

The background of the image is a dense, abstract pattern of red and white. The red elements are irregular, brush-like strokes that vary in thickness and direction, creating a sense of movement and texture. The white spaces are the negative space between these red strokes. In the center of the image, the word "MARGIN" is written in a bold, green, sans-serif font. The letters are solid green and stand out against the busy, high-contrast background. The overall composition is dynamic and visually striking.

**MARGIN**



# MARGIN

**EXTRA**

Volume VII, Spring 2018

Haverford College



## **Margin Editorial Board**

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Margin is Haverford's themed student-edited publication.

Each issue features a topic marginalized in academic discourses, presenting submissions of critical essays, reviews, creative writing, visual media, and any other artifacts that critically or creatively engage the theme. We seek to publish the work of students, scholars, artists, musicians, and writers, both from within and outside of the Haverford Community.

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Design by Duncan Cooper

Cover: Detail from *Blowin' Up*, 2017, watercolor and ink on risograph, by NDA.

Sponsored by the John B. Hurford '60 Center for the Arts and Humanities.

**Hello. Welcome to *Margin*.**

**This issue is about EXTRA.**

**Is it just millennial slang, or something more?**

**To be extra is to be bold.**

**To be too much. To be on the outside.**

**We have drawn our own borders to describe what it might mean to be extra. We chose five poems, five works of visual art, and one essay by artists and writers in and around Philadelphia.**

**What's *extra*?**

**-*Margin***

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# LOVE ON TOP

Sophia Abraham-Raveson

Sorry To All My Past And Present Roommates For The Number Of Times  
I've Played Love On Top On Repeat; Alternatively: You're Welcome, Or,  
How Dancing Alone In Your Room Can Temporarily Give You Control Of  
A Body You've Learned Over and Over Again Belongs To Somebody Else,  
Somebody Who Is Not You, Or, What Do Your iTunes Play-Counts Say About  
You? Or, On Trying To Keep It Together When You're Kinda Falling Apart, Or,  
When A Winky-Face Is Enough To Make Your Chest Tighten And Your Tears  
Threaten To Leak Out, Or, Shout Out To The Friends Who Don't Ask And  
Sing Even More Off-Key Than You, Or, Naming Your Pain: The Only Way To  
Make It Real, Or, How Modulation Can Take You One Step Further When  
You Thought You'd Never Make It, Or, When I Need To Make Everything  
Stop/Finally You Put My Love On Top

# CHASM

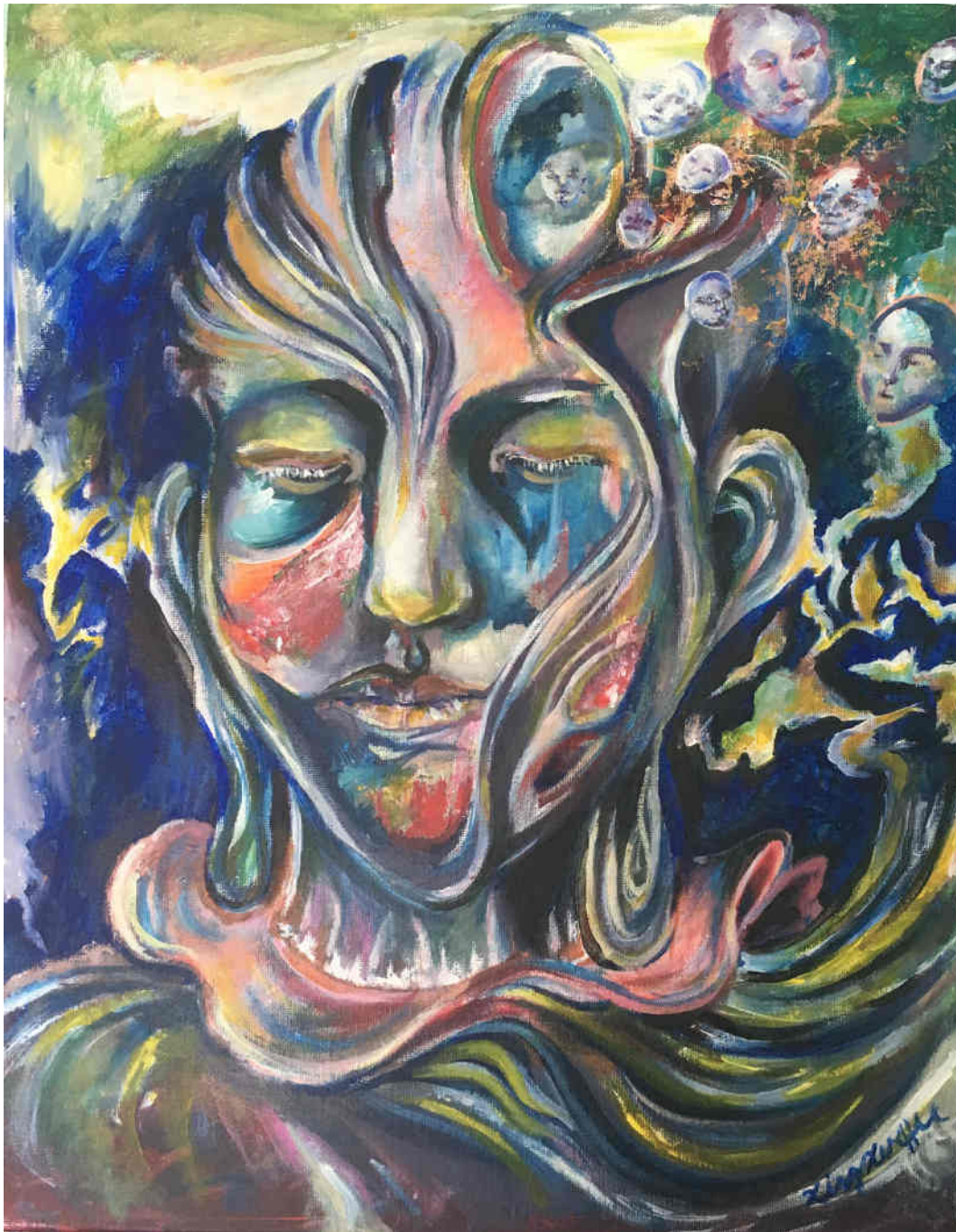
Amy Kim

they could never trust their own                               but they wipe with a thumb  
misty sight after a shower,                               their eyes and their reflection  
body clouded on a mirror, recalling                      from the smothering fog that their breath,  
the uncertainty of blurred words                         growing faint, had heaved  
on a page missing   time and time again  
the certainty of glasses   onto polished glass

shrouding the stranger before themself.

the ghostly fingerprints that streak their image  
will require words  
when they face in the clearing mirror  
their mother in rearview, looming with pink rubber gloves,  
and they will forget their lines,  
and they will stammer a plea.  
I've seen your blue vanity,  
blotted with impressions and cracked with age –  
surely even you have felt there's  
nothing more chilling  
than the inability to join name and body,  
nothing more thrilling  
than to touch there, there,  
and stain the unseen clear





**Identities**  
Alice Xingxer Hu

# BARRIERS

## How the U.S. Military's Semipermeable Base Barriers Operate and Adapt as a Spatial Technology of Empire

Rob Carpenter

The spatial manifestations of the United States military is nothing short of extra. According to Professor of Anthropology and International Studies at Brown University Catherine Lutz, as of 2009, “90,000 troops and 115,000 civilian employees are massed in 909 military facilities in 46 countries.”<sup>1</sup> Yet not only are America's foreign and domestic bases extra in their number, size, and scale, the way bases constantly regulate human movement also goes beyond the everyday. Military bases are semipermeable in the way they prevent certain people, objects, and ideas from entering and exiting. While the bases' physical barriers operate as protective walls to outside threats, they simultaneously operate like prison walls, preventing (or slowing) prisoners, as well as refugees, from exiting. In effect, the speed and ease in which detainees are allowed to exit the base's barrier indicates how well the detained people comply with America's priorities. Bases have selectively released detainees whose behavior is deemed appropriate for American life, while other, less “American” detainees are held longer—sometimes indefinitely.

In some instances, the semipermeable barrier holding people within bases has opened quickly for skilled refugees that could help America, while bases' gates have opened more slowly (and sometimes not at all) for refugees with poor English skills.<sup>2</sup> Bases are impermeable to

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1 Catherine Lutz, “Introduction: Bases, Empire, And Global Response,” *In The Bases of Empire: The Global Struggle against U.S. Military Posts*, edited by Lutz Catherine, (New York: NYU Press, 2009), 1.

