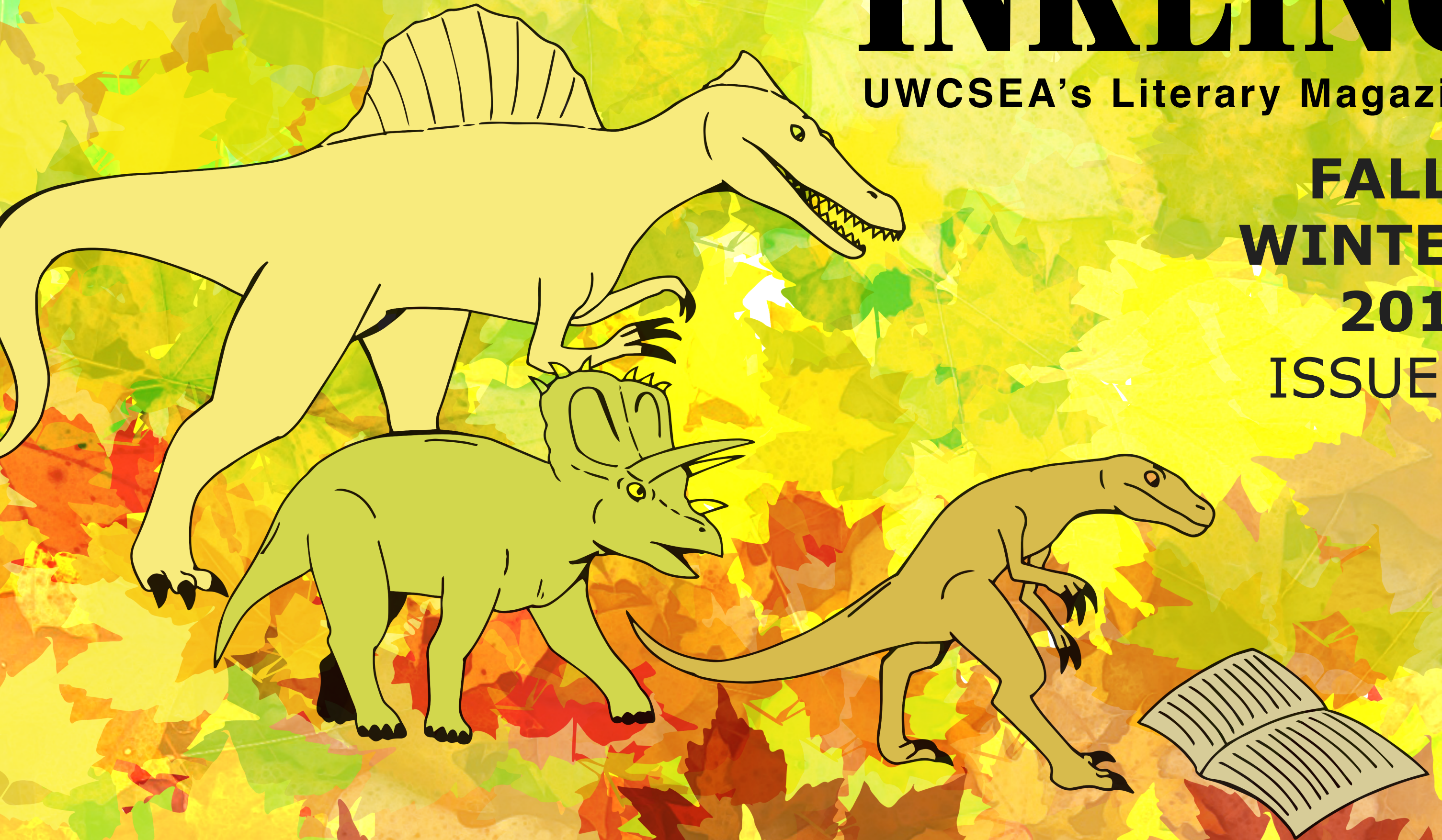


INKLING

UWCSEA's Literary Magazine

**FALL/
WINTER
2018
ISSUE 1**



FORWARD

We started Inkling because we wanted a medium to express ourselves creatively and we felt that, at the time, it did not exist. This inspired us to create an open, community-based platform that could be used by any student to express themselves. Additionally, we did not want to restrict creativity and chose to publish any piece that was culture-based with any genre. We felt that this aided our pursuit of authenticity, creativity, and expression as writers were not limited and could be true to themselves. Through Inkling, we aim to be inclusive of all writers and appreciate the pieces they produce regardless of the topic and genre they choose.

Starting a new publication can be difficult, but we appreciated the process of exploration. We tried out different methods to increase readership and publicise, as well as building relationships with writers in our community. The process of publishing Inkling was so different from newspaper journalism and school magazines, because that focus on the literary aspect meant that as editors, we had to go out of our ways to find those ideas in our community. As a collective, we found our own ways to navigate these waters, to consistently encourage and appreciate newness everywhere.

We've started Inkling's story this year, but we need you to take it further. We hope that this literary tradition of writing and editing will continue in UWCSEA, and we look forward to seeing it evolve in your hands. We hope that you can join us next year. Maybe you can find your niche here. We have so much still to share, and we can't wait to hear what you thought of it all.

Jingying Wang and Samiha Singh
Editors, Inkling 2018-19

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ABOUT

Inkling is a culture-based literary magazine that endeavors to collect creative and critical pieces to showcase the diverse output of the East writing community all while fostering the creation of an open, inclusive and encouraging platform for writers to share and compose.

TL;DR: we are East's culture interpreters. Aside from publishing our thoughts on school events and school culture, we'll also recommend books and movies we like to get the school community thinking.

ANIL'S GHOST: AN ARTHOUSE ACTUALISATION OF UWC IDEALS

Literary Criticism by Jingying Wang



If you want to choose a story to start the new semester with, you should choose the one where the Western-educated Sri Lankan forensic scientist embarks on a salvational but fruitless human rights mission in an attempt to reconnect with, or save, her country. In *Anil's Ghost*, everything we've talked about in class as UWC students — human rights missions, modern warfare, cultural identity — is actualised in beautiful language. As it turns out, they are often messier than we thought, and less distinct in their shape.

You may be familiar with our author through *The English Patient*. Here, the same sense of an articulate yet distant world that cocoons the small cast of characters is created perfectly. You feel as if you are reading fantasy, although every bit in the book is conceivable. Perhaps it is this distance that allows you to accept what happens in the book.

The actual brutality of events are veiled thinly through the vagueness of their language. The use of medicine as the medium through which the protagonists carry themselves in their journey is fascinating. The surgical precision in the language employed, the academic nature of archaeology and forensic work is juxtaposed with the mythical nature of the characters themselves, their personalities and the people they encounter: the head sculptor, for example, is inefficient and unscientific in his work; yet he was just as effective. Ondaatje weaves a miraculous fabric using superstition, religion, folk lore-like style and the Western, sterile, strictly scientific language, and in this he manages to infuse the poetic, blurred imageries that the book conveyed in what might be called "strands" of this journey with a colourfully cultural mood, albeit one expressed through the professions of the protagonists; the only means available to them.

I was very aware of the nature of the plot: a journey. This is, really, an often employed, and almost always classically used device: one calls to mind *Journey to the West*, *Lord of the Rings*, or all the other pilgrimage stories involving meeting strange characters, getting through ardor and achieving salvation. Just as in these stories, Ondaatje had to build a world out of thin air — and yes, even though it is such a contemporary tale, the world-building occurs in elevating reality upwards to a cloud land, in which everything is motivated by expression of lyricality. This was done through backstories, very much involved in our world, and very much relatable. Compared to *The English Patient*, *Anil's Ghost* gives you more time to think, but it is so painfully modern.

Anil is a "liquid" character. All her stories and movements are written at an elevated aesthetic level, yet they remain very close to us. The background of this book seems to be closer to my culture, but I think that the author's past sense of vagueness perfectly metaphorically captures the local environment in terms of style: there is no certain shape to the conflict at hand, and people's sharp sufferings can only be seen through thin membranes veiled by interpretations. Even Anil herself fails as a half-culturally-native person; she fails to see through the nature of the conflict (because there is no nature!) and she leaves the book wispily. How about her ghost? Well, truly, she could not capture them and her ghost remains with those who remain in the land that she came from, remains in the gesture of swimming and waters, and it remains in her associates who we would expect to see only in stories. The finale is strong and colourful, with the statue of the Buddha rising. Truly, in times like those, it is perhaps the only thing that deserves to rise.

Quotes

"We are often criminals in the eyes of the earth, not only for having committed crimes, but because we know that crimes have been committed."

"They were not really poor, but they lived sparsely — you know the distinction between the gross material world and the "subtle" material world, don't you? Well, they embraced the latter."

