



Labyrinth

COLLEGE OF SAN MATEO
WRITERS PROJECT
ISSUE 15

Cover Photo: *La Reina De Amor* by Alexander Antonio Aldana

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.

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 15
Copyright © 2023
Friday Afternoon Press

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, write to the publisher at the address below.

Contents

IDEA OF HOME

6	Capturing Memories Gamze Akildiz	11	Photograph: Fairytale Tom Hankan
8	Cyclone Tom Hankan	17	The Time Spent in That Apartment in Beijing's Summer, 2010 & 2017 Henry Wang Art: Primavera by Renata Caliman
9	Living Fast, Dying Young Neida Chavez	18	Slow Dancing Parker Nathanael Guban
10	What helps you get by? Matthew Spigelman		Dear 'Love' Ummul Khair Fatima Art: Maizie by Virginia L. Boyd
11	Just A Random Flock Of Sheep	19	Recognition, Resilience, and Recovery Maya Orsi
12	Would you? Sarah Grover	21	Art: Statue of Shoes by Albert Lau
13	"THE SCENT OF GREEN PAPAYA" REVIEW Tran Anh Hung		
16	Gently Now Earthling: Lovely Memories		

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

22	Art: Eye with Shadown Lakshman Deollikar		I've Been Waiting For A Girl Like You Keiry Ascensio
23	An Afterpoem: Sea Meets Sound Van D Untitled Barbara Cromarty	32	Photo: Monterey Ave, San Jose, CA Alexander Antonio Aldana
25	Alone in Life Jenny	33	An Unknown Woman Barry Vitcov
26	Photo: Cold Summer Nights Tom Hankan	34	Art: The Lighthouse Vivack
27	Powderkeg (Version One) Jake Owen Connorton	35	Photo: Being Pink Phuong Hoang
28	Art: Charcoal Tiger Jennifer Yu Art: Wildlife of Montara Mask Lori Rhodes	36	Art: Raspberries Brooke Star Mendez Art: Nature's Brilliance Mary Curtis
29	Planet Warriors Kemmy Rai	37	Why and How Did I Quit My Former University Kule
31	My Personal Jungle Pablo Morales Escobar	38	Transformation of Janie Yutong Xie
		39	Photo: A View From the Pier Jason Paster
		40	E-Waste and The Right to Repair Jason Paster

SHARED LEGACIES

46	Art: Fontainhas, Panaji, Goa by Barbara Gibb
47	Pagulong-Gulong Puto Parker Nathanael Guban
48	APACHE WARS Phuong Guoang Photo: Sprawl by Emily Fang
50	Art: Emotion by Tram Lu
51	Never Forget Luis Romero
52	Photo: El Hombre De Colores, Mission Street, SFCA by Alexander Antonio Aldana
53	A Love Letter to My Ancestors Roselyn Cabello
54	My Literacy Journey Kourosh Samsami
55	Art: Manga Sci Fi Heroes by Albert Lau
56	Breast Cancer Predictions With Logistic Regression Classification Models Lianna Lim
58	Art: White Chalk by Colin Goodwin Art: Books not Bullets by Patrice Willig Photo: Glowing Sea Anemones by Brooke Star Mendez
59	A Friend or an Enemy? How English is Devouring Human Culture Lena Li
61	Misery and Prejudice Michelle Djack
63	Photo: Studio by Cameron Enes



Editor-In-Chief
AKIMALIG DAYAG

Design Director
ERIKA KITA

Editorial
GEAROID WALSH
ERIKA KITA
NATHAN LOW
ISABEL CHANG

Advisors
SARAH MANGIN
KEIRA TRAVIS

Photograph: *Sprawl* by Emily Fang

Letter from the Editor

This edition is especially unique because it is an amalgamation of Fall 2022 and Spring 2023 works with three thematic threads: Idea of Home, Through the Looking Glass, and Shared Legacies. In Idea of Home, our editors were able to recall a sense of nostalgia and a yearning for the familiar. Through the Looking Glass evoked a particular “je ne sais quoi” we found captivating and almost whimsical drawing us into imaginative worlds. The works in Shared Legacies radiate emotions of empowerment and vigor, aligning with our editors.

I was not sure what to expect first taking on the role of Editor-in-Chief for Labyrinth, but I knew I wanted to create a magazine true to its roots of being student-led and student-created. Our team was able to pour their creativity into this magazine, even designing a new cover for this special edition.

This magazine is not just a compilation of student works, but a tapestry of people’s lives, resilience, and vulnerability woven together and placed in your hands.

As you immerse yourself in this edition, my hope is not only for your enjoyment but for a meaningful takeaway—a lesson, inspiration, a smile, or more. I encourage you to continue creating and sharing, I extend my heartfelt gratitude for being part of the ongoing Labyrinth journey.

Warm regards,

Aki Malig Dayag



Idea of Home

Photograph: *Capturing Memories* by Gamze Akildiz





Photograph: Cyclone by Tom Hankan



Living Fast, Dying Young

Neida Chavez

Sometimes I feel like I'm living fast and dying young,
Not because I'm out on drugs or having fun,
But because my body aches and my heart is numb.

I'm chasing a dream whose foundation was built by those I love.
I'm breaking the walls that restricted what they could've done.

I'm yelling at the top of my lungs but they can't hear my screams.
"Old Soul" but really I was a child when they crushed my dreams,
Of living in a castle where I'm saved by the knight
Really all I learned was they'd never come in the night.

Scared by the darkness that's within the light,
They called me "sunflower" but cut off my petals.
Maybe if I learned to stay quiet they'd reward me with medals.

I've never been what they wanted me to be, but I'm always going to carry the
weight of who they could be.

They've always said they love me for me,
But run away when they see how hard it is (for me) to breathe.

They categorized me because of my maturity,
But I became a child when it was time for them to reflect,
All the pain and torture they never took responsibility for despite
its effects...

You called us your team but ran away when it was time to play leader.
You let the poisoned apple ruin what could've been,
I don't think I can ever understand why you let them stand tall despite all they
did.
You once played the part but now only play dress up,
How does it feel to know that at the end of the day, you're the one that messed up?

I've never been perfect, I've carried my sins.
The difference between you and I is that I never labeled them as my wins.

What helps you get by?

Matthew Spigelman

Dreams, thoughts, lying on your back, food covered in sauce.

What do you need to not cry?

Is it warm tea, a hug before a goodbye, a good cry because why not let it out?

What do you crave?

Is it attention, the feeling of being brave or tough, scars to prove you have lived wild enough, stars in peoples eyes to prove you're doing it right, or stars twinkling in the gloom lit up by the absence of light.

What do you sight?

Is it animals in the trees, grasses full of life, is it a metal bird squawking in flight, is it your love come to tuck you in at night, is it your cat a furry delight, is it fights with your surroundings, companions or reality, is it your desires playing the host let run rampantly.

What are you?

Is your shadow watching from the recessed bridge of the nose, forming opinions from the brain matter bulging out of the skull, like jam between big toes, is you a rose, smelly and pink, ready to sink thorny teeth into any hand that you meet hungry for the blood to drink, is you light, reflected by prisms, refracted to no end, bouncing off each pole attracted and repelled through invisible force searching for something hideously gorgeous.

What is life?

Is it a jaunt through a dark Misty Forest, haunted and porous, sucking up pain like a Catholic boys chorus, is it a fire set to burn, on a small set of logs, the group of which sit next to the dancing flame, ready to be rolled on, is it the call of your name the fall of the spring the flowers that bloom sending out sex to everything.

What is your call?

Is it love, is it berries, is it Sugarie fairies, is it fantasy make-believe, is it reimagined, taming the dragon, is it discipline tough to win, is it sanctimonious and full of sin, is it empty and hollow, a soundless drum beating to the march of 1000 nuns, is it a holy and live so very bright, did it sink to the depths on that stormy night.

SO many questions, SO little time, I might have already left, SO if you find the answers, please be sure to press **PLAY** >.



Art: Just A Random Flock Of Sheep

Would you?

Sarah Grover

If I were a book, would you read all the pages?

Re-read me once again, just to relive all my
stages?

Would you judge my first words, or all the
times I made mistakes?

Would you ask about the chapters without a
closure, or would you try to understand my
heartache?

Or maybe would you want to rewrite me,
change the story, remove some characters or
add some back?

Would you judge the cover of this closed book
dipped in blue?

Or would you fall in love with me the way I did
with you?

Art: *Literary Analysis* by Michelle Pena



Art: *Getting Rooted* by Margo Thienemann



“THE SCENT OF GREEN PAPAYA” REVIEW

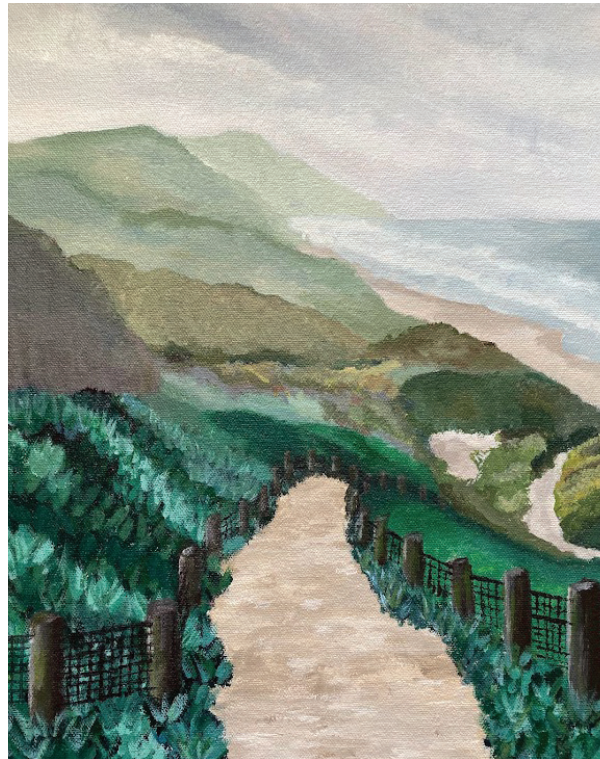
Written by Tran Anh Hung

Directed by Tran Anh Hung

ABSTRACT:

Mùi đu đủ Xanh translated The Scent of Green Papaya, a drama released in 1993, was written and directed by Trần Anh Hùng, who graduated from the prestigious film school Louis Lumière College. Born in Mỹ Tho, Việt Nam, Trần was twelve years old when his family emigrated to France after the fall of Sài Gòn in 1975. Trần's parents became tailors who fitted uniforms for the French army while Trần studied philosophy and, subsequently, discovered his love for film when he “chanced upon a late-night screening of Robert Bresson's A Man Escaped (1956) and was so moved by what he saw unfolding on screen that he immediately decided to transfer his attention to filmmaking” (King, Animus Magazine). Training principally as a cinematographer, Trần dropped out of film school in the midst of final exams to avoid material trappings and occupational expectations. During these four years, he worked at the Musée d'Orsay bookshop, used this time to write screenplays, and make short films which led to securing sufficient funding for his first feature-length project: The Scent of Green Papaya. As a medium, film typically engages two elemental human sensory systems: sight and sound. However, Trần's feature debut uses these two sensory systems to invoke the other three sensory

systems and evoke sensations typically unexpressed by cinema: smell, taste, and touch. Like a corporeal meditation of history, Trần uses music, camera techniques, lighting, and framing to recreate the sensation of life as it was lived and experienced during that time through sensory perception. For his efforts, Trần garnered the Caméra d'Or prize – also known as the “Golden Camera” Award – at the Cannes Film Festival for Best First Feature Film, a César Award for Best Debut Film, and was short-listed for the 1993 Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film.



Art: *Fort Funston* by Ashley Spears

The basic plot of *The Scent of Green Papaya* centers on the (mis)fortunes of a domestic servant girl, Mùi, whose life intersects with her aristocratic employers throughout their ten plus years of cohabitation during Mùi's pre-pubescent adolescence into her young adulthood. Having lost her father at a young age, her single mother sent Mùi to earn a living in Sài Gòn while she and Mùi's little sister remained in the country. In these intersections, Trần emphasizes Mùi's resilience and everyday spirituality as she finds joy and growth in the day-to-day. Major overt influences underscoring the

storyline are capitalism, materialism, and mal-distribution of wealth coupled with sub-textual references to colonialism and gender positionality.

MEDIA:

Filmed in Technicolor and set in Sài Gòn, Việt Nam during the beginnings of the 1950s, this historical drama follows the life of a young domestic servant girl named Mùi. Unlike typical historical dramas which tend to detail how political and social changes directly impact the narrative and its characters, Trần chooses to focus on the personal evolutions that take place within the household.

To depict the reality of that period, Trần uses music as an integral and complementary narrative to illustrate comparative variations of unspoken but irrefutable truth that complement the lived daily reality. For instance, though neither the narrative or dialogue directly portray French colonialism's impact on Việt Nam, Mùi's second and wealthier aristocratic employer, Khuyển, studies in France to become a composer and plays flawless piano pieces such as *Clair de Lune* (By the Light of the Moon) composed by French composer Claude Debussy. Khuyển's family is shown to be wealthier and on the rise, easily able to afford a domestic servant, and provide her with a generous salary. In contrast, though he studied at the same school as Khuyển, Mùi's first and more traditionally-oriented employer, Trung, prefers Vietnamese instruments and sonorous folk music, mastering the flute with his father and, later, the moon lute after his father's passing. Correspondingly, Trung's family is shown as arcane and in decline, suf-

fering financial crisis, which force them to relinquish Mũi's services to Khuyển. Through this juxtaposition, Trần demonstrates how French colonialism erodes the cultural base of Vietnamese traditions to promote itself as a superior cultural replacement that leads to eventual native erasure.

Alongside music, Trần uses camera angles and lighting to construct a sophisticated framing of the scenes so that, even with minimal dialogue, the script is buoyed by the camera's movement and its luminescent lighting with cinematographer Benoît Delhomme's camerawork "fueling a lush resonance" showing panoramic shots, sweeps, and close-ups reflecting the natural complexity and beauty of everyday life (Write, *Filmotomy*). Because of a production scheduling miscalculation, the entire film was shot on a Parisian soundstage which gave Trần greater ability to control the environment permitting meticulous attention to light and shadows. There is a crisp purified clarity – and visual commentary – as imagery stands in for its linguistic symbol, language, so viewers see Mũi's drudgery represented in the worker ants – rendered in vibrant ebony bustling against a white almost transparent background – and the phrase "to walk in someone else's shoes" clearly reverberates in the viewer's mind when Mũi wordlessly slips on her employer's shoes – shown in brilliant glistening ebony after she buffed them to perfection. In other words, the visual imagery clearly speaks where the script remains wordless: work, in different forms and with studious effort, reliably produces growth and progress bringing a sense of completion and fulfillment.

Though filmed in France, the entire script was written in Vietnamese with very little dialogue in the 105-minute long film. When there was dialogue, it highlights the class distinctions through accent and tenor with aristocrats speaking in the northern accent carrying a more formal cadence while Mũi and locals spoke in southern informal colloquialisms. This distinction is literally lost in translation because neither the accent nor the colloquialisms would be evident to non-native speakers and these distinctions do not come through in subtitles. However, this distinction significant as it subtly reflects the class difference that underpins a major tension in the film: mal-distribution of wealth.

Because the artistry, cinematography, production design, and storyline – through words and imagery – come together to impressively portray the director-writer's vision, Trần could cast unknowns and still achieve his artistic aspirations. "Something of a social [cinematic] pioneer," Trần's bottom line was not profit; instead, he sought to "represent his country [] Vietnam as a place [] [w]ith human spirit,

and not just stereotypes as war film villains" (Ibid).

CONTENT:

The script is close to wordlessness because it takes on Mũi's perspective, mirroring her very condition: introspective, introvert, illiterate. Hence, imagery takes center stage to tell the narrative through her eyes, assuming a palpable consciousness that speaks for and to her sensibilities. In this sense, there is a redefinition of "subjecthood" in direct contradiction to conventional storytelling which honors Mũi's story as it would be told by her in three pivotal scenes.

Mũi's first characteristic, introspection, is masterfully revealed early on as viewers follow her on her first morning in Sài Gòn to see her hang tightly onto a gate, inhale the smells of her new home, absorb both natural and man-made sounds, while studying the papaya milk that hypnotically drips languidly from the stem with entranced wonder. Her mouth is slightly agape and her focus is laser-sharp. Then, when the drop of papaya milk is caught by the leaf below, Mũi breaks into a satisfied smile, as if she herself actually tasted the papaya milk's sweetness. In this scene, Trần clearly wants to accentuate that Mũi's lot in life is to tend to what others may consider "the little things in this world." However, Mũi's appreciation of nature's wonders and the time she takes to savor its beauty validates its value to reflect an inner grace interlaced with deep wisdom.

Mũi's second characteristic, introversion, is reflected consistently throughout the film but heightened during the scene where she retreats from Khuyển. Thinking she was alone, Mũi tries on the red silk áo dài, gold multi-tiered necklace, and embroidered red velvet shoes given to her by her former employer as parting gifts. Dressed in full aristocratic regalia, she also applies lipstick for the first time. The bright red lipstick was left behind by Khuyển's fiancée during a former visit. The camera moves in for an extreme close-up as Mũi paints the bright red over her full natural-toned lips and follows the lipstick as it glides smoothly across her top, then bottom lip. When Khuyển unexpectedly comes home, he chances a glimpse of her and is utterly entranced. She catches his gaze and immediately retreats to her personal space in the back of the house. Khuyển follows her but she implants herself against a back wall, holds her breath, and retracts so compactly that he does not see her and gives up his search. This scene presages Mũi's blossoming from acute introvert to public womanhood, heralding the sexual awakening of a young woman in love.

Mũi's third character trait is illiteracy. As a poor, lower class, domestic servant from the country, she can neither read nor write. However, after they fall in love, Khuyển decides to teach her. Once tutelage is complete, Mũi becomes fluent and can both read and write in Vietnamese. In the final scene, Mũi is wearing a silk yellow áo dài with fashionably styled hair and gently asserts "Let me begin. . ." As she continues, Mũi poetically discusses the vibrations from the earth that cause a harmonious stirring in the water reflecting a

cherry blossom that, whatever the changes, remain – at heart – a cherry blossom. With these words, it is as if Mũi has fully emerged from her cocoon to spread her wings and enter into a new social, cultural, economic, and – inherently – political phase of her new life, all the while retaining the inner grace that had been hers all along.

EFFECTIVENESS:

I found the film visually stunning, the acting sublime, and the script both meaningful and moving because it allows you to see Vietnamese people in a different light – one that highlights our common humanity to ignite viewer communion with the characters. Through that empathy, viewers take on the character's concerns, growing along with the character to appreciate the little things that make her/our life/lives full. Like Mũi, we too hone our ability to master “the art of stopping the world” through grace, patience, and wisdom (Nair, Boloji.com).

ANTHROPOLOGICAL CONTEXT/FACTUAL BACKGROUND:

This film was possible because Trần was able to secure financing from renowned producer Christophe Rossignon's company Lazennec Productions. Having garnered the *Caméra d'Or* prize at the Cannes Film Festival for Best First Feature Film, a *César Award* for Best Debut Film, and later shortlisted for the 1993 Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film, *The Scent of Green Papaya* brought critical acclaim to director, producer, and cast alike.

Moreover, “[w]riter and director Tran Anh Hung sees *The Scent of Green Papaya* as a portrait of a tranquil Vietnam unknown to most Westerners” attesting to the domestic life that existed within those tumultuous political times as he rebuilt a Vietnam based on the stories he heard from his parents (Brussat, Spirituality & Practice). Therefore, though the story itself is fictional, it is based on the author's personal “historical” confirmation of the social, economic, and political conditions existing during this era and examines anthropological aspects of capitalism, materialism, and mal-distribution of wealth as it impacted this Vietnamese family living in Sài Gòn, Việt Nam. These concepts of capitalism, materialism, and mal-distribution of wealth remain relevant today as Vietnamese society continues to struggle with economic inequality with “about 9 million poor people living under the poverty line” and recent trends demonstrating that “as Vietnam grows

wealthier, economic inequality also gets worse” (Ngo, United Nations Department of Economic & Social Affairs; Humphrey, Saigoneer). In addition to this issue are the more generalized issues of capitalism, materialism, and wealth and their interrelated impact on the individual's wellbeing. Perhaps, the capstone issue is the way in which wealth remains a tool that acculturates and cultivates an ethos of valuation that still persists today.

