

An aerial photograph of a town built on a steep, snow-covered mountain slope. The town consists of numerous small, multi-story buildings with flat roofs, some of which are brightly colored in shades of blue, yellow, and orange. The mountain peaks are rugged and covered in snow, with some rocky outcrops visible. The sky is overcast and grey.

THE
DASHEW ART & WRITING COLLECTIVE
PRESENTS

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SPRING 2019

EDITORS NOTE

Dear readers,

It is our pleasure to present to you the first edition of Dashew Center's new art and writing magazine, Envelope. Just like the name suggests, carefully enclosed within Envelope is a special selection of artwork, digital media and literature. It is a platform for the international students of UCLA to have a voice and express their past and present experiences with the extended UCLA community. Through the process of creation, Envelope hopes to enrich and enlighten the international community in UCLA.

Each work is hence a unique representation of the identities of our talented group of artists. The diverse variety of backgrounds and experiences possessed by our international student body became immediately apparent as we sifted through the submissions. It was a delight compiling such a rich body of work and finally seeing it come together as one.

Envelope's collection consists of a wide global range of masterpieces. We have poems and portraiture exploring themes of conflicts of self-identity, such as Saloni Kothari's painting titled "An Honest Self Portrait" and Ainhoa Santos Goicoechea's "Cerveza San Miguel." We also have an amazing collection of Chinese calligraphy that range from ones that espouse traditional values of harmony to ones that express the beauty of nature. We even have a series of photos taken in southern Algeria by Khaled Sahour named the "Tamanrasset," one in which was featured on the National Geographic website, while the two others were commended by the World Photography Organization.

Our team of editors have spent many hours sifting through the submissions to arrange them in a way that optimizes your viewing experience. Leveraging on the intricate relationship between visual art and literature, we painstakingly paired literature with artwork that was best able to enhance the reader's visual imagination.

Just as the carefully chosen words of the writer paints an image in the reader's mind, the complementary artwork brings tangibility and coherence to the same mental image, thus allowing a symphonous convergence of the written and visual artform.

This creative collection is much like an international gallery housed in none other than Los Angeles, a globally recognized epicenter of art and culture. With Envelope, we hope to deliver this exceptional global exhibition into the comforts of your personal viewing space, all for your own exquisite enjoyment and intricate appreciation.

Your editors



Garrett Dahn, Natasha Ann Lum, Rebecca Lewis



Staff Advisor: Hillary Thomas

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CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'

By Novia Elvina



REFUGEES

By Rhea Plawat

Dear Los Angeles,

This is not a letter. This is a legal notice.

You were a first-hand witness to a felony. Your ignorance resulted in two deaths today, including mine, so listen up now.

I charge you with protecting us lovers in the small corners of your shade. We were homeless when we came to you, and you let us in. How dare you show us river banks to explore and small houses to sprout love in? How dare you give us false hopes and transient comforts?

For further situations, it's an order to not take pity on the terminally ill. It hurts lesser to die every day than due to a sudden bombshell explosion.

I further accuse you of being an accomplice to our insanity. When we decided to take the highway, speeding into sentiment and blindness, you let us accelerate without seatbelts on. We drove into the night and you signaled a green light. Couldn't you see the approaching pothole?

Well, today our car crashed in another city. Love is drunk. And drunk driving. is. a. crime. Maintain your law and order. Tolls can be taxing, if not paid right.

This is not a letter. This is a legal notice. I am here to tell you that the love has long ended, the lovers scattered in different cities. We have stopped getting into cars since. We're terrified of speed and sentiment and everything in between. The universe is actively erasing our tire tracks. For being equally guilty, I demand you to preserve our blood stains and battlescars. Be our untainted paradise, a reminder of all things right. Let our carved hearts and crooked letters flourish on your temple walls, let the flickering dim lights in your small houses smell like jasmine and sweat, and let your time pause and play in the tune of our heavy breaths.

Put on the radio song we heard as we fell face first into passion. And dig our graves next to each other in your soft soil.

You are the last alibi left, the only evidence that our love was once alive. Let it float in the cracks of your wind. Maybe it'll remind us that reality doesn't necessarily offer happy endings, but zooming cars that freeze in time right before detonation is the closest it probably gets.

Yours
Victim

DAMIEN RICE

By Maria Pavlidou



COSMOLOGIES

By Isabelle Lin



GO BEFORE RAIN

By Liqi Zhao

Umbrella covering his exquisite hair,
Coldness inside his splendid wear,
Let sun dry up his crocodile tears,
Abandon his outdated fear.

PULP FICTION

By Maria Pavlidou



PAUSE

By Shwetha Srinath

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

What footprints shall I leave, I wonder
As I watch the fading evening light
A thousand miles I've come, and yet
The stars seem just as far at night.

Dawn and dusk have changed, I know
But one turns into the other just the same
Left and right is topsy-turvy,
And I often end up in the wrong lane.

The hourglass deceives, as I stop to listen
She trickles away in a slower rhyme.
Yet, how often I find myself rushing,
To beat her rapid race through time.

Footsteps of mine, you hurry now
Running to make your life sublime.
But stop, remember, no hurried soul
Ever made much use of all her time.

Pause a minute, let your feet sink in.
Pause, let the sand embrace your toes.
The world will always scurry by,
But you paused to make footprints you chose.

Pause and reflect, if you must
Pause to remember, and forget.
Pause to inhale the salty sea breeze
Pause - let your feet get wet.

And someday, in a rickety rocking chair,
As day turns into night the same as always,
The memory of a young woman will return
When she took a moment, to pause, to stay.

