A photograph of a woman wearing a traditional conical hat, sitting on concrete steps in front of a vibrant blue building. She is surrounded by various dried goods in large bowls. Behind her is a red wooden door with a metal gate and a small sign above it featuring Chinese characters.

博愛

# Unsealed

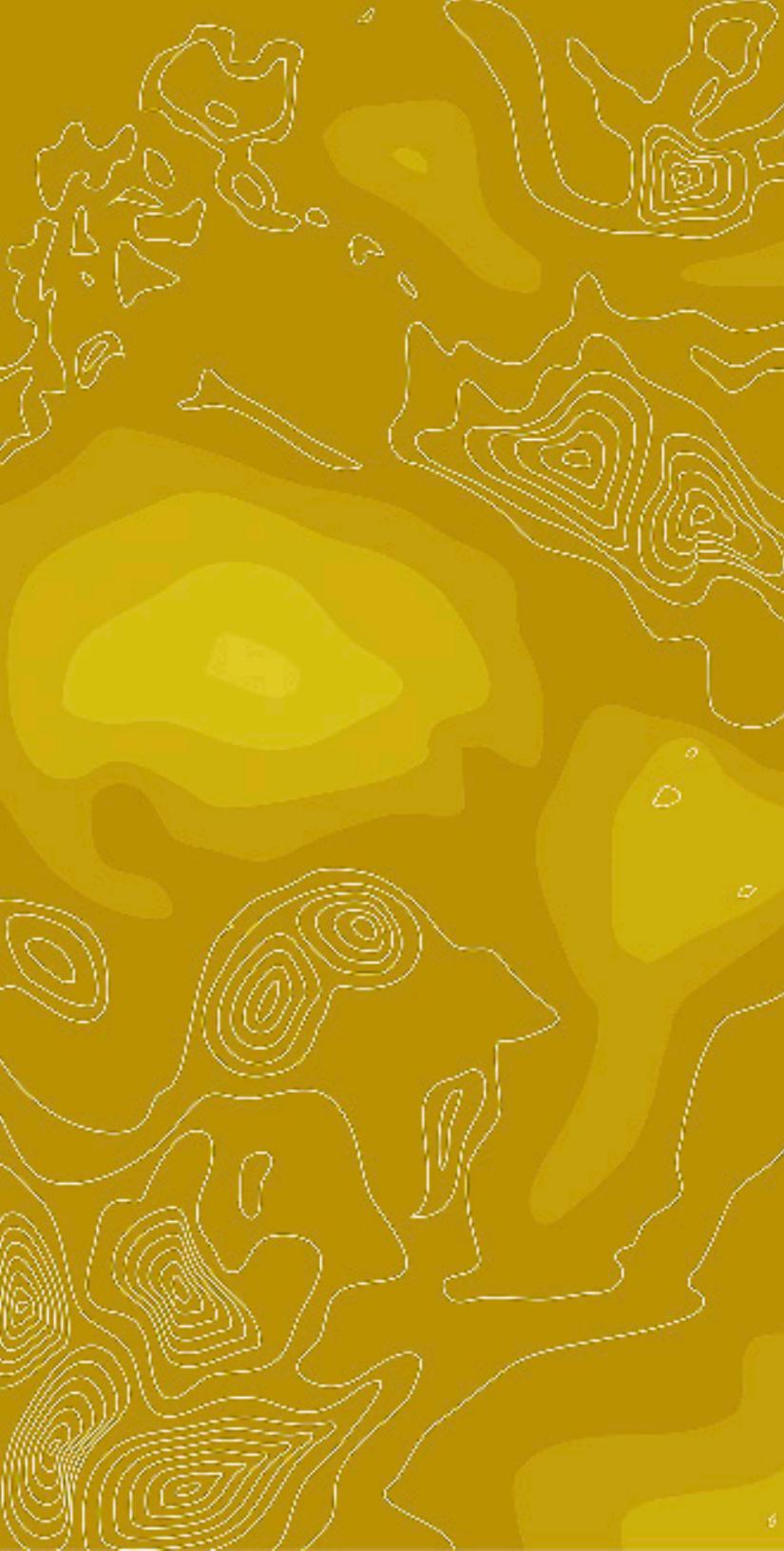
Columbia's Southeast Asian Zine

ISSUE TWO | FALL 2019

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graphic by Andre O'Quinn



## Letter from the Unsealed Team

Welcome to our second issue of Unsealed, Columbia University's premiere Southeast Asian zine! We are so excited to showcase to you some more of the incredible art and unique perspectives produced by our cultural community.

Unsealed originated with the desire to provide a platform for Southeast Asian voices. It is a collaborative project between various Southeast Asian cultural clubs at Columbia University, from the Vietnamese Students Association, Liga Filipina, the Singapore Students Association, Thai Club, Myanmar Association, and Malaysia Students Association.

The artworks here take on diverse forms from essays, poems, music, painting, digital art, film, to photography. They have been submitted from Columbia University students as well as various artists from throughout New York. There are no requirements for what type of art is to be submitted, except that you must come from a Southeast Asian or Southeast Asian American background.

Our goal and mission is to elevate Southeast Asian representation by recognizing and celebrating their perspectives through art. We emphasize that works do not need to speak directly to culture or heritage, as one's identity is inevitably embedded in the work they create, regardless of the artist's chosen subject. Ultimately, our hope is to showcase everyone's diverse yet unifying aesthetics, personal expression, voice, and message.

Thus without further ado, we present to you the second issue of Unsealed! We appreciate your ongoing support in our mission to create a positive space for the cultivation of Southeast Asian culture. We hope you love it as much as we do!



# Para sa Kultura

by Joshua Castillon

I'm an experimental visual artist who analyzes the world, captures it, and rearranges it in a diverse array. Urban culture has a heavy undertone in my work, people caught in their natural habitat have a natural beauty to them. I celebrate differences in the world and emphasize those differences wherever I create and with whoever I create with. I resonate with the tone of the culture and the personality of the people.



## Part I: postwar, Vietnam

by Thuy Tran (**Hangie**)

*"Hangie,"(pronounced "Angie"), is a lawyer-aspiring student who loves boba and books equally. She is obtaining her master's in Education Policy at Teachers College, Columbia University, where she advocates for comprehensive educational opportunities for underprivileged students.*

Mama went to jail  
not because she spoke out against communism  
but because, she wrote, taking away our freedom  
is not the communism  
(that we fought for)

america ignited terrorism,  
turning our rice fields crimson  
from mountains to villages  
children ran after can food dropped from the sky  
forgetting that sometimes they are bombs

