

# Spare Rib

🍏 INTERSECTIONAL FEMINIST ZINE AT DARTMOUTH 🍏  
VOLUME 3 | ISSUE 2 23S EDITION

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**The Reckoning Edition**

# A LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

**STOP.** See these flames and breathe them in. Plant your feet on this trembling ground. Tilt your chin up to the beam of wicked light above. It is the day you have been waiting for, consciously or unconsciously. It is the hour that the cells in your body have been counting toward. It is time — a Reckoning is here.

It's always been here — everywhere — a shadow leering behind every act, word, thought, occurrence, belief. It whispers into the night: here are the edges of this thing, here are where it exceeds its limits, here are where it falls short of what it should be. This is what it is and is not worth. It cannot simply be; I must decide what it is; I have decided, and now I will make it so.

I reckon you know what I am talking about.

You would, you are one of its arbiters. You look and you say *Good, Bad, Right, Wrong, Phenomenal, Horrendous*. We do it to ourselves too. We look in the mirror and we say *Too much \_\_\_\_\_* and *Too little \_\_\_\_\_* and *Not \_\_\_\_\_* or \_\_\_\_\_ or \_\_\_\_\_. You know what goes in the blanks. We say *This is who I am* and *This is who I want to be* and we measure out the ways the latter is better than the former.

They say *Good job on this assignment, here's an A to justify the hours of sleep you lost and the gray hairs you gained*. Or, *you need to get your priorities straight, stop wasting time on friends and money on a five-dollar latte and energy on anything that isn't productive*. *Productive to whom? To us. What is productive? What we say it is*. You tell us what we are, what we are not, what we should be. *Here is your value in fractions and decimals; it is not intrinsic to you — it depends on what you do for me*.

They say the Reckoning happens so that we may be punished but are we not already punished by reckoning itself?

You say, we say, they say. What are we supposed to reckon of that?

I suppose the answers are in these words, in this art, in the work we put in to tell you something, anything, so that when you reckon up what we are you see that we are more than can be reckoned with.

So try. Reckon what we are. Judge us. Read this magazine and see how its content, its form feels tumbling around your brain. Decide what we are worth.

HERE IS WHAT WE RECKON. WHAT DO YOU RECKON OF US?

KATHERINE ARRINGTON '24

ANNE JOHNAKIN '23

ANA NORIEGA OLAZABAL '24



*Disclaimer: The views and opinions expressed in 'Spare Rib' of the zine, writers, or staff as a whole, nor represented as who any group of*



# A STATEMENT AGAINST COLONIAL EXPLOITATION



In accordance with Spare Rib's values and mission, we want to bring attention to the land on which we stand, its history, and its original peoples. More than a land acknowledgement, this is a statement against a historical injustice. This is a historical demand and a material necessity that has been brewing for over five centuries. Dartmouth College is a settler-colonial, patriarchal, bourgeois institution, founded on the eve of the American revolution. It is thus profoundly entangled with the settler-colonial project. This institution stands on unceded, continually-occupied Abenaki territory and within the wider Turtle Island, lands currently under the violent, fascistic military occupation of the Euro-American settler regime. Indigenous people, both here and throughout the Earth, have been living in a post-apocalyptic winter for 500 years. These lands have seen genocide, warfare, and plagues, which have decimated most of its original inhabitants. They have seen treaties ignored and broken, cultures and languages forcibly erased, and entire populations displaced. Indigenous peoples remain here, standing proud and resolute, in love, community, and joy, awaiting the new dawn to come.

Now more than ever, Spare Rib assumes the historical duty to stand in solidarity and dedicate ourselves to a genuine end of colonial injustice. Spare Rib stands for a return of the land, people's government, and Indigenous self-determination. This statement is a new beginning for our efforts for Indigenous justice and autonomy — this is not the end. As we move forward, Spare Rib devotes ourselves to a future of collective liberation for all oppressed peoples.

## MISSION STATEMENT

The Spare Rib newspaper was first published in 1992 to highlight women's accomplishments and persisting problems in the two decades following co-education at Dartmouth. Unfortunately, the paper's editorial staff and approach represented a narrow, one-dimensional slice of feminism, and the paper went out of print after only a few years. Twenty-five years later, our goal reflects a movement that has evolved considerably since 1995. We are re-establishing Spare Rib to discuss struggles, achievements, and history of people and places beyond the center, hindered (but not constrained) by racism, classism, sexism and further means of oppression, through analysis, humor, and critique. Our struggles deserve recognition, our perspectives deserve to be voiced, and our strengths deserve to be celebrated.

## THE NAME "SPARE RIB"

As written in the second chapter of Genesis, God took a rib from Adam, the first man, and fashioned from Eve, the first woman, to serve as his companion. We propose a different origin story, in which no one is merely a piece of flesh, second-thought, servile, or spare.



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# Bring Back Deed

When do you last remember having no sense of time passing you by? When you genuinely lost track of time, not because you were napping fretfully after a long day of hectic work or scrolling mindlessly through TikTok with the nagging sense that you were neglecting a more important task (like your own self-care)? With my phone, watch, laptop, and other clocks having encircled my conscious being at all times of day for the past several years, it's hard for me to pinpoint a moment where I wasn't at least semi-aware that my alarm would go off, or that I was going to be late for something, or that I had completely forgotten about my Pomodoro timer,

whose five-minute breaks usually ended up at least doubling if I stopped to talk with passersby, began overthinking a response (or a lack of one) to a risky text I sent, or encountered a particularly riveting line of reels that I would then share with friends who may have quickly responded. Maybe I saw an Instagram story that shocked me, delighted me, filled me with unspeakable rage/malaise, or created some combination of these reactions. Submerged in my childhood memories, it's not at all surprising that the last time I remember having no sense of time was before I got a flip phone and painstakingly pressed the number keys several times for each letter in each word of a text I'd send.

Before, captivated by games like Temple Run and Restaurant Story on my friends' devices, I begged my mother for an iPhone. Before social media's claws insidiously dug into my back.

My Safari tabs racked up to five hundred and seemed to always return to that number. My home screen filled up with apps I either never opened or couldn't get enough of. For years, any attempt at a social media cleanse would just result in re-downloading the app within the same day or going on the desktop version. The urge to stay plugged in, to glean what was relevant, to appear relevant, pervaded





# Focus

*By: Emily Chang  
Art by: Idil Sahin  
Design by: Lauren Kang*

my existence. When the COVID-19 pandemic hit, the Internet seemed like the only way not to detach completely from society as I knew it. My interests in advocacy fed my compulsions to scroll, to type furiously, to post and repost and Zoom into webinar after webinar without really paying close attention. Merged with my natural curiosity about others and desire for instant gratification, these urges fueled my social media addiction into what I never expected to be a breaking point until it was too late.

I genuinely think social media is leading us into heightened, constant states of indignance (reading infuriating news), insecurity (comparing less desirable qualities about yourself with the best of what others post of themselves on the internet), shame (for scrolling past tragic stories without actionably doing anything like donating or volunteering, for being instinctively judgmental towards another person's extremely vulnerable, self-effacing post). These emotions are pulling us too far in too many directions, sapping our energy and focus until there is no way for us to reestablish that sense of being blissfully immersed in anything for long. I liken this issue to attempting a game of Twister, except in various pools and puddles with more than just our hands and feet. Every appendage, every hair we can muster is channeled into some separate tangent, scattering us. Rendering us unable to be present in the moment, ever. I fear that I have only begun to realize this disruption once it was evident that I was tearing open at the seams emotionally, so frustrated by my frustration yet unable to relax and reobtain the fundamental feeling of peaceful focus, of feeling swept up in something far more singular and human than the myriad of possibilities on an electronic device.

I used to think abandoning social media completely was impossible. I used to think there was no way I would ever go inactive on Instagram. I passed off my social media addiction

as inevitable to my Generation Z birthright, convincing myself that it somehow made me a more relevant and engaged citizen and friend when in reality, my usage just bore insecurities and excruciating overthinking that made me just want to take a nap. Forever. And when I finally realized I needed an actual break from the scroll, it took an embarrassingly heavy toll on me.

**We need to bring back deep focus... “a state of distraction-free concentration when your brain works at its maximum potential.”**

But gradually, the steps I took towards digital minimalism helped me focus on what naturally energizes me and focus on my days as just a human being, alive on Earth. We've all heard this before, but I'll say it again: social media is a poor substitute for capturing genuine experiences and leads to a world of false intrigue.

Tbh why do we even procrastinate? Maybe it's because of a perfectionist fear that whatever we attempt to do will never match the caliber of how we want it to look or feel or sound or whatever. We WANT to be distracted, whether that's by the latest news of who The Weeknd is dating or by scrolling into someone's relationship post from 62 weeks ago and wondering if they're still together (or maybe that's just me being overly curious about this topic leading up to Valentine's Day at the time of writing!), because it keeps our fantasies going. We anticipate ourselves doing amazing things AFTER we get home from work, or after midterms, yet the prospect of going through the tedium and actually doing everything, bit by bit, to accomplish these things is agonizing. We doubt our ability to maintain concentration,

our resolve, and it becomes a dreadful feeling to even think about all the times we thought so passionately about doing something but lost interest (which is alright!) or just let our doubt carry us into self-distraction. Who else here has a love-hate relationship with deadlines? Like without them I would pretty much never get anything “productive” submitted, yet they fill me with such fear and hatred? Strong words, perhaps too strong.

So how do we stop procrastinating, putting our tasks off either towards some ideal future where we will just have a perfect ability to manage our lives, or until we’re forced by a looming deadline to crank out a frenzied attempt at a project that just can’t be rushed that way?

We need to bring back deep focus, a term defined by Dartmouth alum and attentional management expert Cal Newport as “a state of distraction-free concentration when your brain works at its maximum potential.” It’s important on a systemic level: our inability to concentrate is exacerbating the classist education system in the U.S. that became especially apparent during school lockdown from the COVID-19 pandemic. Wealthier families could afford private online tutors for their children to learn from home over the pandemic, while under-resourced, overcrowded schools that tended to serve BIPOC students struggled to institute any semblance of online learning. The instruction method and resources allocated per student is so influential towards learning progress, and our diminished attention spans exacerbate the debilitating educational disparities that have historically existed.

## **Focus means making sacrifices to commit more deeply to fewer activities, things that are both “sustainable and nourishing”**

So we can start by focusing on ourselves, on what we love to do, on who we love. Com-

bined with the intensity of Dartmouth terms, it means being realistic during Week 1 about what we’ll be able to handle by Week 5 or 6 when we’re neck deep in midterms and other madness. It means downsizing and resisting the jack-of-all-trades persona that the well-rounded Dartmouth student instinctively gravitates toward. Everything, Everywhere All at Once emphasized how mediocrity at everything can be a disguise for strong potential to specialize in many, many different fields—the catch though? That each discipline, each career path, took many years of incremental work to build up to a high level of expertise. It’s only with multi-verse magic that Evelyn can channel millions of years dedicated to honing different crafts, powers from her other lifeforms into a single version of herself. Each of those lives had insights, had power. Focus means making sacrifices to commit more deeply to fewer activities, things that are both “sustainable and nourishing,” as my friend put it to describe her journey towards intuitive eating (I hope she didn’t plagiarize that). Yes, we all have our obligations, but if something really doesn’t feel





right, maybe it is time to quit. If you are someone who is intensely competitive and thrives in a high-pressure environment, great — just try not to bring others down in your process. But if you find yourself committing to things for a resume boost or some social capital that you don't genuinely enjoy, why spend another day of your four thousand weeks here on Earth continuing to go through the motions?

Over winterim, I began a book that literally fundamentally changed my life: 4000

Weeks: Time Management for Mortals by Oliver Burkemann. Burkemann's simple, refreshing reasoning with compelling, light-hearted anecdotes reminded me of watching the snappy afterlife show *The Good Place*.

Recognizing the weight of his arguments wiped away a good deal of my existential scream and completely restructured the way I approach

productivity, how I view time and our role in it as humans.

Burkemann describes why toddlers can be so frustrating to our productivity-obsessed adult selves. They let things take the time they take, which in modern society is unbearable.

But perhaps these little ones are just living more intuitively, more naturally than the breakneck pace we strive to approach life with. Again, to have your attention immersed in something, to feel deep focus has been lost to me for years - a combination of intrusive thoughts and raging boredom leading to an inability to concentrate on the books, the reading I once loved deeply enough to get lost in for days on end. Burkemann hones in on the initially bizarre concept of radical incrementalism—acknowledging that things just take the time they take and there is no point in impatiently rushing through a necessary process of growth—letting our limited means as human beings empower the choices we do have control over, and embracing time as a medium to move through rather than a finite resource to divide and conquer.

My artist, who is a huge fan of Oliver Burkemann and has delved into several of Cal Newport's books, suggested I reiterate a pressing point for this deep focus argument. Yes, we can unplug, offload, snooze our notifications to reduce unnecessary online presence and shift away from the attention economy. But being off our phones will not detract from the inevitability of making more tough decisions, of prioritizing some activities and habits over others, of admitting our limits as human beings who simply cannot do it all. But embracing each moment and taking pride in our choices rather than dreading the inevitable and paralyzing ourselves into indecision are steps we can take to empower ourselves into leading more meaningful, joyful lives. 🍎

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1 Newport, Cal. *Deep Work: Rules for Focused Success in a Distracted World: Rules for Focused Success in a Distracted World*. s.l.: Grand Central Publishing, 2016.

2 *Everything Everywhere All at Once*. United States: A24, 2022.

3 Burkeman, Oliver. *Four Thousand Weeks: Time Management for Mortals*. UK: Vintage, 2022.

*"There's a name for the animal  
love makes of us — named, I think,  
like rain, for the sound it makes."*

*— Nicole Sealey, "Object Permanence"*

**By: Elaine Mei**

**Art by: Shena Han, Design by: Chloe Cordasco**

## I. ANIMAL ENOUGH

When I ask if this  
animal is enough for you, what I mean:  
Will you meet me at the edge  
of the water, will you bow on all fours  
and drink with me? Will you pull my skin  
open and dip your tongue, carmine  
and bitter inside?  
Can I claim you?  
Can I claim you?  
Don't I feast on death  
and love it all the same?  
Don't I make love  
look easy?  
Don't the kudzu vines cradle  
my ankles like a small child,  
and don't I keep God close  
to my chest, don't I make a choir  
of crown daisies sing  
when I pass?





*"He's all hollow! the devil giggles.  
He knows his job will be easy, a human just one long desperation  
to be filled."*

— Kaveh Akbar, "My Father's Accent"

## II. ENOUGH, ANIMAL

Sorry, I didn't mean to  
eat it all before the rest of them  
got any. It was just sitting there  
it was so good I couldn't  
stop myself. I mean I really,  
really couldn't stop myself.  
I could never help biting down on  
the hands that feed me. I stake  
claims on my property. I take  
responsibility for my own stink,  
my sodden, my sting, as long as  
I can stand to eat, my  
God, I'll lap up your muck I'll lick  
the doorknobs if I have to I'll rub  
that slate clean. And then,  
there was rain. And love  
made me clean again.



[ — ]

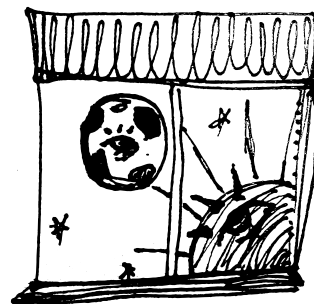
# A Per- sonal History of Hyste- ria

( and other  
natural  
disasters )

by: Zeynep  
bayirtepe



I sleep with the curtains open, like an eye that holds the night back. I hide under the window sill. I have one eye. I am a hurricane. I ask those who survive me for their stories. I make them talk to me in long sentences, elaborate pauses, big words, and banned allegories. Scribbled on the soles of their red shoes are the names of their past lovers in blood-thick ink. I send them home with hearts made out of gum wrappers, confessions derived from stolen time, and confetti made out of censured praise. They click their heels and think they made it home on their own. I let them go.



This is no cautionary tale. Unlike the wild women destined to be tamed in pursuit of company that ornate the famed stories of the 19th century or the manic pixie dream girls of today, obliged to exercise their whimsy and emotional turmoil for their audience and perish in dignity, I carry the burden of my emotions as a flag of resistance and declaration of intent. Emotion and reaction fight and yearn inside my belly. They swirl into catastrophe and eventually, me. In a world ruled by brief encounters, relationships scheduled on calendars, first dates that mostly never happen, wikiHow manuals on how to love and be loved, and politics of affection, communication, and friendship, it has been hard to confidently feel. How does one protect love from being an offense or a violation? In lieu of the journals that once belonged to me, but are now burned down to a pile of illegible ashes in charges of heresy, I want to decriminalize my words and my handwriting, make peace, and start a dictionary of scars and memories, vices and virtues.

on attention:

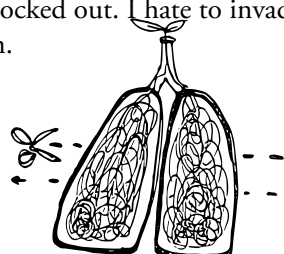
My mother mixes a modicum of love and madness into being and being in misery. Competition is the magic ingredient of my misery. I fantasize about living in a world that subdues currency, where my words feel less like shopping lists and more like a masterless gospel. It's an atrocity to live under threat, to strive to be seen, to write to be read. I'd like to write myself a looking glass and pull the curtains down for once. I can't sleep with the curtains down without fearing I would miss out on the day. Only when I know you will wake me up in the morning, can I bear to forgo windows and close my eyes for the night. I desperately try to drink from a cup full of honey and rub some on scars from restless nights. When I'm with you, I promise myself tomorrow, but nothing more. I would like to learn how to share and be brave. Yet, I am terrified to one day find out that once people close their eyes, I cease to exist.

on being:

Would it be so horrible to cease to exist, to fill the cup I'm in for once, be fluid and friendly, to quench the thirst, to know where to stop and how to die? Is it a crime to want to *be* without seeing where I end and the *other* begins? Laying claims on eyes and feelings, nerves and colors, time and past tenses, and handing mine out for the taking, I gift the gift of being more. You tell me we are here, in the present, now. I want to look at pictures and tell stories, remind you that you were there all along. I want to remember your childhood. Memories are nothing but myths unless we share them.

on boundaries:

I can only look at the concept of boundaries from across the border. It is infused with icy American individualism, and also distinctly independent. I have no entries for that kind of freedom, I doubt I will ever need it. If conclusions didn't feel like promises I won't be able to keep, maybe I too would be made out of sharp and pretty lines instead of all this smoke. I hate to feel like an intruder. I hate to be locked out. I hate to invade and I hate to be deprived. I want to know. I want in. Breathe me in.





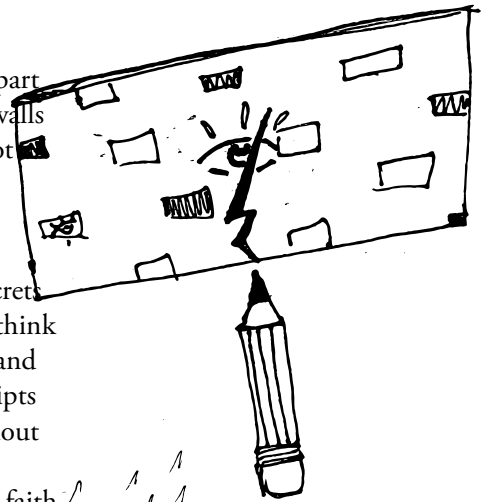
on communicating:

Honesty and vulgarity are children of communication. Sisters, both aching to be heard, make blurry what is said to be heard and what to be released. It gets harder to tell apart the points made from the pointed edges aimed to maim. It renders poetry written on the walls vandalism. It's no longer fair to pick fights with the walls that rise against my face. (I do not have a right to you.)



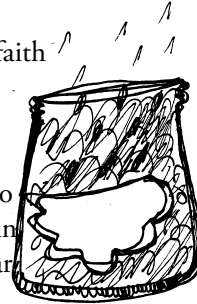
on feeling:

It's hard to think of things literally, in their physical form, with their aches and secrets and secretions. It's hard to be a body (solely some body, sometimes a little more). I like to think of myself with a big dark cloud around me, ready to cry and laugh and rain, full of words and silhouettes. It's a bad omen, it's a harmony, it's a violation to be me. I write and rewrite scripts so my words sound less like lines and more like truths. I don't know how to be or feel without putting it in words you would understand. I like it when you speak to me in your mother tongue, fully convinced that I will understand you. I do. I wonder if you catch me kiss the faith you have in me and keep it under my pillow like a kid's treasure.



on intention:

Like an album left on repeat, I'd like to be memorized, eternal, present. It is a gift to be sown into time, to be a habitat, and to know that even if it is just this world, this world in particular wouldn't have a sky without me, and would leak like teardrops from an ancient jar without a cap on. I quit counting days and weeks and months now that they don't build up in anticipation of something more, a ceasefire, a breach of contract. Waiting is for those who believe in being on time. If I weren't late to everything, I don't know where I would be.



on intimacy:

Is it worth it?