SUNSET TWO

By Alexey Staroselets



IDENTITY CRISIS

By Saloni Kothari



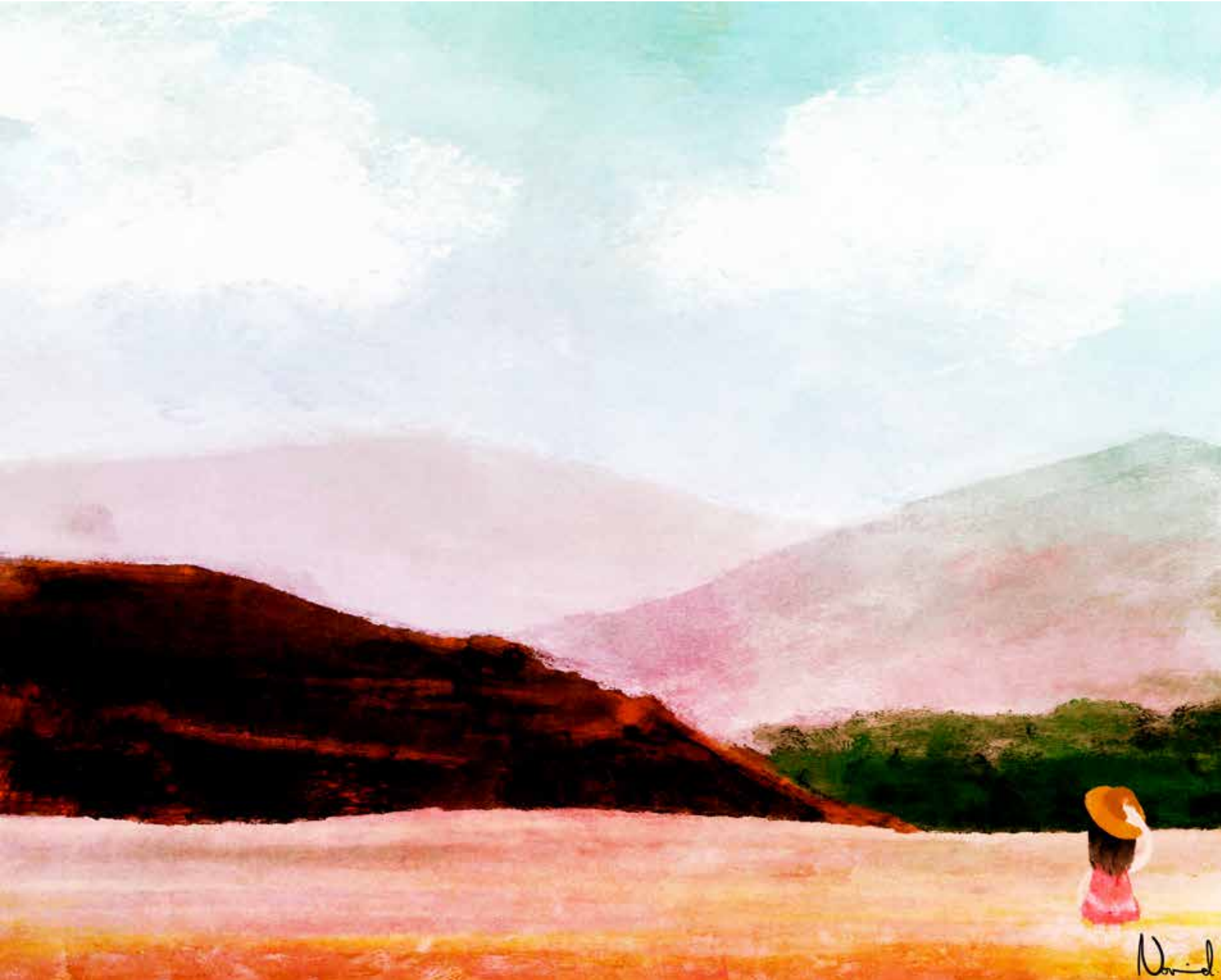
AN HONEST SELF PORTRAIT

By Saloni Kothari



FLOWER FIELD

By Novia Elvina



CERVEZA SAN MIGUEL

By Ainhoa Santos Goicoechea

Cerveza San Miguel

La gracia de tu Sahn Mi-güel
cuando pides una cerveza
se pierde al yo notar
en tu rubor otra vergüenza,
una afrenta destacable
solamente por su ausencia,
y que solo emerge en fiestas
o cuando no usas mi mote.

Porque ahí es cuando noto que
en tu boca mi nombre
sabe a cerveza española
o a vino de La Rivera,
a islas paraíso
y a sevillanas flamencas,
a corridas de toros,
y a Pamplona en San Fermín,
y a tomatinas rojas,
y a darlo todo en Ibiza
y a luego echar la siesta
en esas playas de ensueño
de aquellos anuncios de San Miguel.

Y por eso te pido:
"Dilo otra vez,
que yo conozco una cerveza
cuyo nombre español suena
tan extranjero en tus labios
como mi propio nombre."

Translation: San Miguel Beer

The humor in your *Sahn Mee-gooehl*
when you order a beer
gets lost when I notice
another embarrassment in your blush,
an offense that stands out
only for its absence,
and which just comes out at parties
or when you do not use my nickname.

Because that is when I realise that
in your mouth my name
tastes of Spanish beer
or of wine from La Rivera,
of paradise islands
and of Sevillanas flamencas,
of bullfighting,
and of Pamplona during San Fermín,
and of red tomatinas,
and of going all-out in Ibiza,
and of taking a nap after
in those dreamlike beaches
from those San Miguel ads.

And that is why I ask you:
"Say it again,
'cause I know a beer
whose Spanish name sounds
as foreign on your lips
as my very own name."

CURSIVE SCRIPT

By Yonggang Wang

形端表正 說也名立
性靜情逸 適物忘移

丙申年 許文樞書

CHEN ZI ANG

By Wentao Xu
(aka 'Man-To Hui', preferred)

白 玉仙臺 古丹邱別望 遙山川 亂雲日樓
謝 下煙霄 鶴舞 子年 桄榔 虹飛 百尺 橋還
疑 赤松子 天路 坐相 邀

陳子昂詩
許文樞書

GREYSCALE DEPTH

By Payal Salot



SPRING SNOWFLAKE

By Shwetha Srinath

When the sunbeams start relenting,
And the ice-cream bells stop ringing,
Don't you forget to write, darling
And send me the snowflake from last spring.

When crimson leaves are no longer dancing
And the crisp breeze no longer singing,
When you begin to write me, darling,
Send me the snowflake from last spring.

When the weary fire stops burning,
And your ears strain for the last of the caroling,
Be sure when you write, darling,
To send me the snowflake from last spring.

When the postman comes a-calling,
Though the heaviest rain be falling,
You know I'll run out, darling,
To catch the snowflake from last spring.

How silly I must be sounding,
For sure, I must have been dreaming
Of impossible - Oh, but wonderful things,
Like the snowflake from last spring.

Well, then, this year, when it's snowing
When the strongest winds are blowing
If you knock on my door, darling,
Make sure,

Won't you,

To bring the snowflake from last spring?



THE ROOKIE
By Paul Kartara

A DIALOGUE WITH DIDEROT

(English translation)

By Ayman Mestahi

How can we speak with a dead person? The one I will address is not just any dead person, it is Denis Diderot, a French philosopher from the 18th century who supported the American people and for whom he left a wish. One evening, I took one of his books and I started reading the first lines. Suddenly, I heard a voice that called me and said to me:

HIM: Who are you? I do not know you.

ME: I am your reader. I know you, you are my friend.

HIM: Ah! Another friend I had not met before. Hearing you say that I assume that you mourned with me the death of the sweet Eliza Draper.

ME: Indeed, I did. Your eulogy for Eliza was deeply moving.

HIM: Like her, I do no longer belong in this world. She passed away in 1778 and I died in 1784. Her, at Bristol; me, at Paris. I was old; she was not. But do tell me, in what century are we right now?

ME: It is the 21st century, more particularly the year 2019. Does that surprise you?

HIM: Not at all! It is you and those that will come after you that I address in my books. I believe someone once said that the true strength of our words comes from the bottom of our tombs: we have to place ourselves there, we should address men from there.

ME: Those are your own words. I can see that you forget the author, but not the words.

HIM: Well, tell me, who survived? Me or the words?

ME: Your books, your ideas, your words.

HIM: I believe I am hearing people speaking in English around you. Are you not in France?

ME: No, not at all. I am in the United States of America, in the region for which you wrote pages that legitimized the revolution in 1780.

HIM: So, you have settled down over there, far from your family and your country?