2 For example, in 1956, Operation Mercy facilitated the immigration of Hungarians fleeing their country after Hungarian Revolution. The Hungarians immigrated into America through the U.S. Army base Camp Kilmer in New Jersey. According to a CIA report on the mission declassified in 1994,

people seen as racially or physically threatening to American hegemony while other people whose presence could propagate the image of America as a generous humanitarian force are welcomed in society. The detainment of foreign people with military spaces at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, and Fort Chaffee, Arkansas, demonstrate how foreign groups' abilities, ethnicity and perceived ability to hurt Americans affect the permeability of the bases' barriers and foreigners' ability to exit their base confinement. Perla M. Guerrero's 2016 article, "Yellow Peril In Arkansas," describes how Vietnamese doctors brought to Fort Chaffee as refugees through Operation New Arrivals were quickly funneled off base and employed in American communities who needed medical professionals.<sup>3</sup> In addition, an article in the Fort Chaffee refugee camp newspaper indicates how Vietnamese doctors and nurses had their journey to America expedited while other refugees who lacked the needed skills were forced to take beginner English language courses and classes about American culture in order to prepare them for American society. According to the newspaper *Helping Hand*, published by the U.S. Army's 145th Public Information Detachment at Fort Chaffee, after the camp had been operational for three months, 120 out of 140 refugee medical professionals or "well over 80 per cent of all refugee doctors processed into Fort Chaffee [had] been relocated out of the center."<sup>4</sup> In contrast, other Vietnamese refugees who did not have the desired medical skills were left behind, forced to find Americans to support them through a sponsorship immigration program.

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the refugee resettlement operation "was motivated by a genuine sympathy and admiration for Hungarians and a determination to take full advantage of the propaganda opportunity against the Soviet Block," even though many of the refugees "had little or no knowledge of the English language." Gey E. Coriden, "Report On Hungarian Refugees," *CIA Historical Review Program*, approved for release 1994, July 2, 1996, [https://www.cia.gov/library/center-for-the-study-of-intelligence/kent-csi/vol2no1/html/v02i1a07p\\_0001.htm](https://www.cia.gov/library/center-for-the-study-of-intelligence/kent-csi/vol2no1/html/v02i1a07p_0001.htm).

3 Perla. M Guerrero, "Yellow Peril in Arkansas: War Christianity, and the Regional Racialization of Vietnamese Refugees," *Kalfou*, Vol. 3, Issue 2 (Fall 2016), 230-252

4 "120 doctors sponsored so far," *Helping Hand*, August 7, 1975, published by the U.S. Army's 145th Public Information Detachment at Fort Chaffee.

During Operation New Arrivals at Fort Chaffee, the Army used the base walls to regulate the quality and quantity of refugees leaving and entering the base. As Historian Jana K. Lipman points out in a 2015 article, “one of the key advantages of using military bases as refugee camps was of course that they came with clearly defined and secure perimeters and highly regulated spaces.”<sup>5</sup> During Operation New Arrivals, the Army used Fort Chaffee and Fort Indiantown Gaps’ barriers to effectively contain the Vietnamese refugees who were waiting for resettlement. The bases’ barriers, along with warnings that exiting without permission was against the law, allowed the Army to control the way the refugees immigrated into America. Furthermore, the U.S. military attempted to use a sponsorship program that required a church or American family to agree to look after refugee families before they could leave the base. The sponsorship program allowed Operation New Arrivals to select where in the U.S. the refugees would start their lives in America. Selecting the exact geographic destination of the Vietnamese and Cambodian refugees allowed the Army and other government agencies to spread the refugees around the country, in an attempt to prevent the accumulation of ethnic enclaves. According to Gail Paradise Kelly, a professor of education and history, at FIG, “camp management, the arm of the IATF [Interagency Task Force], pursued a policy of diaspora. Resettlement was aimed at preventing large clusters of Vietnamese, Cambodians, or Laotians from building up in any large area in the country.”<sup>6</sup> Kelly describes how sponsorship was a tool not only to help get the refugees started in a new society but also to spread them thin. From the Army’s perspective, sponsoring refugees with a church or American family minimized the risk that the refugees would become dependent on state welfare. Church sponsorship could also limit the formation of Vietnamese clusters, which could remind Americans of the Vietnam War that was still fresh in collective memory. In fact, this plan was not effec-

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5 Jana K. Lipman, “‘A Precedent Worth Setting...’ Military Humanitarianism: The U.S. Military and the 1975 Vietnamese Evacuation,” *The Journal of Military History*, Volume 79, (Jan. 2015), 163.

6 Gail Paradise Kelly, *From Vietnam to America: A Chronicle of the Vietnamese Immigration to the United States*, (Boulder, CO: Westview Press, 1977), 62-63.



tive, as refugees often move around the country closer to families or like ethnic groups. Kelly points out that soon after the refugee resettlement camp at FIG closed in late 1975, refugees had begun to move closer to one another which effectively established distinct ethnic enclaves or “Little Saigons.”<sup>7</sup>

In her article “Where is Guantánamo?,” Professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania Amy Kaplan discusses how the detainment of Haitian political refugees at America’s military base at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba demonstrated the regulation of human movement through the use of U.S. base barriers.<sup>8</sup> In 1991, Haitians fleeing political persecution were detained by the Coast Guard in Florida and transported to Guantánamo Bay. The refugees were feared to be the source of the HIV/AIDS epidemic that affected the United States in the 1980s and 90s. The Haitian refugees kept on base were allowed to leave after considerable suffering in detainment and once it became clear that they would return to Haiti instead of immigrating to the United States. Guantánamo Bay’s base barrier is also historically notable as it switched from being relatively permeable, allowing soldiers to leave base to drink and meet prostitutes in nearby towns, to completely closed after the Cuban Revolution toppled a U.S. supported regime.<sup>9</sup> Since 9/11, the base barrier at Guantánamo Bay has been similarly rigid while holding suspected Middle Eastern terrorists indefinitely.

U.S. military bases possess physical semipermeable barriers that admit certain goods and people while excluding other people and behaviors that are destructive to the American empire. At the same time, the destructive side effects of American presence are allowed to permeate through the barriers into the surrounding local community. In other words, bases’ semipermeable barriers resemble cell membranes that

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7 Ibid, 203.

8 Amy Kaplan. “Where Is Guantánamo?” *American Quarterly* 57, no. 3 (2005): 831-858. <https://muse.jhu.edu/> (accessed December 22, 2017).

9 Jana K. Lipman, *Guantánamo: A Working Class History Between Empire and Revolution*, (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 2009).

admit advantageous particles through their membrane walls while rejecting other particles that are hostile or unhelpful. The semipermeable base barrier is a spatial technology implemented around the world by all five branches of the U.S. Armed Forces as well as other government and diplomatic agencies.





**Jerusalem in Plastic Flowers**

Naomi Safran-Hon

# JOSE & HONORIO

Karleigh Lopez

Brown bodies came on boats  
In search of Campbell's soup.

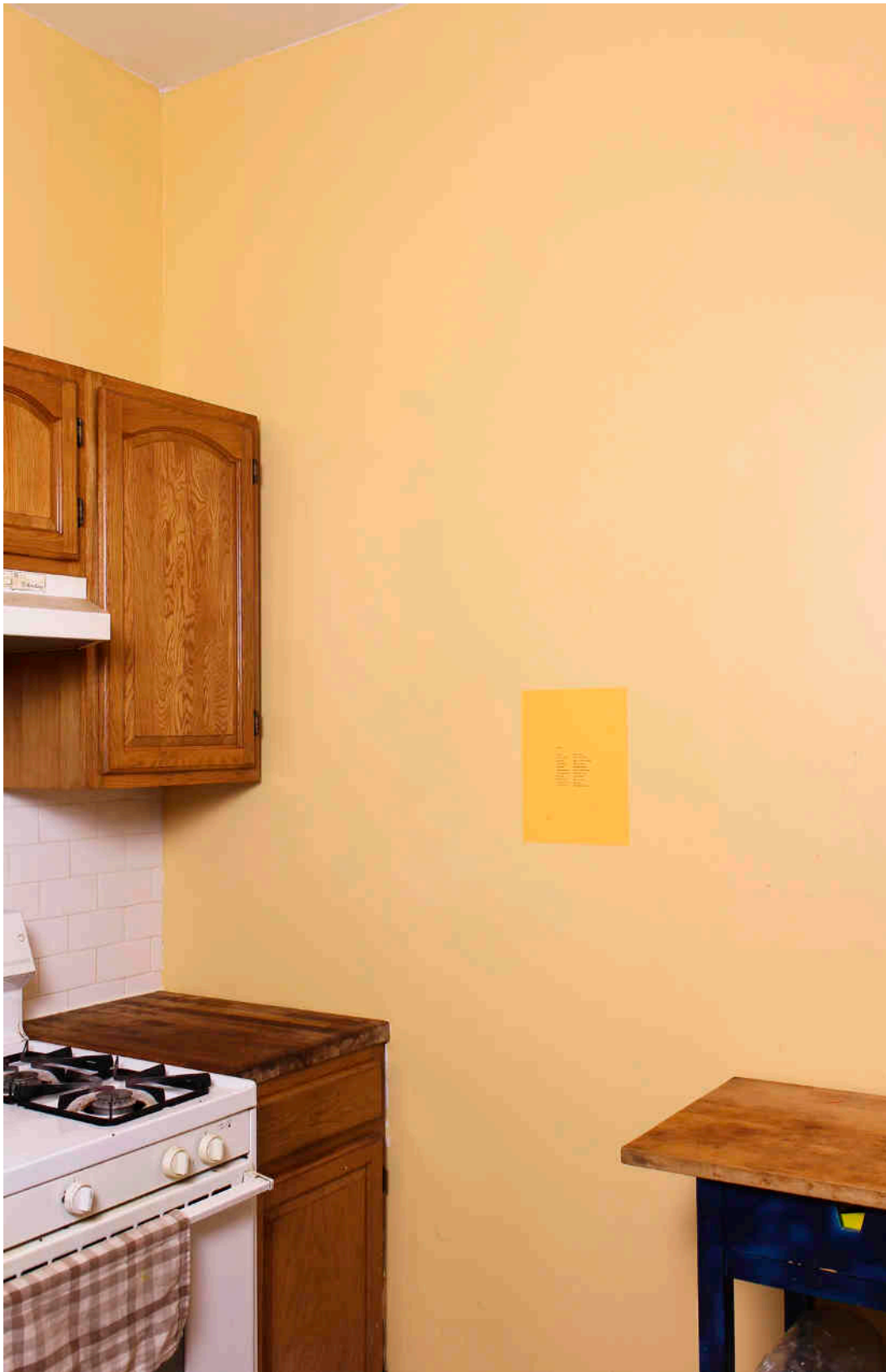
Bounded and heated by gold leather skin,  
Stretching and straining against the masses of  
Steel bone and puddy.  
Sour beans still tarred and wet in their throats.

