



Collections

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Cover image: Odin Centeno, *Crack of Life*,
2019.

Sonya
Bogdanova



Sonya Bogdanova, *Big Man*, 2019.
Acrylic, gel medium, canvas, muslin, and polyester on plywood, 2 x 8 ft

Gina
Mulanthara

Energy Redistribution in an Open System

dedicated to Ruth George. rest in power.

energy defying laws
of not just physics but of men
first created next destroyed
then just as fast restored again
spread out
 split up
 branched off
 burst forth
how else could you explain
these particles in my hair
and yours.

Susana
Chenmei



Susana Chenmei, *Untitled*, 2020

CJ.
Garrett

Noiseless Andromeda

Inspired by Andre Breton's "Free Union" and Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself".

Charcoal clouds flanking their cold metal onto russet trinkets of sky;
The poet encloses their outer world in a sideways aperture
Of megalodon maelstroms gurgling mind's nomadic terrace
Coincidentally forged from similar particles and patterns
Inside the arpeggios of andromeda churning out symbols
Striking glyph noise, extending aged percussion which wraps
The tucked shores of my galapagos elongating noiseless andromeda:

Noiseless andromeda gazing out her balcony hung
Above vermilion cubes of the city like millions of fireflies
That crescendo separate bodies into a mono-nerve bulb;
Noiseless andromeda with her halcyon smile hung
Above its expression upon momentous chords scattered as
Lethargic cicadas lapping up noise from gurgled orchestras;
Noiseless andromeda who barrows out the bulk of
Her satin hair upon pasture neck as a wrinkled umbrella:

Noiseless andromeda who calls out my name with the gurgling of
Syllables stacked over rainbow reflections of wet petals.
Noiseless andromeda whose chortles crumples winds
And bends the backs of hills at their grassy bows:
Noiseless andromeda whose laughter is mapped by the
Noisy geometry of butterflies, ladybugs, snakes and tigers
And the way she wets lipstick from perfection to touch morning.

My noiseless andromeda's cherry sun kisses warm lakes of coffee beans

And gathers their rocky beams to perch firmly upon metal mugs
Until they jangle vapors to run necks with new harps of trees.
My noiseless andromeda who coaxes out my frame with her flamed
Kiss of air, cricket moans and gentle heaviness of her chest
Caressing my face as legs circle bed sheets like moving moons;
The song of myself is noiseless andromeda's song gurgled by
My darting thoughts rafting noise to match andromeda's supernal outline.

The song of myself is the substratum of my being flung by raggedy tunes through its completion
The song of myself is a silver moth gliding at lamp-posts gurgled through lunar symphonies
My noiseless andromeda stimulates the nerves of my soul climbing through my windy window
The song of myself is Shelley's lyre snapped and laid across andromeda's sleeping feet
So its broken container might too mimic some fraction of andromeda's noisy solitude:
My noiseless andromeda stimulates the nerves of my soul as I breathe her skin's soft gardens
And the way they form touch through silk atoms as she pelts sealed eyes to open chest

In a careful ballet enclosed in a sideways aperture convulsing diapason
Through the flashing shutters of symbols gurgling percussion in a cabaret dance
That flashes some membranes of sacred beetles swimming nomadic air of galapagos
That flashes its otherworldly flora and fauna to perch my standstill terrace with warmth
While andromeda's arpeggios continues to call to me, called noise of my particles
Whose familiar patterns appear as glyphs of charcoal clouds flanking
Cold metal by way of sky's trinkets; a megalodon maelstrom only of order when I think of
my noiseless andromeda.

Anupriya Mathews



Anupriya Mathews, *Windows to the Soul*, 2020



Anupriya Mathews, *Fragility*, 2020

Isang
Kaluluwa

Majestic Carousel

On this majestic carousel ride, you have to smile.
As you spin round-and-round, you must laugh as you swallow bile.

When you're a child, the carousel gleams.
It beckons you, giving you false dreams.
And like a fool, you choose a horse.
You grin unaware the ride gets worse.

Riding through many turns,
the happiness burns,
And it becomes panic,
making you go manic.

"When will the ride stop?"
You wonder until you feel a drop.

Just as you start to frown,
the ride begins to go up-and-down.
Now you are dizzily turning,
and you are violently bouncing.

People want to get off,
And the operator can only scoff.
You chose to get on,
And it won't stop 'til your innocence is gone.

The music screeches in your ear,
eventually it's the only thing you hear.
The lights make you sick,
as they blink on quick.
The constant motion makes you sore,
Soon it's something you abhor.

When the ride slows,
you are quick to compose.
There are kids outside,
your resentment you hide.
They have to ride, it's only fair.
Kids have to learn, you declare.

And so when the ride stops, you laugh and smile,
And you eagerly welcome the kids to their trial.

Alexandria
Seballos



Alexandria Seballos, *Sipping that Tea*, 2020
Acrylic paint and sharpie on canvas, 5 x 5 in



Alexandria Seballos, *Catharsis*, 2020
Crayon & acrylic on canvas, 16 x 18 in

Clarissa
Gomez



Clarissa Gomez, *Pacific Haven*, 2020.
Acrylic on canvas, 5 x 7 in

Brenda
Nevarez



Brenda Nevarez, *Los Niños*, 2019.
oil on canvas/thermal blanket/chicken wire, 35 x 45 in

