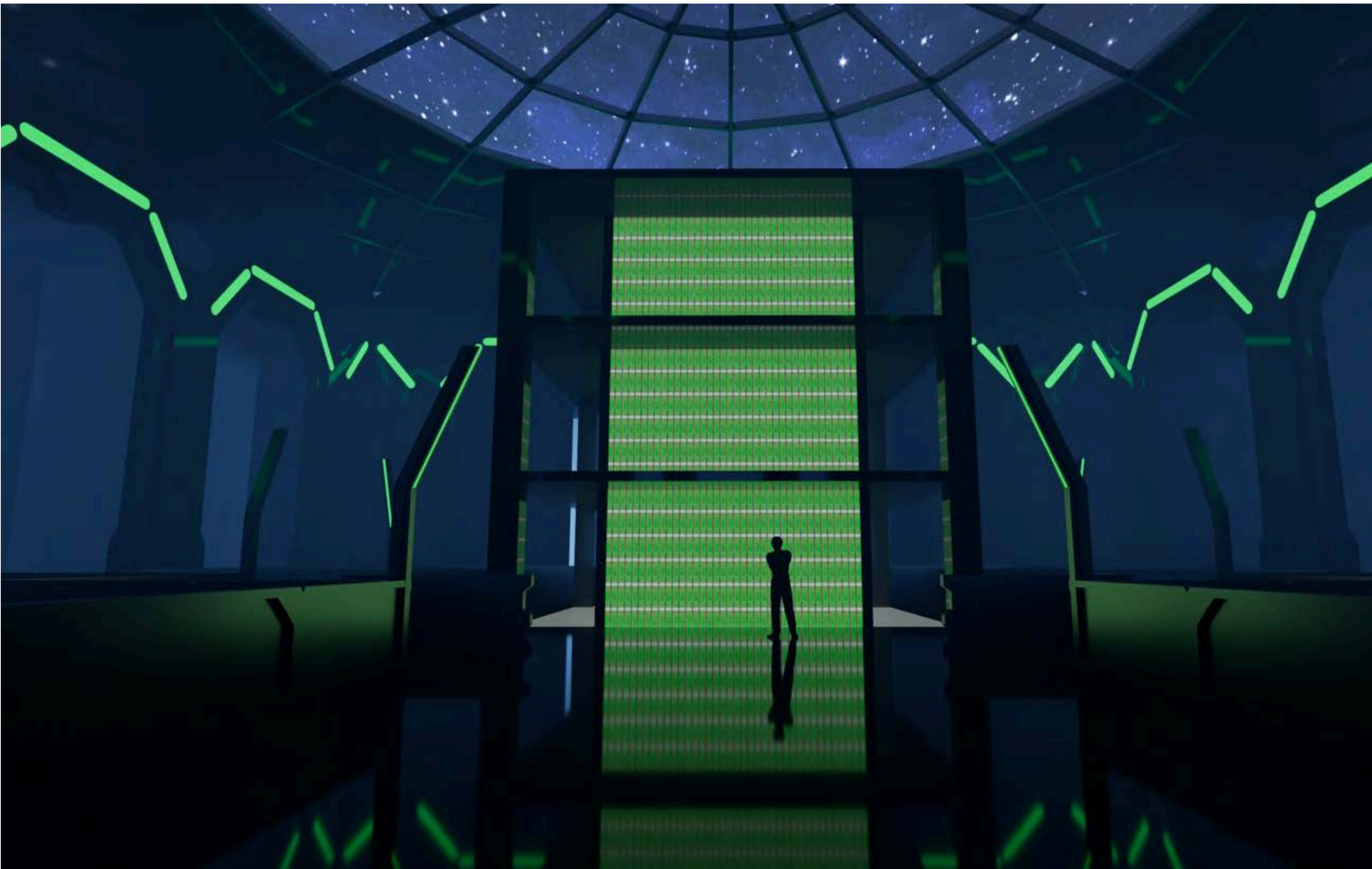
Ayebanengiyefa Wabote | Nigeria





LIBRARY

Ayebanengiyefa Wabote | Nigeria



Digital render design of a Sci-fi library in space.