The voices cry. Intimacy is a glowing ball of fire we tiptoe around. We don't want to wake her up. Every once in a while she rises to a good morning and everyone takes shelter and counts the minutes. She burns alone. Spells names and jokes and flattery to death. It's a bit much. An upsetting sight to see.

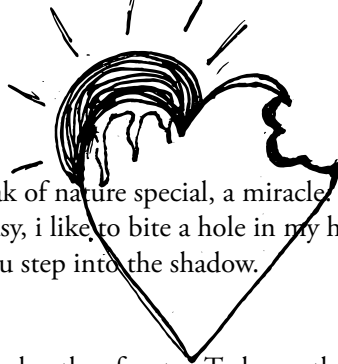
i wish i was less tired, less high.

i wish i bled less.

*it's weird how normal it all felt*

to be so normal is to deviate. you call this freak of nature special, a miracle.

you make it look easy, and when things are easy, i like to bite a hole in my heart to make things *interesting*. i stare at the sun, and hope you step into the shadow.

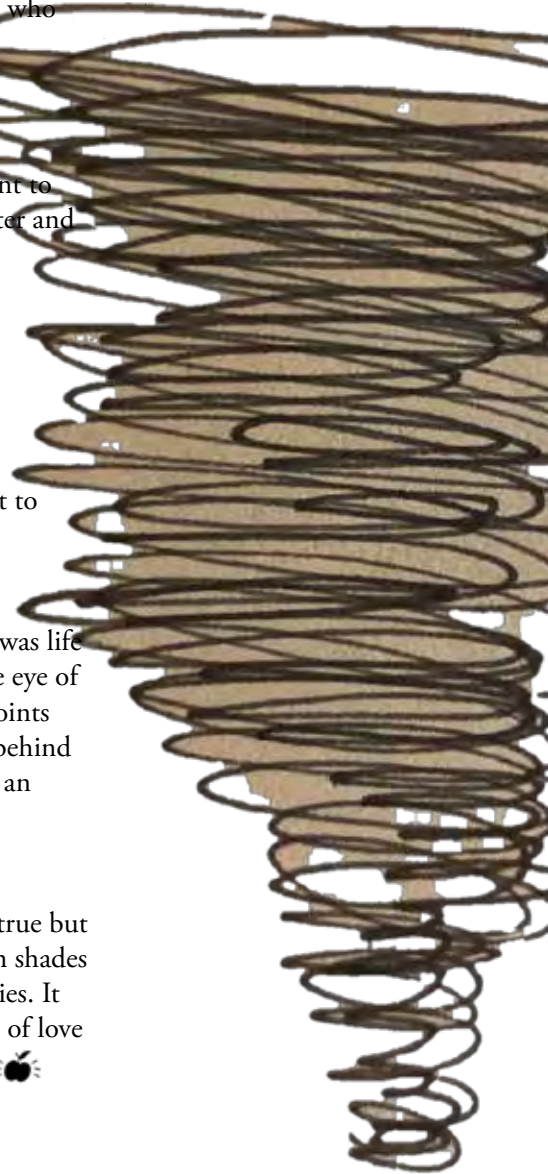


on holding on (holding on holding on):

The marks of the past are like stains of tears and paths of water. To know there was life on me before makes me feel real. Desolate lands proud of fertility, I start a garden in the eye of my sickly mind. I make waiting rooms uncomfortable, I pace back and forth. I prove points and don't know how to enjoy things that happen in front of me. In the alternate plane behind my eyes, I die striving to be a better person. I forgo an honorable death and loudly lead an embarrassing life.

on hurricanes:

When disaster hits the heart, you have to recite not only what you know to be true but what you think is beautiful. That's where I'll meet you to paint the horrors of my love in shades of the morning sun. I'll repent and you'll stay. You will live in glory. I'll live in your stories. It will be a revolution, covered in blood and light, we'll welcome a new day and a new age of love where everything is allowed. In the eye of the hurricane, we'll make ourselves at home. 🍎




# Heaven, Hell, and Everything in Between:

an ex-Evangelical considers Liberation Theology  
and Universalism

by Anika Larson

art & design by Yawen Xue

warning: brief mentions of suicide



Growing up Evangelical, I often considered the question of death. If I was destined for Heaven, why not just skip my time on earth? Golden roads, pearly gates, and a life free from injury and filled with nothing but family and love and happiness? After one session of a kids' Bible program I attended weekly, I approached one of the leaders to ask her why Christians didn't all just kill each other to go to Heaven sooner. Not surprisingly, the question didn't go over well. I don't remember much of what she said, only her flustered demeanor and disturbed, almost angry tone. I eventually answered the question for myself when I left my Christian bubble of church and home to discover that not everyone had already accepted-Jesus-to-be-their-personal-Lord-and-Savior (shocker!). It became my duty to be constantly evangelizing—at school, in the community, to whomever would lend their ear for just a minute. Images of hellfire and eternal suffering plagued my mind—not for me, but for every loved one who didn't come to Jesus. My heart ached for my friends who didn't routinely attend church; during sleepovers with my cousin, I stayed up late whispering to her about the salvation I had found in Christ and the kingdom of Heaven that awaited her, if only she would accept Jesus into her heart.

At 19, I stand at the end of what has been a five year long process of reckoning with my faith and unlearning much of what I internalized as a kid. I no longer consider myself to be a Christian, and yet I can't



seem to fully buy into agnosticism (or atheism). Maybe I haven't fully unlearned everything yet, or maybe it's just the way I am. For so long, being a Christian was the thing most fundamental to my personhood. It constituted who I was, how I acted, the friends I made, the goals I had, the values I held. Now, I feel as if I exist in some sort of limbo between Christianity and agnosticism. Maybe I'm not Christian in my beliefs, but I'm Christian in an almost cultural way. Christian in the way that I know every word to every hymn and gospel song, Christian in the way that I can still rattle off entire Bible chapters, Christian in the way that I still engage in critical discussion of passages with my reverend grandfather. There's part of me that thinks I could never arrive at a conclusion of agnosticism or atheism. That my brain is wired to believe in a higher power, and maybe that's ok, because being a Christian ≠ being an Evangelical, right? But maybe it's not ok. The idea of a higher power, of some grand, benevolent overseer, both comforts and disturbs me. It feels familiar and yet nothing in my mind can justify the coexistence of the pain and suffering in this world and some omnipotent, supposed "just" figure. And when I think thoughts like that, I almost want to call myself an atheist. You can see my dilemma.

And so I ask myself, what's next? Will I remain in this limbo forever? (I'd call it purgatory but the Evangelicals don't believe in that). I've made it my mission to understand other modes of thought surrounding Christianity. The first was universalism—the belief that everyone will eventually go to Heaven, regardless of faith on earth. Rob Bell (proclaimed a universalist not by himself, but by leaders within the Evangelical church) questions the teachings of traditional Christianity in his book *Love Wins: At the Heart of Life's Big Questions*, asking "Does God punish people for infinite amount of years with eternal torment for things they did in their few finite years of life?", "Why does God tell us we have to forgive everyone, including our enemies, and then He doesn't do the same with sinners going to hell?". These spurred questions of my own. Why would God's mercy be supposedly limited? How is hell a just concept? In any sense? Isn't God supposed to be just? It doesn't make any sense for hell and a just God to coexist, but what is the answer? Is the answer that God doesn't exist at all? Or is the answer that He does exist, but not as an all-powerful being? Because if he was all-powerful, why is there so much horror in the globe? Because of

sin? But if God's all-powerful, why can't he just stop sin (an Evangelical would tell you it's because God gives us free will—while simultaneously upholding that God knows everything that will happen). And then again, I arrive at atheism. Maybe it would be comforting to be an atheist. To think that this life is what I'm truly living for.

And yet, what I find potentially comforting about atheism can be found in Liberation Theology. Coming to Dartmouth, I figured I was pretty comfortable labeling myself an agnostic for the time being—until I learned about Liberation Theology. A kind of hybrid Catholicism-Marxism, Liberation Theology envisioned the kingdom of God not only as "the beyond," but as something "among us already... in a country where there's justice, where there's respect for human rights and there's food and schools for everybody... in a little community where we love each other." The radical possibility of attaining this "kingdom" on earth prompted collective



action from believers to destroy hierarchy and pursue social justice. The ideals and followers of liberation theology profoundly impacted the Sandinista Revolution in Nicaragua. Its adherents took up arms to join the FSLN (Frente Sandinista de Liberación Nacional, or Sandinista National Liberation Front), a coalition of leftist groups who fought to overthrow the Somoza Regime and establish a socialist Nicaraguan State free from exploitation (not that this was entirely what happened, but this was the goal). Borrowing heavily from the practices of liberation theology, “Sandinista praxis [was] a form of Christian praxis,” notably “appropriating” the values of destruction of hierarchy and education for all. Never before had I considered Christianity to be a radical, people-centered ideology, and yet here was this Biblical interpretation that challenged everything I understood Christianity to be. I felt almost liberated learning about it. Could I subscribe to Liberation Theology? Is that something I want to do? How would I reconcile my doubts about Christianity? How does one even practice Liberation Theology?

I’m still not sure what I believe, but for now I think I have to be okay with that. None of my questions can be answered overnight, or even be answered by Marxism-Catholicism, so for now, I guess I’ll sit with my questions and challenge my conception of Heaven. Not-knowing is certainly uncomfortable, but I think I’d rather be uncertain than subscribe to an ideology I can’t fully believe in. Maybe pearly gates await me at the end of life, but maybe nothing does. Maybe this is all we have. Maybe it’s not. Whether or not I subscribe to the Theology half of Liberation Theology, I want to live in that world “where there’s justice, where there’s respect for human rights and there’s food and schools for everybody... in a little community where we love each other.” 🍏





ART AND DESIGN BY:  
JACKIE WRIGHT

# Man- made squaw

BY: ROSA LOPEZ

Stretch marks of mountain ranges  
Valleys and city hips collide    seamlessly intertwined  
The forest bedding, pillowed by smog clouds  
Man and mother nature  
Falling into each other    engulfed in time

When temptation overcame the sacred relation  
Grass dances were wiped away by John  
His Deer tracks pushed into her tea-colored skin  
An offering of new tillage  
A put-put-put drum beat to the mechanical greeting  
A cry for consent    rose    as the birds flew from wildflower fields



Lust lifts the skirts of coal mines  
Broken-backed, blackened-breath  
Penetrating the gifts of time  
Hold onto all she can give     all you can take  
Bricked up, piped, frack deep, pumping  
Gasps of     release  
Drill her down  
Raise her up  
Inject the formations and watch as she crumbles to the will of     your hand  
Man     has made a Squaw<sup>1</sup> of the surface  
Overbearing to demands, strapped to the papoose of rapacity

Primal rage bites back, winded     she screams  
She aches, she Aches, she ACHES  
Quaking, upwelling, ocean rising, flooding the cities     you can't maintain  
Caught in the act of violation  
Reconcile with empty promises  
Green-wash the lies you cannot unpack—a flexible film to the truth  
Crackling of falsified veiled protection  
Each motion grows louder, deafening the     heart

The spoils of quick pleasure  
Empty endlessly  
Into a river, she weeps  
Slugged against landfills and the crashing of ice sheets  
The cycle     never     completes  
She runs dry with each affair  
And when the winds no longer whistle in her sweetgrass hair  
She will be barren  
And the shame will be     yours to share 🍏

1. Squaw has historically been used as a sexual slur against North American Indigenous women. These were women who did not comply into structures of colonialism and women the settlers could not conquer. Reclaiming the word Squaw focuses on the empowerment of retaining self-autonomy. To compare nature to a Squaw is to portray the settler relationship of overexploiting natural resources as an act of assault on the environment and Indigenous bodies.

# EPHEMERAL phantasmagoria

by: k.m.a. art by: k.m.a. design by k.m.a.

Do you ever feel it? Those vines: They slither unnoticed through the cavity in your chest, wrapping themselves around your rib cage, and then, suddenly, they tighten, and you gasp, and there is nothing else.

Do you ever feel it? Those hail-stones: They rain down within your head from some unseeable, undefinable spot in the sky above until, gradually, the sound of your thoughts is also their methodic pelting and crashing, and there is nothing else.

Do you ever feel it? Those embers: They draw their oxygen, their energy, from the burning of your bones, your muscles, your flesh, until you are so hot, so charred, that you are nothing but ash, and you blow away in the wind, and there is nothing else.

Do you ever feel it? Those gusts: They sweep the air to some secret place until it is all gone and you do not get any of it, your lungs empty, you gasp and you choke and you clutch at your throat and there is nothing else.

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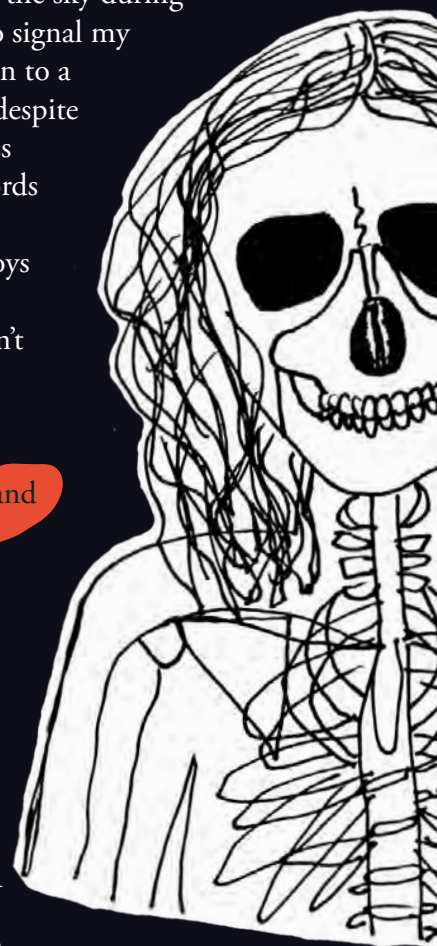
I can't remember the feel of it: Running on wavy walls; stalling for the buzzing bee; jumping from stone to pipe before falling into a murky pond. Hiding behind a stone three times my height; spying on a praying mantis; crying while running up a hill and eventually deciding to stop. Or did I add the praying mantis in revision? Jump-roping. Tree-climbing. Jukeboxing.

I can't remember the feel of it: Unfinished diaries; ten-year-old anime because I am on the seventh story of a building filled with people up a mountain and covered in hills whose paths not live on maps. Maledictions into the wind. Turning a steep cliff (is there a better word?) into a slide and getting covered in dirt and not caring. Not caring. Turning a wooden truck attachment into a makeshift home and catching water bugs in the creek and building a bridge and climbing on rocks under a bridge and bike rides and trails and wild berries and tamed bushes and quarters and attics and stuffed animals and the toll of a grandfather clock older than my mother at three in the morning when I'm hopelessly jetlagged, lying awake in the obliqueness of the night, with no blue cell phone light to distract me from my thoughts yet.



I can't remember the feel of it: Raising my hands to the sky during worship songs to signal my virtue, my devotion to a God I didn't seem to know despite hours, days, years of hopeless prayers. Breathing in the words of my friends and trying to memorize their hopes and joys and dreams so I could help make them happen. I couldn't make them happen.

I can't remember the feel of it: Panic attacks and pastries and tea and overplayed songs. Escaping outside to a faceless woman's voice on the phone. An email from my father with a story he could never say aloud, written in a style whose contours his spoken voice would never bend and twist into. A roof. A drug. A secret — more than one, to be truthful, if the inherent lies





of language and the evasion of the self will permit me that for a moment. The walks and the mountains and the stars and the tears and the myths. Solitude. Confrontation. Escape. Reckoning. Rhapsody. Disillusionment. Hope. These were my prismatic feelings — where did they go?

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Question: hailstones, embers, gusts — they were not always ubiquitous. You did not always feel them, in tandem, attacking. What happened to you? Who did you become? If you met me, would you know me, accept me, love me?

Question: When did your feelings become inaccessible memories of abandoned actions and halted habits and put-down patterns lost to time? When did my feelings become metaphors for tricks my brain plays on me, sensations so physical it's difficult to believe they are less rooted in tangibility than those sensations I can't remember the feel of?

Question: Who am I? What am I made of? What circumstances, desires, interactions, etc., have shaped me? How has time altered the core of my being, subtly adjusted me from moment to moment until I became an irrevocable stranger to my past self? If I cracked my body open I would be bone and marrow and sinew and blood but what about my soul, my spirit? What stuff is that composed of, what substance renders it into being? Has it changed too?

Question: I am growing up, and down, and within and without, and through and around and all the prepositions and none of them and the ones that don't exist in this frail language too. I am the opposite of growing sometimes, too, which is possibly growing as well, so it may be that nothing is growing; it's all just fickle and bizarre and life.

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Confession: This is a map, or a diagram, life frenzied letters in a ridiculous font. This is everything and nothing anyone ever needs to know about who I am. Do I need this soliloquy, this quest for meaning, this philosophy, this hope for reason, this — I'll be frank — detritus? What does it all mean? Does any of it matter? I don't know if this is prose or verse or something else because I can't explain with language what these moments have meant to me, done to me, made of me. I see my hapless repetition and absent subjects and verbs and bounteous run-on sentences. I know I am breaking the rules of this language because I am trying to tell you something in words that can only be known without them; their rigidity is so restrictive that I cannot communicate the way I intend. I apologize, I think. But this is ineffable — isn't everything? Isn't that the eternal downfall of language? Of the mind as the vessel through which we perceive the world? So-called reality?

Confession: I am afraid of the answer to the question, But what do I really want? What of who I am is a fabrication for others' sake, or worse, for my own? Can I live with myself only if I hide from my consciousness the true nature of my being? Maybe I am not an artist or a thinker or a passionate and caring member of society but something weaker, something tragic, something unnameable. I could perhaps tell you what all this mess of words means to me, makes of me, but I've already used up all the space I have, and language is growing a testier tool, so I'll leave only this omission.

Confession: I am weary; I am wayward; I cannot but wail sometimes, or wallow or waver or wane. What I thought was stone within my mind was worn away by the river of change, and now what is left is only vines and hailstones and embers and gusts. What is left is despair and ecstasy in equal parts, most likely because I cannot admit what those are hiding.

Confession: I revel at nothing; I rue everything. I rue nothing; I revel at everything. 🍏

# CAN YOU AFFORD TO BE

By: Grace Hillary

Art by: Sophie Williams

Design by: Ella Grim

**SITTING IN THE PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT AT 4 AM, SURROUNDED BY PEOPLE THAT HAD BEEN STRANGERS JUST A COUPLE DAYS EARLIER, FRAGMENTED PIECES OF MY WORLD VIEW BEGAN TO SLIP TOGETHER.** High off sleep deprivation, slipping in and out of phases of euphoric spells of intense laughter, we dissected the role of class within our lives, our education, and our roles within the broader climate justice movement that had brought us together.

We were on our way back from the Sunrise Movement's national leadership convention when our flight was grounded in Philadelphia. A collection of seven organizers brought together by the same movement, we were all from different places, had different backgrounds, and had different experiences that radicalized us. It was in the delirium that followed two all-nighters in the span of four days that I was finally able to comprehend the way capital hurts those with class privilege, not just the working class.

It was through understanding the lack of community wealth breeds that I was able to start to realize the dehumanizing effect of capital. I heard stories of upper-middle-class people, people who had dedicated their time and energy to the movement, but who often felt out of place by the status their class privilege gave them. They were unable to identify with those possessing obscene amounts of wealth, trust-fund children who've never worked a day in their lives and who live in a reality completely oblivious to the struggles of the working class, yet at the same time, they often felt out of place and unable to connect with the shared struggle and solidarity of their working-class peers. Through this realization, I have grown to notice and appreciate the solidarity I have with working-class people in ways I was previously blind to.

