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In April, the Wikimedia Foundation launched the Heart of Knowledge contest to invite creative submissions from artists and writers around the world on the theme of “What does open access to knowledge mean to you?”

Now, we’re delighted to present this magazine, which contains the top work from our entrants as selected by a panel of guest judges. The work in this issue ranges from the joyful to the provocative. We invite you to join us on a journey through their visions of knowledge.

#### VISUAL ARTS JUDGES:

Eliza Barrios  
Jonathan Fung  
Alexa Meade  
Kio Stark  
Erika Hall

#### WRITING JUDGES:

Sharan Dhaliwal  
Halimah Marcus  
Kelly Luce  
Jillian Wasick  
Jess Zimmerman

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*The views expressed in this publication are those of the authors. They do not purport to reflect the views of the Wikimedia Foundation.*



ARTWORK ON PREVIOUS PAGE: THE DOORS OF KNOWLEDGE BY JOSE SÉNDER QUINTANA

# Occasional Moonlight

by Sara Lynn Burnett

“I’m going to start a bookstore,” Kiki told her mother.

“Why?” the old woman replied from the wooden rocking chair that Kiki’s father had made. He had crafted it from timber strewn like matchsticks across the yard after the neighboring bank building blew over in a hurricane. It became his best investment, but that was long ago. Her father’s little tombstone behind the Anglican church on Front Street read: Dox Thrash, 1948ish - February 2nd, 2003. Husband, Father, Fisherman.

No one on the island of North Caicos could remember what day he had been born.

“It’s something to do, aside from taking care of you,” Kiki replied, handing her mother a cup of tamarind tea. Kiki had spent the morning boiling brown tamarind pods, plucked from a tree in front yard, along with sugar to ease its sour notes. But still, her mother’s face pickled as she sipped.

“There’s only nine hundred and seven people here,” her mother said.

“Nine hundred and eight,” Kiki countered. “I’m back now.”

Her mother snorted. “It’s better to sell souvenirs.”

“But, there’s only one hotel.”

“It’s one more than none,” her mother replied.

Kiki made a deal at the dock. For every conch shell, sand dollar, and dried starfish she sold, the man who pulled it from the ocean floor would receive thirty percent. She ordered paints from Providenciales and after they had arrived via the mail tug, Kiki created a driftwood sign for the cottage door that read: Turks and Caicos Souvenirs (& Books).

She spread a quilt on the floor in front of her mother’s rocking chair and spilled sea treasures across it. Kiki took the slatted shutters from her bedroom windows and nailed together a squat bookshelf, lining one row with Caribbean authors and the other with Japanese.

“No one is going to read those,” her mother said, pointing to Banana Yoshimoto.

But her mother was wrong.

Olivia, a housekeeper at Pelican Beach Hotel, bought *Hardboiled & Hard Luck* and read it on Monday, her day off.

“I’d like to return this,” she said, handing the book back to Kiki.

“But, you bought it.”

“And I’m done with it,” Olivia said.

“I told you this wouldn’t work,” Kiki’s mother snickered.

But none of the shells had sold so Kiki asked Olivia to keep the book.

The next day Olivia’s mother came in and pulled *Hardboiled & Hard Luck* from her woven shopping bag.

“I want something else, like this,” she said, so Kiki sold her Kitchen.

By the end of the month Kiki had sold all of her Japanese books. The fishermen’s wives, their daughters, and the girl who bartended at the hotel passed by Kiki’s house with endless questions.

“What are Japanese men like?”

“Are there really two moons over Tokyo?”

“Do students and senseis always meet in bars?”

“How did a convenience store worker write a book?”

“What does Nikuman taste like?”

Kiki answered them all. She told them how her students in Nagoya stood up whenever she entered the classroom and how Buddhists built temples with curved roofs to ward off evil spirits.

She described the fall foliage, spring cherry blossoms, and the women tittered at the tales of Kiki's cramped apartment in the sea of millions, no bigger than their own pantries.

"But she came back," her mother said with defiance. "For me."

"Did you make a lot of money, teaching English in Japan?" Olivia asked and Kiki shook her head, first up and down and then back and forth. The money was good, but living was expensive and when her mother called from the hotel phone saying that her time was near, Kiki realized that the only things she had amassed were translated works of fiction and a conversational knowledge of Nihongo.

"Order us more Japanese books, Kiki," the village women cried.

So Kiki counted her money and prepared to place an order.

The following day Kiki's mother straightened in her rocking chair. A white woman had walked in.

"We have conch shells, sand dollars, and starfish," Kiki said, pointing to the array at her mother's feet.

"And books?" the woman asked.

"And books," Kiki said, nodding at the Caribbean titles which were the only ones left.

The woman thumbed through Annie John and The Orchid House, but chose Breath, Eyes, Memory.

"All the secondary school students are reading that this year," Kiki said as she took the woman's money.

"But it's about Haiti," the woman replied, confused as Kiki's mother snorted from her rocking chair.

The next day the white woman came back.

"I've been thinking," she said. "I'd like to help you."

"How?" Kiki's mother asked.

But instead of answering, the woman told Kiki about her divorce, her college bound kids, her Bible reading club, and the month of self care and pampering she had planned in the islands.

"I need to get back to my roots," she said. "I need to heal."

Kiki handed her a cup of tamarind tea and the woman sat cross-legged in her yoga pants on a corner of the quilt near the starfish. Her name was Jenny.

"But, what about the children?" Jenny asked. "How about I order some children's books? You can start reading classes here, we can paint the walls with castles and princesses. I can see it now; it will be so magical." She clapped her slender hands together in excitement. "I'll buy bean bag chairs in different colors for the floor."

Jenny told Kiki that since her children were gifted students and exceptional readers she knew what she was doing.

"What's a castle?" Kiki's mother asked from her rocking chair but Jenny didn't reply.

The next week Jenny was back.

"I express ordered them from the States," she said, pushing four bean bag chairs through the peeling doorframe. Kiki peered into the one of the boxes that Jenny's driver carried in and saw children's books: The Twelve Dancing Princesses, Charlotte's Web, Matilda, Heidi, The Secret Garden, and a hefty collection of fairy tales from Grimm and Mother Goose.

"The children already have books that the school..." Kiki began to say but trailed off as Jenny

shook out a wall-sized stencil pattern of a castle across the floor.

"I've got the paints, too," Jenny added, popping the lid on each palm-sized can.

