

Student Centered student 'zine 2017

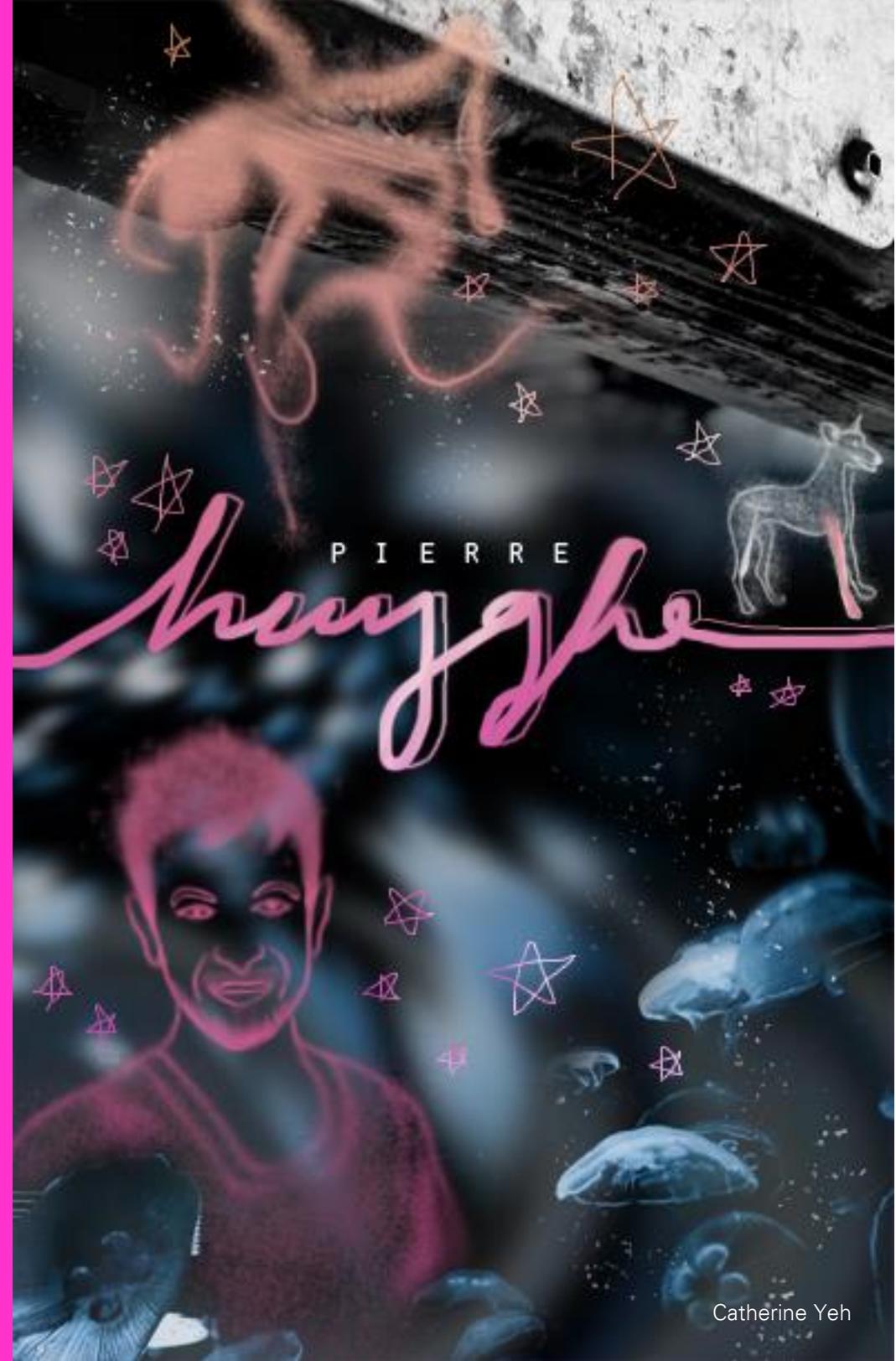


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In celebration of 2017 Nasher Prize Laureate Pierre Huyghe, students from across the country submitted original work responding to big ideas in his practice: memory, narrative, the uncanny, time, environment, experimentation and place.