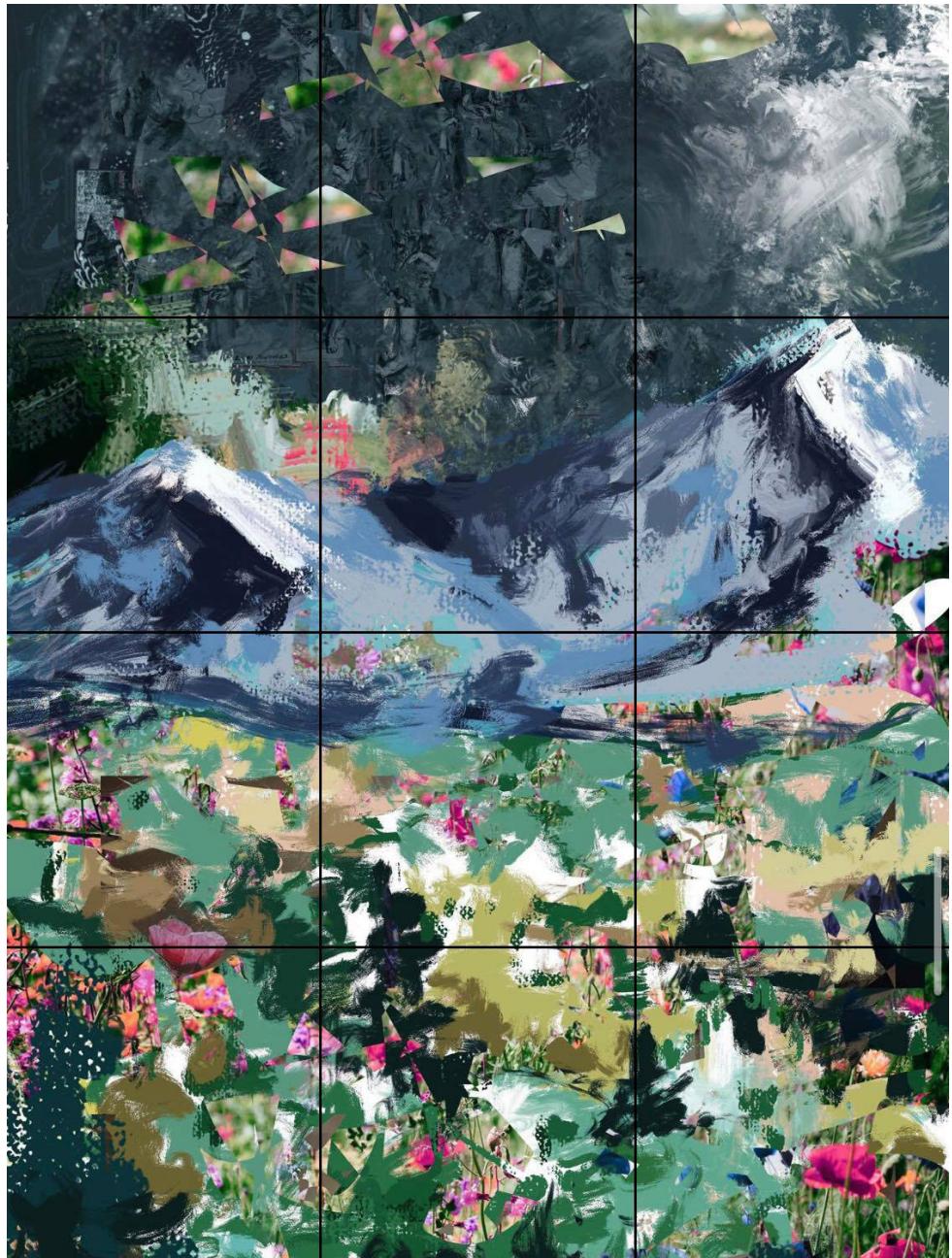
our own kinds  
turned against each other  
communists by day and republicans by night  
colonialism divides  
before it conquers

since the fall of saigon,  
more than: three million lives gone,  
2 million refugees overseas  
displaced bodies we can't identify  
those left behind men like  
my grandfathers locked away  
in concentration-i meant reeducation camps  
collecting dead corps  
and women, our mouths silenced, legs forced  
opened, for the revolution we bled

photograph by Kaung Nay Htet







## **From David:**

My work explores narrative when viewed in reconfigured, alternative, and expanded ways. How we perceive story, memory, and history is of paramount interest to me. Everyone can view the exact same thing but remember differently. In this way, my “narrative impressionist” artwork seeks to fragment images and narratives and then present them anew in reconfigured styles. Using elements like personal history, fragmented images of memory, appropriated internet media, and cultural history, I weave these disparate materials together to form collage-like digital paintings and video works.

David Koh is a new media digital artist based in Brooklyn. He received his B.A. in Film &

TV Production in 2015 from NYU's Tisch School of the Arts.

Informed by his background as a filmmaker and traditional artist, David manipulates aspects of video, narrative, photography,

and traditional art to create his collage-like expressionist work. David explores themes relating to fragmented identities, cultures and narratives in an

internet-technology driven world. Launching his brand name and moniker Cellestial

Studios in 2017, David began his art practice with his on-going project “The #infinitepainting” which exists as an ever-updating digital painting on his Instagram account @cellestialsstudios. Born

in Singapore but spending his formative years in the United States, David’s mixed cultural background compels him to creatively explore what it means to have a personal and cultural narrative and what home means in a border fluid world.



# A War in Vietnam

by Trang Dao

*This is a memoir about my experience as a bilingual person. My way of thinking, personality, and cultural interpretation have been shaped by learning a new language. I felt a deep connection to Amy Tan's personal essay, "Mother Tongue," and this inspired me to write about how language can shape an identity and can lead an individual to perceive life in a particular way.*

I am from Vietnam. Both my parents are Vietnamese, so I look Vietnamese, but I am not really. People call me "fake" Vietnamese. Sometimes I feel offended, but sometimes I agree with their comments. Before I moved to the US, I concluded that I had two identities: Vietnamese at home, and French at school. I didn't speak Vietnamese as well as I spoke French, and despite living in Vietnam, I was more French-cultured than Vietnamese-cultured.

Growing up as a bi-cultured person, I could be both romantic and arrogant like most of my French classmates were, but other times I could also be straight-forward and shy like most of my Vietnamese family members. I was used to being a "two-people" person, but these two identities sometimes confused me. When I was in middle school, I didn't know how to talk to people – or at least that's what they told me. Everyday, my dad would scold me for my 'bad behavior:

"Don't use 'T' and 'you' when speaking to adults. You have to use 'cháu' (niece) and 'cô chú' (uncle and aunt) when speaking to elders." Every time I got scolded, I apologized and promised that I understood obviously I didn't. I was taught to use "je" (I) and "vous" (you) when speaking to people. Didn't I just have to do that, but in Vietnamese?

\*\*\*

In the nineteenth century, Vietnam was invaded. The country was vulnerable, and was thus easily swallowed by France. French soldiers swarmed, came in like a cloud covering the entire country. The Vietnam that was once filled with people who were allowed to express their feelings was then filled with loss, confusion, anger, and fear as people's voices were taken away. Vietnamese people weren't free; in fact, they could barely identify as Vietnamese. There was no unified population anymore, but two, and one was consuming the other. Starting over 200 years ago, France has changed the Vietnam into an unknown place: a place where no identities can be easily defined.

\*\*\*

In 2003, my mom put me in a French school, Lycée Français Alexandre Yersin. Before being sent to school, my voice was the most important because I was the smallest at home: whatever I did gained all of the attention in the house. I was free. At least I thought I was, until "my" world became, "the" world—a world where no one listened to me. A world where I was expected to be like another person.



photograph by Cindy Trinh



photographs by Cindy Trinh



I remember facing the most frustrating moment of my life during the first week of pre-school. I was very thirsty but couldn't find any way to express myself in front of the French teacher. "Cô oi, cho cháu uống nước" I told her with a dry and scratchy throat. Disappointedly, she replied, "Je ne te comprends pas, parles en français." I understood that she wanted me to speak French since we just went over the translation of water, but I was so thirsty that my head was completely empty. I had the word in my head and I knew what I wanted, but I had to work and translate it first. I also knew that she understood me, so why did I have to make the second step and? So I repeated my sentence in Vietnamese with an eager tone. The next thing I knew I was standing in the corner of the class and staring at the wall for fifteen minutes. That afternoon, my mom received a phone call that I suspected was from the French teacher as I saw the the sorrowful look in her eyes. She put down her phone and whispered to my dad that the school called, requesting that they should get me a tutor if they didn't want me to perform poorly in class. From that day on, nothing I did was my way anymore, but their way.