A DIALOGUE WITH THE FUTURE

Rodrigo
Alonso
Gila |
Spain

“Run, they are calling us” echoed in my mind like an echo from a not-too-distant future, a call to embark on a journey into the unknown. And there I was, facing the voice of the future that, curiously, had my own name. It was as if destiny, dressed in irony, decided to teach me a lesson about time and identity.

"Who is it?", I asked, although deep down I already knew the answer. "It's you," he said, and a smile broke out on my face. Me, talking to my future self, a conversation between the past and what is yet to come. "I was expecting you later," I replied, trying to evade the depth of our talk. But the voice insisted, mentioning that I was coming from the future with stories to tell, with lessons learned and experiences lived at UCLA, that sanctuary of knowledge I had decided to call home for a while.

My future self had much to reveal, narrating how from the first moments of uncertainty and discovery in the vast grounds of UCLA, each decision and step taken became a cornerstone of my personal evolution. It was a story of transformation, with each experience adding to the construction of the individual I am today.

From the first moment I set foot at UCLA, I knew my life would change. But what I didn't know was how those experiences would teach me more about the world and myself than any textbook. UCLA was not just an academic institution; it was a world of ideas, a place where the future felt tangible, where dreams were built with the same dedication with which the carpenter pampers his wood. I understand now that every encounter, every challenge overcome, and every success celebrated at UCLA, were but steps toward the realization that the journey is more meaningful than the destination. Learning to live in the moment, appreciating the small victories, and facing the defeats with grace, are lessons that I will carry with me long after I have left the halls of this institution.

So, as I say goodbye to my future self, I know that this conversation is just one of many on my journey. UCLA has taught me to embrace change, to seek beauty, and to face the future with curiosity and courage.

Until the next crossroads in this journey called life,

Rodrigo Alonso Gila.



STRIKE A POSE

Sankha Subhra Das | India

A pelican is enjoying the last bit of sunshine at Redondo Beach Pier, California.



SKELETON OR SOUL

Eden Tan | U.S.

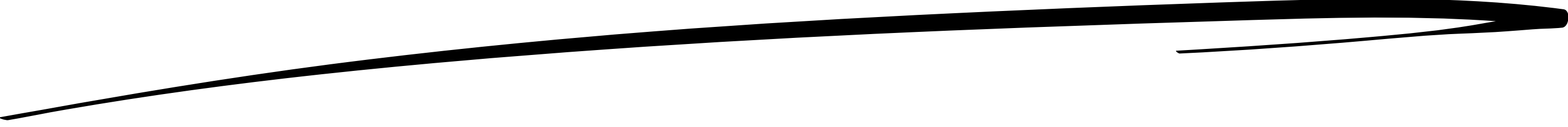
when you look at me what do you see? lips you can kiss? a body you can touch? do you see me as a vessel, or do you see me for my soul? when you say i'm pretty, i hope you mean more than just the parts of me you can touch. i wish you could see that i have so much more to me than just what my body can offer you. why don't you see me for what really matters? love me for the parts that fill my body, not just the frame that holds them.

i am not a means to your end.

when will you start seeing me as a person to love, not an object to use? i keep going back thinking things will be different, that maybe this time you'll see that there's more to me than just skin and bones and blood. but every time i leave bleeding.

CXVI

Eden Tan | U.S.



i look in the mirror, who do i see?
am i just a shell, an empty void?

i've lost sight of who i am, of who i'm meant to
be.
i am simply floating on top of the waves, at the
whim of wherever they choose to toss me.
a stray wanderer.

how am i supposed to sail with no anchor?
no foundation for who i am
no north star for who i want to become.

i am ever-evolving, ever-changing.
if my younger self saw me now, what would she
think? i'm certainly not who she wanted to be.
does that make me a disappointment?

yet i would not want to revert to who she was.
i've seen so much, endured too much to ever go
back.

how do i reconcile disappointment and pride?
weakness and strength? for here they coexist.
in the tension of in between.

THE MONSTER UNDER MY BED

Eden Tan | U.S.

a monster lives under my bed
she taunts me, tortures me
every second
every day.

if joy dares to peek its head over the horizon
her spindly fingers snatch and squash it out.

