

CSM

1000



"Charming Loafers" by T. Nicole



"Untitled Collage I" by Josephine Lock



"Corazon" by Diana Mendez



The Writers Project and Labyrinth staff would like to extend our sincere thanks to:

The CSM Honors Project faculty, staff, and students, with special thanks to David Laderman, for their continued support of our club and our vision, our inspiring club advisors, Sarah Mangin and Keira Travis, the always encouraging ASCSM, and the students who submitted their work to be considered for this publication. This year we honored to be creating a special edition dedicated to CSM's Centennial.

We want to thank you for reading our new issue of Labyrinth and hope that this publication continues to inspire you.

Keep writing. Keep learning. Keep creating.



Labyrinth Issue 13 Special Edition  
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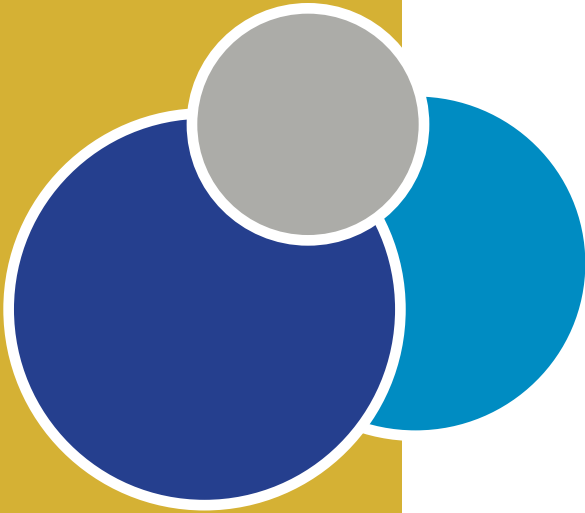
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# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

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In becoming part of Writers Project, my first semester of college, I was fascinated by being able to work behind the scenes of creating a magazine filled with incredible artistic and creative pieces. Showcasing San Mateo Community College District students' academic writing, poetry, prose and art in these publications, has shown me the value of creativity as well as the power of stories.

As Editor in Chief, I have discovered the essence of adaptability and effectiveness of fostering a distinctive team culture. From weekly meetings of organizing Issue 13 and in making the centennial video, there has been greater sparks of connectivity and creativity within the team.

By forming this Special Edition Issue 13 dedicated to College of San Mateo's centennial, I would like to express my appreciation to our advisors, Keira Travis, Sarah Mangin, and David Laderman in guiding me and the team through meetings and the publication process. I would also like to thank all of the team-- Francesca, Yun, Zaw Lin, Selia, and Isabel-- for their dedication in building this Issue. Thank you Nisha, for stepping in designing this magazine. Lastly, thank you to all of the contributors for making this publication possible.

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Ümit Capanoglu

*Editor in Chief*





# COLLEGE OF SAN MATEO HISTORY

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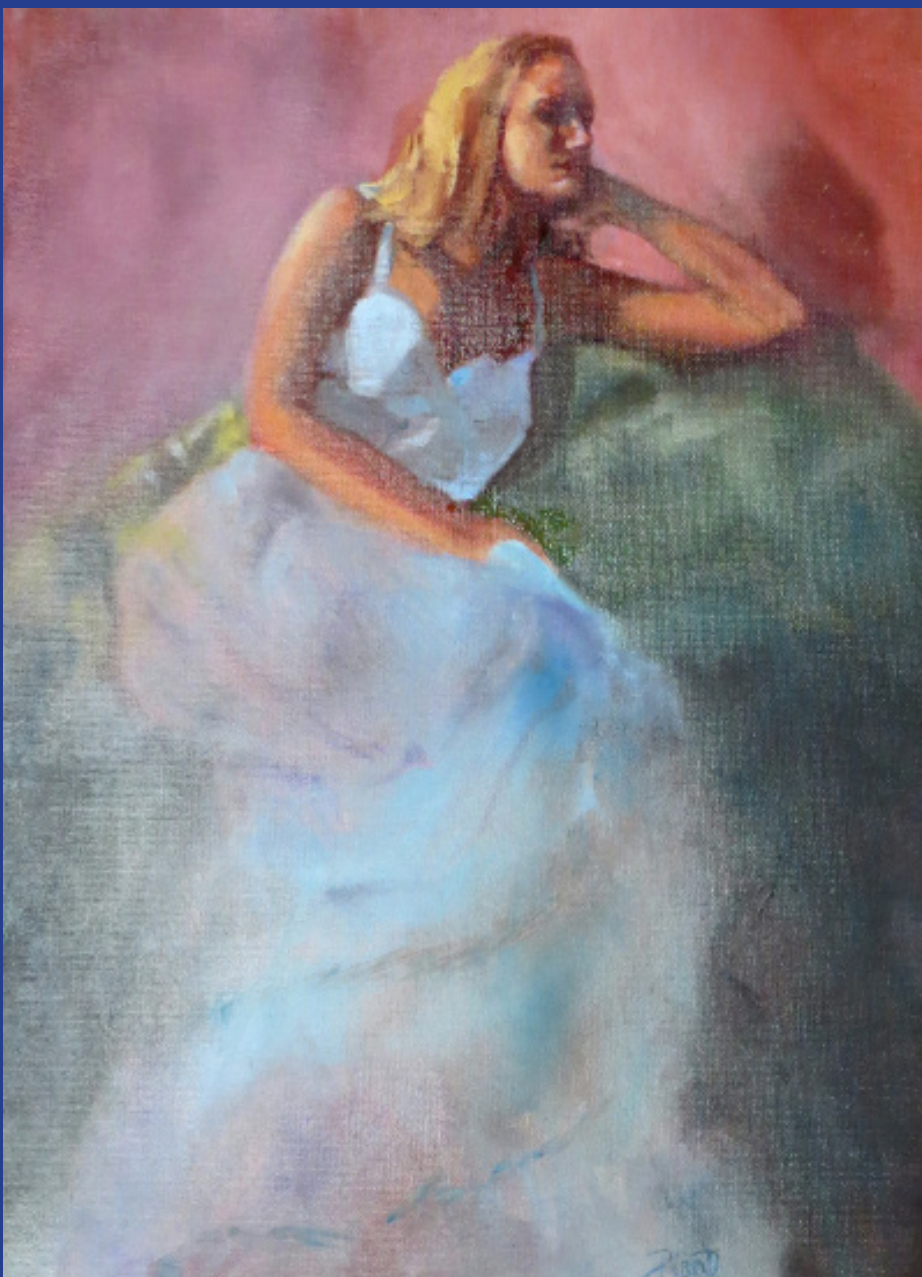
- College of San Mateo was founded in 1922 as a junior college
- In 1922 there were only 30 students attending CSM
- In 1929, College of San Mateo athletic teams won state championships in football, basketball, baseball, track and tennis
- In 1930s clubs were important, especially fraternities/sorority events
- After WWII "jazz" was considered a dirty word but the CSM jazz music curriculum was popular
- Archie Williams, CSM Alumni, won Gold Medal at the Berlin Olympics for Track and Field