Kiki looked at her mother, exasperated, but her mother shrugged and continued rocking back and forth in her wooden chair.

"You have to invest in the children," Jenny said as she taped the stencil to living room wall. "Otherwise, they won't grow up to be readers and we can't have that, can we?"

"But the women here actually love to..." Kiki said, her words drowning beneath Jenny's as the woman asked Kiki to hand over a paint can called Coventry Gray.

Every day for a week the white woman came and painted Kiki's living room wall and Kiki said little as Jenny talked about how much the village children would love the books, the bean bag chairs, and the artwork. But before the paint had dried, Jenny left. "I've healed," she said, hugging Kiki and kissing the old woman in the rocking chair.

The castle had sharp spires and turrets with miniature triangular flags jutting from them. None were flying the national colors of Turks and Caicos. Perfect circles of green trees lined a golden road that snaked from the castle's gates over verdant hills. Near the door to the kitchen Jenny had added a blonde princess cloaked in a puffy, purple dress.

"The sand isn't white enough," Kiki's mother said, pointing to the buttery path. "And that girl there," the old woman said, nodding at the princess, "is going to die of heat while wearing that."

When the fishermen's wives, their daughters, and the girl who bartended at Pelican Beach Hotel came by to look at the mural they cried: "Why aren't the roofs curved upwards?"

"The feng shui seems off," Olivia added, standing on her toes to examine each tower.

"You made that woman's tamarind tea too sour," Kiki's mother said.

Kiki and Olivia carried the bean bag chairs to the hotel where the manager bought each for \$10. The children's books were sold to the fishermen who ripped and wrapped pages around smoked herrings and Kiki, after combining the new money with what she had earned from the first set of Japanese books, placed an order for more: Murakami, Nakamura, Endo, Ogawa, and Yoshimoto.

# Revelation

*by Jonathan Qu*

Molecules, reveal yourselves!  
Show me what cannot be seen  
in any more than the haziest forms  
even under the piercing eye of the microscope.

Give me new ways to see!  
I harness Taq polymerase,  
X-ray diffraction, chromatography columns,  
to impose artificial order  
on the uncomprehended chaos of raw lysate.

I call upon the human mind as interpreter.  
Shaman in a lab coat, diviner of the new millennium,  
distills meaning not from ashes and tea leaves  
but instead silently reads the bands of the gels.  
She proudly offers us a tenuous glimpse  
into the invisible world of the spirits.

And let it be known! That every explorer  
pushes the bounds of this new frontier  
not for himself but to benefit all--and  
let it be known! That this intricate map  
of unexplored country, repeating itself  
by trillions in every warm body,  
belongs in the hands of all who may need it--and  
let it be known! Let all be known,  
mysteries of the atom to the heavens above us,  
revealed to each human as they may need.

For knowledge is our greatest collective endeavor,  
one project which started on African grasslands,  
the silent beginnnings of the long dawn of history.  
For knowledge is justice and knowledge is power,  
and knowledge is the legacy which we leave our children--  
unless we unwittingly seal it from their eyes.



Kathryn Garner artist statement:

“Complexity fascinates me. I want to make sense of it, to order it, quantify and organise it. Cells and tissues in the human body communicate with one another by sending chemical messengers through the blood; a single cell picks up the signal and interprets it by setting off a molecular relay to convert the signal into an action, to fight or die, to grow or divide. As a research scientist, I watch the signal being transferred. I can make components fluoresce, and I take images of the changing, dynamic signals. Using computer algorithms, I can quantify the flow of information using an automated microscope system. I can apply chemical hormones directly to cells growing in a cell culture dish and watch how they respond, but I can also engineer cells to respond to light in the same way that they would respond to hormone. Using light, and working with an engineer, I am re-creating the complicated dynamic pulses some hormones exhibit in the body.”

# Pakistan, Love, and Jane Eyre

by Hina Husain

I still remember the day my mother first took me to our local British Council branch in Lahore, Pakistan. I was around eight years old. The sun was at its zenith, its brightness requiring me to squint my eyes as I followed my mother up the marble steps into the air-conditioned foyer of the British Council chapter in Defence - one of the affluent neighbourhoods in Lahore.

The office was large and well-lit, and with the exception of the woman behind the information desk, my mother and I were the only other people there. Our footsteps echoed against the beige, stained marble floors, and Mom and I took to speaking in hushed tones as I asked her what we were doing there. She told me to wait by one of the bookshelves, and after getting some information from the lady behind the desk, made her way back to me.

We walked over to a bookshelf stacked with VHS tapes. Mom slowly slid her finger across the titles and stopped at one - it was a two cassette VHS box that looked prehistoric to my juvenile eyes. The colors on the cover had faded, but the box was intact and in good condition. Mom checked it out with her British Council membership card and we made our way home in the car.

That evening, Mom asked if I wanted to watch the movie she had checked out on a three-day rental. I asked her what it was about.

"It's based on a classic book called Jane Eyre," she told me.

I had not read any classics at that point, nor was I familiar with old-timey, British films. But the intrigue of never having watched something like it piqued my interest and after dinner, Mom and I popped the first cassette into the VCR in my parents' bedroom, rewinded the tape, cranked up the air-conditioning, got under the bedsheets and started watching.

Mellow, instrumental music played against a grainy, intro title. "Is this a movie or a TV show?" I asked my mother, to which she shrugged and told me to keep watching.

Turns out, it was a mini-series from 1983 developed by the BBC. With 11 episodes and a runtime of 4 hours, it was as though my mother and I had been transported to a different era of civilization, namely 19th century Victorian England.

I have no idea where my brother, father, or anyone else in our house was over the span of those 4 hours. No one knocked on the door. The phone didn't ring. The electricity didn't go out (a common problem in Pakistan back then). My mother and I were floating through space-time; visitors to an alternate dimension, brought there through the power of film and imagination. The bedroom (with its attached bathroom) acted as our self-sustaining ship, tumbling down a wormhole into the past.

At the halfway mark, when the first cassette finished, I begged my mother to watch the second one then too. She hesitated for a moment, then said, "Okay, we can watch it now, but don't say you're not going to school in the morning!"

I hastily agreed. We both quickly took turns going to the bathroom while the second cassette rewinded, plopped ourselves back on the bed and pressed play. Looking back on it now, I realize this was my first 'binge watch' in life.