Featuring submissions by:

Taylor Alexander
Caroline Alt
Cate Baker
Sena Cheung
Hector Hernandez Contreras
Caroline Cox
Grace Doyle
Kiera Ford
Alex Gilmour
Jed Goldman
Mia Hirsch
Sophie Hooper
Crystal Hughes
Jack Kraus
Zippora McNeil
Zainab Noshahi
Johanna Pang
Gopal Raman
Cassandra Rodriguez
Izzy Thompson
Harjot Toor
Fredy Vences
Avi Verma
Amy Yang
Catherine Yeh



Catherine Yeh



Still Walls

The wall's old and still.

Protection was given through these simple cracks.

These walls couple create a connection from its strength

But there was something more to it than just the age

The ancient oldness and rustiness and flutterness

It was an emotion that only I could feel

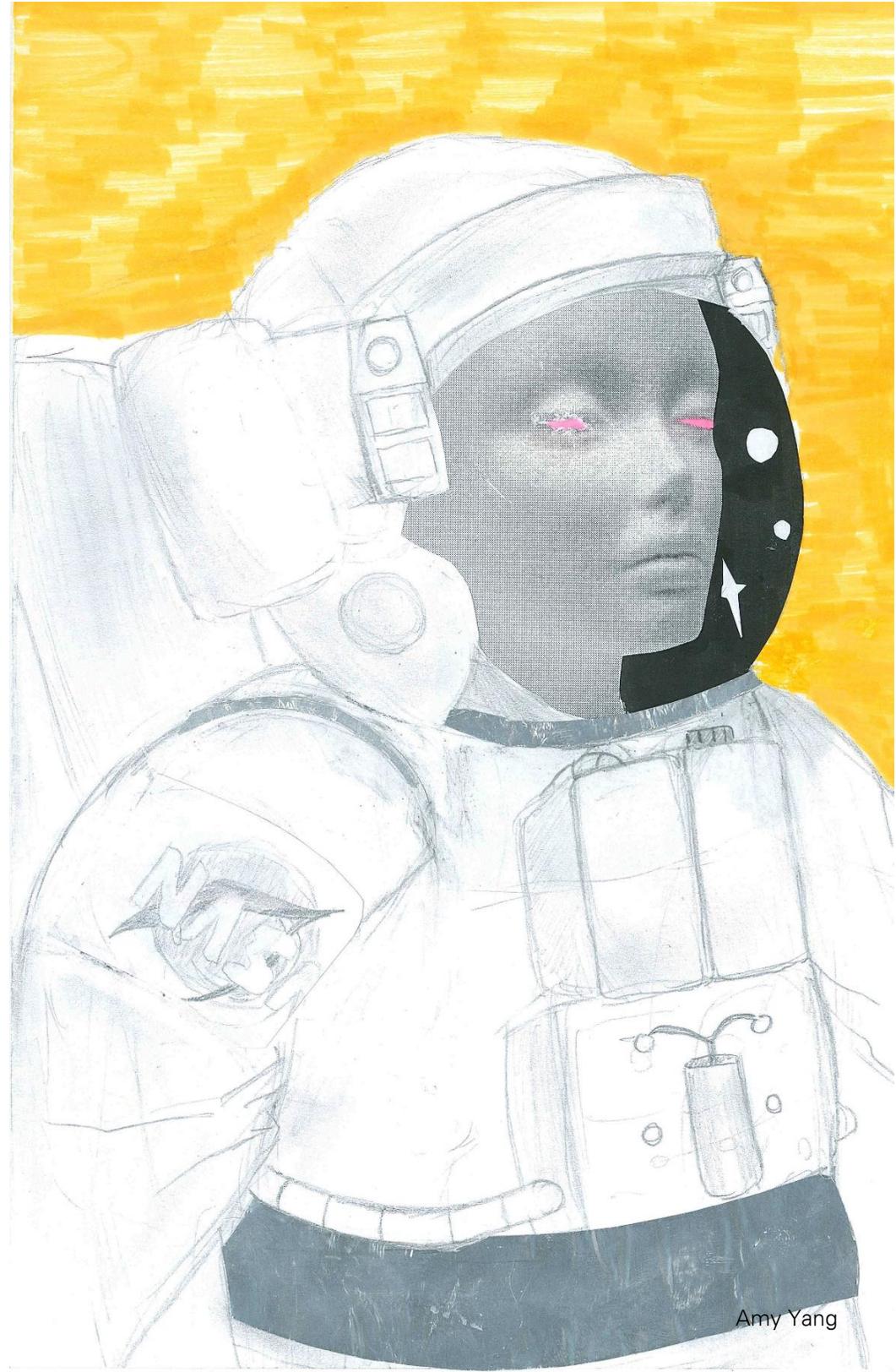
The walls had spoken and as I looked at the clouds and the bluest of skies,