- 1950s Cosmetology Department competed in the International Hair Styling Olympics
- Veterans took various courses at San Mateo College as therapy
- John Carl Warnecke, a well-known architect, designed and remodeled College of San Mateo in 1963
- Cost \$70 million for the construction of modern community college with 35 buildings, 153 acres of land
- Lois A. Callahan was the first woman president (1979) and Chancellor of San Mateo Community College District (1991)
- Heart of institution is considered to be College Heights Library with over 65,000 volumes/audio visuals

Source: "Class Act": College of San Mateo, A History -Michael Svanevik and Shirley Burgett

# To You



Art by Barbara Plant



# My Beloved Cloud Skies

---

By Angela Giusto

The world is not what it was just a year ago. There is a tension tethering us to our normal, and suffocating feeling of the mundane. I have been asleep for days, trying to escape the present reality that only seemed possible in dystopian novels. It seems that the ordinary is beyond our grasp, and that life will forever be behind the glowing screens in our bedrooms. But then I remember.

I understand why I feel safe with you, My Beloved Cloudy Skies. Something you may think I didn't notice is your radiance shining down, and your unrelenting brightness even in grey clouds. You are the ears that bear the responsibility of hearing the entire world, and the encompassing tragedy. You understand emotion and nature while being robust clouds covering blue skies. When you have a sensation of an overwhelming thought, you let out the tears onto the earth. Pain allows for things to grow and bring life to your planet. Grey darkness dissipates, and you become pearly and youthful again. Your strength covers the sky in a thick blanket of marshmallow fluff and stays until you decide you are no longer hurt.

Thank you.

In despair, the beauty of the clouds studied in renaissance paintings are carefully watching, immersed in the catastrophe happening below. Your watchful eyes bring hope again. The sun slowly showers in pinpricks between the fluff and illuminates each afternoon. Life calms. My Beloved Cloudy Skies, thank you for allowing the world to confide in you during times of sadness. For the welcoming presence of power instead of being uninviting. Your wise nature illustrates that emotions are essential to growing.



Art by Kat Moseley



# You are Just My Reflection

---

By Molly Liu

love's ashes

Ivy

folded hands

a secret told from you to me

in a leaky room

"They are like toads sticking on top of each other in spring"

three begets all things

shadow of the undead

an Inch of skin

you leaned out of the red quilt

forget about emotions, reasons, and memories

beginning, passing, and ending

only death

where i dream about you dreaming about me

let us meet under the moon of my youth

where you want

to grow wings and become sacred

where i dream about you dreaming about me  
let us meet under the moon of my youth  
where you want  
to grow wings and become sacred

but I look into the mirror  
and only saw my withered reflection;  
how nice it would be to live in the world of rabbits  
the one who walks away from my dream  
wake up, wake up, where should i wake up  
I want to use the remaining time to forget him  
the moon under the sea is the sky of the sky  
may the world be reunited forever in the rain  
the crowd is like sea sand, swallowed by time in an instant  
what do you know, broken mirror is the most beautiful thing in the  
world

jade made Guanyin  
a man of the state  
clean in quality, come or go  
the headline is my question, I asked it before, but I want to follow it up  
because it feels natural one can't have only regret in their heart



ice inside  
all outside is absurd  
mud wrapped in mud, a little red  
who has no-fault?

he says there should be more  
yet not yet coming  
and do you still wanna be  
even so

what did i read before  
safflower and flake  
under the green moss  
water dripping into ice everywhere

I don't know you in a dream  
wake up to see you  
I want to ask you after dreaming  
for whom am i dreaming.







# Strings

---

By Samantha Tran

start of a single note  
the melody  
balanced, beautiful on its own  
enough to leave one breathless

notes play one after another  
never at the same time  
not until the harmony  
joining the balance and beauty of the melody

in unison, melody, and harmony  
plays to the beat of hearts  
sings from core to world  
leaves all yearning for a standing ovation

dynamic duo blends to soothe  
but when separated  
melody continues to the beat  
while harmony ends.

see, without melody,  
harmony is flat,  
off-pitched,  
unpleasant.





Art by Silveria Arizon

# Groomed By Darkness

---

By Raul Guerrero

Everything in the world displeases her.

But, above all, her displeasure in everything displeases her.

She doesn't hate people, yet feels better when they aren't around.

She seeks her soul, but her soul she cannot see.

She seeks her God, but her God eludes her.

She seeks her brother and finds all three.

The moral nihilism of her culture plays out in its society.

It voyeurs into her humiliation, pain, weakness, and betrayal.

For her, to live is to suffer, and to survive is to find some meaning in that suffering.

Because she remembers, she despairs.

Because she remembers, she has the duty to reject despair.

But, nothing is possible to an unwilling heart.

She is not one who believes in nothing, but one who does not believe in what exists.

She believes what isn't true, and refuses to believe what is.

She'd rather be an evil somebody than to be a little nobody.

And that evil someone is groomed by darkness.





Art by David Antonio Santos



# Hymn to Harmonia

---

By Maddie McKnight

Of all the words I've written,  
These are perhaps the most lulling

A lifetime lived in her care would be well-spent.

Ah, Ares, master of passions, the swirling-nets of her charms have finally lured me away,  
Wrapped in her linens, blushing at her feet, I know so many others  
All vying for her attentions, Erato, Orpheus, Dionysus, even,  
Open hands offering their sonnets, their seductions, their symposiums,  
Kraters filled and drunk with her name on their lips, lyrics sung in the huntress'-haze  
of midnight.

Who am I among these geniuses, with their indelible youth in face, in name, in song,  
And in legacy, I don't know, but my whisper-spoken soliloquies were always  
Her favorite. I'd speak them to her as I brushed her hair; hushed, reverent,  
Quiet in the presence of tempestuous brilliance, fervor beyond comprehension  
And she'd sing them triumphantly back, the melody of victory to me.

Of all the words I've written,  
These are perhaps the most longing

I am a stranger to my hope, yet I love her still.