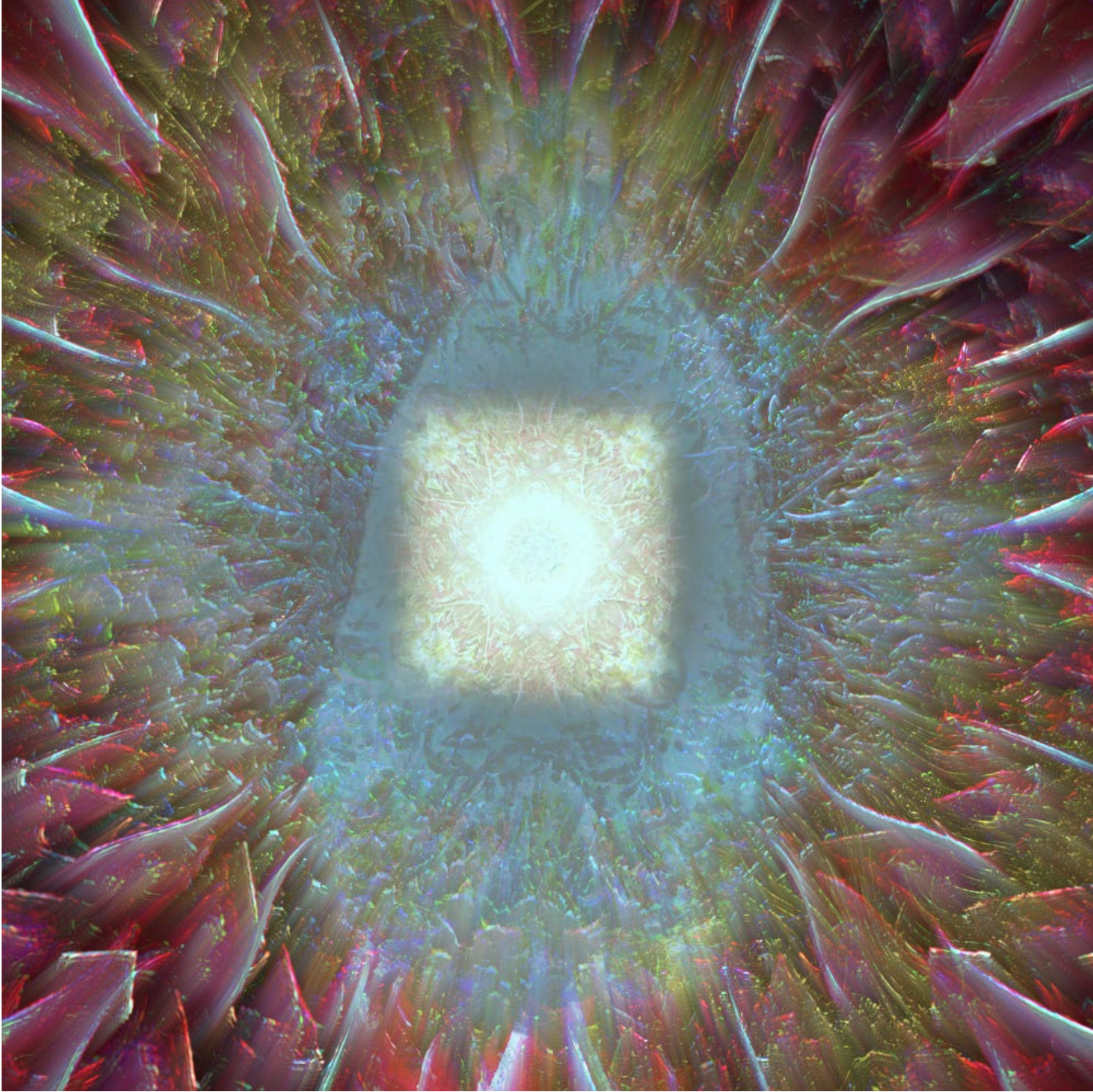
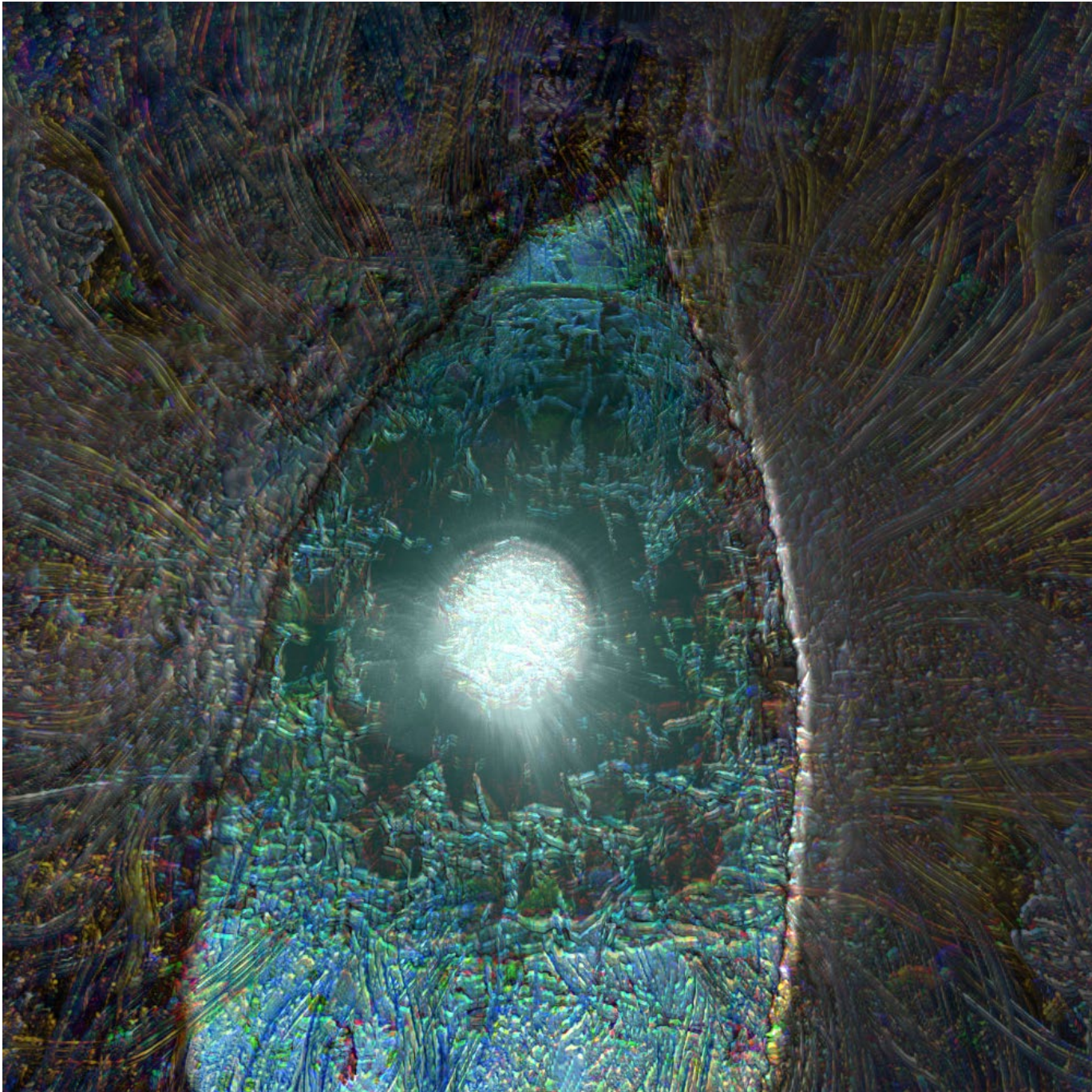
It was past midnight by the time credits were rolling, and I was promptly shuffled off to my room and tucked in bed. It was, after all, a school night.