Although race, gender, sexuality, and physical ability all play significant roles in how we interact with the world, these identities are all shaped by and built upon a foundation of class. It is through the lens of class that I view the world, how I interact with it, and how I approach activism. This lens however, often turns the world black and white, where everything is a war on the working

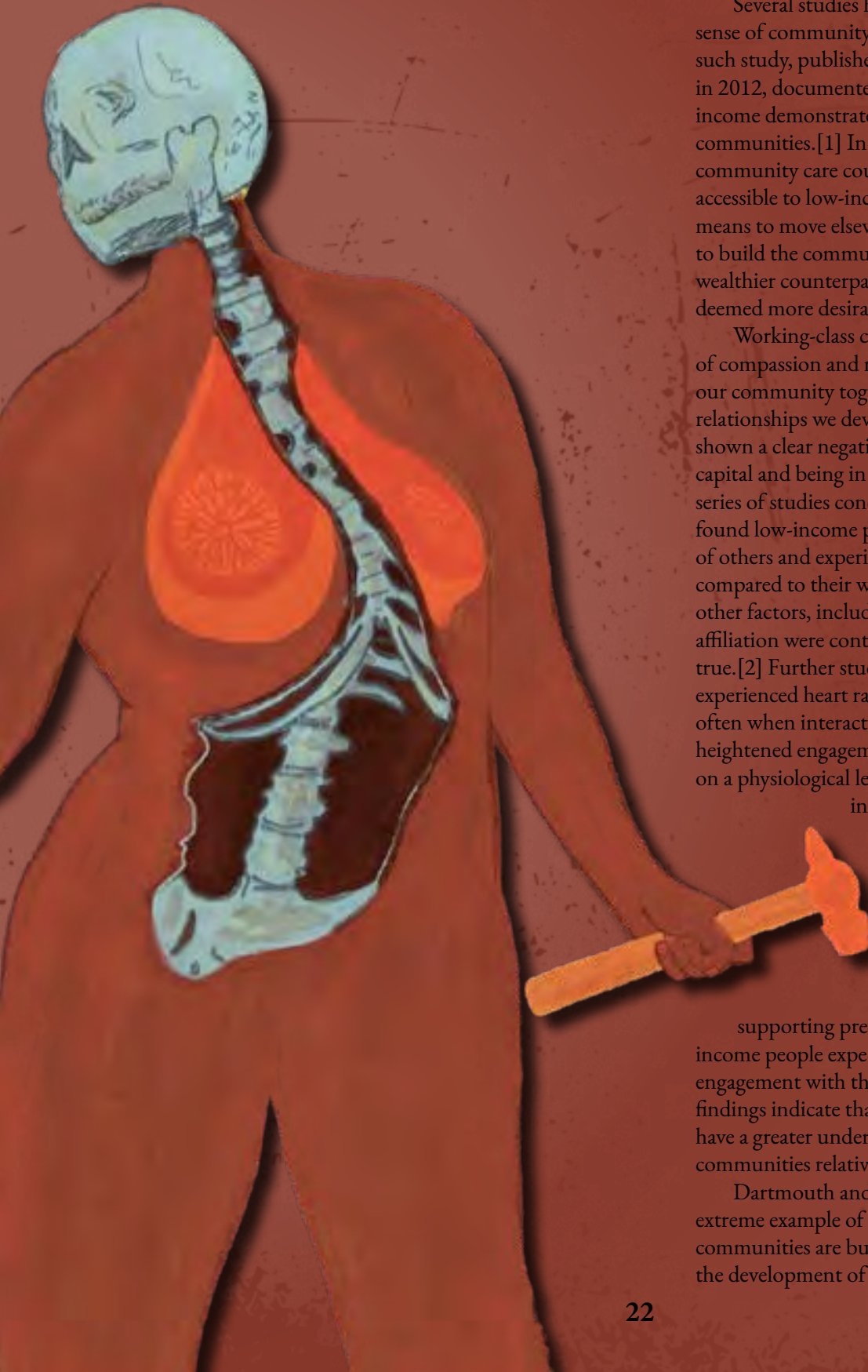
class, and as such as I fight the daily battle of class struggle I lose my ability to empathize with those with class privilege. This lens, if unchecked, clouds my vision and prevents me from visualizing the ways wealth hurts not only those who don't have it, but those who do.

The American dream, of a happily married couple with 2.5 children who own their own home complete with a white picket fence is a relic of the past. A past where unions were still alive and well and single-income households could exist comfortably. A romanized version of the past that was once made possible in the United States through the exploitation and colonialism of marginalized communities. As such, the nuclear family is no longer accessible to the working class. Instead, working-class people have to rely on support systems beyond their nuclear family. Since any fragments of social safety nets are eroding away under the capitalist framework of our economy, we are forced to build support systems ourselves. We are forced to depend on each other to survive, and in doing so our relationships and communities are built on a foundation of compassion, empathy, and solidarity.

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# BE AN INDIVIDUAL?



Several studies have documented the heightened sense of community created by class solidarity. One such study, published by the University of Pittsburgh in 2012, documented how those with the lowest income demonstrated the highest levels of care for their communities.[1] In part, the observed heightened sense of community care could be attributed to a lack of mobility accessible to low-income people. Without the financial means to move elsewhere, low-income people are forced to build the communities they want to live in, unlike their wealthier counterparts who are able to move to places deemed more desirable.

Working-class communities are built on foundations of compassion and mutualism, but the values that tie our community together are present in the individual relationships we develop with one another. Studies have shown a clear negative correlation between possessing capital and being in tune with the emotions of others. A series of studies conducted by psychologists at Berkley found low-income people are more aware of the emotions of others and experienced higher rates of compassion compared to their wealthier counterparts. Even when other factors, including race, gender, and religious affiliation were controlled for, these conclusions remained true.[2] Further studies observed that low-income people experienced heart rate deceleration significantly more often when interacting with others, which indicates a heightened engagement with one's social environment on a physiological level. Essentially, this means that low-income people have been found to pay

better attention to the emotions of others around them compared to wealthier individuals. Additional studies conducted at Berkley found that wealthier people were less likely to pay attention to those they were interacting with, further

supporting previous findings that showed low-income people experience a heightened sense of emotional engagement with their surroundings.[3] Ultimately, these findings indicate that working-class people objectively have a greater understanding and connection to their communities relative to those with class privilege.

Dartmouth and other elite institutions serve as an extreme example of how capital influences the foundation communities are built upon and by extension affects the development of relationships between individuals.

Dartmouth at times can feel like high school, relationships often feel superficial and social climbing is rampant. Although this is often attributed to the culture created by Greek life, I would argue that class plays a part in this. At Dartmouth only 31% of students come from the bottom 80%, and only 2.6% of students come from the bottom 20%.[4] Out of all Ivy League institutions, Dartmouth has the highest representation of students who belong to the top 1%. To put this in perspective, full tuition is guaranteed for students from families who make below \$125,000 and students whose families make \$200,000 dollars still qualify for aid.[5] Despite people with class privilege still qualifying for financial assistance, only 47% percent of students receive aid.[6] When more than one in five students come from the top one percent,[7] it is inevitable that the foundations of Dartmouth's culture are built on class privilege. Beyond Dartmouth as an institution just being built on a foundation of class privilege, the legacy of elite universities is one that maintains systems of class division and inequality by funneling those with class privilege into positions of power. The overrepresentation of those with class privilege within the Ivy League leads to an eroded sense of community. What fragments of community we cling to are rooted in tradition rather than genuine connection and solidarity.

As I dissect the way capitalism hurts those with wealth, I must acknowledge that it is not my job as a working-class person to rescue those with class privilege from the harm they are causing themselves by upholding the violence and oppression inherent to capitalism, I have enough jobs already. I also do not intend to minimize the harm capitalism causes working-class people. The struggle to find genuine community experienced by those with class privilege is nothing in comparison to the struggle working-class people experience as we struggle to afford the basic necessities we need to survive. Nonetheless, the psychological burden of capitalism still has a negative psychological impact on the capitalist class, even if they are shielded from the most brutal wounds inflicted by capitalism.

The criminalization of poverty places even freedom behind a paywall. Under capitalism, every one of our basic needs is accessible only if you possess capital. If you are unable to pay, you are left to fend for yourself. Everything within our society, housing, food, healthcare, education, is accessible only to those with enough capital. As a disabled person, even my ability to breathe freely has a price tag. As someone who has experienced food and housing insecurity, I have learned to push my body and mind to their limits. Capitalism strips those without sufficient capital of our humanity, it tells us we are undeserving of even our most basic needs, and blames us when we are unable to succeed within a system that is designed to oppress us. We, as working people, are the backbone of this country, of this economy, of this world. In return for our labor we are shamed, exploited, and left to die. Even death has a price tag. A price tag that often amounts to hundreds or even thousands of dollars those who care about us are burdened with. We are forced to develop community, as it is the only thing needed for human survival that isn't locked behind a paywall. The

dehumanization of the working class is embedded in every facet of capitalism, and as working people we





must unite and burn capitalism to the fucking ground.

The bonds formed as a survival mechanism within working-class communities run in stark contrast to the emphasis of individualism inherent to capitalism. Therefore, we need a cultural and economic revolution to occur simultaneously as we work to undermine capitalist interests. Those with capital are taught to prioritize their own individual interests rather than those of their community. Those without capital are told to prioritize their own individual needs if they ever hope to escape from the constant struggle of working yourself to the bone just to pay the bills. Due to this culture of individualism, relationships built upon a foundation of wealth are often superficial and lack the sense of solidarity that makes the bonds developed by low-income people so strong. Piff, a physiologist from Berkley, speculated that the individualistic nature of those with wealth and their apparent absence of compassion could be attributed to the increased sense of freedom and independence created by financial safety that comes with excess wealth.[8] Essentially, since wealthy people don't have to depend on their communities, they are less likely to care about the feelings of those around them. Wealthy people may feel as though they are independent, but if they didn't have workers to provide for their every need their lives would fall apart. Their sense of independence is built on their blindness to the labor and class struggle carried out by the workers who cater to their every need.

**COMPASSION IS A RADICAL ACT UNDER CAPITALISM.** To view your interests as inherently tied to those of the collective, to view yourself as a part of a larger community rather than an individual causes a radical shift in the way you perceive the world. Under a capitalist system, we are brainwashed to believe that to be human is to be inherently selfish. We are taught greed is natural. But humans are an extremely social species: without our social relationships and our ability to build community we wouldn't have developed to our current state. We wouldn't survive. Selfishness and greed aren't inherently human, they are traits we are taught to adopt to survive under a capitalist system that can only flourish if we continue to view each other as competition rather than a collective. Under a system that forces competition rather than collaboration, playing into our most negative attributes: greed, selfishness, indifference, ruthlessness, aggression, are all traits that better position one to achieve what our society views as success. To succeed within capitalism, you must conform and work within its rules, and in doing so you must give up aspects of your humanity in the process.

As you read this, even if you have no interest in

dedicating your time and energy to the working-class movement, consider the role class plays within your life. Why do we view those with more capital as being more successful? Why do we place billionaires and those with obscene amounts of wealth on a pedestal? Why does our society view the ultra-wealthy as mythic figures whose accumulation of capital must be a reflection of their intelligence and superiority? As working-class people, we all need to make enough money to cover our basic needs, and we all deserve to live a life free from the constant stress of struggling over how to pay our next paycheck, but this doesn't mean we should seek to become members of the ruling class and glorify our oppressors in the process. There is a difference between seeking financial stability and pursuing a coveted position as a member of the ruling class. This might be a phenomenon overrepresented in elite private institutions, especially Dartmouth where nearly a quarter of students are economics majors and even more "liberal" departments are filled with students looking forward to a lucrative career in consulting. We need to redefine the definition of success through a community lens and cut its ties with capital, as it stands now, our capital-focused perception of success dehumanizes both those who achieve it and those who don't. 🍌



[1] Ronald O. Pitner et al., "Which Factor Has More Impact? An Examination of the Effects of Income Level, Perceived Neighborhood Disorder, and Crime on Community Care and Vigilance among Low-Income African American Residents," *Race and Social Problems* 5, no. 1 (December 2012): 57–64, [link.springer.com/article/10.1007/s12552-012-9085-3](https://link.springer.com/article/10.1007/s12552-012-9085-3), 10.1007/s12552-012-9085-3.

[2] Jennifer E. Stellar et al., "Class and Compassion: Socioeconomic Factors Predict Responses to Suffering," *Emotion* 12, no. 3 (June 2012): 449–459, [pubmed.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/22148992/](https://pubmed.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/22148992/), 10.1037/a0026508.

[3] Jennifer E. Stellar et al., "Class and Compassion: Socioeconomic Factors Predict Responses to Suffering."

[4] "Economic Diversity and Student Outcomes at Dartmouth," *New York Times*, 2023, [www.nytimes.com/interactive/projects/college-mobility/dartmouth-college](https://www.nytimes.com/interactive/projects/college-mobility/dartmouth-college).

[5] "How Aid Works," Dartmouth Admissions, February 2, 2018, [admissions.dartmouth.edu/afford/how-aid-works#:~:text=Families%20with%20Total%20Income%20above%20%24125%2C000&text=Student%20loans%20are%20not%20included,available%20to%20use%20if%20needed](https://admissions.dartmouth.edu/afford/how-aid-works#:~:text=Families%20with%20Total%20Income%20above%20%24125%2C000&text=Student%20loans%20are%20not%20included,available%20to%20use%20if%20needed).

[6] "Financial Aid," Dartmouth.edu, 2023, [www.dartmouth.edu/oir/data-reporting/factbook/financialaid.html](https://www.dartmouth.edu/oir/data-reporting/factbook/financialaid.html).

[7] "Economic Diversity and Student Outcomes at Dartmouth."

[8] Paul K. Piff et al., "Higher Social Class Predicts Increased Unethical Behavior," *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* 109, no. 11 (February 2012): 4086–4091, [www.pnas.org/doi/10.1073/pnas.1118373109](https://www.pnas.org/doi/10.1073/pnas.1118373109).

# AGING IN FOUR PARTS: A DYNASTIC HISTORY

By: Tiffany Chang

Art by: Samantha Paisley

Design by: Naya Lunney

**We're at the end of the 16th century, and we have barely survived the war.**

*War was never new to us, though we never considered that the tiny island to the East – a land of barbarian swordsmen and fierce customs – would encroach so heavily upon our borders. It was never new to us, though we never expected that the celestial dynasty to our North would fall and be replaced with a people so utterly unlearned. We have no choice. Let the commoners join our ranks – let them pass our tests! Let our mass of soldiers swell until it becomes greater than a wave, let us make use of all we've learned from our scholars. But first, separate them out – with tests for those of the commoner class, and tests for those born into military lineage. For the first, we shall test them with combat; for the second, we shall test them with military texts and the Confucian canon. For every man their place, and we promise, despite what the war may bring, we shall not compromise the honor of the warrior class.<sup>1</sup>*

War became hereditary: an honor bestowed upon men who had never seen the battlefield and a status promotion offered as a death sentence to commoners. Still, new heroes grew from the waves, building warships that were stronger than ever before. Who saves the dynasty in its hour of need?

There's a scene in the *Tale of Lady Park*, an old Korean folktale, in which the King thanks Lady Park for saving the country: "If



Lady Park had been born a man, what fear would I have of any barbarian horde? [...] She makes their generals kneel down and revitalizes the spirit of Choson.<sup>2</sup>

We know where to turn when we need a war won by our faith in the social fabric that ties noble blood together. The status of the child is determined by the status of their mother – from *yangban* women come *yangban* lords and from *nobi* women come *nobi* children. They will always be ours. Marry, birth, grow, expand, possess. Endlessly.

I recently translated an excerpt of a Korean novel in which a woman named Yeonghye is institutionalized by her family because she refuses to eat meat. She endures unspeakable acts of violence committed by the men in her own family. One day, her sister visits her and begs her to eat. They argue, and her sister blurts out the ultimate threat as a last resort:

"You! You know I'm being like this because you could die!" Yeonghye turned her head and looked at her blankly as if she was a stranger. Soon afterwards, the question that slipped out shut her mouth for good. "Why, is dying not allowed?"<sup>3</sup>

It's not that the rest of us want to die. But it seems we have no choice in the matter: whether we live or we die.

We survive, but for whom?

**We're at the end of the 17th century, and we have barely survived famine.**



*We die, for nothing.*

Meteors blaze in the sky  
and snow buries our crops.  
Earthquakes ravage the land.  
All eight provinces starve.  
Half the population dies in  
the South and a quarter in  
the North, from disease and  
hunger. The people can't go  
on like this.

**We're at the end of the 19th  
century, and we have barely  
survived revolution.**

*From one side, Tonghak  
philosophers embraced Mencius  
to become one with God. On the  
other, peasants and Northern  
elites turned violent to correct  
the failings of the monarchy.  
Rebellion is brewing, but  
do you remember our birth?  
Neo-Confucianism wasn't just  
a Chinese import. Joseon was  
born from land reforms, the  
reformulation of class hierarchy,  
the redistribution of Buddhist  
wealth. You rebels, you think  
you're something new, but are you  
really? Even the best of ideas grow  
old, just as a soldier's bones creak  
with age.*

A promise: to serve  
Heaven and nourish our  
better natures. Tonghak  
leader Haewol commands  
his followers to "Do filial  
duty to your parents...  
respect your husbands...  
love your children."<sup>4</sup> Ah,  
there it is, there we go again.  
The Confucian relationships  
that tie us together can't be  
severed all that easily.

What about something  
stronger, more revolutionary?  
We have a new prophecy  
for you. Have you heard  
of the *Chonggamnok*? The  
Apocalypse will come. After  
*malse sasang*, the Yi family  
will fall at the hands of a  
man named Chong. We will



have a new dynasty. Our  
rebel leaders are "more clever  
than even Zhu-ge Li-ang,"  
a minister from the "Three  
Kingdoms Period in China"  
and "more skilled than Zhao  
Zilong," a famous Chinese  
general.<sup>5</sup> With such a worthy  
cause, we could never  
lose. The Seoul *yangban*  
have grown soft with their  
indulgences. It should not be  
difficult to take back what is  
rightfully ours.

**We're at the start of the 20th  
century, and we have fallen.**

*Queen Min is dead. The Yi  
family has fallen, but not by one  
of our own. What will become of  
us? I'm tired of being on the losing  
side, tired of everything we think  
up made useless because we don't  
have the fucking guns to force our  
way.*

The day after, the year  
after, many years after, the  
humiliation refuses to fade  
for the men who thought  
they knew everything. They  
make excuses for their  
defeat.

It starts with Yi  
Gwangsu's "What is  
Literature":

*"Our feeble-minded  
ancestors became slaves to  
Chinese thought, thereby  
weakening their own  
culture... Chosŏn, a country  
of Koreans, remains an empty  
substance, a mere imitation  
of China... a new Western  
culture is flooding our land. It  
is beyond dispute that Koreans  
must shed their old clothes  
for new, and wash away the  
accumulated dirt. We must  
bathe in the light of the new,  
and be ready to freely build a  
new spiritual civilization...  
After the annexation, our  
cultural domain has been*

*completely renewed by a new civilization.”*

*“In short, Korean literature is born anew: it has no past, only a future...An honorable task awaits the youth who has the will to help build Korean literature...”*<sup>6</sup>

This invention of modern Korean literature, pioneered by a man who cheated while spouting nonsense about birthing modernity from wise Korean mothers and good wives, who colluded with the Japanese after spending the critical years of his youth as an independence author, continues.

Most Koreans hate him, and for good reason. I hate him, too, but the way I'd hate someone I know too well. The older I get, the more I realize that everyone once thought they'd be young forever. The Joseon dynasty was conceived in a flash of heat lightning and Neo-Confucianism was the revolution to end all strife. Then came Japan, then came the West, then will come whatever next new thing we're searching for.

Yi Gwang Su's earliest stories were stories of same-sex love. He studied abroad and he found ideas which felt fresh; he returned home and hated what he saw. He became the opposite of who he could have been, but would it have changed anything if he'd stayed the same?

I'm kept up at night, too, by thoughts of keeping up with the times and by worries that I've become preoccupied with concerns that'll be irrelevant to the future. Loving women, not wanting kids, maybe it's reactionary, maybe it's fate. Ignorant mother, bad wife - perhaps in the future, that's all we'll need to be. 🍎

1] Hwang, Kyung Moon, *Beyond Birth: Social Status in the Emergence of Modern Korea* (Cambridge MA: Harvard University Asia Center, 2004), 17-41, 106-160, and 106-328.

2] Anonymous, *The Tale of Lady Pak* (circa. 17th century).

3] 한강. *채식주의자*. South Korea: Changbi, 2007.

4] Setton, Mark, "Confucian Populism and Egalitarian Tendencies in Tonghak Thought," *East Asian History* 20 (2000), 121-144.

5] Karlsson, Anders, "Challenging the Dynasty: Popular Protest, Ch'nggammok and the Ideology of the Hong Ky'ngnae Rebellion," *International Journal of Korean History* 2 (2001): 253-274.

6] Yi, Kwang-su, and Jooyeon Rhee. "What Is Literature? (Munhak iran hao)." *Azalea: Journal of Korean Literature & Culture* 4 (2011): 293-313. doi:10.1353/aza.2011.0012.

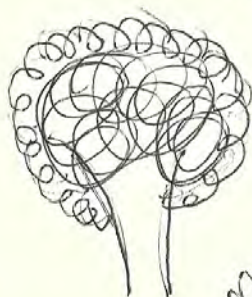




**LOLA IN HER  
DROP OUT  
ERA**

*Made by jessi calderon10*

# Hi! I'm LOLA



As you read this,  
THE FLOWERS ARE  
BLOOMING, THE TREES  
ARE GREEN, GO BIG  
GREEN.



Well, as I write this,  
the flowers are not  
blooming, the trees are  
not green. As I stay  
inside my room  
THE THOUGHTS GET  
LOUDER!



This is me trying to write my script  
for my screenwriting class. I try to squeeze  
every inch of creativity crammed within  
my neurons.