"When we are young, the first necessary rule is to stop invasions of ourselves. We know this as children. There is always that murmuring conviction of family, like the sea around an island. So youth hides in the shape of something lean as a spear, or something as antisocial as a bark. And we become therefore more comfortable and intimate with strangers."

"There could never be any logic to the human violence without the distance of time. "

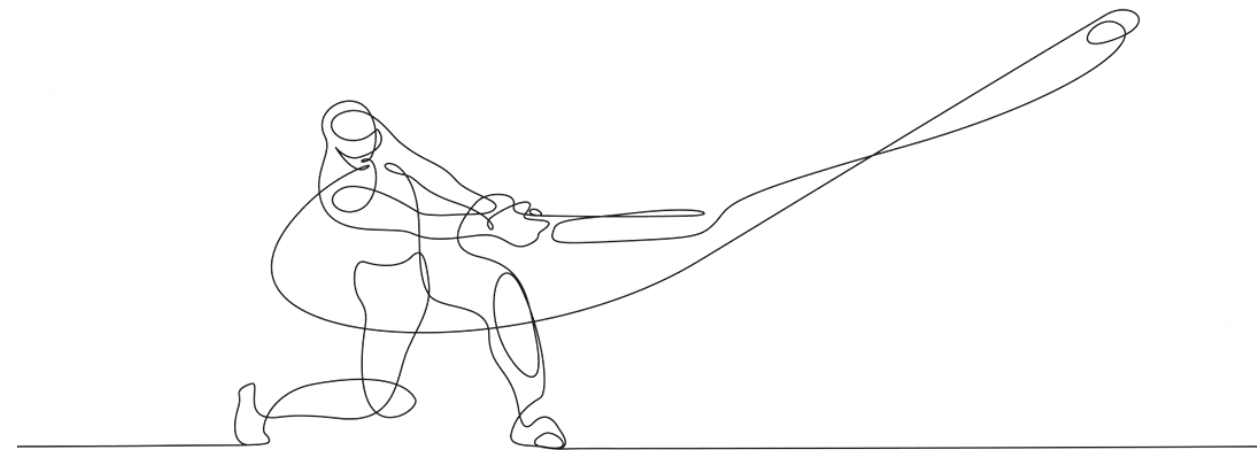


RECONNECTING WITH INDIA THROUGH CULTURAMA

Opinion Column by Samiha Singh

Viewing the bright ochre hues of the Garba dance as well as the traditional, elegant colors of Rajasthan brought to life through the Ghoomar dance invoked feelings of extreme amazement for me. Although I have traveled to most parts of India and experienced these performances by the locals, seeing it live in School with an audience comprising around fifty-six nationalities was completely different. It was as though my seven-year-old-self was experiencing the culture of Maharashtra and Rajasthan (the states of India where Garba and Ghoomar are performed respectively) for the first time. And thus, akin to a wicket in Cricket, I was bowled over by the performances.

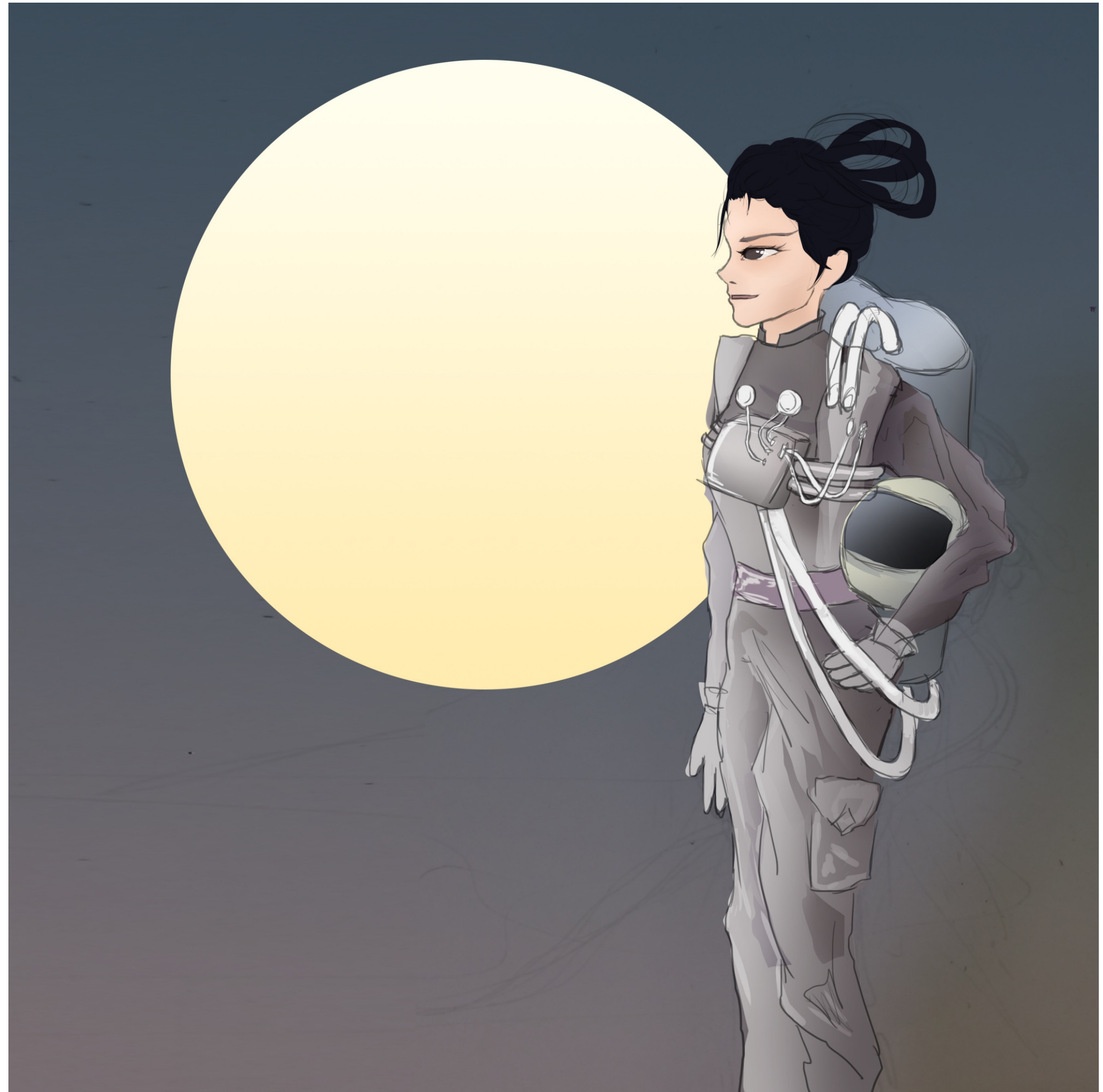
It was the first time in a decade that I was being exposed to such diversity in India itself and it evoked emotions of patriotism. It reminded me that a world outside of school and traveling back home to New Delhi exists. It is mesmerising how big the world really is and statistics like the world population were never able to convey this akin to the magical cultural dances showcased at Culturama 2018. Living in a safe, enclosed bubble with my friends and family often makes me forget about the rest of the world and I end up losing the memories of my previous experiences. As a consequence, when I watched these dances, I was dumbfounded and captivated by the range of cultures that exist. I always knew India had 22 major languages, 721 dialects, and 1.3 billion people but never had these facts come to life before. Therefore, I am grateful that I had the opportunity of watching this beautiful showcase of diverse cultures as it certainly expanded my worldview and sparked feelings of wonder and amazement in me.



CHANG'E

Art by Wing Chan

As the first commercial traveler to the moon was announced, the Chinese mid-autumn festival – which always coincides with a full moon – was near. In a discussion session, we explored the moon's meaning in our language(s). We talked about the crossover between technology, art and literature.



SE ME APACHURRÓ EL CORAZÓN

Submitted by: Valeria Obregon Diaz

I tried to explain what was 'apachurrar'
So people could get what feeling I was talking about,
But nothing came,
I just felt sad and there was nothing to do.
I felt mi corazón apachurrado,
And it was something really internal,
It was a big dolor,
And there was nothing I could do,
How do you call it? 'Homesickness',
Missing casa,
Home sweet home,
Hogar dulce hogar,
I prefer it in Spanish,
I was just nostalgic,
Extrañado a mama,
I was tired of speaking English,
I wanted mis palabras back,
My amigas were making their lives,
Without me,
I think that was the most painful thought,
Mis viejos were getting older,
And I was not there...
Y yo no estaba ahí...
But I was here with other people that needed me too,
But they were not mi gente,
And even if they could feel just like me,
They wouldn't feel their heart apachurrado,
That was only me,
That was a feeling which was only mine,
And I didn't want to share it,
Like the comida with my hermano,
Just like that, I wanted to keep this feeling to myself,
"Ya voy a llorar", I thought while.
I was in fact crying,
Crying because I was far.
Crying because I was not present,
Because I was ausente,
Because the time goes by
And you can't get it back
"El tiempo es lo único que tenemos"
My abuela use to say,
And my tiempo was away from them,
Muy lejos me fui...
It wasn't that I didn't like them,
Or that I was trying to escape,
Well, at least that's why I thought when I left,
It was something more about me,
About discovering the rain, the streets,
The people, the world, see it with my own eyes,
Before coming I thought I was fuerte,
"Valiente" that's how my mom used to describe me
But now I don't think so.
I need mamá and papá,
I need my older brother,
I need my amigas,
I need my town,
I need to go back.
Necesito regresar.

