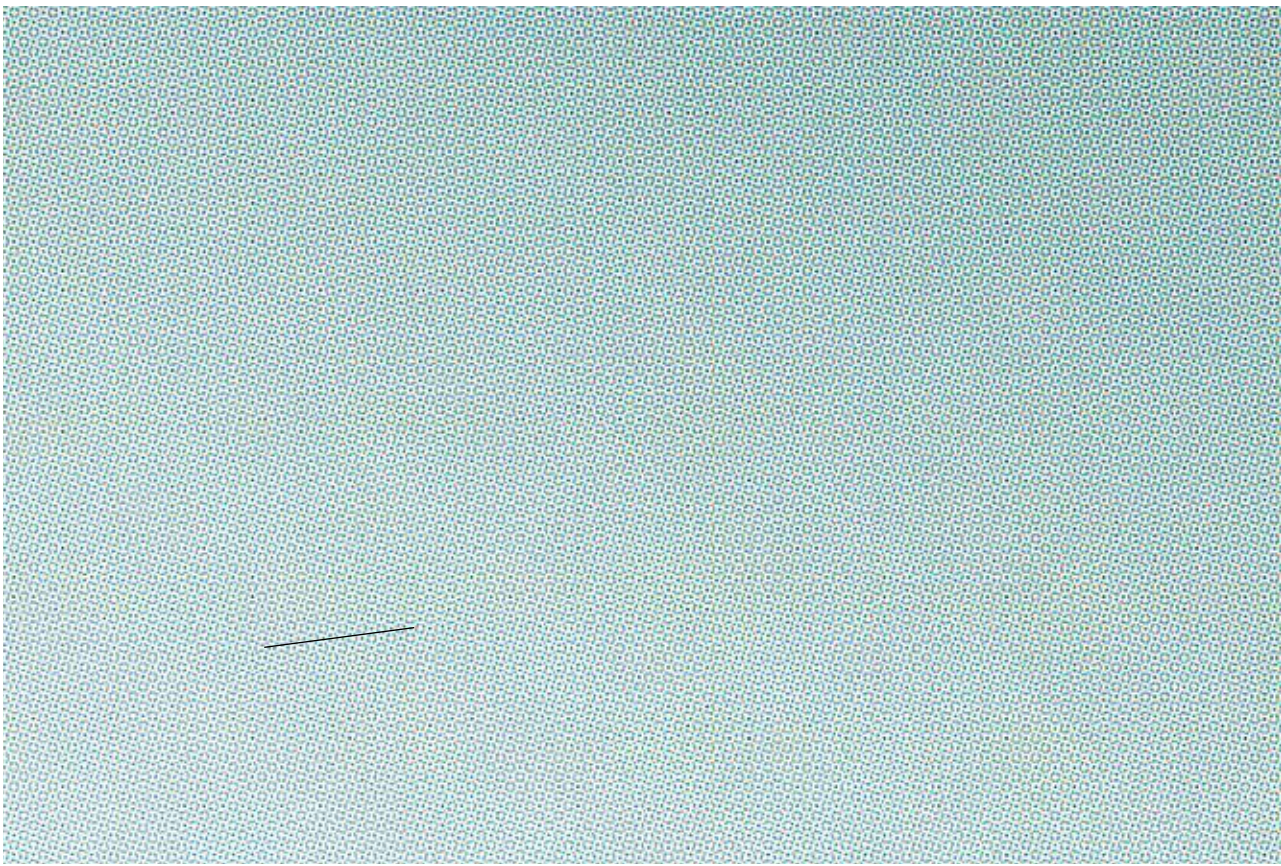
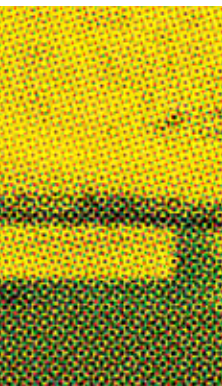


seen + HEARD



what should young people do with their lives today?
many things, obviously. but the most daring thing
is to create stable communities in which the terrible
disease of loneliness can be cured.





SEEN + HEARD — a publication here at Lesley’s College of Art + Design — features the work of current students in the art school. This magazine takes shape in a semester-long class where faculty guide students through prompts requiring thoughtful and intriguing visual responses. The work is then both written about and displayed in the issue.

This issue of **s+h** tackles the hard reality of loneliness. Kian Bakhtiari, writing for Forbes states, “...73% of Gen-Z report feeling alone sometimes or always.... Gen-Z are hyperconnected in the virtual world but socially disconnected.” That’s a terribly high percentage of loneliness. Since the magazine’s name points to ‘being aware’ — similar to the idea that artists work to be in the details by seeing and hearing the world around them — it wasn’t hard to realize that the course this semester could focus on being more aware of others we pass everyday — understanding that the disease of loneliness was likely touching a high percentage of those individuals. We could see and hear their needs and help to fulfill those needs. That is seeing + hearing life as it is happening.

In each page you’ll read a variety of experiences — each containing a visual expression of that experience. Real life stories will come from 1 of 4 focal points: interacting with a family member, a close friend, someone you know but haven’t been in contact with recently, or a com-

plete stranger. In each case the individual in focus was never to feel like a ‘project’ — time spent with them was sincere and meaningful, applying our eyes and ears to know how they really were so we could somehow help fulfill needs spoken or simply sensed.

We worked to take an idea and turn it into habit — the habit of seeing + hearing others — knowing that our own happiness and well-being is intrinsically connected to the happiness and well-being of those around us.

I will personally remember the happiness shone in the faces of each student this semester. I saw a noticeable difference as they took a little time each day looking for ways to benefit the life of another. Even with this semester happening in the cold winter months of New England, this group stepped into the cold — or out of their comfort zones — to try and better the world around them. Every effort counted. As you walk through this issue of **s+h**, remember that the heart of this work is simple: see + hear a need, and then help to fulfill it.

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awareness

nobody sees a flower – really – it is so small it takes time . . .
and to see takes time, like to have a friend takes time.

GEORGIA O'KEEFE

seeing — hearing

-ness denoting a state, condition, or quality of being.

It was pretty late at night, and I just happened to look out my bedroom window. Everything outside was super quiet — like the whole world was frozen or asleep. But then I noticed someone out in the parking lot, trying to clear snow off their car.

They looked like they'd been out there for a while, all bundled up, scraping at the windows, and trying to brush snow off the roof. The wind kept blowing it back around them too, which just made it look miserable. I was standing there, warm in my room, just watching — and I probably could've stayed there and not thought twice about it.

But then I remembered the goal we had — to help at least one stranger when we get the chance. And I don't know... something about seeing them out there alone made me feel like I should do something.

So I grabbed my coat, threw on my boots, and headed outside. And man, it was freezing. Like the kind of cold that hits you right in the face the second you step out the door. My hands were already cold before I even picked up the snow brush.

I walked over kinda awkwardly and said, "Hey, want some help?" They looked up kinda surprised at first, but then they smiled and were like, "Yeah, that'd be great."

We didn't really talk much after that. It didn't even take long — maybe a couple of minutes tops. I helped clear off the roof and windows and kicked some snow away from the tires so they wouldn't get stuck. It wasn't some huge thing — just two people getting the job done so they could get home.

When we finished, they smiled again and said, "Thank you, I really appreciate it."

And I just said, "No problem. Drive safe."

As they drove off, I stood there for a second, just kinda taking it all in. The parking lot was empty again, quiet like nothing had even happened. But it stuck with me.

Job done
Drive safe

It was such a small thing. Just a couple minutes of my night. But it felt good knowing I made it a little easier for someone.

I guess that's what I learned — helping someone doesn't have to be a big deal. It's just about noticing when you can do something good... and actually doing it. Even if it's freezing outside. Even if no one else sees it.

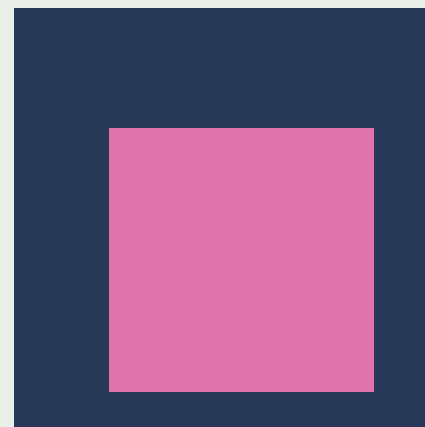




slow morning

KAILEY FITZPATRICK / SEEN + HEARD

013



A time I helped someone out this week happened while I was at work. It was a slower morning, and I just had a couple of tables sitting in the restaurant. One of them being a couple of older ladies, I'm assuming a mom and a daughter based on the age difference. It was clear to me once I approached them that the older one was dealing with some sort of disability, because her hands couldn't stay still. When she ordered her food, she asked if the kitchen could cut her steak tips into smaller pieces for her. She revealed to me she has a neurological disorder that makes it challenging to use her hands for stuff like that. Even though our steak tips are already fairly small, I made sure to cut them all into bite-sized pieces myself before serving it to her. She was extremely grateful, and it made me feel good that I was able to accommodate for her and make her day easier.

I stopped by my mom's work to see if I could get some free lunch, since my mom works at a restaurant. All of a sudden I am sat at a booth talking to one of my mother's coworkers about college and whether his son should take a gap year or follow the social clock and go straight after highschool. This man was from Slovenia and he told me that his son's english wasn't the best and that he was very nervous regarding the idea of attending college (fakulteta). I didn't really know what to say at first but after our conversation continued on for a couple minutes, I told him that his son should try going straight after because even though it is scary, it gets easier and people will definitely help him if he simply asks. He gave me a fistpump and we went our seperate ways.

fakult- eta?