\*\*\*

After colonizing the entire country, France moved on to its next step of taking away the Vietnamese writing system and replacing it with a Latin based alphabet in order to have total control of Vietnamese culture and expression. Now, Vietnam is an independent country, after leaving the French Empire in 1954. We have a single-party socialist republic, with a president and a prime minister. Though we are now free of French rule, there are some parts of our old culture that we cannot ever return to, like our writing system. The changes forced over 200 years have had a permanent influence on Vietnamese people and our culture in many ways, and our language is included in this.

\*\*\*

As I started elementary school, when I was first taught to read in French, I have killed the last Vietnamese piece of me. In second grade, I learned "les règles de grammaire" where I was told that adjectives usually come after the noun, which is the same in Vietnamese, but a great amount of them are irregular and require memorization because they are placed in front of the noun. In my child's mind, I applied the same rule when using Vietnamese. "Buy me this con đẹp búp bê" I would ask my mom instead of con búp bê đẹp. As the French knowledge in me grew even stronger, everything I was became French. When I was eight, my mom asked me to draw the flag of my country and put it on our new fridge. And so I drew a French flag. It was official; my Vietnamese identity was lost. I had become a foreigner in my own country.

# Kyoko



# Hirose





**BECAUSE...**

**THE**

**Hidden Histories of Asian S in America have**

**Unseen Loss, TRAUMA Longing**

**Soul(s)**

**Offerings**

**LEGACY**

**voices and perspectives**

**Love,**

**mu s.t**

**Stories of Change**

**be better understood, created, utilized, seen, and saved.**

Kyoko Hirose is a Junior on the pre-med track concentrating in Ethnicity and Race and Biology. She is president of AAA and advocates for Asian intersectionality.

## Untitled (Prose)

by Claire Angglid Nanthayapirom

"I had the best (and sometimes the worst) of both worlds by growing up with a Thai-Chinese heritage and an international school background. In an act of what was probably over-compensation, my dear mother raised me to be a tough and conservative cookie but it is with deep regret that I say I am chewy at best. Even though there are times Thailand makes it very difficult for me to love, I am very grateful for this land I get to call home, for my spice tolerance and for the ability to hear beyond what is said."

Tonight, the legends are alive and they are calling for you,

Suriyothai tucks her hair under her Chada,  
with dry sweat and cracked blood,  
She charges into battle and they say,  
    for her husband  
    for her father for  
    her nation.

Suphankanlaya negotiates her brothers' freedom,  
raised a queen and traded like pawn, She  
nurses yet another child and they say,  
    for the king  
    for the prince for  
    her nation.

And we call it self-sacrifice, And we say for her husband, for her father, for her brother,  
for her children, but never for her. She is spun in the silk spilled from  
worms, slippery and stunning  
    yet we spit her up and out, and  
    spoil her under our syllables.

Because even a princess, Suffocating between gasps and  
reaching for light, Whispered tales that make the morning  
roosters stop mid-song,  
    cock their heads to listen, to revere. Because  
even a queen, Curled on the floor and holding her  
unborn, Laughed out battle hymns that echoed back  
and back,  
    so nimble that they hinder, they heal.

And all the women of the past who endured and endured and endured  
Would not want to see you emerge as human, as worthy,  
    only as your ribs coil into a garland, and  
    you offer the tip of your nose to fire.





art by Celia Bui Le

I know you have been told  
that you must not be too loud  
    too hard  
    too difficult  
too kind too present too uninhibited too aloof too ambitious too—  
that you must not be too much—not full but just enough. Or  
people will lie and slander and gossip And in a nation where  
narrative carves the truth into your skin, to be a girl is already a  
condemnation waiting only for the crime. An identity defined in  
negation, absolution comes  
    only in the form of sacrifice.

My dear, they have already created a whore, a traitor, an adulterer, a  
disgrace, They have already made a scapegoat out of a little girl  
somewhere, nestled in the warmth of her mother's belly. They have  
already created so many excuses, and they will create so many more.  
They can have their pick of the devil incarnate.

So please, I am asking you—  
Do not tug and pull your skin,  
    And turn it inside out, And chafe your  
hands, And gnaw at your bones, just to  
    make an offering at a cracked altar.

Tonight, the legends are alive and roaming the streets.  
They are looking for you and they want you to remember.  
So tell me your story, Make it human, and make it yours.

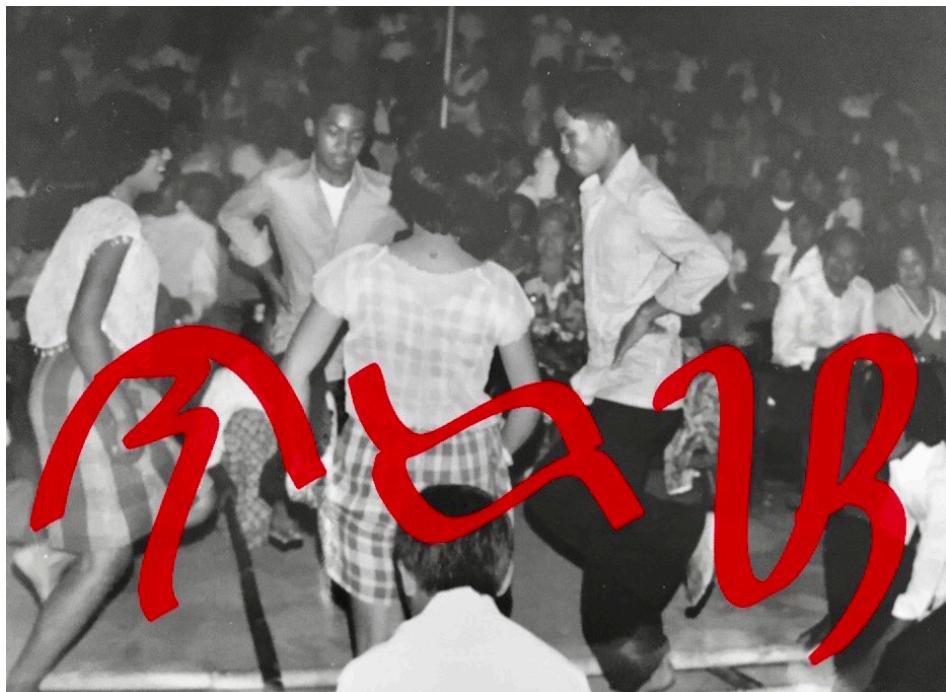
#### **Prose piece background and commentary:**

Suriyothai was a royal queen consort who lived during the early to mid 16th century. She is known for participating in the Burmese-Siamese War. Legend has it that while defending her husband on elephant-back, she was struck dead by the burmese viceroy who did not know he was in combat with a woman and was thus, shocked when her falling armory revealed her long hair. Suphankanlaya was born slightly before Suriyothai's death. Contrary to Suriyothai, there is very little record of Suphankanlaya except for what has been told through word of mouth. Nevertheless, it is generally believed that she became one of King Bayinnaung's (the reigning monarch at that time) minor wives in order to affirm her father's loyalty to the Burmese crown.