ME: Not really. I will not be telling you anything new if I say that thanks to progress, those journeys that were once so arduous and long that only intrepid explorers dared to make are now simply a part of an unremarkable journey for any traveller in my century. I am one of those travellers. It is only a twenty-hour journey between my own country, Morocco, and the United States. Imagine the effect that what I am telling you would have on Magellan, Samuel Wallis or Louis-Antoine de Bougainville. Maybe they would not even believe me and would find me ridiculous if I told them that I only need a single day to go from Africa to America. This may be your case too.

HIM: You are surely curious to know what I am thinking regarding what you have said and you will know it. Me, a man of the 18th century, I hear you and I have to admit that I am quite fascinated. What an achievement! Nevertheless, there is a much bigger challenge.

He then pointed at his book and asked me to read out loud a paragraph.

ME: "People of North America, may the example of all the nations that preceded you, and especially that of your motherland, instruct you. Fear the affluence of gold that brings with luxury the corruption of morals and the disregard of laws; fear an unevenly distribution of riches that shows a small number of wealthy citizens and a multitude of impoverished citizens; from this comes the insolence of some and the debasement of others. Protect yourself from the spirit of conquest. The tranquility of the Empire diminishes with its expansion. Have weapons to defend yourselves, but not for attacking. Search for ease and safety at work; for prosperity in the culture of the lands and in the workshops of the industry; for strength in good morals and virtues. Ensure the prosperity of those sciences and arts that distinguish the civilized man from the savage one; ensure the education of your children. It is from the public schools that come the enlightened judge, the instructed and soldier, the good fathers, the good husbands, the good brothers, the good friends, the good men. Wherever we see corrupted young people, the nation is in its decline. May freedom have its unmovable base in the wisdom of your constitutions, may it be the indestructible bond that ties your provinces together. Do not make any cult the official one. Superstition is innocent as long as it is not protected or persecuted. And may your country, if possible, live as long as the world itself.

May that wish come true and may it comfort the dying generation with the hope for a better one!"

HIM: I left this world two hundred and thirty-five years ago, so tell me, man of the 21st century, what has become of my wish?

ME: From what I can tell, within a general overview, I would say that your wish is slowly becoming true. It is difficult to fulfil it completely at the moment. The reasons are so complex that I cannot put them in just a few lines. So, please forgive me for not exposing them, because I would not like to bore my readers. Follow me, I will show you some 21st century art. Maybe you will find an answer for your question.

HIM: Gladly!

SUNSET THREE

By Alexey Staroselets



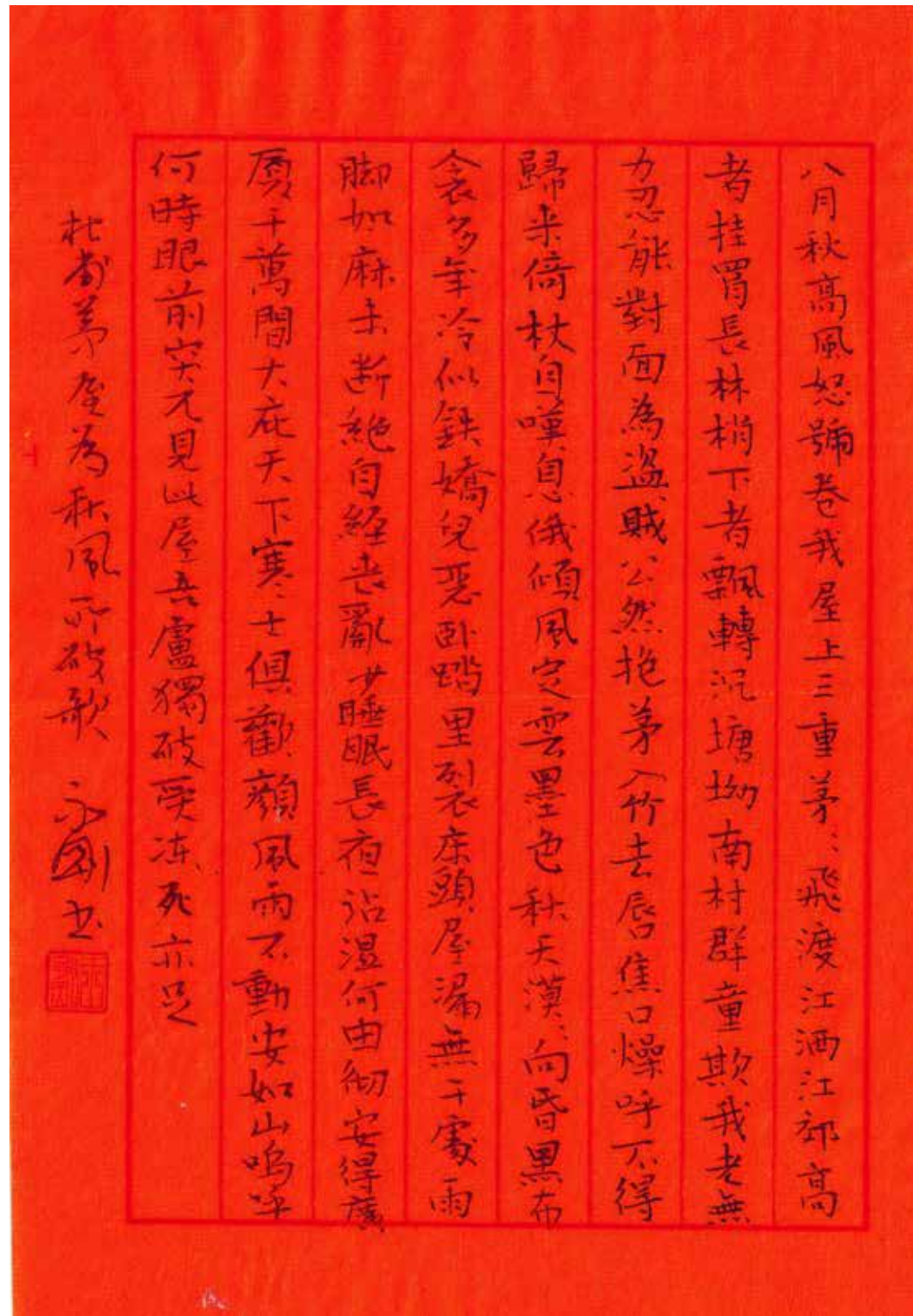
AN ANCIENT POEM

By Yonggang Wang

MENTAL HEALTH OF FORCIBLY

DISPLACED PERSONS

By Charbel Bou Khalil



Three Mississippis, Two Mississippis, One person just fled their home. According to the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR), one person is forcibly displaced every other second. That is a total of 68.5 million people displaced over the course of 2018, 29 million of which are migrants, refugees, or asylum seekers in foreign countries. This number has been increasing every year since 2005, doubling during that period.

This mass movement of people has posed epidemiological, public health, and health system challenges, to which nations must adjust. The United States, which has historically led the world in terms of refugee resettlement and today remains the top resettlement country, can not choose to shy away from this conversation. When it comes to human suffering, silence is deafening.