I was in a rush to get to class—not because I was actually late, but because my time anxiety insists that if I’m not at least twenty minutes early, I might as well be. There’s something about the ticking clock, the looming possibility of unforeseen delays, and the sheer unpredictability of public transportation that makes me feel like I need a massive buffer. So, in my usual panic, I did something I almost never do: I rushed up the Porter Square escalator. If you’ve never been to Porter Square station, let me paint a picture for you, this escalator is long. Not just “slightly inconvenient” long, but practically-a-mountain-of-stairs long. The kind of long that makes you rethink your life choices if you ever consider walking up it instead of letting it do the work for you.

Normally, I avoid it at all costs, preferring to let the escalator carry me at its own slow, steady pace. But in my frantic determination to make it to class absurdly early, I powered through, reaching the top slightly out of breath but triumphant. As I made my way through the turnstile toward the notoriously stinky elevator because for some inexplicable reason, every other exit from Porter seems to be perpetually closed I noticed an older man standing near the fare gates, his face creased in concentration as he struggled with his phone.

He was clearly unsure how to get through, tapping at the screen as though trying to will it into cooperating. I hesitated for a second. My usual instincts told me to keep moving, to stick to my schedule, to maintain the self-imposed urgency that had gotten me to this point. But something about the way he stood there, glancing around in quiet frustration, made me stop.

I turned back and asked if he needed help, but as soon as he responded, I realized we had a language barrier. He gestured to his phone, then to the Charlie Card scanner, clearly confused about how to make it all work. I tried explaining, pointing at the screen, miming the action of tapping the card, but the confusion didn’t lift from his face. He nodded politely, but I could tell he still wasn’t sure what to do.

At that moment, I had a choice. It would have been easy to shrug and walk away, leaving him to figure it out on his own. After all, I was in a hurry or at least, my anxious brain told me I was. But something about that didn’t sit right with me.

So instead, I pulled out my own Charlie Card, tapped it against the scanner, and waved him through. His face lit up with relief, and he turned to me with such genuine gratitude that for a brief moment, all my worries about being “late” disappeared. He smiled, placed his hand over his heart in thanks, and gave a small bow before heading toward the platform. As I finally made my way to the elevator, I couldn’t help but smile to myself. Sometimes, being a little late at least by my own impossibly high standards isn’t the worst thing in the world. In that extra minute, I had the chance to turn someone’s frustrating moment into a little bit of kindness. And honestly? That felt way more important than making it to class exactly twenty minutes early.



a n n o y e d
w h a t i s h e
d o i n g h e r e a l l y
n e e d s t o
d o h i s w o r k

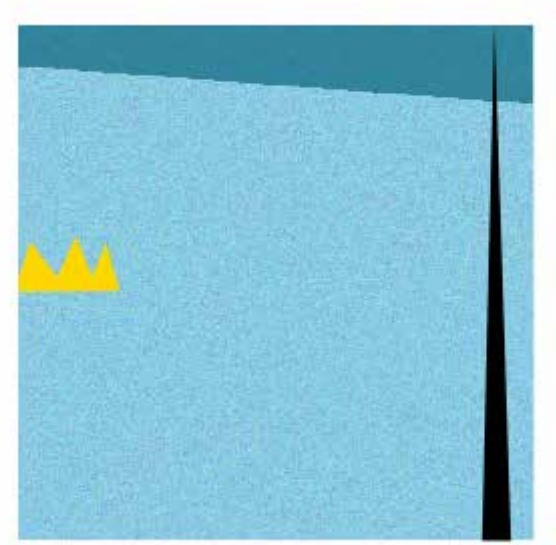
brother

On Thursday night, I came downstairs to find my brother moping to my mom. Curious, I asked what was going on, and she explained that he was being lazy and didn't want to do his homework—which involved reading a book. A pretty boring task for a kid his age. Wanting to help, I grabbed the book and started reading aloud. I was only supposed to read three chapters, but I got caught up in it and ended up reading five.

The entire time, I kept reminding him to answer the questions as I read, though when I finally turned to check on him, he had done absolutely nothing. I stared at him, half-expecting some excuse, but instead, he just snatched the book from my hands and started reading it himself. I guess my plan worked in the end, even if it took a little extra effort.

Every Sunday me and my friend Ethan do laundry together. It all started when his apartment's laundry machine broke and he had nowhere to wash his clothes. Every week, I'll go pick him up from his house and drive him back to my house and we'll do our laundry together. Not once did I think of it as like helping him out or anything;

it felt normal because it was just another chance to chill with someone I'm close with. Even though we don't live together, I see him almost as much as my own family. He has like a million laundry bags at his house, but whenever we go to do laundry, he always brings this big sky blue bag.



This term at school has definitely been tough, but honestly, having amazing friends has made it so much easier to get through. Mars and Ally have been by my side for most of the year, and I can't even explain how grateful I am for them. They always make the effort to hang out with me, check in on me, and encourage me not just with school stuff, but with life in general. They're the kind of friends who actually show up, and that means everything.

You always hear people talk about finding that "forever" friend group the ones who feel like family and for the longest time, I wondered if that would ever really happen for me. But now, with Mars and Ally, it feels like I finally found it. Being around them has healed parts of me I didn't even know were broken. It's just this constant feeling of being seen, heard, and loved for exactly who I am.

We've made it a tradition to hang out almost every Friday. Whether it's grabbing food and gossiping about our week, working on homework together, or just sitting around doing nothing special, we always find a way to make it fun. Even when life gets busy and we can't all be in the same place, we still hop on a call, catch up about our days, and eat dinner together virtually. It's such a small thing, but it means so much.

Even though I see them pretty much every day at school and we talk 24/7, having one specific day where we set everything else aside to make time for each other just hits different. It gives me something to look forward to every week, no matter how stressful everything else gets. We never run out of things to talk about somehow the conversations just keep flowing and honestly, their company never gets old.

I'm just really thankful that life brought us together. I'm excited for everything ahead too we're already planning for summer hangouts: arcade days, bookstore trips, late-night food runs, and probably a million more adventures we haven't even thought of yet. I can't wait to see where life takes us, but I know for sure that with friends like them, it's going to be amazing.

MB

n a r r a t i v e



every time we went he would buy us both a glass bottle of coca-cola. my brother reminded me that the reason we did that was for a little treat.



When deciding who I would focus on for "Someone Close" I thought of my brother. When I was thinking of what to do for this composition, I thought that it would be nice to reminisce with him. When we were younger (I was probably in elementary school and my brother was probably in high school) we would occasionally stop at a local corner mom-and-pop grocery store. Every time we went he would buy us both a glass

THE CORNER STORE OF MEMORIES



bottle of Coca-Cola. My brother reminded me that the reason we did that was for a little treat. My dad never let us drink Coke growing up and this is what made it a treat. The composition I created is a photo of two custom coke cans that my brother bought for me as part of the "Share a Coke" campaign. I also found an old photo of the store's sign which evokes the same memories.

I am grammy's favorite, not to sound vain. I am her twin, we are so similar and different at the same time. While I am in my busiest part of life, she is in her most mundane. I often feel guilty for not spending more time with her, as my time with her is limited in this life. I try to stay over and see her often, we sew and bake and she teaches me things. She sends me tiktok and youtube videos almost daily, she thinks about me all of the time. I have a hard time keeping up and responding regularly, but it warms me up inside whenever she sends me things because it means she's thinking about me. I try my best to call her once a week so she can know that I think about her too.



I called again last week, grampy wound up in the hospital and had a pacemaker put in. She was very stressed and I knew calling her would be a nice distraction for her, since I was stuck in school and couldn't travel to see her. We talked about the quilt we bought fabric for and planned to make, my internship I just got, and gossiped about my cousins. I really think I was born with a piece of her soul in mine.

Love
Grammy

This week, my mom was actually the one to reach out to me first. She had been sending me several Instagram reels (or really, links to Instagram reels over text) that I hadn't yet responded to in over a week, so she sent me a follow up message. It was a GIF with the text "Ummm hi! Remember me?"

I feel like I have a very unique relationship with my mom. I feel like any other mom would send their daughter a text saying "Miss you, call me when you get a chance!" Instead, mine says things to me like "Hey are you alive? Remember me, your mother?" But this doesn't upset me in the slightest, it's just the way that she and I communicate. Once I called her and we were finally on the phone together, neither of us had anything specific in mind to talk about. We spent two and a half hours just chatting and catching up.

That's usually how it goes. If I want to call my mom, I need to have a few hours set aside, because the call can range anywhere from 20 minutes to four hours without any warning. We talked about everything and nothing at all. She updated me on what our neighbors are up to and her recent knitting projects, and I told her about my new job, new coworkers, and how me and my partner are looking for different apartments because of how awful our property management group is. She told me how sorry she is that she still hasn't finished knitting me a pair of socks that she said she would have ready by Christmas (they're going to be "birthday socks" now).