I saw that universe and felt suddenly connected to earth.

Those walls had meant more to me than all those years it had been through the storms and lightning and destruction.

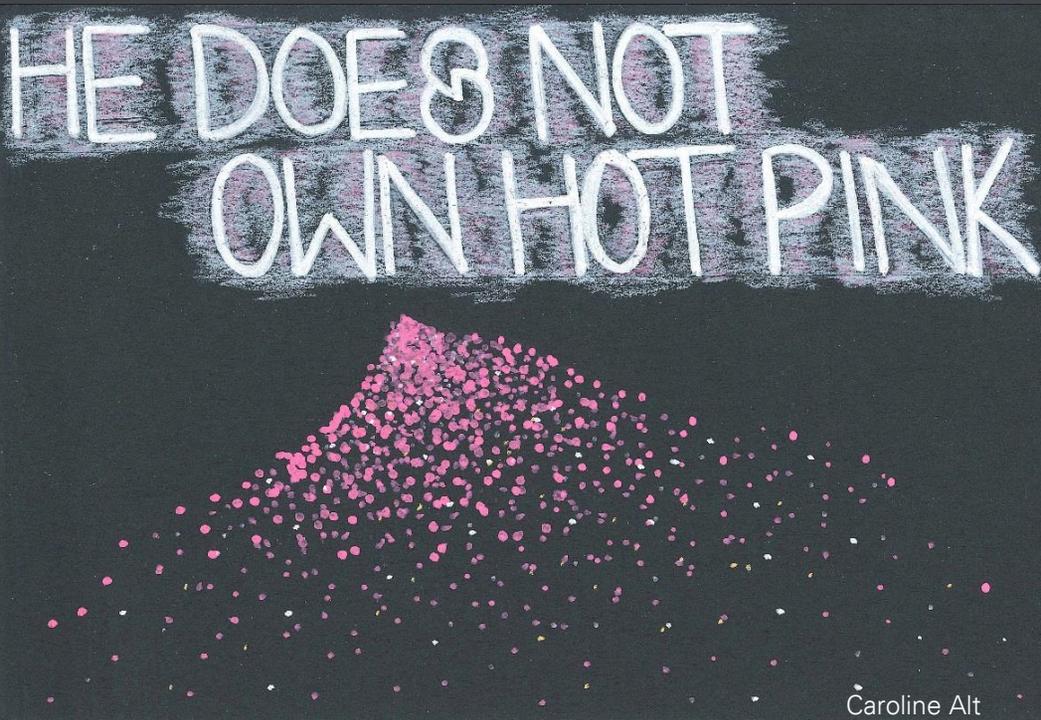
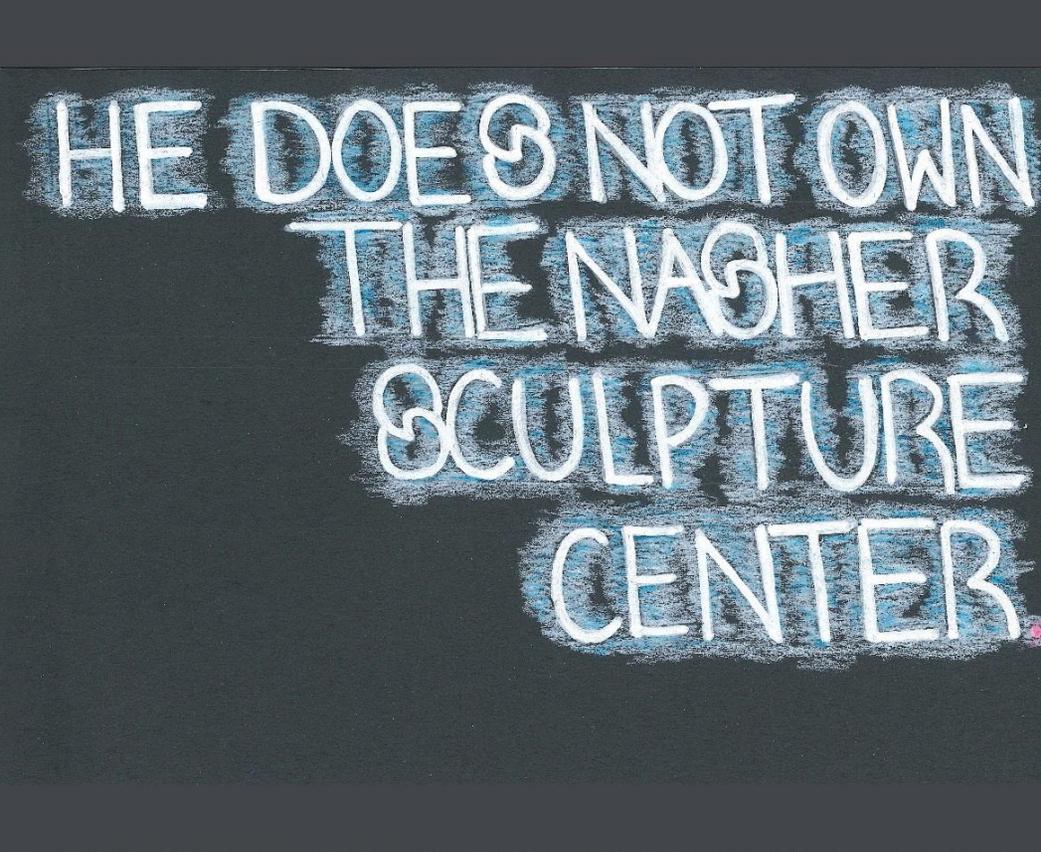
Those walls were my safety and truly the only safety I had been searching for.