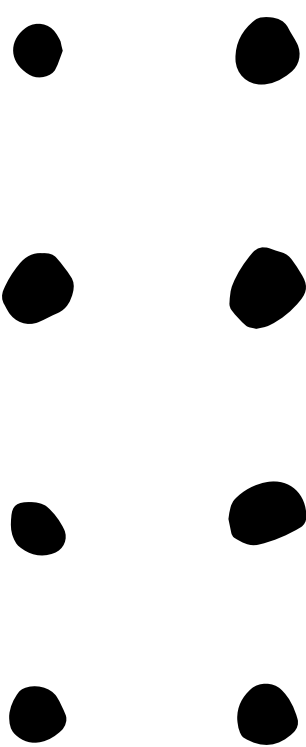
all the sadness, the pain, the hurt,
it seeps out of her bones—
a black cloud sweeping over my life.

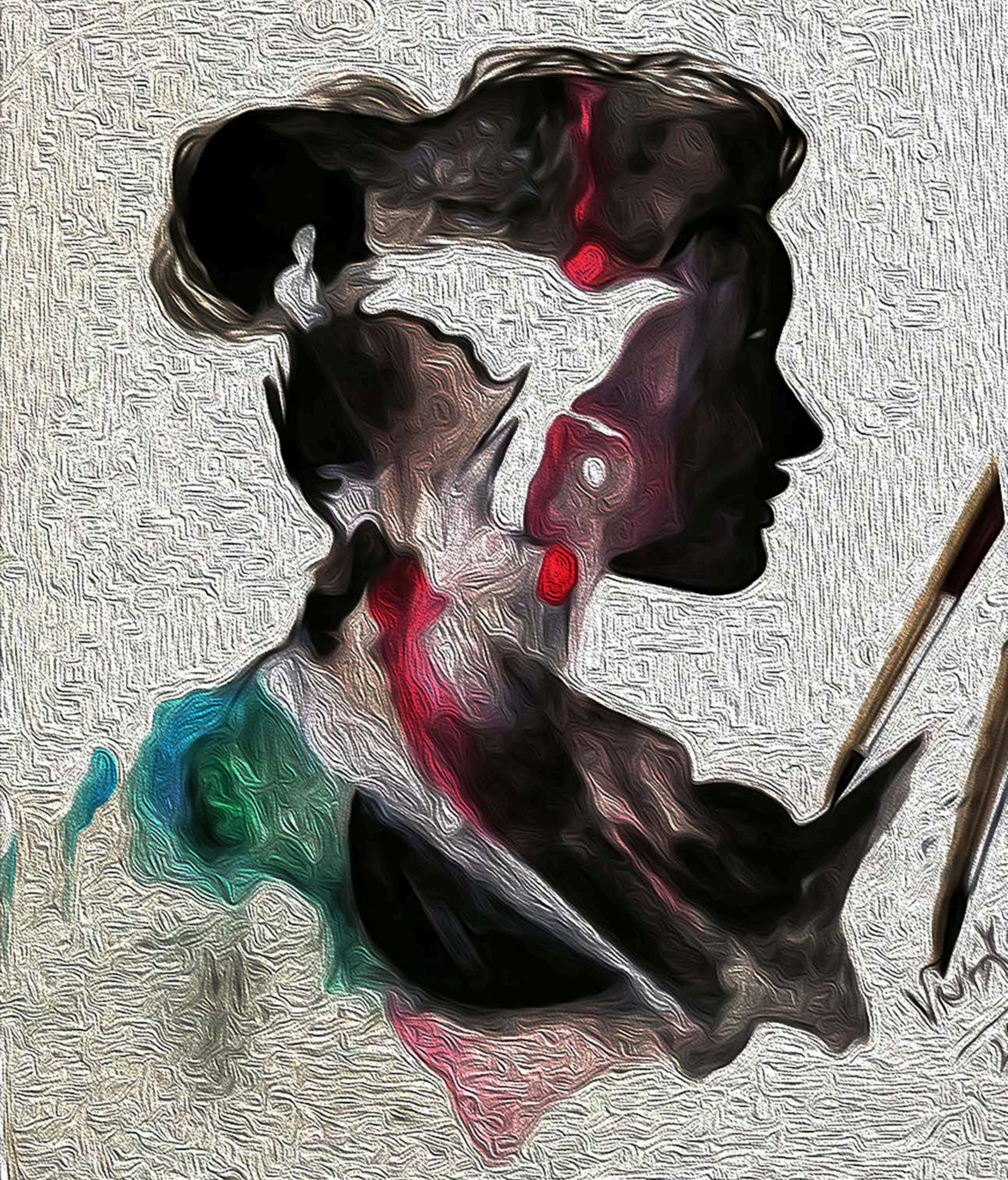
the monster under my bed is me
my thoughts
my brain
my body
my blood.