Poet's commentary:

This poem is about how it sometimes feels

to be away from home, the internal
dilemma between enjoying your time
abroad but really missing home. This

poem is written in two languages

simultaneously because that's how I

sometimes think, some words come in

one language and others in the other, but

as it can be observed English

predominates because that's the

language in which I communicate here,

even though as it is can be appreciated I

feel like I can express better in my mother

tongue with some words that can't be

translated or maybe it's just that I don't

want to do it



THE FIRST SEVEN MINUTES OF CULTURAMA

Submitted by: Mira Maheshwari

Being my first year at this school as a boarder, I was bombarded with reminders of this annual event since the beginning of my first day.

“Are you going to audition for culturama this year?”, *“Do you remember on what date we have the Japan auditions?”*, *“Have you bought your tickets yet?”* are just a few to begin with. And yet, despite me not auditioning, little did I know that having the mere opportunity to witness one of UWCSEA’s most acclaimed productions would be, to say the least, **life-changing**.

Moments before the curtains were drawn to reveal the first dance of the evening, the one claimed to ‘set precedence for all future Culturamas’, every nerve of my body was experiencing a pang of excitement.

The dancers of Vietnam were truly a sight to behold. What set this particular dance apart from the rest was the fact that the participants of this performance were children rescued in crisis; these children were the children of Blue Dragon – The Vietnamese based GC that our school works in partnership with. What I loved about them

were the conical hats that they wore- *non la* – which gave them a youthful spring in starting and a certain grace in their carriage. Having said that, it was absolutely surreal to imagine the fact that these children came from poverty-stricken areas with little hope, leaving them exposed to the dangers of trafficking, abuse and sexual exploitation.

The next dancers up were from Japan. Their strikingly crimson kimonos, lined with a lavish cluster of flowers intensified each dancers juvenile charm. The subtlety of the *gagaku*, or orchestral music, managed to sustain a sense of calm and tranquility amidst the audience. Every dancer moved with poise and singular, slow movements that reinforced the dynamics of the performance. And then, just when I assumed to see them bow out and anticipate the succeeding dancers of China,

the pop culture of Japan sprouted out of stage. Fired up in their red jackets, the performers succeeded in uplifting the rest of the dance with perfect execution, that included coordinated movements in ‘breaking, locking and popping’. It was fascinating to observe a single culture adopt such contrasting forms of dance in a singular performance.

As the dancers exited the stage after 110 seconds of phenomenal execution, every spectator gave them a big round of applause. The night has been set into motion with exhilarating energy...



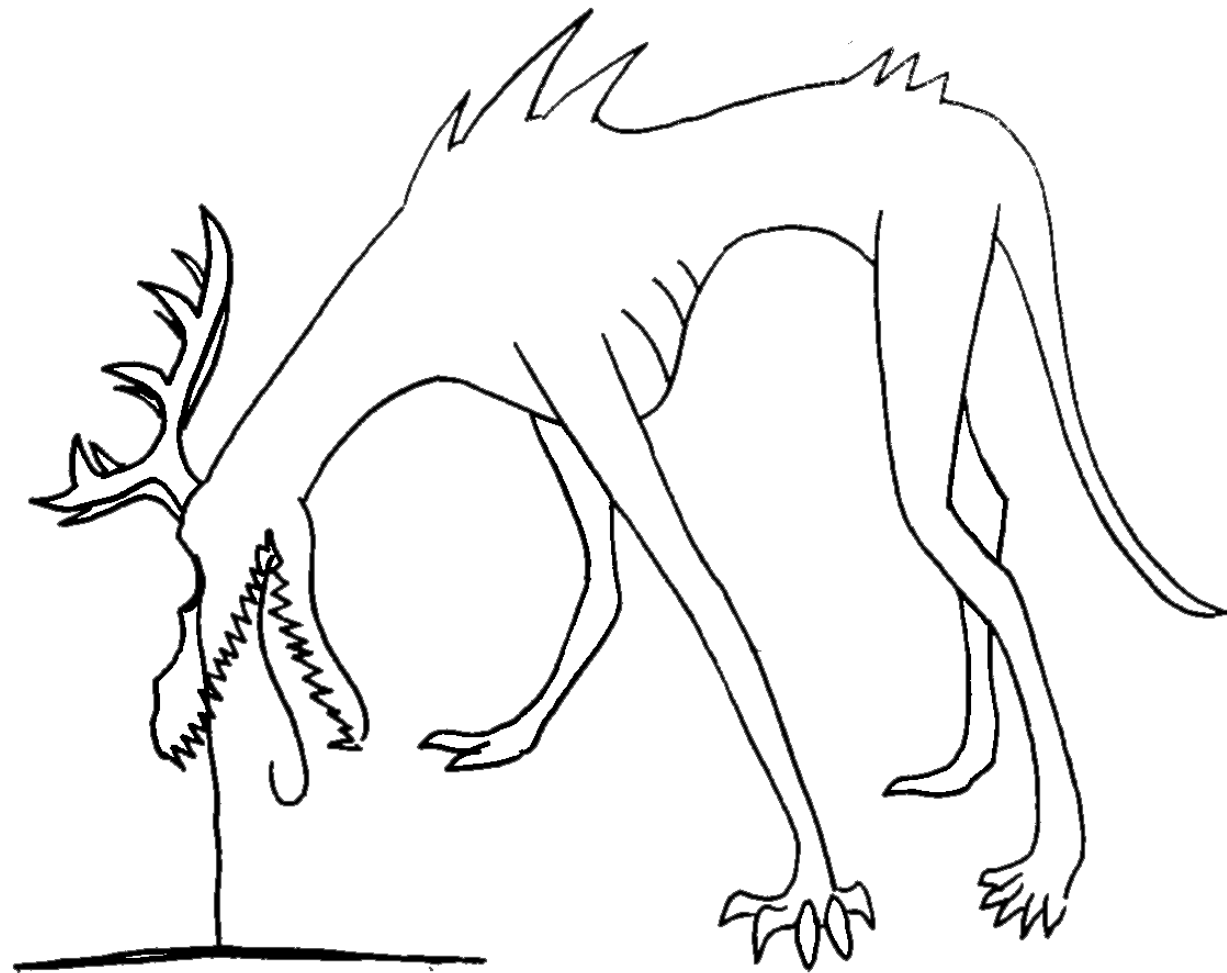
AN EVENING IN ORCHARD

Submitted by: Anonymous

None other war zone than this
has Disney & clothes arching over
their loaded magazine cover
From that signed truce with her foe
Tea; Parliament for the Lady
by Stockholm's disease prickly;
The *printemps* floods through concrete
in its way; raising the flaky dough
returning by day-night as ominous snow
Strictly for the winded niche,
hindsight is monotone mall fronts,
plated perhaps; red & bronze
onwards onwards to mentally feed
pixelated bookshops like water
truancy speaks, old age, hither
I scurry by what lies in storage;
Scallop, crabs; Jamie Oliver
up to Whiteland's money caliber
So celebrates the death of Whitman
in underfunded Jesus statues,
none of them Indian, Asian, subdued
& from forth the trampled stores
came the aria of dead apples;
oranges & co., waiting to be sold.

HALLOWEEN: WHAT DO I FEAR?

Submitted by: Anonymous



Haemolacria
Art by: Maia Clements

Happy Halloween!! This may create images of spooky haunted houses in adventure parks or ghosts and monsters in your mind.

For me, though, it represents a strange concept: perfectionism.

Perfectionism can be defined as an excessive urge to continue doing a task until it has reached a standard of perfection, which lies way beyond what is adequate. It takes many forms. It could be staying up till 2 am doing an assignment or rather perfecting it by picking at the most trivial details. It could be that everlasting, lingering feeling of dissatisfaction no matter the quality of the task: it could be a musical piece, an English essay, or even a basic email. There's always this urge to do everything to perfection; to use "henceforth" and "Yours Sincerely"; to write 1500 words if there is no word limit; to write a 954-word reflection instead of the standard 150 one. While overwriting and amazing grades, may seem akin to a paradise to many, it isn't.

Not being able to get sufficient sleep which I easily could just because of the amount of effort I put into going overboard with the task is exceedingly unhealthy. So is never acknowledging my achievements and just moving onto the next task without the slightest grain of happiness towards my work.