WORKS CITED:

- Brussat, Frederic and Mary Ann. *The Scent of Green Papaya Movie Review*. Spirituality & Practice.com. 2006 – 2022. Retrieved June 30, 2022. <https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/films/reviews/view/3700/the-scent-of-green-papaya>.
- Humphrey, Chris. *As Vietnam Gets Wealthier, Economic Inequality Also Gets Worse*. Saigoneer. July 26, 2019. Retrieved July 1, 2022. <https://saigoneer.com/vietnam-news/17029-as-vietnam-gets-wealthier-economic-inequality-also-gets-worse>.
- King, James. *Touch, Taste, and the Scent of Green Papaya*. Animus Magazine. July 20, 2021. Retrieved June 30, 2022. <https://animusmagazine.com/2021/07/20/touch-taste-and-the-scent-of-green-papaya/#:~:text=Set%20in%20Saigon%20in%201951,by%20the%20father's%20gambling%20addiction>.
- Nair, P.G.R. *The Scent of Green Papaya* (1994). Boloji.com. July 6, 2013. Retrieved June 30, 2022. <https://www.boloji.com/articles/14636/the-scent-of-green-papaya-1994>.
- Ngo, Quyen Ha. *Reducing Rural Poverty in Vietnam: Issues, Policies, Challenges*. United Nations Department of Economic & Social Affairs, Division for Inclusive Social Development, Expert Group Meeting on Eradicating Rural Poverty. March 1, 2019. Retrieved July 1, 2022. <https://www.un.org/development/desa/dspd/wp-content/uploads/sites/22/2019/03/Reducing-rural-poverty-in-Vietnam-Issues-Policies-Challenges.pdf>.
- Teller, Martin. *The Scent of Green Papaya* (rewatch). Martin Teller's Movie Reviews. 2014. Retrieved June 30, 2022. <https://martinteller.wordpress.com/2014/09/16/the-scent-of-green-papaya-rewatch/>.
- Write, Robin. *Festival de Cannes: Mũi du đủ Xanh L'Odeur de la papaye verte/ The Scent of Green Papaya* (1993). Filmotom.com. May 28, 2020. Retrieved June 30, 2022. <https://filmotom.com/?s=scent+of+green+papaya>.

Gently Now Earthling: Lovely Memories

Jake Owen Connorton

Memories can be made from all manner of things. From teacups half full and shattered glasses in the sink. From the smell of a pine forest in a warm summer breeze. From aunties, and nanas, and cousins who don't yet know your name. But memories come mostly from love. From love of something special, love of longing, love of bygone days.

Those memories that are the strongest, the ones that paint the clearest pictures in our minds. They aren't the fuzzy jumbled messes of the rest. They are clear. A memory of love is a lovely kind of memory.

Albert Tooey did not have many of these memories.

Albert Tooey was a dark skinned man, darker than each of his parents. There was a bit of confusion about this when he was born, but it didn't last long. Albert Tooey was the kind of dark that you'd see on a magazine cover. The kind of dark that goes well with bright yellows and blues.

He got a lot of attention from the women at his Appalachia high school. A lot of attention from a

lot of the white women.

But Albert Tooey did not much like attention, then or now. So when it came time for him to settle on a sweetheart he chose a woman that didn't like him at all. She didn't like his nose or his hair or how long it took him to tie his shoes. She didn't like his eyes. She said they looked like a doe's eyes, all docile. She didn't like his mom or dad because they were Episcopalian and her family was Baptist. She didn't like him for all these reasons.

And that was alright by Albert Tooey.

And so for much of his adult life he had been married to someone who did not love him at all. But Albert did not seem to mind or to notice. Because though Albert did not have many lovely memories he did have a few. And those few were very special.

Maybe Albert didn't mind not getting love from his wife because he got enough from his momma. He got enough for 10 lifetimes. Or more.

Albert's momma, Linda Mae Stevens, loved baseball. Her own father had been a major league ball player in the time when being a black baseball player was both a rarity and, to many white folks, an oddity. Linda's father's name was Franklin "Stretch" Stevens. He was a very good third baseman. He got the nickname "Stretch" because of how far he had to reach off the base for each catch. He looked like a Stretch Armstrong toy on the baseball diamond whenever a ball came his way.

His teammates were trying to throw just out of his reach, you see. They didn't like that he was on their team. But this didn't bother Franklin all that much.

What did bother him was his nickname. Franklin Stevens didn't like being called "Stretch."

And one night around little Linda's he told her why.

He told her, "Honey. I can't stretch an inch. I wake up and go to bed exactly the same size. They call me that cause they think they can bend me to their liking. But there's only two people on God's green Earth I bend for and that's you and your momma." He kissed little Linda on the forehead and turned out her light. That night little Linda dreamed wonderful dreams. She dreamed of being carried by her father. In her dream he was fifty feet tall. He didn't stretch to get that big, that's just how big he was. She was small in his big strong arms, or perched on his shoulder. She was always a little girl in it no matter how old she got. She had that dream for the rest of her life.

That lovely memory of Linda's made her love baseball. And she let that love make more lovely memories for Albert 22 years later.

When Albert was 7 years old Linda started to take him to baseball games. In the summertime they took a road trip, the first of many. She was going to take little Albert to every ballpark in the country. He wouldn't be little Albert by the time they were finished, but they finished all the same.



Photograph: *Fairytale* by Tom Hankan

The Time Spent in That Apartment in Beijing's Summer, 2010 & 2017

Henry Wang

What I remember is that up the elevator I turned left to find

The end of a corridor
with echoing footsteps and little light from the top.
Open the dark wood door - or was it the same off-white as the corridor walls? No, definitely dark wood.
The doormat with gaps beneath your feet from some ornate pattern (what exactly?)
welcomes to a respite from dry humid air –
air-conditioned haven practically free of mosquitoes.
The floor was dark wood for sure, creaking with each step and shining
almost like there was a rubber lining.
A well-placed crate of Coke on the door's right
behind the dinner table of laughter and salty fatty pork –
Was there a plastic top covering? It could convert into
a green mahjong table with convenient moving parts with-



Art: *Primavera* by Renata Caliman

in the green playing field.
Black couches faced the glass low table
where we ate peaches together one night, hovering over the trash bin, firm and sweet
and the TV once played a drama that had me falling to the floor

laughing at the lousy acting.

The end of a corridor
Bathroom with a pill-shaped
shower, sink with dentures next to the faucet,
unnerving pale pink soaked in a small pool.
Their bedrooms - the left beige, the right light velvet.
The bed I slept on, with the pink(?) pillow that felt like wood.
Things piled on the table - the one in the bedroom and also the one behind the dinner table - what were they?

I can remember their faces, wrinkled, dark, but still bright
and the faint smoggy sunset through the windows with wire mesh over them
and the rooms of that place that smelled like cold air.
But those small details escape like wind through my fingers -
what was stacked on top of the unused microwave, were there clothes or furniture or umbrellas near the door, what photos were on the white shelves above the TV?

In every detail is the scent of summer vacation and the warmth of their love
that I can't sense from choppy phone calls and video chats
and I long for every bit to be right underneath my fingertips.

Slow Dancing

Parker Nathanael Guban

"It's not a silly little moment
It's not the storm before the calm"
The radio inside the living room was blasting from when
the two were having fun earlier that afternoon, but as the
sky grew darker, the mood followed suit. There were a lot of
things wrong within the couple, but they never thought to fix
it until the harsh, accurate lyrics grew louder in their ears.
"This is the deep and dying breath of
This love that we've been working on
Can't seem to hold you like I want to
So I can feel you in my arms"
They felt a pulse in their hearts that was so strong it felt like
someone was pounding on a cage from inside their chest.
"Someone" was a discussion B felt needed to be pushed
aside, yet it was pushed so hard it shoved him right back. Kay
slightly yelled out from the deafening silence, "this is not such
a difficult situation. You out of both of us know that the most.
Don't you? You should!"
"No! What if I don't? Would you even care to explain? I
guess you'd care about giving an explanation as much as you
cared about our relationship." As the silence after his outburst
grew even louder, the lyrics of the song started to pound right
through their heads.
"Nobody's gonna come and save you
We pulled too many false alarms"
"I could have explained so long ago. Why are you making me
chase after you? As if I was the one who did you wrong?"
"As if? You did everything wrong." Would anyone ever believe
that these two were ever so happily in love a few hours ago?
The breeze picked up and started to run against the ocean
water; throwing the saltiness of the sea and the sharp distress
of the grass together, it was bittersweet. The two sitting still
near the door that promised them happiness and foreverness
gave an impression of two statues.
That's how it ended, the radio still playing the sad song that
reminded B of her flaws.
"We're going down
And you can see it too
We're going down
And you know that we're doomed
My dear
We're slow dancing in a burning room"

Dear 'Love'

Ummul Khair Fatima

Dear 'Love',

Look at my dark circles that art
The atrocity of you with vehemence.
Look at my vestige hair that flowers your
negligence to me.
Look at my feigned smile that I once won-
dered how people do.

You are a preened halloween to me
You are an eternal conundrum of delusion
How many more days will you eviscerate
me?
How many more splinters will you make
severing my heart?

I am drowning into such abyss that
you can never get reach of me to hurt
anymore.



Art: *Maizie* by Virginia L. Boyd

Wise poet Maya Angelou once said, “I can be changed by what happens to me, but I refuse to be reduced by it.” (Angelou) This principle of resilience and accountability for our selective paths in life is key to training the mind to bounce back from hardship. The majority of events in our lives are uncertain, yet arguably, hardship is the only inevitable and rather, a predictable feature of our individual existences. Because change and hardship are the only truly-reliable attributes of our journeys, it is imperative we all learn to recover from our misfortunes if we really desire fulfillment long-term.

Without life’s challenges and the fear that encapsulates a constant unknown, our minds are feeble and indolent in the process of reaching individual goals. The greatest lessons to be learned, are not born from accomplishments, but on the contrary, from our darkest failures. Similarly, resilient strength is birthed from our harshest breaking points and most painful devastations. Examining the struggles of others and how they’ve learned to cope with their battles allows us to adopt mindsets that promote growth and prosperity. By learning to understand what we may perceive as our failures as instruments of fruition, rather than signs of loss, we become more productive and reach our goals with far greater, and

thus more valuable, spiritual knowledge.

Life is a neverending road of strenuous recovery, and at times the many illusive barriers at first glance, appear to us as dead ends. The first step in recognizing these obstacles as temporary is acknowledging our innate abilities to heal. Harvard graduate and accomplished emergency room physician, Michelle Harper, reflects on her own experiences overcoming abuse, hardship, and relentless adversity in her memoir, *The Beauty in Breaking*. She writes of her childhood as a nightmare from the past, tormented as she watched her mother consistently victimized at the abusive hands of her father. After escaping her troubled home and ultimately cutting ties with her dad, Harper began to heal her trauma and tend to the many deeply internal wounds that haunted her. She describes one particular interaction she shared with a psychiatric patient, Vicky, who was in the process of recovering from severe abuse herself. Harper said, “So many things that happen to us are not right, are

deep recovery could be if we open our hearts to forgiveness, and surrender ourselves to healing.

In another section, Doctor Harper writes about a rather grim circumstance she faced where a newborn infant was rushed to her hospital after he stopped breathing. Against all of Harper’s best efforts, the baby’s heart had already stopped and the medical team knew nothing could be done. The devastated physician writes, “We had all been broken in that moment—broken open by shock and grief and anger and fear. I didn’t know how or when, but this opening could

Recognition, Resilience, and Recovery *Maya Orsi*

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. Honestly, that’s the reason to forgive...In your strength, in your courage, in your self-love, others are healed. That’s all. All in time.” (Harper, 161) Harper shows us that with gentle time and diligent care, even the worst pains offer an eventual remedy. She suggests that the path to forgiveness, while far more difficult, leads to a far more fulfilling recovery. These themes continue as she emphasizes how forgiveness has promoted a sense of peace in her personal life, “Forgiveness condones nothing, but it does cast off the chains of anger, judgment, resentment, denial, and pain that choke growth. In this way, it allows for life, for freedom...With this freedom we can feel better, be better, and choose better next time.” (Harper, 229) Harper suggests that forgiveness guides the soul to freedom, freedom away from hatred and grievance. This liberation is pivotal in altering the way we view struggle and pain. Should we choose to examine our challenges with acceptance and acknowledge all of the barriers we hold no authority or control over, we can begin a journey of true healing, without the confines of resentment. Harper’s words of wisdom epitomize what a healthy mindset on the process of

lead to healing. After all, only an empty vessel can be filled by grace; but to get there, we had to help each other rise while we shed the same tears. We had to get up and start again.” (Harper, 69) She speaks of finding hope in each new chapter, and fostering growth from tedious and often, painful recovery. The human mind is far more resilient than we allow it to be, and by shifting our perspectives on healing past afflictions, we allow ourselves the freedom to grow. This type of mindset isn’t a skill that can be taught but is instead learned and developed through breaking over and over.

Developing a growth mindset during recovery from trauma or personal failures opens the window for peaceful productivity in

reaching long-term goals. Sustaining a positive outlook even after experiencing hardship trains your mind to be resilient and therefore more efficient during the most arduous parts of life. Harper describes this mindset, and how it was cultivated amid her struggles:

As a child, that stillness grew from a dissociation I stumbled upon that allowed me to better endure life with a father who was a batterer and a family legacy of victimhood. As a black woman, I navigate an American landscape that claims to be post-racial when every waking moment reveals the contrary, an American landscape that requires all women to pound tenaciously against the proverbial glass ceiling, which we've since discovered is made of palladium, the kind of glass that would sooner bow than shatter. (Harper, xv)

Harper's words clarify the discouraging adversity she has faced throughout her own journey. However, regardless of the systemic and social battles she has faced, Harper finds strength knowing her goals are still attainable. While she acknowledges the many barriers and challenges life has thrown at her, she continues on, choosing to highlight how these obstacles have proven beneficial nonetheless, "...Living through such challenges was difficult; now I see those junctures, when everything I had counted on came to an abrupt end, as a privilege. They gave me the opportunity to be uncertain. And in that uncertainty grew opportunity." (Harper, xv) Analyzing life's many obstacles through a lens of opportunity opens your mind, and allows for greater focus in achieving your goals. With this greater sense of productivity and aim, must also come to a willingness to fail. Without accepting all the uncertainties of our individual journeys, failure is far more devastating. Harper's state of 'stillness' alludes to a peaceful acceptance of the hurdles that can't be predicted nor prepared for. This acceptance removes the inefficiencies of the typical disappointment and apathy that often come with hardship. This acceptance leads to a painful but necessary surrender to the inevitability of failure and struggle but opens the opportunity to rise up once again.

Additionally, Harper chooses to feature one particular art form that exemplifies the concept of resilience and allows us to see a simpler perspective on failure. She explains, "From childhood to now, I have been broken many times. I suspect most people have. In practicing the Japanese art of Kintsukuroi, one repairs broken pottery by filling in the cracks with gold, silver, or platinum. The choice to

highlight the breaks with precious metals not only acknowledges the, but also pays tribute to the vessel that has been torn apart by the mutability of life. The previously broken object is considered more beautiful for its imperfections. In life, too, even greater brilliance can be found after the mending." (Harper, xv) By using this art form to rationalize a rather nuanced outlook on hardship, Harper illustrates the beauty taken from our breaking points. Kintsukuroi acts as a symbol for how we can view our own 'cracks', and how, in a life of constant unpredictability and destruction, we still find radiant and shimmering recovery. These cracks are transformed to illuminate the literal silver linings of our troubles, and serve to remind us of the good we can choose to take away from our breaking points.

With great suffering comes a greater abundance of knowledge. This knowledge, can't be read in a textbook nor lectured to a class, this knowledge is only gained through the experience of pain and loss, the feeling of failure, and that recurring parasite that is grief and hardship. However, this knowledge also forces one to adopt the previously mentioned 'lens of opportunity'. It is far more common after any failure or hardship, to maintain a state of plateau when it comes to our well-being. On the contrary, countless scholars have shown that we can use spirituality as a means of recovering from turmoil and ultimately use our struggles as opportunities for growth. In one study, Lydia Manning, an accomplished Gerontologist, and several of her other partner physicians looked at the spiritual resilience in an older adult population. Their research focused on the idea of maintaining internal peace as the mind grows older, they found spirituality to be a leading factor in the mental toughness of those observed. The author summarizes their findings, "it is about learning, growing, and being positively transformed by adversity" (p. 1). Within this framework, resilience is not a process of merely "making it through" adversity, but rather the process of being transformed by it (Manning, 2013). Resilience from trauma or loss encompasses recovery, sustainability, and growth that occurs over a period of time (Ramsey, 2012; Manning, 2013). The "emotional and cognitive aspects of resilience can be innate or learned" (Lavretsky, 2014, p.14)." This research indicates that this lens can be adopted over time and serves as an opening for individual change in the face of adversity. Especially as we grow older with time, this mindset is imperative to leading a fulfilling lifestyle. The losses from circumstances of adversity do not equate to the accumu-

lation of spiritual understanding that comes with these battles, should we choose to view them in a light of possibility.

Even life's most strenuous battles can lead to a valuable, and more intimate, connection to spirituality. Where there is soul-crushing darkness, faith reminds us to relentlessly search for any beacons of light. Holocaust survivor Elie Wiesel was forced to find hope where there was none, forced to summon God where He did not live, and forced to find daytime in a dark cascade of endless night. Against all odds, Wiesel survived to write his 1960 memoir, *Night*, to bear witness to the horrors he faced while living in Auschwitz-Birkenau concentration camp. Wiesel recounts the advice he received upon his arrival, "So now, muster your strength, and don't lose heart. We shall all see the day of liberation. Have faith in life. Above all else, have faith. Drive out despair, and you will keep death away from yourselves. Hell is not for eternity... The same smoke floats over all our heads." (Wiesel, 41) This powerful advice bestowed on the newly arrived prisoner can be applied to all of our lives and used as a tool against our most difficult challenges. Wiesel's heart-wrenching account reminds us of our innate resilience and abilities to persevere, even through the darkest of times. Throughout his memoir, Wiesel continuously credits his spirituality for keeping his soul human. He illustrates the influence that faith has during the healing process, but also while actively experiencing trauma. Wiesel once said, "Even in darkness it is possible to create light..." (Wiesel) This reflection speaks volumes about our capacity to find peace in the most extreme chaos and find healing after our most devastating battles. If the human mind can overcome trauma to this extent, surely it can recover from failures or breaking points of any sort. By finding faith through the harshest conditions, our hardships begin to serve a deeper purpose, a purpose too profound and intangible for us to fully comprehend. Stories of relentless perseverance in the face of barriers serve as a reminder of what is possible when we choose to alter our mindsets for the better good. Through personal failure or traumatic hardship, we can dive deep within ourselves to find that the path of forgiveness leads to eventual peace, or stillness, as Harper says. Similarly, this lens of healing for greater opportunities affords us more time and energy to focus on goals and reach them with greater productivity and efficiency. Even after the process of breaking and mending, comes an abundance of wealth.

This wealth, while intangible, comes in the form of faith and a deeper connection to spirituality. Adopting a growth mindset allows and promotes a deeper and more genuine healing process, a process that the typical 'fixed' mindset prevents. There is no question whether life will rattle us in one way or another, but the beauty of struggle arrives when we choose to face it with forgiveness, acceptance, and the spiritual belief that there is some meaning behind it all.