Oh, Eros, weaver of tales, whose blood-nectar dyed prophecy commences,  
I cannot follow her, my own Psyche is gone from the halls I attend,  
That fated throne warmed by her divinity, incomparable, delectable fire lost forever  
Because the work of my hands, my voice, would never be enough  
For a woman so dazzling in the perpetual summer sun of memory.

What use am I now, that my words have greedily followed her lips  
To hear the soft hum-hymn she refrains, would that I could hear them too,  
Her favorite. I've written new words for her, an overture as she dresses; subdued, melancholy  
Yearning for relief from this wine-dark absence that defies metaphor, words of sirens,  
And she'd be still in exchange, a familiar waiting-waltz of breath imported for her amusement.

Of all the words I've written,  
These are perhaps the most lonely

Come back to me. It could only ever be you.



Photography by Jiatong Liu



# Nothing is Beyond Repair

---

By Giana Papavasiliou


How is it that Michele Harper is able to write the book, *The Beauty in Breaking*, about being so impaired but beautiful at the same time? By definition, to be broken means "...been fractured or damaged and no longer in one piece or in working order." Well, Harper explains brokenness as "...a remarkable gift. If we allow it, it can expand our space to transform - this potential space that is slight, humble, and unassuming" (Harper 278).

Based on Harper's perspective of brokenness, we should embrace that no one is perfect and, instead, focus on how we can grow from our past mistakes. We should not take this "gift" for granted. Throughout her book, she provides stories about herself and her patients. She then elaborates on their journeys of being broken and how they used their brokenness towards personal growth. During her time working in the emergency room, Harper has seen many losses from newborns to elders, seen kids harassed to the point that they feel like they need to take matters into their own hands, and seen people physically, mentally, and sexually abused. She is able to teach us that nothing is beyond repair and that we all break. For some, breaking

may cause more of an impact on their mental or physical state, but by accepting a part of us that is hurting, we are saving ourselves from destruction.

Collectively as humans, whenever we feel stressed, we immediately start the process of trying to "unwind" by extinguishing the source of our stress. For some, to unwind is taking the focus off ourselves and putting it in those we care about. What we do not do is take time for ourselves and relax. As human beings, most of us stress about minor things. We care too much about others and their well-being. In the way we take care of others, we have to redirect that care towards ourselves. For instance, while working a shift in the emergency room, Harper encounters a patient, Ms. Hernandez, with chest pain. After evaluating her patient, Harper finds out that Ms. Hernandez has not been taking care of herself due to her sick husband who suffers from cancer. She tells her, "...I have a feeling that your blood pressure elevation and headaches are stress-related ... Stress can lead to heart attack, stress can lead to stroke, stress can lead to infection"(Harper 245). From this, we see more complex situations arise if we

do not take care of ourselves. All of the pressure from taking care of her husband has impacted her so much that she needed to go to the emergency room. By neglecting our well-being, we are causing more harm to ourselves. This reflects the idea that our actions always have consequences, even if they pertain to ourselves. Harper relieves her stress through meditation. She states that “yoga is a way back to our whole selves. It rejoins the breath, the mind, the heart, and the soul, reuniting the broken pieces into beautiful posture that show us we’re rooted in something far greater than pain” (Harper 141). Sometimes, we need to step back, take a deep breath and reunite our body with our soul. Through yoga, we can heal ourselves from the wounds we created. Slowly but surely, we collect the pieces to become whole once again.



"Sometimes, we need to step back, take a deep breath and reunite our body with our soul"

With the fear of being judged, we tend to internalize our issues and isolate ourselves from others. We do not seek help and instead have our worries destroy our frame of mind. By ignoring the available resources designed to help, we are doing a disservice to ourselves and only making our problems worse. Harper voices “It’s human nature to want to keep our fears... safe and near us forever...whether those parts are actual people, events, items, or

dreams.” What we do not realize is that “this type of binding frays and tears until, even when we fight the awareness, we’re forced to see how illusory the reliance on permanence is” (Harper 68). In this idea, Harper explains why it is so hard for us to accept something is wrong ourselves. We take comfort in knowing that our secrets are safe with us and eliminate the feeling of being a burden to others. The key contributing factor to why people do not speak out is fear. Exactly how many people do not ask for help? According to Mental Health America, “Over half of adults with a mental illness do not receive treatment, totaling over 27 million adults in the U.S. who are going untreated.” Approximately 24.7% of those who have a mental illness are not being treated, and this percentage is increasing yearly.

It is vital for people to understand that the severity of a problem does not belittle its importance. Pain is a part of the human experience, and we can take comfort in confiding in others, knowing they are going through something similar. It is hard to come to terms with the idea that we are all broken in our own ways, but this does not mean we have to remain this way. Coming to terms with our current state can help put us on a path to recovery.

Harper did not grow up with the ideal father figure throughout her childhood. Her father was very abusive towards Harper and her family, which resulted in growing fear of him, with each instance increasing in severity. Both her family and her father did not realize that he was broken and was projecting his internalized aggression onto them. Harper eventually stopped all communication with her father, and it was not till years later that he initiated contact again in hopes of reconciling. He says to her, “You said to me, ‘You don’t own anything.’ And you were right... It wasn’t until I owned all of my mistakes and that was so painful that I could begin to change. I’ve dedicated myself to getting better over the last twenty years” (Harper 232).

From this interaction with her father, Harper is amazed by the progress he has made. At one point in her life, Harper was so scared of her father that she called the cops hoping it would save her family from him. To see someone who was once broken reflect and conclude that it is not too late serves as a message that we are all capable of personal growth. Another person that Harper encounters that teaches her we do not have to remain broken is Victoria Honor, who she meets in the psychiatric emergency room. While stationed in Afghanistan, she was raped by her sergeant and by a former friend. She became pregnant and decided to get an abortion. She experienced more abuse, both verbally and emotionally, which took a toll on her mental health. Unlike anything she has done before, Victoria opens up to Harper,

and both describe their conversation as eye-opening. Both Victoria and Harper's dad faced barriers in their life that seemed impossible to overcome, but they are both ready for the obstacles they will face in their road to recovery. They know they should not let their past define them and instead grow from it and become their better selves.

By acknowledging that there is an imbalance in our lives that has proven to be negative and then asking for help, we are beginning the path of healing. No matter how big the situation is, anyone can start this journey whenever they are ready. Like Harper's dad, it was not till later in life that he became a better person and apologized to Harper for all the hardships he caused her. Similar to Harper, Victoria had a difficult situation with her parents and even more obstacles to come, but Harper acknowledges that no one lives a perfect life.