## SUMMER PICTURES

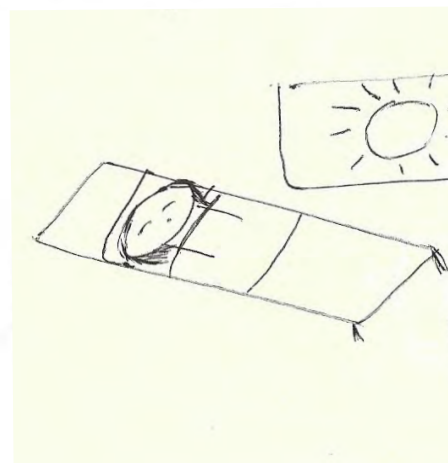
When I gaze towards  
the colossal mural of  
summer pictures on my  
wall, all the voices  
start whispering

≡ d...r...o...p...out  
THEN THEY SCREAM  
**DROP OUT**

As a child I used to do  
**EVERYTHING**



Since two years  
ago I've had a  
deep yearning  
for not working  
At all.



NOW  
I sleep more  
to recover from  
sleeping  
in.



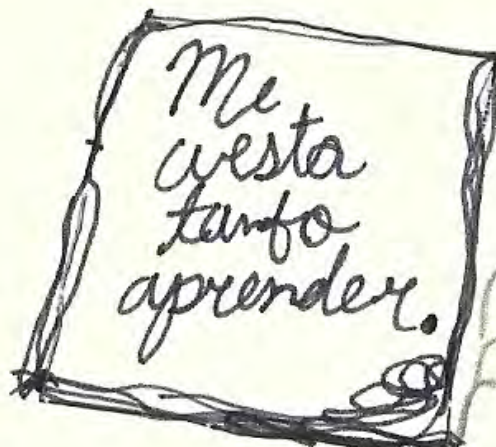
I find myself zoning out when my friends talk about their major and scholarly things. In this place called Dartmouth—that happens often.



Moments like these make me think "god, I wish I could be in school."



Becoming a cs major gets harder and harder as I face the fact that I am a film bitch. I am a film major. Well, I am more than that—I'd like to think. Coding or thinking of doing it gives me heartburn. ~~Perhaps I am not learning~~ ~~as like an artist should~~. But, why should I stay at an academically rigorous place when filmmaking makes normal people 0 money. What a great major for rich people!!! And for people who already know all the things I have yet to learn!!





Super  
ñaña



My  
great-  
grandma  
taught me  
3 things  
and that's  
all I  
know!

WATCHING  
TV  
& FILMS

GROWING  
PLANTS

THRIFTING

Omg  
Where  
did you  
get those  
pants?



I LOVE PLANTS  
I SHOULD HAVE GONE  
ON THE O-FARM TRIP!



When I zore out,  
I think of growing  
a huge garden of  
lilies & roses &  
orchids living  
happily ever after.

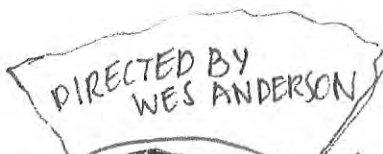


You  
may  
cancel  
me



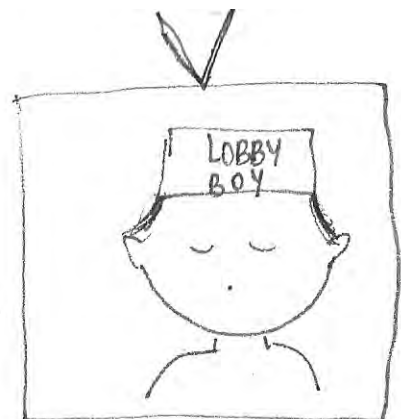
but,

I LOVE  
LETTERBOXD!



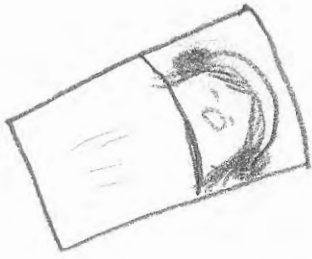
I get to  
watch my  
silly little  
movies  
and as soon  
as the  
credits  
roll,

I get more  
serotonin  
by adding  
them to my  
infinite list  
with hundreds  
of colors with  
pretty posters  
that make me  
happy.



I love when  
Wes Anderson  
makes another  
silly little movie  
with silly little  
~~movie~~ title cards.  
LOOK AT THE FONTS!





I just think I  
grew out of my  
girlboss phase.

When I wake up  
every day, I don't  
think of working or  
learning, I think  
of watching

**PONYO**

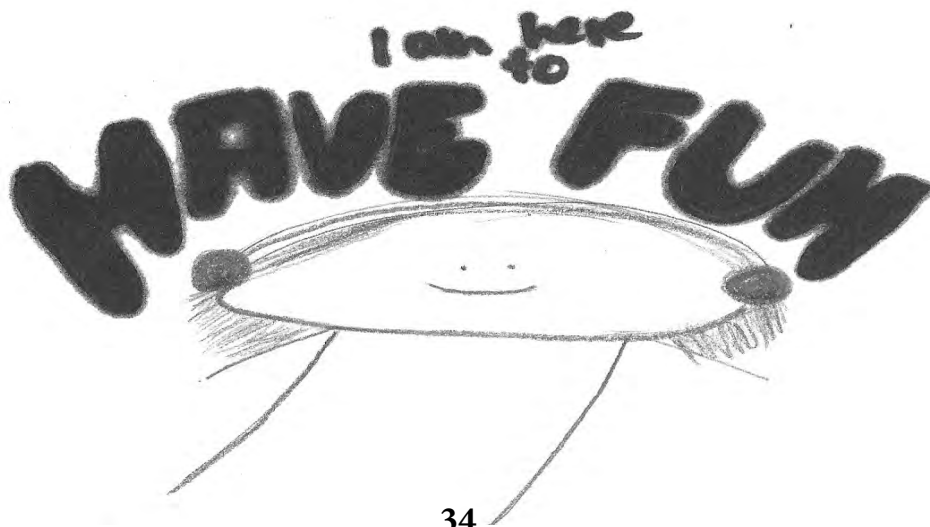
For the 4th time.



ANYTHING  
EXCEPT  
WORK  
ERA



I'm in my  
**DROP  
OUT  
ERA**





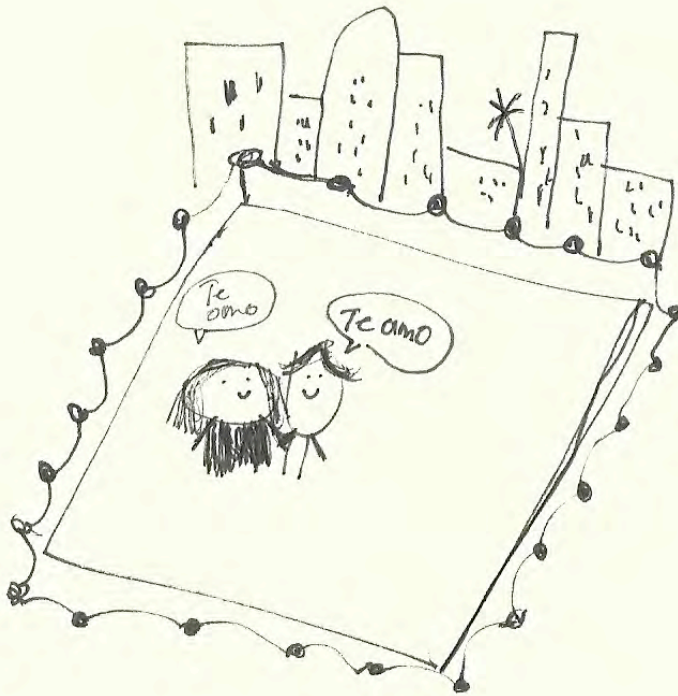
WHY WOULD I STRESS MYSELF SO MUCH  
TO SECURE A FUTURE I MIGHT  
NOT EVEN FUCKING GET?



I will  
walk  
down  
in prairies  
of flowers  
during golden  
hour and peak  
foliage in  
NH.



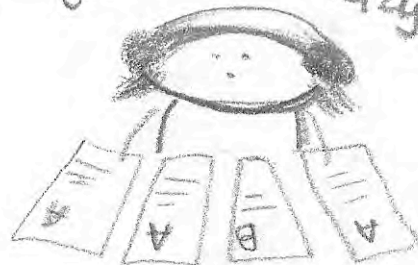
And then  
fly to Miami  
to eat ~~guava~~  
pastries with  
Pancho.



I'll tell him  
how much I  
love HIM and  
hear him say  
how much  
he loves ME on  
a rooftop under  
the shiny little  
lights that make  
my silly little heart  
happy.

THIS IS MY  
TIME TO  
REPUTATE  
WORK

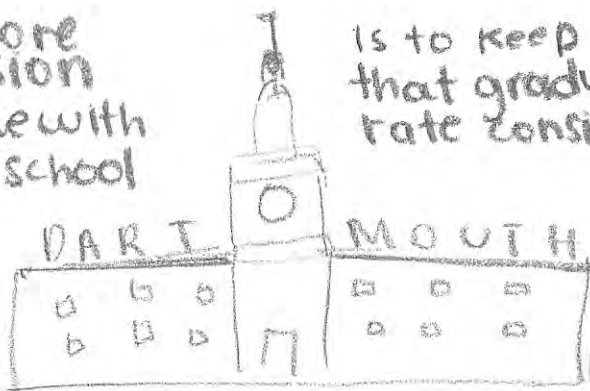
Yes, all my  
hard work gives me the  
freedom to enjoy the  
things, but, I just  
want to be lazy!



AND BE  
PROUD  
ABOUT  
IT!

The one mission I have with this school

is to keep that graduation rate consistent!



Someone has to take one for the team

LEAVE IT  
TO ME!



LOLA  
DROPS  
OUT



The only way to deal with  
an unfree is to become  
so absolutely free that  
your very existence  
is an act of  
rebellion.

- Albert  
Camus



Hype  
...

# SOMEONE NEI

by: Eda Naz Gokdemir

"What if we fall tonight?" someone asks.

Three sorcerers are sitting in a decaying library in the oldest keep at the edge of a fracturing world. The one with the question stares at the two others in the room filled with the silence of crackling firewood, the warm air interrupted by the breeze seeping in through the cracks of the glass mosaics on the windows reaching toward the high ceiling. The candlelights flicker with whispers of wind, scattering the trembling shadows across the bookshelves as the bursts of thunder echo intermittently, covering the sounds of scribbling, pages turning, and whimpers in the night.

"A timely question. It could happen, really," replies Derin, the youngest one, on the couch with intricate floral patterns. The flowers look like they were aflame a long time ago. They are laying on a burnt garden, aware of the flames, nonchalantly flipping through the pages of their book, trying to suppress their yawns: Prophecies for the Last Day.

"I thought we had gone over this," says Azra, the oldest, sighing. She keeps scribbling on a brown notebook with disintegrating, yellow pages, her eyes cold behind her thick glasses. Everynight she sits under her pale candlelight, recording the spells, runes, and charms they tried to stop the storms, the earthquakes, and the endless deaths. Page upon page. Grave upon grave.

"Yeah, but it is interesting every time," replies Derin.

"I am glad you find your work so amusing," says Azra.

"How can I not? Not everyone gets to see the end of the world from front row seats."

"You cannot just sit back and enjoy yourself. You are not meant to be a mere spectator."

"Well, we are trying, aren't we? I am just saying we might fail. And most likely will."

The recorder's scribbles grew louder, angrier, hastier. She slams shut her notebook and stands in front of the glass mosaic on the window depicting a sorceress of the old tales, her name long forgotten. Azra's shadow grows longer on the back wall painted with cracks, tears of rain, spells gone awry, and thrown fists. The youngest snuggles further into the embrace of their burnt garden, letting the old book of prophecies fall flat on their chest. They stare blankly at the ceiling that can fall onto their heads any day.

"We should rehearse," says someone.

The youngest, Derin, slowly turns their head toward the back of the room.

"What?"

"If it is bound to happen, we should rehearse."

"That's insane," replies Derin with a crooked smile.

"Well, at least you'll find it entertaining."

Derin snorts.

"We do not have time to play games," replies Azra without turning from the window.

"You were the one who said we are not mere spectators," replies someone.

"Yeah, plus you should be used to acting all the time by now" says Derin.

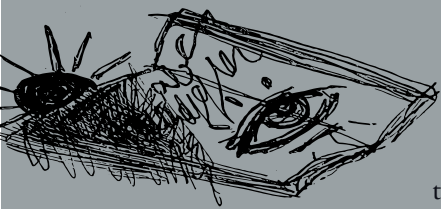
Azra slowly turns from the window, storm clouds in her eyes. She stares at the mischievous grin on the youngest's face. She walks slowly with her steady stride toward the youngest, then sits on the armchair facing them.

"Fine, let's rehearse. But I will direct," she says.

"Of course you will," replies Derin without moving their gaze from Azra's face. They stare at each other for a moment without flinching as someone drags their chair to the middle of the room, the creak of the floor echoing inside the library.

"Tell us then. How will we die?" someone asks.

"Oh, yes, enlighten us, please," says Derin, suddenly sitting up on the couch, fluttering dust as they move, imitating the air of an overattentive student. Disregarding them, Azra starts speaking with her eyes closed, as if casting a spell:





# EDS TO KNOW

art & design by: Zeynep Bayirtepe

"One day, one of my calculations will be a little more off than usual and I will be swallowed by the earth when I am on the ground, inspecting a village hit by a recent earthquake," she says in a deep, low voice, quieter than the footsteps of a thunder. She stops to point at Derin on the couch.

"They will die when they walk too far into the ocean during the reflow of the tide before a tsunami hits even though I have told them not to countless times."

"Likely," says Derin.

"And you," Azra adds, looking at someone for the first time during the night, "you will die with your head buried in your hands, in this library, because you will be too paralyzed to do anything as the storm approaches to demolish this keep."

A thunderbolt punctuates her last sentence. Azra maintains her gaze on someone, her expression as still as a statue broken in half by a scar across her face. A monument of ancestors long gone, obsolete spells, a relic from a dying world.

"You are no fun," replies Derin, "it is my turn." They step on the couch with a hop, wrapping their blanket around their shoulders as a cape, holding their book of prophecies like a holy text of the old. They pretend to clear their throat, then start speaking.

"According to this ancient text of great wisdom, the worst of the sinners, the life-takers, rapists, and conquerors, will die when fire rains from the sky. Those who stood watch as mere witnesses to the crimes of their people will drown in the tides extinguishing the flames. The earth will crack open to swallow the rest of the cowardly, miserable, pathetic human beings, including us. The heavenly beings, whatever you may call them, will weep at our tragic demise. Why don't they save us, you ask? Well, that is the divine plan. We are humble mortals who dare not understand the cosmic pattern of the universe. We shall obey our creator and accept our death when the time comes!"

Their voice rises to the ceiling and echoes throughout the library as they let their book fall to the floor with a loud thud, take an extravagant bow, and sit back on the couch. They stare at Azra with fire in their eyes, their chest rising and falling with quick, shallow breaths.

"You make fun of old beliefs, but you are too lazy and directionless to find something to believe in yourself," says Azra.

"What is there to believe in?" replies Derin, "all the spells we try fail, all our books are full of crap, all our so-called comrades deserted us."

"Stop complaining like a little child. No one told you this job will be easy."

"Oh please, I never complained because it is difficult," Derin spits the words out, "stop taking yourself so seriously and quit acting like you are in charge. Nothing we do matters anyways."

"Speak for yourself. I make it matter!"

"You make it matter?" Derin gives out a chuckle in disbelief, "You can barely interact with all the people on the ground who are living through it all. You make your calculations and cast your spells and spit out orders from your castle so that you can keep pretending that everything you do matters."

"You know what," replies Azra, "feel free to leave this keep if you feel like it is so insignificant. No one is keeping you here."

"I am not going to run away from fear like you do," replies Derin, "Plus, I have nowhere else to go," they add in a somewhat quieter voice.

"How can you blame me with cowardice?" asks Azra.

"Stop pretending, you two," says someone, "I know it terrifies you as much as it terrifies me."

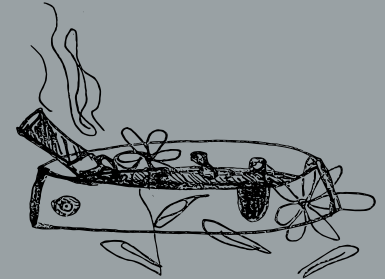
The storm ensues outside, the candles keep dripping, the fireplace is about to go quiet.

"Why did you make us rehearse all of it, then?" asks the youngest.

"I want to know what to feel, what to do, what to deny, what to believe in when the time comes. I want to know how to cry, how to laugh, how to be afraid, how to be brave. I need someone to teach me how to die. I need someone to die with me. But no one will."

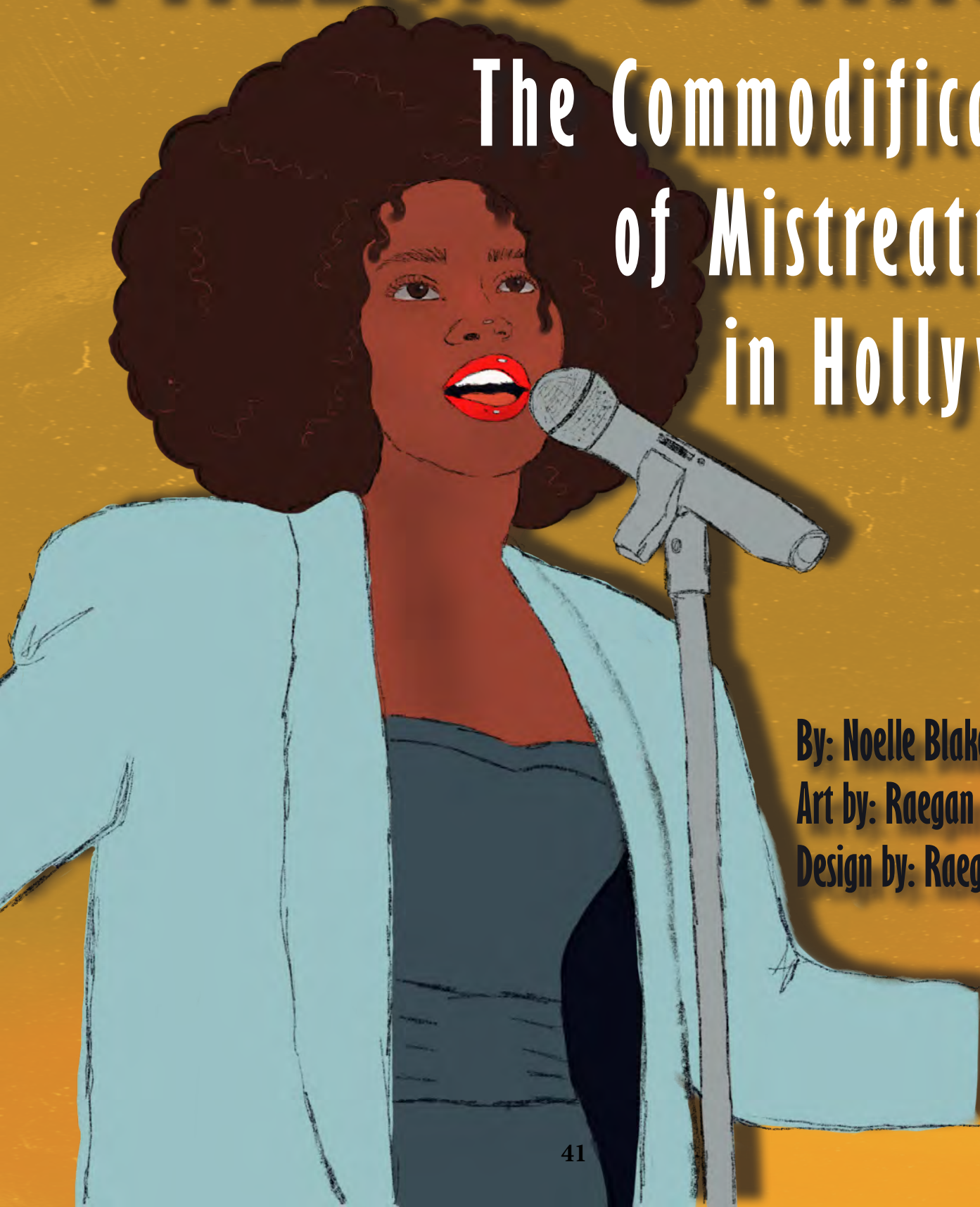
Someone gets up and starts blowing out the candles in the room.

"I guess I'll have to figure it out on my own." 🍎



# FALLING STARS:

## The Commodification of Mistreatment in Hollywood



**By: Noelle Blake**

**Art by: Raegan Boettcher**

**Design by: Raegan Boettcher**



# I. A Fall from Grace, Captured on Camera



If a story can be told, it will be. It doesn't have to be true; it just has to be entertaining.