\* \* \*

Jane Eyre was the first piece of feminist art I was exposed to in my childhood. What stood out to me most was the portrayal of romantic love between Jane Eyre and Mr. Rochester.

Growing up in Pakistan, love was seen either as a force of dangerous passions and irrational





ARTWORK ON PREVIOUS SPREAD AND FOLLOWING PAGE BY JULIA WHITTY

obsessions, or it was a compromise where women ended up with a worse deal than men. There was this unspoken consensus within the women of our society that cheating husbands were part of the package of married life and stability. Working women, especially in the upper-middle class strata of society, were a rarity back in the 90s, and unless a woman came from an extremely rich and progressive family who were willing to support her, it was unlikely that a woman could leave a bad marriage, especially if children were involved.

Marriage and courtship were often arranged by the parents, and suitors were picked based on a multitude of criteria ranging from cooking skills and physical features of the woman, to family prestige, money, and job prospects for the man. Very rarely were people paired up based on intellectual and emotional compatibility. Social compatibility and the ease with which the families (and wealth) could merge were of the utmost importance when securing spouses. There was an understanding that love happened after marriage, and over time you would learn to love the person you married.

Divorce was almost non-existent back then due to the social stigma attached to it, the brunt of which fell on women. Marriages among first cousins were extremely common, which made the prospect of getting a divorce even more complicated. So, with poor economic prospects due to lack of access to employment, many women were not able to support themselves and their children, and most turned a blind eye to their husbands' indiscretions since they had few other options.

My mother and many of her female friends often gave each other advice on how to confront their husbands when they engaged in extramarital affairs. I remember hearing stories of heartbreak and betrayal at social gatherings (which were segregated) among women if ever I needed to speak to my mother and made my way over to the "aunties' corner" from the "children's corner" of the party. I knew some day, this would be my fate too.

But then, Jane Eyre happened.

In the movie I saw, for the first time, a defiant woman. Not just as an adult, but a defiant child who wasn't afraid to call out the adults around her for the injustices they committed against her. Young Jane was angry, and she wasn't going to let her aunt and cousins treat her like a subpar human being who could do without love and

compassion. She demanded respect, even when she was in no place to bargain for it.

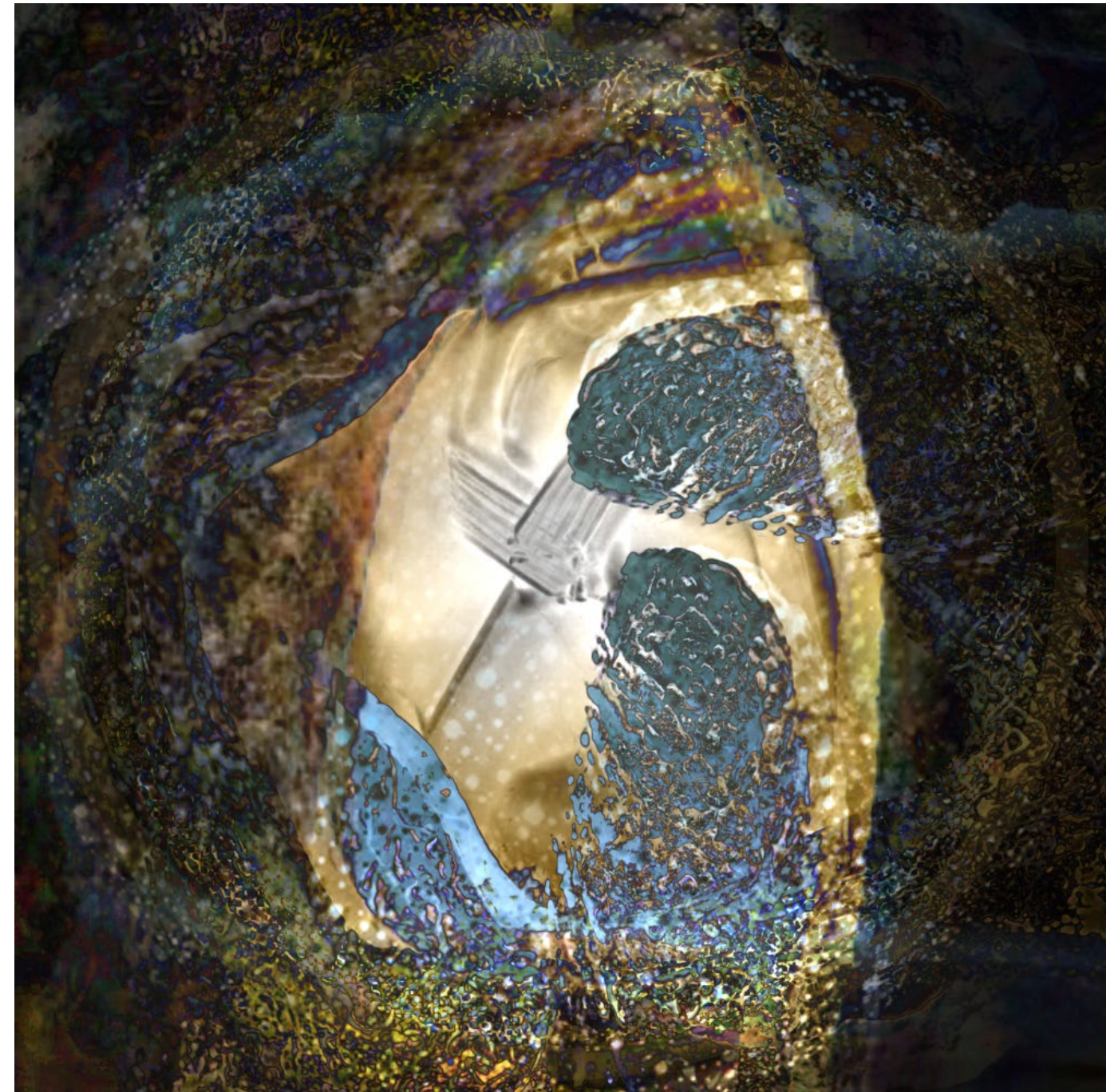
After Jane is sent off to Lowood Institution and villainized by much of the staff and students there, she perseveres, forging meaningful bonds with a handful of people, and eventually goes on to become a teacher there herself as an adult. When her work no longer challenges her, she leaves. Jane never settles for anything less than what she expects for herself, and pushes back against what her society expects from a young woman like herself. She is often called plain looking and pitied for being a spinster, but she doesn't let these words wound her or break her spirit. She is, in every essence, a brave woman.