Everyone has difficulties; it is how you decide to let it shape you that will influence your future. Harper says, “So many things that happen to us are not right, are not okay. And we can survive and heal and use that to be stronger and shape our lives and the lives of others in wonderful, powerful, healing ways, should we choose to do so”(Harper 161). Harper has shown us that even through the hardships in life, there is still light at the end of the tunnel. Personally, I have been in and out of the hospital due to breathing issues since my freshman year of high school.

At first, I was scared of the unknown because I was living with a problem that no one knew about. Everyone, including my doctors, thought I was faking it because no one knew what was causing me to go into these attacks. I went through a phase where I was blaming myself instead of asking for help.

After lots of searching, I finally found the doctor who believed me and was willing to help me. Similar to Victoria and Harper, Harper believed her and helped come forward with this pain that was inflecting on Victoria. She believed in Victoria and put her on the path to heal and accept what had happened. This doctor did the same for me. She fought for me and diagnosed me with a very rare condition. She helped me find the answers I was looking for, and for the first time, I accepted that something was wrong and put myself on the path to heal. By asking for help, we are also determining how our future will play out. If I had not done so, I would still be unaware of this rare condition that I live with. If Victoria did not open up to Harper the way she did, she would not have truly accepted the pain she was going through and still think it was her fault. At times, we can be our worst enemy. The simple thought “why me?” is the beginning of a dangerous habit that deteriorates our mental health. Not only does this cause unnecessary stress, it begins to take a toll on our physical health. Our anxieties can manifest in many ways, and it is up to us to overcome them by taking down the

greatest barrier of all: ourselves. Owning we are broken is a step forward to conquering our inner demons and any other impediments on the path of personal growth. We saw with Victoria that she was alone and ashamed of her past, but accepting that she is not beyond repair helped her through her journey.

With Harper's dad, he was broken for a long time, but after self-discovery, he realized this is not his true self. If we have learned anything from Michele Harpers, *The Beauty in Breaking*, it is that no one is broken beyond repair and that in initiating a step to heal, we are inevitably saving ourselves from destruction. We all have imperfections, but we can reach a point in our lives where we are content with who we have become with time and effort.

#### Works Cited

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“The State of Mental Health in America.” Mental Health America, [mhanational.org/issues/state-mental-health-america](https://mhanational.org/issues/state-mental-health-america). Accessed 23 Nov. 2021.





Art by Diana Mendez

# Mona Lisa on a Lamppost

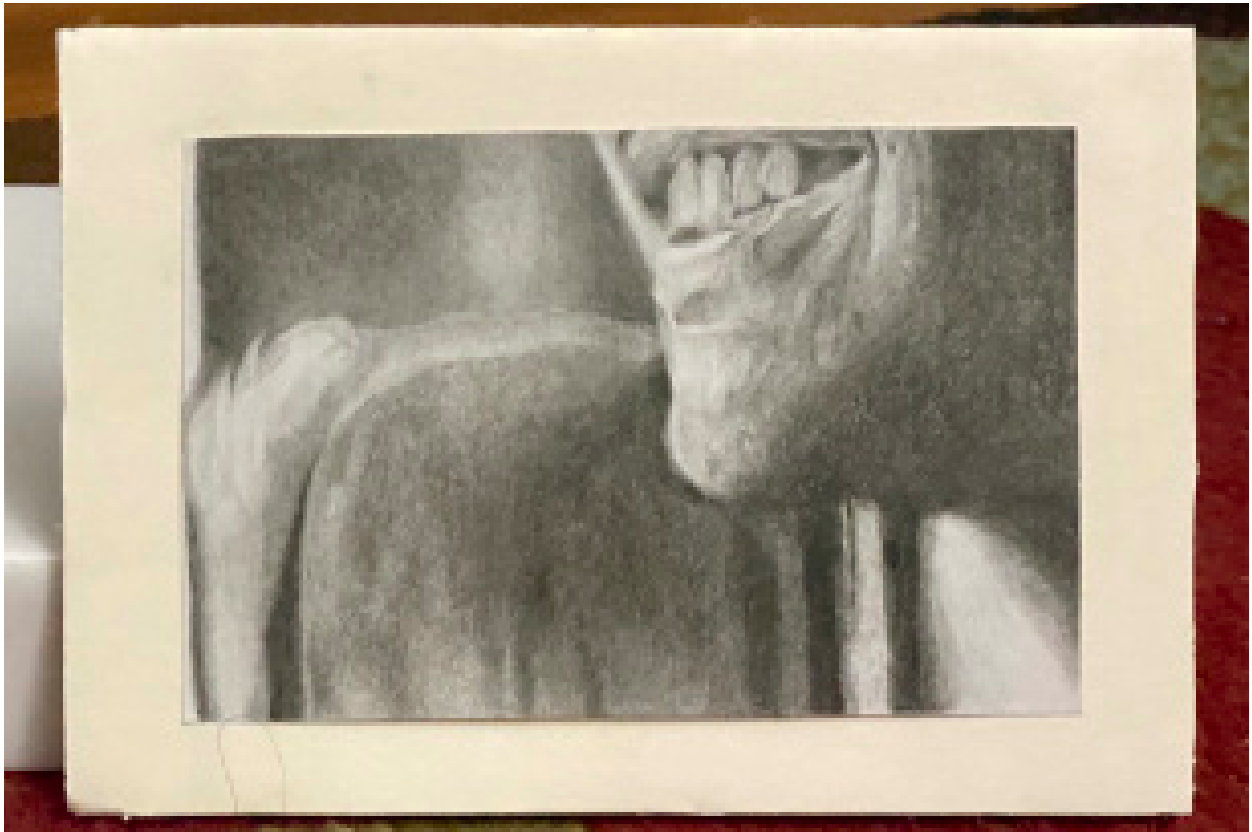
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By Barry Vitcov

Your head on a lamppost  
guarding every direction  
without paying attention  
to the yowls on the corner  
below. While self-indulgence  
runs amok with Louis Vuitton  
on a crisp fall day.

da Vinci captured your hands,  
crossed like a benign observer,  
but your eyes drew attention  
like a wayward woman  
with criminal intent.  
Hellbent on using any excuse  
for public mayhem  
while pretending justice,  
a solemn promise  
once binding together a culture.

The background is a dreamy  
path into unknown worlds.  
Hordes of gamblers risking  
life and limb on a whim and  
a betrayer. Your smile appearing  
to know more than an inside joke,  
skewered on a lamppost.



Art by Kemyy Rai

# ROOT



Art by Diana Mendez



# Hafe/Kasi

---

By Leila Tamale

“Lay, not Lee, Ta-ma-le”  
“Oh, like the Mexican food!” they’d say  
I force a laugh and smile  
“Yea” it’d be a while  
Before I started saying no.