all it wants is to see me bleed.

EXPECTATIONS AND RESENTMENTS UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Vartika
Sharma |
India





WHISPERS OF SERENITY

BOUNDLESS HORIZONS

Vartika Sharma | India



She lacked the skill to delineate boundaries.

Boundaries,
that delineate between disparate worlds,
shades,
emotions,
and even individuals.

Even the vastness of the ocean fails to etch a clear boundary from the coast,
with each wave, it erodes a fragment of the shore.

When does the ocean trace a straight boundary upon the coast?

When the earth converges with the sky,
somewhere along the horizon,
even that boundary is barely discernible!

Sorrow is profound,
ebony.

Weighty.

Does sorrow remain within the confines of boundaries?

Even sorrow allows for the possibility of carving pathways,
between faint boundaries.

She understands the significance of faint boundaries!

So that the ocean may embrace the shore...

The earth may reach for the sky...
and she,

amidst the confines of sorrow,
can quietly carve a passage to joy!

Her inability to draw boundaries was never a curse for her!

● ● ● ●
● ● ● ●

SHINDIG

Conrad Haberland | The Netherlands



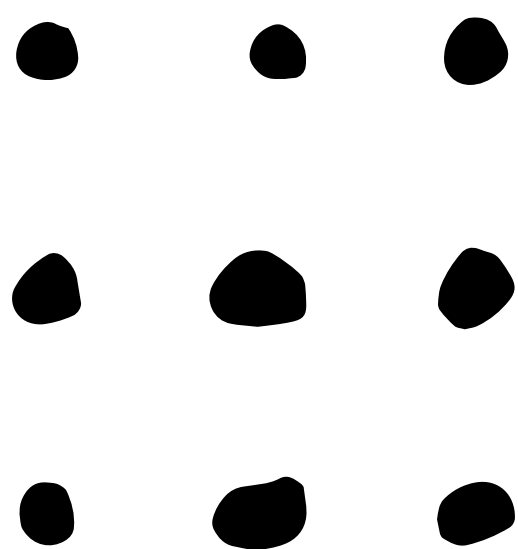
A backyard art party.

MANHATTAN BEACH

Conrad Haberland | The Netherlands



Serene scene at sunset.



• • • • •
• • • • •

CHUNG KING ROAD

Conrad Haberland | The Netherlands



Nighttime in downtown LA
gallery district.