The legend of Suriyothai and Suphankanlaya rests upon their acts of self-sacrifice. How their stories continue to be told today underscores the glorification of female self-sacrifice in Thai culture because Thai women are consistently encouraged to surrender their identity and well-being for the benefit of their family and the men in their life. My writing started because I wanted to call attention to the shame we force upon women who do not devote their emotional and physical labor for the benefit of the patriarchy. As I finished the piece, I realized, too, that I wrote this to remember the women who have come before me as more than their circumstances, and to honor the women who will come after me as creative and productive agents already coloring in the kaleidoscope of the 21st century Thai woman.

# text me when you get home

by Czaerra Ucol



you and i are something entirely new  
like a warm, flickering amber light  
slow burning incense  
from your palm  
to my fingers  
wayward hearts amidst  
an expected sauna  
air like a roux, thickening  
lines drip perpendicular  
onto our lips

gliding above  
the incessant bustling  
thumbs circle each other  
a palm on the chrome handle  
the other folded over your elbow  
we surf metallic shores



**Photo Project**  
**by Athena Abadilla**

Czaerra is a senior at NYU studying APA (Asian Pacific American studies). To read more of her poems, visit her art instagram, @czae\_art.

our journey is over  
for now  
we live blocks away from each other  
a soft parting gift  
planted on my forehead  
(you make me wish i was taller)

each step away  
is a step nearly promised in the future  
the two things i love  
are public transit  
and you

BAYBAYIN is an ancient script from the Philippines. Its history dates back to pre-colonial times, and recent revitalization efforts across the Filipinx diaspora ensures its existence in the present-day. Represented here is the traditional style of Baybayin, prior to modernization by the Spanish. In learning this Baybayin script and incorporating it into her work, the student artist Athena Abadilla has been able to trace vital historical movements in preservation of indigenous traditions and resistance against colonial powers in the Philippines.

**PHOTO 6241: NARAGSAK**

*(top left photo)*

Ilokano representations of fun, joy, and happiness! In this photo, this carefree excitement among the community manifests itself in the form of dance. Here is the traditional dance of timikling, originating in the farms of the Philippines, where participants rhythmically dance across the clapping of bamboo sticks.

**PHOTO 5632: BINHI**

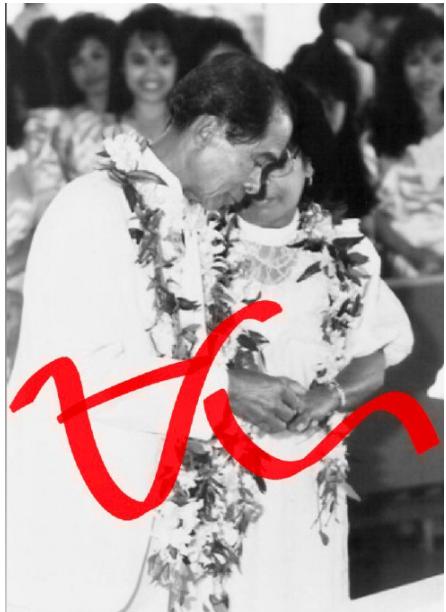
*(bottom left photo)*

Meaning seed, a big theme in the Filipinx diaspora is "finding our roots." For the Valencia family (my mom's side), the relationship of my grandparents pictured here serves as the foundation, the seed, for our lives here in the U.S.

**PHOTO 5641: MAHAL**

*(bottom right photo)*

This is the deepest expression of "love" in the language. The word also directly translates to "expensive," implying the recipient of this mahal is highly valued and cherished. This paired picture shows a celebration of my grandparent's love during their renewal of marriage vows in their new home church in Hawai'i.





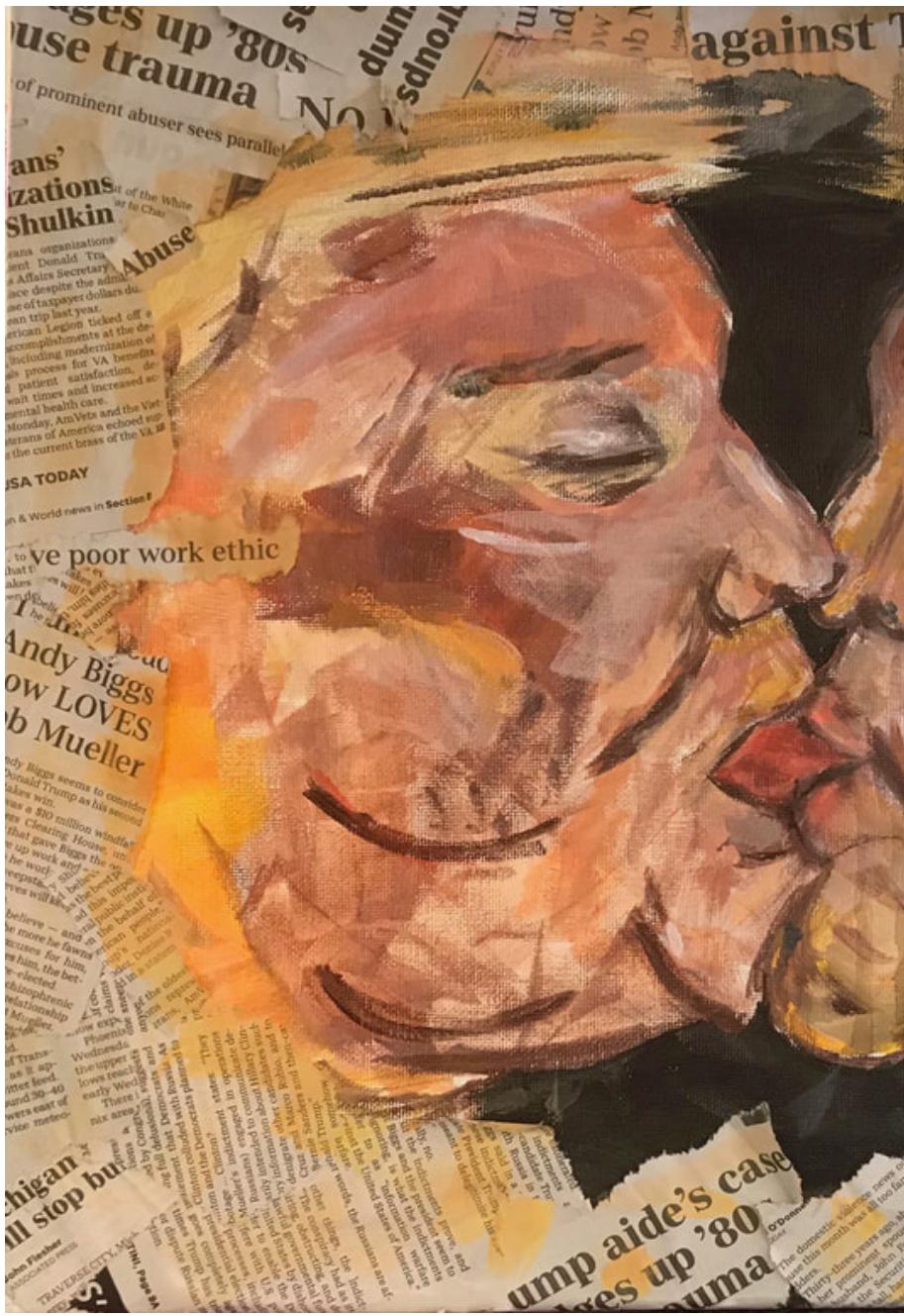
**Celia Bui Le**

*Ô Phê Li A, or Floral Asphyxiation*  
(Acrylic, 24x30)

