

**UNDER
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**MARGIN
VOLUME IX, SPRING 2020**

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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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.

margin.journal@gmail.com

hav.to/margin

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LETTER FROM THE EDIT ORS

“ What sound captures the essence of our college years more than the cacophonous rings of incessant jackhammering? Haverford College and the Greater Philadelphia Area never saw so much creation and destruction and everything in between as it did in the latter half of the past decade. Fixing, revamping, replacing, renovating, innovating – everything around us was and still is a work in progress.

Construction has perpetuated segregation, class stratification, gentrification, and eradication; produced jobs, homes, opportunities, and growth. Construction, social and industrial, dismantles and establishes shelter. Under construction is the process in which we form.

Inspired by the unending change, good and bad, we dare ask: What needs fixing? What is broken down? What is put back up again? Who is this being built for? Who was there before? Who's behind the machinery?

”

Love,
The Margin Editorial Board

المدينة : **THE MEDINA** HAYLEY TUBBS



The old Medina of Rabat is a living, breathing place. It undergoes constant evolution, yet it still very much the way it was centuries ago. What used to be a house - دار - across from mine grew to be a hollowed space used for piling discarded construction materials: smashed cinderblocks, rusted rebars, nails, and trash. After school, the neighborhood kids liked to gather here, sometimes playing hide and seek, other times throwing trash at unsuspecting passerby. This wall and its contents had multiple roles, until the street access was covered with cement, thereby rendering it again as only a place to get rid of the unwanted.

Can one space exist as multiple, despite its original purpose? Who determines these spaces, and who benefits?

As it stood across from me, I watched the wall take on its many roles depending on the time of day. To my host mother it was a sight for sore eyes, but to my young host sister it was a place for having fun and causing chaos. To me it was just an old house.

WHAT COMES NEXT ELLIS MAXWELL

Thomas Ackley.

The first time I pull in through the service entry of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, I think about how easy it would be for the two white twenty-somethings ahead of me to sneak something inside. I watch them park their car at the Visitors' Center, grab their backpacks, get into a pickup truck with a USMA (pronounced you-smay) sticker, and drive right through the gate without a second look. Me and my buddy Left Behind, on the other hand, have to wait two hours for the staff to triple-check our records, even though our background checks came through clean a month ago. When he finally lets us through, the heavily armed soldier at the gate narrows his eyes at us as if we've done something wrong by passing their tests.

John Henry Paxton.

My name is Forgotten, and I'm a Vietnam vet, just like Left Behind. In our second lives, we're art installers based in New York City. We do shows in Brooklyn, Queens, sometimes Long Island. In our spare time, we organize with Black Veterans for Social Justice (BVSJ), Veterans for Peace, Vietnam Vets Against the War—the list goes on. Whenever possible, we support veteran artists. Art, as Left Behind likes to say, is an unrepresented aspect of healing.

Peter Branding.

Normally you wouldn't catch me and Left Behind within a hundred miles of West Point (except possibly to do something highly illegal), but here we are. Colonel (Retired) Jack Butler, a BVSJ friend of ours, was consulting on the re-design of the memorial room in Cullum Hall, and he called to see if we would help out, so we said yes. It's not the worst job in the world—we're supposed to be putting in panels inscribed with the names of West Point graduates killed in action in every major U.S. war of the last two hundred years. There's some honor in memory, I guess, and the job pays well.

Paul Trachsel.

Lieutenant Colonel Reese is waiting for us when we get to Cullum Hall. "You're late," he says without checking his watch. He is dressed in camo and combat boots, sunglasses tucked into his right breast pocket, scattered ticks of blood on his jaw from shaving. We nod at him and he motions for us to enter the memorial room.

Samuel Murphy.

The room looks like history's battle plan. A thick strip of masking tape covers each section of the walls, each strip labeled with a particular war. War of 1812, Civil War, Korean War, and so on. Two large wooden crates contain the eighteen panels that are meant to go up on the walls, each holding dozens and dozens of names.

Dennis Lansby.

"Gentleman, take as long as you need," LTC Reese says. "All the panels are labeled. Thank you for your help." With that he's off, and we're left alone with the dead names.

Bronson Tyler.

We start at the beginning, with 1812. I take a breath and think of all the bodies that come before this beginning. I take a breath and think of the violence of a beginning.

Eugene Wright.

I take out my measuring tape and mark four feet from the ground on the wall with my pencil. This marking will be the bottom of each panel, high enough that no visiting family members will have to squint or kneel to see their loved one's name. I hold the panels steady while Left Behind screws them in with his gun. Before you know it we're at World War I.

Kirby Smith.