● ● ● ●
● ● ● ●

MOONLIGHT

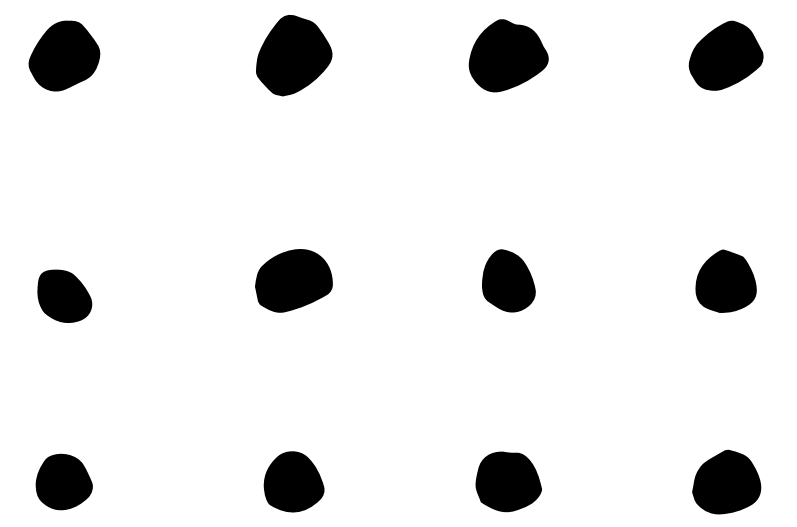
Zijia Zhang | China



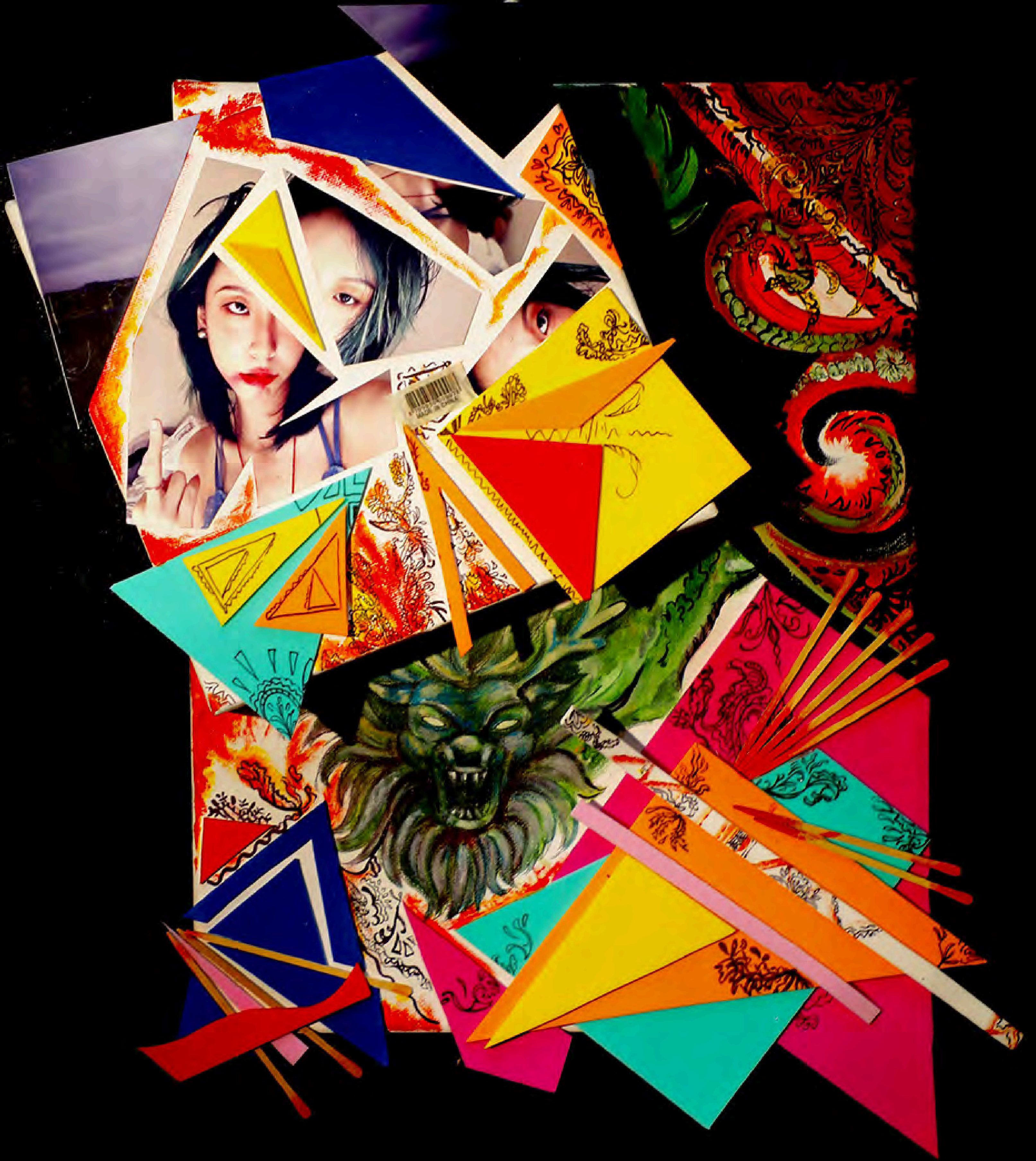
A peaceful summer night.