What we must acknowledge is that displaced individuals are dealing with non-ordinary burdens and have unique needs and health concerns. Most of them have experienced persecution, physical and sexual violence, starvation, danger and separation during migration, as well as physical and emotional trauma. These social determinants of health predispose them to mental and psychological disorders and extend after resettlement, where they manifest as post migration stressors such as discrimination, detention, dispersal, and destitution, which further amplify the mental health burden that they bare.

Research in public health and epidemiology has shed a light on the gravity of mental-health disorders in these communities. A meta-analysis of data on refugees in Europe found that they are more likely to experience poor mental health than the local population (Tribe, 2002). Post-traumatic stress disorder is especially prevalent, with a rate ten times higher than the age-matched general population (Fazel, 2005). A study conducted by Sangalang and colleagues compared the experience of Asian refugees and Latino immigrants coming to the US. The researchers wanted to assess whether the trauma and stressors reported by Latino immigrants parallels what refugees experience during migration and resettlement. The results showed that both groups experienced similar pre- and post-migration trauma and that the incidence of psychological distress is higher than previously thought. In fact, recent reports of refugees in Europe and Turkey show that roughly 50 percent of Syrian refugees there

have behavioral health needs, largely unmet (Weissbecker & Lechner, 2015). Furthermore, the frequent and successive adaptations required by forced migration makes individuals more vulnerable to abuse and neglect, especially children, which could exacerbate pre-existing mental health disorders (WHO).

The high prevalence of mental disorders in displaced individuals underlined above is further exacerbated by the insufficient availability of culturally sensitive mental health services, as well as the barriers to accessing those services when available. In the wake of the US presidential election in 2016, a study assessing the impact of xenophobic rhetoric on the utilization of health and social services by immigrants in Michigan found a decrease in the use of services in the weeks after the election (Fleming 2018). Other barriers to accessing mental health services include language, culture, lack of universal healthcare insurance, and lack of knowledge of the availability of such services.

We can, and we must, do better. Human rights don't end at borders. There are steps we can take to alleviate this burden. From a policy perspective, social service agencies and clinics serving migrants should prioritize creating safe spaces, where protecting clients is a priority. Clinics should post signs with important information in multiple languages and offer the services of chaperons as well as interpreters. Health and social service agencies should develop outreach strategies such as offering services over the phone or through video, and reaching out to trusted community members to build strong patient-provider relationships.

With the recent debate surrounding the Central American migrants headed towards Mexico and the United States, health care providers and scholars must speak up and be engaged in advocacy. So, Mister president, we do indeed have an emergency on our Southern border. Not one of national security, but rather of public health and humanitarian need. We must indeed mobilize our resources, geared towards mental health services and practitioners, not active duty troops.

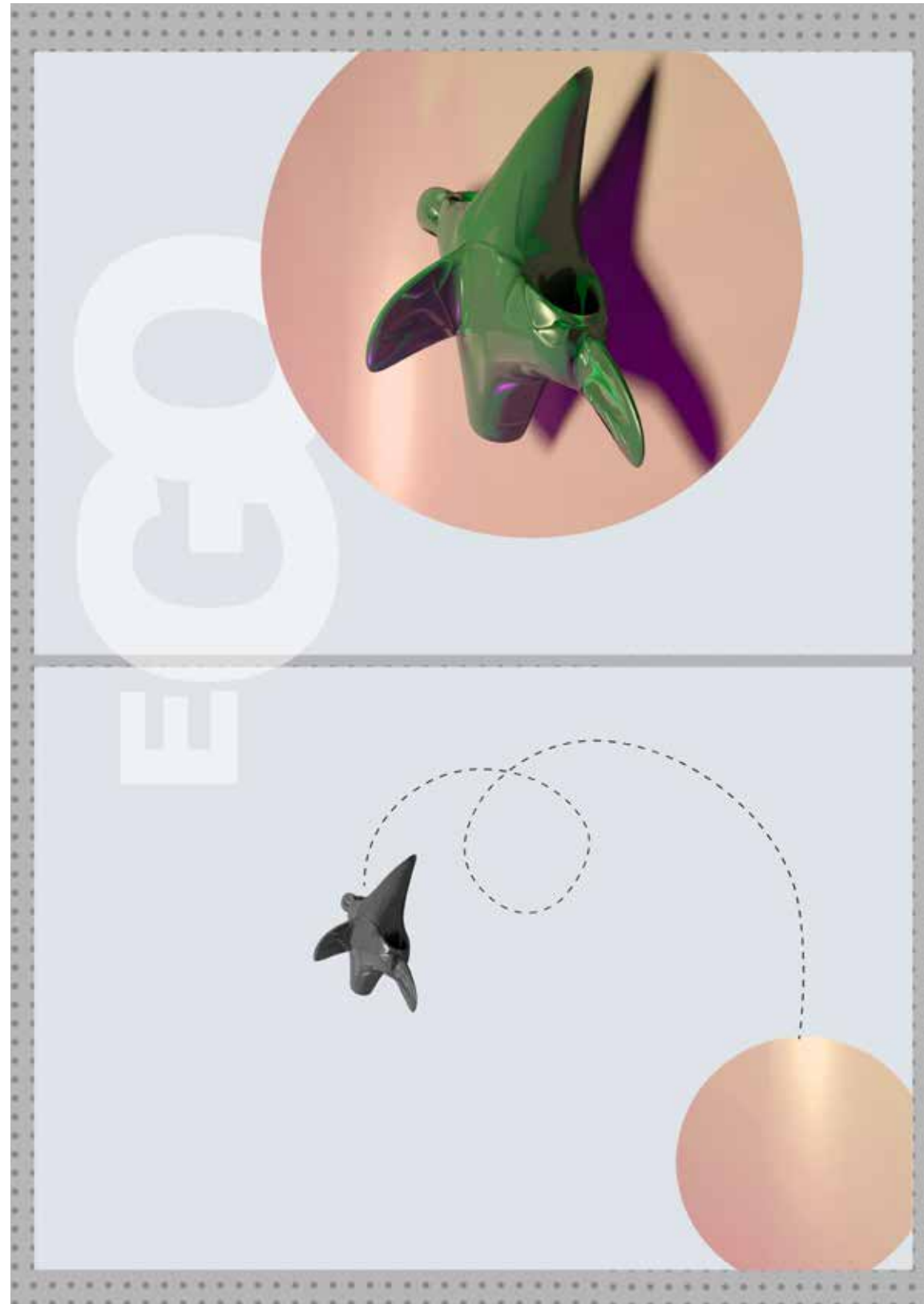
TAMARENSSET ONE

By Khaled Sahour



EGO

By Le Kang



SUBMISSION

By Hannah Nahm

PATIENT

Let's you and I unpack the paradox of submission. I submit—which I submit is an act of humiliation, sometimes even contrition—to gain that acceptance that will bring many thousands to my heels, to submit to me. Get it? By submitting, I am paradoxically gaining recognition of my own existence and my eventual immortality through others' submitting to my ideas. Do I sound Hegelian yet? Perhaps Shakespearean (surely you have read that sonnet about literary immortality, doctor)?