Seasick and hungry:  
A tang of rage at bold nothings,  
Craving the sweet collapse of land.  
Swimming through translation:  
Blind men, aidless, learning braille

Ripe foreheads beaded by crowns of foul moisture,  
Atop blossoms of wiry sprouts  
That swallow their eyes.  
Wicked vagrants possessing honest fantasies.

---

The roar of sunrise,  
The allure of the same hymn  
In a new land,  
The beauty of a flag similar to  
Home  
and  
Overflowing spoons of  
Tomato soup  
Para Rosita y Juan.

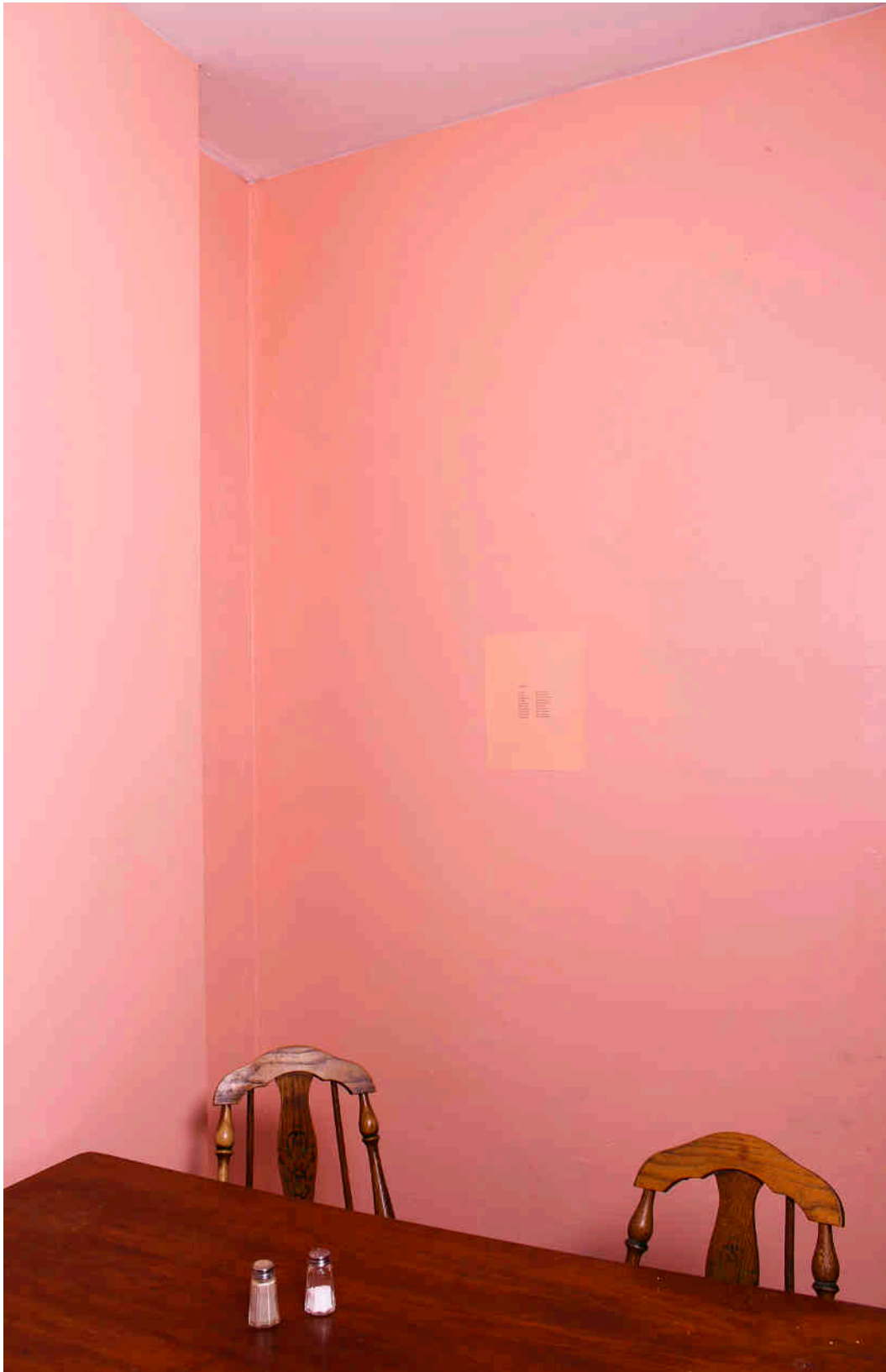


### Kitchen

|                   |                         |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| The sink          | She's drained           |
| The dish rack     | She's well-balanced     |
| The oven          | She's too hot to handle |
| The wall clock    | She's on the go         |
| The toaster       | She gets heated         |
| The recycling bin | She's accommodating     |
| The compost bin   | She trusts her gut      |
| The table         | She's intimate          |
| The first chair   | She's on edge           |
| The second chair  | She's firm              |
| The third chair   | She's still standing    |

## Home Checklist II

M Slater



### Dining Room

|                   |                        |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| The table         | She holds court        |
| The hutch         | She's protective       |
| The shelving unit | She's a problem solver |
| The fridge        | She keeps her cool     |
| The microwave     | She takes her time     |
| The first chair   | She's upfront          |
| The second chair  | She's no slouch        |
| The third chair   | She's unshakable       |
| The fourth chair  | She's holding up       |
| The ceiling fan   | She's mind-blowing     |





### Bathroom

|                    |                          |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| The shower head    | She keeps it coming      |
| The tub            | She's filled to the brim |
| The sink           | She cleans up            |
| The soap dispenser | She's methodical         |
| The toilet         | She's strictly business  |
| The toilet brush   | She makes the most of it |
| The mirror         | She's steamy             |
| The trash can      | She demands attention    |
| The towel rack     | She lets it all hang out |

# CALLING HOME

Karen Mondaca

I wished i learned how to talk to my mom  
Theres a lot of phone calls i owe her  
Every call with something i left unsaid  
Distancing happening at a faster rate  
Than i would like to admit  
I think about her a lot  
Of all the things i owe her  
But i just cant say  
I mean, who wants to go to bed crying every night  
To a mother you dont deserve  
Who is also the dad you never had  
And i dont have the words to say  
That i wish she knew how much i love her  
I know she lost more than she cares to admit  
And i feel guilty for leaving  
Because it was only me and her looking after the kids  
My best friend  
My mother  
While i was across the country  
Taking shots to forget  
All the calls i never returned  
She was there by the phone hoping I would call