The soldiers who will go on these walls are not soldiers in the way me and Left Behind are soldiers. Today you have to present a signed letter of recommendation from the governor of your state to even be eligible to apply to West Point. Us, we were just running slant routes after football practice when an army recruiter walked up and gave us his pitch. Six months later we were on the front lines in Vietnam.

Patrick Wilcox.

If you go up to the second floor of Cullum Hall, the ballroom, you'll see the cream of the crop: the true heroes. MacArthur, Grant, Eisenhower—generals, all. Forty oil paintings hanging from the ceiling, high enough that you have to strain your neck a bit to see them, but low enough that it still feels like they're watching you. Each of them worth hundreds of thousands or more.

William Burton.

We make it to Vietnam. Turns out it didn't matter how much time I spent preparing for this moment—it hits me. Hard. I look at Left Behind, and we sigh together. So many loved ones lost. So much destruction; so much pain. What will fit on the wall?

Jason Stockton.

Vietnam alone takes up four of the eighteen panels. "I guess a few of those rear admiral motherfuckers went down too," Left Behind says with a grimace and then a smirk. West Point breeds lieutenant colonels and four-star generals, and those types don't have a high approval rating among front line vets when you're talking about Vietnam. We see it as a rich man's war fought by poor people, and there's not a lot of doubt which side of that equation the West Point grads fall on. Still, it's a lot of names.

Norman Powers.

We're making quick work of this: an hour and a half in, and we've made it through twelve of eighteen panels. On to the so-called War on Terror.

Anita Evers.

The ongoing war in Afghanistan is the longest continuous war in United States history: a fact made ever more striking by the feeling that we are in the presence of all U.S. wars of the last two centuries. The heading on the first panel in this section reads, "War on Terror: 2002-". I think of the violence of no ending.

Anthony Gardino.

We're done. Just four blank panels left-extras, I guess. I go find LTC Reese to make sure we're not supposed to put the blank panels up.

"Just put them up right next to the Iraq and Afghanistan sections," he says with a wave of his hand.

"We'll get 'em engraved and everything later." I don't know what to say to that.

Sarah Stewart.

Cullum Hall's memorial room has a long balcony attached to it. It looks out over the Hudson River, one of the most coveted views in New York. In the summer the sun sparkles the water, and in the winter the frozen surface feels somehow cozy. West Point is one of those rare places that has a distinct but equally beautiful beauty in all four seasons. I stand on the balcony and think of beauty, and then my eyes drift down to the cadets armed with high-powered rifles doing field exercises on the grass below.

Otto Edmonds.

I walk back inside. "So we're good?"
Left Behind asks. I tell him we're supposed
to put the empty panels up, and his
shoulders fall. We finish the job, go home,
and wait for what comes next.

_____.

"What Comes Next" is a story about endless war, and specifically how all aspects of "time" as constructed by U.S. imperialism – past, present, and future – signify violence.

ERLKÖNIG 1 LUCAS VOIT







Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?" –
"Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?" –
"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."

"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand." –

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?" –
"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind." –

"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein." –

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?" –
"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh' es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau. –"

"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch' ich Gewalt." –
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!" –

Dem Vater grauset's; er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not;
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

This sculpture represents the journey that is undertaken in Goethe's poem/ballad "Erlkönig". In this poem, a father transports his sick boy through a dense forest. The boy is worried about passing into a different realm and dies just as the father exits the forest. This poem has always struck a chord with me and I hope that this sculpture helps confer the trapped, unnatural, and uncomfortable ~vibes~ from this poem.

GRID SOPHIE SCHLEIFER
An exploration of geometric concrete
abstraction in urban architecture.



URBAN SOPHIE SCHLEIFER

An exploration of the decrepit weatheredness of
urban architecture.



12.30.2018

FIRE HYDRANT MAXIMILIAN GROVIT



11th and Broadway

ELEGY FOR BLUE ARI KIM

the blueberry bush where i buried
my childhood pet fish: now crushed
by a mansion with far too many rooms
for a person to ever need in their life.
no one has THAT many people
they'd want to live with, right?

30 may 2019

My first pet fish Blue died in the spring of 2005. I was seven and didn't understand how miserable the little betta was, swimming circles in a bowl that candy shops probably stuffed sweets into. He jumped out in the middle of the night, and my mother discovered his corpse around six in the morning. I buried his remains under the blueberry bush that sat in front of my window. Fourteen years later, I drove past my old house on a hot summer night, only to discover a white mansion sprawling across the hill that my brother and I sledded down in the winters. Blue's body? Nowhere to be found. Imagine my shock. Then and there, I wrote a eulogy for Blue in the notes app on my phone, intending to transcribe it in my diary. It never ended up on a page.

