An abstract, textured background composed of various colors including red, yellow, green, blue, and orange, resembling a watercolor or mixed-media artwork. The colors are layered and blended, creating a rich, multi-colored field.

# MARGIN

## ELUCIDATE

Volume VIII, Spring 2019

John B. Hurford '60 Center for the Arts and Humanities, Haverford College

# MARGIN

**ELUCIDATE**

Volume VIII, Spring 2019

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.

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## Letter from the Editors

College gives us the time and space to try to better understand how we relate to other people and the world around us. These past four years of our undergraduate experience have been the most confusing and insightful moments up to date. We had to question the history of our identities and also decide on our future by venturing on different academic paths. We also had to seemingly develop the skill to think for ourselves and cope with the fact that this can never actually be fully accomplished.

This issue of Margin sets out to explore the many ways in which we try to understand and explain personal, social and political systems. To elucidate is to take the journey of finding directions and answers to the things we care most about. It is a process in which we confront and outgrow ourselves through moments that are full of emotions, thoughts, and actions. Each piece of work in this issue presents moments of unique clarity. As you thumb through these pages, we invite you to experience lucid thoughts, blurry nonsense, and a bit of haziness, struck by sudden sparks of epiphany.

## Acknowledgements

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**in a bathroom at a party**

Eleanor Morgan

in a bathroom at a party / i stick my head out the window / and swallow / the fog encapsulated / until the outline / of my body stops wobbling /  
outside the moon is a clipped / icenail and someone is / singing a song / i knew / but not anymore / the bruising sound repeats / endlessly like the memory / of my first ugly / kiss / i don't know how to say this / in a pretty way but / i'm crying again / and i want to go home

## **Hungary, 2019**

Quinn Glabicki

### **Artist Statement**

These images reflect the conditions in Budapest's underserved 8th district. In January 2019 I worked with Food Not Bombs Budapest, an international organization dedicated to reducing food insecurity. Working with them helped me understand how non-profit organizations contribute to social services in Budapest.

In 2018 Hungary passed a law prohibiting "living in the streets," effectively outlawing homelessness nationwide. The ruling Fidesz party has also been harshly critical, at times harassing foreign-funded NGOs working to help those in need.







## **Dream Journal**

### **William Harris-Braun**

I have been writing down my dreams for a while. Here are a few. I have changed some names to preserve privacy. Otherwise, these are transcribed exactly as I wrote them in black pen in a little black notebook that I keep in a drawer next to my bed immediately after waking up.

I was at an arcade and decided to play classic Pac Man but with a Wii controller. Also I ordered broccoli from a Chinese place there and they said to eat carefully because there was a surprise in there so I did and it was two tiny power bricks from LEGO Star Wars which I thought needed to be put in water to grow to the correct size. When we left, Laura was driving and was commenting on how the civil engineering of the interchange was discriminatory against people of color.

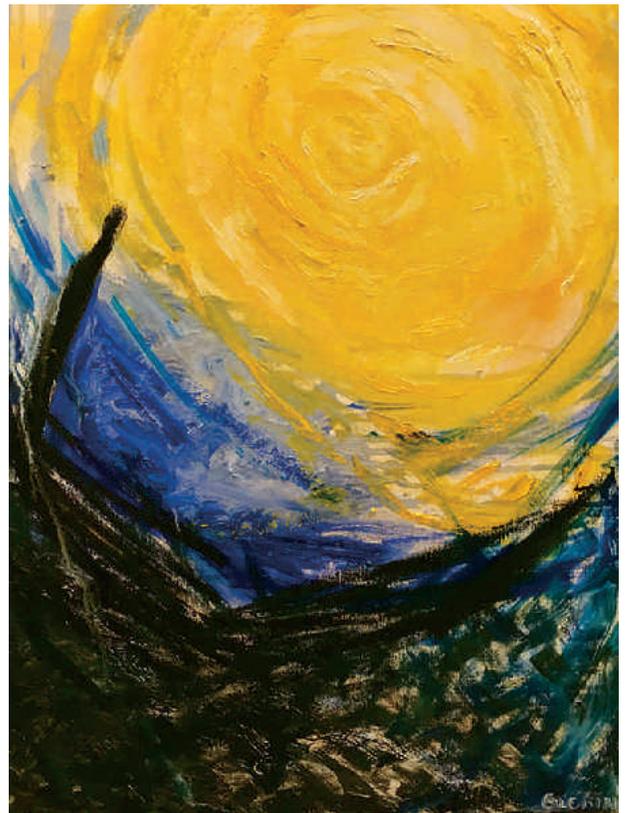
I was invited to a dinner. Timothy and Sam and WheezyWaiter and his daughter (who was somehow like 11 already) were there. We climbed onto the roof of this abandoned-looking house to find that there was a trapdoor that dropped down into a secret house built inside the house. There was lots of food there: pasta, sauce, onions/ mushrooms/beans, meat, tomato/celery/ and more. Lisa was also there. And it sounded like Jud Apatow was on his way, but a bit late. The house-inside-house wasn't a bouncy-house, but it wasn't completely solid.