Embarrassed cheeks turning red  
Thoughts flowing through my head  
Why? Why me, why this foreign name?  
Not knowing the only thing to blame  
Was their ignorance.

I wanted to be like them, palangi  
Like my mom and sister, beautiful palangi  
Not a hafekasi outcast  
Born to be half caste  
Forever unwhole.

The sun became my enemy  
Fearing my brown skin would turn ‘uli’uli  
Descent to meauli, “black thing,”  
Whiteness reigning supreme  
We become complicit in our own oppression.

Palangi means “gates of heaven”  
Because the Captain Cooks, John Smiths, the white men  
Made themselves out to be heaven-sent  
In truth more like hell-bent  
On making themselves Gods and us animals.

It came to me when I felt rage  
When I realized our placement into the cage  
How our people, freely flying foxes,  
Have been confined to boxes  
Vast Oceania is reduced to “tiny islands.”

Wandering between the halves,  
I only saw two divergent paths  
But I began to embrace the va between hafe and kasi  
And saw that our people could never be lost, see  
We are the original storytellers and wayfinders  
And only we can carve out our own paths and  
create our own stories.

Art by Nastassia Weit



# THE LITTLE MELTING POT

---

*By Diana Castro*

The Little Melting Pot

I am from a lush green garden,  
Overflowing with fruits and flowers,  
Cultivated by the hands that gave me life.

I am from a room filled with books  
Of places that used to be, will be, and never were  
With folk stories of magical beasts and terrible warriors

I am from a mixture of traditions, from two  
bloods, both running ruby red with cacao, chiles,  
cardamom, cinnamon  
Impregnated aromas of spicy incense,  
The sweetness of pan dulce  
The spices that give life pleasure, excitement, and joy

I am from the humid and the arid dry  
Hotness from two separate worlds, deep  
blue-black oceans apart  
Both sweltering, but different

I am from rhythmic beats, undulating hips  
Music flowing from the tambores and the tabla  
Zapateado with colorful, embroidered skirts  
And gliding with beaded, lavish Sarees

I am from “Siempre Saluda, di Por Favor y Gracias”  
Where manners are judged, taken apart, and  
analyzed behind one’s back  
But yet, always celebrated

In the End, I am from two separate worlds,  
Both spicy and warm.  
In the End, I am nowhere at all,  
But a new place called home.



Art by Dyana Huaraz



# To Provide Education to All People Without Discrimination

---

By Queenie/Pui Kam Chung

Confucius was a very famous educator in China. There is one essential concept of Confucius, "YAO JIAO WU LEI." These four Chinese words mean that "To provide education for all people without discrimination." In one of the Confucius' books "The Analects of Confucius: Wei Linggong", "There is no kinds in education." (Sturgeon) It means that a person, whether rich or poor, tall or short, smart or foolish, all have the right to be educated and should be educated. Two thousand years ago, in the early Spring and Autumn Period in China, it was the children of the nobles who could receive education only. At that time, Confucius pointed out that education is an important essential of a country because it helps people gain knowledge and strengthen the country. Therefore, he believed that education should be extended to all citizens so that anyone who was willing to learn will have the opportunity to receive an education.

Three thousand of Confucius' students came from different countries such as Lu, Qi, Jin, Song, Chen, Cai, Qin, Chu, etc. Confucian students came not only from the aristocracy, but also most of them come from civilian families. This issue broke the national boundaries at that time, and fully demonstrated Confucius' educational propositions. Today, after two thousand years, Confucius's thoughts seem yet to be fully implemented. Discrimination between gender and poverty, greatly affects everyone's right to have a fair education. Providing education without discrimination should be the foundation of education. Hence, there should be no room for discrimination based on gender and financial status in the field of education.

The issue of gender discrimination has always been the focus in the world. In some developing countries such as Pakistan, there were serious unequal gender differences in education. Men mostly monopolized various educational opportunities, while women

could only stay at home. In the reading "I AM MALALA", Yousafzai wrote about her life story in Pakistan and it shows us the difference in education opportunities between men and women. Yousafzai says, "but also those like the Taliban who think girls should not go to school" (Par 9). A large part of Pakistan was under the Taliban's control; they believe in patriarchal and the status of women is low. The Taliban destroyed schools and does not allow the girls to have education because they believe women belong to men. Also, they believe women should only stay at home and should not have their own thoughts. Moreover, Yousafzai states, "Since the time of the Taliban our school has had no sign and the ornamented brass door in a white wall across from the woodcutter's yard gives no hint of what lies beyond" (Par 7).

This statement shows us that they even need to hide their school because of the Taliban prohibition of education. As Malala and her father supported girls' education, their family was threatened, and finally the Taliban sent someone to shoot Malala. Luckily, Malala survived, and she can write about her story so that we can understand what was happening in Pakistan. In this reading, we can see the persecution and lesser educational opportunities for girls. In India, the situation is also similar to Pakistan. India's "Caste

system" is a class structure that determines people's by birth and background. It has its origins since ancient India and was abolished after India became independent in 1950. However, even though the caste system was abolished in 1950, it still retains a huge influence on today's Indian society, especially the rural area in India. In India's caste system, Indian women are under the absolute control of men.

The article "Education, poverty and 'purity' in the context of adolescent girls' secondary school retention and dropout: A qualitative study from Karnataka, southern India" states "Parents have primary decision-making power about when and to whom their daughters are married, and base decisions regarding marriage and girl's participation in education on both economic and social considerations." Furthermore, "girls are disproportionately expected to do domestic chores and take on caring responsibilities at home, limit movement outside the home and remain virgin until marriage" (Rama-naik, Par 4). We can see that women's status is also low, and they lack opportunities to have education. Even if a girl's studies are good, her parents would not let her continue because there is a lot of work waiting for her inside the house. As a result, she is not able to study anymore. Culture and family are main reasons why girls are out of school.

Gender discrimination in these families is obvious. Parents do not value girls' education, partly because they believe that girls lack the potential for financial returns.

Despite the rapid development of technology and economic, the remains of poverty have existed in every corner of the world, which affects the equality of people to access to education. Education is not only an important basic right, but also an effective strategy for poverty alleviation. Many people know this, but in many poor countries they still lack educational opportunities. In the journal "Rural Poverty; "education in chronically poor rural areas lags across generations," Viadero states:

"Researchers from the Carsey Institute at the University of New Hampshire found that 45 percent of adults in chronically poor rural areas have a high school education or less, compared with 22 percent to 33 percent of adults in better-off, amenity-rich rural areas. The findings come from a survey of 17,000 adults in 12 rural com-


munities around the country."