Hope was given to me that day, and so those walls will and still remain standing.





Caroline Cox



Caroline Alt

As I first breathed life in this gilded world
my eyes were unopened, unseeing
Yet still I felt whatever held me, warmed me, loved me
The caress of a mother whose love knows no bounds
a comfort to my infant innocence.

As I grew to know the character of this world
I witnessed open arms but closed hearts
while I stumbled into the realm of abandonment and sorrow
left to wonder what fault I'd committed
to push those whom I'd loved the most
to make my existence, my living, my life
a mere memory--
something to be sealed into the past, unimportant and unvalued.
It is then that I realize what they see me as
I am an animal.

As I am passed into another set of arms
I feel that false, repeated hope- that this one will be different,
this one will be good.
And it is here that my dream meets reality.

Now as I wonder I travel with a newfound freedom to discover and to roam
with the comfort of knowing I have a home
with the hearts of those who drew me in
a beacon of light in the abyss of loneliness
assuring me that now and forever will I belong.
And it is then that I truly understand my worth, what I am-

I am Human.



“

Someone once told me, 'Wow! I've never seen a black girl with hair past her shoulders.'

”

-Alexis



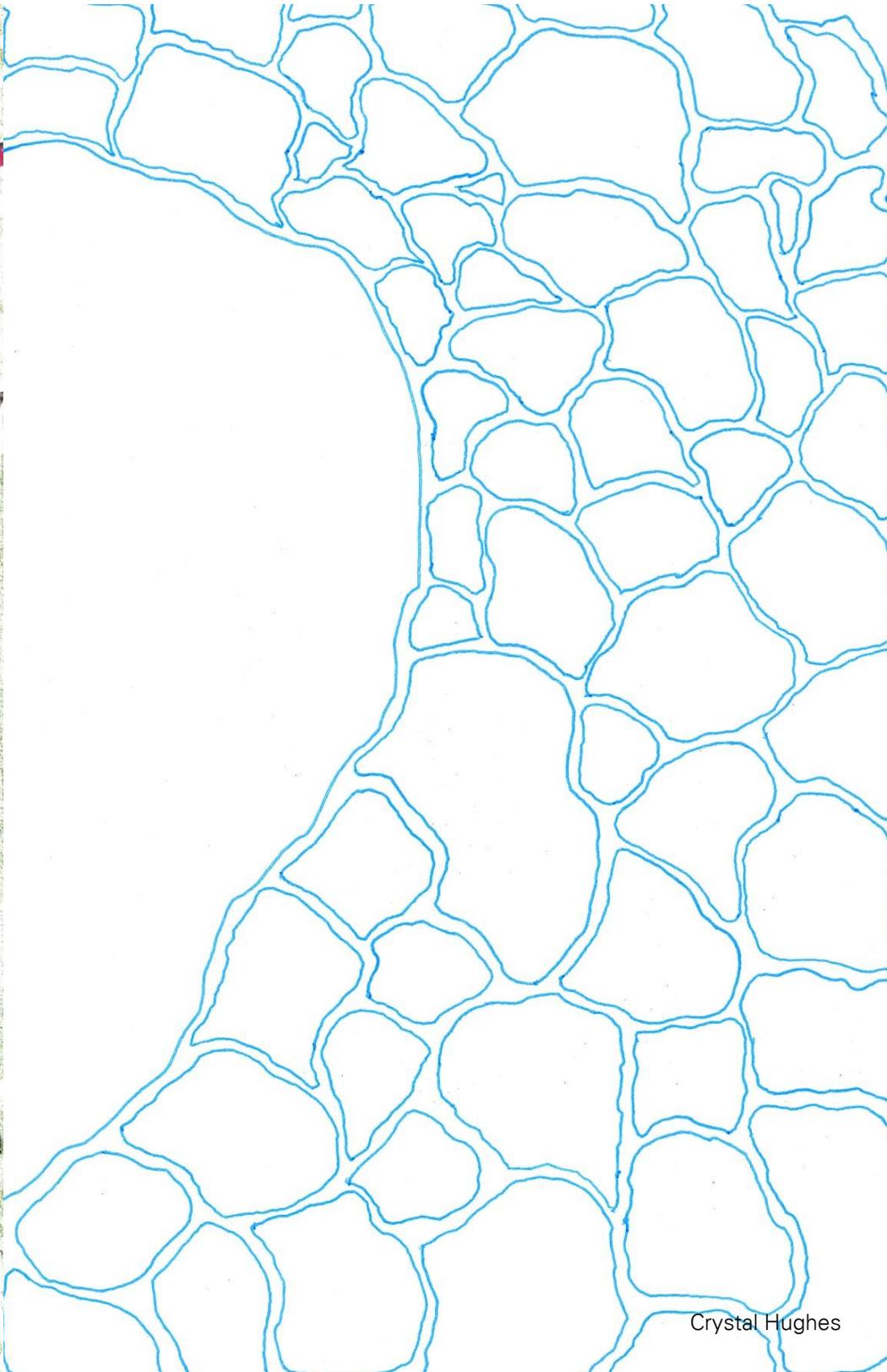
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am not your expectations
I am the soul that lives within
-India. Arie