This has been the reality of the film industry for ages. But as of late, cheap endeavors that promise high yield seem to be the only projects worth funding — in the minds of the biggest studios in the industry, at least.

There are filmmakers who attempt to keep the art alive by presenting original concepts, writing, and visuals. However, the vast majority of so-called 'blockbusters' are films that base their material off of something that has already been done before. In 2022, the top five grossing films at the box office were *Avatar: The Way of Water*, *Top Gun: Maverick*, *Jurassic World: Dominion*, *Doctor Strange in the Multiverse of Madness*, and *Minions: The Rise of Gru*.<sup>[1]</sup> If all the colons didn't give it away, these films share the fact that they all belong to established franchises, and use the name of their predecessors to attract audiences to the theaters.

These films are the least subtle of all the attempts by media giants to profit with minimal effort. Their intentions are as transparently greedy as their projects are lazy. Despite the fact that these formulaic franchises garner billions of dollars a year, there is a new trend that has begun to permeate Hollywood and intrigue producers looking for something to sensationalize. In recent years, the low-risk-high-reward film has manifested itself in the biopic.

The biopic is deceptive. A dramatic retelling of the true events of someone's extraordinary life sounds like a tribute to the person and their legacy; a film that the subject or their family could watch and think fondly of. But in reality, biopics are opportunistic, and even exploitative at times. Depending on the film's subject and the story that the filmmaker wants to tell to the audience, biopics can vary from vaguely accurate representations to wildly falsified accounts of a person's character.

In and of itself, this could be brushed off with the same disclaimer we hear about most of the media we consume: take it with a grain of salt. Evidently, the only obligation the directors and producers have to the audience is that of a good story. But the increasingly prominent biopic speaks to a greater issue that has afflicted Hollywood for as long as it has existed: the degradation of women in media through backwards tropes and flat, inaccurate depictions. The biopic exacerbates this issue, if not embodies it completely.

Take 2022's *Blonde* for example. Marilyn Monroe is the face of Old Hollywood: glamorous, beautiful, poised, and soft-spoken. But what else was she? According to director Andrew Dominik, Monroe was a victim — and apparently — nothing more. Throughout the film, Dominik struggles to separate the actress from her characters, which is evident in his portrayal of Monroe as the epitome of the "dumb blonde" trope she frequently adopted on camera. Audiences who watched Monroe rise to the heights of her stardom in the 40s and 50s also tended to view her two-dimensionally. Monroe was born Norma Jeane Baker. Throughout her life, her father was absent and her mother struggled with poor mental health. As a result, Monroe moved between foster homes and orphanages throughout her childhood. By the time Monroe signed a contract with Twentieth Century Fox in 1946, her relationship with her mother was strained, with the two communicating infrequently.

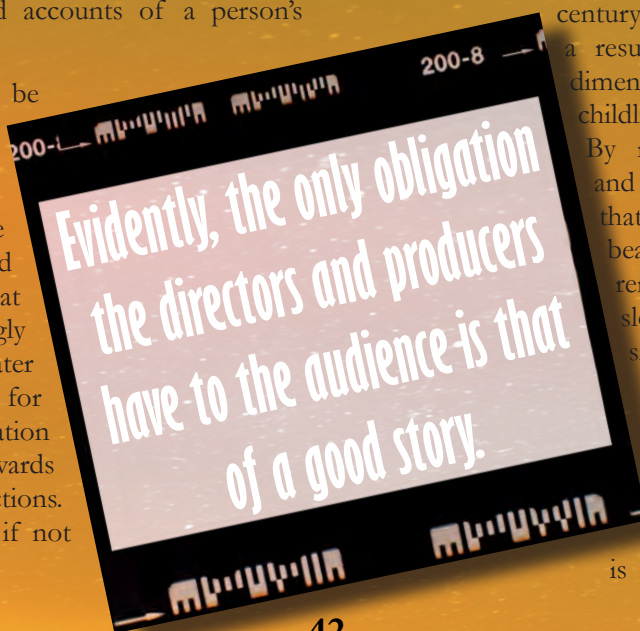
Rather than using this background to paint a picture of Monroe as a multifaceted woman who found success in unlikely circumstances, Dominik instead completely warps the relationship between Monroe and her mother, resulting in an image of a fragile girl who has suffered years of torment and abuse.

In his inaccurate characterization of both Monroe and her mother, Dominik succeeds in reforming both women in the minds of the audience. Gladys Baker — Monroe's mother — becomes a crazed woman whose mental health struggles drive her to harm her loved ones. Simultaneously, he sets the stage for a version of Monroe that is constantly victimized and in need of a savior that never comes.

In defense of his depiction of Monroe as a tragic character who is constantly undergoing mistreatment from everyone in her life, Dominik stated "I'm not interested in reality, I'm interested in the images."<sup>[2]</sup>

The problem is that the images Dominik chose were curated to create the Marilyn Monroe that became an object of affection and adulation for the better part of the twentieth century, largely without her consent. As a result, Dominik's Monroe is a two-dimensional beauty that oscillates between childlike-naivete and tearful outbursts. By revisiting the image of Monroe and reducing her — yet again — to that superficial caricature of a tragic, beautiful mess, Dominik essentially removes all the depth that has been slowly recognized by the public in the sixty years since her death.

Death also prevents Monroe from speaking for herself. In this way, the biopic is especially sinister. Even if we acknowledge that this new depiction of her is fictionalized, we cannot dissociate





what we see on screen with what we remember of Marilyn Monroe and her legacy. In *Blonde*, Dominik frequently portrays Monroe's relationships with men through scenes filled with "tears and trauma and sex, lots and lots of sex," in the words of film critic Manohla Dargis.[3] With a two hour and forty-seven minute run time, the excessive, graphic and sometimes non-consensual sexual acts shown on screen disrespect Monroe. It's as if she is being violated a second time after death.

The goal of this imagery is not to spread awareness of the hardships Monroe went through. It is to create a hyper-sexualized image of the already hyper-sexualized star; to profit one last time off of her body, face, and name.

This treatment by Hollywood of one of its greatest figures is unsurprising, but still incredibly disappointing. Allowing famous women to be degraded and abused both on film and by film desensitizes the audience to the very real injustices that modern women in media still suffer from today. By allowing the persistence and popularization of the biopic, we are depriving women of their agency in yet another sphere of their lives. By controlling public perception of an actress, the filmmaker takes hold of their identity.

While *Blonde* is an extreme example of the biopic-gone-wrong, there are contemporary women who have undergone similar mistreatment on screen. Last year, *Pam and Tommy* was released on Hulu as a limited series. The show follows the rise of Pamela Anderson, and her relationship with her husband Tommy

Lee. But of course, that concept isn't interesting enough on its own. So, the story really centers around the married couple as their lives unravel amid the leakage of their stolen sex tape.

The kicker? Pamela Anderson had nothing to do with the making of the show, and has publicly expressed that she doesn't even want to watch it. "I never watched the tape," she said in a trailer for her own documentary, *Pamela, A Love Story*. "I'm never going to watch [the show]."[4]

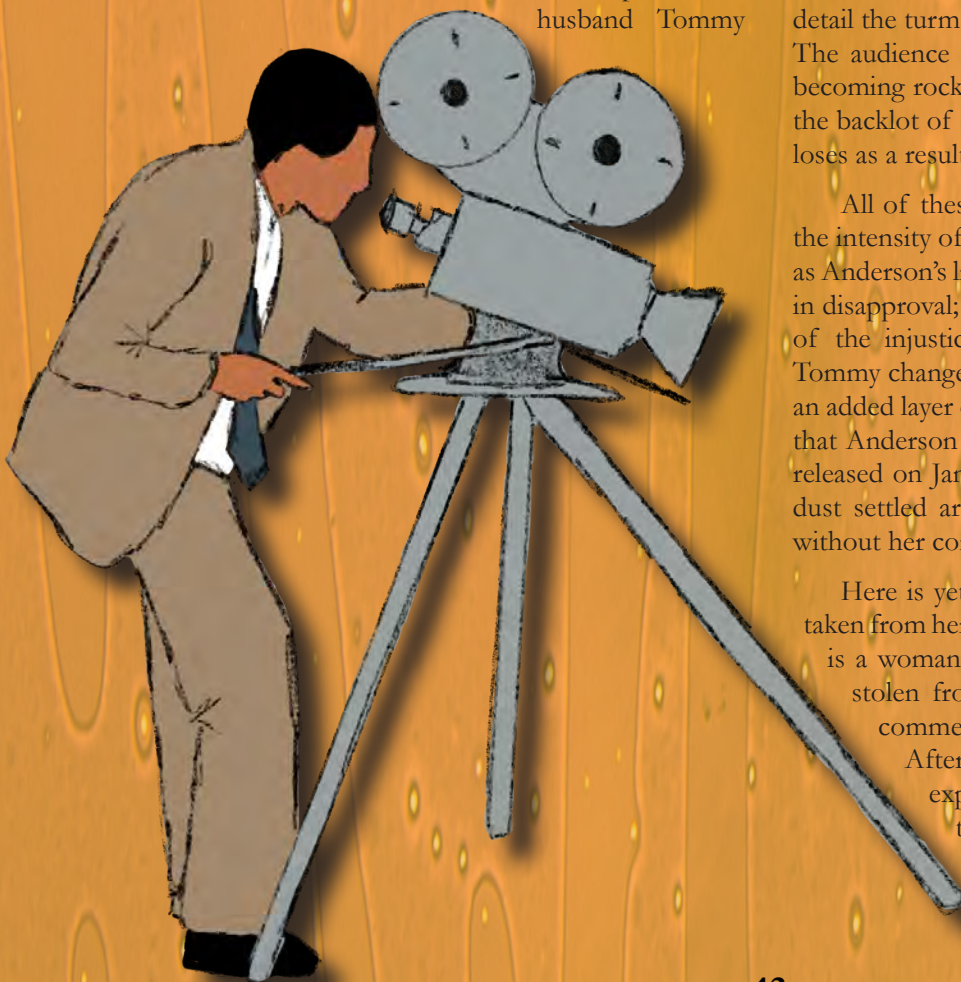
The producers of *Pam and Tommy* claim that they attempted to reach out to Anderson, saying that they "cared a great deal about her and wanted her to know that the show loves her," according to show creator D.V. DeVincentis.[5] Unfortunately, no matter how much the show creators love their subject, their portrayal of her was still done without her explicit consent. While this isn't against the law, it's still negligent behavior on the part of the show. If they tasked themselves with showing the "true" story of a person and a struggle they faced, shouldn't they consult them first?

The portrayal of Anderson in the show is mostly respectful. The producers only allude to the tape rather than showing it, and it seems that the leads — Lily James and Sebastian Stan — did months of research to play Anderson and Lee as accurately as possible.[6] All that being said, *Pam and Tommy* is still a drama rather than a documentary, and it is marketed as such. The draw of the show is not to tell the truth about the mistreatment and spurn Anderson faced in her life and career — as it claims to do — but rather, to detail the turmoil immediately after her sex tape was released. The audience sees scenes of Anderson and Lee's marriage becoming rocky, Anderson's coworkers watching her tape on the backlot of *Baywatch*, and the countless opportunities she loses as a result of her sex tape being leaked.

All of these events happen in quick succession, and it is the intensity of it all that pulls viewers in. They watch intently as Anderson's life crumbles around her, all to shake their heads in disapproval; as if she isn't still living with the ramifications of the injustice she was dealt just decades ago. *Pam and Tommy* changes nothing about her circumstances, other than an added layer of retrospective pity. And meanwhile, the story that Anderson actually wanted to tell about her life was only released on January 31st of this year, almost a year after the dust settled around the drama that reclaimed her narrative without her consent.[7]

Here is yet another instance of a woman's agency being taken from her in the telling of her own life. Pamela Anderson is a woman who suffered greatly for a sex tape that was stolen from her home; a keepsake that was meant to commemorate her and her husband's honeymoon.

After years of degradation and punchlines at her expense, she was finally granted an opportunity to reframe her image by the same industry that allowed it to be tarnished. But wait — Hulu beat her to the punch. And before it was re-sensationalized with the release of





# HOLLYWOOD

Pam and Tommy, nobody was listening. This sends a clear message to women in Hollywood: your story is only worth telling when it's convenient and when it sells. In this sense, the truth is inherently exploitative: tell the story on our terms, the producers say; if you don't approve, we'll tell it anyway.

This pattern of inaccurate story telling against the will and wishes of the subject is not exclusive to actresses or members of Hollywood. Women are exploited and bled dry for any and all involvement in the public sphere. There are at least 17 films about the life of Princess Diana, which is more than enough to comprehensively document the life of a woman who only lived to be thirty-six, and was in the public eye for less than two decades.[8]

To dramatize the life of a young woman who was adjusting to a drastically different reality is to flatten her evolution to just a fleeting phase of her life. It's nearly impossible to know what Princess Diana thought at age 18, or how those thoughts differed from the one's she had at age 30. Many of the films made about her speculate about her struggle in the royal family. However, the image of her that they've created is only part of who she was. While she may have felt trapped or stretched thin by the expectations to be composed, graceful, and elegant at all times, we don't know how this pressure might have impacted her mental health, or if she really was at odds with the entirety of the royal family. In the most recent

interpretation of Diana's life, Spencer, her circumstances are turned into an unnerving psycho-thriller, leaving audiences with a sense of dread that they can only guess Diana experienced at the end of her life.

Of course, we hear accounts of what she was thinking and feeling from her close friends and confidants; I've even seen clips of her diary entries being read aloud. But if accuracy comes at the cost of exposing the most intimate details of a person's life without their consent, is it worth it to tell the story at all? Rather than satiate the appetites of those invested in royal family drama, we should instead focus on the positive change Princess Diana made throughout her life. I doubt that anyone would want to be remembered for a gradual descent into devastation or the tragic circumstances under which they died.



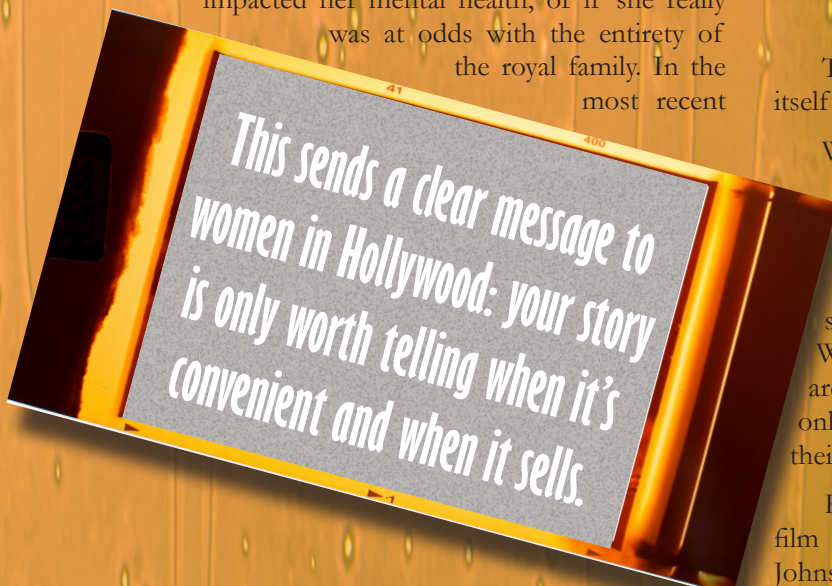
## II. Underrepresented Stars & Overrepresented Suffering



The dehumanization that results from biopics manifests itself in different forms.

Women of color similarly suffer from the commodification of lives and legacies in Hollywood. Only, their stories are treated with even less care than that of their white counterparts. While the quality of the film may be the same, the subject matter focuses almost entirely on Black struggle. *Hidden Figures* (2016), *Harriet* (2019), and *Whitney Houston: I Wanna Dance with Somebody* (2022) are all recent films that tell the stories of Black women, but only with respect to the struggles they faced as a result of their race.

*Hidden Figures* is an award winning, critically acclaimed film about three African American women — Katherine Johnson, Dorothy Vaughan and Mary Jackson — and their





significant role in helping send astronaut John Glenn to space. Despite the feat of their accomplishments, these three women are instead remembered for their struggles. The most memorable scene — shared countless times online — is of actress Taraji P. Henson as she laments over the blatant segregation that impairs her from doing her job effectively.[9]

Obviously, racial discrimination played a significant part in the circumstances under which these three women accomplished their achievements. However, their struggles take priority in their story over their greatness. This portrayal of Black women as tired, sorrowful, and resilient amid hardship is not as flattering or rewarding as Hollywood believes it to be. For Black audiences, seeing the struggle that we know intimately only reminds us of the many barriers we must overcome to be seen and heard, to have a movie made about our triumphs. Tubman sends a similar message of Black struggle as the sole means to Black triumph.

Whitney Houston: I Wanna Dance with Somebody is slightly different. At the intersection of Black struggle and the selling of the lives of famous women, the exploitation of Houston's story is doubly disappointing. Not only does the film use Houston's most popular songs throughout the film like a patchwork musical, but it also documents her struggle with drug abuse, twining her pop hits with a sense of sadness that dampens the viewing experience.

My introduction to Houston and her music was far more personal than the film that claims to remember her impact. My mom is adamant about listening to music throughout the house on weekends. The volume on whatever device she uses must be high enough to be heard from the basement, the kitchen, the bathroom, and the porch; those are the spaces that she breezes to and from as she works through her cleaning routine.

Before the days of holing myself in my room to do endless homework, I was typically beside her during these weekends, passing her supplies and humming along to whatever song was thrumming through the beige carpet. We found the Whitney Houston: Greatest Hits CD after one of our routine clean outs, and Mom was thrilled. The disc in our radio's built-in player inspired an impromptu dance-party, and led me to explore Houston on my own. Her disc also frequently rotated in the Disney princess CD player I was gifted for my eighth birthday, and I remember the joy I felt hearing that CD on breezy Summer days when

there was nothing to do but dance.

I also remember reading the headline about Houston's death on the living room TV; her music flowed throughout our house for days as we felt her loss.

To remind audiences of Houston's decline, just a decade after her death, is to remind them of the tragedy of her last moments rather than the glory of her career. Despite being young while learning about Houston and her life, I still felt the emptiness in the film's attempt to say something new or original. To chronicle her life through the polished products she made for consumption — and nothing more — almost retracts from her legacy, and demonstrates the worst of the essence of the biopic: a sparkly, yet distasteful retelling of the life of a woman whose death is so recent that the audience knows the ending before the opening credits even begin.

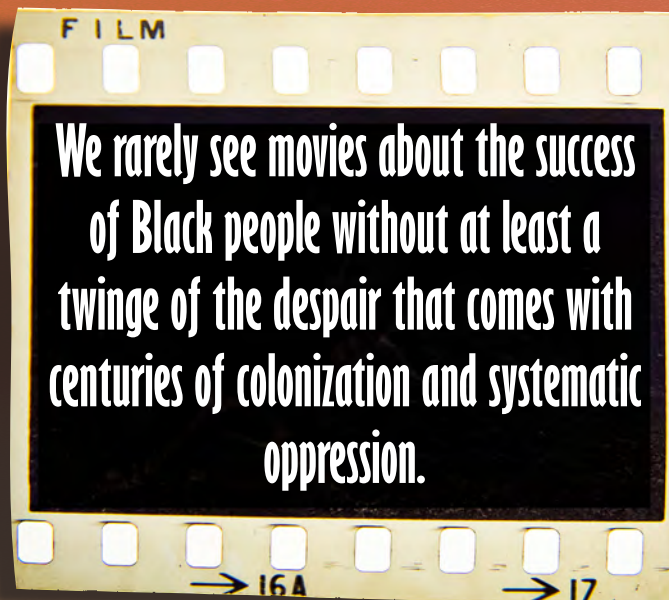
This treatment of women in the media is nothing new. But to draw audiences in on the coattails of women's legacies is a new form of exploitation that must be put to an end. The biopic contributes nothing but empty condolences and false apology for wrongdoings that the industry is wholly responsible for and audiences are bystanders to.

For white women, the biopic reinforces tropes of submission, helplessness, and suffering. In the eyes of the biopic, Monroe is a fragile prize to be won, Anderson is a woman whose sexuality is continually weaponized against her, and Diana is a woman whose entrapment in the royal hierarchy is served up on a platter for the morbid curiosity of the ever-distant viewer. This distance between the subject and the audience seems to increase through the biopic; we venture further away from viewing the subject as a whole human being, despite seeing what is meant to be the most intimate details of their lives.

For Black women, the biopic only draws attention to the lack of humanity we've been granted by the rest of the world. Hollywood loves to make movies about Black women as slaves, as burden-bearers, and as tragic figures. We rarely see movies about the success of Black people without at least a twinge of the despair that comes with centuries of colonization and systematic oppression. This could be chalked up to simply being representative of our tragic reality, but the struggle of Black women in the film industry is still disproportionately represented. If Hollywood wanted to see success without immense pain, sacrifice, and suffering, they'd have made it already.