Art: *Statue of Shoes* by Albert Lau

Works Cited

- Angelou, Maya. *Letter to my Daughter*. Random House, NY 2008
- Harper, Michelle. *The Beauty of Breaking*. Riverhead Books, NY 2021
- Manning, Lydia. Ferris, Morgan. Narvaez Rosario, Carla. Prues, Molly. Bouchard, Lauren. *Spiritual resilience: Understanding the protection and promotion of well-being in the later life* J Relig Spiritual Aging 2019 <https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC7743140/>
- Wiesel, Elie. *Night*. Thorndike Press, a Part of Gale, a Cengage Company, 1956.



through the looking glass

Art: Eye with Shadow by Lakshman Deolika

An Afterpoem: Sea Meets Sound

Van D

I am moved by You

*Your face like yellow roses,
You, honey-colored,
kola brown, ebony,
mesa red and sepia,
graceful as palm trees swaying
in the breath of the sea,¹*

The trees teeming with
life

beneath-around-within

-

and through

*The grass [that] is defiant,
even through ashes, rising
through stone, a fallen wall.²*

So defiant

it makes God weep

*her tears on a mother, husband, son, father,
daughter
of the missing³*

And

*What matters [is]
the trickling clarity of
water
each day, not fearing thirst.⁴*

Because without water

*No flowers grow
where dust winds blow
and rain is like
a dry heave moan.⁵*

A dry heave moan

*like the monsoons of the Mekong
without pause,
without mercy . . .⁶*

For flowers

without water

-
- 1 *Tounges Afire*
2 *The Grass is Defiant*
3 *The Grass is Defiant*
4 *What Matters*
5 *Desert Flowers I*
6 *Orchid Daughter*

can be

*Bamboo, mimosa, eucalyptus seed.
Resilience, strength, courage. 7*

But orchids
left adrift at sea –
tied to it
with salt from our wells
—

lack water
to quell the gnarl
that feeds the moan.

*As Ben Hai River floats us gently away
from the smoking grasses, the charred bamboo
gardens
of our town, I whisper to you: Forget Vietnam. 8*

With more than 3 million
in makeshift boats
while countless thousands
die at sea,
we anchor ourselves
more in salt
than to clarity.

*No one has suffered more.
All have suffered enough. 9*

Then I remember the line

*The line that separates us
A crack in the ground
Wide as the sea, thin as sound 10*

Sea meets sound
so sound travels faster –
dense water particles
packed tight –
energy carried through you
surges into me

faster, louder, stronger
than the pounding
waves that pitch my keel

*[And] I know you see me
I am the night that dies
I am the sun that seethes
I am inside your eyes. 11*

Wanting to prepare
“the meal together”
and make

*This meal,
unsurpassed. 12*

7	<i>Desert Flowers II</i>	10	<i>Haiku for the de Young</i>
8	<i>Orchid Daughter</i>	11	<i>You are In My Eyes</i>
9	<i>Home</i>	12	<i>Soul Food</i>

Alone In Life

Jenny

VERSE 1

He's walking on an empty road
All alone in the cold
He doesn't bother to answer
the messages on his phone

He's got beautiful eyes
the color of the sky
But sometimes they turn gray
When the pain's too much to hide

He likes going on long walks
lost in unspoken thoughts
He has many hidden feelings
that hold him down like a rock

Even right next to him
he can feel so distant
Inside a darker world
questioning his own existence

PRE-CHORUS

He still doesn't realize
That you can't make it alone in life

CHORUS

He's standing there
in the cold misted air
He says he's fine
but it's just the usual lie

He's lying awake
doesn't want to start the day
He won't ask for help
carries all the weight himself

VERSE 2

He feels he doesn't belong
So he puts up his walls
Navigating towards an infinite horizon
Not knowing his compass is wrong

You'll find him roaming the woods
He'd stay all day if he could
Enjoying the peaceful silence
Living his life like an island

He's tired of empty promises
And unfulfilled wishes
So he burns all his bridges
Trying to find where the light is

But a few of his friends
knows this side of him
And though he pushes them away
The real ones always stay

PRE-CHORUS

He still doesn't realize
That you can't make it alone in life

CHORUS

He's standing there
in the fog-misted air
He says he's fine
But it's just the usual lie

He's lying awake
doesn't want to start the day
He won't ask for help
carries all the weight himself

BRIDGE

He's gentle and kind
Despite the demons haunting his mind
He's the sort of guy
You find once in a lifetime
Maybe one day he'll realize
He doesn't have to be alone in life
Leave the past behind
And grow the wings to fly

CHORUS

He's standing there
in the fog-misted air
He says he's fine
But it's just the usual lie

He's afraid
To take a leap of faith
But if he tries
He might just soar through the sky

Photo: *Cold Summer Nights* by Tom Hankan



Powderkeg (Version 1)

Jake Owen Connorton

There are six of you. In the dining room. Where Dad gets mad and Mom starts to cry. A hand slammed on the glossy wood tabletop. Like a slap we feel on all our cheeks.

And little sisters all watch for some kind of guidance. Some sort of direction. They want to know where they fit into this puzzle. This puzzle of life. Is this what's right?

Should they prepare for the rage of their future husbands? Should they be ready to be the only one allowed to shed tears? Or should they explode. Outward and huge. Let everyone know what they feel. That love is stronger than the hate of their mother and father, the hate they use to talk to each other. That love is what brought them together. That love is what made all of us. Or at least we hope.

Let it explode little sisters. Explode violently. Come at the world with your feelings on your faces instead of hiding in your hearts. Let your powder ignite little sisters.

And you, little boy. Little boy on the playground. Little boy that just got hit in the nose by a ball or an elbow or a fist. Little boy with blood on your face or just that dull throbbing pain from the impact.

Let it explode. Explode into the tears you hold back because you think you are not worthy of them. Because you are afraid of what the other boys will say. Let your powder ignite little boy.

And you Business Man. Business Man at work at the office in a tie in a box in a prison. Business Man, you are asleep. Asleep to the world that is going on outside your window. Asleep because you say it is not your business, but Business Man. We are all each other's business. Wake up your compassion that you learned to forget at university. Wake up the one who got arrested on campus for protesting a new Chick-fil-a. Wake up and explode.

Explode everywhere. To everything. Reach out and touch the world you have waiting at your fingertips. It yearns for your warmth. Let your powder ignite Business Man.

Because if you wait too long

You might forget how to strike the match.



Art: *Charcoal Tiger* by Jennifer Yu



Art: *Wildlife of Montara Mask* by Lori Rhodes

Planet Warriors as Genuine Empaths On the Grounds of Ethical Science

X

The Popularly Unacknowledged Linkage Between Climate Activism and Vegan Movement

Kemmy Rai

Abstract

Today, a few people would argue that ethics is an integral part of science; fewer would agree that the lack of its acknowledgment and understanding is the front-running issue contributing to the climate change problem. To a varied extent, ethics is deep-rooted in every individual's intention, even though one might assume higher regard for science and logic, or they might be unaware that it is. The author, through this project, intends to get through to people in general but essentially to environmental activists who still need to be well-acquainted or re-acquainted with the ethical motivations of their activism. The study's primary purpose is to bring attention to the subjects and groups most vulnerable to anthropogenic climate change but abandoned from the care and concerns long due. It expands on the idea that climate protestors who are genuine empaths care about the planet and beyond just the human species. Further on, it discusses the instances and reasons people's moral vulnerabilities, regardless of acknowledgment and understanding, lead to inaction or opposition to specific ethical actions. Therefore, the fundamental question is how does the climate problem relate to ethics? Also, why the acknowledgment of this relation is so important?

Literature Review (Popular and Scholarly)

In the Preface of his book *A Perfect Moral Storm*, the philosopher and environmental ethicist Stephen M. Gardiner, introducing eight propositions, calls attention to the often-unacknowledged challenges of climate change. The first proposition, "Runaway Emissions," unfolds how strikingly we continue to produce an exponential rise in carbon emissions despite the scientists' warnings about the planet being at serious risk of a global climate shift comparable in magnitude to an ice age estimated to occur over decades instead of millennia (Gardiner xi).

This situation is what he metaphorizes as the perfect moral storm, categorizing it into three "storms"/problems. The first storm, he states, is Global: the world's most affluent nations take advantage of the poorer nations and people in ways that favor their concerns alone because such is the resulting temptations of their asymmetric power. The second, Intergenerational, refers to the irreversible power the current generation has over the future ones.

Gardiner regards the intergenerational storm as the most prominent of the three; the temptations to take advantage are much more profound since the future has no power over the past. The third discerns the Underdeveloped Theories about essential subjects: "intergenerational ethics, international justice, scientific uncertainty, and the human relationship to animals and the rest of nature" (Gardiner 7). He remarks that these three make the perfect scenario for the moral storms and dilemmas that complicate taking appropriate actions and make people vulnerable to submit to unethical temptations.

In Chapter 1: I of the book "Why Ethics," Gardiner then delves into demonstrating how ethics as a discipline plays a fundamental role in solving or worsening climate change. He writes "If we do not think that our own actions are open to moral assessment, or that various interests—our own; those of our kith, kin, and country; those of distant people, future people, animals, and nature—matter, then it is hard to see why climate change (or much else) poses a problem." (Gardiner 20). Without a sense of empathy, without moral considerations, there wouldn't exist any form of justice system or demands for rights against any form of problems, inequality, or violent crimes. Humankind could not possibly go very far in discussing why climate change is a problem without invoking ethical considerations. The book proclaims that the climate crisis is an "ethical failure" of the inability to have the agency in making these connections (Gardiner 3).

Through her article "Adapting to Climate Change: What We Owe to Other Animals," Angie Pepper makes a stance that climate change is as much an animal rights issue as it is a human rights issue referring to Simon Caney's viewpoint that enlists HR1, 2, and 3: the right to life, health, and subsistence. Caney uses theories of "cosmopolitan justice" and "general duty of adaptation" in his arguments. Since nonhuman animals have clear interests in living healthy lives free from physical and psychological pain and suffering and in ways that matter to them, Pepper argues that the scope of the three rights is equally applicable and should be extended to all sentient beings. As the anthropogenic practice has been and will continue to affect the lives of other sentient beings adversely in billions, their interests in adaptation must be dealt with as a significant matter of climate change action. The author also states that even if one denies these claims made in favor of animals or successfully argues otherwise, their global vulnerability will continue to place significant constraints on climate justice.

Maintaining that there are compelling reasons in the views of climate justice and basic rights for nonhuman animals to have a special claim at ethical considerations from us, Pepper illustrates four derivative human duties to facilitate their adaptation to the changing climate. As she acknowledges the shortcomings and limitations in her discussion, she fetches attention to questions for the future, addressing how we could forge just relations with other animals, measure their vulnerability, respect their agency, and decide whom to assist first.

Philosophers, experts on ethics, molecular biologists, and scientists at ECNH posed many controversial questions while working out the ethical basis for attributing dignity to plants. Some thought that the massive industrialization and instrumentalization of plants was "arbitrary" injury and destruction to plants. While for the others in those fields, "arbitrary" could also mean senseless flower-picking. Rest assured, they all agreed that arbitrary injury or destruction is impermissible. Because how we deal with plants influences our relationships to the living world: plants, non-human animals, and ourselves, it affects the planet and, ultimately, the climate.

Defining The Problem

The climate crisis is as much an ethical problem as it is a scientific, socio-political, and economic problem, if not more. Poorer nations complain about powerful nations not reducing their carbon emissions and fossil fuel use; the rich cannot care enough, knowing the poor have no power over them. Ironically, the same protesting nations' judgment would be questioned for their inability to care about other groups with whom they have the upper-hand—the other groups being non-human animals and future generations.

With this level of inconsistency, the argument becomes circular and would eventually lose its significance.

Within the ethical discussion, irrelevant topics and questions sometimes overshadow the real problem. For instance, comparing two non-analogous issues: one's likeness of sports and their "preference" of eating the animals. We see activists face phrases like "why don't you do something about this too if you care so much" when they seek accountability. Claims that individual action is "guilt-tripping" or "virtue signaling" do more harm than any good to the climate movement. Ethical misunderstandings and cognitive dissonances of this nature generate severe tendencies towards inaction in people.

Discussion & Recommendations

Empathy is simply thinking about others, considering their well-being and interests are as important to them as ours is to us. Science and empathy are not two opposite areas; they go hand in hand and must go hand in hand to make sense of their purpose. We have seen many instances like The Shark Cull where a lack of care for the planet and respect for another life cause the gravest of the environmental holocaust followed by species extinctions. People started to realize their moral considerations towards non-human animals for the same reasons they considered for fellow humans, and the reason is empathy supported by logical consistency. Reducing our impact is much more guaranteed than protesting to governments for better green decisions, not necessarily suggesting that we should not protest. With this, I vouch for the need of better ways of accessing ethical theories and empathy to understand our values and motivations for actions. The schools and institutions should step up so that the knowledge is manageable for the students at an early age because the more into adulthood, the harder it is to grasp such an in-depth matter, let alone implement them.

Works Cited

- Chilcott, Lesley, director. Watson, Participant Media & Terra Mater Factual Studios, 2019, <https://www.amazon.com/Watson-Paul/dp/B088W5Y4HM>. Accessed 7 June 2022.
- Copland, Paul. "Science and ethics must not be separated." *Nature*, 11 Sept. 2003, <https://www.nature.com/articles/425121a#citeas>.
- Gardiner, Stephen Mark. *A Perfect Moral Storm: Understanding the Ethical Tragedy of Climate Change*. Oxford University Press, 2011.
- Pepper, Angie. "Adapting to Climate Change: What We Owe to Other Animals." *Journal of Applied Philosophy*, vol. 36, no. 4 Aug. 2019, pp. 592-607. EBSCOhost, <https://idol-org.ezproxy.collegeofsanmateo.edu/10.1111/japp.12337>.

My Personal Jungle

Pablo Morales Escobar

I find myself lost in my own personal jungle.
I'd like to get out but I'm drawn to staying every time I find a new way out.
Mainly, I don't need to fear dusk and the shining sky anymore.
I don't have to feel ashamed for abandoning my bedridden uncle.
I'm not pressured into finding god, gold, or glory.
I can forget my old friends, nothing will happen.
My "ideal I" lives there. To me, he's good enough.

There's a labyrinth near the exit which I've solved years ago.
The edges, painted with guilt, still disturb me to this day.
They remind me of the hatred I had toward the unknown.
People that didn't look, sound, or feel the same as me.
The words of Teresa now speak to me, "If there be God, please forgive me."

In my personal jungle I don't have to differentiate between "God" and "god"
Because they're not necessary here.
But as I grow older, I contemplate whether I should stay any longer.
This is why I've concluded that I might need someone to pull me out.
Perhaps you, old friend.
Give me a day of your life, a reason I'm special, predict my next thoughts,
Or tell me a funny joke.

I've Been Waiting For A Girl Like You

Keiry Ascensio

Bonjour! Darling you look lovely today
I would like to spend a sunset with you reading your eyes but only if I may of course
If I wait until the evening it might be too late
Your perfume is soft like you
Your voice is like honey
I should've seen the signs that I was falling for you

I want to write your name in the stars
Do you know I even exist?
My heart is in your hands please don't break it
I should've told you that I was falling for you
You can search in my eyes and you will see

Meet me at Paris, France, in the Eiffel tower at 7:00 tonight
And if you don't show up then I know it was all a dream
It all felt like a movie when I first caught your glance
I don't think you will ever understand



Photo: *Monterey Ave, San Jose, CA* by Alexander Antonio Aldana

An Unknown Woman

Barry Vitcov

The Pacific is leaning toward the coastline. A full moon casting vibrating light on the breakers, the creaks of seabirds punctuating the light tympani of tides. With a full view, he sits with Beatrice, a nine-year old, black standard poodle, watching a sloop making its way from north to south. He wonders about the sailor's destination while Beatrice patiently waits for another treat. It's been a pleasant day of walking the bluffs, reading the latest Silva thriller, and enjoying the vista with a Knob Creek rye at hand. The mood is broken by a knock at the door and a quick bark from Beatrice who leaps toward the entryway tail wagging and eager to meet whoever is there.

He opens the door to a tall woman with long, black hair and binoculars hanging from her neck. She wears a loose fitting, white linen blouse and black pajama-style pants. She smiles and casually tells him she's late because she was watching whales spout and breach in the bay. She gives him a light peck on the cheek, reaches down and gives Beatrice a playful squeeze behind her left ear, and strides in saying she would soon have dinner on the table. He closes the door, turns and asks, "Who are you?"

She pauses, looks back at him with a smile that dares him to ask again, and suggests that he return to whatever he was already doing while she goes into the kitchen. Beatrice seems unfazed by the woman's appearance; in fact, is accepting of her affectionate gesture. He has always trusted Beatrice's instinct toward novelty, so he returns to his leather chair without a thought for the peculiar nature of what was happening. He resumes his attention to his whiskey and the view of the ocean. He is a writer by profession, a dreamer by nature, and a seeker of harmless adventure. He takes a sip of rye and waits patiently for whatever may ensue while Beatrice curls at his feet.

Minutes later cooking sounds and smells emerge from the kitchen. The fragrance of onion and garlic with the sizzle of sautéing ground beef fills the air with familiarity and he thinks a sauce is being made, perhaps a Bolognese to go with some fresh pappardelle pasta he had recently purchased at the Italian deli in town. The refrigerator door opens several times and there is crack of lettuce being torn and the clack of a knife cutting other produce. He figures she must be making a salad. She calls from the kitchen saying dinner won't be long and he should open a bottle of good red wine and set the dining room table with a salad plate and bowl for pasta. He's pleased with his knowing.

Beatrice alerts him to a flock of gulls swooping low over the shoreline. She's shown an interest in birdlife since early puppyhood. Fortunately, her incessant barking as a young pup has matured into a low growl and single yelp whenever sighting any of the many birds who make their home in Sea Ranch.

He pushes himself up from his chair, walks to the dining room, with Beatrice at his side, where wine is stored in a climate-controlled closet and chooses a zinfandel from the Dry Creek terroir. He opens the drawer at the end of the table, removes placemats, retrieves plain white bowls, salad plates, and cutlery from a sideboard and sets the table for two. He uncorks the wine and places a couple of Riedel wine glasses beside the place settings. She calls out from the kitchen to thank him for having San Marzano tomatoes in the pantry and that dinner is only minutes away. He knows it will be at least another thirty minutes before the sauce has a chance to develop and mellow its distinctive flavor, so he pours himself another Knob Creek and settles back to watching the ocean. Beatrice looks at him with a cock of her head and slightly raised ears before curling at his feet without any verbal comment.

As he expected, a simple dinner of pasta a la Bolognese and green salad lightly dressed with a vinaigrette expertly made with olive oil, lemon, minced garlic, salt and pepper. They sit without saying a word. Beatrice finds her regular spot under the table and safely away from pesky feet that might disturb her own dinner dreams. Having allowed this beautiful, unknown woman into his home felt like a reverie, a story conjured from his overly active imagination. He looked into her jade green eyes before filling the wine glasses and taking a bite of pasta and commenting, "One of the best I've ever had. Where did you learn to cook?"

She lifted her glass toward him with a suggestive look and answered, "Here and there." He had once read a short story where two strangers met in a coffee shop, ended up spending several hours over espressos before leaving for his beachside apartment and an unforgettable one-night stand. They had never learned each other's names and said goodbye after post-coital lattes at the same coffee shop where they began an inexplicable fantasy. The story enchanted him with its improbability and eroticism. He often wondered if such a scenario were really possible or just the lustful thoughts of male libido. He asked, "Did you walk far?"