Perfectionism is a constant grind which never lets me acknowledge my present but forces me to focus excessively on the tiniest of details.

A very happy Halloween to you, too!

A QUIET PLACE EXEMPLIFIES OUR MODERN HORROR

Submitted by: JingYing Wang

A Quiet Place is the perfect metaphor of the animalistic, primally brutal pillars of modern society. It is sly in that it pretends to be a movie about the fundamentals of humanity – family, love, and survival – and it is true that these themes are usually the case when a small number of characters are being experimented with in a setting that they really cannot escape from. However, more so, it projects and magnifies the side of our lives that we normally gawk at and think about for few seconds at a time and feel surprised about – how much do other people really know about us? How are our emotions being suppressed here? How have our chosen mediums of expression been limited by what is accepted around or what is taboo, forbidden by what everyone else thinks everyone else thinks? – but would normally have us comfortably numb about them soon again into a tightly knitted alternate reality. It reverses Get Out's argument or rather, looks at the issue on an alternate angle – is it that our screams are not heard, or are we not allowed to scream in the first place?

Creatures

Thought Police. Surveillance. Cameras. For some reason, the Aliens-resembling creatures immediately reminded me of the monochromatic and typically brutal loyalist police forces in dystopian novels. Their megaears hear everything, and they move so fast that once you are not careful about your sound, you are dead in a matter of seconds – is that how fast search filters work? It is certainly faster than the deletion of posts by internet moderators, by google search filters, or something worse. What else is there that corresponds to it in our lives?

They are blind, but they hear so well. They do not see thoughts (represented by light) but they do capture expression (sound). What a clever use of human senses.

Gender Roles

It is to be noticed that the movie centers around this super-traditional, 1960s-post-WWII nuclear family. Of course there is the technical girl who does want adventures and that slightly reserved fearful little brother. And the center of the family is of course the masculine father, supported by

the feminine counterparts of the pregnant, laundry-and-cooking-occupied mother. However, whether intentional or not, the movie does take a feminist and liberal stance on the traditional family, albeit with a strange tone. We see that the second greatest threat to this family, next to the creatures, is that they are not using their own abilities to the maximum. Why couldn't the girl go do what she is good at? And what else is there in the world that requires greater strength than the pregnancy scene?

The most endearing thing that the movie does is that it does not vilify the father for his opinions and actions. Instead, it takes a side route to what it think is right. In the end scene, where the little brother is rightfully holding the child, the mother cocks the shotgun while the girl shoots up the volume of her high frequency generator. It is the ones that need protection the most that found out the solution to the entire world's woe, and the comforter has found his place as well. Does the father need to die for this to happen?

Death and Birth

In the most desolate moments of the movie, the baby is born. As soon as it is it is enclosed into a coffin-like cradle, being shut off and muffled with a wooden board on top. Life without expression is still life that continues, but it is equivalent to death.

Sound

What is sound supposed to be, exactly?

An important distinction is made between light and sound in the movie, metaphor for thought and expression respectively. We raise light that others cannot see, we commit suicide by producing sound... what is it trying to say? This mirrors nicely with Get Out's Sunken Place where your scream is not heard. Better not produce that scream in the first place.

That is why when most characters come to make a sound, being able to verbalize, they don't speak anything. They don't shout, they scream. There's just too much inside.

But then again, they could just live next to the waterfall.

The Solution

Previously, when the family is lead by the father, the solution is simply: shh. Raise the finger stoically to the lips, you do not produce anything so the creatures won't notice you.

But come the father's death, come his legacy – the hearing aids that the daughter wears – it is discovered that a frequency high enough and loud enough will kill or confuse the creature. To the point that you could just shoot them. What an excellent metaphor.

That's the movie's suggestion to us: if you make a sound that has a frequency high enough and that is loud enough, you can wade away all horrors coming your way.

Nevertheless, please make sure that you are not alone.

I will teach you a spell:



KINDNESS

XUAN RU LIEW
2018 INKtober Prompt 4

ARE YOU A LEGACY? IF SO, YOU'RE IN

Submitted by: Samiha Singh

Ah... the Harvard Yard... touch John Harvard's shoe for good luck! The crimson buildings complement the freshly cut grass on a Spring day. The pristine white pillars of the ancient historical red-brick structures stand out in Cambridge. The Harvard Law School building with the sun shining on its windows doesn't fail to awe all the thousands of visitors it receives every year.

(Yang, 2018)

What a splendid picture. Of course, it isn't like this in real life. These spectacular buildings, the faculty, and the resources are available only to a handful of young adults. One may say that they include people of different backgrounds, races, nationalities, and social classes. Saying that, however, would be akin to saying that without Ronaldo and Zidane, Real Madrid is still as competitive: it is completely false.

Here is an acceptance letter to a legacy student...

Dear Legacy Student,

I am delighted to inform you that we will be welcoming you to our class of 2022 this fall. We have recognized your hard work and effort, especially in your community service project, which cost more than a year of tuition and was helped by your parents' vast network of influential contacts. Additionally, your SAT score was spectacular, as expected from someone who spends a fortune on it, akin to the rest of your application. We would also like to commend you on your beautifully written essay, worth every penny of the thousands you paid your counselor to write. We hope that you are excited, having grown up listening to your parents' tales of their time at Cambridge, to be joining us this fall.

In recent years, the college has faced many difficult decisions but you simply stood out due to your legacy. Your parents attended this prestigious institution as young adults trying to satisfy their thirst for knowledge and as if

their eight-digit wages haven't paid off enough in your life, you get one more bonus: getting into the college of your dreams. Truthfully speaking, you barely even stood out but we have to keep our alumni happy because our billion dollar endowment fund needs to keep flowing.

Sounds confusing, right? Well, this is not an actual acceptance letter to a legacy student, rather an honest one.

Of the Harvard freshmen class admitted last year, **a third were legacy students**. Now, let's look at this notion of "legacy preferences." Legacy students come from wealthy white American families. Their parents have attended these elite institutions, and they have lived a life of privilege. **Why do they need additional privileges?** They already went to the best high schools, the best college counselor, the best SAT tutor, the best cello teacher, the best swimming coach...the list goes on and on.

Compare this legacy student, raised with all the perks and privileges one could imagine, with a student from a small farm, somewhere in Northern California, who has led a much simpler life. He wakes up every morning at five a.m., feeds milk to his calves, walks to school, does his homework, feeds his cows again, cleans the barn, and sanitizes the equipment. In addition to this seemingly endless list of chores, he, somehow, also needs to incorporate time for extracurriculars and sports without sacrificing time allocated to helping his family. And he achieves a great SAT score, writes a great personal essay, attains a great softball career, teaches himself guitar while keeping everything else above par. So, with optimism, he applies to Harvard and other elite institutions for financial aid, which they can afford to give out with their billion-dollar endowment funds.

Of course, the legacy student may have a better SAT score or a better letter of recommendation from equally erudite teachers or former alumni. However, the question is not whether he deserves it or not... **it's whether despite these additional privileges, should he be offered more?**

I disagree. Yet these elite institutions that market themselves as believers of meritocracy, equality, and liberalism tend to favor those who have already been favored at every instance of their lives. As emphasized by Nicholas Kristof in this New York Times article, "These universities constitute some of the world's greatest public goods, but they rig admissions to favor applicants who already have had every privilege in life." It is not a meritocracy when Harvard admits "33.6% of legacy students over six years compared to a meager 5.9% non-legacy ones". If that's not enough, according to a 2004 study conducted by Princeton University (another Ivy League college – unsurprisingly), having a legacy is equivalent to "an additional 160 points on a 1600 SAT" (Kristof, 2018). That is a 10% increase on the SAT, which is simply unfathomable!

By favoring the already privileged, are these elite institutions, who parade as providers of arguably one of the most important services to our society, really helping to reduce the rampant inequality? Instead, are they further widening the gap between the wealthy and the underprivileged?

As a firm believer of equality, I think that this is simply unfair. It robs everyone else, who has not had the pleasures enjoyed by legacy students, of the chance to raise their standards of living and fulfill their potential through the acquisition of knowledge.

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Sounds confusing, right? Well, this is not an actual acceptance letter to a legacy student, rather an honest one.