RAIN IN L.A.

Zijia Zhang | China



When it rains in LA, I feel a strange sense of excitement.
It rains a lot back home.

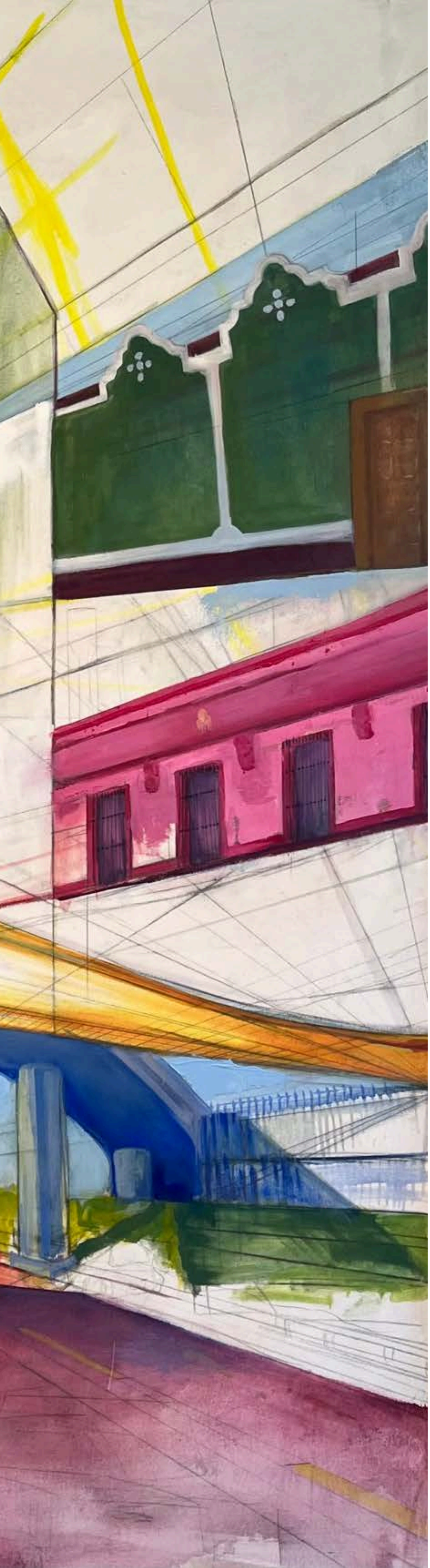


I, ME, MY

Yue Long | China

I am a 21-year-old girl, and the work contains pictures of me but not a real fact about me. Dragon is one of my symbols because my last name "Long" means dragon in Chinese. These included a lot of flowers and patterns, just like my tenacious and lush personality





L.A. HIGHWAY

Elisa Lopez Rochin | Mexico

Oil painting on
upstretched canvas. L.A.
freeways with
architecture from home.



'A Sunday Afternoon in Central Park: the only orange we wanna wear' reimagines the lives of the Exonerated 5 (all under 16 when framed by police for a crime they didn't commit) whose college days were actually spent behind bars.

Maia Faith | U.S.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN CENTRAL PARK:





THE ONLY ORANGE WE WANNA WEAR



ARTIST AND AUTHOR BIOS



Nhung Nguyen | Vietnam

2-3

I am a Vietnamese American multimedia content producer with a well-rounded experience in international branded content, journalism, and media production. I love movies, photography, swimming and traveling.



Li Shou Phoebe | HK, China

4-7

I am a first-year Art major. My artistic practice centers on the integration of diverse multimedia elements, encompassing installation art, sculpture, performance art, and video. Through this multidisciplinary approach, I seek to create immersive experiences that transcend conventional boundaries and challenge established norms.



Peter Wang | China

8-10

I love photography and videography. From making YouTube videos to doing landscape photography while traveling, I work from my passion in capturing the beauty of daily life and nature.