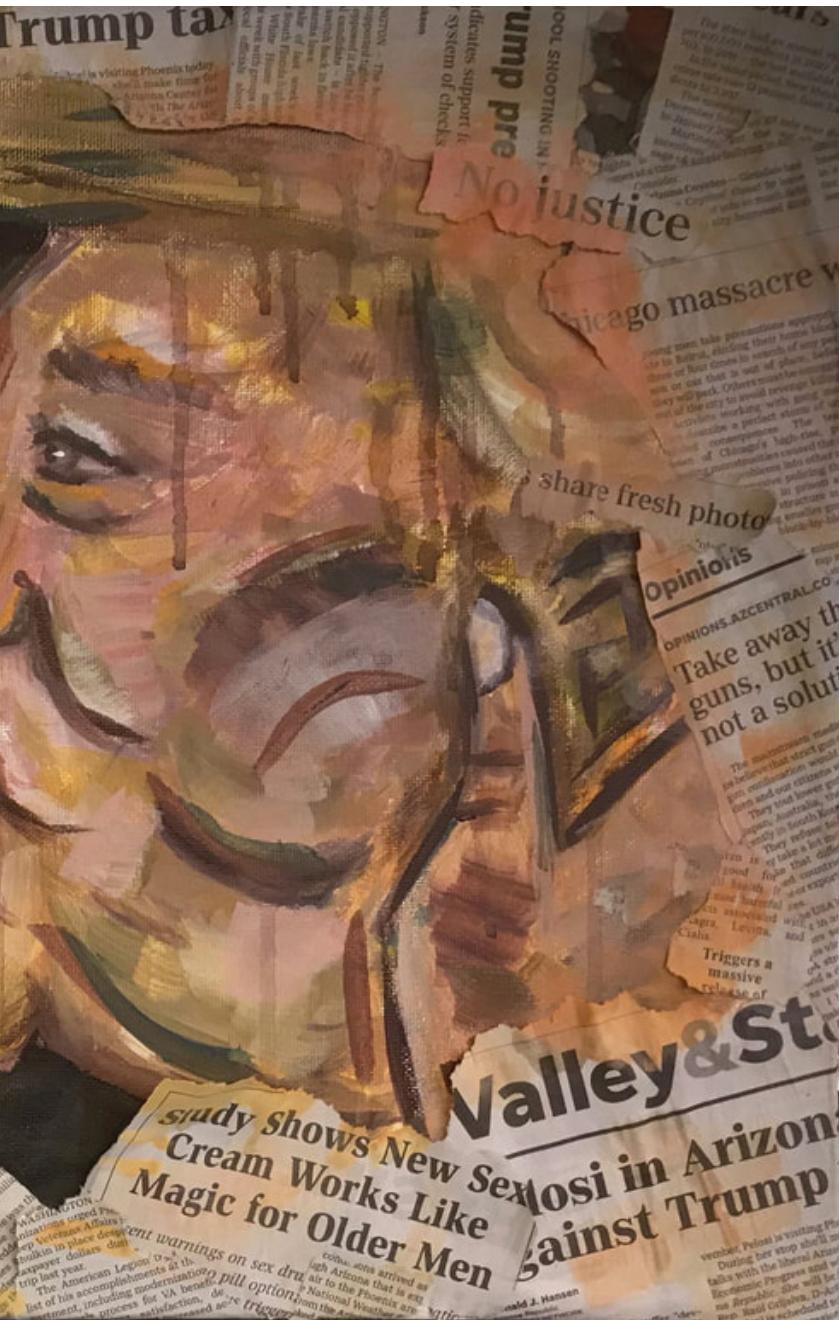
In this painting, I appropriated two things: 1) the Ophelian trope of a wronged, deranged maiden drowning and 2) the theme and importance of water as a reference to the International Year of Water. Water has an important place in Vietnamese culture and life, be it one of the four Natural Realms in the Shamanist religion of Dao Mẫu or the countless rivers flowing through and giving life to deltas. Two lotus flowers frame the subject, and an image of a fruit boat borrowed from the floating market of Cái Răng rests near the bottom. Here, I want to evoke the imagery of postwar refugees — “boat people” and a sense of what is lost or gained through migration.



**Celia Bui Le** *Exotic Arousal* (Photographs)  
Photos of myself dressed in red (*áo dài*, traditional regalia of the Kinh ethnic majority in Vietnam) and blue (mixed-pattern brocade skirt from Northern Vietnam) interacting with the aforementioned painting as an attempt to challenge the homogenous narrative of Vietnam.



# TRANG PHAN: LOVE YOURSELF



2017 (Acrylic on canvas)

This painting was inspired by Dmitri Vrubel's mural "My God, Help me to Survive This Deadly Love". I wanted to describe narcissism through the subject of the painting and the public's reactions to it in the newspaper from that week glued around.

# How Cải Lương Sent Me Flying Into My

by Nguyễn Phước Đại – Tyler

## How I Discovered *Cải Lương*:

I love my dad. I love him so much that, for 20 years of knowing him, I had put up with all of his weird mannerisms. One of which, most prominently, is his habit of singing (more like shouting) some Vietnamese phrases while going about his daily tasks. If it were humming or otherwise, it would be quite normal. But no, these were perfectly formed poetic verses straight from a play of some sort. Let me explain my confusion with an example. One beautiful day in times past, as ba was cooking in the kitchen of our small Vietnamese house in upriver Sài Gòn, he suddenly burst out into a recitative-like melody:

Hãy cùng ta giao đấu!

Nhưng nếu sợ quai hùm, khá rời xa trận chiến!!!!!!

Bỡn này gã sầm hung, ngươi đừng kêu môi múa mõ.

I shall challenge thee to battle

O foe! Unless thou art weary of defeat and flee the battlefield...

Listen up peasant, don't you open that silly mouth.

First of all, I was utterly confused because that was literally the only thing he sang. It wasn't a complete song, nor a coherent monologue. It was just a line or two... and back to cooking the phở it was. What was this weird form of "music" he was enjoying? Why was he so vigorously into it? Is there a secret Vietnamese war song that I don't know of?

The answers to those questions have eluded me for my entire life, until much recently. I have discovered, or should I say uncovered, an old musical tradition that my dad never thoroughly revealed nor showed me. It was then that I learned about *Cải Lương* [Kai Loong].