HAPPILY ENGAGED TO TELEVISION LILIANA ZIMBERG



This piece radiates anxiety, which about sums me up as a human being. I made this in 2016 in the midst of the Presidential Inauguration, my brain buzzing with news and social media posts on a constant rotation. I took out all my frustrations and put in on paper, and I had fun doing it. Hope you don't get a headache looking at it for too long.

SEEN ACROSS THE STREET FROM EMILY WILLIAMS
BANK OF AMERICA



Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, July 2019

**A WINDOW IN
NEW ORLEANS EAST**

EMILY WILLIAMS



New Orleans East, Louisiana, October 2019

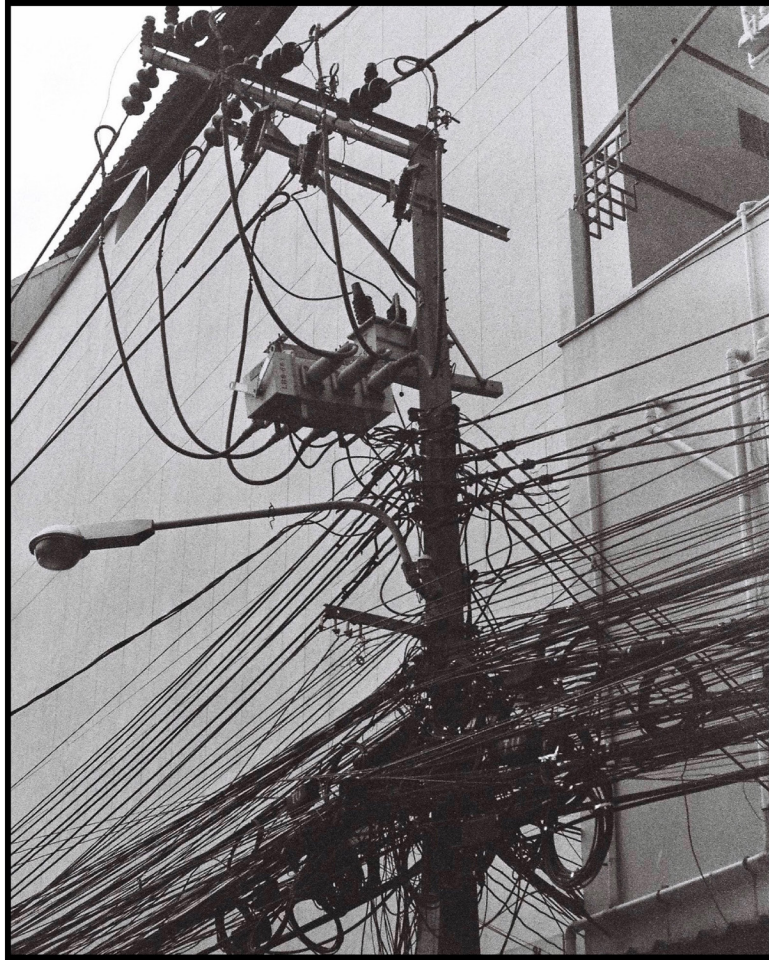
20 BAHT RIDE ATHENA INTANATE



Win motorcycle is my favourite mode of transport in Bangkok, bad hair and all. There's no better feeling in the world than hopping onto one, plugging in my earphones, and just listening to music as the city passes by. My parents don't like the idea of me taking them, but sometimes the traffic becomes simply unmanageable, and skirting and flitting between cars is the only way to get from one place to another.

Taken on Fujifilm C200.

WIRELESS ROAD ATHENA INTANATE



One thing I've begun to miss the most about Bangkok is the mess of wires that run throughout the city. Like urban serpents, the government has proposed for years and years to make the city 'wireless', transitioning the swathes of tangled electric wires underground. I'll give it a few more years.

Taken on Ilford HP5.

KOENJI ATHENA INTANATE

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This photo was taken right before I came to America, when my mother and I stopped over in Tokyo for three days. I was recommended by my friend, Marina, to visit Koenji for its thrift shops, and was met with the sweetest cobblestone streets and small local diners.

Taken on Fujifilm Superia X-tra 400.

FORT/DESTROYED RANDY HEARTFIELD



The interior of the human body is a fantastical place where complex and beautiful processes constantly engage. In this work I construct a landscape from an imagined space inside the body. Through drawing, I capture an emotional content in our complex anatomy.

NOSTALGIA FOR A PLACE I NEVER LIVED CAROLINE TIEN

I want not grey but green, not the artificial stars
of satellites but the constellations of my childhood—
the Bear, Orion's belt, the crown of Ariadne.