Hector Hernandez Contreras



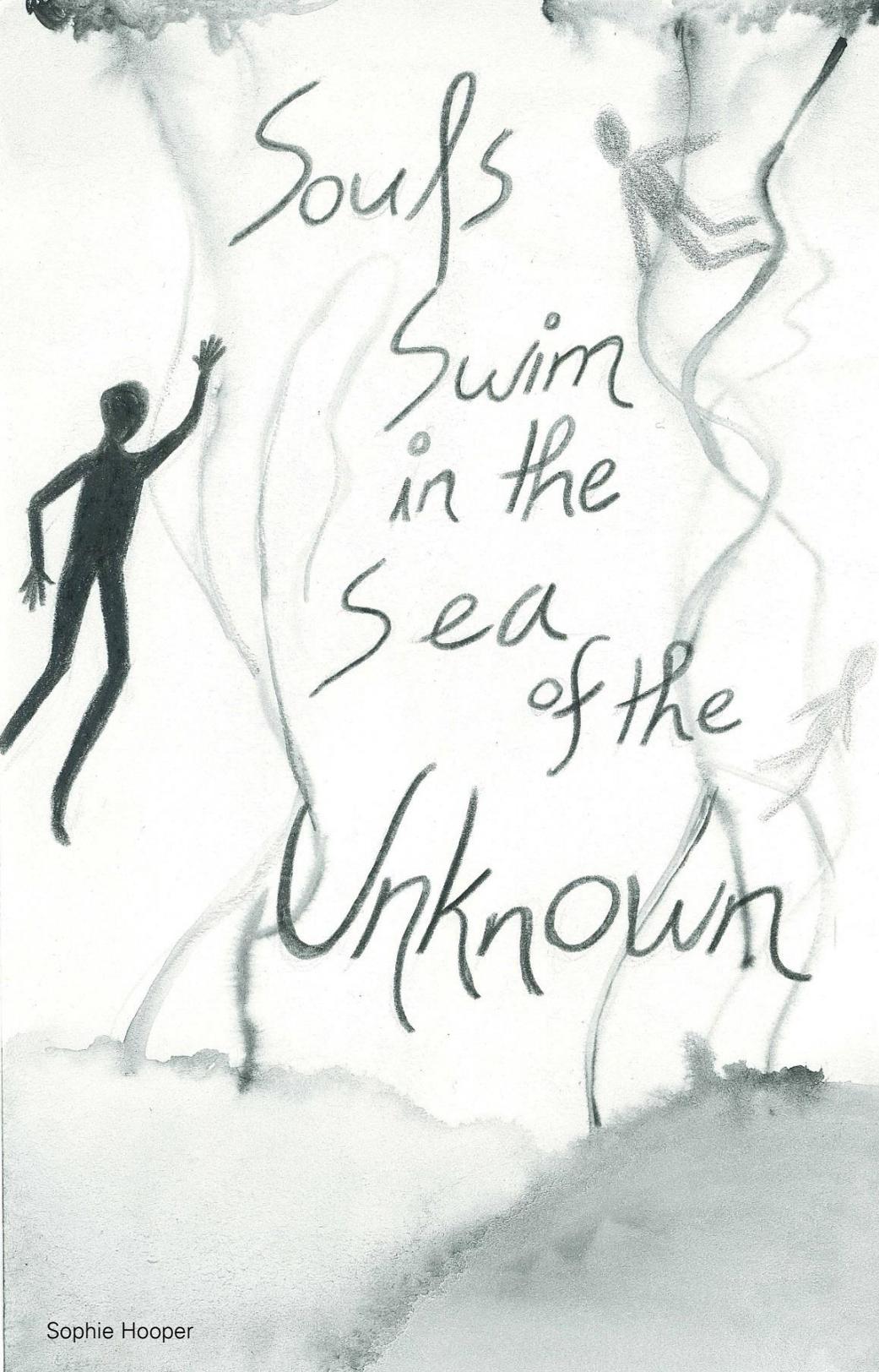
Crystal Hughes



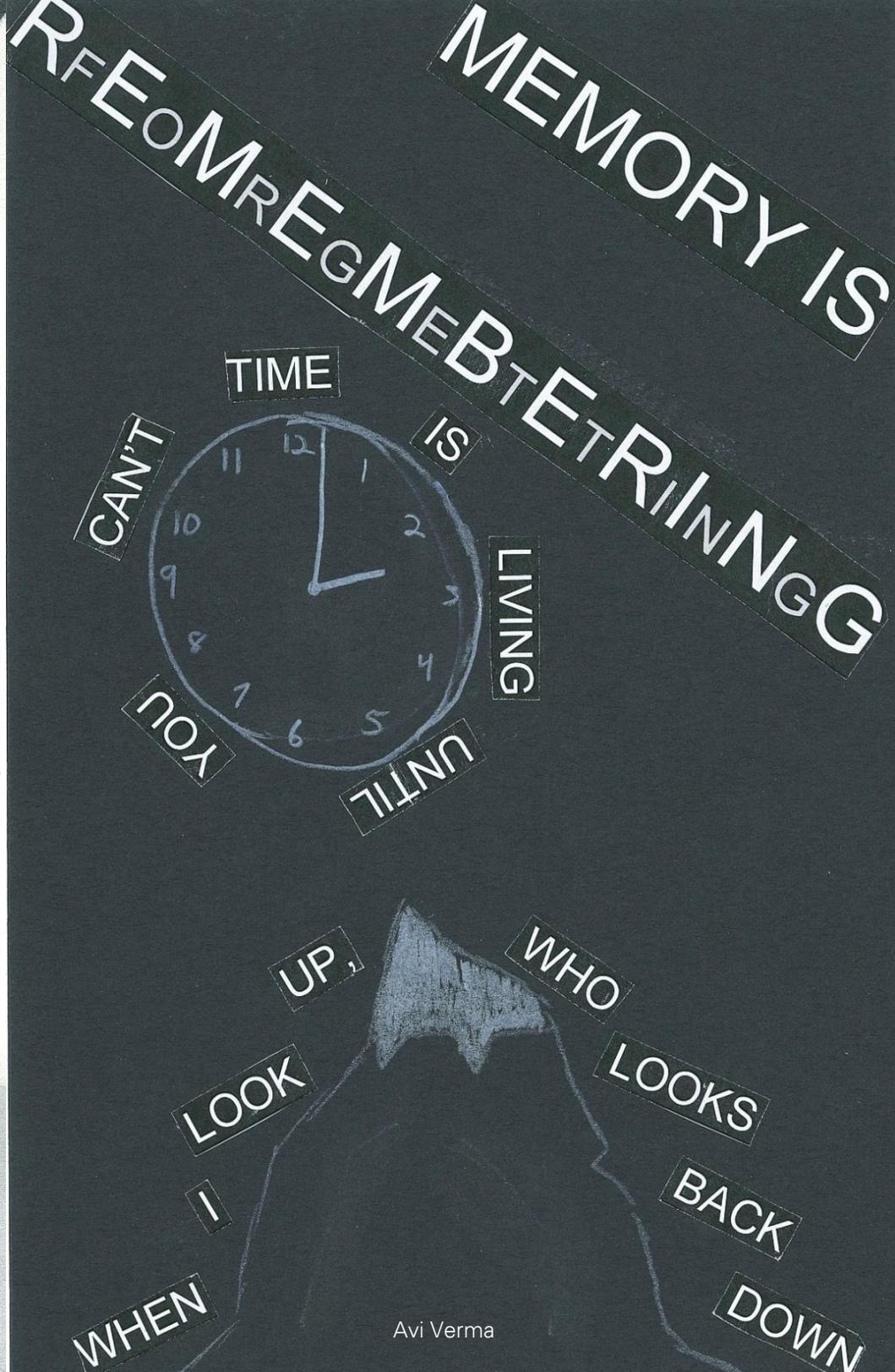
Harjot Toor



Alex Gilmour, Jack Kraus



Sophie Hooper



Avi Verma



welcome home

Implode

Collapsing in on myself

Until I can no longer bear this burden

I implode

Sending shards inward

A shockwave making a ripple effect

In this planet called earth

Creating something new

Something more

Something "better"

However,

I do not like this form.

Even though everybody else does.

I must turn the shards around,

To the center

Coming together, and accepting how I was before

Before I implode

Again

And repeat this cycle of mine

baited breath

space whispered from above
that the heavens hid in drowned
cracks and that the stars,

blinded, framed the sky.
this constellation overflowed
with baited breath.

shell as mask and windowed
wall as sunken buttress of
churning current.

what was there before,
volcanic spit and astral gaze,
eroded by what came after.