## What is *Cải Lương*?

Often referred to as "reformed opera" in English, *Cải Lương* was created as an improvement of the *Hát Tuồng* tradition, which resembled Chinese Peking Opera with masks and over-the-top make up. While the *Tuồng* tradition was developed in the north of Việt Nam to cater to more aristocratic audience, *Cải Lương* was adopted by commoners and peasants in the Southern Mekong Delta as a form of artistic and musical expression in the 1900's. It is a beautiful and harmonious blend of southern Vietnamese folk songs, *Hát Tuồng* classical recitatives, and spoken drama. The subject of *Cải Lương* can be broadly divided into two camps: Folk Life and Historical. While the former contains a plot that revolves around a contemporary socio-political issue, the latter (sometimes referred to as *Cải Lương Hồ Quảng*) focuses its attention on historical drama taken from the Sinitic world.



# Cultural Rediscovery



*Cải Luồng* is performed by an orchestra of classical Vietnamese instruments like the Đàn Cò, Đàn Nguyệt, Đàn Bầu, etc. You might be tempted to judge prima facie that the accompaniment is just a bunch of the random notes on the lute. However, the “improvisatory” nature of the orchestral accompaniment follows strict rules of phrasing. Each musical phrase has a head, body, tail; it is the job of the orchestra to punctuate these parts. Furthermore, *Cải Luồng* has specific sections (like how Western Opera has recitatives, arias, and cavatinas) including, but not limited to, the *lối*, the *Vọng Cố*, the *Tân Cố Giao Duyên*.

The words/lyrics/text to each show is written in poetic verse by the poet/composer. Since most of *Cải Luồng* is improvisatory, you do not need an orchestral score – just the libretto is enough. The libretto here must be in some sort of poetic meter and are often super melodramatic. The words are often carefully chosen for its profound meaning. I learn a lot of new vocabulary just by watching *Cải Luồng*!



Tyler/Phúoc Đại Nguyễn is a Sophomore at Columbia College studying Financial Economics and East Asian Languages & Cultures. He lived 11 years in Hồ Chí Minh City, Việt Nam. For inquiries, questions, and/or *Cái Lưong* recommendations, please contact him at [dpn2109@columbia.edu](mailto:dpn2109@columbia.edu)

### **My Cultural Rediscovery through *Cái Lưong*:**

The paternal side of my family traces its roots back to a town called Bến Tre (Bamboo Harbor), which sits at the heart of the Mekong Delta as well as the development of *Cái Lưong*. Given its southern roots, *Cái Lưong* used to be almost critical to the daily divertissements of the people there – a preferred pastime among the masses of sorts. Although it is slowly disappearing, it constantly connects me back to the land to which my forefathers belong every single time I listen. I am sorely ashamed to not have found it earlier, but I am definitely glad I have now. I feel the younger Vietnamese generation, like myself before, will forever miss out on the historical tales, the political satire, and the beautiful intricacies if *Cái Lưong* will one day be extinct.



In a period of excessive globalization, the music industry of Vietnam has gradually shifted to big time V-POP names. Although I appreciate Vietnam Pop music, I feel that it is slowly eating away listenership to other forms of traditional Vietnamese music, like *Cải Lương*. As such, to them, the art form becomes a symbol of the past and inaccessible to their ears. This man-made musical barrier can definitely be compared to the “elitist” stigmatism in Western Opera. Therefore, *Cải Lương* is now viewed as an archaic and (ironically perhaps) unrefined genre of Vietnamese music that only old grandparents listen to. Conversely, I have been scoffed at by family and friends because listening to *Cải Lương* as a teenager was seen as “hipster” and an act to become “cool.”

That cannot be further from the truth. I, personally, love listening to Western Opera (I am writing an entire opera with my Lit Hum professor). So, such enthusiasm begged me to research and appreciate my culture’s own form of theatrical/musical art which would eventually be *Cải Lương*, for me. It truly has redefined my identity as a Vietnamese person. I not only speak and write in Vietnamese, but I am literally enjoying the same music as other Vietnamese around the country.

If you are Vietnamese, I really encourage you to listen to one of our musical-theatrical arts such as the *Cải Lương*, *Đờn Ca Tài Tử*, *Hát Tuồng*, *Hát Bội*, etc. And if you are not Vietnamese, find out what sort of musical genres have influenced your culture. You can thank me later for your cultural awakening!

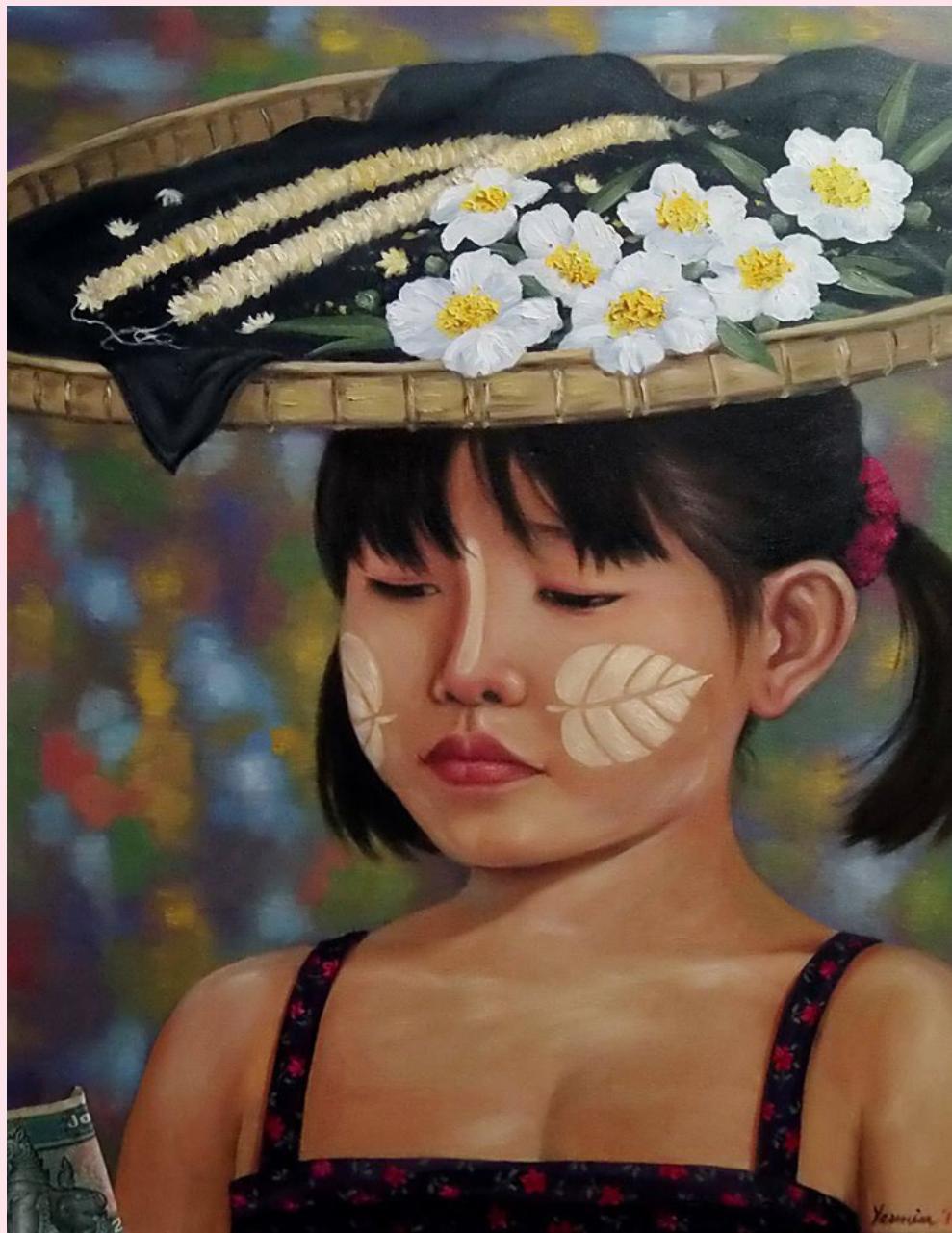


photographs by Thomas Ngo

# Thomas Ngo







paintings by Kaythari Maw



# A Love Letter

by Abigail Clemente  
(film accompaniment online)

Twelve years long I've waited for you  
I promised I'd return,  
But who'd known this long.  
Will you still be the same  
Or will I see you anew?