DOCTOR

I don't do literary allusions, I admit, or I submit, I should say, to use your current word of obsession. I am here to talk about you, not Hegel, not Shakespeare; I want to know why you keep submitting for all your pain, and the pain you inflict on so many unsuspecting editors and their overworked and zero-paid readers? Have you no empathy?

PATIENT

Doctor, so you don't do allusions. Do you then do analogies? Because here it goes: Submitting is like those childhood dreams—I say childhood, because from my personal experiences, these dreams occurred the most in my childhood, but I submit, can occur at any age, again, from my personal experiences; anyway, submitting is like those dreams when you suddenly, inexplicably, find yourself rushing off to school butt naked, naturally passing through gawking faces and incredulous eyes, wondering how the heck, and why on earth, you ended up leaving the safety of your home without a shred of fig-leaf to cover your pinky toes. Is submitting humiliating? Exposing? Exhibitionist? Why yes, but it's your dream, so you can't help it.

DOCTOR

According to Webster's dictionary, to submit is synonymous with to proffer, offer, suggest your ideas for consideration for publication. Why can't you just proffer your manuscript like decent people?

PATIENT

What does the OED have to say about submission?

DOCTOR

Forget OED, it's OCD you should be concerned about.

PATIENT

I once took my dog to the 24-hour emergency. He had thrown up, was breathing shallow, lethargic, later to be diagnosed with pneumonia, dangerous at any age but lethal for geriatric pets—mine was fifteen. In blind faith and desperation I submitted to the will of the vet—this IV and that med, overnight watch and motley injections. Later I paid the bill and was given an invoice and a credit card receipt. It said, "Thank you for your business. Come again." The irony never ceased to amuse me. So I have made a life of submitting my serial emergencies before the doorsteps—or inboxes—of garden variety lit mags, most of whom reject my submission with "but it's not for us" and "come again." So either I come again or I submit to another slush-picker in hopes that it will be for them. I believe in the motto, "One man's trash is another man's treasure." Forget Sylvia Plath and her art of dying. Submitting is an art I do particularly well. I'm not afraid of rejection.

DOCTOR

Take it from Webster. Don't say it's submitting when you're submitting; say you're proffering. If you proffer, they can procure, or not. No harm, no foul. Everyone's happy. Or take it from a realtor. They never say, "cost." They say, "offer." And they use the passive tense, to make it not personal, like this: "This beautiful home is offered at \$999,995 dollars."

PATIENT

Rejection has many names: decline, complete, pass. Some ignore your submission completely, that one I call death by silent squad. But I keep submitting because my life is one emergency of which only submitting will quell, that is, until the next emergency.

DOCTOR

Aha! You are sick. Writing is your fix. You are a word junkie.

PATIENT

Maybe. It's one-part sickness and another part acrobatics—a tight-rope dance across the twisted wires of cause and effect. Hark, whose voice was that—the windchime's or the wind's? And are you not but a voice inside my head?

—THE END—

TAMARENSSET TWO

By Khaled Sahour



SUNSET ONE

By Alexey Staroselets



NOCTILUQUE

By Isabelle Lin

De loin ou pas si loin
Je vais vers vous la nuit
Le chant des vagues me porte
La valse du sable m'appelle

Le sol est tapissé de nacre
Le ciel de feutre obscur
Où luisent quelques étoiles
Et se cache la lune

Dans l'eau il fait si froid
Dans l'eau il fait si sombre

Je rejoins des milliers d'autres
En constellations marines
J'apporte la lueur
De mon angoisse bleutée

From far or not so far
I come to you at night
The waves will sing me there
The sand will dance and call

The floor is paved with pearl
The sky is charcoal felt
Where starshine comes from few
And the moon is folded away

The waters are so cold
The waters are so dark

I join with multitudes
In watery constellations
I bring with me the glimmer
Of my sapphire fright

TAMARENSSET THREE

By Khaled Sahour



CYCLING IN LA

By Liutauras Rusaitis



GETTING INTO AN ACCIDENT IS JUST WHAT I NEEDED

By Rhea Plawat

Miss Richa, my fifth grade English teacher, used to correct me whenever I repeated a sentence to show emphasis or excitement. “Recurrence kills meaning, my child” she used to say, “Think of it as a song in a hotel lobby. The first time you hear it, you break into a smile; the second time you start getting a little uneasy; listen to it the third time, and you realize that the same words that once caressed your soul, now cause hateful zigzagged scratches.” Miss Richa always had a peculiar way of describing things.

Fast forward six years.

A loud THUD jerked me awake. As my eyes tried to focus a million grey pixels into a concrete image, I wondered how I ended up on a cold graveled floor. I could faintly hear children screaming somewhere nearby. Maybe that was just my throbbing head. Couldn't tell for sure. Dazedly, I pulled myself up. It was early in the morning, so early that darkness still prevailed enough to hide all sins inside its pockets. Sleeplessness and pain strangled my head into vertigo, and for a moment, I felt like giving in.

“Help, please” a familiar voice groaned, alerting me into action. I ran my gaze around, scanning pools of blood, searching for the caller. My eyes landed on my friend's helpless face, and I gasped in disbelief. She was stuck in an awkward position under a pile of metal and plastic. The more she tried to wriggle out, the more she got buried under. As I lurched towards her, reaching out with my fingers stretched wide, I thought about just how oblivious we had been an hour ago. We had been merrily discussing Dad Jokes when we got into our early van to school.

The accident was later reported to be an act of negligence: A bus driver had fallen asleep while driving and crashed into our vehicle at a speed of 60 miles an hour. Fortunately, there were no casualties.

That morning when I woke up in the van, I woke up from more than just sleep. Miss Richa was right all along: Recurrence does kill meaning. If you do something often enough, it loses its charm. I remember lying on the dewy grass all night, the first time I went camping with my father. We were shivering, but we couldn't make ourselves leave—the stars seemed too pretty to be real. We divided the massive sky into a split-screen and counted our share of twinkles.

We ended up including the same ones over and over, but wasn't that the whole point?

The first time I walked back home from school with my friends, we collectively went silent as we approached a river bank. The sun was taking its final dip in the water. We stood there, watching, our jaws hung in awe, our eyes wide with admiration. Only when the grey clouds started to canopy the last rays of light did we resume our journey.

I remember my first rainbows and morning butterflies, paper hearts and smiley-stickers. I also remember forgetting their significance as time passed by. These miracles started to get pushed to the back of my head, as I filled my brain with newer information. Soon enough, no sentiment could access these archives. I didn't count stars or stop for sunsets anymore. I was too busy with cell-phones and to-do lists.

Just the day before the accident, I had been fretting about how my brother had eaten my share of pancakes, how I had a pile of unfinished physics homework overdue, how my boots didn't match my attire and how I had messed up an interview question. It had all seemed so important then—my workbooks, my college applications, my tiny quarrels. I had been caught up in trivialities, I had been living on autopilot. It took a sleepy bus-driver and a major dent on the head to remind me what mattered most.

I went back home that day, called up each one of my relatives and told them I loved them. That night, I unbolted my room door. I had lived inside four walls for too long.