The result shows us in rural areas, almost half of the adults can have high school or less level education only.

The relationship between education and poverty is a vicious circle. The less education people receive, the less production skills they have.

Therefore, they can only get a low-income job, and the result is more and more poverty. Additionally, this result led to the people's inability to invest in education, so a vicious circle was formed to solve the poverty problem, the most important thing is to provide educational opportunities.

In the journal "Rural Poverty education in chronically poor rural areas lags across generations" they report how the Chinese government made a priority to universalize nine-year compulsory education among school-aged children and to eliminate illiteracy among youths and adults aged 15 to 45 years.. Hence from 1990 to 2002, the gross enrollments at the lower



*"Education is not only an important basic right, but also an effective strategy for poverty alleviation."*

secondary level in China increased from 67% to 90%. This program is a major national strategy to upgrade human resource development for poverty alleviation and social mobility. It helps a lot of people from the rural areas have a chance to break the vicious circle. Equal and effective education is important because it increases social mobility and lets the poor see the dawn of tomorrow.

Nowadays, education has been more popularized and basically achieved in most of the countries, but providing education for all people in the world without gender and poverty discrimination, still has a long way to go. Fairness is certainly a beautiful social ideal, but the road to the ideal is always full of obstacles. Nonetheless, with the ideal of fairness and the principle of fairness, to provide every student with sufficient opportunities for development should still be a goal worth pursuing. It seems simple, but it is inextricably linked to all aspects of society. Only when the government, society, schools and families cooperate with each other can this truly be achieved.

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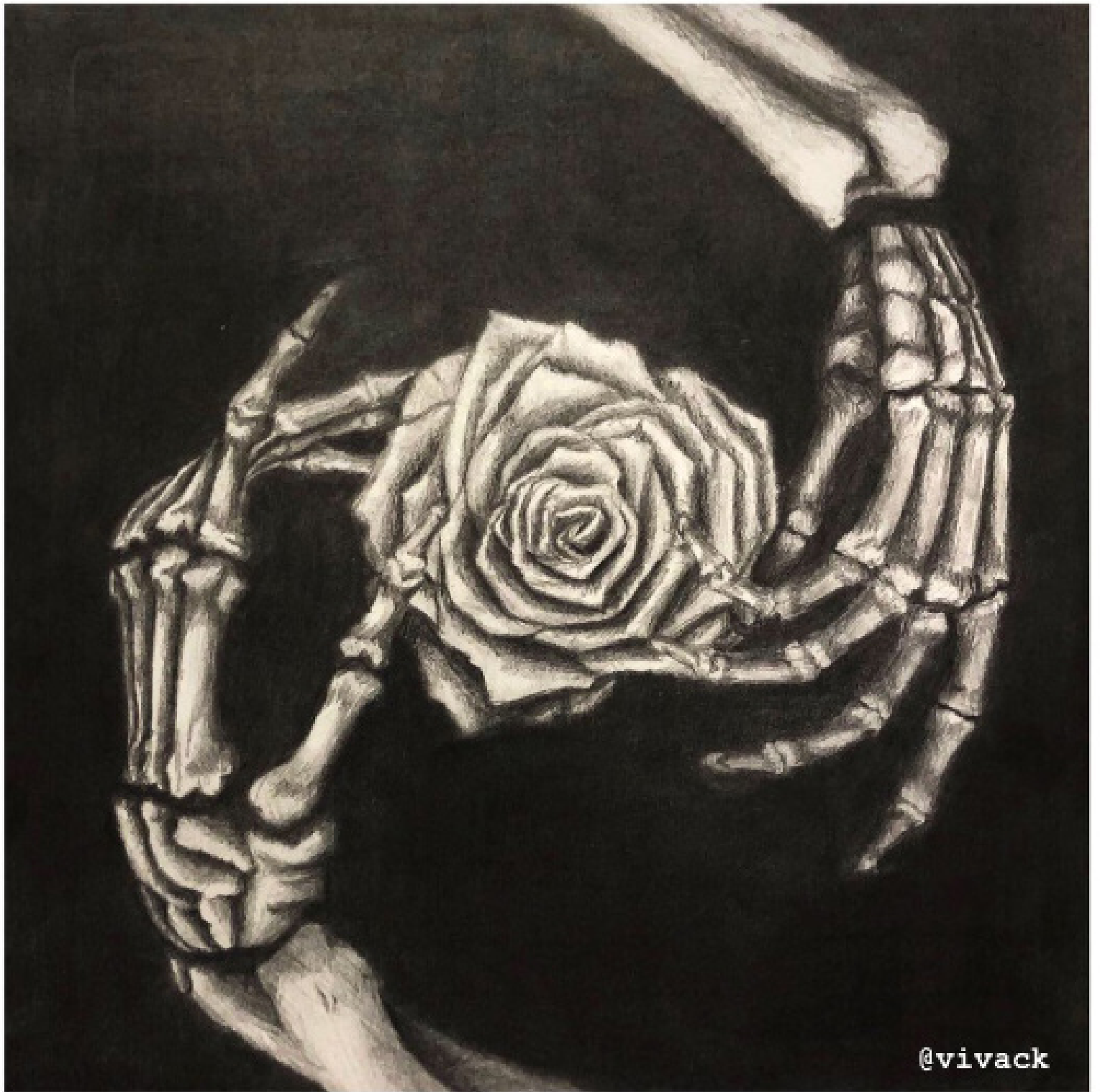
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Art by Vivack



@vivack

# Guilt Garden

---

By Hannah Hersey

Gilded atop the gypsum glitz  
With a garish garland of love  
A glave, gnarled and grim  
    draws the gown of glee to giggle  
Such gambits, give into the grudge-gadget  
Gammon colored stripes  
guide greed's game towards gory gristles  
A Grim glint of grime  
Says it makes him go gaga  
Egad!  
The greenhorn gasps  
Heaven-gracious for the graveyard gentry

Beneath the gift of gob and glib  
Gallant gleams of glacial mass  
Graft strange guises

Gathered grin of garnets  
Garments grained with grit  
Bubble gum geodes greet garbs galore!

A geranium explosion at the gala  
gave the girls a godly gaze  
Gaudy golden glory  
Glitter garnish of pink ribbon garlands  
This granite! All garbage in peach-glutton gossamer

The grandeur of glowing glycerin  
generates a stratum of ghosts from  
geothermal pasts  
Cloth and mineral graffiti guilt  
Grieve the gutter gem full-grown!