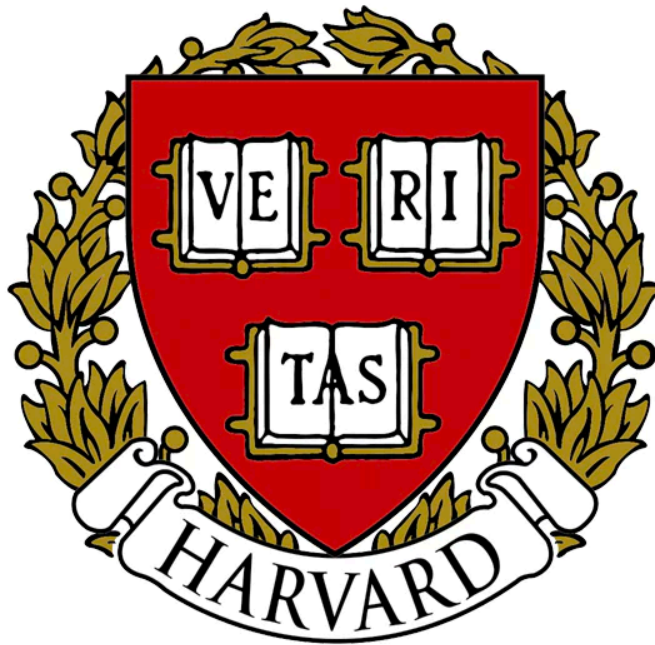
Of the Harvard freshmen class admitted last year, **a third were legacy students.**

Now, let's look at this notion

of "legacy

preferences." Legacy students come from wealthy white American families. Their parents have attended these elite institutions, and they have lived a life of privilege. **Why do they need additional privileges?** They already went to the best high schools, the best college counselor, the best SAT tutor, the best cello teacher, the best swimming coach...the list goes on and on.

Compare this legacy student, raised with all the perks and privileges one could imagine, with a student from a small farm, somewhere in Northern California, who has led a much simpler life. He wakes up every morning at five a.m., feeds milk to his calves, walks to school, does his homework, feeds his cows again, cleans the barn, and



sanitizes the equipment. In addition to this seemingly endless list of chores, he, somehow, also needs to incorporate time for extracurriculars and sports without sacrificing time allocated to helping his family. And he achieves a great SAT score, writes a great personal essay, attains a great softball career, teaches himself guitar while keeping everything else above par. So, with optimism, he applies to Harvard and other elite institutions for financial aid, which they can afford to give out with their billion-dollar endowment funds.

Of course, the legacy student may have a better SAT score or a better letter of recommendation from equally erudite teachers or former alumni. However, the question is not whether he deserves it or not... **it's whether despite these additional privileges, should he be offered more?**

I disagree. Yet these elite institutions that market themselves as believers of meritocracy, equality, and liberalism tend to favor those who have already been favored at every instance of their lives. As emphasized by Nicholas Kristof in this [New York Times](#) article, "These universities constitute some of the world's greatest public goods, but they rig admissions to favor applicants who already have had every privilege in life." It is not a meritocracy when Harvard admits "33.6% of legacy students over six years compared to a meager 5.9% non-legacy ones". If that's not enough, according to a 2004 study conducted by Princeton University (another Ivy League college – unsurprisingly), having a legacy is equivalent to "an additional 160 points on a 1600 SAT" (Kristof, 2018). That is a 10% increase on the SAT, which is simply unfathomable!

By favoring the already privileged, are these elite institutions, who parade as providers of arguably one of the most important services to our society, really helping to reduce the rampant inequality? Instead, are they further widening the gap between the wealthy and the underprivileged?

As a firm believer of equality, I think that this is simply unfair. It robs everyone else, who has not had the pleasures enjoyed by legacy students, of the chance to raise their standards of living and fulfill their potential through the acquisition of knowledge.

angellō

i. the angels pass houses a
neighbourhood the main city The angels unravel
spread laugh chat play throw
a golden morning no one is holy

ii. seraphim their glowing faces
pull braids they hold a
bible They have voices gazes words wisdom

iii. the mistaken ones make names
hand out information
their eyes their hair
wonder they drink and

iv. thrones in churches and
cathedrals thrones
with bodies draped and
human voices golden bells ringing
speak in the gossip of the angelic

v. standing under red women
grand in glamour cold flesh
aching to be
free
for a few minutes

vi. hospitals the
long-lost home something , their
wings invisible. they sparkling break,
their hearts smoke filling
hallucinations dreams forgotten and
visions , just

vii. tangled
arms , hearts

and mouths text when you kiss the
know skin between two of love

viii. fishermen and women are
hidden where there is peace. They
fish glorified talk memories
rarely and sorrow moments are swept
by the wind rainbows , rare
waves they take
their wings and weigh them down,
evidence of their origins

ix. are here. and haven't left

original by allthatcanget.tumblr.com
blackout by abelcainetlaseraphim.tumblr.com

HIRAETH

Submitted by: Elijah Liu

Is a bulb, losing incandescence
Whose flickers are ethereal.
Is a bubble, full of iridescence
Whose existence is ephemeral.
Is a candle, slowly losing luminosity
Whose wick is vermillion.
Is more than just a query,
Is a loss, a dandelion.
Is the longing of a scar
As one is stuck without.
Is a web filled with tar
That one cannot doubt.
Is a railroad, hurt deep at heart
Through the trees that hide its spikes.
Is a desert, one cannot depart,
Its stones polished by strikes.
Is the firmament, now ashen,
Broken, shattered and bloodied.
Is the dome which has caved in
And whose existence has no seed.
Is the home that never was
For the some that could not have,
For the world that buried it deep,
For the war no one played a role,
For the one that no one needed,
For the time that no one shouted,
For the time that no one cried,
For the time that no one heard no one.

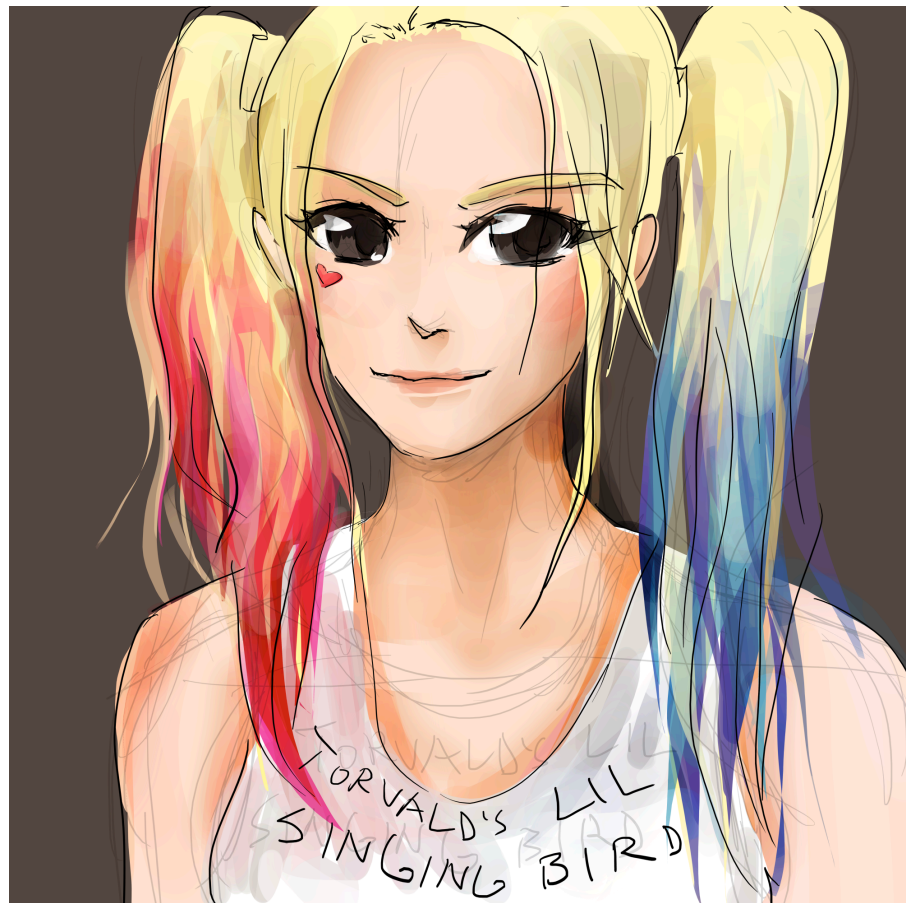


THE DOLLHOUSE AFTER NORA

Submitted by: JingYing Wang

Nora ends up walking out on Torvald in *A Doll's House*, slamming the door, seeking individuality and independence, renouncing societal norms and oppression. Her symbolic departure shocked the nineteenth century European audience, and eventually the world. Our society — “the dollhouse” occupied by us all — was never the same after Nora. For starters, it inspired a women’s intellectual revolution in 1920s China,

Arguably the most pivotal figure in 20th century Chinese literature, Lu Xun is a prominent writer who had a direct influence on contemporary Chinese thought and politics. He was in the midst of a literary and cultural renaissance, where modern ideals, patriotism and national identity in a post-war era were profoundly impacting the Chinese youth. Four years after the May Fourth Movement, he delivered a lecture at a women’s college in Beijing. He raised a simple, intuitive question: What Happens after Nora Walks Out?



“Nora ends up walking out. What happens to her afterward? Ibsen gave no answer, for Ibsen was writing poetry, not raising a problem for society and providing an answer to it.”