"You already know the answer," she replied with the smile of an enchantress. The fiction he had read involved gorgeous people. Like the woman sitting at his table, she was tall with long dark hair and jade green eyes. The man in the story was also tall with a well-proportioned body and an athletic walk. Unlike the man in the story, he has no athletic ability, is tall with poor posture, unstylish reddish-brown hair beginning to gray at the temples, and a face blotchy with freckles. He doesn't drink espressos or lattes and has difficulty carrying on a conversation for more than a few minutes. His friends describe him as shy with a receding personality. The redundancy is unfortunately appropriate. He's thinking he must be the victim of an elaborate practical joke.

With every bite of Bolognese and sip of wine, he becomes both more curious and comfortable with the situation. He relaxes into a deeper state of ambiguity, in which he is edgy about where this scene is going and yet at ease with this unknown woman's company. Until sitting at the dining table, he felt caught in a visual fog, but now details began to emerge. He notices a small, almost imperceptible, scar on the ridge of her right cheekbone, which acts to highlight her perfect olive complexion. Her fingers are long and elegantly manicured and painted magenta. The few words she's uttered remind him of what he imagines a Southern belle might sound like, a slight musical drawl but without the blond hair. She sits with perfect posture, slowly savoring the meal she prepared. How did she know what was in his kitchen and where to find the necessary cooking gear?

"Just visiting Sea Ranch?" he asks.

"You might say that."

When he was a boy growing up in San Francisco, he became a fan of a group of jugglers who regularly performed in Golden Gate Park. Every Saturday at noon, a VW bus brightly painted in a psychedelic motif parked near the panhandle and six jugglers emerged. Three men dressed as clowns and three women in harem outfits, sporting pierced navels and bodies that moved like octopuses. They loudly drew attention with poor puns, dry wit, and skillful juggling with an assortment of objects. He watched for the entire hour's performance savoring the encore when flaming batons were tossed back and forth without a care for personal safety. The only miscue was when a tossed knife nicked the cheek of one of the woman jugglers causing a gasp from the observers and indifference from the performers.

He sat savoring the wine. Dry Creek was a region not far from Sea Ranch. It was famous for lush vineyards and world-class wines, especially its zinfandels and cabernet sauvignons. He kept a good selection in his wine closet, but rarely had the opportunity to share a bottle and certainly not share a bottle with a woman who mysteriously shows up, enters his home with hardly a word, and makes a fabulous meal, which they eat in relative silence. Who is this woman? Why did he allow her into his home? Did this bode for a tragic ending? Were there compatriots waiting outside to storm his home, cause bodily harm, and steal whatever they might find? And what could she possibly be offering for dessert?

She returns with two dishes of ice cream. He forgot about the unopened quart of spumoni in his freezer. He had purchased it several months ago at the market in Gualala and now it was being served after a delicious Italian dinner. Coincidence? Planning? None of what was happening made any sense. Beatrice was fond of spumoni. There were no other foods she would beg for, but now she sat at the stranger's side faithfully waiting for the icy treat. Without asking him permission, she scooped some of the ice cream with her forefinger and offered it to Beatrice, who happily licked it and sat waiting for more.

Beatrice continued to approve of the woman while consuming most of her dish of ice cream as it was offered finger scoop by finger scoop. He had not eaten any of his spumoni and it had melted into a gob of dried fruit, nuts, and a pool of watery gelato and whipped cream.

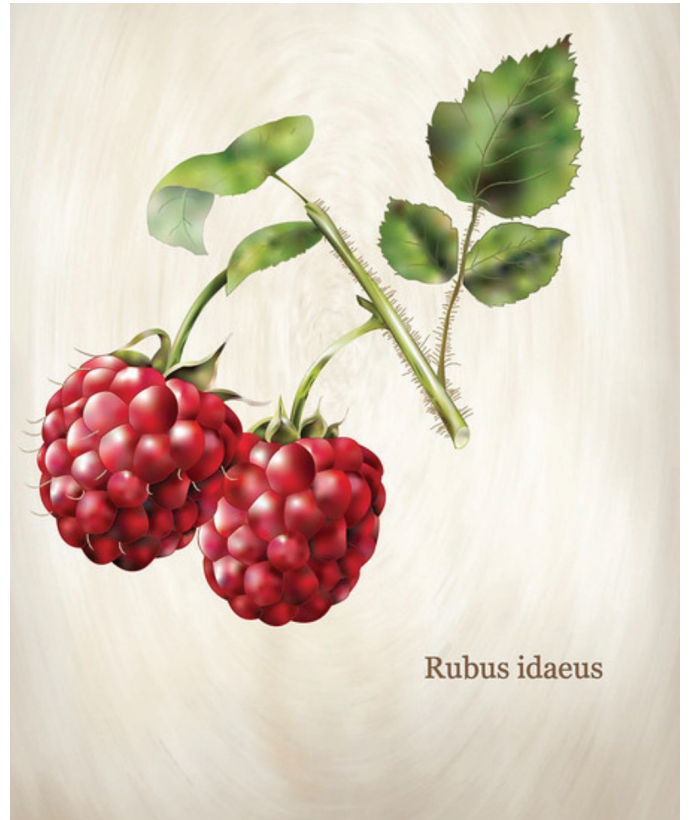
She suggested taking their wine and going to the living room. He sat back in his maroon leather chair cradling his goblet, as she on the matching sofa across from him. He did not want to be so forward as to sit next to her. They both had views of the ocean, which, in a full moon's light appeared magical with lit whitecaps and shadowy tides. They sat quietly for almost thirty minutes. Beatrice jumped up on the sofa and snuggled against the woman's hip. Beatrice had no problem being forward.

Finally, the woman broke the silence. "I once read a story about a beautiful, dark-haired member of a traveling troupe of jugglers. One day she met a handsome man at a coffee shop where they drank espressos, talked for hours, and had a torrid love affair without ever sharing identities. It's the strangest story I ever read."

"I believe I know what you mean," replied the man.

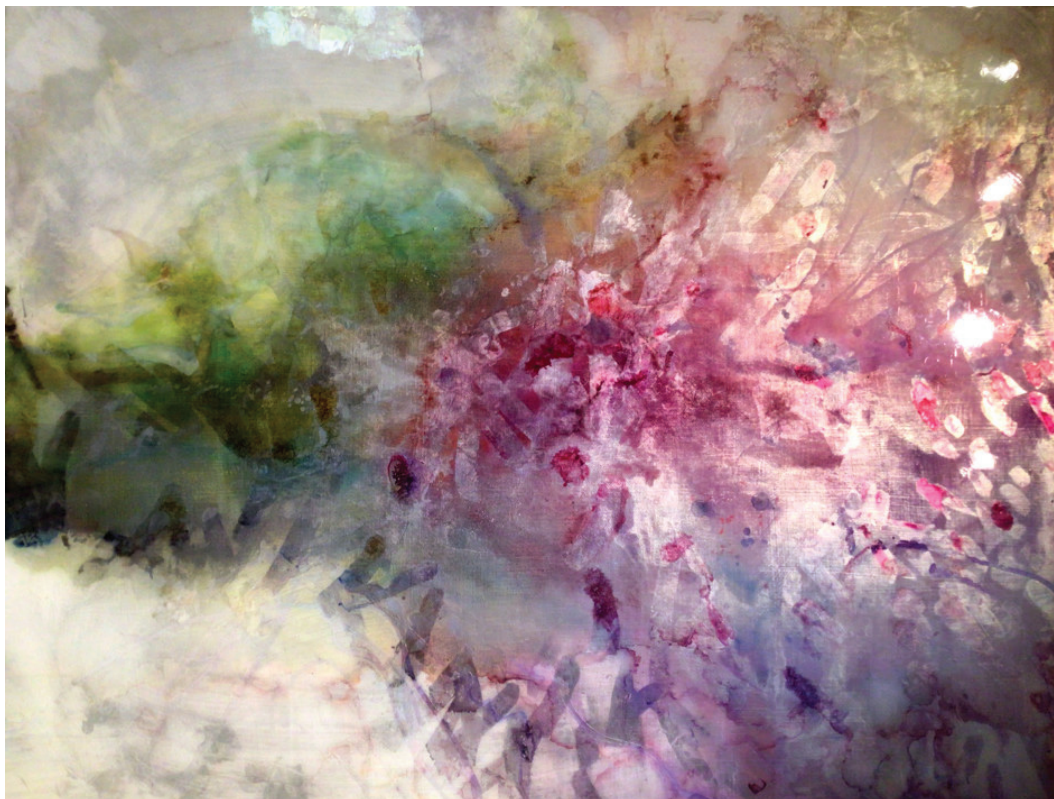


Photo: *Being Pink* by Phuong Hoang



Rubus idaeus

Art: *Raspberries* by Brooke Star Mendez



Art: *Nature's Brilliance* by Mary Curtis

Why and How Did I Quit My Former University

Kule

I am lucky to be a freshman AGAIN at 23. Not only because I finally left the school that made me feel pain and lost, but also because I can go to a new environment that can help me know myself better. I was lucky to have completely free time when I was in Beijing. That period of my life allowed me to think a lot about what I like, what I am willing to do, and what I could achieve in the future. The first year of my university is like every high school student would dream of. Teachers liked me because I was hard-working and did excellent work in my studies. My roommates were friendly and caring, they embraced me with warmth and tolerance like the family does.

Beijing offers a lot of opportunities to make you get attached to the world. I had plenty of spare time to go to the exhibitions. Everything was twinkling under the sun, although the weather in Beijing was often hazy, and the sky there was gray. However, life was promised at that time. And I expected the future like I was fearless.

As time went by, I broadened my horizons, meanwhile, I felt small gradually. I met numerous brilliant people who were studying at the best universities in China. And I went to countless commercial meetings (you can apply to get invitations), and saw a lot of successful people sharing their own experiences with confidence. They are all talented people. I did not realize the change in my mentality until I got depressed more often. I was 18 and got shocked by how big this world was and how small I was. There was a time when I felt that it would be of no avail to keep doing what I wanted to do. It seems like we were all successful at a very young age, and would it be too late for me?

But instead of wasting time, I did lots of things. I was on no purpose, just like a fly without a head but kept hitting the ground all the time. I did those things to prove myself for no reason. I was against my father in the family because I felt like I was an adult, and I did not have to listen to him as a child. When I wanted to do something and he said no, I would do it right away without his permission. My mother and my father started to feel like they lost control of me. I was no longer a good girl who would always respect them and would never go against their wills. But they still refused to admit that I was old enough to make my own decisions and that I could take responsibility for myself. So, I have fought for my rights repeatedly. Until they can listen to me, and respect me just as an independent person rather than someone will always follow their lead. This situation may continue if I did not choose a university that is far away from home. I got out of my parents' overprotection, and I could do things freely as I wanted. That was the first time I tasted freedom, and I will never forget it.

The beginning of a fresh start is always sweet. When it went further, I realized there was a huge gap between real life and my fantasy. I had a tough time during the pandemic. The school was locked down due to Covid-19. Every student was trapped in the school, we could not leave the campus without the college counselor's permission. Meanwhile, teachers and school staff could still go out as usual. This huge unfairness made students feel psychologically unbalanced. Some of us called the Ministry of Education, but the situation did not get any better. There was a social media account that posted students' contributions every day, all I could see at that time were students' negative emotions. The complaints, depression, and hopelessness were getting stronger day by day. Some people behaved aggressively and disrespectfully. There was many male students' sexual harassment speeches on this public platform. In short, most students could feel madness and desperation spreading heavily in the crowd.

We could not get enough exercise because the school is full of students. And the winter in Beijing was fog-hazed every day. The dilemma was if you go outdoors, your lungs would be filled with poisonous smog, which would make you unhealthy. But when you stay indoors with other people, there are noises and limited space, and you would get mentally ill easily. It looked like there was no way to stay healthy, not even one of them. People fought, shouted, and cried more often, some students were asking whether they could go to the psychological counseling room in the school. But some people answered that the school's therapist would record their information and report it to their preceptor. The administration of the University was collecting this information and you would become their focused student. People with depression are still stigmatized in China. People will not think that you need help, they will think that you are crazy, and you are easy to bring bad luck to people around you. Everything was forbidden. Everything was taboo.

I never felt I belonged there. What school did to us is more than cruel. They used their power to control students, and depress us. They took our strength. They wanted everyone to obey their commands, but the school was just obeying the commands of the government. Everything sucks, everything is hopeless. A few years ago, I ran away from my control freak dad. But now I realized, it was this country that raised, and educated people like my father. He was one of millions of fathers in China.

Even though I could run away from my father, I could not run away from a confusing and excessive country. Every day has become a challenge since I discovered it.

It was a chance that I found common ground between my father and those rude, unethical classmates. They refused to listen or talk about anything different, they just wanted to listen to what they wanted to hear, and they guard their country without any thinking. They were harmless because they were so numb and stupid. They were stupid because they already lost their ability to think independently. They let themselves be brainwashed. Even though they were college students, they were just some useful tools for this country. They were machines.

I was rigid as time went by. My brain was slow, and I spent lots of time staring at the ceiling. I cried when I was brushing my teeth, I cried when I was in class. I felt lucky because I was wearing a mask so that people would not notice that I was crying. I was in a poor mental situation. I laid on the bed most of the time and was not motivated to do anything. I knew I had political depression but the therapists in China did not even know what it is. I closed the door inside my heart, which was opposite to who I was before. I hardly ever felt happy, and happiness did not have meaning to me.

This condition lasted for a long time, what changed me thoroughly was that one of the students in our college committed suicide. He jumped from his dorm. It happened at midnight. However, every trace disappeared at dawn. No dead body, no blood stain. Few students knew about it. When they posted it on the public media account, it disappeared quickly as well. How could one man have disappeared so fast? I could not figure it out. Suddenly, he was gone from this world, he did not exist in this school, he disappeared, like the wind. His classmates could not know what happened to him. His parents could not see him or say goodbye. A man can disappear so thoroughly. It shocked me deeply. I began to worry about what I would be next.

I did not want to go in this way. I wish I could have a formal goodbye with my family when I pass away. But it seems like if I died in China due to Covid or anything related to Covid, I would die in silence. I did not want that to be the end of my life. That was the first time I decided to quit college.

Making this decision took me one year and a half. But once the purpose was settled, I moved fast. I reported it to my teacher and counselor, and I filled in the application for suspension. I moved my package from the dormitory. I got part of my tuition fees back. It was all finished in two days. Then, I booked the flight tickets, and I left Beijing without telling my parents. I told my sister what I did, and she said, if this is what you want, then do it. Thanks to her support, I stepped forward, and I would never look back.

Ever since I decided I wanted to chase the life I wanted, I felt some of my power come back. I hated that college because it was an executioner instead of a protector of students. It killed our possibilities and creativity. It made us think that we could not control our life, we must do what they wanted us to do. They made us feel we were useless and small. They were walls, I was one of the eggs. Though there was no one to stand with me, I decided to join the war to pull down the wall inside of me. I refused to accept what they wanted to force me to do. I refused to accept that they could decide what I was supposed to think. I was the owner of myself, they were just using their power to pressure me. Now I am done with it.

The stories after that were long and circuitous. In short, I prepared everything well and told my parents that I am going to study abroad. My father objected to it at first as usual. We had some fights. But this time, he knew that I was determined. He realized that he had to accept the fact that I would leave him and find my way. He was sad and reluctant. I felt happy that he finally



began to face up to my needs. Although he was not that willing to do it. For me, that showed he was grown up. I thank myself for fighting for what I want, and I thank myself for holding faith in myself even at the hardest times. I never gave up on myself. I chose a way for myself, to let me have chances to be who I am and to draft my own stories. In my perspective, the secret to finding the meaning of life is never giving up on yourself. Trust yourself, and you will be surprised about how awesome life can be.

Transformation of Janie in Their Eyes Were Watching God

Yutong Xie

In Zora Neale Hurston's novel *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (1937), the main character Janie Crawford faces many challenges as she searches for her identity along her life's journey, during which she learns what love is, encounters both kindness and hardships, and eventually returns home with true inner peace. In this novel, Janie tells her life story filled with struggle in her relationships with the community, which is truly about her love and growth. Her story, as a result, shows to us how she strives for identity and independence in her whole life, how she gets hurt and becomes silent in her early life, and how she realizes her personal values and finds her desired love after meeting her beloved husband Tea Cake and starting her new life in Everglades. She goes through a hard time at first, and along the way she struggles to ultimately find peace, the community around her inevitably has an important impact on her. From my perspective, Tea Cake and the people in Everglades play a significant role in helping Janie become independent and realize her values, and providing her with courage to express herself, even though the community around her in her first two marriages makes it very difficult for her to identify herself and express herself.

Janie starts her memory with an overview of her early years with her grandmother Nanny; their divergent views about love cause Nanny arrange Janie into her first marriage. Janie views love as a romantic and sincere relationship, and the passage "she was stretched on her back beneath the pear tree soaking in the alto chant of the visiting bees, the gold of the sun and the panting breath of the breeze when the inaudible voice of it all came to her" embodies idealization and fantasy towards marriage visually; at the same time, the detailed description about peaceful nature well represents her innocent and childlike thoughts of perfect love (14). However, Nanny believes love relates to stability and protection. She wants Janie to have a more secure life and can be taken care of after she dies. Therefore, after she witnesses Johnny Taylor, a local idler, kissing Janie. She becomes angry and decides to find Janie a trustworthy husband; as a result, she settles on Logan Killicks, a much older man who owns a large farm. Janie strongly protests this plan because she doesn't know Logan and doesn't love him, but Nanny reminds her the hardships she has endured in her past life without a marriage. Finally, Janie compromises and accepts the marriage, and she begins to look forward to finding love in this marriage.

Janie fails to feel love, happiness, and acceptance she desires before in her brief marriage with Logan, which ruins her fantasy for a marriage. After they get married, Logan gradually expects Janie to do more work around their house and farm. He makes comparison between Janie and his first wife who worked hard in the farm, and he expects Janie to do the same. He begins to give more tasks to Janie and remarks that she has been spoiled by her grandmother and him. Janie doesn't feel real love or any romantic sense in the marriage

and begins to realize a sad truth that marriage is not equal to love, as Hurston writes: "Janie's first dream was dead, so she became a woman" (29). Her hope of falling in love is crushed in Janie's first marriage, and she is forced to accept a new identity as a woman. Janie meets Joe Starks in the farm and marries him; however, despite her high expectation from her new marriage, she suffers a lot from Joe's arrogance and townspeople's isolation. After she hears Joe saying she is just a woman and knows nothing during a speech, "Janie made her face laugh after a short pause, but it wasn't too

easy", which indicates disappointments inside herself (47). The main reason of her disappointments comes from Joe. Joe is a man who aims to be a big voice and likes to have all stuffs under his control. He craves the power, at the same time, his increasing dignity makes him regard Janie as his possession and care less about how she feels, as the sentence "he strode

along invested with his new dignity, thought and planned out loud, unconscious of her thoughts" indicates (47). Moreover, Joe fails to treat Janie as an equal, and he wants to dominate her and gain her obedience, like how he makes Janie hide her hair under head rags when she works in the store because he is jealous when other men trying to touch it. Janie tries talking with Joe and proposes her feeling of a "kind of strain" in this relationship; however, Joe doesn't understand her and thinks she should be glad since he makes Janie a "big woman" in this town (50). All of Joe's position, attitude, and deeds make her feel cold, isolated, and lonely, and she gradually gives up disputing with him. She doesn't get a sense of identity and respect which she wishes before from his husband; and as mayor's wife, she doesn't make any new friends or get involved into townspeople's life, since "she slept with authority and so she was part of it in the town mind" (50). These are the factors making Janie disappointed and for the second time, Janie doesn't get the marriage she truly desired.