# BROWN SUGAR

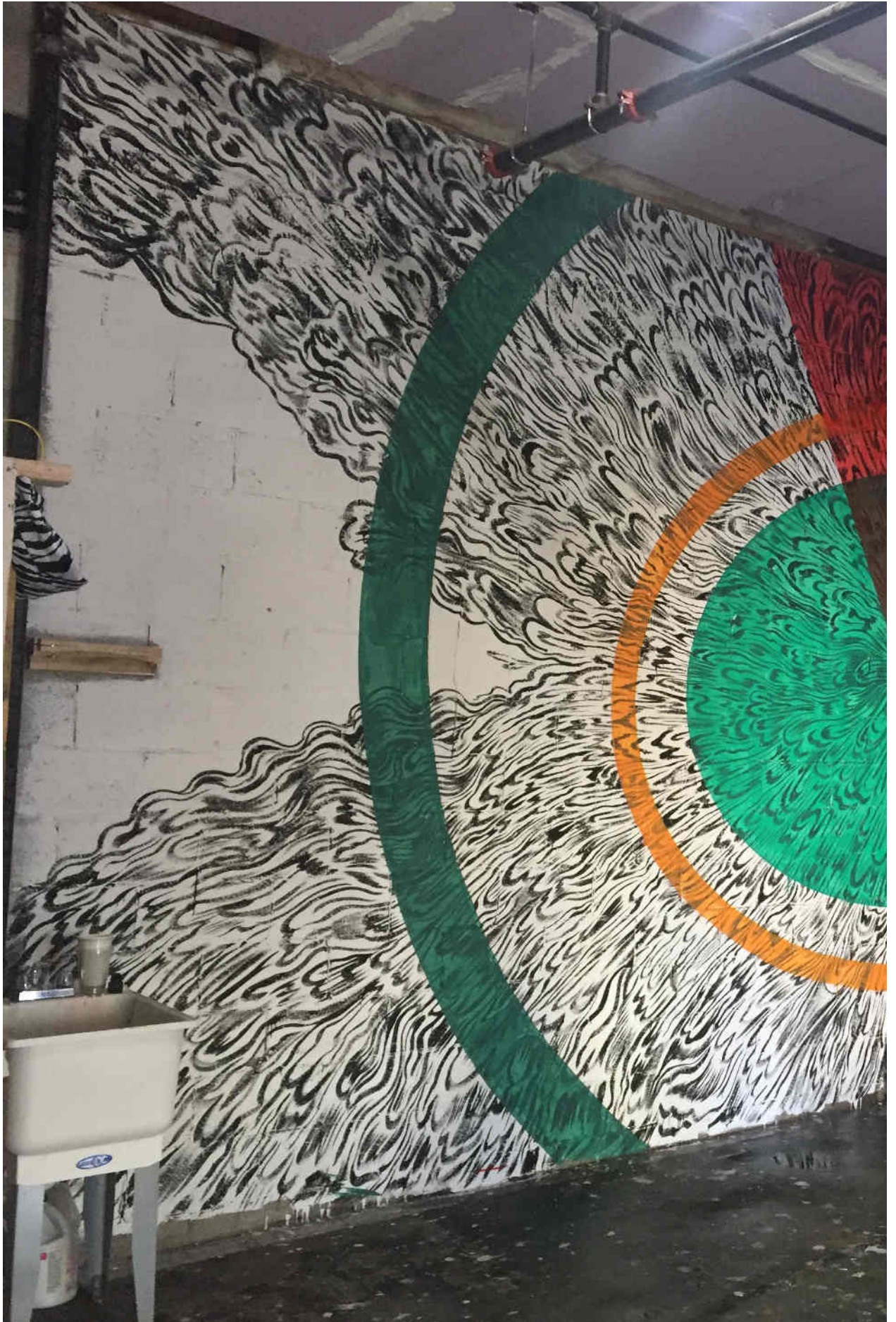
Karen Mondaca

You say brown like it's a bad word  
Like my being is sin and you loving me brings you to doom  
You worship the deep colors of my skin  
Saying you like vanilla but eating the sweet caramel that drops off my skin  
You trace all the places you been to on my body  
Confusing my body with a map  
But there is only one destination  
You say you only want a taste  
Unfolding my legs like an Atlas  
Getting lost in the pages and folds of my body  
You say you know how to swim  
But you keep drowning in the oceans of my body  
You say you are like an anchor and you can hold me down  
But I am not a boat  
I am the ocean and I will drown you  
You say you want to hold me in the palm of your hand  
But I slip between your fingers because I never meant to stay  
You want me to stay because I illuminate your life  
But I burn brightly and cast everything in my path to flame  
You don't believe me  
You kiss me  
Pretending I am not fire and water  
And when I'm not burning you I am drowning you  
Always extreme  
Always too much  
And you always running to disaster  
Like an intoxicating drug you can never get enough  
You find my sweetness better than molasses  
Slurping my brown sugar

And when you are not on a sugar high  
You're drunk in love  
Always coming for more  
You call me bruja  
That I've cast a spell on you  
That the sway of my hips calls you  
Like a siren calling you to your doom  
My lips your salvation  
But you keep confusing me with your second coming  
I'm not your God  
My vagina is not your holy grail  
Day and night you worship my body  
When I don't even want to stay the full night  
Not into commitment just here for the time  
You say my laughter scares you  
As the cackles of all my ancestors come forth  
Always ending in a moan  
Calling the deepest parts of you  
But you have nothing that I want  
Here I am playing with the Devil  
Sleeping with him  
Painted red but always white  
He calls me exotic  
Because in this golden skin he's tasted honey  
Confusing my body with land he wants to own  
But the deep brown hues of my body can only bury  
What would be his biggest conquest is just a graveyard  
I am not here to be owned  
I am not here to be tamed  
I howl with the wolves  
Y así me voy hollering brown women  
Untamable  
Savage  
Never yours  
Not even for the night















*Previous spread:*

**The Pharmacy**

NDA

*This page:*

**Blowin' Up**

NDA

## ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

### ***Love on Top, Sophia Abraham-Raveson '18***

Sophia Abraham-Raveson is an English major with a concentration in Africana Studies. She plays bass with her band Baby Bush and loves doing West African dance.

*I wrote this poem while studying abroad in Accra, Ghana. I usually like to write prose fiction and nonfiction, but at a time when my thoughts felt much more fragmented, poetry felt more accessible.*

### ***Chasm, Amy Kim SC '20***

Amy Kim is an English major from San Diego. Talk to her about instances of intersectional feminism in 'children's entertainment,' and you might just have to saw off your leg to get out of the conversation. She misses her dog.

*In Plessy v. Ferguson, Justice John Marshall Harlan famously described Asians as "a race so different from our own" to argue against separate but equal. He noted how the spectral Chinaman could board the white car of the train while black American citizens "many of whom, perhaps risked their lives for the preservation of the Union" could not. The invisibility that haunts Asian American identity, coupled with that of queerness within the community, has become a riveting intersection of racial, gender, and intergenerational conflict.*

### ***Identities, Alice Xingxer Hu '20***

Alice Xingxer Hu is an Asian-American artist based in greater Philadelphia and New York. She is a sophomore at Haverford College majoring in Growth and Structure of Cities. She is inspired by her own experience as a person of color and the strength and sacrifices of her family. You can find more of her work at: [xingxerhu.com](http://xingxerhu.com)

*My painting stems from my constant negotiation of identities: it's the feeling that I am never enough or that I never fully belong, but it's also the realization that ultimately, all of those identities are impermanent.*

### **Barriers, Rob Carpenter '18**

Rob Carpenter is a history major from Northern California. Examining the U.S. military's history of humanitarian operations reveals how the military often operates in multifaceted ways. Humanitarian missions such as Operation Mercy and Operation New Arrivals have proven to exist in a grey area between complete benevolence and pragmatic egotism.

*In my essay, I examine how America's foreign interventions return home and affect the way Americans first access our country, spatially, politically, and culturally. This essay would not have been possible without the generous help of Professor Andrew Friedman whose course, Cultural Landscapes of American Empire, was the inspiration for this essay. I am also indebted to Abby Cox of the Haverford College Writing Center. Lastly, I owe everything to the support of my family, particularly my mom, dad, and sister, Cass.*

### **Jerusalem in Plastic Flowers, Naomi Safran-Hon**

Naomi Safran-Hon is an artist and painter with cement. She grew up in Haifa, Israel, and she holds a BA from Brandeis University and a MFA from Yale University School of Art. Safran-Hon's most recent solo show, *A Room with No Exit*, just opened at Slag Gallery in Brooklyn. You can follow her on Instagram at @saffron\_n\_honey.

*In my work I investigate the tension between domestic space and the invasion of outside forces. In the region where I grew up, war and violence penetrate every aspect of daily life. Intermixing cement and lace allows me to explore these moments of tension. Cement, an element of the external world, represents the forces that push into lace, a fabric that contains our*

*domestic life. Shapes and patterns that are created in cement through the use of lace relate to surfaces and abstract forms as well as to the division and isolation of land. The shapes are taken from maps that show partition and control of land.*

***Jose & Honorio, Karleigh Lopez***

Karleigh Lopez is a sophomore at Saint Joseph's University originally from South Jersey. Karleigh studies Communications, English, and Law, and is a writer for the opinions section for the campus newspaper, *The Hawk*.

*My great grandparents came to America when my grandparents were children. They came to work for Campbell's soup factory. I wrote this poem to pay homage to my Puerto Rican ancestry and to illustrate the struggles that they had to bear to give further generations, like myself, better opportunities in America.*

***Home Checklist II, M Slater***

M received her BA from the University of Pennsylvania in 2016. She has exhibited at Tiger Strikes Asteroid Philadelphia, The Woodmere Art Museum, The Brodsky Gallery, Fjord Gallery, and most recently at Little Berlin. She is the founder of the anti-branding and post-logo design studio BELSH (belsh.net). mslater.info / ig: @m.slater\_

*M Slater is an interdisciplinary artist based in Philadelphia. In sculpture, text-based work, and photography, she deals with the constant negotiation of space. Looking at objects, rooms, and language systems, M considers how we interact with the things around us and the alternative possibilities that arise from the twisting and reshaping of our worlds.*



## **Calling Home, Karen Mondaca '18**

Karen Mondaca has recently started writing poetry and writes about her struggles with identity, growth, and love.