Much of Jane's behaviour was radically different from what was expected of young girls and women in Pakistani society. We were never to talk back to our elders, even if they were unjust to us. Respect and obedience were the most important traits a woman was supposed to embody, and blindly follow whatever path her family chose for her, having faith that they knew what was best for her.

But Jane Eyre turned all these ideas on their head, and I was introduced to a world where women didn't have to take shit from others just because they were women. Women had the right to stand up for themselves, their wants and desires, and not be ashamed of who they were and the circumstances they were born into. Through courage and resilience, women could take charge of their destinies and build the life they wanted.

When Jane secures employment as governess at Thornfield Hall and meets the enigmatic and moody Mr. Rochester, an unlikely romance blossoms between the two. A wealthy man who has no shortage of women swooning over him and vying for his attention, Mr. Rochester finds in Jane a kindred spirit in search of love and meaning in life. When the two finally confess their love to each other, Jane is reluctant to admit her feelings, and in the grips of passion, says to Mr. Rochester,

"Do you think I am an automaton? — a machine without feelings? and can bear to have my morsel of bread snatched from my lips, and my drop of living water dashed from my cup? Do you think, because I am poor, obscure, plain, and little, I am soulless and heartless? You think wrong! — I have as much soul as you — and full as much heart! And if God had gifted me with some



beauty and much wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me, as it is now for me to leave you. I am not talking to you now through the medium of custom, conventionalities, nor even of mortal flesh: it is my spirit that addresses your spirit; just as if both had passed through the grave, and we stood at God's feet, equal — as we are!"

This passage from the movie (and later in the book when I read it), sent goosebumps down my spine. The concept of two individuals being equal because of their spirits and not because of their wealth and the socioeconomic classes they come from - this single idea was the most profound concept I had ever been introduced to. It went against everything Pakistani society taught and expected from its youth. Loving or marrying someone who was from a lower class than oneself was, to this day, grounds for disowning, or even murdering one's children.

Jane and Mr. Rochester love each other not because they're both wealthy, but because they both bring out each other's true natures and are unafraid of sharing with the other who they really are. Mr. Rochester is at times lustful and arrogant, but Jane doesn't hold that against him. They accept one another for who they are because they are the best versions of themselves when they're together. Their love connects them on intellectual, emotional and psychological grounds, not socio-political ones.

These ideas quickly took hold in my young mind and went on to forge my views on love, marriage, companionship, and unapologetically living my life as an independent, badass woman. When I turned 13 and started getting my period, my parents told me I was a growing woman and one day, they would find a good man to marry me off to. I told them I'd find my own Prince Charming, to which my father let out a nervous chuckle.

After Jane learns that Mr. Rochester is already married and keeps his mentally ill wife locked in a room in his house, she is devastated. In a state of mental conflict, she flees Thornfield Hall and leaves behind the promise of a cushiony life as Mr. Rochester's mistress; all she has to do is look the other way. But this goes against Jane's morals, and she don't want to be the other woman, no matter how much she loves Mr. Rochester.

Jane doesn't become a prisoner of her love. Once

again, she throws her life into uncertainty if it means she gets to live on her own terms, without compromise or sacrificing her ethics and dignity. She never takes the easy road, even if it comes at considerable mental and emotional distress.

Later, when Jane once again pulls her life together and finds stability with a new job and new group of friends, she is proposed to by John Rivers who wants to marry her and move to India so they can be missionaries together. He openly admits he wants to marry her for her work ethic and commitment, not because he loves her,

"God and nature intended you for a missionary's wife. It is not personal, but mental endowments they have given you: you are formed for labour, not for love. A missionary's wife you must — shall be. You shall be mine: I claim you — not for my pleasure, but for my Sovereign's service."

Not allowing herself to be held hostage to any one man for his own personal gains at the expense of what she wants, Jane rejects John's proposal. John's words echo the "learn to love after marriage" sentiment many Pakistani courtships are based on, and seeing Jane turn John down (who is also her first cousin) was an oddly pleasurable vindication for me. Whenever I'd re-watch that scene from the film, I'd mentally say, "You go, girl!"

\*\*\*

At 17, after my family and I moved to Canada, I got my first job working at a mall food court making minimum wage. When I got my first paycheque, the very same day, I went over to the HMV in the mall on my lunch break. There, I placed an order for the 1983 BBC Jane Eyre miniseries on DVD, starring Timothy Dalton and Zelah Clarke.

Over the next few years, most of what I earned was spent in bookstores buying and devouring the literary works of Charlotte and Emily Brontë, Jane Austen, Emily Dickinson and many other English writers from the Victorian Era. In all those books, I saw brave and courageous women, fighting back against the norms and customs of their society and redefining what a woman can be and accomplish. My mind and heart were enriched by stories of resilience, heartbreak, hope, passion, love and betrayal. I was exposed to a myriad of emotions one can experience when we open our hearts

to the world and allow ourselves to be vulnerable, to be heard and seen by others, to fall in love and encounter loss and suffering.