All the warnings and fears,  
I knew was all wrong.

Memories old and memories new  
Nothing has changed,  
But my young mind's view.

We are giants in the kitchen  
The counter's shrunken  
The bedroom's now empty  
But the pink phone remains.

On the floor, a wooden plank missing  
Water is flooding,  
The house is still standing.

Endless old treasure  
And nostalgia uncovered  
Mama's reluctant to throw out the rice dispenser.  
Moldy, she says she needs it,  
"Don't get me a new one."

All has meaning, all has attachment  
All this inanimate junk.

Our small plastic desk,  
Covered in stickers and pencil marks  
She's kept in the living room,  
To sit in front of each day  
To place upon it her sewing box, her tissue box.

Nothing has changed, you look lovely as ever  
The home I've always loved  
The childhood I crave.

All the flashbacks return  
And once again I'm eight.

I'm a Chinese & Vietnamese American, and I started photography with a few rolls of film my freshman and my mom's old SLR during my freshman year. Since then, I've switched to digital, purchased a few vintage lenses, and have had a blast learning the art.



by Sean Wang

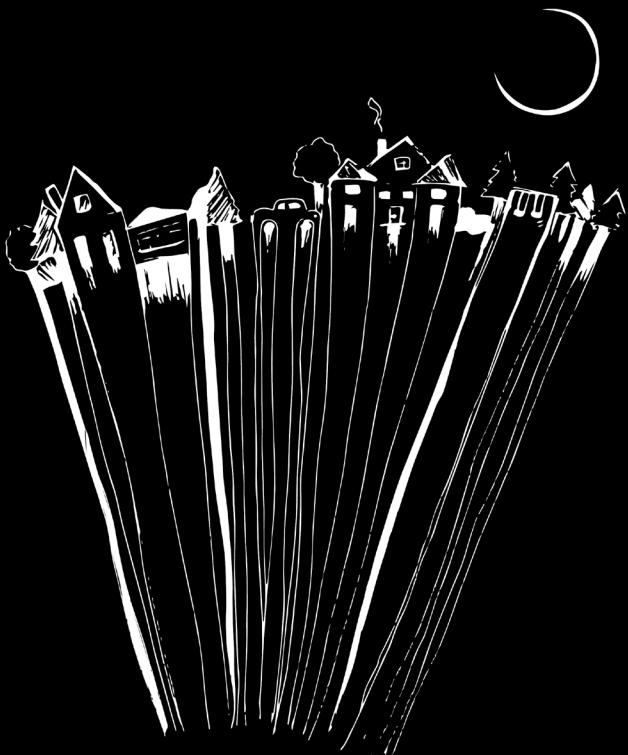


by Sean Wang



My biggest photography inspirations include Joe Greer and Willem Verbeeck who are both incredible photographers. I try and draw some inspiration from their still life photos; otherwise, I love taking my camera whenever I go on a long walk and shooting photos with my friends.

I am a 22 yr-old Visual Designer who emigrated from Myanmar to the U.S. in 2001 with my family. I love everything that has to do with art & design!



by Htaw Pakao

“Town” is my interpretation of how your environment affects you. It’s where you become deeply rooted into a place, just as the foundations of the houses and trees that coexist there are.

# Bàn Tay Bác Minh

by cướp biển

They do not, They do not do anymore.

Orangey orangey noodles,  
or Bún Cam Cam I called it.  
It's name,  
like the texture of Their calluses  
or the curvature of Their life line  
I can't remember.

Tanned from your 20's  
a refugee in—  
You stopped. Cháu oi! Stop asking about me.  
And so I infer, as I had to  
for all things about the you now,  
the you left behind in Vũng Tàu,  
it's people, humble  
it's shoreline, adorned  
in dwellings blue then less blue  
boats of sisters and brethren pointed due west,  
but you towards some “perhaps”  
(and the the you which insisted there's a way to get anything half off),  
That They would not have chosen a life as difficult as yours for themselves.

That They,  
chubby and dexterous,  
had some different  
some easier calling.

No answer. Bác Minh oi! Please wake up.

In the light of that winter  
the name is finally clear to me:  
Bún Bò Huế,  
it's warmth filling our home, my childhood  
a broth brought to you (correctly) by only They  
our people's perfect blend of umami, spice,  
and salt,  
the same color as Their palms,  
the same coarseness as the ashes of you we set adrift.