*This piece reflects some of my biggest insecurities especially after heading to college. My mother was both my mom and dad. She raised six kids, three with learning disabilities and somehow always had enough energy and love to smile. With going to college, I felt incredibly bad to leave her alone with all our issues in Arizona. I don't think a lot of people recognize the class jump that happens when a low-income person comes to a place where they do not have to worry about food, shelter, etc. Every single day, I was having access to things I didn't even know existed but back home my mom was struggling with rent payments, buying groceries and because we didn't have a car, she couldn't take my siblings to their therapy sessions. No matter if you couldn't change the situation back home, you still feel guilty because you weren't even there for moral support. Every phone call with my mother was hell, you hear all the struggles happening and you're stuck in gringolandia planning the next social or pregame feeling guilty because you don't have to worry about rent money or food insecurity. It got to a point where every call made me guilty and every time I would hang up I would tell my mom I would call her later and I mostly didn't.*

## **Brown Sugar**

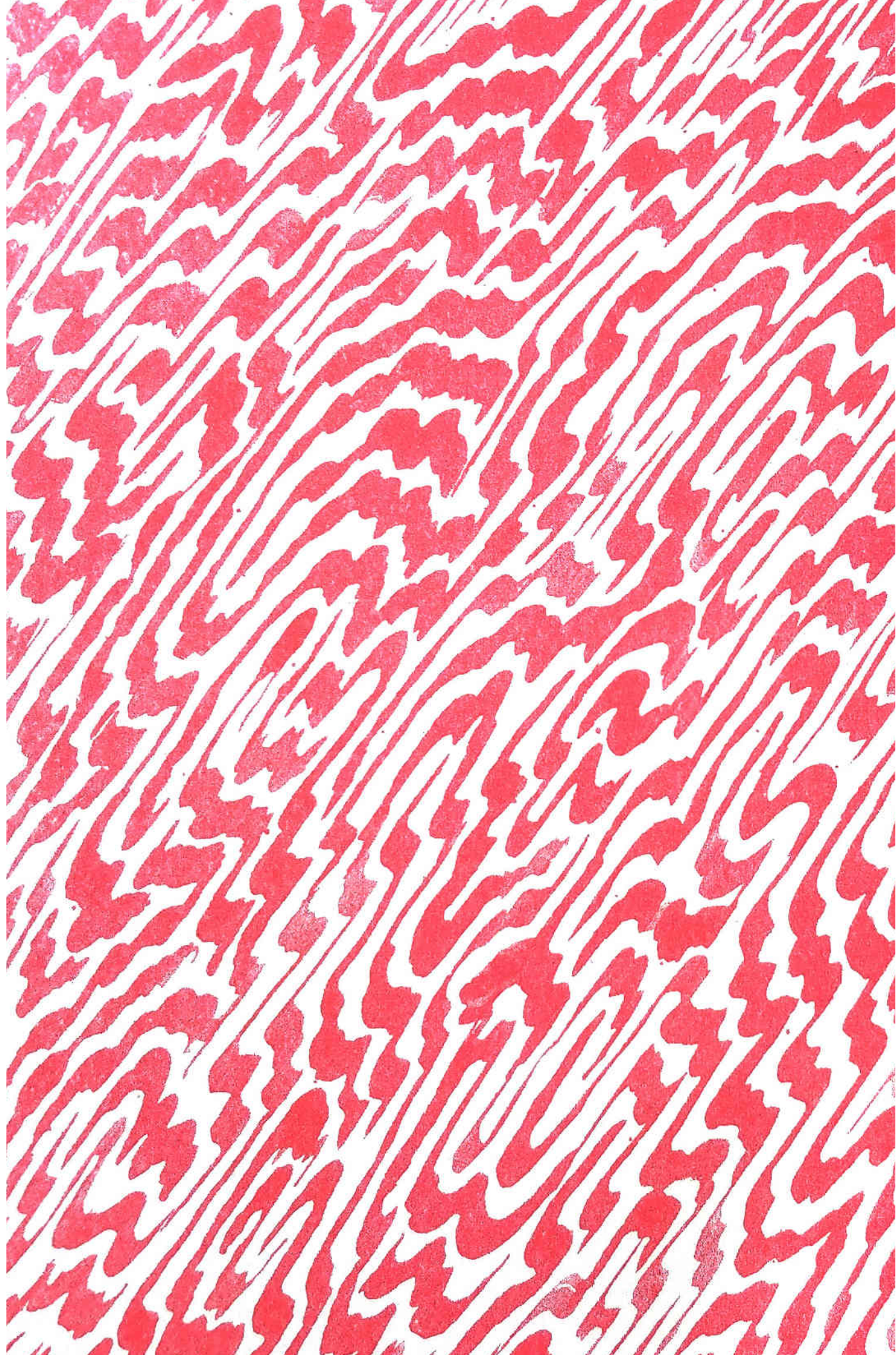
*Overall, this poem is about Latina sexuality and the complexities of having white partners. Here, the Latina owns her sexuality and talks about the complexities of power with her white lover. Fetishization, ownership, and taming are all mentioned as patterns of colonization but the Latina not only is aware of the issues of this relationship but consistently shows that she owns her body, her time, and ultimately decides how involved she gets with her white lover. This is not to criticize white people or white men, after all, this is here to show some of the complexities of dating/hooking up with white men from the perspective of a woman of color.*

### ***The Pharmacy and Blowin' Up, NDA***

NDA is a public and gallery artist based out of Philadelphia. Although his background is in printmaking and illustration, he is now mostly recognized for his focus on murals and large-scale public work. By combining surrealism, comic humor and real life observations, NDA seeks to shine light on the human condition while at the same time making his audience laugh. His bright and expressive work can be seen around the world from Mexico to Norway. Recent projects have brought him to the Lower East Side for a pop up show in an abandoned market as well as the Newark Museum and a mural with the Philadelphia Mural Arts Program. NDA has also exhibited his work in cities along the east coast such as New York, Philadelphia, Newark and Miami. He has been an artist in residence at Staufferstadt in Strasburg, VA and the Sunnhordland Folkehogskule Teaching Residency in Norway. Additionally, he has been featured in the New York Times, Ginko Press and Esquire.









# MARGIN

**EXTRA**

Volume VII, Spring 2018

Haverford College

#### **Margin Editorial Board**

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Alice Hu '20

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Esme Trontz '18 (Editor-in-Chief)

Lily Xu '19

Bilge Nur Yilmaz '21

Margin is Haverford's themed student-edited publication.

Each issue features a topic marginalized in academic discourses, presenting submissions of critical essays, reviews, creative writing, visual media, and any other artifacts that critically or creatively engage the theme. We seek to publish the work of students, scholars, artists, musicians, and writers, both from within and outside of the Haverford Community.

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[havto/margin](http://havto/margin)

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Design by Duncan Cooper

Cover: Detail from *Blowin' Up*, 2017, watercolor and ink on risograph, by NDA.

Sponsored by the John B. Hurford '60 Center for the Arts and Humanities.



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**We have drawn our own borders to describe what it might mean to be extra. We chose five poems, five works of visual art, and one essay by artists and writers in and around Philadelphia.**

**What's *extra*?**

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## LOVE ON TOP

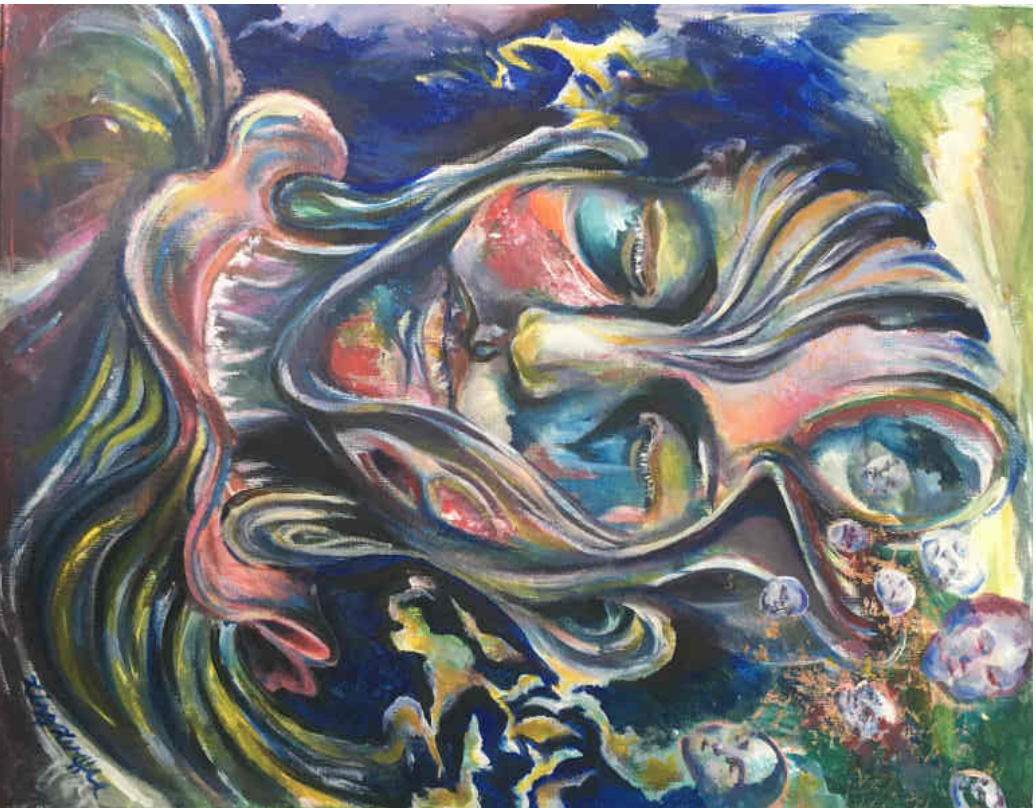
Sophia Abraham-Raveson

Sorry To All My Past And Present Roommates For The Number Of Times  
I've Played Love On Top On Repeat; Alternatively: You're Welcome, Or,  
How Dancing Alone In Your Room Can Temporarily Give You Control Of  
A Body You've Learned Over and Over Again Belongs To Somebody Else,  
Somebody Who Is Not You, Or, What Do Your iTunes Play-Counts Say About  
You? Or, On Trying To Keep It Together When You're Kinda Falling Apart, Or,  
When A Winky-Face Is Enough To Make Your Chest Tighten And Your Tears  
Threaten To Leak Out, Or, Shout Out To The Friends Who Don't Ask And  
Sing Even More Off-Key Than You, Or, Naming Your Pain: The Only Way To  
Make It Real, Or, How Modulation Can Take You One Step Further When  
You Thought You'd Never Make It, Or, When I Need To Make Everything  
Stop/Finally You Put My Love On Top