The character of Jane Eyre not only influenced me, she became a part of me. Through her, I learned about fearlessness, and also forgiveness and redemption. Towards the end of the novel, Jane goes back to Mr. Rochester on her own terms; a wealthy woman who comes into family inheritance and can live the rest of her days in comfort. When she finds Mr. Rochester blind and broken by life, his home and wealth destroyed by a fire caused by his deranged wife which ultimately took her life too, she accepts him. Love is complicated, and messy, and happy endings can come in a variety of forms.

The last chapter of the novel starts with one of the most famous lines in literary history,

"Reader, I married him."

When I went off to university, I took my DVD of Jane Eyre with me. My parents came along to help me move into my dorm and see me embark on a new and exciting chapter of my life.

As my mother helped me unpack, she came across the DVD. I caught her staring at it in silence for a few seconds before she put it down. She didn't say anything then, but after we had unpacked, it was time to say our goodbyes. Dad hugged me and said he loved me and was proud of me. Fighting back tears, Mom gave me a big, tight hug, held me for a long time, and said to me,

"I hope you find your Mister Rochester."

Reader, I found him. ♦



ARTWORK ON PREVIOUS PAGE BY OPEYEMI OWA

**Don't let anyone rob you of your imagination, your creativity, or your curiosity. It's your place in the world; it's your life. Go on and do all you can with it, and make it the life you want to live.**

**Mae Jemison**

*American engineer, physician, former NASA astronaut, and the first black woman to travel in space.*

# Pagophagia,

# 1912

by Jennifer Sears

All through the winter holidays, he spoke of it wherever they went. Promised dinners and balls, Parisian cafés and banquet halls. Turkish baths and promenades on deck in the fresh air so good for one's health. Even the launch from Southampton—that dreariest of towns—he made to sound extravagant with bands playing as they boarded. She grew quieter beside him as he went on endlessly: perhaps the captain would let him into the engine rooms to witness the ship's various forces, its giant steam and coal ovens, its electric generators powerful enough to light up a city. He wanted to stand in the ship's "inner workings," to feel its sensation, its whole energy roar through him.

"I want to see it all!" he'd say. "From the bottom up!"

His excitement drew others. A trip would do you both good, a few even said, their eyes avoiding hers. But this too only widened the distance between them. All of them knew. His dream of the voyage made him happy in a way she no longer could.

He purchased the tickets in February, the final decision his--to spend on the trip what they had once put away to spend on their children. Twice in the last year alone, she'd lost another. And with each one, he'd grown more devastated as she grew more haunted. Would he leave her?

The white envelope arrived with its scrawling gold script: White Star Line, RMS Titanic. She refused to touch it. "Launch date, April 10," he read aloud. After the ice floes began to melt.

And then it was she who had to hire the car to take them to Southampton, wire money to hold their hotel rooms in New York City, and tend to the packing. An entire trunk for her gown and traveling dresses. Another for his half-waists and overcoats. Still another for his camera with its lens plates and stand, that unwieldy contraption with its horrible folding legs. She navigated lists provided by the touring companies, lists he'd annotated after consulting with friends. But did one really need umbrellas and parasols and en tout cas? And, could he not find his own Zeiss prism binoculars, "the best to see birds at sea"? And, could he not see that he no longer saw her, leaving the house each night--every night--at dusk to avoid the sight of their growing pile of traveling cases.

Stored in the ground level room once intended for a nursery, the cases in evening light so willfully took on the shapes and shadows of funerary statues, as if all of their lost ones, now grown into toddlers, stood watching, heavy padlocks closing off their silenced hearts.

Yet still she loved. Some part of her still managed to hope. Weeks before their departure, she felt that familiar queasiness, that weariness weighted by a constant pull of tears, and that lingering craving for shaved ice that at times overcame her. She called on the doctor alone. He confirmed cautiously--with child. Again. Perhaps.

Back on the street, she felt alert, lifted again by the sense of possibility. Like him, she needed to feel sensation, to feel alive, to crack some coldness between her teeth. Giving into the craving, she stepped into a café for an iced lemonade, lingering alone at the table. Should she tell him? Could she risk disappointing him again? Their tickets had been paid, all necessities purchased. If they cancelled, as he might insist if he knew, everyone would guess it. Everyone would witness her failure. Again.

She stood abruptly. She asked the girl for the bill and if she might purchase a portion of chipped ice to carry home. It was an unusual request, but the girl must have known of such cravings, for she whispered her congratulations as she handed her the parcel wrapped in paper.

Outside, the sky had nearly grown dark. Needing to walk, she turned toward the seaport. The narrowing streets trapped the breeze coming off of the ocean. She clutched her skirts

and leaned into the wind, bowing toward that gray horizon that opened wider as she neared it.

Reaching the boardwalk, she seized the rail. Again. Perhaps.

She'd tell him nothing. And if she lost the child into the toilet as she had their last, it would simply be one more absorbed into the sea. No one would know it had ever existed, even he. How sobering the truth was: all that makes up the body is so easily dissolved.

A dampness pressed against her hip. The ice she carried had begun to melt, weakening its paper. The only way to save what could be saved was to eat it all at once. She tore off the wrapping and pushed the ice into her mouth. The cold burned her tongue. Ice cracked between her teeth. She filled her mouth again as she stared at the waves. She would train herself. She would get used to the sight.

The boardwalk was not a proper place for a lady alone, but when a man stopped to ask if she was lost or looking for something, it was her own voice that frightened her, made strange by numbness and ice.

"Be gone!" she heard herself say. "I'm practicing!"