your [Uncle Minh's] hands

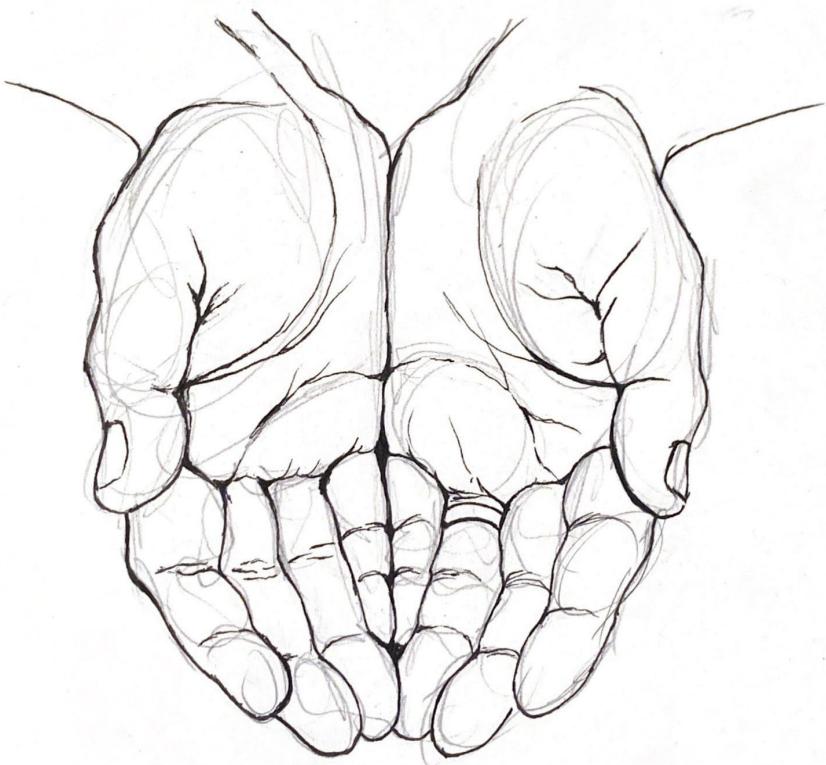
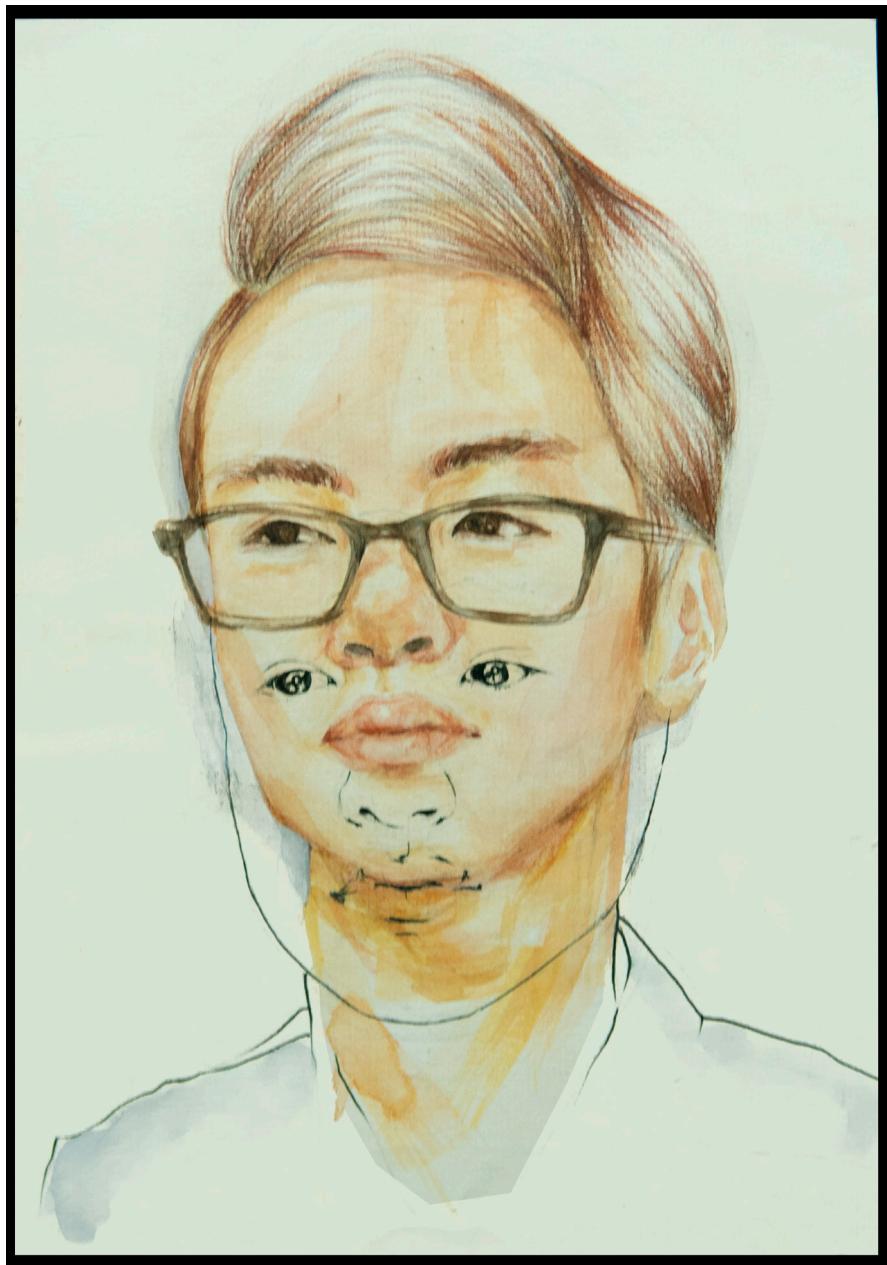
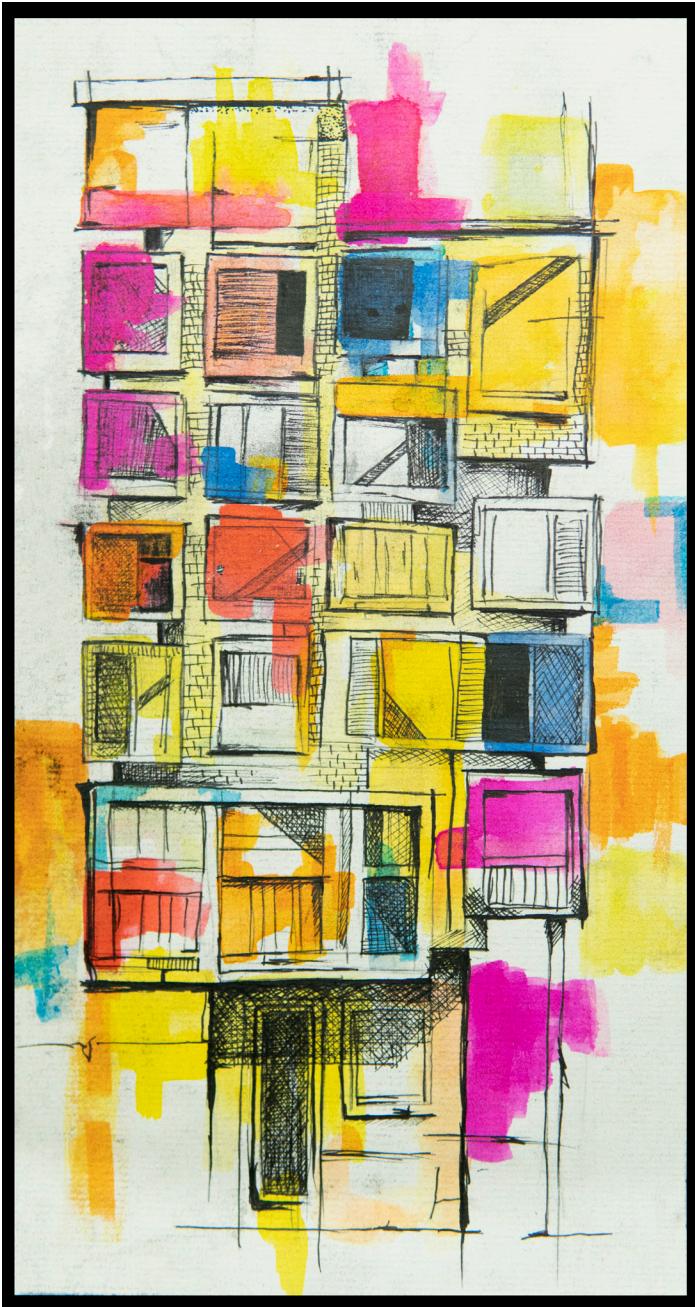


illustration by tong tong

From *Hidden Expressions* series



# Peter Phan



From *Windows and Stripes* series

# Special Thanks to Our Team

for rest of the submissions

check out website



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Tiffany Vo

## **Front Cover Photo**

Cindy Trinh

## **Back Cover Photo**

Mint Sethbhakdi

# Contributors

Andre O'Quinn

Athena Abadilla

Awil Onaug

Celia Bui Le

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Czaerra Ucol

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Mint Sethbhakdi

Natalia Briones

Peter Phan

Sean Wang

Thuy Tran (Hangie)

Thomas Ngo

Trang Dao

Trang Phan

Tyler Nguyen

BIGGEST THANKS TO OUR PALS  
AT IVY LEAGUE STATIONERS!  
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photograph by Hung Vuong