It's insane how many pincers we carry in our hearts, without ever realizing it. It's insane how we are so often on a train to somewhere, that we don't find it unusual to walk towards and away from people all the time. It's insane how easily we forgive ourselves for things we didn't say until it was too late. Death usually is just an accident away. It's important to be reminded how loosely we hang from the strings of life. It's important to be reminded to stop swinging in thin air and untangle the knots before they snip. I'm glad I woke up to that thud. It would have hurt so much more had I woken up when there was nothing left to wake up to.

Sometimes, you break your head in the right way.

BEAUTY IN THORNS
By Novia Elvina



PHYSALIS

By Isabelle Lin



PROGRESS

By Orode Nanna

Progress for me in this point in my life has been slow and steady but definitely positive

Progress is knowing that God is always on my side. Even when I don't get the things I want or something bad happens, it is God's way of telling me that there are better things ahead or that I needed to learn an important lesson.

Progress is knowing I'm not alone. Even on days when I'm lonely, and I cry from hurt that I feel like no one would understand, I'm not alone. My family and friends are always there and are thinking of me.

Progress is slowly understanding and learning that the proof of a man's love is not in his validation of the physical part of me but in his understanding of who I am and learning to accept it, flaws and all.

Progress is knowing that as a woman, I can be strong, brave and kind. I can be beautiful and smart, regal and alluring. That I can be anything I want to be.

CYCLING IN LA
By Liutauras Rusaitis



PUKEAHU WAR MEMORIAL

By Becca Lewis



STORY SELLER

By Rhea Palwat

I'm here to sell.

In another world, there's a shop full of humans, and we sell stories. Our eyes are the color of life, our chests like synopses. When memories long forgotten begin to leak from the edges of your heads, we collect them in bookmarks and footnotes. Because sometimes you need stories. I don't know if it is to celebrate humanity, or to mourn it, but sometimes you just need stories.

Let me tell you about a girl in New Delhi who was in love with sunsets. She used to visit the riverbank every evening to admire the dipping orange. She often went far too close to the water searching for the perfect view, and nobody ever stopped her. Concerned women squabbled with children nearby, and the city watchman threatened anyone who went close to the banks. But they all let her be. You would too, if you were there. Because when the last rays of dusk fell on her face, she radiated life. She could fall into the unforgiving waters and pass into oblivion, but she didn't care. In that moment, she was alive, and that was enough.

There was another girl in Venice who giggled when she ate, a man in Marseille who danced with a stranger every night, and a boy in Nairobi who talked about the cosmos for three hours and thirteen minutes straight. If you ever come over one day, I'll show you their tales preserved in black ink and messy scribbles. The shop has archives full of them. We believe in preserving life rather than showering flowers on tombstones.

We serve best on gloomy days—warmth and escape and everything in between. We come with a table of contents. Sit near the fireplace and we'll take you to Melbourne, to a widower who listens to his stereo song over and over, calling out to death; another girl in Manhattan, humming the same tune, feeling alive for the very first time.

And in your journey back to reality, do not fret, for it is often accompanied by epiphanies. Yes, plural, epiphanies. The time travel to consciousness has no sound, no fire, no blood, no gravity. It's just a constant thump in your chest, a realization of parallel worlds of possibilities. Clocks don't matter, neither do bodies. Only when you exhale on completing a chapter do you notice how you weren't breathing all this while.

I'm here to sell you a story. A fable for a keen ear.

Sit down and unravel me line by line.

Preface.

CYCLING IN LA

By Liutauras Rusaitis





DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO

By Becca Lewis



A MOMENT IN TIME

By Paul Kartara

ANTIRACIAL ARCHAEOLOGY

By Amr Khalaf Shahat

"Eight Years ago, after the revolution
I came from Egypt for graduate Education
But I found academia full of complications
So, I went to the gym to relive my frustrations
And I returned to the pyramids for some inspirations
Then, I found a way to simplify my dissertation
Yet, being precise and missing no citation
To assert key indigenous theories on
Antiracialization

Destroying concepts as Huntington's
Clash of Civilizations
And cite works as Michael Adas
Machines as measure of Mens

On how indigenous people were seen with contempt
Questions as ancient people were white or black
Has filled our world history with a lot of drawback
So, engaging indigenous and western epistemology
Is a backbone to establish antiracial archaeology
My dream is peaceful relations between the East and the West
Free of words of hegemony on who is the best
This is the goal of my dissertation
summarized to you in a Dashew Art & Writing magazine presentation.

Comment: While reciting this poem piece, it may sound like beatboxing rap, it is actually a translation of my original and lengthier Arabic poem into English summarizing my dissertation using Rajaz meter of poetry. Rajaz was an Arabic meter used to simplify, condense and transfer scientific knowledge in form of sentences that rhymes. It combines both the ease to understand the subject and the precision by having the list of reference cited orally.