Phone calls with my mom are like running a marathon; you need the stamina and the ability to pace yourself throughout. Once we hung up, I sat on my bed for another 20 minutes winding down and processing everything that just happened. Sometimes there's an emotional weight that lingers after each phone call, and it's something I feel very deeply. I'm extremely close with my mom, and I don't know where I would be in life right now if not for our Olympic-worthy phone calls.

me



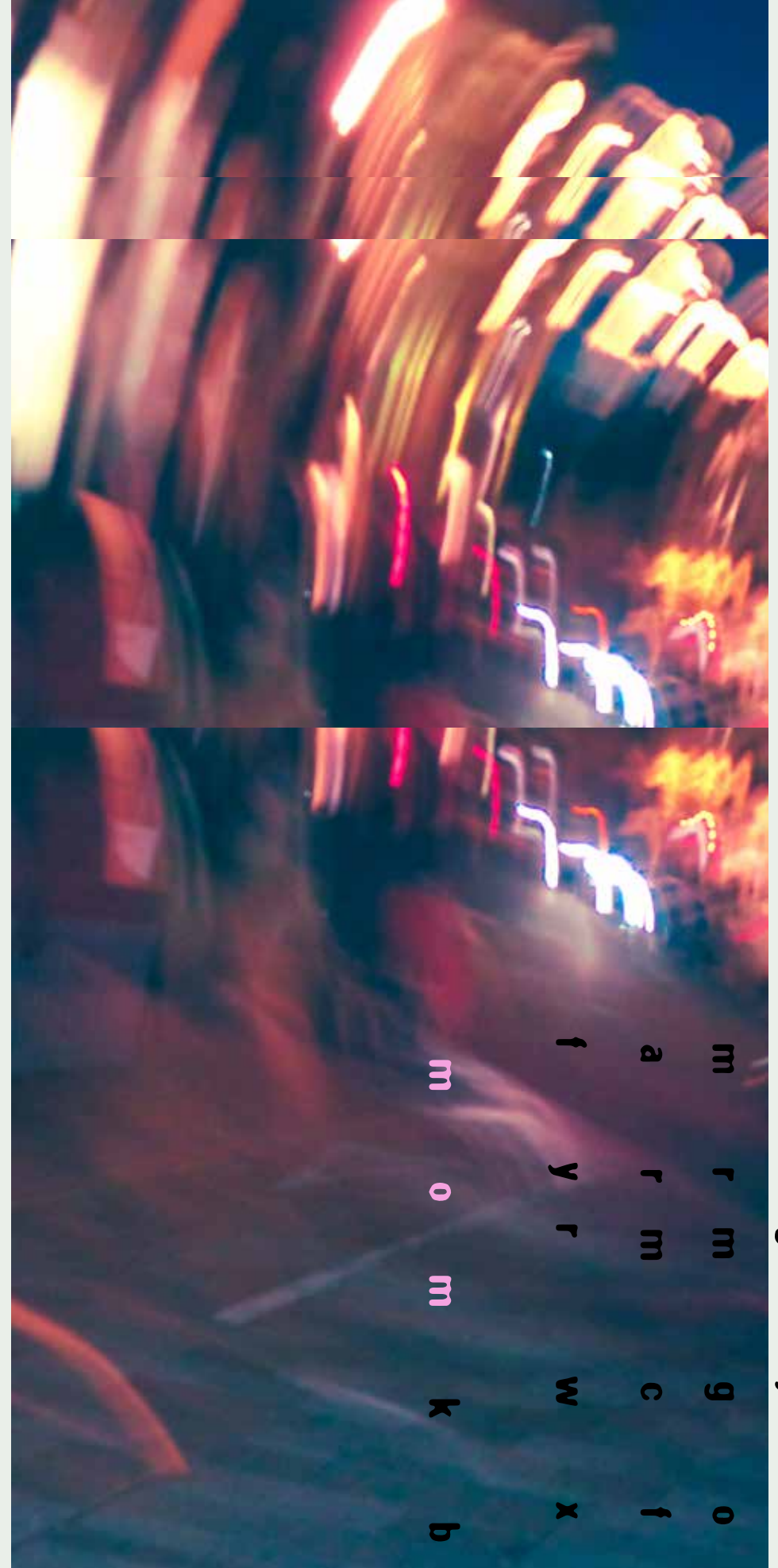
the

finding

time

Before I left for class on Wednesday, my mom came into my room and asked if I was busy. Even though I was in the middle of getting ready for school, I told her no and went to her room. She needed help editing a flyer for work, and I was more than happy to assist her with something I'm actually good at. As I worked on the flyer, I could tell she was really proud of how it was turning out, which made me feel even better about helping her.

Time slipped away as we adjusted the design and layout, and before I knew it, I was running very late for school. But honestly, it was completely worth it. Seeing my mom so happy with her work made my entire morning, and knowing that I could contribute in a meaningful way felt incredibly rewarding.



r h a p p y
b u g j v m
m r m g o
a r m c f t
f y r w x a
m o m k b m



Every conversation I've had with Estephany has been amazing. No matter what we talk about, it just feels easy and right. I can always be myself with her—no pressure, no overthinking, just us.

039

When trying to design a square for her, all I could think about was how much I love her. Seriously, that was it. She's my safe place, the person I trust with anything, and the one who makes everything feel okay. She's like a home away from home, and as long as I have her, I know I'm good.

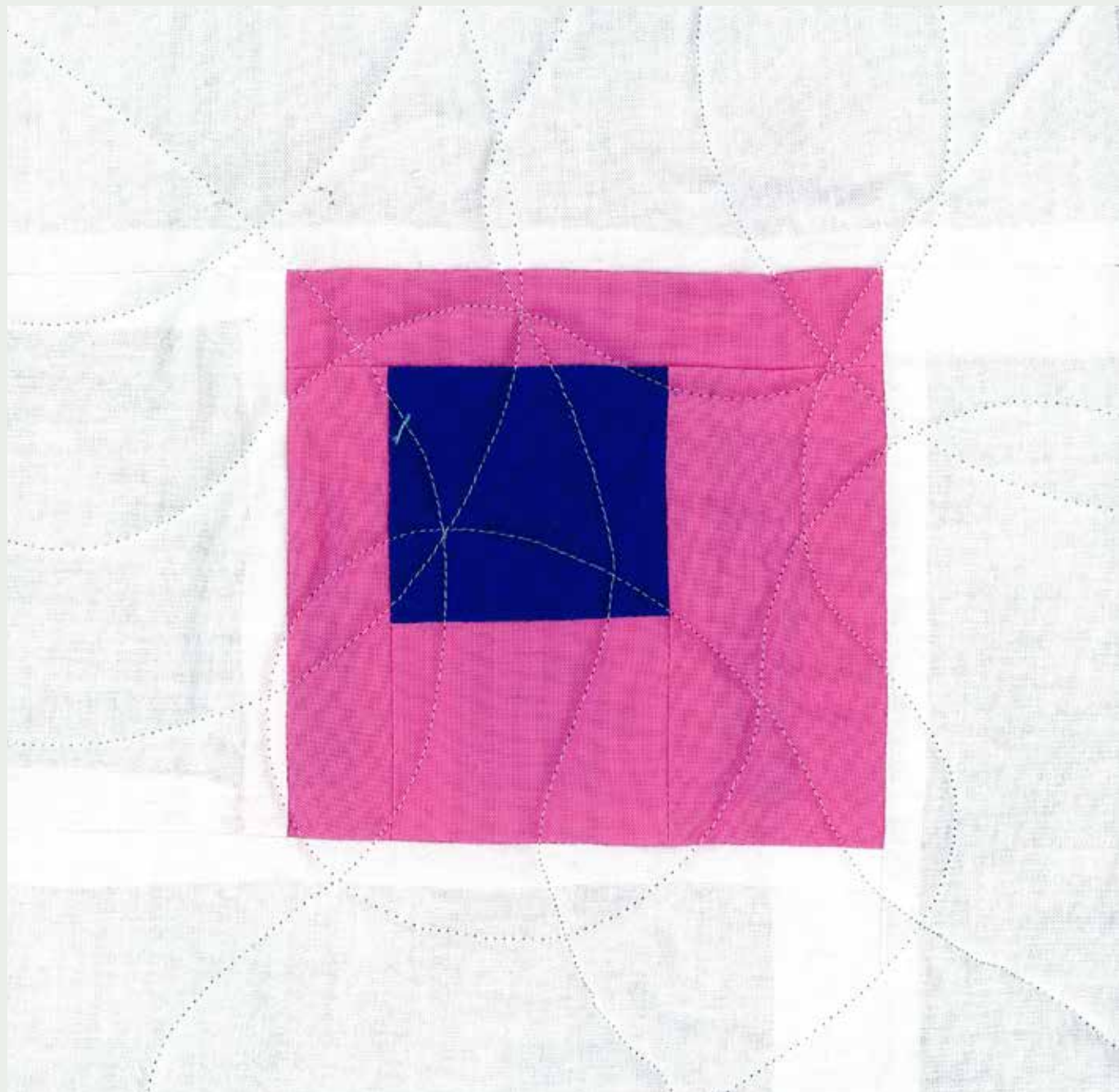
Estephany es mi persona, mi refugio seguro, mi hogar lejos de casa. Y mientras la tenga a ella, sé que siempre estaré bien.