## CHASM

Amy Kim

they could never trust their own                      but they wipe with a thumb  
mistled sight after a shower,                      their eyes and their reflection  
body clouded on a mirror, recalling                      from the smothering fog that their breath,  
the uncertainty of blurred words                      growing faint, had heaved  
on a page missing                      time and time again  
the certainty of glasses                      onto polished glass  
shrouding the stranger before themselves.  
  
the ghostly fingerprints that streak their image  
will require words  
when they face in the clearing mirror  
their mother in rearview, looming with pink rubber gloves,  
and they will forget their lines,  
and they will stammer a plea.  
I've seen your blue vanity,  
blotted with impressions and cracked with age –  
surely even you have felt there's  
nothing more chilling  
than the inability to join name and body,  
nothing more thrilling  
than to touch there, there,  
and stain the unseen clear



## Identities

Alice Xingxer Hu

## BARRIERS

### How the U.S. Military's Semipermeable Base Barriers Operate and Adapt as a Spatial Technology of Empire

Rob Carpenter

The spatial manifestations of the United States military is nothing short of extra. According to Professor of Anthropology and International Studies at Brown University Catherine Lutz, as of 2009, “90,000 troops and 115,000 civilian employees are massed in 909 military facilities in 46 countries.”<sup>1</sup> Yet not only are America’s foreign and domestic bases extra in their number, size, and scale, the way bases constantly regulate human movement also goes beyond the everyday. Military bases are semipermeable in the way they prevent certain people, objects, and ideas from entering and exiting. While the bases’ physical barriers operate as protective walls to outside threats, they simultaneously operate like prison walls, preventing (or slowing) prisoners, as well as refugees, from exiting. In effect, the speed and ease in which detainees are allowed to exit the base’s barrier indicates how well the detained people comply with America’s priorities. Bases have selectively released detainees whose behavior is deemed appropriate for American life, while other, less “American” detainees are held longer—sometimes indefinitely.

In some instances, the semipermeable barrier holding people within bases has opened quickly for skilled refugees that could help America, while bases’ gates have opened more slowly (and sometimes not at all) for refugees with poor English skills.<sup>2</sup> Bases are impermeable to

<sup>1</sup> Catherine Lutz, “Introduction: Bases, Empire, And Global Response,” *In The Bases of Empire: The Global Struggle against U.S. Military Posts*, edited by Lutz Catherine, (New York: NYU Press, 2009), 1.

<sup>2</sup> For example, in 1956, Operation Mercy facilitated the immigration of Hungarians fleeing the their country after Hungarian Revolution. The Hungarians immigrated into America through the U.S. Army base Camp Kilmer in New Jersey. According to a CIA report on the mission declassified in 1994,

people seen as racially or physically threatening to American hegemony while other people whose presence could propagate the image of America as a generous humanitarian force are welcomed in society. The detainment of foreign people with military spaces at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, and Fort Chaffee, Arkansas, demonstrate how foreign groups' abilities, ethnicity and perceived ability to hurt Americans affect the permeability of the bases' barriers and foreigners' ability to exit their base confinement. Perla M. Guerrero's 2016 article, "Yellow Peril In Arkansas," describes how Vietnamese doctors brought to Fort Chaffee as refugees through Operation New Arrivals were quickly funneled off base and employed in American communities who needed medical professionals.<sup>3</sup> In addition, an article in the Fort Chaffee refugee camp newspaper indicates how Vietnamese doctors and nurses had their journey to America expedited while other refugees who lacked the needed skills were forced to take beginner English language courses and classes about American culture in order to prepare them for American society. According to the newspaper *Helping Hand*, published by the U.S. Army's 145th Public Information Detachment at Fort Chaffee, after the camp had been operational for three months, 120 out of 140 refugee medical professionals or "well over 80 per cent of all refugee doctors processed into Fort Chaffee [had] been relocated out of the center."<sup>4</sup> In contrast, other Vietnamese refugees who did not have the desired medical skills were left behind, forced to find Americans to support them through a sponsorship immigration program.

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- 3 the refugee resettlement operation "was motivated by a genuine sympathy and admiration for Hungarians and a determination to take full advantage of the propaganda opportunity against the Soviet Block," even though many of the refugees "had little or no knowledge of the English language." Gay E. Coriden, "Report On Hungarian Refugees," *CIA Historical Review Program*, approved for release 1994, July 2, 1996, [https://www.cia.gov/library/center-for-the-study-of-intelligence/kent-csi/vol2no1/html/vol2i1a07p\\_0001.htm](https://www.cia.gov/library/center-for-the-study-of-intelligence/kent-csi/vol2no1/html/vol2i1a07p_0001.htm).
  - 4 Perla M. Guerrero, "Yellow Peril in Arkansas: War Christianity, and the Regional Racialization of Vietnamese Refugees," *Kaifou*, Vol. 3, Issue 2 (Fall 2016), 230-252
  - 5 "120 doctors sponsored so far," *Helping Hand*, August 7, 1975, published by the U.S. Army's 145th Public Information Detachment at Fort Chaffee.

During Operation New Arrivals at Fort Chaffee, the Army used the base walls to regulate the quality and quantity of refugees leaving and entering the base. As Historian Jana K. Lipman points out in a 2015 article, "one of the key advantages of using military bases as refugee camps was of course that they came with clearly defined and secure perimeters and highly regulated spaces."<sup>5</sup> During Operation New Arrivals, the Army used Fort Chaffee and Fort Indiantown Gaps' barriers to effectively contain the Vietnamese refugees who were waiting for resettlement. The bases' barriers, along with warnings that exiting without permission was against the law, allowed the Army to control the way the refugees immigrated into America. Furthermore, the U.S. military attempted to use a sponsorship program that required a church or American family to agree to look after refugee families before they could leave the base. The sponsorship program allowed Operation New Arrivals to select where in the U.S. the refugees would start their lives in America. Selecting the exact geographic destination of the Vietnamese and Cambodian refugees allowed the Army and other government agencies to spread the refugees around the country, in an attempt to prevent the accumulation of ethnic enclaves. According to Gail Paradise Kelly, a professor of education and history, at FIG, "camp management, the arm of the IATF [Interagency Task Force], pursued a policy of diaspora. Resettlement was aimed at preventing large clusters of Vietnamese, Cambodians, or Laotians from building up in any large area in the country."<sup>6</sup> Kelly describes how sponsorship was a tool not only to help get the refugees started in a new society but also to spread them thin. From the Army's perspective, sponsoring refugees with a church or American family minimized the risk that the refugees would become dependent on state welfare. Church sponsorship could also limit the formation of Vietnamese clusters, which could remind Americans of the Vietnam War that was still fresh in collective memory. In fact, this plan was not effective.

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- 5 Jana K. Lipman, "A Precedent Worth Setting...: Military Humanitarianism: The U.S. Military and the 1975 Vietnamese Evacuation," *The Journal of Military History*, Volume 79, (Jan. 2015), 163.
  - 6 Gail Paradise Kelly, *From Vietnam to America: A Chronicle of the Vietnamese Immigration to the United States*, (Boulder, CO: Westview Press, 1977), 62-63.



tive, as refugees often move around the country closer to families or like ethnic groups. Kelly points out that soon after the refugee resettlement camp at FIG closed in late 1975, refugees had begun to move closer to one another which effectively established distinct ethnic enclaves or “Little Saigons.”<sup>7</sup>

In her article “Where is Guantánamo?”, Professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania Amy Kaplan discusses how the detainment of Haitian political refugees at America’s military base at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba demonstrated the regulation of human movement through the use of U.S. base barriers.<sup>8</sup> In 1991, Haitians fleeing political persecution were detained by the Coast Guard in Florida and transported to Guantánamo Bay. The refugees were feared to be the source of the HIV/AIDS epidemic that affected the United States in the 1980s and 90s. The Haitian refugees kept on base were allowed to leave after considerable suffering in detainment and once it became clear that they would return to Haiti instead of immigrating to the United States. Guantánamo Bay’s base barrier is also historically notable as it switched from being relatively permeable, allowing soldiers to leave base to drink and meet prostitutes in nearby towns, to completely closed after the Cuban Revolution toppled a U.S. supported regime.<sup>9</sup> Since 9/11, the base barrier at Guantánamo Bay has been similarly rigid while holding suspected Middle Eastern terrorists indefinitely.