Sierra Benayon-Abraham | Canada

11-12

I am a second-year Pre-Public Health major thrilled to be studying her at UCLA. My home country is Toronto, Canada and in my free time I enjoy reading, going for jogs around campus, playing my guitar, writing and hanging out with my cousins!



Otis Chen | China

13-14

I am Xingcheng Chen from China. I am an LL.M. candidate at UCLA Law, an amateur photographer, and a fan of traveling.



Michelle Chen | U.S.

15

Hi! I'm Michelle, a third-year Design|Media Arts major. I'm a part time freelancing 3D artist and I love crocheting, baking, and snowboarding.



Yifei Wu | China

16-19

Yifei Wu/Fifi, born in 2005, in Chengdu, China, is a multimedia visual artist widely engaging in drawing, painting, installation, and performance art. She currently attending UCLA BA fine art programs.

**Arpita Roy | India****20-22**

My name is Arpita Roy. I am a post-doctoral scholar at department of chemical and biomolecular engineering. My home country is India. In my free time, I enjoy making doodle arts, dancing and travelling

**Simon Zorraquin | Argentina****23-25**

I'm in the Directing certificate at UCLA Extension. My home country is Argentina. I write poetry, short stories, play soccer, and work as a surf instructor.

**Arpita Dave | India****26-27**

I'm Arpita R. Dave, a senior postdoc at UCLA Stein Eye Institute, originally from India. During my downtime, I find joy in music, dance, and immersing myself in nature's beauty.

**Hayley Spina | Canada****28-31**

I'm a Visiting Graduate Researcher in EEB. I'm from Canada and I've loved learning about California's birds this past year

**Lynna Si | Canada****32-34**

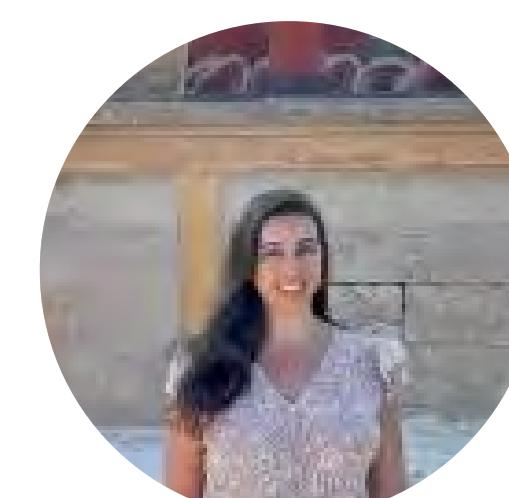
I'm a 2nd year psychology student. My home country is Canada. In my free time, I enjoy taking photos of random things I see, such as the squirrels on campus.

**Micheala R. Trelby | U.S.****35-37**

I'm a third-year student at UCLA majoring in English Literature, double minoring in Scandinavian Studies and Classical Civilizations. My academic interests mainly center on ancient religion and disability studies, and I mainly use poetry to explore my experiences as an autistic woman with PTSD.

**Mustafa Alelg | Saudi Arabia****38-40**

I am a Computer Science student, amateur photographer, and a fan of abstract geometrical art.

**Eugenia S. Vasileiadou | Greece****41-43**

I am a postdoctoral Scientist in the Caram Lab in the Chemistry and Biochemistry Department. My home country is Greece. In my free time, I love attending theater plays (especially Ancient Greek tragedies and modern musicals), traveling to learn about different cultures and languages, running and cooking Greek cuisine.

ARTIST AND AUTHOR BIOS

CONTINUED



Pregya Vijayakumar

44

I am a first year Master of Quantitative Economics student. I love to do art and take pictures of the sky!



Tyra Dios | Sweden

45

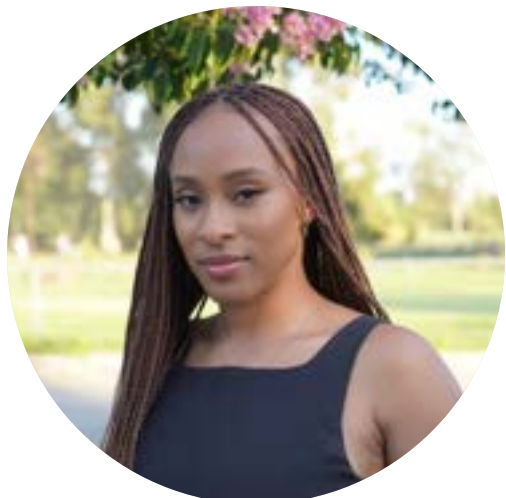
I am a junior at UCLA, i am originally from Sweden, my passion is making art specifically painting and sculpture.