SEEN + HEARD

MILES BRAJDIC

038



Nana

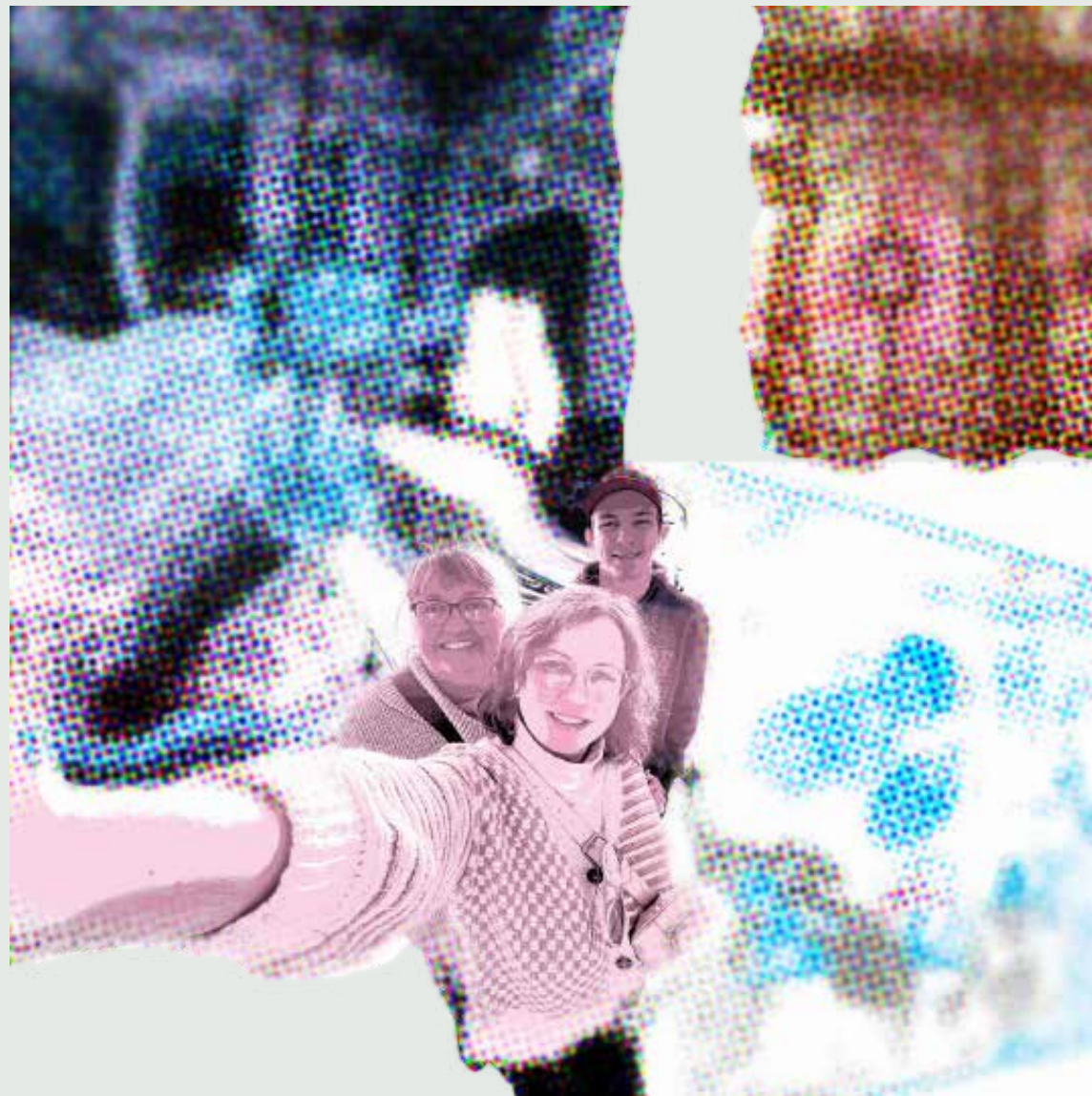
My Nana recently got into a serious car accident, she flipped her car and ended up losing her license because of it. She's 86 and really should not have been driving in the first place, but I sympathize with her. I cannot imagine being old, all my friends and siblings passing away and not having the freedom to drive on top of that.

Because nana isn't able to get around I paid her a visit over spring break. I walked in and I have never seen her look so small, she's always been the matriarch of our family, so seeing her so small and fragile really upset me. We sat and I talked her ear off and made her smile and laugh, and listened intently when she gave me life advice in between all my stories.

The only interactions she had been having were my mom and her 4 sisters taking care of her and doctors. She just needed someone to listen and have a nice time with her, not a caretaker. I am glad I could make her feel heard and get some quality time with her.



At one point, during our self-guided tour at The Breakers, I noticed an older pair of visitors struggling with their audio guide app. The frustration on their faces was obvious, and even though it meant pausing my own tour, I couldn't just walk away. I helped them troubleshoot the issue, showing them how to navigate the interface so they could properly enjoy the experience. It was a small gesture, but the relief and gratitude in their smiles made it worthwhile.





My little sister is obsessed with Miraculous Ladybug, this kid's TV series about superheroes in France. So since she loves the show, she has dolls from the show. Costumes, stickers, and more. I bought her this set, that has the main character (Ladybug) superhero mask and the way she transforms into her superhero suit in the show; she uses her earrings to magically transform. So the pack came with these clip-on earrings. But not like two days after she loses them. She is crying, and my whole family is trying to find them. So I headed over to Target where I got them originally. They weren't there... So I told my sister I would order them online, and then she would have them again. They came within three days, but she kept asking me every time she would see me for those three days. But I am just glad she got really happy once I got her the clip-on earrings again.



p i g m e n t

A photograph of a wall covered in various posters, flyers, and photographs, illustrating the 'analyze' step of the design process. The wall is densely packed with these items, which include architectural drawings, photographs of people, and various text-based posters. Some of the visible text includes 'DESIGN/ILLUSTRATION STUDIOS', 'ANIN', and '2'. The overall aesthetic is that of a creative workspace or a design studio.

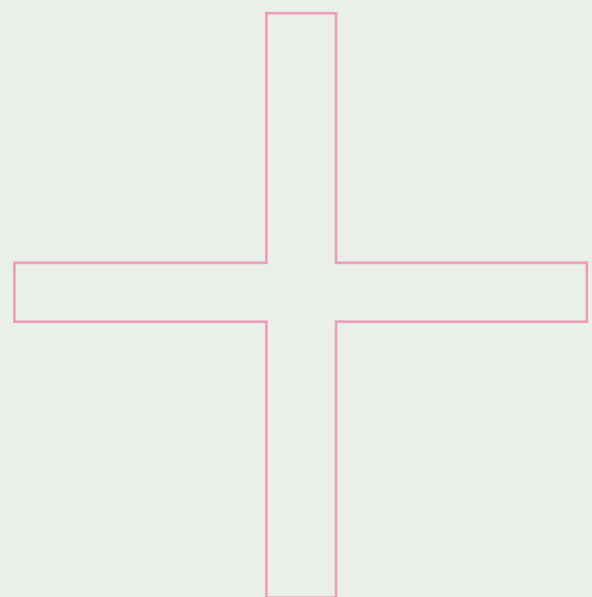




050

looking through photos with my grandma

051



i felt comforted but

Flipping through childhood photo-books is like opening a time capsule. Each photo brings back forgotten memories—birthday parties, beach days, crooked grins, and tiny hands. There's a quiet magic in seeing your younger self, carefree and wide-eyed, in a world that felt so big.

when

The photos capture more than just faces—they hold the people, places, and moments that shaped you. You see your parents younger, your siblings smaller, old friends frozen in time. It's bittersweet, comforting, and strangely grounding.

Photobooks move at a slower pace than today's digital scroll. Turning each page feels intentional, like honoring the past. And in those simple images, you remember who you were—and maybe who you still are.

i cant recall it all

forgetful



m a m i t a m a r t a

Since I live with my grandma, I always spend a lot of time with her, and I wanted to create a piece that truly reflects her personality, emotions, and how she is currently feeling. She is such an important part of my life, and I admire her deeply. To me, she is incredibly bright, vibrant, and full of warmth, always bringing positivity into our home. She has a unique way of expressing herself, whether through her words,

gestures, or even the small things she does daily. I wanted to capture that essence in my work, showcasing not only her outer radiance but also the depth of her emotions. She has been through so much in life, yet she continues to shine with resilience and love. This piece is my way of honoring her, celebrating her presence, and preserving a moment that reflects who she truly is.

HEADLINER

Hunter has always been someone I've looked up to. As my brother, he's been a constant example of what it means to work hard, stay passionate, and chase your dreams. I've had a front-row seat to his journey from the nerves and excitement of his first performance at his 8th-grade talent show to the confident, incredible performer he is now. Watching him grow, not just in his talent but as a person, has been one of the coolest things to witness. Just recently, he played his first headlining show, and honestly, I couldn't be prouder.

Seeing him up there, doing what he loves, pouring his heart into every moment, it hit me how much he's accomplished and how much further he's going to go. He's worked so hard, stayed up late, taken risks, and pushed through the doubts that could have easily stopped him. Watching all that hard work pay off is honestly inspiring. What makes it even better is that, through all of it, he's still the same goofball who makes terrible jokes, picks dumb fights just to annoy me, and somehow manages to be one of the most genuine people I know, who'll listen when you need to vent, who always, always shows up for the people he cares about.

Seeing where he is now only makes me more excited for what's coming next. I know this is just the beginning for him, and I can't wait to keep cheering him on whether it's from the crowd or just as the annoying little sibling who's always bragging about him behind his back. I'm ridiculously proud of him... but don't tell him I said that. Gotta keep him humble somehow.