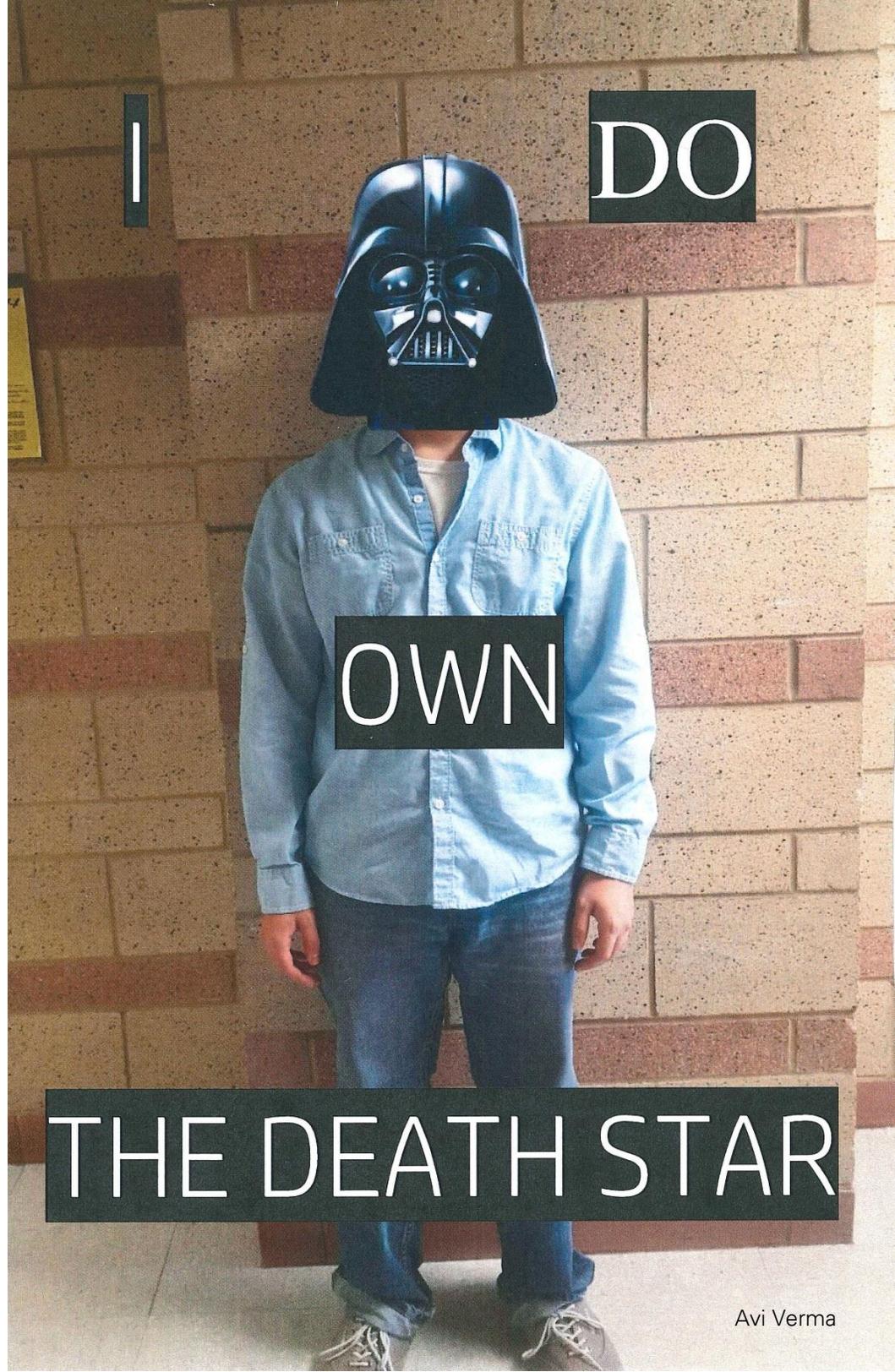
only the crab knew the cost
of beauty, of a man's vision
pushed into his world.

night crept on the corner
of the street, and the mirrors
glowed darker, blacker till black.

then, the crab slept,
knowing that once the light left,
only reflections remain.

I
DO NOT
OWN MY
LIFE

Kiera Ford, Zippora McNeil, Izzy Thompson



THE DEATH STAR

Avi Verma