U.S. military bases possess physical semipermeable barriers that admit certain goods and people while excluding other people and behaviors that are destructive to the American empire. At the same time, the destructive side effects of American presence are allowed to permeate through the barriers into the surrounding local community. In other words, bases’ semipermeable barriers resemble cell membranes that

admit advantageous particles through their membrane walls while rejecting other particles that are hostile or unhelpful. The semipermeable base barrier is a spatial technology implemented around the world by all five branches of the U.S. Armed Forces as well as other government and diplomatic agencies.

7 Ibid, 203.

8 Amy Kaplan, “Where is Guantánamo?” *American Quarterly* 57, no. 3 (2005): 831-858. <https://muse.jhu.edu/> (accessed December 22, 2017).

9 Jana K. Lipman, *Guantánamo: A Working Class History Between Empire and Revolution*, (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 2009).

## JOSE & HONORIO

Karleigh Lopez

Brown bodies came on boats  
In search of Campbell's soup.

Bounded and heated by gold leather skin,  
Stretching and straining against the masses of  
Steel bone and puddly.  
Sour beans still tarred and wet in their throats.

Seasick and hungry:  
A tang of rage at bold nothings,  
Craving the sweet collapse of land.  
Swimming through translation:  
Blind men, aidless, learning braille

Ripe foreheads beaded by crowns of foul moisture,  
Atop blossoms of wiry sprouts  
That swallow their eyes.  
Wicked vagrants possessing honest fantasies.

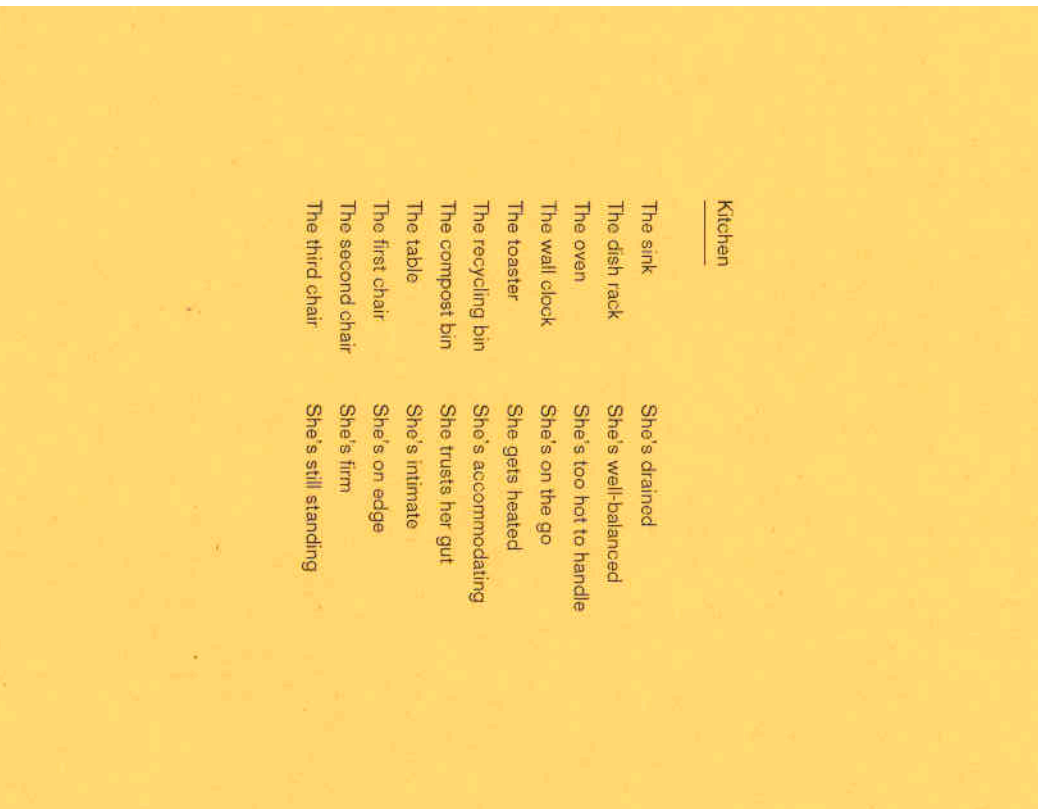
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The roar of sunrise,  
The allure of the same hymn  
In a new land,  
The beauty of a flag similar to  
Home  
and  
Overflowing spoons of  
Tomato soup  
Para Rosita y Juan.



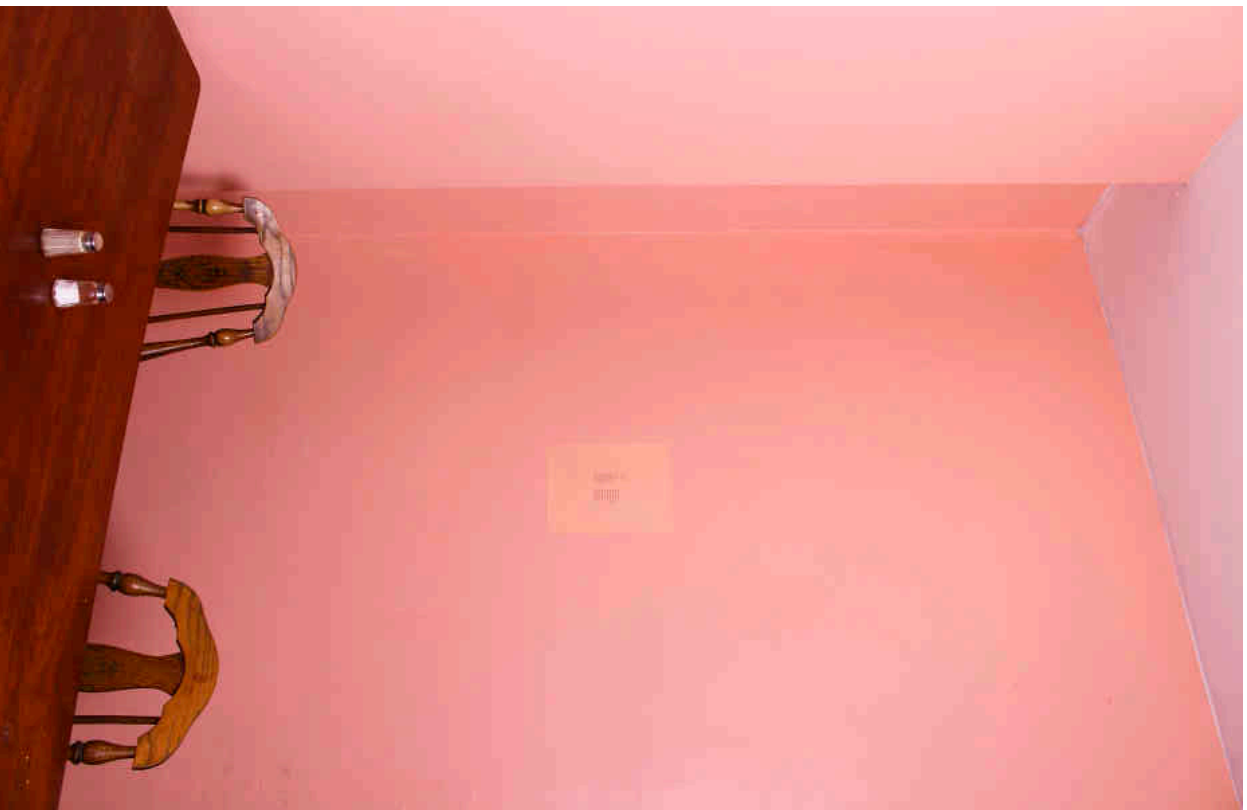
**Jerusalem in Plastic Flowers**  
Naomi Safran-Hon





## Home Checklist II

M Slater



### Dining Room

|                   |                        |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| The table         | She holds court        |
| The hutch         | She's protective       |
| The shelving unit | She's a problem solver |
| The fridge        | She keeps her cool     |
| The microwave     | She takes her time     |
| The first chair   | She's upfront          |
| The second chair  | She's no slouch        |
| The third chair   | She's unshakable       |
| The fourth chair  | She's holding up       |
| The ceiling fan   | She's mind-blowing     |



Bathroom

|                    |                          |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| The shower head    | She keeps it coming      |
| The tub            | She's filled to the brim |
| The sink           | She cleans up            |
| The soap dispenser | She's methodical         |
| The toilet         | She's strictly business  |
| The toilet brush   | She makes the most of it |
| The mirror         | She's steamy             |
| The trash can      | She demands attention    |
| The towel rack     | She lets it all hang out |