Janie meets Tea Cake after Joe's death; she is finally moved by his love and begins to show more independence and realize her personal values with his help. Janie makes comparisons between Tea Cake and Joe to her friend Pheoby Watson to show Tea Cake is different from Joe and truly loves her. For example, she says that Joe classes her off and asks her sit with folded hands when she is not in the store; however, as she says, "Tea Cake ain't no Jody Starks," he will not order her to do so, and he aims to make himself permanent with her (118). Along the way she accepts Tea Cake, she is moved by his behaviors and his persistence, and she feels goods while having fun with him. At the same time, Janie thinks accepting new thoughts is important for establishing compatibility with someone new. As she says, "in the beginnin' new thoughts had tuh be thought and new words said. After Ah got used tuh dat, we gits 'long jus' fine," a person has to be brave and step out to make a change and embrace a new life, instead of keeping caring about what others say, which will only block you in



the same place and get stuck. Janie gradually becomes independent whether from how she decides to marry Tea Cake and leave for a new life, ignoring townspeople's comments, or from how she tells Pheoby she has made up her mind and choose to believe Tea Cake. She can make her own decisions now; no one else will control her life again. She

decides to go off somewhere with Tea Cake and start all over in Tea Cake's way, just like how she says, "Ah done lived Grandma's way, now Ah means tuh live mine" (118). She knows exactly what she is doing, and she makes her efforts to lead her life in a purposeful way, which shows a sense of independence that she shows less to us before.

Janie then comes to Everglades with Tea Cake, where she feels integration into the community, begins to express herself, and gets more independent. After they arrives the Everglades, Janie finds people here are quite different from people "in the big white house and the store" (138). People in Everglades are friendly, warm, and very acceptable. Here, Janie can "listen and laugh and even talk some herself", which doesn't happen before (138). People here are willing to hear stories from Janie, and they'd love to share their stories with her. No one here will devalue Janie or gossip the relationship between Janie and Tea Cake. Janie finds what she truly wants in this new place and becomes more independent after learning

more stuffs like hunting and fishing from Tea Cake and communicating more with people around her. She really gets involved in the community in the new place. Among them, Tea Cake is an inevitable person who mainly helps Janie make this positive transition. He teaches Janie to shoot and convinces her to work alongside of him because he worries Janie may feel lonely. His true love to Janie gives her motivation as well as courage to keep ahead and lead a better life. As a result, despite the fact that Janie encounters great difficulties on her life journey, once she arrives in Everglades, she is able to integrate into the community; she successfully realizes her identity, gains independence, and feels true love with the common help of the community and Tea Cake.

Janie finally comes back to Eatonville after Tea Cake dies of illness; she keeps all memories with Tea Cake in deep heart with peace she has desired her entire life. After Tea Cake's funeral, Janie finds it too painful to stay in the Everglades, since it reminds her of her beloved husband and their shared memories. As a result, she returns to Eatonville. In her life's journey, she discovers the true meaning of love. She tells Pheoby that "love is lak de sea. It's uh movin' thing, but still and all, it takes its shape from de shore it meets, and it's different with every shore" (200). She reflects her views on love and believes love itself is dynamic and flexible. She compares love to the sea, indicating that it is vast and boundless and filled with endless possibilities. She emphasizes how it changes shapes by each shore it meets and thinks that everyone's experience of love is unique. Each person may encounter different people and experience their own special love.

Along Janie's journey, even though the community in her first two marriages around her hinders her ability to realize her values and express herself, her life gets better after meeting Tea Cake and coming to the Everglades. Tea Cake, his friends, and people in the Everglades supports Janie to reconstruct her belief in life and to improve her independence; they've all made great impacts on Janie and benefited her a lot, and thus, Janie's experience becomes more valuable with the help of them. In *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, Hurston uses African American dialects to make the story as well as the characters more real and believable. At the same time, the novel is told in flashbacks and begins with Janie returning to her hometown, and her life is then revealed through her chat with her friend Pheoby. Her story is shown in the form of a frame – that is, it starts with the conversation between Janie and Pheoby, and ends with Janie finishing her sharing, with only one or two hours elapsed. The unique writing style weaves Janie's story into a conversation while also offering crucial context and vital details of the novel in prior; as a result, the readers can have a better understanding of Janie's entire life.

E-Waste and The Right to Repair

Jason Paster

Have you ever considered all the items that are trashed that could be repaired or reused? I recently read a shocking article in the Washington Post entitled, “Drowning in Garbage” (van Lohuizen). The article cites a study by the World Economic Forum indicating that by 2050, there will be so much plastic floating in the ocean it will outweigh all the fish in the ocean (World Economic Forum 7). It goes on to say that human beings produce about 3.5 million tons of garbage a day. Much of that goes into giant landfills where it seeps into the soil and leaches into our water supply, and subsequently, into the ocean. Americans produce roughly 4.4 pounds of garbage a day. Yes, we really are drowning in garbage.

E-Waste is any unwanted or thrown away electronics. We generally think of E-Waste as computers or cell phones but it could just as well be entertainment products like radios, TVs, or VCRs; medical equipment such as X-Ray machines and dialysis equipment, and kitchen appliances or exercise equipment. Although E-Waste is a relatively small percentage of all garbage it is particularly dangerous to the planet because it contains both plastic and toxins including dangerous elements like lead and mercury. It pollutes groundwater, the atmosphere, soil, and the oceans. See “E-Waste: What Happens When We Fail To Recycle Electronics” (Earth 911). Even if it is incinerated it still releases toxins into the air as well as greenhouse gasses. “According to the World Health Organization (WHO), health risks may result from direct contact with toxic materials that leach from e-waste. These include minerals such as lead, cadmium, chromium, brominated flame retardants, or polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs). Danger can come from inhalation of the toxic fumes, as well as from the accumulation of chemicals in soil, water, and food” (Great Lakes Electronics Corporation).

A large part of the problem is that we consumers are used to simply discarding things. Disposable packaging is easier to deal with than packaging that can be cleaned and reused. Discarding an old printer into the trash is easier than looking for an E-Waste disposal center. Some things are changing. Many shoppers use reusable shopping bags. Some cities recycle some plastics and have compost pickups for organic matter. Some major electronics firms will recycle your old phone or computer when you buy a new one, and some cities have E-Waste disposal opportunities.

Sadly, E-Waste also contains a wealth of reusable parts as well as “billions of dollars worth of precious metals and rare-earth elements” according to Earth911 an Eco-advocacy group. The obvious solution is to reclaim valuable resources, recycle still useful parts and to refurbish or repair devices that could still be of use. But this is not as easy as it seems. A lot of E-Waste is shipped to underdeveloped nations where ‘pickers’ pick through it and attempt to retrieve anything of value; unfortunately these pickers are exposed to dangerous levels of various toxins. “High levels of lead have been reported among residents” just living nearby such sites (Earth 911).

Many of the electronic devices we simply throw away are still sound and could be used by somebody else. Refurbished electronics are often just as reliable as new devices although they may have fewer features. Sometimes the devices just need to be repaired. Your cell phone may just have a damaged digitizer or a failing battery -- simple electronic components that should be easily replaceable. But when you take your cell phone manufacturer to replace the battery, for instance, you balk at the \$300 repair fee and opt for a whole new phone at perhaps \$500. Perhaps, you take your old phone to an independent repair shop only to find that a new battery is unavailable or that disassembling the phone to get at the battery is a labor intensive procedure that requires very specialized tools.

The truth is that electronics manufacturers often do not want you, or an independent repair person, to fix your electronics. They would much prefer that you purchase a new cell phone. Many electronic devices have warning labels that say that your warranty is void if you tamper with the device. Some of these labels are legally questionable, or even outright illegal under the Magnuson Moss Warranty-Federal Trade Commission Improvements Act, But they still serve their intended purpose which is to deter consumers from repairing their own devices (Federal Trade Commission).

There are other methods electronics companies employ to prevent you from repairing your devices. They can withhold schematics, repair manuals, spare parts, and the tools needed to service your equipment. I have a relatively new MacBook for which I wanted to add a new battery. I had to buy a specialized pentalobe screwdriver just to remove the back panel. Apple calls it the “pentalobe security screw” (Foresman).

You might think the problem is limited to small electronic devices or appliances -- but this is not the case. Almost any device that relies on computer chips and software may be impossible for the consumer to fix. In an article appearing in Bloomberg, Farmers Fight John Deere Over Who Gets to Fix an \$800,000 Tractor - Bloomberg, Peter Waldman, and Lydia Mulvany write: “Why, activists ask, should the buyer of an espresso machine or laser printer have to get replacement pods and cartridges from the original manufacturer? Who is Apple Inc. to dictate that only its certified parts can be used to repair a broken iPhone screen? What gives Deere the right to insist, as it did in a 2015 filing with the U.S. Copyright Office, that its customers, who pay as much as \$800,000 for a piece of farm equipment, don’t own the machine’s software and merely receive “an implied license” to operate the vehicle?”

I think Waldman and Mulvany's article lays bare the crux of the problem, which is the presence of proprietary software and processors in almost all electronic devices. Without access to diagnostic equipment and software, the manufacturer has a virtual monopoly over repairs. The farmer must have his tractor repaired by the John Deere Corporation, and the Tesla owner can only get his car fixed at a Tesla dealer.

Manufacturers argue that it is unsafe for the consumer to repair their own devices. That they may further damage the equipment or even hurt themselves. They say that independent repair shops will compromise the security of devices, and the privacy of the user's data while endangering their workers' safety. These are questionable arguments at best and disputed by independent watchdog agencies. The manufacturer's more powerful argument is that the software, micro-electronics, and diagnostic equipment is the manufacturer's intellectual property and need not be disclosed to anyone. The presence of proprietary software and hardware components ensures that manufacturers alone can repair or modify their products. Although the farmer has bought his tractor, he does not own the tractor's software and so cannot make changes to it or even replace it.

The upshot is that once a manufacturer decides to no longer support these aging electronic products, they become irreparable and only suitable for the landfill. Consider Apple computers again. By soldering RAM and SSDs to the motherboard, they prevent the customer from adding additional memory or replacing the SSD with a new SSD with more storage. If the consumer replaces the screen, battery, camera, or face id sensor, the Apple software will disable the parts unless Apple runs a diagnostic tool to pair up the parts to serialize the computer. Only Apple can fix it and the consumer must pay Apple's fee or toss the computer and buy a new one.

But there are several movements afoot that want to remedy the situation. The Right to Repair movement is an amalgam of organizations that feel that consumers ought to be able to fix their own devices or have them repaired by the repairperson of their choice. They argue that diagnostics tools, schematics, original parts, and service manuals should be generally available. One such organization is The Repair Association. Their website says, "You bought it, you should own it. Period. You should have the right to use it, modify it, and repair it wherever, whenever, and however you want" (The Repair Association).

Prolonging the lives of our electronics would do more than protect the planet. Thousands of repair persons would find skilled employment along with thousands of local independent repair shops. Moreover, thousands of small businesses that cannot afford to always buy new equipment would benefit as well if they are able to repair their old equipment or buy refurbished ones.

The repair Association claims to represent hundreds of such small businesses. They say that they have supported the right to repair legislation in 34 states since 2014. iFixit, a company that sells repair tools, and makes repair manuals freely available, is another advocate for right-to-repair laws. They have thrown their support behind federal right to repair legislation, the 117th Congress (2021-2022): Fair Repair Act. The U.S. Public Interest Research Group is a non-profit, non-partisan organization funded by the public that has supported Right to Repair legislation with the aim of reducing E-Waste and toxins. They say that Americans throw out around 416,000 cell phones per day, and only 15 to 20 percent of electronic waste is recycled (US PIRG). Among other stances, they have taken aim against devices with batteries that cannot be replaced. When the battery wears out, the consumer has no choice but to throw it away and buy new.

There are similar Right to Repair organizations in England and in Europe. In 2020 France passed an anti-waste bill mandating that manufacturers evaluate their products for:

- Availability of spare parts
- Price of spare parts
- How easily the product can be disassembled
- The availability of technical documents
- Other product-type specific factors pertaining to repairability

The evaluation process and data must be made available to the public and summarized as a number from zero to ten, called the "Repairability Index" (Stone). Violators are subject to fines. The stated reason for the law is to fight against waste and "obsolescence – whether planned or not – to prevent products from being scrapped too early" (Stone). It is still too early to know how the index will affect consumers but it's a step toward formulating industry standards for electronics manufacturers.

We have noted that the electronic devices we buy, be they massive farm combines or tiny earbuds, usually end up in incinerators or landfills where they pollute the atmosphere, groundwater, seawater, and the soil. Passing the Right to Repair legislation is not the whole solution, but it is a valuable part of a whole solution. It is good for consumers, good for small businesses, good for skilled labor, and good for the planet. We may encounter bumps as we fashion the rules and attempt to ensure they do not impede progress by compromising a company's intellectual property, but I feel confident that the issues can be surmounted. But even if they could not, the planet and its inhabitants should come before electronic conveniences.

Works Cited

- Dwyer, Colin. "Warranty Void If Removed? As It Turns Out, Feds Say Those Warnings Are Illegal." NPR, NPR, 11 Apr. 2018, <https://www.npr.org/sections/thetwo-way/2018/04/11/601582169/warranty-void-if-removed-as-it-turns-out-feds-say-those-warnings-are-illegal>.
- Goode, Lauren. "Right to Repair Groups Fire Shots at Medical Device Manufacturers." Wired, Conde Nast, 19 May 2020, <https://www.wired.com/story/right-to-repair-medical-equipment-ifixit/>.
- H.R.4006 - Fair Repair Act 117th Congress (2021-2022). <https://www.congress.gov/bill/117th-congress/house-bill/4006>
- "Loi N° 2020-105 Du 10 Février 2020 Relative à La Lutte Contre Le Gaspillage Et à L'économie Circulaire: Legifrance." Perma.cc, <https://perma.cc/9YRB-SQGG>
- "Pentalobe Screw." Wikipedia, Wikimedia Foundation, 18 Oct. 2021, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pentalobe_screw
- The Repair Association, <https://www.repair.org/>
- Stone, Maddie. "Why France's New Tech 'Repairability Index' Is a Big Deal." Wired, Conde Nast, 20 Feb. 2021, <https://www.wired.com/story/frances-new-tech-repairability-index-is-a-big-deal/>
- Waldman, Peter, and Lydia Mulvany. "Farmers Fight John Deere Over Who Gets to Fix an \$800,000 Tractor." Bloomberg.com, Bloomberg, 5 Mar. 2020, <https://www.bloomberg.com/news/features/2020-03-05/farmers-fight-john-deere-over-who-gets-to-fix-an-800-000-tractor>
- "What Is e-Waste? Definition and Why It's Important." Great Lakes Electronics, 12 Mar. 2020, <https://www.ewaste1.com/what-is-e-waste/>
- "11 Facts about e-Waste." DoSomething.org, <https://www.dosomething.org/us/facts/11-facts-about-e-waste#:~:text=E%2Dwaste%20represents%202%25%20of,metals%20like%20gold%20or%20silver>



"Breaking" Out Your True Self

Eugene Teng

How do we know if something is broken if we cannot see the hidden cracks that form over time? When we do eventually break, can we piece back the former shards of our lives and fill in the gaping holes? That's what Michelle Harper's *The Beauty in Breaking* tries to uncover. As an experienced and accomplished doctor, she points out the flaws and inequalities of practicing medicine as a person of color through a timeline of her own real-life experiences climbing the ladder of hierarchy in the medical field. Her perception of the world around her slowly breaks into pieces, revealing the horrible truth of reality involving the treatment of others that are different from us, the fragility of life, and the treacherous journey of healing. Throughout these events, she tries to discover more about who she is as a person while navigating through a valley of emotions and times of uncertainty. Every new patient she has attended has brought her closer to articulating her multifaceted identity and acceptance of her former self, simultaneously helping them in the process. With each new realization she manages to fathom, a part of her reveals the cracks and crevices in herself, opening up to her past trauma and trying to find solace in the beauty of what had been broken inside her.

As a doctor, one would expect someone to have a sense of trust and confidence in their ability to perform in a medical situation, no matter how complex or convoluted the scenario might be. What Dr. Harper has shown us is that credibility is not always earned through one's performance and accomplishments, but rather through society's perception of the idea of being credible. According to an analysis by the Association of American Medical Colleges, in 2018, 56.2% of physicians identified as white, while the smallest proportion of the group identified as Black or African American, coming in at a mere 5%. Even as we are in the "progressive" age of American society, there is a disproportionate number of Black doctors compared to white ones, indicating that nothing much has changed from the past few decades.

This lack of representation from the American medical system reveals to Dr. Harper that the system she is a part of is oblivious and ignorant to the treatment of people of color and how they should be treated. When police brought in a person of color named Dominic accused of ingesting drugs, her colleagues and law enforcement were willing to bend the rules of the proper moral medical practice to force a medical examination onto him and convict him for drug use, even though he exercised his right to refuse the examination. Dr. Harper upheld his decision and pointed out that they could not deny his right but was quickly reprimanded by her colleague, Dr. Lauren, who questioned her judgment due to her experience with predominantly white male doctors before. Although Dr. Harper was Dr. Lauren's superior, Harper was not treated with the same respect as one because now, she was not seen as a doctor of authority and credibility, but for the presumptions made on the color of her skin.

Harper states, "We are not yet at a time in America when the attributed or perceived actions of a brown or black or queer or Muslim 'wrongdoer' are considered singular. Instead, such accused are seen as emblematic of an entire demographic, one labeled guilty before charged" (96).

The fact is that even if we have progressed as a society, our generalizations and assumptions about people in the non-white demographic have never changed and are hard to change due to the history that bonds each of us. With Dr. Harper, she's first seen as a minority and a woman, and only then as a doctor, pointing out the demeaning side of society. The color of her skin overshadows the white lab coat she dons, implying that she was still seen as inferior in the eyes of others due to her race and gender, not her profession or intellect. The blatant sexism and racism at her workplace made her realize that not only was she disrespected, but her coworker and law enforcement were also dehumanizing Dominic by disregarding his emotions and his rights. Dr. Harper's reality was broken because she saw how easy it was for people in modern society to treat others without basic human dignity.

When talking about the abuse African Americans suffered from being tested in torturous medical practices, she writes "For those whose bodies are viewed as suspect and threatening, those bodies, at the preference of a more privileged body, could be manipulated, even assaulted" (105). Because of how this incident reminded her of the pain and brokenness of her past, she was able to understand her fallibility and approach her patients such as Dominic with genuine empathy that was not required from her profession. Tending to Dominic with sincere and unfeigned care allowed her to live out her convictions on how she tangibly stands as a doctor; to prevent others from suffering the same pain she felt.

As a child, Harper fantasized about the role of a doctor as comparable to the idea of a superhero. However, as she grows to become a more experienced doctor, that fantasy "breaks" and falls apart through the downfalls of her profession. Harper tells us, "I figured that if I could find stillness in this chaos, if I could find love beyond this violence, if I could heal these layers of wounds, then I would be the doctor in my own emergency room. That would be my offering to the world, to myself." (Harper 19) At this moment, Harper recalls the moment she wanted to become a doctor after witnessing how her father injured her brother during her childhood. Her goal was for others to not have to go through the violence she experienced and the resulting scars that come with it. Michelle Harper is not a superhero, though.

Unfortunately, the harsh reality is that Harper is not a deity or someone with mystical powers; she is just a human being with the capabilities and capacity to save a life, not to prevent it. She emphasizes her responsibility of saving lives by opening the book with an image of cradling a patient's head in the palm of her hands. Even when the patient is on the brink of death, she does not glamourize the role she played in saving someone, nor does she beat herself down when she fails to do so. Harper simply acknowledges the said fragility of life, acknowledging the part she plays about being a doctor and having a mental state that acknowledges the reality of being one. "I claim no special powers; nor do I know how to handle death any better than you" (Harper, 8)

Harper is a human and being human means that she is vulnerable to emotions as well. In her book, Harper does not let the reader know about her greatest saves or accomplishments, rather she gives the reader a perspective on life as a "broken" doctor, one filled with their struggles. Her challenges in life such as an ending marriage had placed an emotional burden on her shoulders as she started as an emergency room physician, but even then, she looks at it as an opportunity to find meaning in her life. By explaining in detail about her failed attempts to save her patients that contrast between a baby and an old woman, Harper fully grasps the concept of how life can just as easily end for anyone, no matter how hard you try to save it. She does not hold onto the guilt and regret but moves on to the next patient that comes through the emergency doors, trying her best to preserve another life.