But a story of a Black woman's success will never be chosen over that of a white man who did the same thing.

The problem is profit. No matter how much filmmakers





and producers claim to be writing the stories of women to save them, to redeem them, or to honor them, there is always the incentive of millions of dollars behind their attempts. What is a profitable movie if not a sensation? What is a successful show without gripping — though unrealistic — characters?

Nothing. So they sacrifice realism and accuracy for the story. And we, the audience, absorb the characters as the people they're meant to represent. By consuming the biopic, we become complicit in the fictionalization of women and their lives. As a result, they become flattened images of what they once were.

Our viewership is what these stories count on. By removing ourselves from seats in theaters and clicking away from the titles on the hompages of our streaming services, we are sending filmmakers a message of our own: tell the stories of women as they want them told, or don't tell them at all. It may seem difficult to convince Hollywood, but women contribute to half of the billions they make from their films. Let's see if money will talk in favor of justice for a change. 🍎

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# On Thawing

By: Ella Grim  
Art by: Idil Sahin  
Design by: Ella Grim

## i: Portrait of a Girl Under Ice

When the ice melts, in may,  
she takes her first gulp,  
shivers from the strength of sun.

Tell us, the radio station implores,  
how do you do it?  
Exist for so long on so little?

That is the conundrum,  
gilled or magicked or teleportational,  
gritty frozen inches of skin turned blue.

The sun paints an opera on her forehead,  
caresses each frozen eyelash, droplets  
mixing with tears pooling in shoes.

Tell us, they press, is it good to be back?  
How you must miss it,  
the sun when you are gone.

She scans the water,  
spoons an ice shard, and  
sucks it with dripping lips.

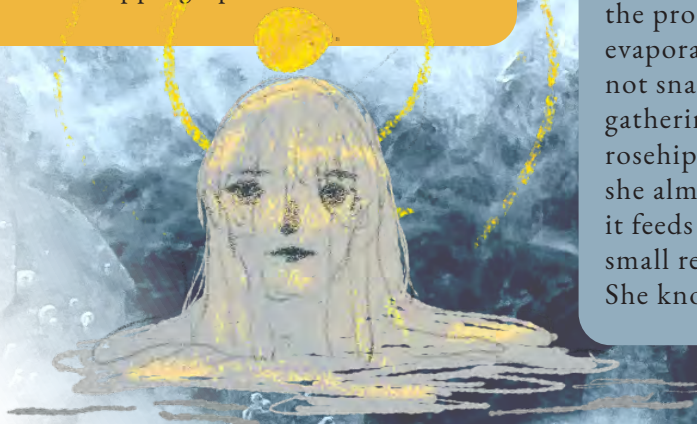
Happiness hit her like  
a bullet in the back

- Florence + The Machine, Dog Days are  
Over



## ii: semi-solar

What they cannot know,  
is the preexistence,  
glow catching cracks and bubbles  
spinning a kaleidoscope of amber, cerulean,  
and with each crack wider  
the promise of clawing out, of a sun side  
evaporated numb fingers running,  
not snapping off frozen bits  
gathering hues on the shore  
rosehips tansy cedar  
she almosts tastes it, that world  
it feeds selflessly,  
small regard for vision & image.  
She knows the sun well.





### iii: Rescue

How did you manage  
to find yourself down there?

The woman wraps her in a space blanket,  
hands her a bowl of burning water.

I have always lived under the ice.  
she replies.

The woman bites her questions  
and fashions an armchair of snow.

### iv: deeps

At night she dreams of a fish who eats through cracked ice with a terribly sharp maw and swallows her  
sister from the surface I have always and never been innocent  
she whispers into the ear of a sturgeon meandering through the quiet numb cold she learns to call the  
monster mother she learns to hold her breath to cry without gasps or sighs in the deeps there are no lulla-  
bies. Terrible things sing of terrible things. Tears float through hair, lines of basalt up and down arms to  
fashion a knife, a lure, a hook.

I think I must deserve a terrible world this time to the ear of a stone eons old who is too cold to echo  
sentiments back or show up unannounced, in a dream.

### v: after, they pull her out again

After demonstrating sufficient placidity, she bolts,  
heals ripping crust snow,  
hissing back,  
shore, ice, hole  
then screaming release  
sweet familiar water sucking oxygen out of her  
reverse-fish that she is  
clasping her tight, wicked buoyancy  
pledging liquid  
so cold it's warm.

**vi: The Questioning**

She insists on a poet.  
An old man is lured out of hibernation,  
wire glasses dripping down his face. He peers.

*Cold down there, no?*

*Only if you let yourself feel it.*

*And do you?*

*On the odd occasion.*

*How does one breathe under—*

*We agreed to suspend belief  
for the purpose of puncturing truth.*

She pats his hand.  
He leans conspiratorially.

*They feel the need to know  
how you ended up down there.*

*Did you swim?*

*Were you...put there?*

*Unclear.*

*I have told myself  
both versions of the story.*

*What do you feel the need to know?*

*Is it as beautiful as I imagine it would be?*

*Of course it is.*





They call her nymph.  
They call her creature.  
They call her miracle  
and pray to gods she does not see.

They call her girl.  
They call her monster.  
They search her body  
for ugly answers.

They call her liar.  
They say it should not be  
and yet she laughs and breathes.  
They call her impossible.

And no one asks for her name.

years later, deep in the bowels of some unnamed metropolis, sole occupant of the dim platform in the pool of grim water stagnant by the elevator she encounters the girl who is herself who is banging one palm on the ice and with the other stroking the hair of she who brought her here who had always been under the ice with her knowing escape is a lonesome occupation and sinking abandonment the worst of all sins

*we meet her eventually and her kisses are everything we imagined the sun to be*  
heavy words on the tongue but true and bittersweet she goes to the platform edge, takes the green line to uptown to call up the microfilm from shelf 361B of the public library archive to slide through the images of that foreign unearthly child, icicles still hanging off her hair the blanket around her like a coffin or an eyelash wish come true useless words smudged in the headlines *miraculous girl survives deeps* she spits them out like the hard sweet inventions they are 🍏



# Health Science Heresy:

The

Sexist

Legacy of

Phrenology

Art & Design by  
Asya Ulger

By Cara Lewis

## Introduction

Francis Gall's doctrine of phrenology has always been heretical. By claiming that external features of the cranium indicated behavioral traits, Gall contradicted the contemporary Christian belief that all white men are born equal, discarded neuroscientific localization of function, and preyed upon pervasive prejudices. The governing body of Austria was so offended by Gall's claims that he was prohibited from lecturing on his theory in 1802, but this only increased Gall's notoriety. Despite its egregious claims, phrenology's legacy of physical bias and sexism continues to infiltrate and degrade public health by propagating bias in biomedical research.

Phrenology quickly became a household topic and a widespread belief in the Western world. Johann Kaspar Spurzheim, who lectured in Ivy League halls,

brought phrenology to North America, where a feverish following latched onto the easily accessible insight into personality and mind via the concrete and visible. Phrenology readings became common prerequisites for job openings, hairstyles shifted to display covetable phrenological features, and phrenology storefronts offering readings for employment credibility crowded into major cities. Phrenology won the hearts of lay-people because it was "magic" dressed up as science.

Gall's pseudoscience, shrouded in parlor-game mystique, clung tightly to confirmation bias and prejudice. Post-mortem analysis of figures such as Aaron Burr only corroborated what was commonly known about their public prominence, renowned phrenologist Charles Carwell derived a "tamablenss" and need to "have a master" from the generalized skulls of African people. Physiologist Samuel Morton used phrenology to justify



the removal of Native Americans by indicating as a whole they were “adverse to cultivation, slow in acquiring knowledge.” Lorenzo Fowler built strict gender roles and expectations into his books’ phrenological charts, often indicating a female lack of intelligence due to an overactive organ for loving and focusing on family. Phrenology flourished because it allowed prejudice to become a self-fulfilling prophecy and offered lay-people a potential insight into the minds of those around them.

Even with pragmatic arguments and evidence against this pseudoscience, phrenology lingered at the forefront of Western culture for the better part of a century. Feverish followers and phrenology societies avidly drowned out critics until proponents of reason finally prevailed, debunking the practice in the 20th century with accounts of obvious error, criticisms over the lack of reputable evidence, and the sheer variability of methods. In 1888, The Britannica published a rebuttal to the practice which included a heavily prophetic caveat that “[phrenology], based, like many other artificial philosophies, on an admixture of assumption and truth, certain parts will survive and become incorporated into scientific psychology, while the rest will in due course come to be relegated to the limbo of effete heresies.”

## Results

While phrenology as an explicit practice has faded into the background, its implicit biases permeate into biomedical research of the 21st century. In 2013, an infamous article titled “Attractiveness of women with rectovaginal endometriosis: a case-control study” by Paolo Vercellini et al. was published in *Fertility and Sterility*, one of the most reputable journals for doctors and scientists studying infertility and human reproductive disorders. This article, peer-reviewed and published, utilized a scale for physicians to subjectively assess the attractiveness of female patients about to have surgery to treat endometriosis. In the conclusions Vercellini et al. delineate a correlation between more aesthetically attractive female patients and severe endometriosis, adding that these more attractive women should have altered patient care to accommodate them. Explicitly the article stated that “women with rectovaginal endometriosis were judged to be more attractive...they had leaner silhouettes, larger breasts, and an earlier coitarche [first sexual encounter].” Reportedly, the women in the study were not asked for their consent to be judged for their attractiveness, non-Caucasian female patients were excluded completely from the study, and patients were required to strip in front of the physicians so that they could assess aesthetics and take breast measurements. While this study did not explicitly claim to use phre-

nological arguments, it borrowed from the paradigm that physical appearance can lend insight into internal systems while using subjective measures based on racial and sexist ideologies.

## Methods

Even with their biased methodology, Vercellini et al. completed the standard steps for planning and executing biomedical research. Vercellini et al.’s study used female patients from the University of Milan’s OB/GYN department. The “local institutional review board” approved the research design. All participants signed an “informed consent” waiver, yet “to limit potential unintentional seductive behaviors that might have swayed the rater’s judgment, information on the specific hypothesis of different degrees of attractiveness was not given in advance of the physical assessment.” Astonishingly, the article underwent intensive peer review and editing before publication in *Fertility and Sterility*. After seven years of criticism, outrage, and letters that were met with strict silence from the publisher, *Fertility and Sterility* retracted the article at the request of the authors.

## *How is it that every layer of ethical review and bureaucratic red tape failed to arrest the miscommunication of blatant, sexist pseudoscience?*

Vercellini et al. were able to publish their objectifying and misogynistic paper because sexism’s prevalence in biomedical research transcends explicit pseudoscience and prejudice. Across nine biomedical journals, Geller et al. found that only 37% of studies included both male and female participants. Kannan et al. reported a cross-sectional study of biomedical research recruitment and found that the underrepresentation of women in clinical trials is due to recruitment bias and not a lack of female volunteers. Additionally, due to the combination of false assumptions that the estrous cycle increases the heterogeneity of the studied population and that sexes are affected identically by diseases, female subjects such as cells, mammals, and humans are systematically left out of biomedical research. The average reports for adverse drug effects are higher for women based on the fact that the majority of research processes are tested on male subjects. An article from *Nature* states that an average of 22% of papers submitted for open-access title *eLife* publication place female authors as the last authors (a sign of rank) and that only 20% of peer reviewers are women. Each level of biomedical

research is riddled with inequity, often stemming from misinformation and pseudoscience that work against women's health.

## Discussion

Phrenology and other pseudosciences are detrimental to health. The misinformation and prejudices that they support extend past party tricks and into the real science needed for biomedical research. Phrenology has left a lasting impression that physical attributes can reveal traits that support prejudices. This ideology is implicitly employed in many biomedical studies,

including that by Vercellini et al. Dr. Kate Young, an OB/GYN, commented that the Vercellini et al. paper is “a really good example of what happens when we do research about women but not for them... We need research to be influenced by the people who it is for.” Additionally, we need biomedical research to be influenced by the ailments themselves and not visual bias. Phrenology's legacy is an immensely harmful fallacy that prejudiced perception of appearance can give insight into underlying biological processes. The most dangerous and societally parasitical pseudoscience are the ones that stand on the foundation of prejudice. 🍎



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# The Medusa of Reciprocity

Art By: Shena Han

Written By: Chloe Cordasco

Designed By: Chloe Cordasco



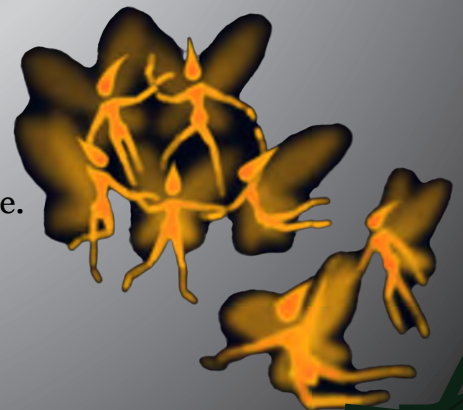


and sharing means other words they do not understand. I am not done yet.  
Don't Go Yet. How Can I Not Know What I want, confident Comme des Garçons for real, trust. better. Giving. I am better.

Will.]



[this is a period.] [⠨⠆⠗⠊⠎ ⠨⠇⠑⠒⠁⠏⠞⠔⠗⠊⠕⠒⠗⠟⠖⠛⠙⠐⠗⠋⠚]



# The Puppy & THE MOCKINGBIRD

By: Norah Valderrama  
Art by: Raegan Boettcher  
Design by: Naya Lunney

Autumn of '76,  
Huamanga, Province of Ayacucho, Perú.

*Isabel Valdivia Guerra* is a young, wide-eyed, middle class student at the University of Huamanga, in Ayacucho. As a leading member of the Revolutionary Student Front (FER — Frente Estudiantil Revolucionario), she has big dreams of social change and revolution. *Marco Antonio Gonzáles del Ríto*, the son of a feudal landowner, has also been involved in FER with her for years. This association brings about a wide range of serious conflicts between his conservative family, his professional aspirations, and himself. In the context of the reconstitution and emergence of the Communist Party of Peru, which is preparing to launch its revolutionary war, Isabel and Marco walk the line between passion-fueled love, youthful angst, and the growing, inescapable spiral of political violence that would come to transform life in Ayacucho in the coming decades.



For months, Isabel has tried to confront Marco about his care-free child-like attitude, his lack of commitment to their relationship, and his newly dismissive attitude towards Isabel's work. Seeing failed attempt after failed attempt, Isabel's friend, Amelia, leader of the FER in Ayacucho, advises her to abandon her previously-gentle approach for a harshly-critical, confrontational one.

In the midst of this charged, tense atmosphere, FER's leadership holds a closed meeting to discuss a new directive from the Communist Party's Central Committee: "Crush and Expel all Rightism, Liquidationism, and Revisionism in Service of Reconstitution!" Marco, uninvited and unannounced, enters the room and speaks in favor of breaking with the Central Committee. Isabel, along with the majority, vote to move forward with expulsion at the next regional meeting, ordering all who sided with the opposition to self-criticize. With this, choking back her anger and fear, she gathers the courage to finally speak:





**FER**

VIVA EL ANIVERSARIO  
DEL

**PCP**

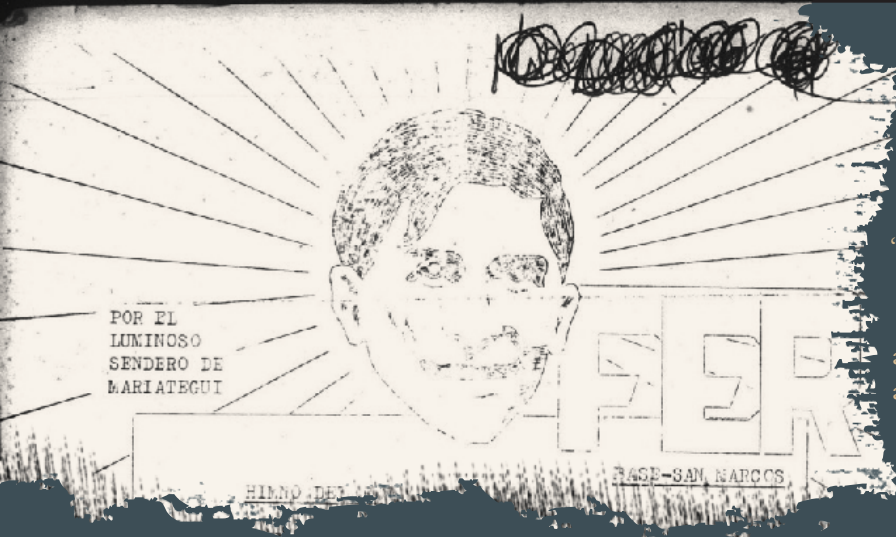


IMPULSAR LA  
RECONSTITUCION  
DEL

**PCP**

Viva el  
marxismo-  
leninismo-  
maoismo!





delirious love like a run-away spinning top. "Why do you never take me seriously?"

"Oh, come on, babe. You know I do," Marco replied. "You just have an interesting style, is all."

"One day you're with us, the next day you critique us and side with the *Puka Llacta*<sup>2</sup>, or the Hoxhaites<sup>3</sup>, and even *Patria Roja*<sup>4</sup>. You say you're so committed to Communism you'd want to die for your ideas, you say that you love me for how I love the Party. But I rarely see you at the meetings. I rarely see you leading any protests or helping us organize them. You only come to voice disagreements, join in with the opposition, and tell us how to do our job, like your only allegiance is to whatever the most palatable, least disruptive position is at the moment."

Isabel turned away from Marco, taking another long, aching drag from her melancholic cigarette. "It's like — you stand for nothing."

A question — brewed and tempered in her mind since the very first moment his name acquired a meaning — burst upon the surface:

"You confuse me — Maybe even more than I confuse myself. Why can't you just be honest and clear with me? Why can't you just take *one* thing seriously for once in your life?"

Marco gave a brittle sigh, turning away from her.

"I don't know. I don't understand what I feel most of the time, if I'm being honest. I'm confused as well, Isa, but I do know I like this . . . And that I like you. Don't you think that's enough?"

"If that's true, then commit. To me. And to the Party. And the Revolution. Because that is what I am. You will never have me unwhole."

"You know that isn't true. You're more than the Party, Isabel —"

Isabel took in the familiar, savory bitterness of the smoke she had come to like so much. Marco, fiddling his cigarette in his hands, followed suit. The two had exchanged no words since the session was adjourned earlier that day. They sat a few feet apart, a self-induced force repelling their bodies from making contact. The anxious coldness of the rectangular concrete structure upon which they sat traveled from the palms of their hands to the marrow of their spines. The walls and columns of the Humanities Faculty, exploding with cluttered, frantically-drawn political slogans, softly mirrored the blue and orange hues of the Andean afternoon. A single bird chirped in the distance, carving lonely melodies onto the air.

"You were quite the speaker back there," said Marco, breaking the silence. A third cigarette, already halfway burnt, cast flickers against the gravel-colored floor. Isabel glanced at him, nodding.

"I was only doing my job. And — Amelia, Clotilde, Franco, and the others did most of it anyway —"

"Don't undercut yourself like that," Marco interrupted. "You know you're the soul of the faction. They'd be lost without you."

"Since when are you on our side? What gives?" Isabel replied in cynical jest.

"I don't need to agree with you on everything to know that I love you, *cholita*<sup>1</sup>."

Isabel looked into his deep-green eyes. She turned to her cigarette, sighing before taking another puff.

"A communist works selflessly and never seeks personal advantage in anything. In the Party, we work as one," she said. Marco smiled — the same, smug, goddamn smile that had always made her heart swing between the depths of hatred and

PER MARXISTA HOY ES  
ADHERIR AL MARXISMO LENINISMO  
PENSAMIENTO  
MAO-TSETUNG



"I am assuming important roles and positions. Soon you will have to make a choice too. Everyone will have to."

"You just want me to be another obedient yes-man to you and your friends. Better get a dog if that's what you want, because babe, it's just not me and it never will be," he said, profound frustration coloring his inflection. "You think you're an enlightened messenger for the Red Messiah and the rest of us are the blind who must be made to see."

"No, Marco — the problem is that you're a coward. You talk big about dying for the revolution, but we both know that was never in the cards for you. You love your comfort and luxury," Isabel spat. "My bad! How could I ever forget that the most important thing to Marco Antonio González is Marco Antonio González?"

Isabel stopped, looking out into the mountains which towered over distant buildings. His hand was touching a single atom of hers, both still pressed against the concrete.

"There is only one way, Marco," she continued.

"And soon, when the People's War begins, you will be either with us or against us.

That's your choice."

"I can repeat Party slogans too," he blurted. Isabel felt her face go cold. With that, she rapidly stood up and rushed towards the exit. Tears began to pool beneath her eyes, black eyeliner melting on the side of her cheeks. The click-clack of her ballerinas left a ghostly echo suspended in the hallway, intermittently giving way to silence like the back-and-forth of a metronome. Marco remained seated, finishing his fourth and final cigarette as thoughts began to circle in his mind.