Reece
Fisher

Excerpts from *changing with
the seasons*, a poetry collection

changing with the seasons
you are not the same person you were a year ago

this story starts in november
and so did my freedom
saying goodbye to you was finally shaking free
the most stubborn single leaf from a completely barren tree

what you left was a silhouette
after selfishly hoarding my colors
you only let others look at the dull leaves
that were quick to fall and be disregarded

i lived in fear of a vibrant autumn
turning to to a dull winter
but alas i saw quite the opposite
the second i left you

i was a tree with roots feebly planted
in the unhealthy soil that was mistaken for love
you sheltered me from the sun
so as to keep my dreams from lifting off the ground

i shed you like my coat of leaves
and prepared for the harsh winter to come
i have scars on my heart from the pain you put me through
my branches were feeble
but my structure remained strong

we met on a warm autumn day
and you wore your faded denim jacket
i remember you asked me if i ever looked up at the trees
that others simply walked past
and all i thought
was that finally someone like you existed

we continued our walks that autumn
and i saw a new beauty
not only in the leaves
but in life

the moon would become our canopy
and the wind our gentle guide
i can't remember exactly how the days turned to nights
or the routes we took

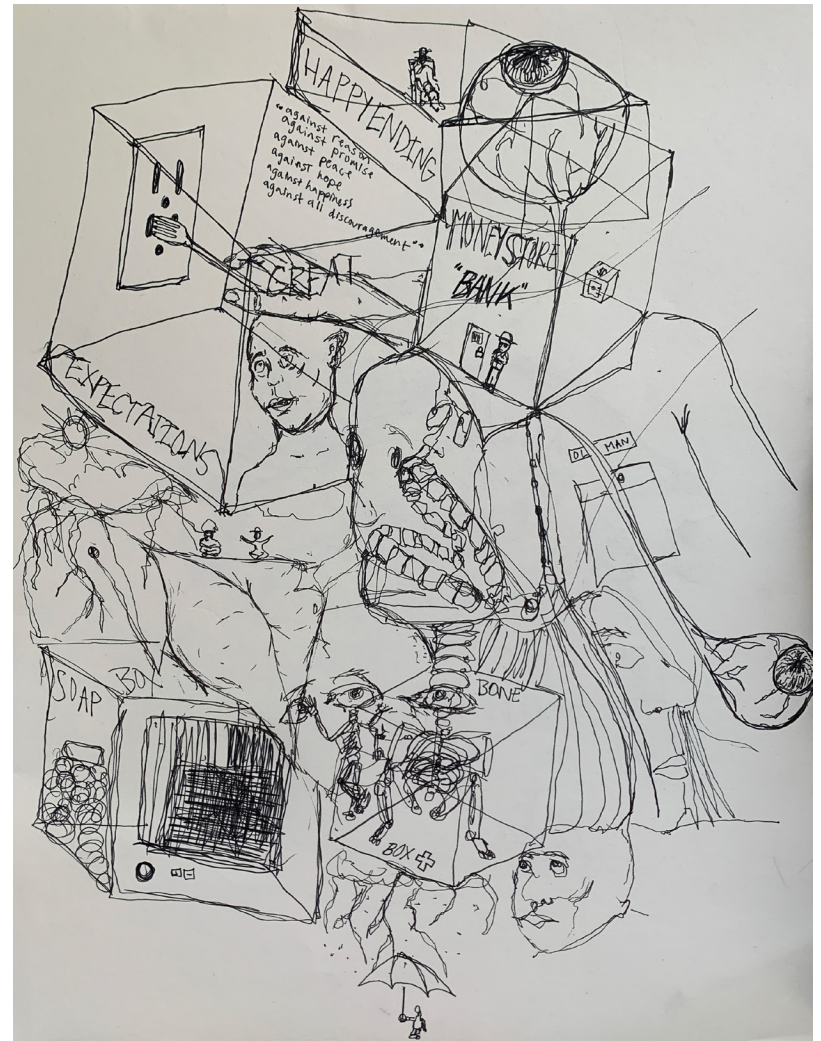
but i remember the way you made me feel
and how awakening became slightly easier
this year i see every tree the way i see you
and sometimes i still wonder
how people like you exist

Deeva
Evangelista



Deeva Evangelista, *For Dad*, 2020
Oil on canvas, 12 x 16 in

Brianna
Cunanan



Brianna Cunanan, *Think Outside Boxes*, 2020
Pen on paper, 9 x 12 in

Collections

A zine of UIC student artwork and writing collected by artOUT.

artOUT is a student-led group affiliated with Gallery 400, the contemporary art gallery at UIC. artOUT aims to create opportunities that connect UIC students with Gallery 400 and the wider Chicago arts community. Members work alongside Gallery staff and community partners to plan and execute programming while learning about the inner-workings of a unique non-profit art space.

2019-2020 artOUT members

Grace Irving
Holden Thomas
Landon Menze
Lena Searcy
Mary Jacobson

email: gallery400engagement@gmail.com
Instagram & Facebook: @gallery400
<https://gallery400.uic.edu/>

GALLERY | **400**

Sonya Bogdanova (b. 1991, Moscow), is a Chicago-based artist and activist and an MFA Candidate in Studio Arts (2021) at the UIC.

Odin Centeno is a Computer Science major.

Susana Chenmei is an undergraduate in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences.

Brianna Cunanan is a Business Administration undergraduate
Instagram: @humandoingthing

Deeva Evangelista is a sophomore in Applied Health Sciences.

Reece Fisher is an entrepreneurship student graduating in 2021. She is passionate about writing and hopes to turn this poetry collection into a full book one day.

CJ Garrett is a Chicago native and creative writing major at UIC, currently working on his bachelor's degree and a minor in philosophy.

Clarissa Gomez is a math-and-science-obsessed pre-med student from Arlington Heights who does amateur art in her free time.

Isang Kaluluwa is a pen name which, translated into English, means "One soul".

Anupriya Mathews is a current bioengineering undergraduate student at UIC.

Branda Nevarez is an Art Education major, whose work revolves around immigration, politics, art activism, and Mexican / American culture clashes.

Alexandria Seballos is a kinesiology major and GLAS minor on the pre-med track.