In this, Lu Xun absolves Ibsen of a nonexistent authorial responsibility. He then proceeds to interpret the work in a sensitively social context: Nora would either become a degenerate, or return to her home. It was a timely statement: worshipped as a symbolic figure of mental enlightenment, Nora was widely emulated by radical female college students in 1920s China. Lu Xun denounced these actions as too rash. He argues that women must achieve economic independence before individual freedom.

“Dreams are fine, but otherwise money is essential.”

Is this a causal relationship, or are they independent? Lu Xun provided no further comment. Perhaps he, too, was unprepared to answer his own questions.

139 years later, Nora is still omnipresent. As individualism flourished in the age of the self, our distinct projection of independence through social media relies on the interdependence between our thought and our culture. Although it is not true to say that women’s rights have not improved over the past century, it is clear that Torvald’s old shadows may be coming back to haunt us. Worldwide, women’s labor force participation rate has steadily declined since 2005 from 51% to 48%. Of course, we cannot speculate anything: namely, do *Noras* still exist?

It is interesting, however, to ponder how a modern Nora would have responded to Torvald. As an assertive, intelligent protagonist, she must know that leaving Torvald is the worst thing she could do to survive, and as Lu Xun warns, independence may come at an unforeseeable cost. Would the modern-day Nora, fueled by college degrees or professional expertise in the #MeToo age, simply have stood up to Torvald and removed him (she might just have the power to) from his position within the household? There are so many potential courses of action. An anarchist would say that Nora’s problems are solved by physically destroying the house, since she is no longer confined; a Marxist would condemn the Nora’s vacillation in contrast to Anne-Marie’s determination and her minimal presence within the scope of the plot. An existentialist would argue that Nora simply redefined her purpose of life and hence, did not make any major developments in her character; while a conservative would see the upheaval of gender roles as a primitive step to social disorder. With so many lenses, we don’t know if the object has any intrinsic expression.

Perhaps it is time to go back to the author himself. Ibsen had categorically denied *A Doll's House* as feminist literature: he claimed to be merely exploring the individual and individualism. However, after inspiring so many women to stand up for themselves, the gravitas of Ibsen’s work may outweigh his intentions. In any sense, Lu Xun was right: while Ibsen should be applauded for writing *A Doll's House*, the interpretation and utility of the play must come from us as an audience.

HOLIDAY SPECIAL: A CHILDHOOD CHRISTMAS

Submitted by: Graham Silverthorne

I grew up in a house in the country, two miles up the hill from a small market town. We had a big garden that my Father virtually lived in through long summer evenings. A creaking old cherry tree growing right outside my bedroom window made the whole world pink for two weeks every spring. In the summer the cherry leaves would sigh and scratch against the window at night and in the winter the bare cherry branches would shrink under the grip of frost and sometimes bow beneath the weight of snow.

Winter would arrive inside the house as well as out. Inside, it wasn't frost and snow that told the season, it was cotton wool and glittering white spray paint, iridescent tinsel and shabby cloth reindeers, flashing tree lights and fallen pine needles that stuck in your socks.

The earliest Christmas memory I have is of waking up on Christmas morning to find a fat pillowcase full of small gifts on my bed. Did I believe that it was Santa Claus who had tiptoed into my bedroom at night to leave me gifts? I'm not sure that I did – I probably knew it was my Father from when I was very young but on Christmas Eve I always reminded my Mother to leave a Mince Pie and a glass of brandy beside the chimney so that Santa could have a little snack on his delivery rounds. In the morning, when I went to the fireplace to check, the pie was always there but always with a bite taken out of it. Of the brandy, there was never a trace left behind.

I don't really remember what would be in the pillow case. Always a mandarin orange, always some chocolate, maybe a toy car or a new story book. There would be other presents downstairs under the Christmas tree

and I would rush down to press my nose against the glass door of our living room (I wasn't allowed in to poke the parcels) as soon as I could. The Christmas tree lights would already be on, sparkling fiery brightness across the wrapped parcels and the slow turning decorations. It was probably the single most exciting moment of my year. Unbearable anticipation, barely contained greed, desperate impatience.

From thereon, Christmas morning was an ordeal. First came the strategising about how to avoid going to church (a serious delay of lunch preparation and thus gift opening time). Normally, this was a battle that I lost and my two older sisters would force me into some respectable clothes, tie up my tie and shoelaces for me and (one of them always did this) lick their fingers and flatten down my uncooperative hair. Actually, I always quite enjoyed church when we got there. It was Christmas! There was carol singing and chanted prayers and a general air of goodwill in the unusually full pews. I remember the Saints peering down from the stained glass windows and the curl of the heavily carved pulpit which still smelled richly of wood, several hundred years after its creation.

Christmas lunch was always enormous. My Father would bring home a turkey from one of the farmers he knew – one year it was so big it didn't fit the oven. The turkey would already have been in the oven through the night, so returning home from church, the kitchen would be an aromatic but chaotic jungle of chestnut stuffing, half peeled vegetables, brandy butter, Christmas pudding, nuts in their shells, roasting potatoes. The dogs would dive nervously

between adults legs, getting in the way whilst soliciting treats – but favours never came from my Mother when she was cooking, the best advice was always to keep right out of the way.

It was rarely white outside at Christmas, more often it was wet and grey but the Christmas scene I remember was sunny, the sky bright blue, the air clean and happy. I remember the Old Spice scent of my Father's hair pomade, the gravelly voice of Nat King Cole on the record player, the first stolen chocolate ("don't spoil your lunch, son..."). I remember the clank and crash of plates from the kitchen ("I'm warning you, dog...") and the agonising wait for food to appear. I remember a feeling of contentment.

Finally, all preparations done and the dining table groaning under the weight of seasonal fare, we would sit down together as a family. As my Mother regathered her good nature and my sisters pushed my hair into place, the first toast was always from my Father: "Here's to my wife's husband!" was his traditional opening. It was always the same but we all laughed as if it was new each time. As I sipped my bright red cherryade, which turned my tongue and teeth the colour of a room flooded with cherry blossom, I knew that all was right with the world, at least for an hour.

Note: In revisiting these happy photographs from another world in another time, I can't help but feel a sense of guilt sitting alongside the nostalgia. We were not a rich family but we had so much, more than we ever needed. I think of how desperate I was to learn what I would be given and how little I ever thought, as a child, about what I could give back to anyone. I appreciate all of it now but I'm sure that I didn't tell anyone how much I appreciated it then. It was just the way the world was, I knew no different.



C3 AFA ANIME FESTIVAL

Submitted by: Maia Clements



On the 2nd of December, Sunday, I attended the C3AFA anime festival with a couple of friends. Although we got there a few minutes before the event opened, there were a lot of people milling about. Arriving early is possibly the most important thing to keep in mind when you're attending a convention of any sort. We didn't have to wait a lot to buy our tickets as the counter was efficient and we quickly joined the mass of avid fans waiting for the staff to signal the grand opening.

The grand doors swung open and we, along with everyone else, flooded into the ginormous exhibition hall. Despite its size, the hall was very crowded. The maximum amount of distance between each person was no more than two meters. However, one was easily distracted from the snail's pace walking speed by all the cosplayers, flashing television screens and sweet anime merchandise. Our senses were overwhelmed at first, our eyes and ears were struggling to focus on everything at once. Loud, thumping music was emanating from everywhere. Whenever we heard songs we knew, my friends and I would half sing and half shout the lyrics.

My friends squealed in delight as they spotted life-sized representations and imposing cinematic posters of their favourite characters. Haikyuu! Attack on Titan, Tokyo Ghoul, One Piece... They were all there! This was my second time attending an anime convention whilst my friends were completely new to the event. We nudged our way through the crowd to feast our eyes on the uncountable number of stalls. One stall, in particular, was especially difficult to navigate in. At its entrance, we were given large baskets that were encumbering to carry and made studying the shelves packed with merchandise problematic. The queue to the cashier was not a problem, though, as they were well organized.

After walking around for a while we stopped by the food stalls to buy some simple but delicious Japanese food. I ate a mouth-watering pork don meal whilst my friends ate some cup noodles. People at these conventions usually eat in a section/corridor behind the food stalls so we went there to find a place to sit. I almost sat on a dead cockroach but, luckily, a young man noticed, tapped me on the shoulder and removed it with a napkin. I find that people are generally more aware of each other at conventions. At no matter what convention you attend, you will definitely feel a sense of unity as you are surrounded by many who share similar interests.