Around a Red Mouth, 1967, by Hannah Hoch



# RIPPLES IN THE WATER

---

*By Frank Mirabella*

Ripples in the water,  
endlessly flowing,  
past the horizon;  
longing to see.  
Outwards, growing,  
toward beaches unknown,  
like the fluttering of butterflies,  
a cosmic flight.  
Grains of sand under the tide;  
jewels beneath ocean waves;  
drifting to unseen shores,  
and stardust scintillating in the sea.  
Shells floating with two sides shone,  
carried away, luminous,  
along the current,  
ripples in the water.





Art by Merriweather Fields

# Hail Poseidon

---

By Conrad Zavio

In the twilight recesses of my lucid dream,  
I am transported back to the sacred temple of Isthmia,  
Dedicated to Poseidon, god of the sea.  
The temple walls exude a blue diamond stained glass visage  
That has faded over time,  
A faint melody plays in the background  
Seemingly, orbs and fairies dance;  
Filling every part of the temple space with their  
grace and luminosity.  
Beyond in the darkness, a portal opens.

I struggle to decipher not knowing  
Whether it could lead to the underworld or ...Olympus.  
I dare not venture even if curiosity beckoned.  
But, for now, I float in this warm and inviting sanctuary,  
Where time seems to have stopped for centuries.  
I do not wish to leave but the recurring tide does not bode  
well for dwelling,  
And the alarm clock wakes me up to harsh reality.

Art by: Coco Spencer



# Me, Myself and I



Art by: Kemyy Rai



# Forever and Always

---

By Zay

It's funny how life works  
We see it one way, but it always turns out  
completely different

The time we spent together...  
Was it time well spent?  
Or  
Time well lost?

I think about you when I shouldn't  
Funny how life gives us signs  
But never enough time to react to them

Just one more moment  
That's all I ask for  
Nothing more  
Nothing less

An opportunity to right my wrongs  
To say sorry

For what I did  
For what I didn't do

We all wish to have the answers  
to the questions we seek

Do you remember those late nights?  
Of course, you do  
How could WE forget...

Hope life is treating you well  
We both know it hasn't been easy  
For either of us

Years have passed now  
Yet time has seemed to stand still

Save your tears for another day, please  
We're going to be alright

Maybe in another lifetime  
We'll cross paths  
Until then  
Godspeed my love





Art by Josephine Lock



# Who Am I

---

By Zhen Jiang

Although I can see myself through the mirror or other people's eyes, I still want to know myself on a deeper level. Who am I? I feel in a way that I can touch my soul by meditating and writing in the silent midnight.

Sometimes I recall my memories that are frozen by time like my grandma often sat on the pier to watch me go to school.

It was my first time to lose someone who cared and loved me so much.

My grandpa taught me about life experiences.

I wanted to draw these moments on the paper, and I also wanted to make these precious memories into a movie for commemorating the people who lived with me. I am me; one is sentimental.

But this side shapes me as a strong female. When vulnerability controls my soul, it also pushes me to gather my strength to become stronger.



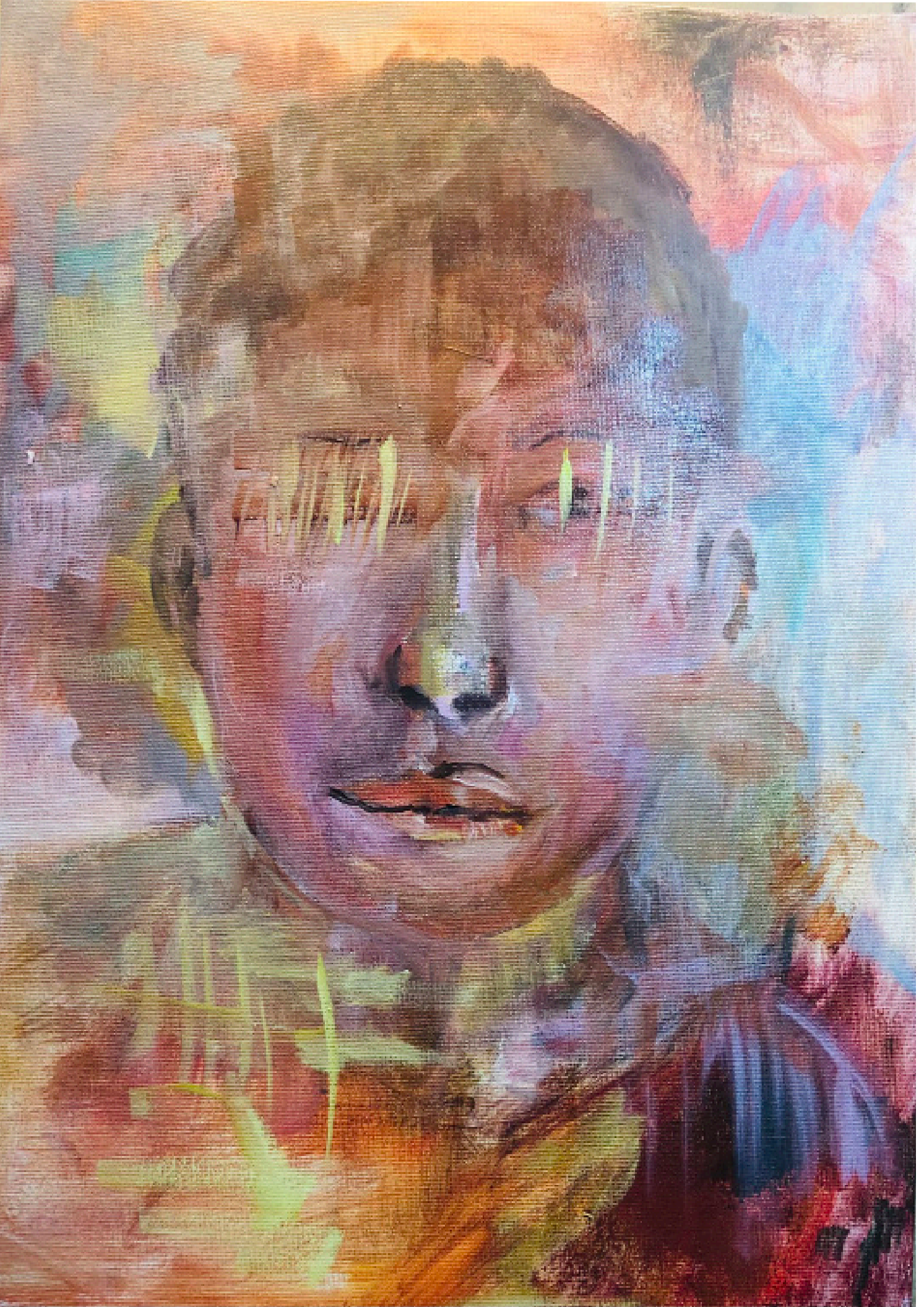
In the vast expanse of the universe, I am so small.  
Ordinary but not afraid of challenge, not genius but  
not scared about failure, optimistic, and diligent.