## CALLING HOME

Karen Mondaca

I wished i learned how to talk to my mom  
Theres a lot of phone calls i owe her  
Every call with something i left unsaid  
Distancing happening at a faster rate  
Than i would like to admit  
I think about her a lot  
Of all the things i owe her  
But i just cant say  
I mean, who wants to go to bed crying every night  
To a mother you dont deserve  
Who is also the dad you never had  
And i dont have the words to say  
That i wish she knew how much i love her  
I know she lost more than she cares to admit  
And i feel guilty for leaving  
Because it was only me and her looking after the kids  
My best friend  
My mother  
While i was across the country  
Taking shots to forget  
All the calls i never returned  
She was there by the phone hoping I would call

## BROWN SUGAR

Karen Mondaca

You say brown like it's a bad word  
Like my being is sin and you loving me brings you to doom  
You worship the deep colors of my skin  
Saying you like vanilla but eating the sweet caramel that drops off my skin  
You trace all the places you been to on my body  
Confusing my body with a map  
But there is only one destination  
You say you only want a taste  
Unfolding my legs like an Atlas  
Getting lost in the pages and folds of my body  
You say you know how to swim  
But you keep drowning in the oceans of my body  
You say you are like an anchor and you can hold me down  
But I am not a boat  
I am the ocean and I will drown you  
You say you want to hold me in the palm of your hand  
But I slip between your fingers because I never meant to stay  
You want me to stay because I illuminate your life  
But I burn brightly and cast everything in my path to flame  
You don't believe me  
You kiss me  
Pretending I am not fire and water  
And when I'm not burning you I am drowning you  
Always extreme  
Always too much  
And you always running to disaster  
Like an intoxicating drug you can never get enough  
You find my sweetness better than molasses  
Slurping my brown sugar

And when you are not on a sugar high  
You're drunk in love  
Always coming for more  
You call me brujá  
That I've cast a spell on you  
That the sway of my hips calls you  
Like a siren calling you to your doom  
My lips your salvation  
But you keep confusing me with your second coming  
I'm not your God  
My vagina is not your holy grail  
Day and night you worship my body  
When I don't even want to stay the full night  
Not into commitment just here for the time  
You say my laughter scares you  
As the cackles of all my ancestors come forth  
Always ending in a moan  
Calling the deepest parts of you  
But you have nothing that I want  
Here I am playing with the Devil  
Sleeping with him  
Painted red but always white  
He calls me exotic  
Because in this golden skin he's tasted honey  
Confusing my body with land he wants to own  
But the deep brown hues of my body can only bury  
What would be his biggest conquest is just a graveyard  
I am not here to be owned  
I am not here to be tamed  
I howl with the wolves  
Y así me voy hollering brown women  
Untamable  
Savage  
Never yours  
Not even for the night







## ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

### *Love on Top*, Sophia Abraham-Raveson '18

Sophia Abraham-Raveson is an English major with a concentration in Africana Studies. She plays bass with her band Baby Bush and loves doing West African dance.

*I wrote this poem while studying abroad in Accra, Ghana. I usually like to write prose fiction and nonfiction, but at a time when my thoughts felt much more fragmented, poetry felt more accessible.*

### *Chasm*, Amy Kim SC '20

Amy Kim is an English major from San Diego. Talk to her about instances of intersectional feminism in 'children's entertainment,' and you might just have to saw off your leg to get out of the conversation. She misses her dog.



*Previous spread:*

**The Pharmacy**

NDA

*This page:*

**Blowin' Up**

NDA

### *Identities*, Alice Xingxer Hu '20

*In Plessy v. Ferguson, Justice John Marshall Harlan famously described Asians as "a race so different from our own" to argue against separate but equal. He noted how the spectral Chinaman could board the white car of the train while black American citizens "many of whom, perhaps risked their lives for the preservation of the Union" could not. The invisibility that haunts Asian American identity, coupled with that of queerness within the community, has become a riveting intersection of racial, gender, and intergenerational conflict.*

Alice Xingxer Hu is an Asian-American artist based in greater Philadelphia and New York. She is a sophomore at Haverford College majoring in Growth and Structure of Cities. She is inspired by her own experience as a person of color and the strength and sacrifices of her family. You can find more of her work at: [xingxerhu.com](http://xingxerhu.com)

*My painting stems from my constant negotiation of identities: it's the feeling that I am never enough or that I never fully belong, but it's also the realization that ultimately, all of those identities are impermanent.*

### **Barriers, Rob Carpenter '18**

Rob Carpenter is a history major from Northern California. Examining the U.S. military's history of humanitarian operations reveals how the military often operates in multifaceted ways. Humanitarian missions such as Operation Mercy and Operation New Arrivals have proven to exist in a grey area between complete benevolence and pragmatic egotism.

*In my essay, I examine how America's foreign interventions return home and affect the way Americans first access our country, spatially, politically, and culturally. This essay would not have been possible without the generous help of Professor Andrew Friedman whose course, Cultural Landscapes of American Empire, was the inspiration for this essay. I am also indebted to Abby Cox of the Haverford College Writing Center. Lastly, I owe everything to the support of my family, particularly my mom, dad, and sister, Cass.*

### **Jerusalem in Plastic Flowers, Naomi Safran-Hon**

Naomi Safran-Hon is an artist and painter with cement. She grew up in Haifa, Israel, and she holds a BA from Brandeis University and a MFA from Yale University School of Art. Safran-Hon's most recent solo show, *A Room with No Exit*, just opened at Slag Gallery in Brooklyn. You can follow her on Instagram at @safran\_n\_honey.

*In my work I investigate the tension between domestic space and the invasion of outside forces. In the region where I grew up, war and violence penetrate every aspect of daily life. Intermixing cement and lace allows me to explore these moments of tension. Cement, an element of the external world, represents the forces that push into lace, a fabric that contains our*

*domestic life. Shapes and patterns that are created in cement through the use of lace relate to surfaces and abstract forms as well as to the division and isolation of land. The shapes are taken from maps that show partition and control of land.*

### **Jose & Honorio, Karleigh Lopez**

Karleigh Lopez is a sophomore at Saint Joseph's University originally from South Jersey. Karleigh studies Communications, English, and Law, and is a writer for the opinions section for the campus newspaper, *The Hawk*.

*My great grandparents came to America when my grandparents were children. They came to work for Campbell's soup factory. I wrote this poem to pay homage to my Puerto Rican ancestry and to illustrate the struggles that they had to bear to give further generations, like myself, better opportunities in America.*

### **Home Checklist II, M Slater**

M received her BA from the University of Pennsylvania in 2016. She has exhibited at Tiger Strikes Asteroid Philadelphia, The Woodmere Art Museum, The Brodsky Gallery, Fjord Gallery, and most recently at Little Berlin. She is the founder of the anti-branding and post-logo design studio BELSH (belsh.net). mslater.info / ig: @m.slater\_

*M Slater is an interdisciplinary artist based in Philadelphia. In sculpture, text-based work, and photography, she deals with the constant negotiation of space. Looking at objects, rooms, and language systems, M considers how we interact with the things around us and the alternative possibilities that arise from the twisting and reshaping of our worlds.*

### **Calling Home, Karen Mondaca '18**

Karen Mondaca has recently started writing poetry and writes about her struggles with identity, growth, and love.

*This piece reflects some of my biggest insecurities especially after heading to college. My mother was both my mom and dad. She raised six kids, three with learning disabilities and somehow always had enough energy and love to smile. With going to college, I felt incredibly bad to leave her alone with all our issues in Arizona. I don't think a lot of people recognize the class jump that happens when a low-income person comes to a place where they do not have to worry about food, shelter, etc. Every single day, I was having access to things I didn't even know existed but back home my mom was struggling with rent payments, buying groceries and because we didn't have a car, she couldn't take my siblings to their therapy sessions. No matter if you couldn't change the situation back home, you still feel guilty because you weren't even there for moral support. Every phone call with my mother was hell, you hear all the struggles happening and you're stuck in gringolandia planning the next social or pregame feeling guilty because you don't have to worry about rent money or food insecurity. It got to a point where every call made me guilty and every time I would hang up I would tell my mom I would call her later and I mostly didn't.*

### **Brown Sugar**

*Overall, this poem is about Latina sexuality and the complexities of having white partners. Here, the Latina owns her sexuality and talks about the complexities of power with her white lover. Fetishization, ownership, and tanning are all mentioned as patterns of colonization but the Latina not only is aware of the issues of this relationship but consistently shows that she owns her body, her time, and ultimately decides how involved she gets with her white lover. This is not to criticize white people or white men, after all, this is here to show some of the complexities of dating/hooking up with white men from the perspective of a woman of color.*

### **The Pharmacy and Blowin' Up, NDA**

NDA is a public and gallery artist based out of Philadelphia. Although his background is in printmaking and illustration, he is now mostly recognized for his focus on murals and large-scale public work. By combining surrealism, comic humor and real life observations, NDA seeks to shine light on the human condition while at the same time making his audience laugh. His bright and expressive work can be seen around the world from Mexico to Norway. Recent projects have brought him to the Lower East Side for a pop up show in an abandoned market as well as the Newark Museum and a mural with the Philadelphia Mural Arts Program. NDA has also exhibited his work in cities along the east coast such as New York, Philadelphia, Newark and Miami. He has been an artist in residence at Staufferstadt in Strasburg, VA and the Sunnhordland Folkehogskule Teaching Residency in Norway. Additionally, he has been featured in the New York Times, Ginko Press and Esquire.