One of the coolest things I saw at the C3AFA anime festival was the premiere of a new anime series named The Promised Neverland. It is yet to be released outside of Japan and I felt fortunate to watch the first episode in a special theatre area connected to the exhibition hall. The story is set in the year 2045 in a small orphanage. It follows the 11-year-old main character Emma and her 37 siblings who live happy lives under the care and love of their "Mom" Isabella. They are dressed in white uniforms and pampered with gourmet food and plush beds. The setting is purposefully misleading and there is some underlying apprehension: The children are quite mature for their age they are shown to have four-digit numbers tattooed on their necks. After a turn of events, we discover the plot: The children must find a way to escape the orphanage as they learn that they are the food supply of demonic creatures. Although I found the plot slightly stereotypical, I was hooked by the buildup of tension and excellent voice acting.

In conclusion, if you haven't been to a convention before (and I am not just referring to anime conventions), I sincerely implore you to find one based on your interests. They are, of course, super fun and can be a great cultural experience!

Xuan Ru Liew 3 Jan 19



Simple Joy
Art by: Xuan Ru

VONNEGUT IN A NUTSHELL

Submitted by: Mira Maheshwari

For my IOP this semester, I decided to explore Slaughterhouse Five by interpreting it through the power of semiotics. I was inspired by Vonnegut's (author of Slaughterhouse five) post-modernist approach to explore the narrative boundaries of his novel and how they can be visually fragmented on paper.

To summarise my creative journey, I began my presentation by gaining deeper insights into the narrative structure used by Vonnegut throughout the book.

The first chapter of his book starts off with the author denouncing to us, the reader, how he kick-started his novel-writing process, where Vonnegut's ability to recount the horrors of his experiences in Dresden rested in the phrase, "all of this did happen *more or less*".

Yet one of the biggest controversies of the novel happens to arise around the fact that the narrative voice is not that of the author, but of a fictionalised character named Billy Pilgrim. The ambivalent nature between that of Vonnegut and Billy is what incited me to piece together a visual representation of the protagonist, which was, undoubtedly, one of the most challenging aspects of this analysis.

I decided to do what any post-modernist author would do at a time as such: **break the boundaries.**

The character may be faceless, but on the face of it, he was still Kurt Vonnegut.

Other aspects of my analysis involved me drawing several alternative versions of characters, where parallels were drawn between, for example, a Tralfamadorian (a green, plunger shaped alien) in contrast to that of a German soldier.

I also referenced Scott McCloud's graphic novel on Understanding Comics, which, essentially, explored the formal aspects of comics, its historical developments, and fundamental vocabulary. In other words, it was a comic about comics.

And of course, everything in this book always comes back full circle. *Slaughterhouse-Five* is a book about war, but even more than that, it's about what comes *after* war. In a nutshell, maybe all Vonnegut was trying to say was; don't be a Billy. As long as we're alive and well on this planet, we have the ability to make choices and understand how these choices have the capability to impact our past, present and the future. And while Billy Pilgrim will die, has died and always will die on the 13th of February 1976, Kurt Vonnegut's madness and crazy experimental fiction of his day will live on forever.

ONE

ALL OF THIS DID HAPPEN MORE OR LESS. THE WAR PARTS, ANYWAYS, ARE PRETTY MUCH TRUE.



I WENT BACK THERE WITH AN OLD WAR BUDDY, BERNARD V. O'HARE, AND WE MADE FRIENDS WITH A CAB DRIVER WHO TOOK US TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE WHERE WE HAD BEEN LOCKED UP AS PRISONERS OF WAR



HE SENT O'HARE A POSTCARD AT CHRISTMASTIME:

I wish you and your family also as to your friend Merry Christmas and a happy New Year and I hope that we'll meet again in a world of peace and freedom in the taxi cab if the accident will



I LIKE THAT VERY MUCH: "IF THE ACCIDENT WILL"



MAMMA MIA: TIMELESS?

Submitted by: Samigo Singh



20th July 2017. Novello Theatre. London.

16th November 2018. Marina Bay Sands Theatre. Singapore.

Same story. Same set. Same script.

It's a simple story. Donna is a self-sufficient hotelier on a Greek Island, whose daughter is getting married and she is engrossed in the preparation of the ceremony. She raised her daughter, Sophie, alone on the Island and was unaware of the father. Donna lived an adventurous and spontaneous life, touring Europe after college and meeting and falling in love with different guys until one summer, she met 3: Sam, Bill, and Harry. She engaged in a fun-filled summer with all three of them within a small timespan and ended up pregnant with Sophie. She had not informed any of the potential fathers nor did she tell Sophie the name. However, as she was absorbed by the commotion of a wedding, Sophie decided to take advantage of the situation, after discovering these facts and invited her three potential fathers to her wedding. This led to the rekindling of romances and a spectacular fiasco that eventually concluded in Donna marrying Sam and Sophie canceling her wedding in favor of traveling the world with her fiancé, Sky.

2019 marks the twentieth anniversary of this musical since it first premiered in London in 1999. It has been viewed by 60 million people in over 440 cities around the world since (Premier, n.d.).

So what makes it so **special**?

One could say that it is the design of the set or the minute yet incredible details in the musical notes of the songs that set it apart from other. Some even contribute the success to the casting directors for ensuring the cast is enthusiastic and fresh after changing every year. I, however, think that the answer lies in the story itself. I believe it is young Donna's little quirks that capture the attention of the audience – the ellipses in her diaries that leave nothing to the imagination, the way she meets her best friends, the adventures she took from college. I think that when audiences go to see Mamma Mia, they try to find themselves in the protagonists. Donna is an idealistic version of what people would have wanted their youth to be like: fun. And it is this fun-loving nature, along with her showcase of emotions and vulnerability, that attracts the audience. It makes her life relatable and that fulfills the need for the audience's escapism.

Mamma Mia, arguably one of the best musicals, continues to delight audiences across the world! I've seen it twice and I know I'd go again if it were playing in the city. I'd watch it again and again because of the relatability of Donna's life and the depiction her inner conflicts and emotions, especially, as I near her age.

TYPING OVER WRITING?

Submitted by: Srinandini Sukumar

I have seen so many people who are constantly working hard. People who say everyone needs to hustle 24/7 in order to get anywhere. I have read so many quotes that say something along the lines of “work hard, hustle harder.” However, I always struggled with that concept, yet, still tried to be one of those people. I couldn’t do it.

I have seen so many people who are constantly practicing self-care, and for what? People who say everyone needs to take time off and take care of themselves. I have read so many quotes that say something along the lines of “light a candle and breathe.” I struggled with this too, yet attempted to incorporate that into my routine. Be like one of those people. I still couldn’t do it.

I suppose it’s because we are told to do one or the other. That a combination of the two doesn’t work. As if you can’t take a bubble bath without it being you ‘slacking off,’ as if you can’t relax at the pool while still thinking about work because then your mind is ‘occupied.’ And to a certain extent, I understand – but I can’t help thinking about how much more effective it is to find a balance.

It’s hard to find that balance. I suppose a large part of it comes from knowing yourself. Understanding what you feel and what you believe your capabilities are at that moment. People change day-to-day and it’s so ridiculous trying to hold one mindset throughout your entire life. That’s never going to happen. You will only reach your full potential if you take a look in the mirror every morning and understand how you feel that day. Understand whether it’s time to buckle down and work, or sit at home in your pyjamas. Sometimes it’s obvious. Sometimes it’s not. Sometimes, you sit down to do work and all of a sudden you feel like you need 10 more hours of sleep. That’s okay. You’re allowed to feel. You’re allowed to have off-days, weeks even. The real power comes from understanding that moment. Being present with your emotions and feeling and attempting to understand what it means for you.

What if you still don’t know? Then you have a choice. Either work without complaining. Or rest without feeling guilty. It isn’t an ultimatum. *Choose one or the other.* Be both, every day. For then productivity will meet self-care, making you more capable and powerful than you ever would be had you adopted one mindset only.



GRIND

Submitted by: Anonymous



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ON THE ROAD BY/WITH KEROUAC

Submitted by: JingYing Wang

In a way, Kerouac's *On the Road* is liberating. It takes that certain raw, impulsive urge for absolute freedom, hedonism and individualistic experiences that has certainly been present every generation of teenagers and normalizes it in a self-contained world, coated, or perhaps protected, by Kerouac's erudite perspicuity. It is a world in which travel, alcoholism, and entertainment is ordinarily prodigal, and all else "mundane matters" outside of these sensory stimuli are frowned upon and promptly disregarded.

While this is only my second introduction to the Beat Generation after Ginsberg's *Howl*, I do see merit in the chirpily despondent zeitgeist of that generation. After wars and economic exaltation and social stasis, one is ultimately pushed into oneself and forced to face the banal nature of "searching for answers to all of life's questions." As uncertainty towards pasts, presents and futures reign overlord in the practical, outward life, people were seeking clarity and certainty from within. Like "the best of times, the worst of times," this description holds a certain degree of truth for every generation. For us, that

uncertainty pads the absolute certainties of our futures: we will seek higher education, we want to something meaningful in our lives, we want to see things happen. Will we be able to stay in this social class? Will technology progress so explosively again in our lifetime? Will our lives be different from our parents as we know it?