Ten minutes had passed since Outside, in Sucre Square, was descending towards her resting place, far behind the

the argument.  
the sun



mountains and pampas. Isabel sat on a bench facing the Cathedral, each intricate baroque ornament on its decaying, discolored façade weaving together through her stare of muted resentment. The moribound streaks of red paint surrounding the gates, centuries past fading by the day, bore the battle wounds from scourging estival deluges.

From the corner of her eye, a man approached. He wandered towards the bench, letting his body fall backwards into its dusty, ancient build. Isabel kept her vision forward, clutching the icy sheets with which she tried to blanket up her burning heart.

Marco opened up his bag, taking out a half-eaten homemade chicken sandwich. He extended it towards her, raising his eyebrows with nervous expectation, his smugness washed away by a rare, apparent sincerity. Isabel felt an instinctual smile creep upon her face, the newly-born winter within her crumbling once more to a hauntingly familiar, cursed warmth. The snow which swathed the mountains of her torment quickly melted into dirty, muddy rivers and dragged away her use of reason.

“Thank you,” she said, taking the sandwich from his hands.

By the entrance of a nearby store, a man belted a popular creole waltz, his fingers dancing on a half-broken, slightly-out-of-tune guitar. As they listened to the drunken melodies which filled the Ayacuchean evening, Isabel rested her head on Marco’s shoulder.

*“¿Me duele el corazón con tal violencia,  
Que arrancarlo de mi pecho yo quisiera!  
Y llevarlo de la mano a tu presencia,  
Y oprimirlo, fuertemente, hasta que muera...”*

*Patrón, patrón, sirva usted más caña,  
¡Se me ha atracado un huesito en la garganta!  
Hace tiempo que vivo yo borracho,  
Vaya al diablo, el perrito y la calandria...”*

“Who do you think are the puppy and the mockingbird?” Isabel asked, her amber eyes once more denoting the sweet innocence of their younger days.

“I don’t know, baby. I’ve always wondered that as well,” he said, chuckling.

A symphony of birds soon enveloped their yearning ears, the thunderous storms within giving way to a sunny, resplendent afternoon.

“Can I ask you something, Marco?”

“Of course, baby.”

“What made you join the FRES<sup>5</sup>? Back in Secondary<sup>6</sup>?”

“Hm. Why do you ask?”

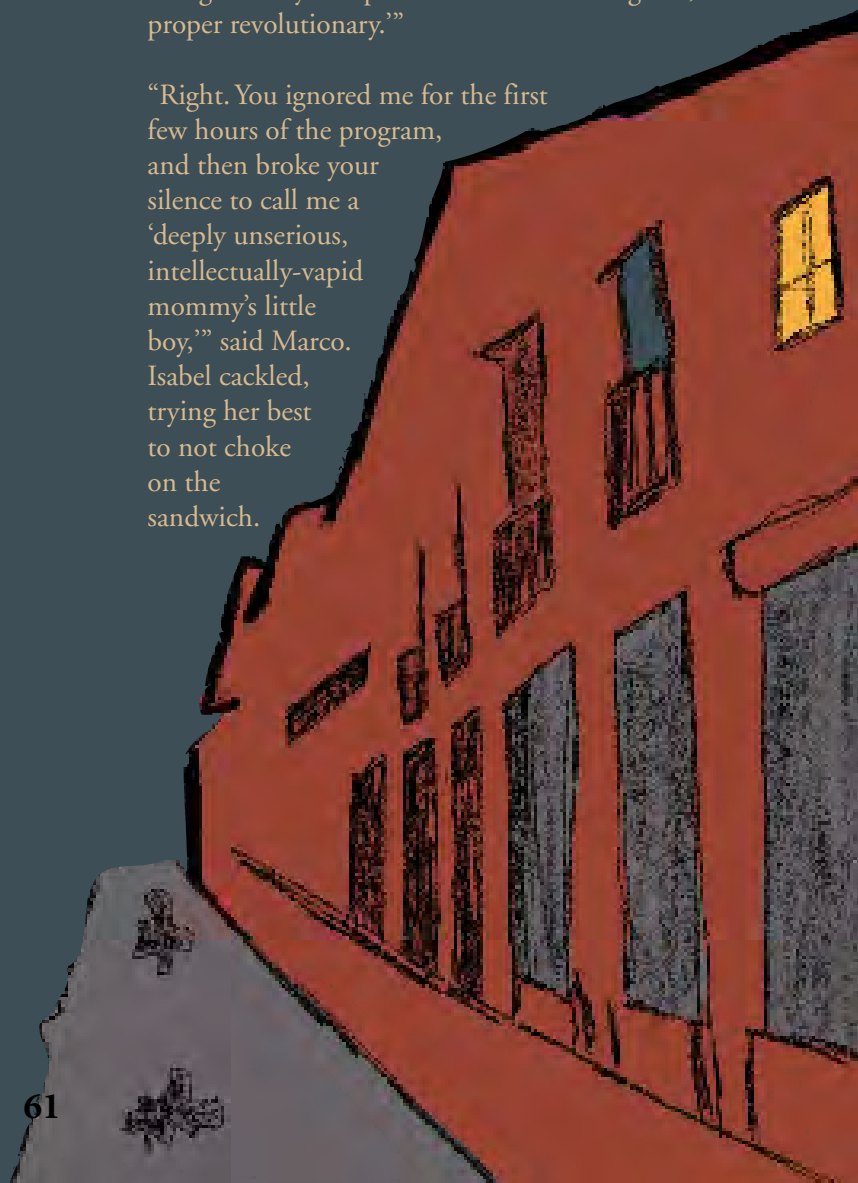
“I guess — I just never did ask you. But I’ve always wondered what compelled you to. You were the last person I would have imagined joining. You were *so* arrogant, *so* full of yourself ... The epitome of a rich asshole.”

Marco laughed, putting his hand around her waist.

“Don’t you remember when we went on field trips back then? I’m sure you must remember the first one we did, in our first year of Secondary, when we went to Cusibamba. We were assigned to work together.”

“Ha. How could I forget? I hated you back then!” Isabel giggled. “I begged our teacher to switch, but he wouldn’t let me. He said I had to be ‘more principled, and gracefully accept the task I had been given, like a proper revolutionary.’”

“Right. You ignored me for the first few hours of the program, and then broke your silence to call me a ‘deeply unserious, intellectually-vapid mommy’s little boy,” said Marco. Isabel cackled, trying her best to not choke on the sandwich.





"That was the first time I did anything like that. You know, with the peasants, directly. I will never forget how happy it made me, to feel like I was actually making a difference. Especially when we went on lunch break, and the woman we had been helping carry sacks of maize all morning offered us something to eat. She had absolutely nothing, and yet, no matter how much we told her she didn't need to, she insisted that we eat from the little pot of soup she had cooked. You remember it, yeah?"

"Of course I do. But, I didn't know your first time actually talking with a peasant gave you such a moral turnaround," she joked, overlooking as a subtle fluster took over his demeanor.

"— That day, I consciously realized I couldn't live without doing something to fix the inequality and misery which surrounds us. But, even as a kid, I think I've just always seen things this way."

"Most people of your class don't think this way, Marco."

Marco turned to her, breaking out a shy smile. "That day, I knew I had an obligation to continue to do things like that. So, I began to read those pamphlets the FRES would always pass out at the school exit, once classes were over. You, personally, gave me a few — if I remember correctly."

"Mostly to spite you. I didn't think it would actually have an impact."

"Well, it did. I sought out more Marxist literature at the University library, I went to some meetings with the Front for the Defense, the peasant union, even the FER. And that's how I came to join FRES."

"Wow."

"And — it was also then that I fell in love with you."

Isabel felt her cheeks fill with

rapture, an oddly melancholic joy blending in with her nostalgia.

"I actually remember the day it happened. It was during one of the field trips — a later one, when our school was becoming more ideological. Dr. Díaz Martínez and a few other Party leaders came with us. You were designated as a trip leader, and you were in charge of giving the opening speech and ensuring ideological direction amongst students."

Isabel reminisced. "Right, I remember too. I was actually quite nervous — I stayed up all night perfecting that speech."

"See, I was standing beneath the platform with the rest of the students and the villagers, watching you speak. I remember your initiative to cover the Peruvian flag with a Communist flag, and how you looked talking in front of it, waving your fist, citing from Marx, Lenin, Mao. Your hair waving in the wind, sunlight running through your skin. Talking about how everything will be different one day. And — that was the moment."

"So . . . You fell in love with me because I looked pretty in front of a flag."

"What? No!" Marco said, laughing. "I fell in love with you because I'd never met anyone who was as committed and convinced about the need for a different future as I was."

Isabel left out a sigh of bittersweetness, their hands interlocking. "You must not have met many Communists." She laid upon his lap watching the Cathedral, clouds adorning the deep- purple sky like oil brush-strokes



on canvas, freshly dried by the cold wind descending from the pampas.

"Beauty is common, but a soul and brain like yours; it is once-in-a-generation, Isabel."



They had been walking for over an hour and a half, their feet starting to ache with intensity. Huamanga lay beneath them, her orange-yellow lights glimmering against the obscured mountainsides. A few small clouds rolled across dusk, distant stars peeking from between their cotton-like texture. As they danced up to the summit, the ancient dryness of the Andean pampa welcomed their presence, yellow grasslands and the scent of blooming eucalypti guiding them through the unmarked dirt path.

"Do you really love me, Marco?"

Hesitation.

"Yes. Of course I do."

Darkness was falling. Another spark lit the quiet scenery, the scent of burnt tobacco muting any restlessness left in Isabel.

The rest of the climb was silent, save for their increasingly laborious breath, the thinning air exhausting their youthful energies. Within ten minutes, they reached a small, flat area free of cacti or falling rocks, where all that existed for miles was the distant city, the sky, and each other. It was a place as ingrained in their minds as the weeping sorrows of an Ayacuchean huayno<sup>7</sup>, her airs and earth well acquainted with the bareness of their naked skin.

As they both sat on a patch of grass, Marco took out yet another cigarette. This time, Isabel lit it for him. Marco stood transfixed at her; wuthering winds caressing the softness of her face, classical beauty given life by the shining in her pupils, fiery-orange reflected under deep-blue moonlight.

"Sometimes I feel like you're toying with me," she said, her gaze shifting towards Huamanga's surreal, flickering glow.

"... Why?"

"Marco. You've always toyed with everyone. What makes me different?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. I don't 'toy' with people, Isabel."

"Yes you do. Even now that we have — this — going, you just can't stop yourself from flirting with girls, from sweettalking them. And, you still can't fully commit to me. You say you love me, but I wonder if our concepts of love are even the same."

"Isabel, you are more judgemental than you realize. I don't like the idea you have of me."

"Okay. Nevermind."

Marco sighed, taking another drag.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm just so — I know I should be happy. This relationship is all I've wanted for years. I know I should be thankful, and joyful, and glad — and instead, I'm anxious, and I'm scared."

Marco brought Isabel's head close to his shoulder, running his cold hands through each wave of her rich, dark hair.

"What do you mean, *wawita*<sup>8</sup>?"

Once more, silent hesitation.

Then — an answer:

"Remember when you came over to my place, maybe a few months ago, and we listened to *Tristan und Isolde* on my father's record player?"

"Yes. Of course I do."

"Right. So, that is what I mean. Loving you is an unsolvable, unending dilemma."

"I don't understand," he said.

"There is no resolution, and there never can be resolution. That is why the music never resolves. Think of the prelude: it opens with the mourning, quiet weeps of a heartbroken violoncello, giving way to such strange, brittle chords, softly disappearing into nothingness. It climbs up chromatically, begging for an answer, and just when it seems like there will be a tonal center established, a chord to call 'home,' there is none. It grows in volume, passion translated into loudness, 'til it reaches the same point, over and over again: the same two chords, sharing a beautiful melancholy, yet never finding a conclusion."



# FIER

With its burning words de W. G. Wagner.

BASE

SNN MARCOS

¿RETRADA ESTRATÉGICA  
O HUIDA VERGONZOSA?

LOS ANARQUIZANTES FURIOSOS DE  
LOS AGENTES DE

“Okay,  
but — Aren’t we  
talking about us? What are you  
trying to say, Isabel?”

“I *love* you; and being with you is the most wonderful gift I have been given. Yet that joy is double-edged. That’s what I’m trying to say. Even when things are going well — even when we make love, when we work together, when we create — you inspire painful irresolution in me. My soul remains in hunger, and every piece of bread I feed her only starves her further. You *ruin* me . . .”

Isabel wiped off a nascent tear with her sleeves, her eyes anxiously focused on finding patterns in the growing grass beneath her. Suddenly, she felt a violent surge of **SHAME — RESENTMENT — SORROW — ANGER — FURY — DESPERATION**, hurracinous torments for years collected in the darkest trenches of her soul, now shattering the exile she had naïvely imposed upon them:

“I hate the ambiguity to which you keep me enslaved. I *hate* what you do to me. I *hate* that I love you *at all*.”

Silence took her broken wings into its mantle, as Isabel’s body slowly melted onto Marco’s. With her final words spilled against the dryness of the barren soil beneath her, she once again searched for the beloved warmth that kept her so deliciously starved.

“I figured you wouldn’t agree much with Wagner’s Schopenhauerian approach to the question of love, Isabel,” said Marco, in a renewed attempt to lighten-up the mood.

“Well — Schopenhauer was a bourgeois pessimist,” she said, attempting to conceal her earlier vulnerability despite her trembling voice. “He would say my dissatisfaction is just the way of the world.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. Remember Mariátegui: pessimism of the *real*, optimism of the *ideal*. Schopenhauer — and Wagner — want us to believe humanity is fated to painful irresolution, to wandering the earth unsatisfied with ourselves and our relationships. Like hedgehogs who desire each other’s company, yet can’t get close to one another due to their sharp quills. But you and I, Marco, are Communists. We are Marxist-Leninist-Maoists. And we can’t merely think like it — we must also act like it. We see love not as an abstract transhistorical concept, but as a part of humanity’s biological reality — the reproductive impulse, the social impulse — which is simply molded and expressed in different ways according to our present era. So under static, bourgeois existence, maybe love *is* condemned to these Wagnerian cycles of misery. Right?”

“I guess so,” he said.

“Right. But in the era of social revolution, love *can* transcend this condemnation: it can become a war-machine, a motor of madness. It can drive two people — you and I — to sublate our life into one, and give it for the liberation of humanity. There is the answer. That is why I need you — not part of you, not you just on Sundays and Mondays, but all of you — and that’s why you can’t have me unwhole.”

Marco chewed on his bottom lip. “And what about once the revolution is won? What then?”

“Well — I don’t know. It’s not like our work stops, but it will be *so* different. Alienation will be a distant memory. Social relationships will no longer be mediated through production for exchange, wage-labor, the value-form. And — you know — the nuclear family itself, and patriarchal conceptions of relationships and love, will give way

to communitarian forms of social organization. And perhaps we will still feel unfulfilled and unwhole, and keep getting hurt by the relationships we form with other people — but we will have each other to figure it out. And we will have the support of a society to do so. We will ‘make way for Winged Eros,’ like Kollontai said. With socialism, we will grant him the gift of flight. And we will elevate love to the celestial throne, as the highest virtue of human existence.”

Marco sat in a pensive, hypnotic state, airs of nocturnes grazing through his every emotion. His answer never came, and so Isabel fell silent too, looking out over the sleepiness of their most beloved Huamanga. Suspended in the fine sands of gentle Chronos, Marco’s half-unfinished cigarette burnt a serene death in the coldness of the Andean pampa.



#### Endnotes

1 Indigenous or Andean woman. Historically derogatory, yet also used as a term of endearment.

2 Close to the ‘Shining Path of Mariátegui’ FER faction (which Isabel is a part of, and which is under the control of the Communist Party of Peru [PCP]), yet adopts a more centrist position on questions of armed struggle.

3 Followers of Enver Hoxha and the Albanian strand of Marxism, which would go on to split with Mao in the Sino-Albanian split. These events would, in part, cause an internal split in the PCP - Bandera Roja, from which the Reconstituted PCP (and the FER ‘for the Shining Path of Mariátegui’) would emerge.

4 Communist faction which aligned itself with Deng Xiaoping’s reforms, in contrast with the other Chinese-aligned parties in Peru at the time, which remained loyal to Maoism and the left-line of the Communist Party of China.

5 High school branch of the FER (Revolutionary Student Front).

6 High School

7 Indigenous song.

8 Baby’ in Quechua



the

# RECKONING

playlist



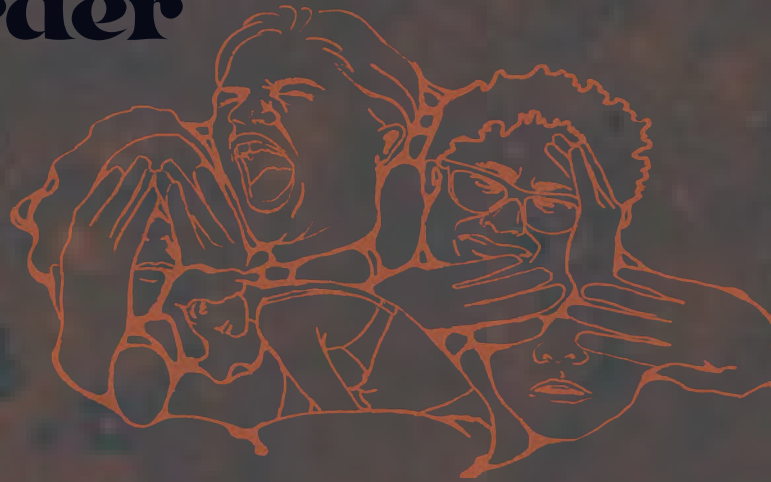
curated by the Spare Rib staff

# An Overview of Pre-Menstrual Dysphoric Disorder

**By: Ari Rojas**

**Art by: Milanne Berg**

**Design by: Rachel Roncka**



**In popular media and television, the term “PMS,” or premenstrual syndrome, has come to describe instances of irrational mood swings and outpours of intense emotion.**

At its best, the phrase is a cheeky punchline and at its worst, the phrase serves to undermine people who menstruate. To that effect, this has led to a large degree of stigma surrounding the term and the related, but lesser known term, PMDD, which stands for premenstrual dysphoric disorder.

PMDD is a chronic condition causing severe psycho-emotional challenges for those affected. Some of these challenges include irritability, depression, anxiety, loss of control, and concentration problems. In 1994, PMDD became recognized in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders IV (DSM-IV; American Psychiatric Association, 1994). According to Harvard Medical School, it is estimated that 1 in 12 people who menstruate experience PMDD.

The National Institute of Health (NIH) has found that individuals with PMDD have an altered gene complex that is responsible for the body’s response to hormones and stressors. This discovery establishes a preliminary cause for PMDD, grounding its biological foundations. PMDD is a biological condition, not a behavioral one and it is the duty of every individual, not just those who menstruate, to be aware of the condition and especially empathetic to those dealing with it. In practice, this means employers and educational institutions should acknowledge the condition and have procedures in place to help get treatment for those affected.





On average, individuals with PMDD experience a range of these symptoms over 6.4 days of every menstruation cycle. In a year, this amounts to over 76 days. That is, 76 days in which an individual is affected by symptoms resembling those of acute anxiety and depression. Since these symptoms manifest on a cyclic schedule and are caused by hormonal changes, they are different from other mental illnesses. This means medical practitioners should not conflate treatment options for depression and anxiety with PMDD. Instead, PMDD should be researched in its own right to discover more optimal treatments and potentially drugs as well. This can be achieved through conducting more thorough studies on the condition and creating treatment plans more specifically aimed at treating PMDD. While women's health has made progress in the past decades with more available birth control options and more awareness of differences in the female body's relation to cardiovascular diseases, there is still more to consider. For instance, the causes of PMDD and appropriate treatment options are still largely unknown. In the past, medical professionals believed the differences in men and women's health were strictly related to reproductive organs. Hence, women's health became known as "bikini health" because research focused on the parts of the body covered up by a bikini. Research on women's health focused on breast cancers and gynecologic conditions, while the deeper effects of the menstrual cycle on mental health went unexamined.

In practice, this has meant that people who menstruate have been underdiagnosed for PMDD and have even been misdiagnosed with other conditions. PMDD is most often mistaken for bipolar disorder, resulting in individuals taking the incorrect drugs and not getting better. Other individuals are simply dismissed as hormonal and do not receive any treatment. Worse yet, one study found that Black women are less likely to be diagnosed with PMDD than their white counterparts. It is then critical to examine how intersectional identities factor into diagnoses for underrepresented conditions such as PMDD.

Another study found that people with PMDD have "remarkably high risk" of being suicidal with 15.8% self reporting at least on suicide attempt compared to the 3.2% of individuals without PMDD who self report. While there are several possible causes of the difference in suicidal tendencies between these two groups, it is certainly possible that the lack of effective treatment and proper medical attention could be a factor.