**When you know a thing, to hold that  
you know it; and when you do not know  
a thing, to allow that you do not know it;  
this is knowledge.**

**Confucius**  
*Chinese philosopher who authored influential  
teachings on filial piety and social harmony.*

# Two Poems

by A. Molotkov

## TWO POEMS

## SOLAR WIND [1]

*in a thin layer  
of the shock wave*

*the temperature is  
added to the list  
of unknown quantities*

*magnetic reconnection  
the merging  
of magnetic islands*

*are potential traps letting  
through*

*locally  
accelerated particles*

*the magnitude  
of induction decreases*

*flares with unusual power*

*in the solar wind*

as we face each  
other with our  
well-built smiles

the world another  
gigantic  
mirror staring back

we may experience

this dead silence between  
us this harsh  
grimace

symptoms of  
our desperate lifelong  
asking

for our inner quick  
burning

but would it be enough  
if we weren't

emmeshed in light all  
along

trying to love  
ourselves out of this

## NEW TRANSPARENCY

*Humanity will draw more  
good than evil from new discoveries.  
- Marie Curie*

*Nothing in life is to be feared, it is  
only to be understood, Marie says. X-rays spy  
inside the body, bring to life vague images,  
kill cancer, start cancer, destroy*

stem cells in Marie's bone marrow, cause  
her aplastic anemia. What of her discovery,  
polonium, named after her place of birth,

Litvinenko's slow death from it? This Russian spy  
didn't keep his mouth shut. His murder took a million  
dollars' worth of Marie's element. Does today's headline,  
"Expelled spies included Russians suspected

of tracking compatriots," mean they will be  
poisoned? Can this still end well? For Marie, the spies,  
for you, reader? We are each other's ghosts in this

X-ray life.

[1] Found language in italics: excerpts from my father's article in *The Astrophysical Journal*, 859:39 (5pp), 2018 May 20 (I. A. Molotkov and B. Atamaniuk, "An Analysis of Processes in the Solar Wind in a Thin Layer Adjacent to the Front of the Shock Wave")

# My Room

*by* Hannah Cattanach

They're shouting again. I can hear them through the front door as I lift my key to the lock. I miss the hole the first time; it scratches around until my hand steadies enough to slide the jagged teeth inside. Opening the door as quietly as I can, I slip inside and slide along the corridor wall, as inconspicuous as a mouse. They didn't hear me come in, allowing the hurling of accusations to continue unhindered. I try to ignore them, but I can still hear the words. I reach the door to my bedroom and draw it closed behind me, muffling the words but not the sounds which thud against the wood.

I turn into the room, and there it is. Sitting serenely on my desk, my computer waits for me. It is dull and scratched, bought cheap second hand and belonged to my brother before me, but in my eyes, it glows like it's fresh out of the box. I drop my school bag and make a beeline for the desk and its squeaky swivel chair. A bubble of calm begins to envelop me as the computer whirs to life and blinks reassuringly, despite the escalating noise coming from the living room. Ignoring the argument, I look through the monitor as it logs in and I see freedom on the other side. And it is with this slow and decrepit computer that I can reach that freedom, I can escape. Everything it contains, I can access. Little old me, the slider along walls, the pretender of non-existence, me. It's funny to think, through the portal of the web, I can be who I want to be, who I am. I can access all the knowledge the world contains, but first I'll just check if there are any new memes... ♦



# Signal to Noise

by Hal Y. Zhang

They're singing a chanson outside.  
 Something very layered, inscrutable.  
 It makes me remember the scent of my  
 Grandfather's closet, tympanic concoction of  
 Mothballs and tinny wet rags, not in a bad way.  
 The deep vowels of his belly as he leans in the chair  
 punching counterpoint. There are birds elsewhere  
 I want to be with, yellow feathered sopranos  
 On television but I'm stuck inside.  
 It's not safe for children to imagine too far.

Are they very different from us, the outsiders?  
 Adults always answer with silence.  
 I bite my tongue eating the soggy upon cold  
 Burnt grains I've put off for too long.  
 The singing stops and with it time until  
 Another chorus begins. Too loud, he grumbles.  
 We wait for the afternoon to end for different reasons,  
 Silver in his mouth, metal on mine.

*unabridged counterpoint, by my computer:  
 Perhaps you say the birds are free?  
 and I don't want to leave them here, but the birds still there.  
 with me, the pieces  
 and the cane.  
 sands on my left arm.  
 should I still believe you?*

*No need an explanation.  
 if the bird catches me  
 I leave it elsewhere.*

*I still want to follow the birds.*

Hal Y. Zhang's artist statement:

"My art is informed by knowledge in multiple dimensions. There is my history, as a scientist and writer of computer code, which enticed me to train an artificial intelligence program on my corpus of poems then let it write a counterpoint to "Signal to Noise", inspired by Chinese couplets; that is one knowledge. There is an enticing realness to poetry produced by machines that simply learn what words are most likely to follow the words you give it, then string these pearls into curious sequences. Humans are still very much the poets in my eyes; humans invented the transistor, the machines, the algorithms then read the entire Internet to their digital children so they could learn to speak.

As a woman in a heavily male-dominated space, as an immigrant at age ten often feeling out-of-place in both native Chinese and American communities, that is another knowledge. The poem itself is a moment of childhood, being trapped in one worldly layer of familial circumstance and wishing to zap the walls into invisibility. Later I would know how different the outside is to what I'd imagined, how many other little children are in their separate worlds, and how we spend all that time in adolescence peeling away at the opaque thin films between us."

# Stardom

*by* Wallace Kaufman

Blind has the blazing cosmos  
 been for 15 billion years;  
 blind too, evolution's bacterial  
 beginnings four billion years ago.  
 The careening asteroid whose quenching  
 left a Caribbean crater  
 sixty million years ago,  
 creating a carnage of killing--  
 the great Cretaceous crash,  
 the dinosaur extinction disaster--  
 spared mouse-sized mammals  
 who multiplied and mastered  
 a million newly empty niches  
 with a speedy speciation.  
 Through science we can clearly see  
 our familiar family tree. And we  
 are branch of a branch of a branch,  
 a twig in the twists of DNA and time,  
 a cosmic conglomeration of molecules  
 from hydrogen and helium descended,  
 thoughtlessly endowed with thought.  
 When speech began, so did suppose,  
 Suppose the reason's this, the purpose that.  
 Suppose has been a thousand stories.  
 Beginning was, we don't know why.  
 The middle's maybe now.  
 The denouement is only doubt.  
 Always we're the stars of our own story,  
 the daring divas of stardust on stage,  
 The cosmos conscious.  
 We're merely players and our play's  
 "The Wonder of the World,"  
 Our drama far from finished.  
 The wonder of our wonder is

The more we know, the more we have to know.