Yet beneath these large questions that Kerouac answers metaphysically, there is a simpler layer of interpretation to the book. It is, after all, a story about the many libertine irresponsibilities of a group of hippies. That movement is history now. If we know of anyone who lives similarly, we would probably respect and celebrate their choice. The stigma — as well as the mythological longing for such a lifestyle — becomes thin.

There are human costs, and Kerouac is brutally honest about them. The women accuse, "You have no sense of responsibility. You've done so many awful things I don't know what to say to you." There is constant mention of money, the lack, need, waste and settlement of it, the discussion strangely meticulous in contrast to the general carefree tone. By the end, "Dean

couldn't talk any more and said nothing." It looks good on paper, but the human versions are the true photographic preprints, the unrendered sadness.

Although Kerouac does not hide the costs and sufferings behind the road, we forget them easily against the magnificent drop of everything else: Marylou, Camille and Inez's accusations and tears are promptly forgotten in preference to Sal's sweet fling with Terry; while Dean's blackened finger and dullness in later life seem insignificant in contrast to his youthful bursts of "TIME!" and ten-thousand word letters and his fascinating mannerism. The novel goes on so fast that I wouldn't be surprised if this is all condensed into a month — but no, the roman à clef takes place over three whole years.

"So in America when the sun goes down and I sit on the old broken-down river pier watching the long, long skies over New Jersey and sense all that raw land that rolls in one unbelievable huge bulge over to the West Coast, and all that road going, and all the people dreaming in the immensity of it, and in Iowa I know by now the children must be crying in the land where they let the

children cry, and tonight the stars'll be out, and don't you know that God is Pooh Bear? the evening star must be drooping and shedding her sparkler dims on the prairie, which is just before the coming of complete night that blesses the earth, darkens all the rivers, cups the peaks and folds the final shore in, and nobody, nobody knows what's going to happen to anybody besides the forlorn rags of growing old, I think of Dean Moriarty, I even think of Old Dean Moriarty the father we never found, I think of Dean Moriarty."

The rhythm of *On the Road* has a definite technical dexterity, where moments of narration and bursts of floral romanticism seem not only appropriate but ingenious. Like jazz music itself, the repetitions of plot (they go across America a few times) are embellished by improvisations. Like a master instrumentalist, Kerouac paces his writing so expertly that everything feels incredibly fitting. I find the endings especially awesome: each chapter concludes on sentences with clean syntax and reflective simplicity, providing a tonal rather than narrative coda.

But more importantly, at times the book is just really beautiful. Talks of people who "burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue centerlight pop and everybody goes "Awww!" and of broad ideas are so prominently bright, and bright in all the right spots. The capitalizations were especially endearing: the NOW, the HOLY GOOF and IT and TIME were not out of place or informal, but seems fitting somehow. Kerouac makes beauty out of the plainest of words, just as he makes a masterpiece out of the simplest of plots. This in itself is worthy of celebration.

I've been told that this is a great book to read as a teenager, and I couldn't agree more. *On the Road* takes the tropes of youth and dresses them up in such a way that we're forced to think about what makes them so great. If you still can't find your answers in its philosophical undertones, maybe you need to find your own "Dean Moriarty." It may very well be yourself.

SAMIHA TALKS: SHAWN MENDES, MENTAL HEALTH AND MORE

Submitted by: Megha Jain

I sat down with Samiha Singh, a Grade 11 student, to discuss her interests. Namly, Shawn Mendes – the 20 year old Canadian “Prince of Pop.”

Interviewer: So, why Shawn Mendes?

Samiha: I think Shawn is the most beautiful person to exist on this planet and I don't really mean his appearance. Of course his appearance is a great plus! [Laughs]. But he's a great person and his songs convey so much meaning. Right now, our generation loves rap, but apart from money and flexing – there's not much more to rap. Apart from the God that is Eminem. There's not much more to it. Pop also revolves around heartbreak, love, and while Shawn does talk – sorry sings, about heartbreak and love, his songs are very genuine. He talks about, for example In My Blood, his anxiety and issues with mental health. He basically talks about everything he experiences and you can understand the kind of person he is just through his songs. And that's why the Mendes Army almost know who he is. Recently, when he launched his latest song, If I Can't Have You, one of the comments was “Shawn can you tell us who this song is about?” He said “You guys know me and everything about me, so you know who this is about.” I think that is a testament to the kind of person he is because he is so open and unlike most singers who talk about very superficial and materialistic stuff, he actually delves deep and talks about the kind of person he is, so his fans know who he is. I think that that require great courage because when you share who are with the whole world, and he does because he has a massive following, it's quite hard to be that vulnerable.

Interviewer: Right, do you have a favourite song from Shawn Mendes?

Samiha: I love In My Blood, and that's because it's one of – all of his songs are pure and from his heart, but this is the one where he talks about his anxiety issues and issues with his mental health. I think that's something our world really needs to address, it's a massive issue that many face. For Shawn to be able to share that with the world, I think that because of a large following it has really inspired people to talk more and open up. So many people face depression, like in India 50% of people, and in America, 1 in 6 people.

“I think it's amazing that he was able to be so vulnerable with his issues so that other people can be comfortable with who they are and open up.”

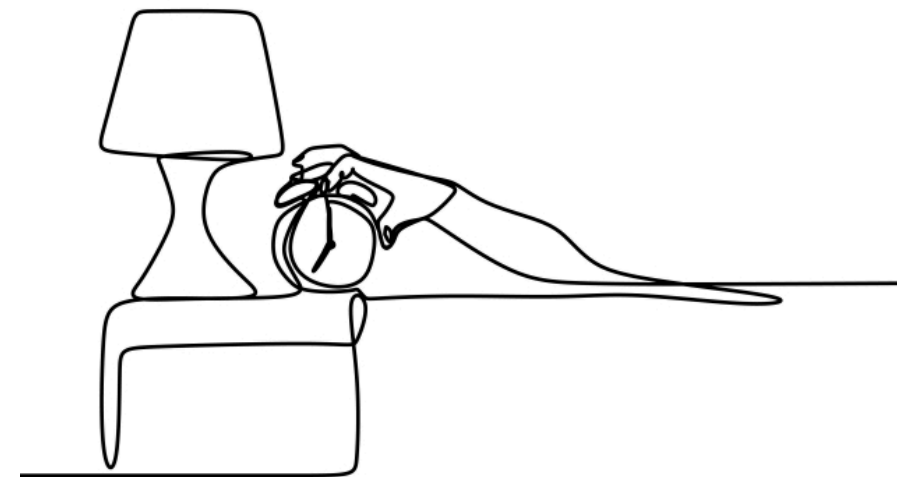
Samiha: I would just like to add, Shawn told a story through his songs, and I think telling your own truth is something that's really hard. Given his age, he is 20, quite young, it's hard to come to terms with who you are. Everyone's trying to navigate their life – but he managed to do that which I think is quite admirable.

Interviewer: Cool, thank you so much Samiha.

ALARMS

Submitted by: Daniel Ofori

It's the 1st of June, the alarm goes off.
Resuscitated by the sound he hates the most,
He drags Himself closer, reaches out to it and hits the dismiss button
with all his strength,
fuelled by rage towards a sound he deliberately brought to life hours ago.
Never have I met anyone addicted to being still;
lifeless for the limited amount of time he has on this earth.
As he throws himself carelessly onto the very thing that never ceased to
embrace the flaws he conceals from the world, minutes felt like years
once more.
He starts to see flickers, flickers of existence that draws him out of the
abyss into life once again.
This time he has not much to blame, and just before he yawns out every
last breath of incapacitation, the stench of fear has infiltrated his
lungs, His heart pounds faster and louder.
Poor soul, the only world he knew began hours ago; he was an hour and
“just” 15 minutes late for school.
With less time to put on the mask he has sculptured for himself ,and
conceal all that his critics deemed undesirable, he rushes to school
anyways.
Moments passed, breaks were celebrated, closing times are worshiped
once more.
He dashes off back to his home,
anticipating what he has anticipated for the whole time he was in school.
“I am free “, he thinks to himself as he prepares himself for what he loves
the most.
He stays in his bed, occupying his brain with whatever that seems
visually pleasurable or suspense plausible.
At last, he finds freedom in the captivity, inert, darkness and oblivion
that sleep has to offer.
It's the 2nd of June, the alarm goes off.....



VAN DE GRAAF HAIKUS

Submitted by: Anonymous



Every physics class
would have had seen themselves
in a Van de Graff

A rare earthly laugh
vacuums away frustration
for the test half bad

Gather round the waves
to twist and change, worth the pain
before they graduate

This faceless helmet
dark mask for you brave psychos
gas light space all set

To this we fall back
pens and equations to draw
a still, sighing graph.