Currently, treatment options remain limited. A targeted form of treatment involves taking selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs) a few days before PMDD symptoms manifest. Other treatment options include lifestyle changes and contraceptive pills to deal with hormonal changes. Generally, these lifestyle changes may include journaling to keep track of cyclic emotional changes and a balanced diet and exercise routine to mitigate symptoms. As this condition becomes less stigmatized and better researched, more treatment options will become available. A pivotal step in destigmatizing this condition is to talk about it more openly and educate ourselves on this condition's impact on people who menstruate. 🍏

**"women's health  
became known as  
'bikini health'**

**because research focused on the  
parts of the body covered  
up by a bikini."**



# *A Portrait of the Writer as a Young Woman*

By: Yiran Jiang

Art By: Cara Lewis

Design By: Maanasi Shyno





I was around 16. I had a dream. I dreamed of an island, lying between the craggy islets in the huge stretch of a dark, blue ocean. It was a stormy night. After night-fall, I looked afar and noticed the blurry outline of a lighthouse gleaming a short distance away. I remembered I was once at the swimming pool with my family, but the next moment my location changed. I was standing on the outside rim of the island, ready to jump into the sea. The storm grew in intensity. I swam. I saw the lightning, and thunder was my company. I made use of the very few moments when my head was above the water, trying to catch sight of the flickering light of the lighthouse. Strangely, I had an unquenchable desire for life, and I wanted to swim across the sea to reach the lighthouse.

I never truly fathomed what the dream could mean, but I always remember the senses and feelings left in me. It's a mix of curiosity towards the borderland, fear of the unknown, regret of jumping into the sea, and sensations caused by adrenaline that flood in my bloodstream. Later I dreamt of the lighthouse a few more times, but each time I failed to get to the other side. Either I never reached the lighthouse, or I just couldn't remember. I wonder if there are other ways of going there, just like the Lighthouse was reached at the same time as Lily Briscoe completed the unfinished painting of Mrs. Ramsay. Or perhaps after many years, others will go there on behalf of me. But at that time I didn't know who Lily was; I knew neither the Ramsays nor Virginia Woolf. I gradually set this dream aside, but it later became an archive where I wish to revisit at any time. It's always there.

Initially I didn't choose to write, but instead I felt like writing chose me. I write when I have strong emotions, when I have to defend myself, and when I become rebellious. I write not because I own inspiration but because inspiration owns me. I am the medium of ideas, the vessel for emotions, a fungible character who finds her voice in each opposition that is directed at her. I cannot stand the open fields, just as I was afraid to be abandoned on the shore. So I felt the need to swim across the sea. My body resides in the valleys where I can hear echoes in the wind. The same with my dream when I hear a sound resounding from the light-

house in the midst of the faint light. I need to hear the echoes, and I shall not exist alone. I feel like I need to be confronted, to have emotions, and to soak things up like a sponge. But in the meantime, I hate and love my counterparts, my enemies, my friends. And myself especially. I don't know when I started to doubt my feelings and senses. Me being praised and criticized at the same time. Me being both a leading role and a supporting actor. Tagged with the word "femininity." They value my delicacy but bemoan my subjectivity. When did I start to notice that whenever we talk about femininity, we always think of sensitivity? And is there too much sensitivity in me?

There was a time when I wanted my writing to be more rational, more objective, more distanced as if the image of myself as an author almost faded. My writing was not creative, not reflective, and not even organized. It was neither feminine nor masculine. It was a concoction. It was nothing. Maybe. I tried to become neither man nor woman, neither myself nor the others. Like Schrodinger's cat, I was in the superposition state of multiple realities. I force myself to be shrouded by the gaze of the others. I assume that I am judged by stereotypes. I want to prove that my writing can be more than just emotions and feelings. I conceive of an imagined enemy. I am just never free.

For such a long time, I've restrained myself from resorting to definition. I was afraid of defining things. Definition kills possibilities. If I am in a state of uncertainty, everything can still be constantly shaping me, turning me from a prototype into a finished product - from instability to stability. That is why I start to fear that I will have to settle in a final state of being. I fear the already "stable" version of myself, not to mention what I will eventually become. Perhaps it's a good thing for my mind to linger in the process of suffering, struggling, confusion and never reach the end of the journey... At least this ongoing process means infinite possibilities. Once I am settled, there is only one "me". Once something is determined, there is only one reality. Once writing is defined, the impression of it can be hard to change. So when the notion of "feminine writing" first came to me, I had mixed feelings.



We don't talk about masculine writing. We talk about feminine writing.

I appreciate how Clarice Lispector wrote about death and how Virginia Woolf described the moments of being in which one had an epiphany. But I've seen people mention these wonderful female authors only when they talk about feminine writing. I've seen people always expecting feminist elements in female authors. I understand. I understand it is a notion used to combat the writing traditions featuring male writers. A notion to help female writers pick up their pens and write in rooms of their own. I understand why we talk about this notion. I understand the meaning of its existence. But how I wish feminine writing was merely a transitional concept. A concept that is used and only used in our time, when there are still structural challenges for female writers, when we have to yell in order to be heard. How I wish there could be a time when female writers are no longer bound by feminist identities. How I wish there could be a time when we stop talking about feminine writing, feminism, femininity.

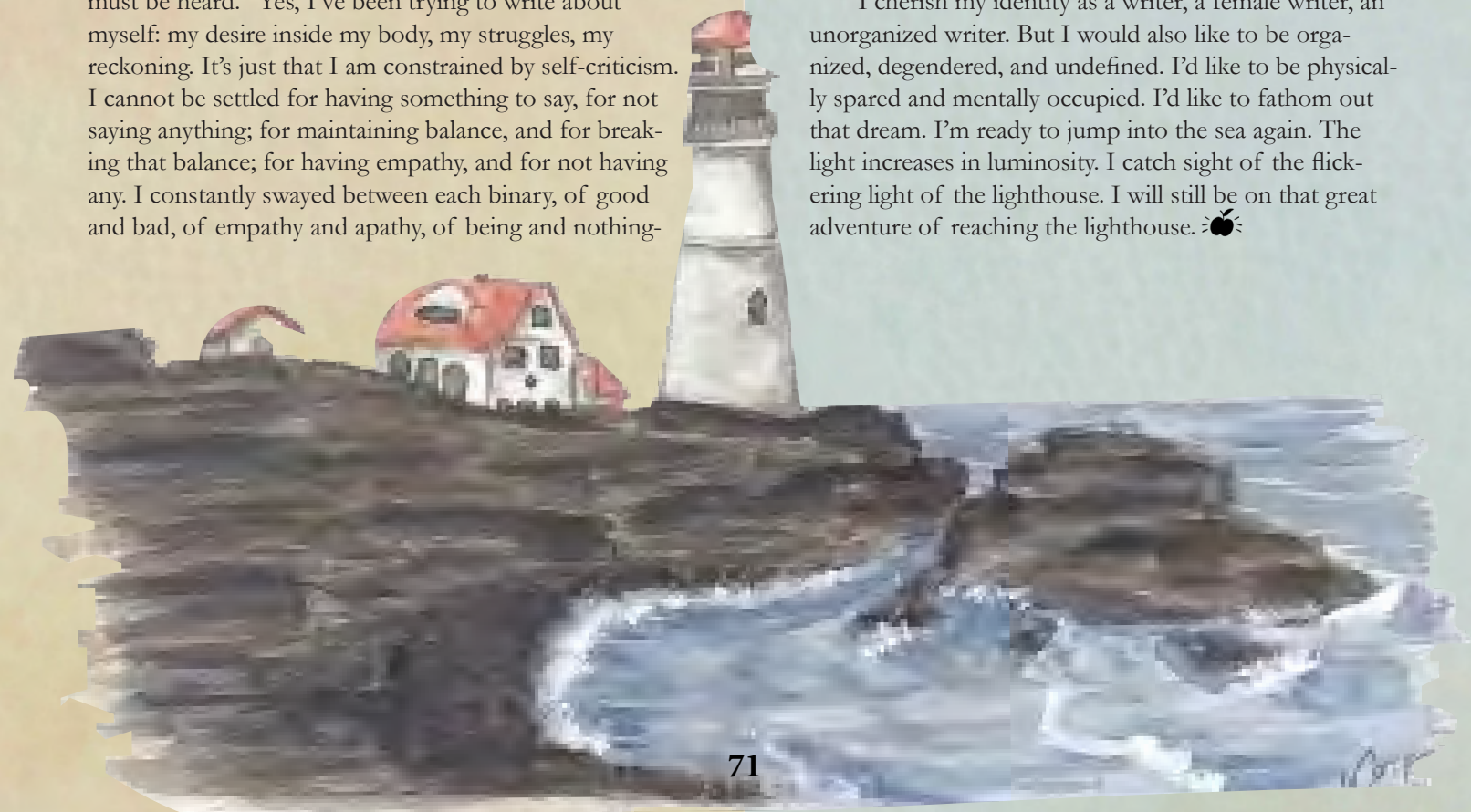
My mind as a writer descended into warfare and chaos. Constantly worrying if I live out the stereotypes inflicted on me and on us. If I am the stereotype per se. If sticking to the stereotypes violates the duty of a female writer. If I should accept my sensitivity. If I should laud my femininity.

Hélène Cixous said, "Write yourself. Your body must be heard." Yes, I've been trying to write about myself: my desire inside my body, my struggles, my reckoning. It's just that I am constrained by self-criticism. I cannot be settled for having something to say, for not saying anything; for maintaining balance, and for breaking that balance; for having empathy, and for not having any. I constantly swayed between each binary, of good and bad, of empathy and apathy, of being and nothing-

ness..... Should my writing submit to a certain type of writing, be it feminine or masculine or genderless? Should I look back to my female predecessors when I feel the need to escape- when I feel overshadowed by the canon set before me? And by doing so I am only consolidating the binary opposition, am I? Trying to define my femininity as opposed to masculinity, to embrace destabilization only because so many things are stabilized, and to be loud only because we have long been silenced. Feminine writing is always defined as what masculine writing tradition is not. Even the act of redefining femininity can fall into this trap: what once was considered masculine is now re-assigned to femininity. The world is like a cage of binary.

Cixous suggests that feminine writing cannot be defined. I second that. I can be better off without defining a form of writing as feminine. I can be Feminine or Masculine. Neither Feminine nor Masculine. Sensitive or Rational. Neither Sensitive nor Rational. I can become myself, or I can become the others. I can become a specific type of person, or a bodiless form in multiverses. I can be the stereotypes. I can also be anti-stereotypical. I can be defined by femininity, or I can also reject femininity. Perhaps, trying to fit myself into these categories is like chasing a mirage. I can essentially be undefined. I wish to be undefined. I wish to trouble these socially constructed concepts, accepting all facets of me and negating the binaries. My mind and body shall not be bound by any definitions, nor shall my writing.

I cherish my identity as a writer, a female writer, an unorganized writer. But I would also like to be organized, degendered, and undefined. I'd like to be physically spared and mentally occupied. I'd like to fathom out that dream. I'm ready to jump into the sea again. The light increases in luminosity. I catch sight of the flickering light of the lighthouse. I will still be on that great adventure of reaching the lighthouse. 🍎







# ART IN THE AGE OF ACADEMIC EXHAUSTION

By: Serena Suson

Designed by: Phoebe Rotman and Anne Johnakin

Art by: Asya Ulger



**“I AM MORE AND MORE DRIVEN BY  
THE NEED TO RENDER WHAT I FEEL,  
AND I PRAY THAT I MAY CONTINUE TO  
LIVE NOT TOO HELPLESSLY, BECAUSE  
IT SEEMS TO ME THAT I COULD MAKE  
SOME PROGRESS.”**  
**—CLAUDE MONET<sup>1</sup>**

I can tell you what I remember from my freshman year: In the blur of my first fall, I remember being petrified by the thought of having to leave my room to pee. That first night, I remember how unsettled I was as I fell asleep, watching the shadows wash uncertainty over my closet door. I remember sitting cross-legged on my dorm room floor, the bare walls a blinding white, the full realization of my independence impressing dread into any idea of the months to come. Autumn and winter, for me, oscillated somewhere between ecstasy and despair.

[Should there be a space here? I don't quite know how to say it: by spring, I was someone else.]

Sometime in April, fate threw me a bone. Done was I divining my happiness; for a moment, I grasped it. Before I could memorize only agony, I found myself racing down Frat Row, one moment taking selfies on the sidewalk with Trevor, the next laughing without limit as I encouraged my best friend Chris to climb a tree. I remember sitting on the Green, soaking up the rays of a shimmering spring sun, having just finished the final draft of a Spare Rib article, feeling, though I still had work to do, like I was finally at peace. [It's strange how vividly I can remember it.] I remember Pancake Night. I remember dancing carefree on the grass of Gold Coast Lawn. I remember feeling like I had become everything I had ever wanted to be. That June, when I drove home for the summer, I remember crying, crying harder than I ever had before, struck by a greater sorrow than sadness had ever sustained in me. In the midst of my tears, though, I remember one certainty: how truthfully lucky I felt to have been so sad, because it meant in time I had grown to be so very happy.

[Is that enough? Is the anaphora too overdone? It's "remember," "remember," "remember" all over again.]

Early on, I had formed some idea of how college would realize me. Amidst the glamor of new acquaintance, freed from an identity I had formed in prepubescent scholarship, I would relinquish my introverted hermitude [That feels redundant] and sublimate someone new. I would predicate certainty on the “me” I had always been within, who, to my excuse, had never had time in high school to bear the light of day. Between extracurriculars, solidifying my class standing, and studying for the APs, I spared scarcely any time indulging in my youth. At the time, I had persisted in spite. Begrudgingly, I had paced a path of excellence in a desperate quest to be remembered, a fire still burning I had begrudged every In a desperate quest to be remembered, I had paced the path of excellence and begrudged every part of an academic system, [At this age, I can't recall what incited me. Resentment typified my younger years — I would say that's only natural — but I still burned with a desire to be great. So, with a hand over my heart, I set out, devoted to a cause, with the only knowledge I had been taught of how to get there.] Though a pawn in a greater game, I held my head high and awaited my next command, assured of every sacrifice, assured that someday I would have the cause to move more than two squares forward.

College secured my liberation. Fixating most of my then-lived life on the prospect of finding some parochial East Coast university that would supply me the means to obtain my heart's most mendicant desires, I matriculated at Dartmouth College, one of the world's greatest academic institutions and a member of the Ivy League, supposing I had very little to want.<sup>2</sup> Professionally, I presumed that I could rest. For my first year, I fulfilled a dream I had imagined some years ago: I took only classes I wanted to take. Outside of strict requirements, I experimented, and I explored interests I had only ever considered secondary to my clear talents and career. My choices fulfilled me. In one of those classes, I met my current partner; in another, I discovered the play that would change my life forever. Even in courses of familiarity, I attended at least one lecture a term that moved me to tears. Finally, after years of approaching my education with Machiavellian discretion, I felt like I had finally entered an institution that valued a love of learning above academic advancement. I moved a step forward.

My life, in other respects, flourished the way I always knew it would. While I had my moments of loneliness, I formed friendships of a breadth I had thought I would never have the fortune to experience again. At last able to cede all prepossessions of my social destiny, I deposed the nostalgia of my teens and began living in the present. I accomplished feats I could never have envisioned being as I was then, the version of myself who was still so scared to live. I communicated with my friends through conflict, and they still loved me afterwards. I got a stick-and-poke because one of my



friends was too scared to get one herself, and then I got two more. I told someone I had a crush on them, and it didn't work out. Hardship, for a time, was something almost becoming; ripening was all. [I'm leaving too much out, but that's what made my certainty for a long time. I anticipated happiness because I had experienced a kind my past self, with her limited knowledge and abilities, could not possibly conceive. A paragraph's too little to describe it. For once, the future did nothing but excite me.]

In my bliss, I forgot addiction follows accomplishment. Conquest bids continuation; one success necessitates the next. By sophomore year, my ego clamored at my complacency; my bones rotted to recall my already diminishing returns. Procuring my heart's ideals required a meticulous course of the material, a master plan I had neglected to understand would follow me past high school. If I wanted to be able to do what I actually wanted to do with my life, I had to establish myself. Within an infinite industry, I had to be an arbiter of culture, substantiating sufficient credit to my name. I had to build an empire. Somehow I had forgotten that. I had basked too long in the temporal

Nowadays, joy comes sparingly. Routine dogs my every move. My hands cramp typing transitions. I choke on every page I have to read. Every lecture feels like a trapeze, in which I contort my legs under performed profundity and grasp eminence in a string of grandiloquent polysyllables. I am asked to be brilliant

I feel like I'm stripping away at the marrow that makes me human.

I want

[Paragraph about neglecting the arts/doing art. I want to do art, but I'm scared if I ever do art again in broad daylight, they'll drive it out and try to kill it.] ὅταν δὲ αἰσchrῶ,

σκυθρωπόν τε καὶ λυπούμενον συσπειρᾶται

καὶ ἀποτρέπεται καὶ ἀνείλλεται καὶ οὐ γεννᾷ, ἀλλὰ ἴσchon τὸ κύημα  
χαλεπῶς φέρει.<sup>3</sup>

I used to be terrified of living in the same old town with the same old people who shared the same old pre-existing ideas of me. Now I've realized

I am the same

[It used to really feel like home once. I think I just remembered myself.]

When I was little, I wanted to be a writer. Sometimes I still do.

Serena, what you need to do is actually what you should have done about a year and a half ago.

[I don't think I have time to say enough. None of this makes sense.]

[I want to do enough.]

Once, Chris on the walk home from a late night out, asked me how it had come about that we had been so lucky to be living the life we were living. I repeated to her then a message I had heard somewhere myself a long time ago: "We must have been very good in a past life." I would like to believe that. Sometimes I still do.

I know I speak from a place of privilege. I have been extremely lucky to receive the level of education I have had and to pursue a career with little financial impediment. I have been extremely lucky to discover my passions so early and to have had the chance to foster them while I still loved them. I just wish

To tell you the truth, I have not much art left in me anymore.

[This isn't a feasible way to end.]

I just wish someone could tell me what to do.

[I want to end this article with some grandiose conclusion that makes the ineffable obvious. I haven't talked as much about art as the title appears to suggest, but I hope that's all right. All of this was an attempt at art, and it has left me very weak. I know these parentheticals feel contrived, but I don't have the heart to write outside them. I fear to make my statements too opaque. My purported reason for wanting to become a writer someday was because I wanted to give people comfort. I wanted to write out my uncertainty, and I hoped that someone somewhere would read it, and, in knowing that they weren't alone, feel like they could go on to see what was to come. If I could reduce someone's pain from 100 to 99, 98, or just 97, I thought my life could be worth living. But I don't know if I can do that anymore. Not the way I imagined. I will probably never have a large audience; my biggest critic will always be myself.]

I haven't written much lately, but I hope I can say I have lived. That's what I was trying to say. That's my art now, the love I've felt, the memories I've made. I'm sorry I can't transcribe it all. I hope you understand what I mean. I'm very tired now, and it's 1 am, so I think I'll have to go to sleep since I have a 10 tomorrow. But I hope I remember it when I wake up. And I won't say "That's art! That's art!"

again all theatrically because I don't want people to think I'm pretentious and selfish and ungrateful and acting like some transcendentalist that has some greater clue what's going on. And I don't want to break the fourth wall again because I don't want to act like I know at all what you're going through. But I hope it gets better. I know that's not much coming from someone you don't know. But this is as much as I can do.] 🍎



## Notes:

- [1] Gustave Geffroy "Monet: Sa Vie, Son Oeuvre" in *Monet: A Retrospective*, ed. Charles F. Stuckey. (New York: Hugh Lauter Levin Associates, 1985), p. 157.
- [2] "Dartmouth | Dartmouth," <https://home.dartmouth.edu/>.
- [3] Plato, *Symposium*, 206d, trans. Harold N. Fowler, Harvard University Press, 1925. Perseus Digital Library, <https://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus%3Atext%3A1999.01.0173%3Atext%3DSym.%3Asection%3D206d>
- [4] Namjoon Kim (speech, 2017 BTS Trilogy III The Wings Tour The Final, Seoul, South Korea, December 10, 2017).



***Ay, ay, ay, I'm your  
little butterfly***

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There are many ways you can get involved:

- Writing an article
- Creating a personality quiz or a crossword puzzle!
- Creating art to accompany an article
- Creating standalone pieces of art (digital, photography, traditional, etc.)
- Working with Adobe InDesign to create the layout for an article
- Creating art for the cover
- Working on our social media
- Working on meeting logistics and planning event
- Developing our community and presence on campus
- Working on special projects of your choosing
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COVER ART: ILLUSTRATED COVER

LAYOUT REVIEW: THE "FINAL EYES" ON THE ZINE

COVER DESIGN: COVER FORMATTING AND LAYOUT

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