The constant cycle of saving others can be taxing to a doctor as well. Harper was saving the lives of others every day, healing their physical and emotional states. The problem is, Harper has no one to save herself; no one to help her heal her own deep wounds. Harper's entire profession centers around her being able to withstand the pain and heal her wounds by herself so she could provide the best treatment to her patients. Before she has a chance to do so, Harper is already preoccupied with her duty to treat and heal others instead. She cannot afford the luxury to put her duty aside and focus on healing herself; she needs to heal both at the same time. It is the same story with others like Harper as well, where your duty must come first before yourself. Harper had to treat Mr. Paul Williams, a veteran that went psychotic and killed someone. On the outside, he was having a mental breakdown and was acting erratically. Harper saw how law enforcement was waiting outside and left her in a room with a mentally unstable man and a murderer, leaving her disgruntled.

But at that moment, Harper also realized what this man used to stand for, and how his pain was something most people cannot understand for themselves. Harper chose to treat this man with compassion because on the inside, he was having a battle with his inner demons, trying to escape the state that he was in now.

These war veterans sacrifice a part of their lives to fight for the liberation of war-torn countries and to save the civilians "broken" by it. In return, they face detrimental consequences to their mental state, with "approximately 18.5 percent of U.S. service members who have returned from Afghanistan and Iraq currently have post-traumatic stress disorder or depression; and 19.5 percent report experiencing a traumatic brain injury during deployment." (Tanielian et al.) It is a comparable situation that Harper was in; veterans protect and save the lives of civilians, but who will save them? Where is their savior? Do they have one? Harper resonates with Paul; she does not bash him for being a murderer and tries to understand instead of how he went from serving in the military to disconnecting from reality and having the need to take away someone's life. This experience allowed her to reflect on herself; if she did not heal from her trauma and pain, would she end up the same as Paul? Ultimately, she decided to go back to the source of her deepest wound, her father. A letter from her father and a phone call to him allowed Harper to finally patch up the open wound on her body, leaving hardened scars that will stay on her forever. It not only represents that she has finally relieved herself from the pain of her trauma but also serves as a reminder that her past is unmistakably a part of her that made her stronger. "In this forgiving, I had allowed us both to heal." (Harper 233) Harper had to open up to the idea of forgiving her father by speaking to him, and only then could she truly recover and purge the years of resentment against him.

Harper's story resonates with all of us. She explains the trials and tribulations that she had to go through in life just to get to where she is right now. She gives the reader a distinct perspective on life, one that does not romanticize and distort reality but a true view of what she and others experienced. Harper tells us that through all the "breaking" points in our lives, we can always stand back up and rise even further. Being "broken" is not a misfortune but a blessing in disguise by teaching us things that we would never have given thought about. It forms self-worth and dignity because, through each wound that heals, a scar is left behind that is much stronger and tougher than the skin that once laid upon its place. It also serves as a reminder of the journey we went through, giving us more wisdom than we can ever learn from a book. By acceptance that we are "broken" or that the world around us is, it gives us the chance to fill the cracks in ourselves through new experiences while finding a new profound appreciation for the intact parts of us. Each of Harper's experiences played a big part in rebuilding her life when she felt at its lowest, equipping her with new knowledge and a unique perspective to face the dark unknown that is life. Life is a constant cycle of "breaking" and regrowing into something stronger than ever. Without "breaking", how would we go past the limits of who we are now or move past and evolve into what we are as a society? Michele Harper did not just find the "beauty in breaking" but also found the person she wanted to be in life.

Works Cited

"Diversity in Medicine: Facts and Figures 2019." AAMC.org, 2019, <https://www.aamc.org/data-reports/workforce/interactive-data/figure-18-percentage-all-active-physicians-race/ethnicity-2018>. Accessed 28 October 2022.

Harper, Michele. *The Beauty in Breaking: A Memoir*. Penguin Publishing Group, 2020. Accessed 28 October 2022.

Tanielian, Terri, and Lisa H. Jaycox. "Invisible Wounds: Mental Health and Cognitive Care Needs of America's Returning Veterans." RAND Corporation, 2008, https://www.rand.org/pubs/research_briefs/RB9336.html. Accessed 28 October 2022.



Art: *An Afternoon Light* by Barbara Cromarty



Shared Legacies

ART: FONTAINHILL, PANAJI, GOA BY BARBARA GIBB

PAGULONG-GULONG PUTO

PARKER NATHANAEL GUBAN

On August 27, 2021, I interviewed my mom about her experience as a seven year old working and going to school. This was in the year 1959; she was in 2nd grade living in the Philippines with her 11 siblings and parents. Because her mother tried her best to stop her from getting educated, my mom became a stronger and much more resilient woman; she looks at life as an opportunity.

The busy street and scorching sun were deafening to my ears and skin. I was outside again, a plate of puto to sell off the streets in my hands. Before I leave at six a.m every morning, I tend to look back at my old, tiny house that contained my siblings, wondering what would happen to them if I was gone. I shiver at the thought because all I wanted was for them to have a good future. Although they don't have the same goals as I do, maybe they'll end up still as satisfied as I, if I were there to guide them.

As I put down the empty plate of puto, I look at the smoky, yet brightly lit sky and the adults selling their own products; just to see where I was at seven years old. What seven year old would be standing on the dingy streets of the Philippines hoping people would buy as much as they could, while children their age would be bustling to get to school? Next to me there was an old man selling barbeque, on my right was a tired middle aged lady selling all different kinds of fruits, in front of me were all these expensive looking cars trying to get to work in a building built with an AC. Sometimes I'd daydream and see my future in one of the shiny reflections of those cars. I would be bustling around an office, not as a cleaner, but as a manager! One of my kids will be going to my office with me just because they would love talking to my coworkers. I would look around the office and stay proud of what I accomplished and did for my family. But then I would be reminded of where I was, puto being sold right off the streets right next to two adults who were never even given the chance. Sooner or later, I should be used to this whole routine, after all, this gives me 50 cents—that's enough to buy a Serg's chocolate bar and then some. Those were the tiny successes I had on some days, however the majority would be hardships and arguments. Walking home, I see my mother waiting at the door. She was glaring at me with her blazing brown eyes. "You went to school again."

"What else could I do, that's an opportunity I have been given right in front of me."

"That's not what women should be doing! Education shouldn't be important to you, there will be no reward for you if you continue this. You should be at home cleaning and taking care of your siblings!" I stare at her, astonished at what she expects me—what she expects of a woman—to do with my life.

"That's not right." Still, I go into the tiny kitchen and make food for my siblings. They are not the object of my anger. Still, I sit on the kitchen floor and study well. I am not the object of my anger.

Again, I woke at six a.m in the morning and went back to Madame to sell puto. As I grab the plate to place under my arm, I feel the plate trying to harshly pull me down. I told myself, "It's fine, you won't drop it." So I continue to walk further and further away from the table I picked the plate up from, then suddenly the plate slips away from my short arms and the puto starts to roll down the street. There, they run; they run from the cars, the stray cats, the leashed dogs, and the people who were trying to eat them. I was horrified about dropping the puto, so I look at Madame.

"It's okay dear," she said, "We will put this plate on your head instead."

"But I dropped all the puto, so we won't get any money today!"

"Puto is a type of rice cake, we sometimes place cheese on top to make it savory, right?" I had no idea where she was going with this. Of course I know what puto is! "Then, we make more!" She smiles down at me and pulls out another plate of puto, as if she was a magician. Instead of handing the plate to me, she places it on my head. "Remember, if nothing else works; always use your head."

So that's what I would do, I will go off to sell puto right off the top of my head. I would even go to school, put words and numbers on paper using my head. I clean the house, I feed my siblings using what knowledge about food I had in my head. That's what I accomplished that others in my family couldn't, I used my head.

APACHE WARS

PHUONG HUOANG

“The Apache are a band of Native American tribes in southwestern United States better known as Apacheria, Chiricahua, Jicarilla, and Mescalero are all major tribes, with the exception of much smaller branches within each three which form the Apache, and belong to the Athabaskan language family” (Wachs 2018, 87). “Dating records and artifacts provide evidence that Apache people were living in the southwestern part of North America between 1200 and 15000 AD” (Ibid). After conceding the Mexican-American War, “[t]he Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo wrought a great change; a change not at first recognized by the Apache. By the terms of the treaty, the United States assumed all responsibility for the protection of her newly acquired Mexican citizens and also for the enforcement of good-behavior by the lawless Apache, who were no more to be allowed to depredate south of the international boundary” (Blount 1919, 21). Thus, when Mexico surrendered what included Apache land to the United States in 1848, it began a “nearly twenty-year period [that] encapsulated the Apache Wars, from 1849 to 1886” (Wachs 2018, 90).

This new territory brought American settlers to the southwest who increased agricultural and mining operations on land belonging to the Apache. American settler presence exacerbated the pre-existing tensions that stemmed from Apache-Mexican relations. “Raiding had been a way of life for the Apaches and their Indian neighbors for generations. But Mexicans [and American settlers] found it intolerable” (Craig 2008). In response, the Mexican government “passed laws offering cash payments for Apache scalps” and “bounty hunters were roaming the desert, killing any Indian they could find” being paid \$100 for a warrior’s scalp, \$50 for a woman’s scalp, and \$25 for each child’s scalp (Ibid). Already facing limited ability for self-sustenance, loss of habitat, and disenfranchised cultural sovereignty, the Apache felt there was no other way but to resist and “fighting began in 1849 marking the beginnings of the Apache Wars” which are made up of the Jicarilla War, Chiricahua Wars, Texas Indian Wars, Yavapai Wars, Victorio’s War, and Geronimo’s War (Wachs 2018, 90).

“Beginning the Apache Wars in 1849 was the Jicarilla War which lasted until 1855” as a result of the White Massacre where Jicarilla Apache raided American settlers on the Santa Fe Trail (Ibid). Following the Jicarilla War was the Chiricahua Wars which began in 1861, ten years after Chief Mangas Coloradas was kidnapped and beaten by a group of miners. Chief Mangas Coloradas and Chief Cochise “agreed to push all Mexican and

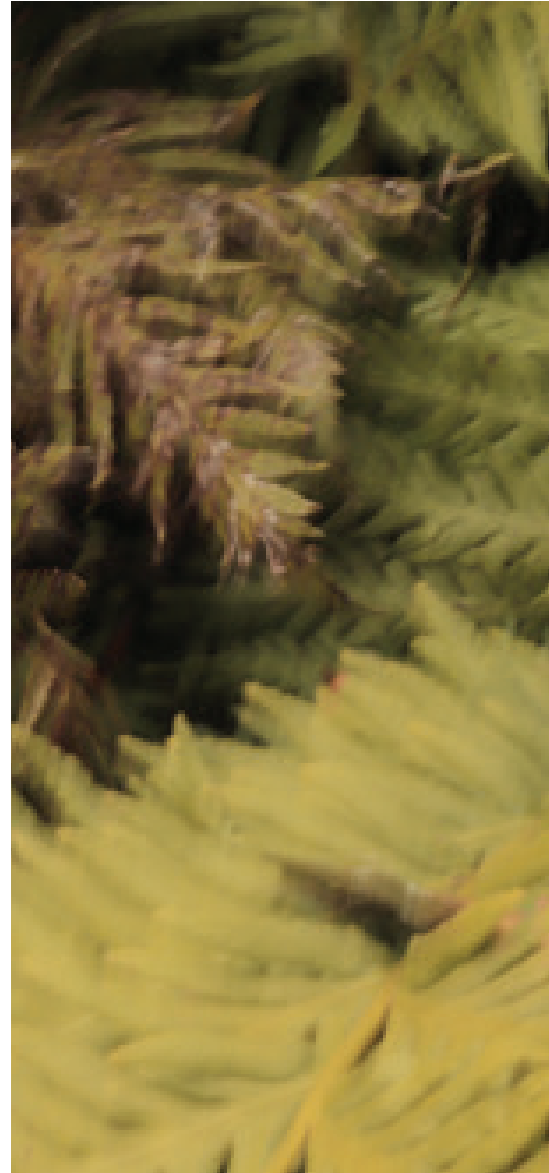
American settlers out of Apache territory” and, in some instances, the Apache were getting the upper hand (Wachs 2018, 91). However, in 1863, Chief Mangas Coloradas was invited to Fort

McLane for peace talks but subsequently “taken into custody upon his arrival [] tortured, and [summarily] executed” (Ibid).

Not long after the Chiricahua Wars, the Texas Indian Wars began on November 25, 1864 with the Battle of Adobe Falls where Lieutenant Carson led nearly 400 service and Ute men into battle against an army of Comanche, Kiowa, and Plains Apache. Seven years later, in 1871, the Yavapai Wars began because a “group of Americans, Mexicans, and Papago warriors attacked [Camp Brant] killing over a hundred Apache men, women, and children” (Wachs 2018, 92). Having forcibly removed some Apache to the San Carlos Reservation which was notoriously as “a good place for [the Apaches] to die”, the U.S. government continued its campaign of Native American removal (Ibid).

However, two Apache leaders categorically refused to comply: Chief Victorio and Geronimo. In 1877, Chief Victorio “led his people away from

the reservation in 1877” averring: “I will not go to San Carlos. I will not take my people there. We prefer to die in our own land under the tall cool pines. We will leave our bones with those of our people. It is better to die fighting than to starve” (Ibid). Chief Victorio fought for the Apache for another three years before dying in the battle with Mexicans and Tarahumara Indians in 1880 at Mexican border in Chihuahua. Many historical sources claim that Chief Victorio was killed by his enemies at Chihuahua but Apache oral history, as avowed by James Kaywaykla – the sole survivor of the Massacre of Tres Castillos – this is inaccurate because “our great leader, Chief Victorio, fired his last bullet before taking his own life, and in which his band was nearly exterminated” (Sanchez 2021, 15). This discrepancy serves as a primary example of the importance of Apache oral history as a critical component of



history. As astutely pointed out by historian Eve Ball: “[W]hy isn’t the testimony of an Apache as valid as that of the young officer ambitious for promotion or some agent or newspaper man with his center of interest purely selfish?” (Sanchez 2021, 10). In other words, historical accounts that fail to garner testament from all sides of the conflict are incomplete records which do not provide comprehensive and accurate information to constitute “history”.

Ball’s point is well-taken and can be seen in the multifaceted accounts of Geronimo, arguably the most famous Apache



to have ever lived. Throughout the Apache Wars, Geronimo had been a key figure having fought alongside Chief Mangas Coloradas, Chief Cochise, and Chief Juh. But Geronimo’s War is so called because it centered on his leadership during the campaign that came to represent the last Native American stand in America. “By early 1886, the years of hiding, raiding, and running had taken their toll. Even Geronimo was tired” (Craig 2008). On March 27, 1886, Geronimo met with General Crook to discuss the terms of his surrender only to disappear into the night three days later with “21 men, 14 women, and

six children” (Ibid). Geronimo had changed his mind because he “feared treachery and decided to remain in Mexico” remembering that “I have suffered much from such unjust orders as those of General Crook” (Barrett 1906, 139).

Consequently, General Crook was replaced by General Miles by “incensed [] federal officials [who] removed him from his post” and replaced him with General Miles, “a hard-liner with little use for Crook’s Apache scouts” (Craig 2008). Instead, General Miles “requested thousands of reinforcements to bring in the fleeing Chiricahuas” (Ibid). But, even with “5,000 American troops, one quarter of the U.S. army, 3,000 Mexican troops, possibly 1,000 vigilantes” totaling 9,000 hunters, General Miles “never succeeded

in capturing a single man, woman, or child” (Ibid). In the end, as Robert Geronimo – Geronimo’s great grandson explained – it was because of “[f]amily. It’s just . . . that’s everything, and that’s it. Everything else is secondary” (Ibid).

Geronimo himself recognized that he must either be forever apart from his family members or join them on the reservation. Ultimately, Geronimo decided to surrender and be with family: “When I arrived at their camp I went directly to General Miles and told him how I had been wronged, and that I wanted to return to the United States with my people, as we wished to see our families, who had been captured and taken away from us” (Barrett 1906, 144). Tribal Historian Michael Darrow reiterates the poignancy of Geronimo’s decision: “[t]he whole of our history is primarily of the parents and the children and the cousins and the aunts and uncles and grandparents and grandchildren. All of that is integral to Apache community, as the Apache existence. And the men didn’t exist in isolation” (Craig 2008).

While Geronimo is unequivocally iconic as “an important, symbolic status” whose “resistance is seen as the last resistance, not only of Chiricahua Apache people, but of [all] Indian people in North America”, his valor is not without controversy (Craig 2008). Throughout his resistance, Geronimo made many decisions that were sometimes questionable but – at all times – carried the gravity of life and death. Some Apache still find his drafting of Chiricahuas who followed Chief Loco detestable declaring, as Robert Haouzous – a Chiricahua Apache – “[m]ost of the tribe were angry with him and they blamed him. We don’t look at him as a hero” (Ibid). Others commented on “how he feigned friendship with a rancher” then mercilessly “shot and stabbed his [white] host and the man’s wife and children” after the rancher fed him and his men (Ibid). Still others spoke about how Geronimo was willing to kill Apache scouts whom he felt betrayed him just as relentlessly as he killed the White Eyes. But, by all accounts, there was no denying that it was “bloody and awful and violent and painful” (Ibid).

Bibliography

- American Experience: Geronimo – We Shall Remain. Directed by Dustinn Craig. WGBH Educational Foundation: PBS, 2008.
- Barrett, S.M., Editor, *Geronimo’s Story of His Life* (New York: Duffield & Co., 1906), 113-213.
- Blount, Bertha, “The Apache in the Southwest, 1846-1886,” *The Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 23, No. 1 (July, 1919): pp. 20-38, URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/27794548>
- Sanchez, Lynda A, “Apache Warriors Tell Their Side (to Eve Ball),” *Bulletin of Old Pueblo Archaeology Center*, No. 86 (September, 2021): pp. 1-23, URL: https://www.oldpueblo.org/wp-content/uploads/2022/02/202109opa86_-ApacheWarriorsTellTheirSideToEveBall.pdf
- Wachs, Abigail, “Determined: A Brief History of the Apache,” *IU South Bend Undergraduate Research Journal of History*, Vol. 8 (December 3, 2018): pp. 87-95, URL: <https://scholarworks.iu.edu/journals/index.php/iusbjrh/article/view/29350#:~:text=Dating%20records%20and%20artifacts%20provide,American%20colonialization%20of%20the%20southwest>.

We don't look at him as a hero" (Ibid). Others commented on "how he feigned friendship with a rancher" then mercilessly "shot and stabbed his [white] host and the man's wife and children" after the rancher fed him and his men (Ibid). Still others spoke about how Geronimo was willing to kill Apache scouts whom he felt betrayed him just as relentlessly as he killed the White Eyes. But, by all accounts, there was no denying that it was "bloody and awful and violent and painful" (Ibid).

Bibliography

American Experience: Geronimo – We Shall Remain. Directed by Dustinn Craig. WGBH Educational Foundation: PBS, 2008.

Barrett, S.M., Editor, Geronimo's Story of His Life (New York: Duffield & Co., 1906), 113-213.