055



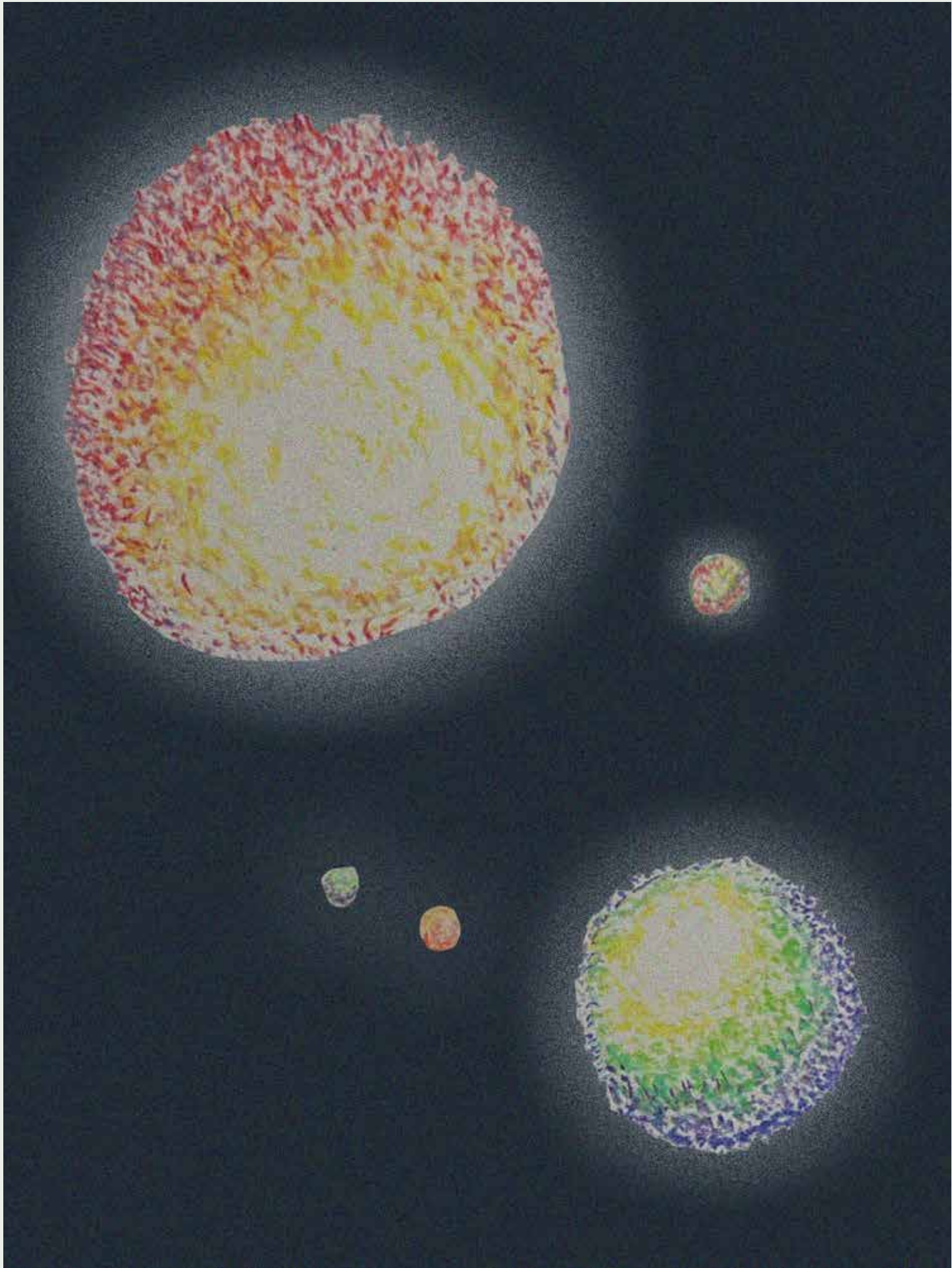


t y p e



My dad turned 40 recently, and I sometimes call him old; even though 40 is not old at all. I feel like I have an older/younger sibling relationship with my dad because we are only 20 years apart in age.

He is a constant reminder that life is fleeting but fun at the same time. My dad got a new job recently, and I have been doing him the favor of driving him to and from work for the past couple of months. Most of the time we don't talk much, but this time we talked about plans for the future. His is a representation of what it feels like to talk with my dad.



GUPTA MAN

061

Bubbly, energetic, goofy.

My time with this person was filled with laughter and goofiness. My role a protector. A protector from chores, responsibilities, bad friends, and boys. In between tears of broken friendships and college updates, we laugh as we make jokes out of pitiful situations. We laugh at people's photos and Instagrams. We draw mustaches and devil horns on them while we pretend to be the bigger person. We march around the house and rile up the dog. We go out; I drive. We buy snacks; I pay. We stay up late talking about failed relationships and our future. While we are apart for school, when we are reunited the once quiet house

turns full of light. Laughter echoes down the hall. Hushed tones of trying to be quiet to not wake anyone up. Then when Sunday hits, and the house goes back to a paused stillness+



family

you are not alone, you are here

I don't feel emotionally close to my parents. While growing up in Colombia, I noticed that my friends had better relationships with their families. I was quiet and avoided talking about my feelings because it made me anxious. I worried that showing my emotions would make me seem weak. As a teenager, I had personal issues but found it hard to talk to my parents. I believed that expressing my emotions was a sign of weakness, a belief influenced by toxic masculinity. My parents are well-respected in our community—my dad is charismatic and intelligent, and my mom is humble and kind. I struggled to be open with them because I feared their judgment. Moving to Boston changed everything for me.

The open-minded environment helped me accept my emotions and understand others better. I am still learning to express my feelings, but it feels possible now. Despite the difficulties, I love my parents deeply and hope to show them how much they mean to me someday.





cardinal

064

Over the weekend, we celebrated my grandfather's birthday a tradition that has become especially meaningful to our family since his passing in 2020. Each year, this day gives us a chance to pause, come together, and reflect on the incredible person he was. He had a way of making everyone feel heard and valued, offering quiet wisdom and warmth in every interaction. Honoring his memory has become a way for us to stay connected, both to him and to each other.

This year, we planned to gather at one of his favorite restaurants a place that holds so many memories of laughter, long conversations, and comforting meals. It was somewhere he always enjoyed, not just for the food, but for the sense of togetherness it created. We were all looking forward to being in that space again, sharing stories over dishes he loved.

But nature had other plans. A heavy snowstorm and freezing rain made travel unsafe, and we had to cancel. At first, the change felt disheartening. We'd hoped to be together in a place that felt so closely tied to him. But the more I thought about it, the more I realized that remembering someone we love doesn't require a specific setting. It's about the intention, the feeling, the memories we carry with us wherever we are.

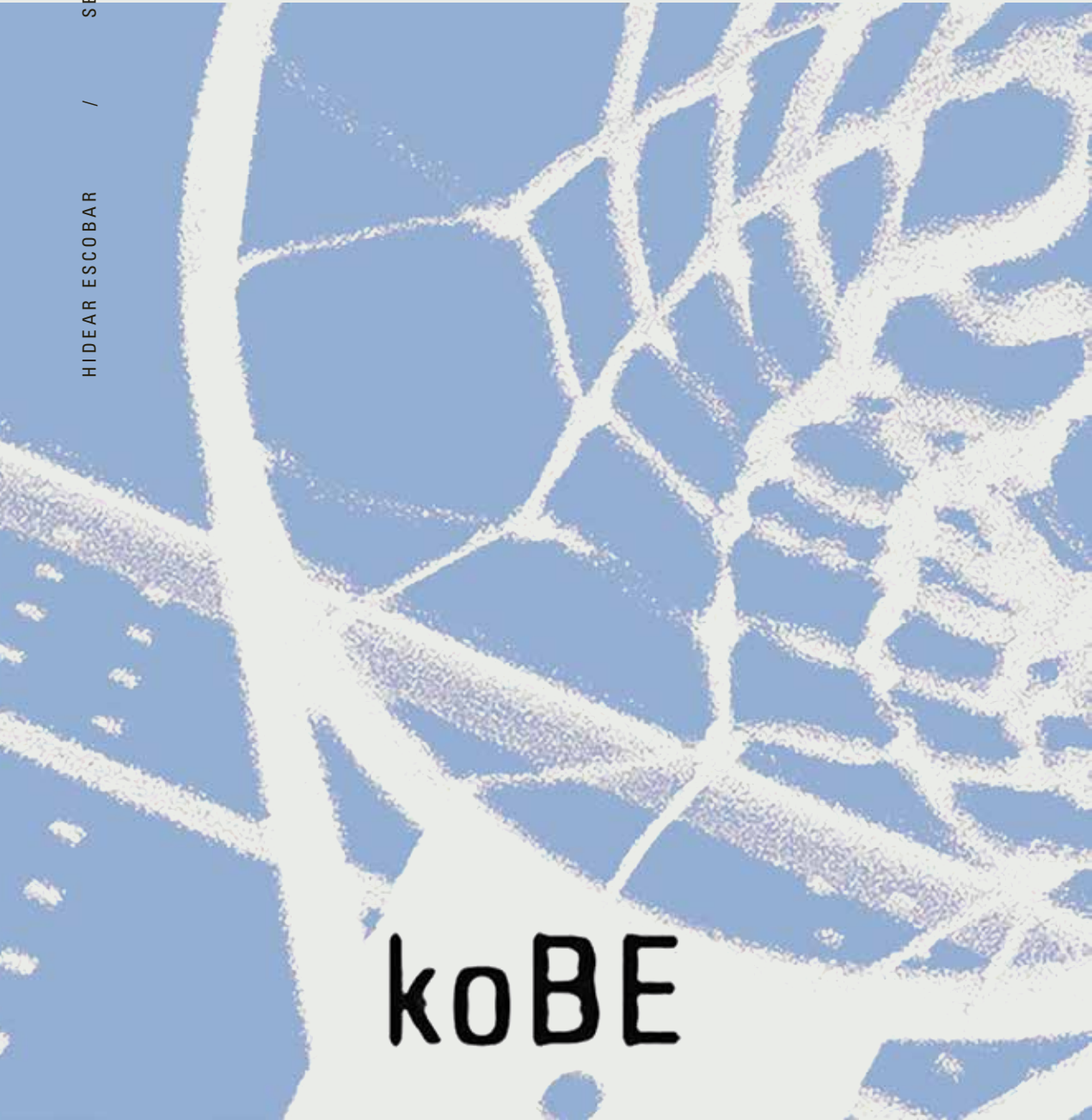
I live with my aunt, who is his sister, and together we found a new way to honor him. Instead of going out, we spent the afternoon in the kitchen, cooking a few of his favorite recipes dishes that instantly brought back memories of family gatherings and Sunday dinners. As we cooked, we talked about him laughing over old stories, pausing in quiet moments of gratitude. It was simple, intimate, and deeply meaningful.

065

Living in his old room, I often find myself surrounded by small reminders of him the creak of the floorboards, the way the afternoon light falls just so through the window. In those moments, I feel his presence still, not in a ghostly way, but in the comfort of routine and the love that lingers in familiar spaces.

That evening, as I sat reflecting on the day, it struck me that keeping his memory alive isn't just about a once-a-year celebration. It's in the everyday things the food we make, the stories we tell, the quiet acts of remembrance that make us feel close to him again. Even though we weren't able to gather as planned, the love we shared and the memories we revisited made the day just as special.

While this year's tribute looked different, it was no less heartfelt. Because no matter the distance, weather, or circumstance, love endures. It shows up in small gestures, in laughter that echoes through the years, and in the way we carry someone with us long after they're gone.



koBE



Basketball is a sport that has helped me deal with hard moments, whether it be school or the harsh reality of growing up, it always ends up giving me solutions to my problems. It gives me a boost of energy and adrenaline that ends ups staying with me even hours after a good hoop sesh. I would say I have the best handle in my friend group, and the kids who are still in highschool always ask me how I did this and how did that. I was always inspired by the Nba players I grew up watching, LeBron, Curry, and Isaiah Thomas. In my mind I based my game off what I saw every other night from those guys on TV.