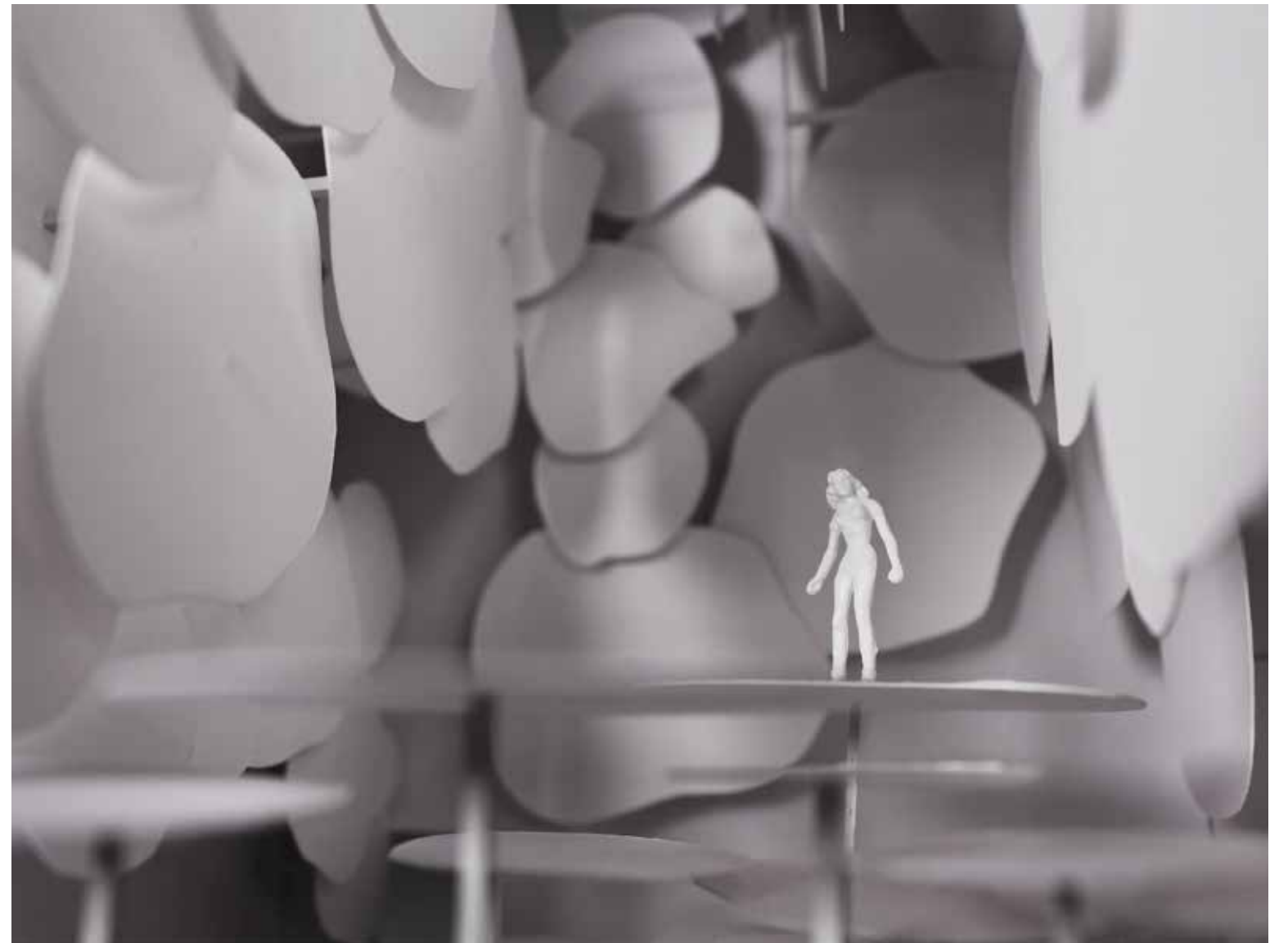
EL HAMMAM SUNSET

By Ayman Mestahi



TIPPY TOES

By Bryan Ong



CHOCOLATE

By Shwetha Srinath

How do you know it's the holidays?
School is out, and exams are done.
It's showing signs of summer, kids on the street are having fun.

One kid curls up in her jute swing, watches them run by,
Peacefully ensconced in her fairytale book-world,
There are tons of library books sitting in her room,
And of course,
Amma has promised her chocolate.

Not the regular Dairy Milks or the costlier Ferrero Rochers,
Not the orange candies only made when cousins visit,
Not even her beloved Hershey's kisses.
Nor the distasteful caramel that sticks to her teeth,
Or the unattractive too-colourful jellies - No,
Amma has promised her chocolate.

Real chocolate - the kind she read about in the book
That described a thousand different delicious looking styles - but,
A child loth to experiment, fond of familiar tastes,
Amma has promised her, her favourite chocolate.

The not-too-sweet kind,
The kind with almond pieces in between.
The slightly dark kind,
Melting almost too quickly
In your mouth.
The kind that takes a day of work.
From making the grocery list,
To searching for the right sized tin,
And then to an afternoon of effort in the too-warm kitchen,
With an impatient girl looking on,
For Amma has promised her chocolate.

After it has all cooled down,
After about a million times of
"Is it done yet?",
Amma cuts a piece.
A big piece,
A piece of no particular shape,
A piece with the most almond bits,
And watches as her darling tucks in.
It is the holidays, oh yes,

And how do you know?
For, as always,
Amma has promised her,

Chocolate.

TINGED SUNSET

By Sufia Sadaf



Sentiments of Notre Dame.

A Digital Humanities Project.



United States

Europe

Southeast Asia

South America

Australia

SENTIMENTS OF NOTRE DAME

By **Natasha Ann Lum**

<http://sentimentsofnotredame.herokuapp.com>

THE BIRD WHICH FLEW SANS WINGS

By **Sufia Sadaf**

“The cuckoo sang a soulful song. She sang till the morning light.

She sang with a heart replete with love, sorrow and her plight.

O’ my mighty wings, they no longer lift me up!

And sang the bird- coo’ooed, from morning till the night”

Dear reader, I am going to tell you a story that many of us can relate to. It is about our everyday life, our existence, our struggle with hardship, our dark days of suffering and amidst all that, our resilience and courage to fight back.

This story is about a young cuckoo bird. Once a happy bird, she was now filled with sorrow- for she had been enveloped in an immense suffering for a long time. During the dark days, her wings couldn’t soar as high as they would in the past. She saw her friends and family fluttering with their intact wings which left her even sadder. Oh how she waited for a ray of hope! One day as she sat with her eyes closed, she had a dream. In the dream, she found a pair of mighty wings and quickly slipped into them. Escalated, her joys knew no bounds. She had waited for one long year to go to the mountains to feel the fresh breeze. Now she could! Embarked on a trip to the mountains, she began the most soulful and memorable journey of her life. She had not realized until then that she needed a break from the monotone of her everyday sadness. And in her dream, thus, she glided.

I will now take you to the beginning of her happy youthful days. Ever eager and full of energy, she was always in quest of newer trees. Places that could add more meaning to her life. In one such adventure, the bird decided to change her nest to a new tree. Excited at the prospect of a new place, she began her journey towards experiencing a new world. She built her nest in the new place and dived into the richness of a distinct culture. Changing her social expectations, she metamorphosed to a new pair of wings. Little did she know that the tree was enchanted!

Happy with the change, she carried on with her life and her family. She chose a new melody and continued her job, singing day in and day out- for she sang beautifully well. Occasionally, her old friends came over to visit and found her philosophical, like her old self. They admired her courage.

As days passed, she sensed something was amiss. When she looked closely, she found that the basic characteristic of the birds around her was no different from those whom she had met back in her native tree. Birds in her new place were either: kind, or rude; harsh or polite; honest or deceiving. Gradually, her surrounding became overwhelming and she was engulfed in a web of birds that were no longer like her. Being a melodious singer, she began to be treated like an intellectual slave and was asked to churn up melodies for the other birds. Deception, jealousy, discrimination and harassment became the everyday norm around her.

When her own melodious voice started failing, she felt it was time to speak up against the emotional violence. She tried to gather her voice but couldn’t speak up, clouded in doubts: ‘Will the world believe in me? Will my voice be still heard? Will I be able to match the distorted power-dynamics if I speak-up?’

Being in a fix, she decided to at least try to turn to friends for help. However, before she could even muster courage, her fellow birds sensed that she was up for a revolt and came up with a heinous story to eliminate her. They echoed, ‘this cuckoo bird is secretly working for the vulture- the king on the Oracle tree. Together they have plotted to ransack our nests. THIS cuckoo bird has chosen to be silent to mediate an attack on us. Will you let them take control of our lives?’ The rest of the bird were outraged and surrounded her. They boycotted her and threw her out of her nest. They further cutoff her food and water resources. The cuckoo bird’s world came crashing down. She had been wrongly implicated and framed. Her wings started to wilt and her song became rasp. It is then that she wondered whether the tree was enchanted.

A wise owl who belonged to a neighboring tree, devotedly listened to the cuckoo bird’s songs each night. Off late, he noticed that she often wept and sang sadly, ‘O my mighty wings! They no longer lift me up’. He couldn’t bear the sound of her grieving songs and waited until the morning to speak to her. Upon learning her entire story, he rushed to the vulture king to know the truth. Shockingly, it turned out that all the other corrupt birds were working with the vulture. With his aid, they were selectively going to eliminate all the honest and kind cuckoo birds. ‘No wonder this cuckoo bird became an easy target to eclipse their misdeeds’ thought the owl.