Blount, Bertha, "The Apache in the Southwest, 1846-1886," The Southwestern Historical Quarterly, Vol. 23, No. 1 (July, 1919): pp. 20-38, URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/27794548>

Sanchez, Lynda A, "Apache Warriors Tell Their Side (to Eve Ball)," Bulletin of Old Pueblo Archaeology Center, No. 86 (September, 2021): pp. 1-23, URL: https://www.oldpueblo.org/wp-content/uploads/2022/02/202109opa86_-ApacheWarriorsTellTheirSideToEveBall.pdf

Wachs, Abigail, "Determined: A Brief History of the Apache," IU South Bend Undergraduate Research Journal of History, Vol. 8 (December 3, 2018): pp. 87-95, URL: <https://scholarworks.iu.edu/journals/index.php/iusburjh/article/view/29350#:~:text=Dating%20records%20and%20artifacts%20provide,American%20colonialization%20of%20the%20southwest.>



ART: *EMOTION* BY TRAM LU

NEVER FORGET

LUIS ROMERO

You say, immigrant,
I say, it is my ancestors' land, my continent.
The land belongs to everyone

You say, wetback,
Wetback? Because I crossed the river
Wetback because my back gets wet in your fields and building your houses!
I say, I work hard
The sunlight has dried my back, now it is burned.

You are illegal
Three years ago, I got, I got my citizenship
I am proudly brown. That is why you are still calling me illegal

You are not my color,
I am human too
This is home of the brave,
I also believe that this is land of the free.

You better go back south,
I just came to say hi, to see my white brothers
There is no south or north for a citizen of the world

You do not pay taxes
I pay the same taxes with my ITIN number only
I cannot ask for anything in return

You're taking what is mine,
I am helping to build a better tomorrow
You want to get special treatment,
I am not asking for special treatment, Just be fair
You want my sympathy
I want your empathy

You crossed the border
The border crossed me

You came from another country
Your ancestors too! **Never Forget That**
You say, I was born here, You better go home.
This is home too, I was born in the Americas. I do not understand you!
I can trace my ancestors, and show you that I have been here since forever.

You say, you're not white.
It is true! I am brown like the ground!
You say, there is a war,
I say, I will fight alongside you

You say, go first,
I say, Yes, sir, Yes

I have died fighting for this land.

PHOTO: EL HOMBRE DE COLORES, MISSION STREET, SF CA
BY ALEXANDER ANTONIO ALDANA



A LOVE LETTER TO MY ANCESTORS

ROSELYN CABELLO

To those feet that have walked these lands,
Those hands that have touched this dirt,
Your hands are imprinted on me,
Your roots have touched the top of my head to the very bottom of my feet,
I feel your presence in me,
Your sufferings are mine,
Your beauty is ever blinding,
Your radiant skin bronzed by the rays of the sun,
Your luscious black locks of hair,
Eyes the color of mother nature,
They don't see the flower blooming inside me,
They call me names and mock my culture,
Savages and uncivilized,
Drug lords and violence,
Woman beaters and subservient women,
They don't see the beauty that you and I see,
A country rich in history,
Temples of once powerful gods,
There are reminders of you everywhere.

MY LITERACY JOURNEY

KOUROSH SAMSAMI

Growing up, I was constantly surrounded by empowering women. To name a few, my mother, aunt, and 9th grade English teacher Ms. Junqueira. Each woman taught me how to strengthen my literacy skills while educating me about the art of language from perspectives of creativity, persistence, and individuality.

Creativity

Spending time with my aunt taught me that viewing language from a creative perspective motivated me to think beyond my intellectual limitation. For as long as I can remember, my aunt and I had a close relationship. Since her condo was only a five-minute drive from my house, she was my primary caregiver if my parents needed a babysitter. When we spent time together, we would visit blockbusters to rent films, eat at Burlingame Avenue, and play word games. My favorite activity was playing word games, the most notable of which was Shiritori. It is a word game in which the players are required to say a word that begins with the final letter of the previous word said. A few rules of the game include: words cannot be repeated, only nouns are allowed, and it takes two to play the game. When my aunt and I first began playing, our games would typically last about 10-15 minutes. However, after years of playing, our games would last an hour at the very least, if not longer. The duration grew because she always encouraged me to persevere in finding the right words to use when befuddled. I progressed from barely being able to compete with my aunt, to almost always winning when we played; in retrospect, it was due to her piquing my interest in enriching my vocabulary, thus it was solely to triumph over her. Looking back, I am grateful for having such an amazing aunt who taught me that if you have the desire to learn, you can expand your creative barriers, rewarding yourself as your intellect sharpens. In all honesty, I believe that if I had not spent as much time as I did growing up with my aunt, my vocabulary would not be as extensive as it is today.

Persistence

My mother was the first to introduce me to the world of books, as she was adamant that I be ahead of my peers in the realms of literature and perseverance. When I was five years old and had just started kindergarten, my mother brought home a vast selection of children's books from the local bookshop, including Dora, Dr. Seuss, and Clifford. I recall how delighted I was to return home from school and read, as I was captivated by the illustrations and found joy as the adventure of my favorite characters progressed with each turn of the page, leaving me yearning

for more. Based on what I recollect, it was not until she started encouraging me to read the books aloud to her every weekday that I found myself striving hard to grasp what each word on the page meant. I suppose I pushed myself to learn due to not wanting to disappoint my mother, as I reasoned that if she bought me books, I owed it to her to read. It was not long until I finished the set of books she bought, and at this point, I became obsessed with reading. I recall pestering her to purchase me the latest editions of books from my favorite series, and before I knew it, I had amassed a sizable collection. After reminiscing about my childhood, I remember going on a road trip to Lake Tahoe with my family for the Fourth of July when I was in third grade, and throughout the majority of the car ride my nose was buried in the Diary of a Wimpy Kid novels. I was so preoccupied with the books that by the time we arrived at our hotel, I had finished the first two volumes of the series. I mention that incident because, before I started reading books, I spent a lot of time playing video games on my Nintendo and Wii, so not playing any video games during the drive was a sign that my priorities in life were changing, and it was due to my mother's influence over me.

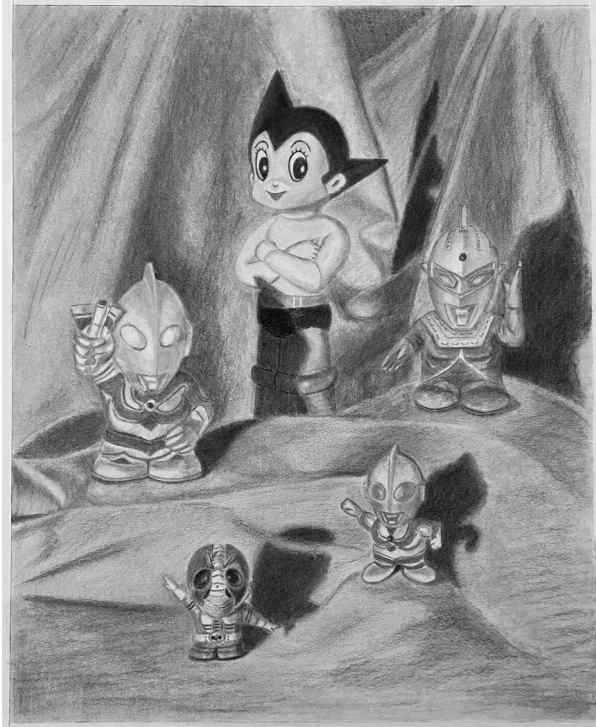
When I returned from the trip, I compiled all of the Times Magazines in our home, as I observed how both of my parents would read their articles, and saw it as a step towards becoming a mature reader. My mother was so proud of me that she would boast about me to her friends, saying how I could read aloud an entire Times Magazine and comprehend it. While reading Alexie Sherman's "The Joy of Reading and Writing: Superman and Me," I noted how his style of learning to read was similar to what my mother taught me, as he states, "Words, dialogue, also float out of Superman's mouth. Because he is breaking down the door, I assume he says 'I am breaking down the door.'" Once again, I pretend to read the words and say aloud, "I am breaking down the door. In this way, I learned to read" (Alexie 17). I find this relevant to my literacy journey, as my mother pushing me to analyze illustrations and incorporate their meanings into the text helped me learn at a faster pace, as it made it easier to interpret the plot and terminology. I feel as if it had not been for her nagging about reading, I would have struggled in other facets of my life, such as sports, school, and maintaining strong relations with my extended family because her emphasis on persistence taught me that everything good in life takes time and commitment. Ultimately, based on what my mother has taught me regarding literature, persistence is the key to learning and understanding,

as, without it, you struggle with discipline and direction, and wind up losing focus on succeeding in what you set out to achieve.

Individuality

My 9th-grade English teacher, Ms. Junqueira, guided me in developing the ability to write in a fashion that effectively conveys my unique opinions and emotions. When I began my freshman year of high school, I was not skilled at writing proficiently. However, once my first essay of the year was assigned, I had no option but to study hard and learn how to write at the high school level. Ms. Junqueira's first essay was on Khaled Hosseini's novel *The Kite Runner*, which tells the story of a boy named Amir and his traumatic childhood growing up in Kabul. I recollect having writer's block at the start of my essay and initially giving up because I was

disheartened; however, seeing that this was Hosseini's first book and that he, too, is from the Middle East spurred me to continue trying. I was able to finish the majority of my paper after overcoming writer's block. I was not troubled until I arrived at my concluding paragraph. I spent two days attempting to write the perfect ending to my paper, but I could not think of anything. Due to the deadline quickly approaching, I asked Ms. Junqueira what I should do. Her advice was that I should write a conclusion that mirrored my thoughts and emotions about the book, and that if I focused exclusively on that, I would have the ideal conclusion. I took what she said to heart, and wrote how the book had made me feel. I discussed



how I was saddened by the gruesome events that occurred, such as the rise of the Taliban or Amir's friend Hassan being raped. I also mentioned how I was delighted with how Amir redeemed himself by leaving America and returning to Afghanistan to rescue Hassan's son. Ultimately, the flurry of emotions and thoughts I exhibited on the page helped me produce, in my opinion, a perfect conclusion as it was pure introspection and not meaningless analysis seen earlier in my essay. I received my grade, an A-, a week after submitting my paper. While giving back my essay, Ms. Junqueira said that displaying my raw opinion about the book was what readers desire, because every memorable author distinguishes themselves from the rest, through their unique thoughts and opinions. Ms. Junqueira not only taught me how to persevere in expressing myself through writing distinctly, but she also demonstrated the value of distinguishing my work from the crowd.

Conclusion

I have discussed the significance of creativity, individuality, and persistence. However, I have yet to address one point: the importance of all three people I have mentioned being women. I must address this as

I was raised in a household of mostly women, as I live with my two sisters, mother, and father. I find this to be important as I have always felt in touch with my feminine side, and because I was mostly around women, I understood their perspectives on different aspects of life. Although nothing is definite, I believe that having female role models in my life helped me live with a more open mind by allowing me to exhibit both my masculine and feminine tendencies. I also feel as if I were not raised to treat and view women with the utmost dignity and respect, I would have never appreciated or cared to hear what these figures had to teach, and this is the error I want other young men to avoid. Ignoring what others have to say just because they do not share the same complexion, gender, or viewpoints as you will always do more harm than good,

since their perspectives may expand your mind to new possibilities.

"Intellectual growth should commence at birth and cease only at death." -Albert Einstein

Works Cited

Wikimedia Foundation. (2022, August 5). Shiritori. Wikipedia.

Wikimedia Foundation. (2022, July 31). *The Kite Runner*. Wikipedia.

Alexie, Sherman. "Superman and Me: The Joy of Reading and Writing."

BREAST CANCER PREDICTIONS WITH LOGISTIC REGRESSION CLASSIFICATION MODELS

LIANNA LIM

Breast cancer is a debilitating disease. It is caused by abnormal cell proliferation and invasion in the breast tissue. Breast cancer is one of the most common types of cancer worldwide, affecting 2.3 million women per year. Of those 2.3 million, 650,000 passed away from the illness (Adams, Daniel L., et al., 2016). Breast cancer can be a silent killer. For the treatment of breast cancer, early detection is key. If breast cancer is diagnosed before the cancer cells have metastasized (spread) to other parts of the body, it has a survival rate of 99%. However, this percentage lowers to 86% if it has spread to the regional lymph nodes and 30% if it has spread to a distant part of the body. 66% of women are diagnosed with breast cancer at an early stage. This number lowers to 47% for females ages 15 to 39 (ASCO, 2023). Considering the importance of early detection of breast cancer, it is imperative that doctors give the correct diagnosis as soon as a screening is completed. However, one out of eight breast cancer patients are misdiagnosed through mammograms (Adams, Daniel L., et al., 2016). For false positive diagnoses, they cause unnecessary stress on the patient, force them to undergo costly further testing, and may cause health complications through preventing them from getting a proper diagnosis of another condition. However, usually these misdiagnoses are false negatives rather than false positives. So, this leads to them receiving treatment late and therefore being at a higher risk for health complications (Adams, Daniel L., et al., 2016). Machine learning algorithms could be the solution to giving women an early warning.

Machine learning is an up and coming technology that allows us to make predictions based on existing data sets. Logistic classification is a machine learning algorithm used to determine a binary variable (SciKitLearn, 2023). The binary variable for this paper would be classifying patients into either a high risk or low risk of breast cancer. Logistic classification is the ideal algorithm for this purpose because it is fast, easy to interpret, and can handle a large number of variables (SciKitLearn, 2023). Using a dataset of 699 patients from the National Health Insurance Administration Ministry of Health and Welfare in Taiwan, the model will determine the risk of breast cancer for a patient based on the variables: clump thickness, uniformity of cell size, uniformity of cell shape, marginal adhesion, single epithelial cell size, bare nuclei, bland chromatin, normal nucleoli, mitoses, tumor class, and sex. Using these inputs the model will be trained to detect which variables correlate with a higher risk of breast cancer and in what combination. From there, it will be able to make accurate predictions for future patients.

The Problem with Breast Cancer Diagnosis as of Now: Though they aren't fit for every breast cancer diagnosis, mammograms are considered the most accurate screening for breast cancer currently available. Mammograms are x-ray images taken of the patient's breasts in order to diagnose cancer and other diseases in the breast. Tissues that have lower density like fat appear darker (or translucent with a dark background) while tissues with a higher density like tumors or connective tissue appear lighter (American Cancer Society, 2022). The way that cancer is diagnosed is a radiologist examines these x-ray images and compares the color and configuration of unusual-looking tissue vs. regular tissue. There are a lot of signs that a region is malignant including unusual size, shape, contrast, and margins compared to regular parts of the breast (American Cancer Society, 2022). They also look for tiny specs which could be microcalcifications, or calcium. The reason for such a high rate of misdiagnosis is that this method of interpretation isn't completely reliable. The density of breast tissue varies from person to person. Since diagnosis usually depends on the radiologist comparing the apparent density of the abnormal tissue with the regular tissue, it is much more difficult to diagnose breast cancer for women with dense breasts (American Cancer Society, 2022). For these women, both the false positive rate and false negative rate are much higher. There are other methods of detecting breast cancer available such as ultrasounds, MRIs, and even a new technology called molecular breast imaging could be a better fit for these patients (American Cancer Society, 2022). However, even with these other methods, the misdiagnosis rate remains at 12.5%. Thus, it is imperative that technologies that decrease this rate are introduced to improve patient outcomes.

Advantages of Logistic Classification in Breast Cancer Screening: Logistic classification offers several advantages over traditional breast cancer screening methods. Logistic classification can be used to analyze large datasets and identify complex patterns and relationships between risk factors and the likelihood of breast cancer. Logistic classification can produce more accurate predictions than traditional screening tests, reducing the number of false-positive and false-negative results and improving the overall accuracy of breast cancer screening.

Though there aren't any examples of logistic classification being used for breast cancer predictions specifically in the real world at the moment, there are many other instances of machine learning actually outperforming the majority of human doctors in the diagnosis of diseases. In a study by Jonathan G. Richens, Ciarán M. Lee, and Saurabh Johri that analyzes various different algorithms and their accuracy rate vs doctors, they claim that "[an] associative algorithm [algorithm that determines correlation] achieves an accuracy placing in the top 48% of doctors in our cohort, our counterfactual algorithm [algorithm that can determine causation] places in the top 25% of doctors, achieving expert clinical accuracy" (Richens, Jonathan G., et al., 2020). Logistic classification has a similar potential. The algorithm is far too new to be used alone though. It can be assumed that logistic classification could be a great supplement to a doctor's opinion in the evaluation of an individual's risk of breast cancer.

Data preprocessing: Before the data can be used to train the model, it must be evaluated and arranged to be fit to use to train the model. First, we need to identify the sources of data that we will use for training and testing our model. Ours is a public dataset that includes many factors that are confirmed to be correlated to breast cancer risk. Once we have collected the data, we need to clean it to ensure that it is accurate and consistent (Al-Jabery, Khalid, et al, 2020). This may involve removing duplicates, filling in missing values, and correcting errors or inconsistencies in the data. There are quite a few missing values in the dataset that must be accounted for. Those are dealt with by applying mean value imputation, which is a technique to replace all missing values with the mean value (Al-Jabery, Khalid, et al, 2020). Next, the data must be arranged to be in the correct format for our purposes. It is already in a comma separated list with just numerical values, so it is in a good format. But if something like tumor class was listed with a M for malignant or B for benign then it would be wise to change that to 0 or 1 (Al-Jabery, Khalid, et al, 2020). Finally, the data needs to be split into the set used to train the model and the set used to test the model. The whole dataset cannot be used twice as the model needs to be trained to predict cancer in completely new patients, not previously inputted data. It is very important that the data is split randomly. The reason behind this is that bias could occur in the model otherwise. For an extreme example, if the training data was selected so that only inputs with a tumor class of malignant were chosen, then the model would have trouble classifying benign tests correctly (Al-Jabery, Khalid, et al, 2020).

How Binomial logistic regression is used in a classification model: First, the algorithm takes in a dataset of various input variables. In this case scenario, the input variables would be the previously mentioned dataset. The final step is to apply a threshold value to

Next, there is something called a bias term which is a constant added to the weighted sum of the input features. Together, the weights and bias allow the algorithm to fit a linear decision boundary that separates the two classes in the data (Li Susan, 2019). During the training phase, the logistic regression algorithm adjusts the weights and bias to find the optimal decision boundary that best separates the two classes in the data (Li Susan, 2019).

Logistic classification was examined for validity, sensitivity, and time efficiency. Not only did it perform better than other machine learning algorithms, it outperformed traditional mammogram screening and diagnosis as well (Sultana, Jabeen, et al., 2018). It also is evident that doctors aided by similar technologies have already outperformed standalone doctors in disease diagnosis (Richens, Jonathan G., et al., 2020). Therefore, logistic classification has a lot of potential in improving breast cancer patient outcomes.

However, there were a few limitations in this paper. It is extremely important to scrutinize the data set for diversity in order to reduce the chance of the model being biased (Al-Jabery, Khalid, et al, 2020). Also, while the model may have been proven to perform well in a research setting, that does not necessarily mean that this success will translate to a medical setting. There are also some possible complications from how physicians may interact with the model (Froomkin, A. Michael, et al., 2019). Doctors may have trouble interpreting its results or it may not be feasible to employ in places without the financial or technological resources necessary (Center for Technology Innovation, 2019).

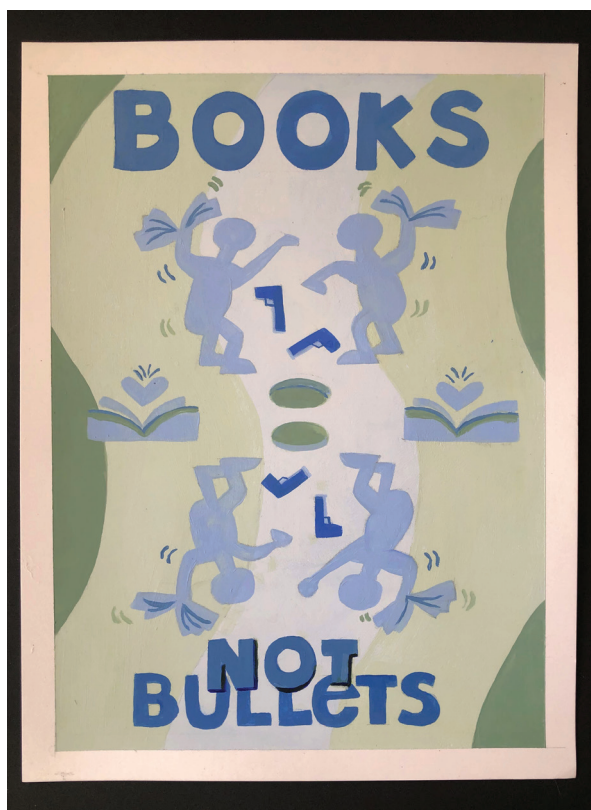
In the end, machine learning could be the future of early detection and prevention. However, this task could have devastating consequences if the classification models created are not properly trained or employed. Therefore, they must be rigorously tested to ensure their accuracy and physicians must be trained on their proper use. While it is unlikely that classification models could fully replace any healthcare professionals in disease diagnosis anytime soon, they have the potential to be an extremely valuable aid (Chhatwal et al., 2009).

