

ARENA
Magazine

APATHY



Apathy, encompassing the experience of a steady and elusive descent into darkness. The cyclical nature of societal decline. Ultimately resulting in the birth of a Renaissance.

We aim to express these themes within a two semester framework, two magazine issues aligning with one another, showing counteractive processes that cant exist without each other. This is one of two.

The seeds of a Renaissance are planted in a period of darkness. Nonetheless, each period presents a variety of aesthetics that speak to fundamental frameworks of the time.

Sunken in a well of despair, you've forgotten how you fell. All you can see is a small circle of light above your head. How does it feel?

CORRUPTION



Outfits by:
Devin Verdugo
Elizabeth Centorrino
Ayo Pierre

Makeup by:
Mansha Rahman

Location:
Floral Park Cemetery

Photographer:
Madeline McLaughlin



“There can be no transforming of
darkness into light and of apathy
into movement without emotion.”

Carl Jung

“The price of
apathy is to
be ruled by
evil men”

Plato

Models:
Chris Oppong
Nathan Alleyne
Kanaan Distant



Corruption is the first step of a descent into despair from a time of prosperity. For this transition to happen hope must dissolve thought apathy.

Corruption is a crack in the sidewalk, easily overlooked. Don't step on it! Avoid it all together. Address it only to avoid its existence - and when the winter comes, it has doubled in size. Address it only to avoid its existence - and soon enough we'll all fall in.

Corruption is an imposter. It lies about itself, attempting to justify injustice and rationalize cruelty. It is the jealousy that kills Abel and the fear that provokes Kronos. Immediately rationalized by the perpetrator, it entrenches itself in the psychology of the victim, telling them to expect suffering.

Corruption is a torn seam, it cannot be repaired without a new thread.

Time drags wearily in the hands that rebuke it
Blur the distinction of power
Control has an unknown owner
The chain seethes, indenting my skin
Disguise the masters of sequence
Hold accountability to the fourth dimension

Toby Olson



ACQUIESCENCE





As Orpheus turns his head, Eurydice appears in the corner of his eye. He hasn't had the chance to meet her gaze since they began the tiring trek across the underworld. When their eyes meet, he realizes that she has not yet crossed the threshold of the underworld.

It's only a matter of moments before she disappears permanently. Orpheus would not acquiesce when she was first taken from him. Bitten by a snake on their wedding day, Eurydice was followed into the underworld by Orpheus. He used his skill with the lyrr to seek passage across the river styx tame, a three headed dog, and find favor form Hades all to bring her back. All for her to disappear moments before emerging from the underworld. What does Orpheus think in that moment? He must now acquiesce. What good is moving the mountains with music if you can't see the person you sing about. What good is a song if it isn't wrought with emotion?



I wanted to believe I could overcome it, the dark overcast approaching my eyes. I wanted to grasp the sky and rip it open beyond the blue illusion. What color were you really? Do you reflect the ocean like the children rumored? Behind those azure ripples, was there actually more to your essence? This can't be everything you have to offer. I know that if you were only what meets the eye, you wouldn't echo my screams in such a pitch. My ears bleed with your cries, you are begging me as much as I am you.

Those clouds approached anyhow, I was selfish to ask for their absence on my behalf. You were the one being covered up, guilt shall do the same to me. If it doesn't, may I hide myself anyhow.

Holli Tasker "Covered Up"



Location:
Fine Arts Painting Studio

Photographer:
Madeline McLaughlin

Outfits by:
Devin Verdugo
Oluwatomisin Adetunji

Makeup by:
Devin Verdugo
Judd Espejo
Jess Hampson

Models:
Enjoli Ramos
Holli Tasker
Izzy Gomez



LAMENTATION

When you water a tree with chemical waste,
the tree loathes its wooden roots
Nitric Acid wishes to be water.
The tree forgets that it provides oxygen,
it forgets that it shades the fauna.

Nitric Acid refuses to react,
it won't power any more homes, asking itself:
why can't I grow a tree?

When you water a tree with chemical waste,
the only thing left is a bad idea.
It says, "see, I am useless."
Lamentation is self pity that erodes
every sense of self except for inadequacy.

When you water a tree with chemical waste,
people follow suit.

Toby Olson



Photographer:
Madeline McLaughlin

Outfits by:
Devin Verdugo
Elizabeth Centorrino
Judd Espejo

Makeup by:
Judd Espejo
Jess Hampson

Models:
Judd Espejo
Aria Malovany
Winona MacPhee





I am not a pantheress
Bold, bursting and dripping
Asking for a game
Of tag
A man does not
See rabbits, no
Only sleek pantheresses
That can grab them by
The neck and tussle so
He's excited as
He traps her
A world class poacher
Rope, rubbing against
Her wrists, tying in
years of experience

A man, a hunter
Does not want more
Rabbits, shy and timid
A man, a hunter
Wants to take what
Is not their
Own and make
It a slab, decapitated
On the wall
Blazing eyes, ears
Pinched for your
Pleasure, pantheress
A rabbit is a
Stew, he gobbles up
For lunch, smacking
Lips, eyes closed
Do I taste as good as she look?