He came back to the tree to give the news to the bird in the quiet of the night but found her deep asleep. ‘Maybe she is in a dream’, he thought and waited for her to come out of the reverie. The bird slept from night till the morning light cracked, so he waited patiently- for he was wise and patient.

When the cuckoo bird finally woke up from her dream, she seemed happy. The owl approached her and spoke to her in the gentlest manner. He told her, ‘dearest bird, I now know the truth’. He narrated to her about his findings and told her, ‘I am only the bearer of the truth. You will have to take action. Do you think you can stand up and fight?’

The cuckoo bird listened intensely. During her dark days she had lost her prime youth, her songs and her wings. How could she be quiet now? She thanked the owl. Fluttering the wilted wings with all her strength, she said, ‘I think it’s time. It’s time to step up and say ‘NO!’ to the injustice around me.’ She then broke into a rasp but soulful song which as deep and vast as the oceans and the skies. Her wilted wings rustled at first, but then they rose in unison. In no time, she was off to the enchanted tree to continue her fight. Her journey had just begun.

I want to leave you with this message, dear reader. Most of us undergo dark days from time to time and need our trusting loved ones around us. Someday, we will have enough strength to fight against injustice, until then let’s gather strength to speak up.

GOD ONLY KNOWS

By Shwetha Srinath

The eagle perched on the beheaded bark
Of the solitary old coconut palm
Next to my roof, sitting quite aloof
What are you waiting for, pray tell me?

I catch you staring at the open sky
At your comrades swiftly gliding by
Yet you stay still, with an iron will
What are you thinking of, pray tell me?

The Champak tree that grew up with me
Standing tall, swaying Oh! so gently,
Whispering secrets to the trustworthy crickets
What can you see, pray enlighten me?

The pigeons quite lost in loving embrace
For love after all begs no time or place
Feathers in a ruffle, sweet nothings all muffled
How do you love, pray tell me?

The buzzing bee somewhere near my eat
I know you're ecstatic today, my dear
Plenty of nectar, and you the faithful collector,
What more could you want, do tell me?

The rosebud shying away from my glance
Like an innocent heart from a whirlwind romance
Give it a chance, honey, go on and dance
Is that what the sun said, pray advise me?

You, with the notebook, observing away
Asking of the world what it has to say
A heart quite opaque, a soul accustomed to ache,
What could your tale be, pray tell me?

ENDLESS JOURNEY

By Paul Kartara



bio- graphics

Liqi Zhao

Liqi is a first-year Physics major from China who loves writing poems in their free time.

Isabelle Lin

Isabelle is a graduate student studying Linguistics originally from France and China. When not doing research, she enjoys drawing, writing, and making things.

Shwetha Srinath

Shwetha is a graduate student from Bangalore, India studying Computer Science. Apart from writing, she enjoys singing, dancing, and, lately, ice skating.

Orode Nanna

Orode is a graduate student from Nigeria studying law. They enjoy reading, writing, and exploring in their free time.

Amr Khalaf Shahat

Amr Khalaf is a graduate student from Egypt studying archaeology and archaeo-botany.

Le Kang

Le is an artist and designer who studies 3D graphic design in the visual arts field. They have studied art and design in Singapore, England, San Francisco, and Japan.

Becca Lewis

Becca is a fourth-year Architecture undergraduate from New Zealand. She has always been interested in the creative industry and finds inspiration in natural and built environments.

Hannah Nahm

Hannah is a ph.D candidate in the Department of English who has had her short fictions published in various journals. She is currently working on a collection of short stories.

Rhea Plawat

Rhea is a first-year Indian international student studying neuroscience. During the day, she can be found making conversation with coffee shop strangers; at night, she can be found procrastinating sleep to play piano.

Yonggang Wang

Yonggang is a visiting scholar from Sun Yat-sen University in China researching a new drug based on traditional Chinese medicine. He enjoys Chinese calligraphy.

Paul Kartara

Paul is a film directing student from London, UK studying the Directing Certificate at UCLA extension. Their hobbies include photography, filmmaking, and photo/film editing.

Saloni Kothari

Saloni is an ethnically Indian, legally Thai, and British-educated second-year undergraduate studying Political Science. She is terrible at ice-skating.

Novia Elvina

Novia is a young professional artist who is always trying to release her creative energy in between her busy schedule.

Alexey Staroselets

Alexey is a graphic designer, calligrapher, and photographer from Russia. He studies at the UCLA Extension for Design Communication Arts Certificate.

Ainhoa Santos Goicoechea

Ainhoa is an education abroad student from Spain, exchanging from England, studying English. She is passionate about film, music, and politics.

Charbel Bou Khalil

Born and raised in the multicultural city of Beirut in Lebanon.

Payal Salot

Payal is a UCLA Extension student from India who is enrolled in the DCA Program. She loves graphic design and art.

Wentao Xu (Man-To Hui)

Man-To is a Ph.D student from Canton, China studying planetary sciences. His work is a traditional Chinese calligraphy work about a poem by Chen Zi'ang from the Tang Dynasty which describes the poet's feeling as he hikes to the Jinhua Temple.

Liutauras Rusaitis

Liutauras is a fourth-year Ph.D candidate in Space Physics at the Earth, Planetary, and Space Sciences Department. He discovers and documents Los Angeles as a hobbyist cycling photographer and enjoys drinking coffee from all around the world.

Natasha Ann Mei Seem Lum

Natasha is a second-year Global Studies and Digital Humanities minor from Singapore who enjoys coding and graphic design as a hobby. The 3D interactive visualization of her submission can be accessed via sentimentsofnotredame.herokuapp.com.

Khaled Sahour

Khaled is a Film Directing student from Algeria. His work varies from photography and visual effects to short films, paintings, and music. His work has been featured on the National Geographic website and shortlisted by the World Photography Organization.

Ayman Mestahi

Ayman is a Ph.D student from Morocco. His work is a jointly supervised doctorate between Morocco and France about the French philosopher Denis Diderot and the notion of Nature. His work imagines a fictional dialogue with Diderot, who was popular during the 1780s in the burgeoning American republic.

Maria Pavlidou

Maria was a dentist in her hometown but moved to Los Angeles to study at UCLA Extension, hoping for a career change. Her work is created by curving portraits on cardboard with a scalpel.

Bryan Wen Xi Ong

Bryan is a third-year Civil Engineering major from Singapore. He has a passion for architecture and enjoys watching movies in his free time.

Sufia Sadat

Sufia is a research scientist and has been trained as neurogeneticists during her PhD. She has always had an inclination towards science and at the same time, held a strong passion for art and writing. During her free time, she writes poems, stories and essays in English and Urdu languages to help others (including herself) gain voice against social injustice.

envelope

Want to get involved in the next issue of envelope? Look for announcements on Dashew Center's website <https://www.internationalcenter.ucla.edu/> and in our newsletter.