How is it, then, that I have found myself in the city,
this hub of honking cars and cheap conversation,
where the curbs are crowded with bags of waste
and the roads are as cratered as the face
of a smallpox patient? I long for the country,
its bleak, cleansing rains. When I was young,
my father almost bought a farm—

a wreck, to be sure, and nothing more,
but I fell in love with it. At night the barn came alive
with a thousand flapping wings of bats;
the owls that nested in the roof-slats
caught our reflections in the pale startled moons
of their eyes. Gone now,
sold up and smashed
with the pitiless claw of a wrecking-ball;
the rooster no longer turns on the weathervane,
a spray of metal rusts in the grass,
the spring rains are pooling on the kitchen floor.

This piece was inspired by a visit my family took to a farm in rural Massachusetts back when I was in elementary school. Something about the chilly austerity of the shoreline and the rugged isolation of the surrounding fields struck me as beautiful and has stayed with me ever since.

ROBERT AND THE PETTIBONE WILL HARRIS-BRAUN







Once upon a time, in the sandy soil of Northern Michigan—not quite the "U.P." but close—where the mist rolled through in the morning and burned off in light fall sunshine at midday, there lived a boy named Robert. Robert lived on the top floor of a castle he'd built and his gardens extended as far as the eye could see, all the way to the shore of the lake. Every day nearing sunset, if it wasn't raining, Robert would drive his big green truck to one of several small beaches nearby, strip off his clothes, and bathe in the cool clear water. Looking out over the horizon, Robert could see in his mind the glaciers that had flowed through the hills and left behind the landscape he drove over every day getting from one appointment to another: Robert was a wizard-in-training. But Robert's gardens were what he thought about coming home to each day. He loved them like a little child loves some few magical small gifts they've been given: wholeheartedly and in constant wonder at their beauty. Untiringly and with a keen eye, Robert walked among the plants, touching one tenderly here and there.

CONTRI BUTORS

Maximilian Grovit '23 is a Film and Television major at NYU, who has a passion for photography. Outside of art, he has a deep interest in psychology and loves to sleep in.

Will Harris-Braun '22 is a Computer Science and Linguistics major who once found a long-range laser-guided infrared thermometer in the middle of the road, took it to the nearest Pizza restaurant, and used it to measure their oven. It was 113°F. He enjoys rope swings, thinks about patterns, is interested in solar power, and never could quite figure out how to write an artist bio. In addition to taking photos, Will listens to and makes music, dances around wildly, writes sometimes, designs stuff in CAD, and walks around and looks at things.

Randy Heartfield '22 grew up in Los Angeles going to art museums and painting watercolors from the amazing landscape. Now, he studies painting at the Rhode Island School of Design. He also enjoys playing guitar, making films, and collecting art books.

Athena Intanate '23 has no idea what she wants to do, except for the fact that it won't be anything related to STEM. She loves photography and film, and thinks of cooking as therapy as opposed to a communal activity.

CONTRI BUTORS

Ari Kim '20 is a History major and Spanish minor who dabbles in all sorts of things that can, at the very least, be vaguely considered 'art'. Outside of creating content, they also enjoy rowing, baking, and dozing off to podcasts (they've never once made it through a full episode).

Ellis Maxwell '20 is an English major concentrating in Creative Writing. Elsewhere on campus, they are co-head (with Alicia Lopez-Torres) of Rethink Incarceration, a student group that works in solidarity with incarcerated people toward the abolition of all prisons, and a student worker at Haverfarm.

Hayley Tubbs '21 just recently realized she should probably minor in Visual Arts. She studies Political Science and demands (!) that art be officially recognized in academic polysci as a legitimate and crucial means of discourse. She paints, photographs, and multi-medias, but also enjoys lifting heavy weights, backpacking in the Colorado wilderness, and searching for the world's best chai (so far it's in northern Iceland).

Sophie Schleifer '22 is an Economics Major and Visual Studies Minor who enjoys creating media of many varieties, especially photography and digital manipulation / collage.

CONTRI BUTORS

Caroline Tien '20 is majoring in English with a concentration in Creative Writing and minoring in Biology at Bryn Mawr (an interesting combination, she knows). When not frantically working on her thesis, she likes to read, hang out with friends, and indulge her latest Prime video obsession.

Lucas Voit '23 is an undeclared student who is attempting to create some art. Other than this Lucas also enjoy playing ultimate, skiing and trying not to fail Chinese class.

Emily Williams '20 is a double major in History and Fine Arts, with a concentration in Photography. Her work is most influenced by Abelardo Morell. Outside of photography, Emily enjoys running, rock climbing, and generally being outdoors.

Lilliana Zimberg '23 is an Animal Science major with a minor in Studio Art at the University of Vermont. Originally from New York with two lovely dogs and loves to read, play guitar, and hang out with the cows on campus. Yes, you heard that right. There are cows on campus in Vermont. Go Catamounts!