Jaiden Del Rosario, "Love as a Concubine"

I am a tree behind a fence
From the other side, my branches poke
through the metal holes
Seeping wherever I can fit
This place was mine first, you know

Screaming that you may block off my body but
you will still feel what comes from me
They may be underground but my roots
are on that side too
Below your eroding sidewalks, the youngest parts of
me press desperately against that concrete
Even penetrating through the cracks

My leaves will fall in your streets and
Litter the roads

Bleached wrappers piled up on dry grass
The sun's attempt to destroy human leavings

My leaves sit yellow beside them
Matching the grass beneath the trash

You'll step to crush and hear their crinkle
but avoid taking care of the artificial
pieces next to them.

Are you mad?
I am mad.

Holli Tasker, "Bark Through Metal"



Models:
Abigail West
Maya Kotler
Ethan Odunsi

Location:
The Prairie

Photographer:
Madeline McLaughlin

Outfits by:
Devin Verdugo
Elizabeth Centorrino
Ayo Pierre
Pavan Grover

Makeup by:
Devin Verdugo
Judd Espejo



DISTRESS



Distress is worn on the body: in bruises
and burns, slacks and sweaters.

Distress is the abject, it asks to be hidden
only because it is seen.
The space between holes,
covered in drab cloth,
distress is inevitable in time. Why hide it?

It fears attention to the extent that it
demands exposure. It is its own undoing
Once unleashed, stares abound.

Are you alright?

Don't ask lest I tear further,
because to speak only creates more.
Distress must pass.
Like the abject,
what's out cannot be forced back in.

Toby Olson

i open my eyes
the crooked so-called gift from my ancestors
that no one ever seems to notice
but screams at me and latches onto my ear
whispering its cruel refrain.
its not wrong to get rid of you
its just a fond farewell to an old friend
is it a way to perpetuate the change that the
war in my mind can't seem to rectify
the soft cream that shelters the scars
they sob as i tape over their mouths
but every night,
the scars are unbound,
released from their cage,
and they scream louder.
what made me hate you
i paint over the cracks,
each stroke a lie i tell myself,
each layer a promise
that this skin can be made whole,
but underneath,
the flesh is still raw,
still gasping for air.
i wear this mask
because the world will not love what it cannot see,
but i fear,
in the dark,
i have learned to love the mask instead.

Anisa Duchatellier





Blood on the floor wants to go back in the nose.
Your sweat soaks into my skin.
Fill the void between us with empty words,
Force the old feelings onto the new,
Still I'm reminded anew how much I hate you.

Vulnerability is unattractive,
So I vow that I can bear it.
I wish you wouldn't have said that,
All I think about now,
Is how to forget what I heard.
And so I'm forced to remember.

Toby Olson

Location:
Rec Park

Photographer:
Madeline McLaughlin

Model:
Donnelle Bruce

Makeup by:
Jess Hampson

Outfit by:
Shakir Tucker

DESPERATION





Models:

Alexandra Burke
Sammy Waterhouse

Nicole Furando
Nate Wright

Maya Kotler
Solomiia Demus

Nadira Asghar





With two
Piss-tons
You fondle my limbs
The me that you know
Is
The me at my rawest
Like a poor rodent
Tearing
At the garbage, thatisme

You
Pull me apart
Hating-love
Youareasnake of the sly kind
Still, I crave in me
That
Scaly skin and
To run my fingers
Through
Your matted, gum-stuck fur
I am worth the gnawing at
And you
Are worth the waiting for

Jaiden Del Rosario, "The Pet"



In desperation, we are finally prepared to glimpse the shimmer of sunlight peeking through the well we've fallen down. Often, in order to reflect, we must stop moving. We must hit the ground and feel it for what it is: the dirt that ruins sneakers and grows gardens. It is through the distinction between hope and despair that we can feel either of the two. The eternally hopeful is blindly entitled. The eternally damned are numb to their own pain. When we actually feel desperation, we are feeling it compete against our feelings of hope. This is what allows us to relearn what hope feels like.

Glistening in purple, hope is unavoidable. Models in black try to look away, but their heads are turning. Within desperation is the antithesis of Apathy. In repose, a numb darkness is processed through the presence of glimmering light. Looking away, but unable to dismiss the influence of hope, our models lift their arms towards the sky, beginning their ascension from the depths of despair.

Toby Olson

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2024 RECAP!!



GR

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Model:
Jaralize Martinez

Photographer:
Madeline McLaughlin

Outfit by:
Devin Verdugo
Judd Espejo

Makeup by:
Judd Espejo