Nicole Bosiy | Ukraine

46-47

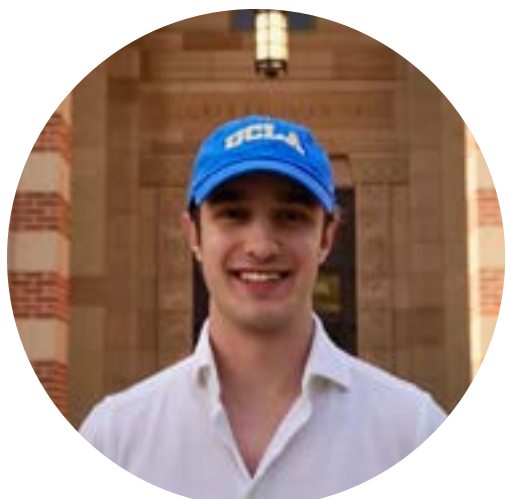
Nicole is a writer based in San Francisco. When not staring at a Word document, she can be found crocheting with her cat, gorging on history, and musing about what to write next.



Ayebanengiyefa Wabote | Nigeria

48-49

I am a second-year Scenic Design major in the school of Theater, Film and Television. My home country is Nigeria.



Rodrigo Alonso Gila | Spain

50

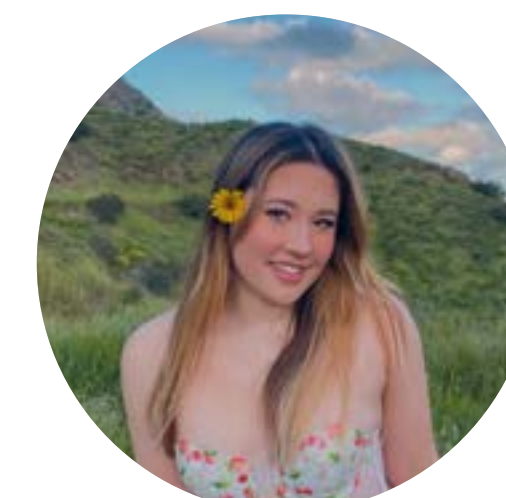
I'm Rodrigo Alonso Gila, a proud Spaniard whom love (who else could be?) has led to discover his interest in writing as a way of reflection.



Sankha Subhra Das | India

51

I am a Post-doctoral Scholar at UCLA. My home country is India. In my free time, I enjoy watercolor painting, photography, and traveling.



Eden Tan | U.S.

52-54

I am a second-year Cognitive Science major. I am from Southern California and in my free time I like to read, visit new coffee shops, and travel with friends.



Vartika Sharma | India

55-57

I currently work as a post-doctoral researcher in the Department of Integrative Biology and Physiology, at UCLA. Originally hailing from India, I indulge in reading, sketching, and blogging during my leisure hours.



Conrad Haberland | The Netherlands

58-60

I work at the Luskin Conference Center. My home country is The Netherlands. I am Dutch Indonesian. I enjoy painting, drawing and cats.



Zijia Zhang | China

61-62

I'm Zijia Zhang, a third-year Psychology & Statistics major. I come from Nanjing, China. In my free time, I enjoy figure drawing, running, and eating good food.



Yue Long | China

63

I'm a third-year Art major. I'm originally from China. I have a passion for photography as a way to document my life, and I also enjoy oil painting because I enjoy the scent of the paint and the texture it creates on the canvas.



Elisa Lopez Rochin | Mexico

64-65

I am a second-year Art major. My home country is Mexico.



Maia Faith | U.S.

66-67

I am a 4th year Art major minoring in African-American Studies. I'm originally from Evanston, Illinois and I seek to portray the diversity within the Black community through visually telling our individual and shared stories.