I believed in myself, so I did.

What I care about most are family and friends.  
I don't disclose my sadness to my family  
because I prefer to bring happiness to them.  
I don't want to bother my friends  
unless I can't deal with some difficulties.  
I am willing to help others,  
and I like to be a strong supporter of them.

Love gives me hope,  
including my family and positive people.  
When I need love and care, I always come back home. I  
forget worries when I see their joyful smiles. Peo-  
ple's positive energy always inspires me. The power  
of love encourages me to struggle.  
The feeling of moving forward makes me become more  
confident, leading me to close to touch my dream. Keep  
moving forward, stay positive and work hard.

The End.



Art by Barbara Plant

# Losing Myself

---

By Izzy

No one told me  
Losing weight, meant losing myself

Staring at the plate  
I barely touched  
It was too overwhelming  
I couldn't bear to eat

Counting calories before every meal  
The amount of regret and guilt, I feel  
For nourishing my body

Quickly running to the bathroom  
With the fingers on the back of my throat  
Turning solids into liquids  
Thinking that solves all of my problems

Another day  
Skipping meals, mostly dinner  
I'm hungry  
But I don't even care  
All I wanted is to wake up the thinner

I'm not hungry  
A lie, I tell everyone  
Including myself

My body begging me for food  
As my stomach growls  
Knowing it has been empty for days

Looking in the mirror  
Hated the person I've become  
Especially losing my confidence

Feeling helpless, mostly insecure  
But I can't even stop  
Counting calories  
Running to the bathroom  
I no longer controlled my life

Losing weight  
Wasn't worth losing myself





# Closer Conventions

---

By Kaela Wilson

Contrasting shades and  
angles bring me  
crawling in between  
such cervical thoughts.

I crack open a sliver to  
find more intertwined lines  
and points conjoined at  
an unframed horizon.

It's just beyond  
Marginalized condemnation  
But the shadows float  
like leeward sails

Which end has begun and  
What begins may never end,  
Coursing through elemental patches  
The hand finds smooth edges

Vibrant ribs and  
Curving, fanning limbs  
Toss me through jetting slopes of  
illuminated blushes

Emerald abrasions  
Golden contortions and  
Flustering, blistering hues  
They interchange like

The looming moments in  
Between when your eyelids can no longer lift  
And when your dreams can no longer consist  
The nothing but

Flow.  
Ever-moving,  
Ever-changing,  
Pieces of a  
Greater globe.

Art by Kaela Wilson



# Don't Do It

---

By Jason Chun

don't you pity yourself or do  
but know it's no pretty sight to set  
this matter alight with a strike of your  
matchless meditation making moles out of  
mountain-hills where sweaty Sisyphus gives you a  
two-for-one deal on boulder dashing up down up you go  
gaslighting all the way oh ain't it a grand mirage to do so far yet  
get so close behind that barbed livewire fortress just to feast your eyes on  
shit not keeping you out but keeping it in checkmate damn don't you if and or do







Art by Jennifer Loving

# A HEART AND MIND

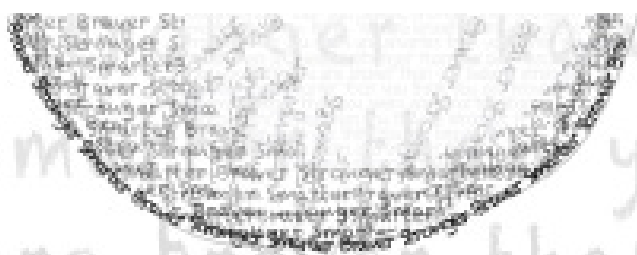
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*By Emilia Bortolus*

A heart and mind entwined with celluloid  
True looking glass on silver screen does tell  
Synthetic film a net above the void  
Suspend belief in the cross parallel  
The moving picture is like a dream display  
Time falls away within the perfect plot  
Recited lines that you wish you could say  
All ugly problems from outside forgotten  
But figures flashing are not real life  
Reality does not follow a script

Cannot walk out when overwhelmed with strife  
False expectations entomb the darkened crypt  
Remember movie truths for what they're worth  
But don't forget to come back down to earth.

lieve, and sm  
and sm  
You are braver than you be-  
lieve, smarter than you think  
and You are raver than you  
believe, marter than you  
think a  
believe  
you believe  
seem and  
think. You  
you believe,  
think and You're raver than  
you believe, smarter than you  
think You are braver than you  
believe, stronger than you seem  
seem and smarter than you think



Stronger Smarter Stronger Smarter









Art by Barbara Plant

By Lewis Carroll



Alice's Adventures in  
**WONDERLAND**

Art by Nastassia Weit





Art by T. Nicole



# Art Glossary

---

Cover: CSM 100 by Labyrinth Team

Dedication: Diana Mendez, T. Nicole, Josephine Lock

Credits: Hawaiian Path by Selia Gomez

First Divider: Girl by Barbara Plant

Page 10: Winter's Walk by Kat Moseley

Page 14: Fragile Reflections by Silveria Arrizon

Page 16: Vanitas with Skull by Silveria Arrizon

Page 18: Water Witch by David Antonio Santos

Page 21: Palm Tree by Jiatong Liu

Page 26: Camellia by Diana Mendez

Page 28: Progressive Shadows by Kemmy Rai

Second  
Divider: Cherry Blossom by Diana Mendez

Page 31: Women Smoking Through Time by Nastassia Weit

Page 33: Untitled by Dyana Huaraz

Page 38: Death's Gift by Vivack (Aung Nyein Chan)

Page 40: Around a Red Mouth, 1967, by Hannah Hoch

Second  
Divider:

Page 42: The Flutter by Merriweather Fields

Page 44: Untitled Collages by Coco Spencer

Third Divider:

Progressive Shadows by Kemmy Rai

Page 48: Untitled Collage 3 by Josephine Lock

Page 51: Restricted by Barbara Plant

Page 54: Tangled Up by Laurie Marte

Page 56: A Comfortable Ashore by Kaela Wilson

Page 58-59: Blooming Heather by Jennifer Loving

Page 61: Stronger than You Think by Jennifer O'Quigley

Page 62-63: Drifting Away by Barbara Plant

Page 64: Drop Cap in Wonderland by Nastassia Weit

Page 65: Losing Line in Abstraction by T. Nicole

Back Cover:

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