I started playing basketball in middle school; I've played so much since that I don't even remember why and how it even began. It was the first time, my parents had ever given me a little bit of freedom to be out and about with my friends. We were in Waltham, my hometown, and everything seemed so exciting back then. To be on your own with your friends for the first couple of times was really an eye opener. It showed me the importance of having others around and what a good time really was. To walk to the park to catch up with whoever was there either playing basketball or watching. I suppose that is where it all started, my journey with basketball. I was not good by any standard when I started, and there were many days filled with anger and frustration but overtime I equipped certain moves and a jumpshot that don't seem to fail me in a pickup game with strangers. Just like other things in life, I realized that with time you can learn to be better at things at a level you didn't know possible.



It was one of those perfect spring days—sunny, breezy, just warm enough to not need a jacket but still cool in the shade. For my friend's 22nd birthday, we decided to spend the afternoon at the MFA in Boston. No big plans or anything, just a chill day surrounded by art and quiet. Honestly, it was kind of perfect.

The museum's got this calm vibe—like everything slows down the second you walk in. We wandered through the galleries, not really following a plan. Just stopped when something caught our eye. There was this one Monet painting that we both kind of fell into. And my friend, they always notice the smallest things—like how the light in the painting hit a tree, or the way the water looked like it was moving even though it was just paint. It's one of the things I love about them.

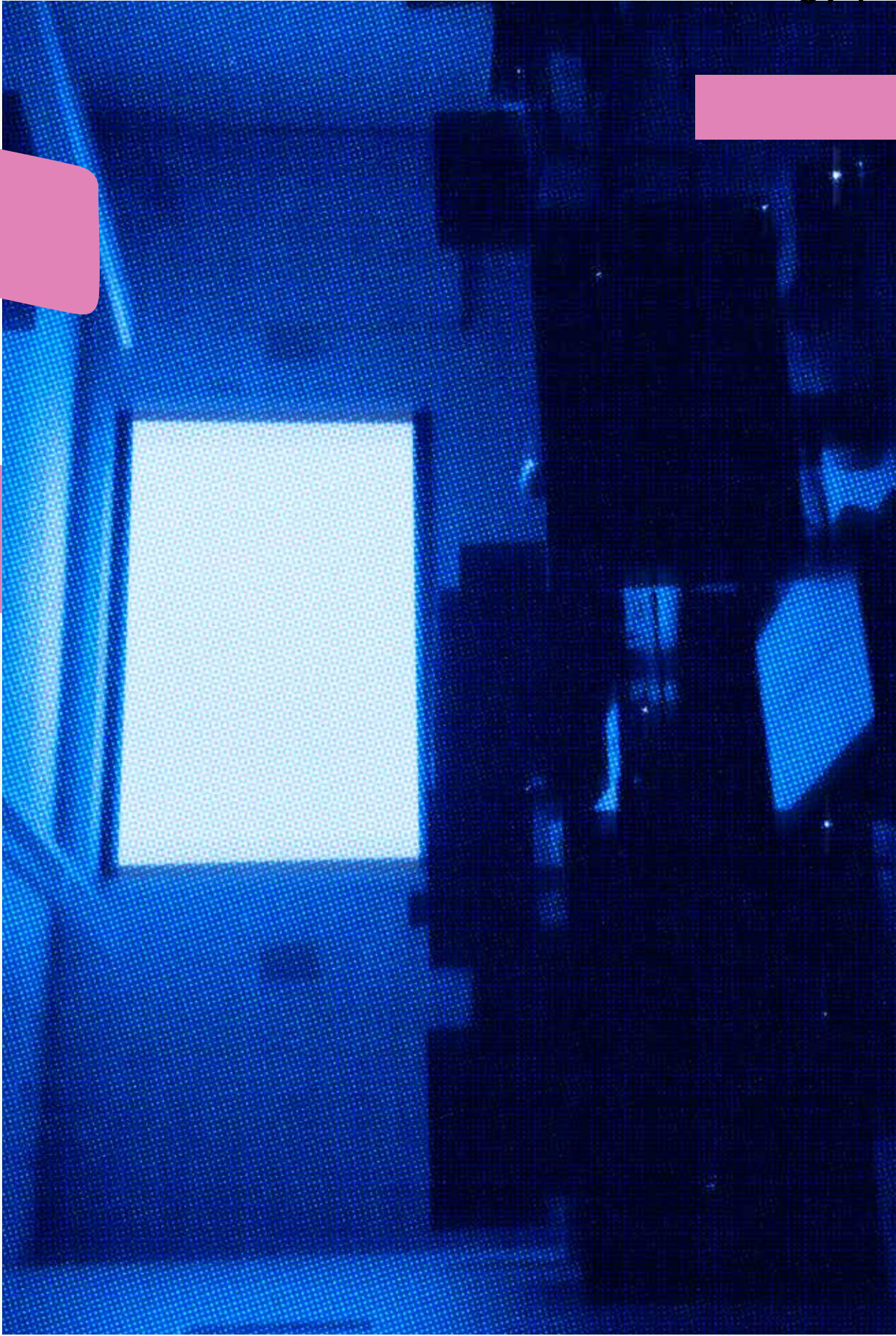
And then we walked into this giant room with the *weirdest* light fixture hanging from the ceiling. I don't even know what it was—glass? Plastic? Some kind of blown crystal art? It looked like it belonged in a spaceship or a dream. We both just stood there like, "Uh... what *is* that?" and cracked up. No answers, but it made for a good laugh.

Later we grabbed tea and pastries at the café, talked about everything and nothing. I gave them a little sketch I made, and they smiled like it really meant something.

When we left, the sun was starting to set, and everything felt soft and golden. It wasn't a flashy birthday, but it was full of love, laughter, and those quiet moments that really stay with you.

I went over to my grandpa's place over the weekend, and when we always come over, he loves putting music in the background on the TV. That being said, this time they got a new router recently, and the TV was connected to the Wi-Fi, no problem. The issue is that when we came over that day, the TV didn't have any Wi-Fi connected. So my grandpa was freaking out, so I had to check the TV to see what was wrong with it. One thing I love about my grandpa is that he is always trying to make everything perfect and welcoming for guests when they come over. But when I checked the internet settings on the TV, it said it couldn't connect to the internet because it needed a software update. So after updating it, that was the issue. My grandpa was very happy about putting music on again because he spent almost two days without watching TV, and he loves watching TV or just hearing music.

WIFE



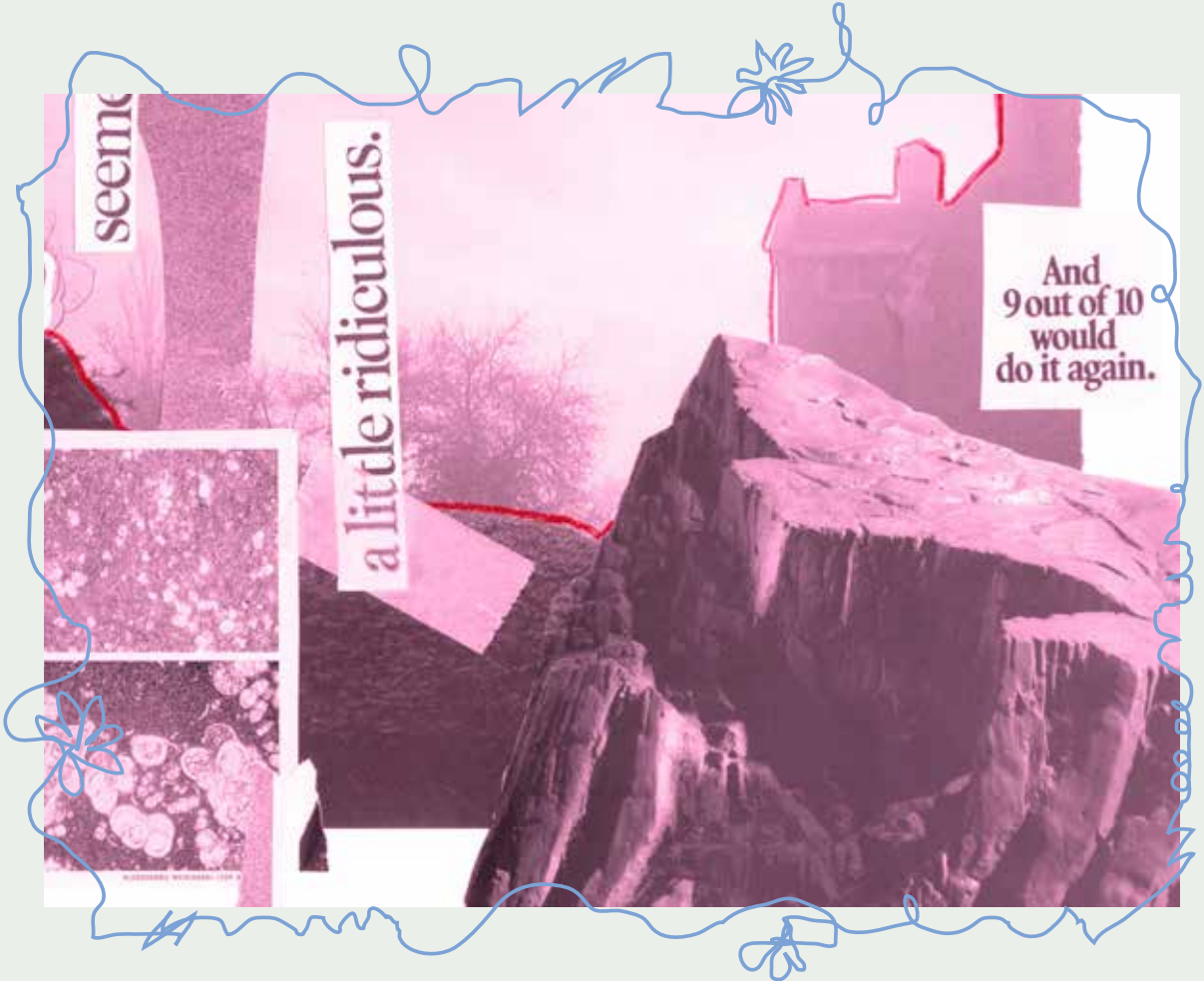


BURN OUT

I took my friend to the Museum of Fine Arts to see a Georgia O’Keeffe exhibition and my favorite painting. We talked about how interesting it is to transform ordinary objects into something beautiful. We enjoyed our time together, but things changed as life got busier. We started seeing each other less and no longer felt the spark we once had. My friend is working on his master’s degree and sometimes struggles with life.