Nanzi Muro Artist Statement:

“I created this image with the intention of empowering Mexican American students to continue their education despite all the political topics we face every day. I am proud to be part of the Mexican heritage and to have grown up learning to embrace two different cultures at the same time. I learned to accept it by combining all of the good things of the two countries and being myself. I have the best of both worlds. However, as a Mexican-American student in the present, I have difficulties with the education I received in a system that was not created for me, a student of color, system that wants me to be “Americanized”. A system of education in which I have problems with identity because the color of my skin is not light enough to be privileged but is dark enough to be Mexican. The fight continues! No system is powerful enough to erase the history of my predecessors. We have the power to continue with the legacy of our ancestors and the struggle they endured to give us a better future. This legacy gives me the strength to continue with my education and to continue to learn from my culture. The knowledge I obtain will make the difference in my communities, and not the diploma I will receive from an institution. The importance of receiving a diploma from higher education is only not obtain it, but also it is what we do with it.”

# A Fatal Loss of Control/The Black Disability Anthem

*by* Teighlor McGee

October 17 2018,  
Video footage reveals an off duty Chicago police officer shooting Robert Hayes, an unarmed black autistic teen.  
The sergeant was not prosecuted.

In Milwaukee, Wisconsin two police officers broke down a mentally ill man's door and proceeded to tase him 18 times in the shower before he died. Adam Trammell, a schizophrenic black man can be heard screaming in agony on the officer's body cam footage. Neither officer was charged.

Through these stories we are reminded that black mentally ill bodies, black autistic bodies are not seen as being worthy of justice, how throughout history those of us with psychotic symptoms were sent to the gas chambers to die, how time after time we are stripped of our names, and robbed of the opportunity to tell our stories.

As black disabled people, our ability to exist is dependent on how digestible we are, on us accepting that we will perpetually be forced to shrink ourselves and bury the pieces of personhood that those in power have decided makes us appear "threatening".

Every night I say a prayer,  
for the black man with Tourettes stopped by the police for an undesirable tic.

Another prayer,  
for the little black autistic boy having a meltdown in the grocery store as white housewives watch him with disgust in their eyes.

And another prayer for the black girl with intrusive thoughts, clutching the knife she intends only to harm herself with, desperately trying to create her own judgment day as her white roommates stare on in horror.

We are all Emmett Till's children,  
One uncontrollable whistle away from facing a lynching mob,  
A single moment away from our names being hashtag material before being laid down to rest.

We are all Harriet Tubman's children,  
Capable of resisting, rejecting the white man's ability to deny us of our safety,  
Leading one another to freedom through every proud episode of narcolepsy so that we can reclaim our names.

This is the black disability anthem.

Here we are, carrying with us generations, our souls bearing witness to the hymnals only we know, ones of unruly bodies and non verbal communication, ones written to the tune of sensory overload and completed by the harmonies only the voice in our heads know the notes to.

For every one of us who is stolen by a world  
that is in a committed long term relationship with our oppression, there will be another who will preserve that memory, so that we can continue to equip one another with the tools to survive in the way we have dreamed of.



Ashley Ding Artist Statement:

“I was raised by grandparents who would sing nursery rhymes, read old poems, and share old wives’ tales from their own lives in China with me. My grandma reading a picture book to me while I sit in her lap is my first memory of someone sharing their knowledge.

Open access to knowledge looks like my grandparents carrying back Chinese children’s books from China to the States and reading them to their granddaughter as she learns stories in English from school. Their doing so shaped how I understand myself in the world as I’ve moved from country to country in the many years since those stories were first heard. Through primary, secondary, and higher education, open access to knowledge soon started to look like different classes, different media, different resources that would help guide me through many different areas of life. It meant getting a little craftier with how to access the knowledge; it wasn’t all consolidated in a little picture book anymore, and it sometimes meant opening the door to asking others for help. Open access to knowledge also means that a young woman like me can learn about the contexts and histories of some values and assumptions I had held without question. It has lent itself to helping those without much access develop agency and perspective on what they can achieve.”

# Knowledge

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*by* Rafael Davis

With the power to heal wounds and extend the horizon of connection  
Uncovering truths hidden behind walls of access and status  
We know that the ledge of understanding is within our grasp.

The link between unforged bonds, our collected memory should be shared freely  
Yet, illusions of privilege shroud the reality of the reflections' source  
We reach the ledge and know to be ready to fight the doubts of ignorance.

What this all means is the basis for journeys and epic quests, digital and traditional  
What is discovered is shared by elders to the promises of tomorrow  
Women and men must fill their reservoir of our human knowledge  
So that we have the know-how to pull others up the mountain and dispel shadows  
dancing on caves.

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# Relinquish the Tabula Rasa

*by* Joshua Chalifour

Relinquish the tabula rasa,  
it is administered.

Seek the sweet trees  
in forests that cross borders;  
their congress of roots  
resonating.

Permit voices (whispered  
in crooked lengths)

...that some people  
shiver off and neglect.

These voices catch (harmonic and  
crooked) cast from roots.  
Extending, growing, and budding into—

We bear ourselves into precedent.  
Yet laden with change  
we bind ourselves to borders  
on imagination, and we neglect  
ancestors and neglect progeny.

Those are our congress, but  
in the politic of the electric  
and the tyranny of the material  
we ought to fear the myth of  
tabula rasa; its acceptance sets knowledge apart.

I sensed structures in thinking,  
patterns in feeling,  
systems in communicating,  
and those  
made me  
seek the sweet trees.

# Price of Freedom

*by* Abhilash Jayachandra

There came a day when we were left to our own devices  
When we were freed of the shackles that bound us  
We stopped looking at deceitful shadows  
And cut off the strings that bound us

The sun was blinding as it raged above  
We shielded our eyes and looked down  
Weak, desperate and alone, we moved,  
With the bent weight of our new responsibilities

Here, the darkness of the chasm  
And there, the light of our united dreams  
A fickle idea that led us on this venture  
When everything made sense and nothing did now

We would have searched for the cave – our prison,  
If we had but known where to find it  
Thank the sun that was harsh and blinding,  
We looked down and kept moving

They never told us what would come next  
We were to take care of our own selves  
We were free, free to do what we wished  
But no one told us this price of freedom

We made mistakes and those mistakes made our future  
We could not look up at the sun that shone above  
It was a harsh reality, an unwanted truth for us, so  
We moved forward still, bent with our freedom

And yet, someday, there will be a kinder reality shining on us  
Then, on that someday, we will look up at the sun again.







Education is one of the blessings of life  
— and one of its necessities.

**Malala Yousafzai**

*Nobel Prize laureate and Pakistani activist for human rights, particularly access to education for women and children.*



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