References

- "1.1. Linear Models." Scikit, 2023, https://scikit-learn.org/stable/modules/linear_model.html.
- Adams, Daniel L., et al. "Mitosis in Circulating Tumor Cells Stratifies Highly Aggressive Breast Carcinomas." *Breast Cancer Research*, vol. 18, no. 1, 2016, <https://doi.org/10.1186/s13058-016-0706-4>.
- Al-Jabery, Khalid, et al. *Computational Learning Approaches to Data Analytics in Biomedical Applications*. Academic Press, an Imprint of Elsevier, 2020.
- Froomkin, A. Michael, et al. "When AIS Outperform Doctors: The Dangers of a Tort-Induced over-Reliance on Machine Learning and What (Not) to Do about It." *SSRN Electronic Journal*, 2018, <https://doi.org/10.2139/ssrn.3114347>.
- Richens, Jonathan G., et al. "Improving the Accuracy of Medical Diagnosis with Causal Machine Learning." *Nature Communications*, vol. 11, no. 1, 2020, <https://doi.org/10.1038/s41467-020-17419-7>.



ART: *WHITE CHALK* BY COLIN GOODWIN



ART: *BOOKS NOT BULLETS* BY PATRICE WILLIG



PHOTO: *GLOWING SEA ANEMONES* BY BROOKE STAR MENDEZ

A FRIEND OR AN ENEMY? HOW ENGLISH IS DEVOURING HUMAN CULTURE

LENA LI

Growing up as one of the Chinese students who have been told that English is the key to a bright future since elementary school, I have always seized this language as an opportunity. I chose English as my college major, and my ten years of experience working in Shanghai certainly verified the importance of English as the access to globalization. However, China dramatically changed its attitude toward English from embracing to rejecting it in their education system two years ago. A proposal made by members of the National People's Congress suggested reducing the proportion of English teaching in favor of promoting Chinese culture, which sparked a huge controversy in the country. This action may seem like a big reverse to many Chinese people who have benefited from English in the past decades, but it revealed a big sign of what challenge the world is facing today: the invisible threat from English.

As one of those beneficiaries, I can't deny that English has bridged the language barrier around the world and brought rapid economic growth on a global level. But the more I study and research, the more I realize that the rising hegemony of English actually had an unrepairable negative impact on humanity and cultural diversity. As long as English still plays the dominant role in human languages, we need to find a way to balance its power so we can reduce the damage to our society.

There is no doubt that English is a very useful tool for humans to communicate globally. All the great literary masterpieces, scientific knowledge and intelligent workpieces in human history were recognized and spread through English. For decades, many writers, scholars and literary giants with different language backgrounds have had to write or translate their works into English to be able to reach global audiences and gain world recognition. For example, Ngugi was Thiong'o is a Kenyan author and academic who was first recognized by the world as East Africa's leading novelist through his English written novels in his early years. Even though Thiong'o has written most of his novels and plays in his native Gikuyu since the 1980s and argues that African-language literature is the only authentic voice for Africans, a lot of people around the world still need English as the major medium to be able to read and understand his mind (Mikanowski par. 24). Thus, it made some people believe that the effort of writing in native languages seems insignificant since words can only be heard and published in English.

Well, that is simply not true. The greatness and uniqueness of Thiong'o is not his English writing, but his mind of advocating for the African language and actions of decolonizing English education, which aligns with the opinion that the overweight of English power divides people and distorts self values. In his book *Decolonizing the Mind*, Thiong'o states that English in Africa is a "cultural bomb" that has wiped out pre-colonial histories and identities. He points out:

The effect of a cultural bomb is to annihilate a people's belief in their names, in their languages, in their environment, in their heritage of struggle, in their unity, in their capacities and ultimately in themselves. It makes them see their past as one wasteland of non achievement and it makes them want to distance themselves from that wasteland. (Thiong'o 3). Thiong'o renounced English writing as the start of his own decolonizing mind journey and has persistently promoted other writers whose literary innovations have been underestimated by the world just because they don't work in a dominant language. That inspired many people to be awakened to the fact that English is not, and should not be, the only language for human literacy.

While many small languages start disappearing due to the dominance of English, we are left with a world that simply lacks diversity. In the article "Behemoth, Bully, Thief: How the English Language is Taking Over the Planet," Jacob Mikanowski uses his characteristic description to picture this world for us: Outside the anglophone world, living with English is like drifting into the proximity of a supermassive black hole, whose gravity warps everything in its reach. Everyday English spreads, the world becomes a little more homogenous and a little more bland. (par. 5) Mikanowski strongly voices how "oppressive" English is (par. 17) and how the world is threatened by it. He points out the over worship of only the English language brings out an idea that being monolingual, which is "something of an aberration" becomes "somehow normal" (par. 31) nowadays. Mikanowski believes that smaller languages are "not as endangered species worth saving, but as equals worth learning." (par. 25) Thus he passionately urges people to reform English's position as a "hypercentral one" (De Swaan qtd. in Mikanowski par. 9) on top of the language pyramid, and calls for a multilingual world that is formed by "polyglot individuals" (par. 32).

When I talked to one of my Indian-American mom friends, Khyati Davey, who moved to the United States from India 17 years ago, she described to me how hyped up English education was back then in India: “I remember growing up it was a big deal. My parents put us in an English medium school. Everyone thinks that if you know English fluently your career is set to have many prospects including ability to go abroad. More elite the families are in Indus [sic], you will see more English is prominent in their language as a fashion statement.” Khyati’s primary language is Gujarati, and the other one is Hindi. She said her six-year-old son who is in a Bay Area Elementary school now is more comfortable with English rather than their native language: “He tells me, ‘mama, it’s hard to explain scientific facts in Gujarati so I have to swan [sic] in English.’” Khyati is not the only mom among the immigrant parents in the United States that I have known who are battling with the dominant English education in fear of losing their native roots. Studies have shown that English has discouraged parents from passing on their native languages to their future generations. In the journal article “E Pluribus Unum: Bilingualism and Loss of Language in the Second Generation”, Alejandro Portes and Lingxin Hao, two scholars from Princeton University and Johns Hopkins University, share the results of their study regarding the American immigrant community:

“among most immigrant nationalities, knowledge of and preference for English is nearly universal [...] only a minority remain fluent in their parents’ languages” (269). They describe the linguistic shift as a “three-generation process.” The immigrant generation learns as much English as it can but speaks the mother tongue at home; the second generation may speak the mother tongue at home but shift to unaccented English at school and in the workplace; by the third generation, English becomes the home language, and effective knowledge of the parental tongue disappears (269).

The two authors state that “the pressure exerted by native-born Americans on the children and grandchildren of immigrants to speak not just English, but only English is commonly seen as the key factor accounting for this loss” (269-270). As a parent of two American-born multiracial children, I couldn’t be more related to this statement. My mother tongue is Mandarin Chinese. My children spoke fluent Chinese when they were babies and toddlers. After they entered preschools, English started taking over their daily dialogues and conversations. Once they were in elementary schools, they barely spoke any Chinese.

No matter how hard I tried to keep them connected with my original language and culture, it just seemed hopeless when the oppressive force of English was unavoidable in our daily lives. At those moments when I speak to my children in Chinese and they answer me back in English, I know that I have lost in this battle of keeping the other half of my children’s heritage — the Chinese culture in my family is dying.

I am not trying to demonize English since it is just simply a tool. But how did we come to the point of giving this tool so much power that we started losing control of it? If this is just a tool, how did it become so destructive and even subversive? It has become very clear to me that when the power of English is outweighed and the meaning of using English is overrated, the damage to human linguistics and culture is unavoidable. English is disrupting the development of other languages, dialects and literatures when its power is unbalanced, and it is causing micro distortion of humanity and social values when its impact is hyperinflated. I’m not saying we should stop learning English, but how to balance its dominance to fight against the trend of cultural devastation is our task. If we want a world where each language can equally find a place, shouldn’t we offer English as just one option among all the other languages instead of a mandatory requirement? Shouldn’t we treat each minority language the same way we treat English? Shouldn’t we open up more language choices in the school systems for students to learn? Shouldn’t we take off the elite filter and give each language the same respect? There are many things we can do to make the world less plain and more diverse. Maybe balancing English’s dominant power is a good start. After all, most of us would want a multilingual world instead of a monolingual one, wouldn’t we?

Works Cited

- Alejandro Portes, Lingxin Hao. “E Pluribus Unum: Bilingualism and Loss of Language in the Second Generation.” *American Sociological Association*. Vol. 71, No. 4 (Oct., 1998). Oct., 1998. https://www.jstor.org/cz/proxy.collegeofsanmateo.edu/stable/pdf/2673171.pdf?refreqid=excelsior%3Ad608ca69b4c7a3a6ba699bdd56a218d4&ab_segments=&origin=&initiator=&acceptTC=1
- Anzaldúa, Gloria. “How to Tame a Wild Tongue.” *Borderlands / La Frontera: The New Mestiza*. Aunt Lute, 1987.
- Das, Kamala. An Introduction. From the *Old Playhouse and Other Poems*. 1973. *Economic Success Drives Language Extinction*, University of Cambridge, September 3, 2014
- Feng, Olivia (Jia Ming). 2020. “The ‘Real’ Outcomes of Language Learning: The History of English Language Education in China.” *Bridges: An Undergraduate Journal of Contemporary Connections* 4, (1). https://scholars.wlu.ca/bridges_contemporary_connections/vol4/iss1/2
- Jacob Mikanowski, “Behemoth, Bully, Thief: How the English Language is Taking over the Planet.” *The Guardian*, July 27, 2018
- McCrum, Robert. *Virtually Running America*. From *Globish: How English Became the World’s Language*, Ch. 15
- Ngugi wa Thiong’o. *Decolonizing the Mind: The Politics of Language in African Literature*. East African Educational Publishers KLLtd, 1986.
- Zi, Mai. “Li Yang Crazy English”. 21 July. 2010, <https://www.crazyenglish.info/archives/li-yang-crazy-for-english.html>

MISERY AND PREJUDICE

MICHELLE DJACK

INTRODUCTION

Society is made of people's opinions, and a world without judgments is a utopia. However, opinions are not always formed based on our own experience. All sorts of resources that influence beliefs can easily fall into prejudiced judgment. Chimamanda Adichie brings in the light "The Danger of a Single Story." She implies by single-story any preconceived notions about places or people that do not broadcast a panoramic view of these places and people. Her observation is reasonably understandable because a specific experience should not make a general statement. Each person is different, just like fruits from the same fruit tree may come in different sizes, colors, or shades. It is then important not to stigmatize people based on their origins. In addition, biases referring to some groups, people, or places can result in severe mental breakdown and physical damage. For centuries, for instance, black people have been put into stigmatized cases where some lost their humanity, others their identity, and dignity. Thus, Black people have to work much harder than the rest of the population to escape from pejorative labels and, maybe, be granted the title of a human being. Thesis: Racial stigmas (linked to centuries of slavery and colonization) in the USA have created the segregation of Americans and Black people, who have lost their faith in Justice, their rights for humanity, respect, education, identity, and dignity, or any consideration of reparation.

Segregation has cost Americans (with all prefixes) societal skills and values and has generated a harmful melting pot that generates single stories. In her article "Why America is Self Segregating," Danah Boyd declares that "The United States has always been a diverse but Segregated country" (Boyd). Boyd's declaration implies that segregation is not a new scourge in American society. The origins of the United States of America's creation might explain Why and how this began. The opposite would, indeed, be surprising since the United States of America is a class system-based country: a giant country club originating from the British tradition, which acts as an invisible hand, with an iron grip choking the American system. Everything or everybody has to be labeled with a specific name and put on one particular box. That will determine how worthy or less important one is and how much respect he should receive. However, That type of segregated behavior is lethal because it can result in what Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie calls single stories. Adichie states that "The problem with stereotypes is not that they are untrue, but they are incomplete." In other words, people or places lose their authenticity with received ideas.

For instance, Americans seclude themselves in all kinds of "country clubs" (family, neighborhoods, schools, offices...), where they dress, talk, live, and act the same way, because of the false notion of achievement. It is clear that living this way reduces a great deal of creativity and acceptance but accentuates differences. The racial discrimination attached to the black community has generated fear of the American judicial system.

There is an inherent fear factor that involves black people in the United States of America. That fear stems from decades of hate and blatant injustice. The saga of black people, written by enslaved people owners or colonialists and lifted by the mainstream media, has nurtured that culture of bigotry. The media, in fact, repeatedly portrays Black people in very inhuman or disrespectful ways that in turn engenders social injustice and police brutality against the community. That began with Black men, who are associated with drug dealing, violence, and crime. This subjective misrepresentation of black men has brought new issues like racial Profiling, defined by The Cambridge dictionary as "the activity of collecting information about someone, especially a criminal, in order to give a description of them." (Cambridge Dictionary). In his article "Just Walk on By Black Men and Public Space," Brent Staples illustrates how Profiling has become a negative issue in the United States. Staples reports in fact that "One day, rushing into the office of a magazine I was writing for with a deadline story in hand, I was mistaken for a burglar" (Staples 4). This type of incident is not an isolated case in the black community because Black people, primarily men, had been associated with threats. For that reason, they are humiliated in public and must use the public space with precaution or they may lose their life.

Education is a powerful and essential weapon against poverty and social inequalities. However, racial and economic segregation implemented in the USA suppresses poor and black communities deprived of a high level of education (critical for their empowerment). For decades, they have been the big losers of American society, sitting at the bottom shelf. In "Graduation," Maya Angelou claims that "Unlike the white high school, Lafayette County Training School distinguished itself by having neither lawn, nor hedges, nor tennis court (...) with no fence to limit either its boundaries or those of bordering farms" (75). This statement outlines the considerable gap between elite schools and those frequented by minorities.

Infrastructures were Non-existent, and the amenities were not adequate or not provided for black kids in the black neighborhood. Unfortunately, this is still the case because they expect black kids to perform low. Therefore, to serve in the "plantation" as they become adults.

According to Angelou's analysis in "Graduation," "The white kids were going to become Galileos and Madame Curies and Edisons and Gaugins, and Our Boys (the girls weren't even in on it) would try to be Jesse Owens and Joe Louises" (82). Knowing that education is a powerful weapon, it is clear that the people who control the agenda of education are white people who do not want black people to rise and compete at the same level as them. Therefore, they must create situations or conditions where black people remain at the lowest position. Accordingly, some Black kids have actively pursued and enrolled in elite white schools to provide entertainment and revenue flow for their talents and athletic abilities. It is okay, for instance, to shine as a phenomenal basketball or football player but not as the head coach of the team. Thus players could not later own the lion's share of some franchise or be the owner of any professional club. Forget about positions requiring critical thinking! However, if a black person occupies a very high position (Barack Obama, Kamala Harris), people must ask themselves why? Why that person? Why in that position? Moreover, what conditions or circumstances led them to such a position? Sometimes, they have given up on their dignity and therefore lose their identity down the road.

One of the most significant losses of the black community in the USA and the rest of the world is their identity. After generations of abuse and humiliation from all nature, the black community remains with a very low if not non-existent self-esteem. Consequently, some would brighten/ bleach their skin and wear Caucasian or Asian-like wigs, weaves, or extensions. They disguise their authentic nature because they must achieve, by all means, what the west has set as standards regarding hair, skin, body, or social status. The irony is that even after achieving all those standards, they will never be considered as equals and will always be Aliens. However, they will be called Immigrants, Native-American, Mexican, Indian-American, African-American, Black- American, Negroes, but never American. In "My two Lives," Jhumpa Lahiri comments that "Indian-American has been a constant way to describe me" (Lahiri). Lahiri reinforces Danah Boyd's argument of a segregated country and proves that "American" is reserved for the most privileged, British(and sometimes other Europeans) descendants. In addition, those suffixes and adjectives added to people show that some groups will always be foreigners, but they will never be thoroughly Americans.

This reality is more so for black people, with few exceptions. Yes! At times, there is no need to add any suffix to "American" when some interest comes into play, when there is something to be gained or that will benefit the "other" Americans. For instance, soldiers and athletes representing the country (or fighting for the country's interests) overseas deserved to be called American. However, the moment they come back into the territory, they can rejoin their boxes: back to reality! These years of discriminatory actions against black people have cost many their identity and dignity.

CONCLUSION

Justice, respect, education, and dignity are fundamental values and rights that all humans deserve, regardless of the color of their skin, social class, or cultural background. Unfortunately, racial prejudice, nurtured in the USA by stems from slavery, considerably harms the black community. Black people lost those values or rights because of the significant misrepresentation of them by mainstream social media and powerful lobbying. This single story of Black people in the United States in turn, has prevented them from being judged as single and unique individuals with individual mindset and capacities. One of the questions is when would it be possible for black people to rise and shine, not to the level others have planned for them but to the actual position of power? The system should be leveled up as to answer the needs of the Black community and all minorities, worldwide, and not those of the privileged ones.

Works Cited

- Adichie, Chimamanda N. "The Danger of a Single Story | Adichie Ngozi Chimamanda." YouTube, uploaded by TED 7 Oct. 2009, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D9Ihs241zeg>.
- Gandhi, Mahatma. "Five Quotes by Mahatma Gandhi on Education." The Indian Express, 1 Oct. 2018, <https://indianexpress.com/photos/education-gallery/gandhi-jayanti-2017-five-quotes-by-mahatma-gandhi-on-education-4870615/>. Accessed 28 Feb. 2022.
- No Right To Education In The Pandemic ... - Countercurrents. <https://countercurrents.org/2020/12/no-right-to-education-in-the-pandemic/>
- "Profiling." PROFILING | Definition in the Cambridge English Dictionary, dictionary.cambridge.org/us/dictionary/english/profiling.
- Staples, Brent. "Just Walk On By: Black Men On Public Spaces by Brent Staples-1.Pdf." Ms Magazine, 1986. docs.google.com/document/d/1WN9bfYNDPb-DyvPwZoHBIVY0gBRUSBix4YLM3k9HVk/edit, PDF file.
- Angelou, Maya. "Graduation by Maya Angelou-1.Pdf." WordPress, Feb. 2013, eng101wla.files.wordpress.com/2013/02/graduation.pdf
- Boyd, Danah. "Why America Is Self-Segregating." Points, Data & Society: Points, 5 Jan. 2017, <https://points.datasociety.net/why-america-is-self-segregating-d881a39273ab>. Accessed 27 Feb. 2022.
- Why America Is Self-Segregating. The United States has <https://points.datasociety.net/why-america-is-self-segregating-d881a39273ab>
- Whitley, Jennifer. "Unpacking and Responding to Tension in Our Classes." English Journal, vol. 109, no. 6, National Council of Teachers of English, July 2020, p. 103.
- Short Reading #3 - Shoreline Community College. <https://www.shoreline.edu/testingcenter/documents/dsp-short-reading3.pdf>

PHOTO: *STUDIO* BY CAMERON ENES



Photo: *Capturing Memories* by Gamze Akildiz

Get Published

Illustrations
Digital Photography
Poetry
Creative Nonfiction
Short Stories
Academic Essays



Submissions open to all SMCCD students