Our hangouts decreased because we didn’t make an effort to connect. I appreciated getting to know him, but I could feel his exhaustion from school and work and felt like I wasn’t helping him during that time. We shared some great moments, and I want to thank him for our time together.



where do the geese go when the world is too much to bear?
guts wide open, I tear myself from the water’s edge.
I nearly fell through the cracks where
you told me not to step, but you never even offered your hand.

instead I offer you this.
purpose & belonging in the form of corroded steel.
fly away anywhere but here
may you pull the rug from under my feet and
the wool over my eyes so that I never see you again.

feel my teeth stained with a bitter poison,
I’ll scrape the film from my eyes and
settle my stomach from the stench of desperation.
maybe I’ll migrate with the geese &
redirect myself where not even the fumes can touch me.

(tag, you’re it)



100 Years Young

Ethel Maire Carney celebrates her 100th birthday party on April 1, 2025. She has four daughters, 18 grandchildren and, 29 great-grandchildren, and 17 great-great grandchildren.

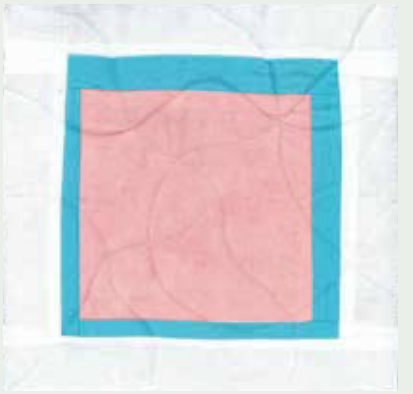
April 1st, 2025 marked a century of life for my great-grandmother. I couldn't be there to celebrate with her, and the absence weighed on me. Milestones like these aren't just dates on a calendar; they're threads that tie us to something greater than ourselves. I called her that morning. We talked for a long while, and I made sure to collect every photo from the party. Through laughter and snapshots, I pieced together the celebration from afar. The mayor even honored her with an award, asking what had carried her through a hundred years. Of course her humor made him laugh. With a grin, she answered, "Fried clams." As a kid, she was always part of

the magic: sleeping over on Christmas Eve, showing up to see us in our Halloween costumes, her face lighting up every time. And every year on her birthday, April Fools' Day, she prides herself on never falling for anyone's tricks. Not being able to go reminded me that connection isn't always about being in the same room. Sometimes, it's in the stories we tell, the laughter we share, and the memories that linger +



d e v e l o p m e n t





The year of 20 for me was a period of extreme growth, change and difficulty. The only person that stayed a consistent positive part of my life was my boyfriend, Max. Over the past year I have lost friends I thought would be bridesmaids, I've had many deaths happen in my life, and overall had a painful adjustment period to adult life.

Max is my sanctuary in all of that. He is who I go to at the end of every day to talk me to sleep, and he's the first person I text in the morning when I wake up. I recently celebrated my birthday at my favorite restaurant, and it ended up just being my family, which is huge, and Max. I found out later on he had reached out to my parents to help plan and make sure I had a good day.

He came and went out with me and my cousins (all girls) with no issue and made it a really great night even though I had no friends to celebrate with due to the timing of my birthday. Becoming an adult has taught me I am alone in this world, Max has taught me that I am not.



Back in high school I convinced him to study Japanese with me, and ever since then, he's stuck with it. I'm so proud of how far he's come. At the end of our dinner, he helped me out by practicing speaking in Japanese for my upcoming meeting.

My friend Silas came back to Cambridge to visit his family this week and

usually when he comes back we make an effort to go out, eat, chat and catch up about random things. This time we went to a vegan restaurant in Arlington.



085

A way I was able to help someone out this week was by folding my little sister's laundry for her. This is a pretty small but effective way to make someone's day a little bit easier. It used to drive me crazy when she would leave her stuff in the dryer and not just fold it herself, because I figured she was being lazy and had nothing else going on that would prevent her from doing it. But now that she's getting older, I know she has a lot of responsibilities to deal with throughout the week. She has a job now and babysits on the side, she's wrapping up her senior year of high school, and has to deal with the stress of getting into college. I know there is seriously nothing worse than coming home after a long night of working and remembering your clothes are still in the dryer waiting to be folded. It felt good knowing I was able to relieve the weight of this small chore off her shoulders.

under-
standing

084

During this project I came across the odd feeling of this not feeling like homework since I was just having a normal conversation with the other person. The family member I chose for this project was my dad. Through out this week, I found the longest time I talk to my dad is during dinner, and this is where I focused my first 8"x 8" composition on. When I was thinking how I was going to visualize my conversations with him, I thought of my kitchen table.

The table is a rectangular shaped butcher block that has always been part of my kitchen.

The table was a creation of my dads about 40 years ago. In the composition I incorporated the table as a textured background. Using multiple photos I was able to play around with scale to make it feel more then just a photo. I cut out the top dinner plate to rotate and enlarge it.

so what was
today's issue?

086



087



In preparation for Design Club's highly anticipated yearbook photoshoot, we wanted to create a fun and cohesive experience for everyone involved. To add a personal touch, we asked members to bring their own props to incorporate into the photos, allowing each person to express their individual style. However, as the day of the shoot approached, we realized that most people had either forgotten or didn't have time to bring anything. We didn't want anyone to feel left out or unprepared, especially since this photoshoot was meant to be a celebration of the club and the creative spirit that binds us together.

With only a little time before the photoshoot, we made a quick trip to Michaels to find a solution. After browsing through different options, we decided on flowers as the perfect prop for everyone to use. Flowers felt like a simple yet thoughtful choice – something that could be both subtle and expressive. Their versatility meant each person could hold them differently, making every photo unique while still tying the group together with a common element.

We selected a mix of flowers in various colors and sizes to give everyone the freedom to choose what fit their personality best. Whether tucked behind an ear, held as a bouquet, or scattered around, the flowers became a symbol of both creativity and unity. The last-minute decision not only ensured everyone had something to hold but also added a soft, artistic aesthetic to the final photos. What started as a small gesture turned into a meaningful detail that made the photoshoot even more special, reflecting the club's commitment to inclusion and creativity.

pictured: odalis and charlotte holding



plastic flowers/thursday

089

one and the same



My younger brother and I have always shared a strong bond, growing up side by side and learning from one another. This piece reflects our relationship and how we've both grown into our own individual selves, while still remaining deeply connected. The overlapping shapes represent the moments, traits, and experiences that tie us together.

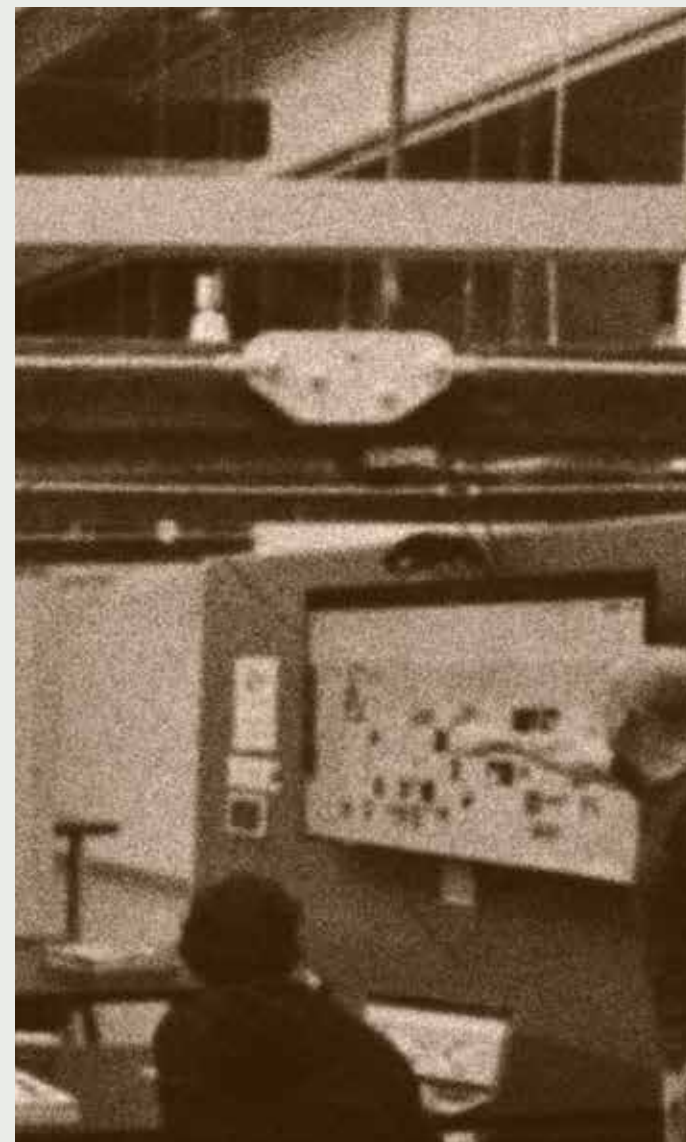
Over time, we've noticed just how similar we are—our sense of humor, the way we approach

challenges, and the values we hold. At the same time, we've each developed in our own unique way. I may be more expressive, while he is more reserved. Our interests have taken us down different paths, yet we remain grounded in a shared understanding.

The shapes in this piece tell that story. Some blend into each other, symbolizing our similarities and shared memories. Others remain

separate, showing the space we've needed to grow as individuals. It's a reminder that connection doesn't mean sameness—it means supporting each other while embracing who we are. This work is a celebration of that balance. We've watched each other grow, and in doing so, we've grown closer. It's about individuality, shared identity, and the love that continues to connect us.





refine



there's another one downstairs

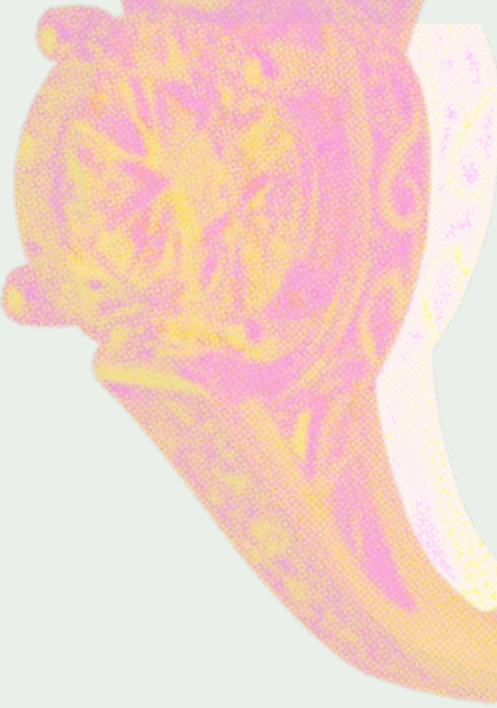
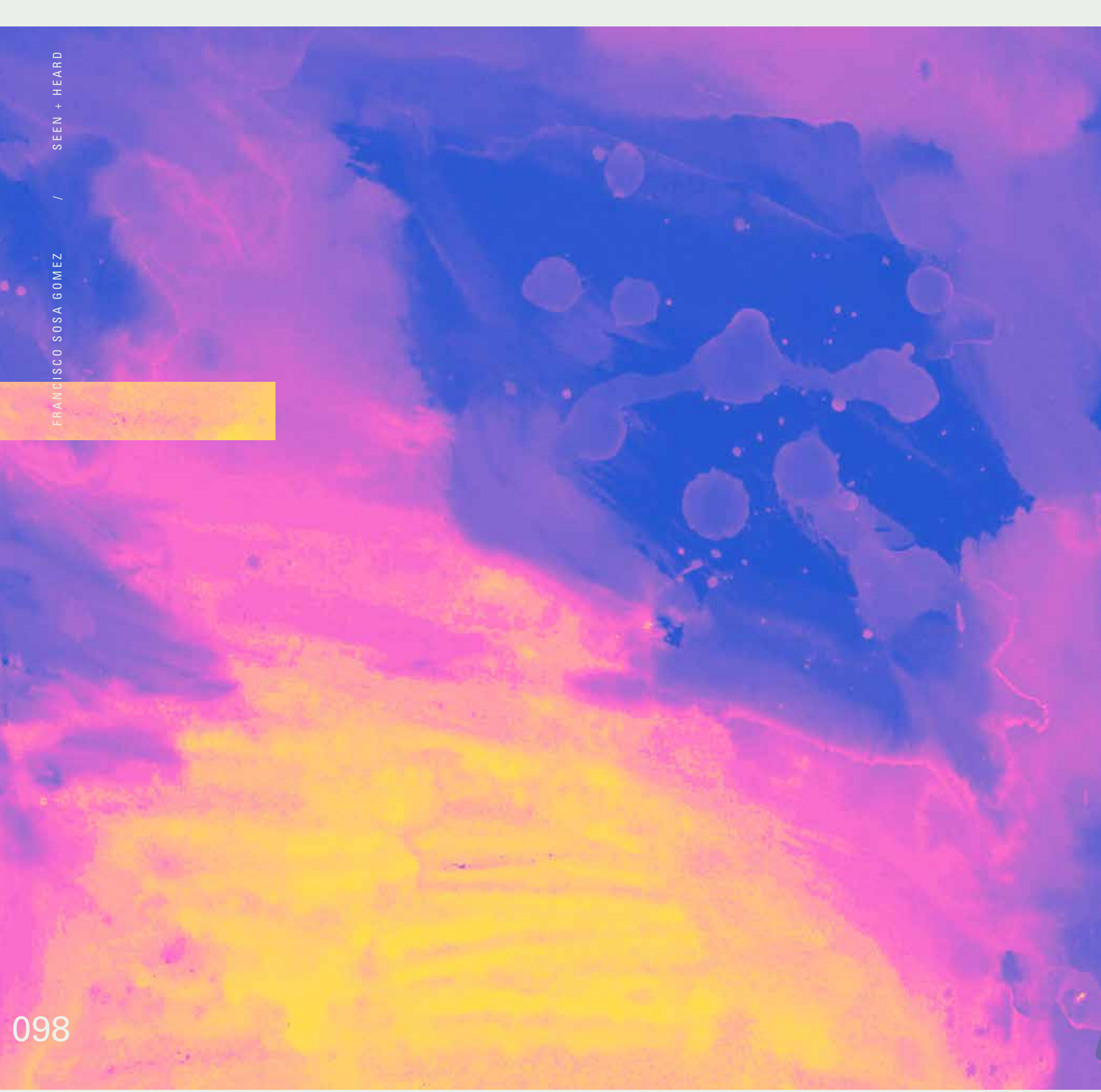
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ones
closed



095

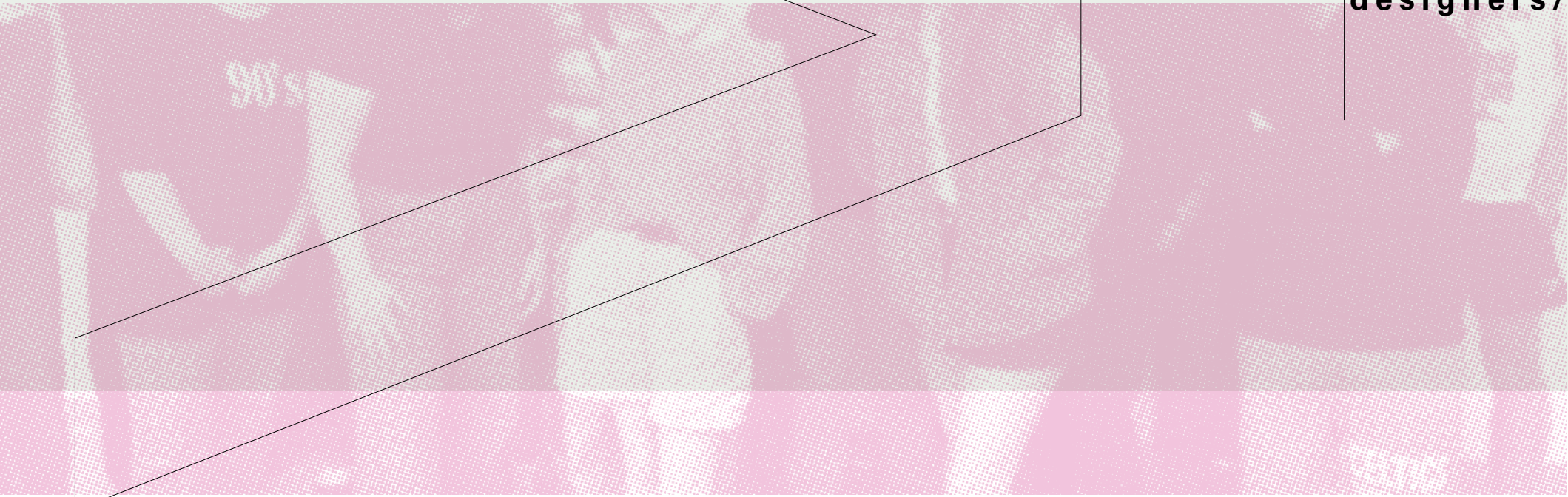
Over the weekend I was at Old Navy in Boston minding my own pants, when I noticed that the dressing room on the mens floor was closed. There was a sign on the dressing room entry saying to use the one downstairs. As I turned around I saw a woman and her probably teenage son walking toward me. I told them that the dressing room on this floor was closed, and to use the one downstairs. Since I was heading there myself I had them follow me. With this composition, I chose to use the type variation. For this I still wanted to have some image.

This was accomplished by using a "subway tile" pattern. I picked the tile because when I was Old Navy I remembered seeing that the wall with the escalators was covered in this type of tile.



My mom works a lot with her hands, goes to the gym, loves to cook, and does many different things. Of course, she always wears her wedding ring, but sometimes she doesn't want to scratch it, just dirty it, or damage it in general. This week, my family and I were going out to eat dinner at a restaurant. I knew she was getting ready, but then I saw her and my sister just walking around the house looking for something. I asked them what was going on, and my sister told me that Mom couldn't find her ring. This isn't the first time, but usually, she remembers right away where she might have misplaced it. But this time, she was actually searching every corner of the house. I tried looking at places where she could, but then I asked her if she put it in her bathrobe since it has pockets, and I know she showered earlier that day... and they were there. She was so relieved because she didn't want to leave without the ring. It goes to show how much she cares about the other piece I have about her. She just does a lot for the family that sometimes she misses things like this, and that's when we got each others back, and my sister helped my mom find her ring.

ring



designers/photographers/illustrators/



Jean Altidor
Maddy Buldoc
Kaelan Campbell

Odalis Aguilar
Miles Brajdic /ta
Kailey Fitzpatrick



Justine Cantor
Alyssa Forman
Daniel Tenjo

Hidear Escobar /ta
Adrianna Fowlkes
Francisco Sosa Gomez



Erika Torpey
Abigail Worthington

Alicia Vivenzio
Daryl Smith /faculty



see + hear a need, and then help fulfill it.

EVERY HR

(pause) see + hear (observe) what's going on (who's) around / next to you.



h.

s