I was trying to catch a train but couldn't figure out where to stop and get on. It was quite worrying. Earlier, while I was trying to fall asleep, every time I closed my eyes I would hear fiddle music, pots & pans clattering, and people talking all at the same time, but when I opened them, it would be silent. Strange.

In a Marvel-type universe, I was a god/being of time & water and Benedict Cumberbatch was one of fire who I was fighting. I kept having to dodge his fiery, explosive blasts.

Best,  
Will Harris-Braun

**Mirando al sol**  
Glorín I. Colón



**Palma de noche**  
Glorín I. Colón





### **Artist Statement**

On September 20th, 2017, Hurricane María hit Puerto Rico bringing suffering and devastation to many.

The Island has suffered difficult moments and has not recovered fully from María's harmful passage. Despite all of this hardship, we have still showed the world that we are strong and resilient. It brought people together. Puertorricans in and out of the Island, and friends from the mainland and all over the world, have come together to help and support rebuilding efforts.

We have hope and we know that after the darkness (Palma de Noche), there is light (Mirando al Sol), and there is a brighter future ahead for Borínquen Bella.

## Amethyst

Andrew Lummus

dark hair against your warm chest  
translucent gossamer drifting behind my eyes  
your breath fills my throat with quiet  
warmth fills my nose with your smell

it will always be in my mind  
the prised threads tying me to you  
glinting inside the black, but with you  
the dark was warm.

the light's turned on now  
cold white air floods the room  
I don't know what color you are  
red and orange times are upon us

heat, ripped nylon, flashes  
now for others, you burn  
flame consumes, brighter than it used to  
I hope you aren't burning to ash

when I said three words, I saw it all  
I tied the crystal strings  
your eyes glowed like gems,  
like sapphires and rubies

my eyes are changing colors,  
but I can't burn like you.  
so I blend the colors I've learned  
and now I glow amethyst

I hold those colors deep in my chest  
pressed against yours, quiet as I smell the warmth.  
deep down, it's all still dark when I think of you  
but the dark is still warm.

## **Artist Statement**

As may be obvious, I wrote this in the aftermath of ending a long-term relationship. My partner had left me with many unanswered questions and feelings, yet no healthy way to resolve them. I tried to reconstruct my memories of our time together from the bricolage floating around my head. I wanted to pull something out of it, hoping to find something to help me move on. A lot of late nights and Frank Ocean albums later, I wrote this poem. What I elucidated from writing it was this: no matter how love ends, it connects you to someone on a fundamental level, and that doesn't fade. And whatever temporal passions may obscure it, that kind of connection is always good.



**Mak**

Natalia Cordon



## Scathed Fingers

Valentina Moreno

Glass licks scathed fingers. Sliced they surrender to the shards they grasped. A mirror was held tightly. Red taints and muddles images that were once striking. Thin lines like webs spread, eating away at the clarity of a now crumbling image. This image that was somehow meant to express 'motives, anxieties, hopes, and wishes' in a single arresting glance. O I shatter this notion of mirrors as feelings surfaced, they are the workings of a mind. They are slivers of meaning to be put together—piece by piece.

Hamlet romantically holds on to the mirror he hoped would reveal the blackened and sin infested heart of his frail mother. Mirrors litter the text as a motif for the revealing of truth in the midst of sickening lies. The truth, however, is not gleaned from reflections, mirrors may not reveal the profound even to the most discerning eye. Instead, they as indicated by Wordsworth, represent a concept even more abstract. Mirrors expose the machinations of a wandering mind.

The clarity and assertion with which Shakespeare wrote about mirrors as reflections of our existence is marred by

Wordsworth's imaginative interpretation. The edges of the glass are tainted but not with red—not yet. They are coloured by the surreal and esemplastic universe of a mind untamed. It is a perfect melange of unnatural and natural that create a single stunning image.

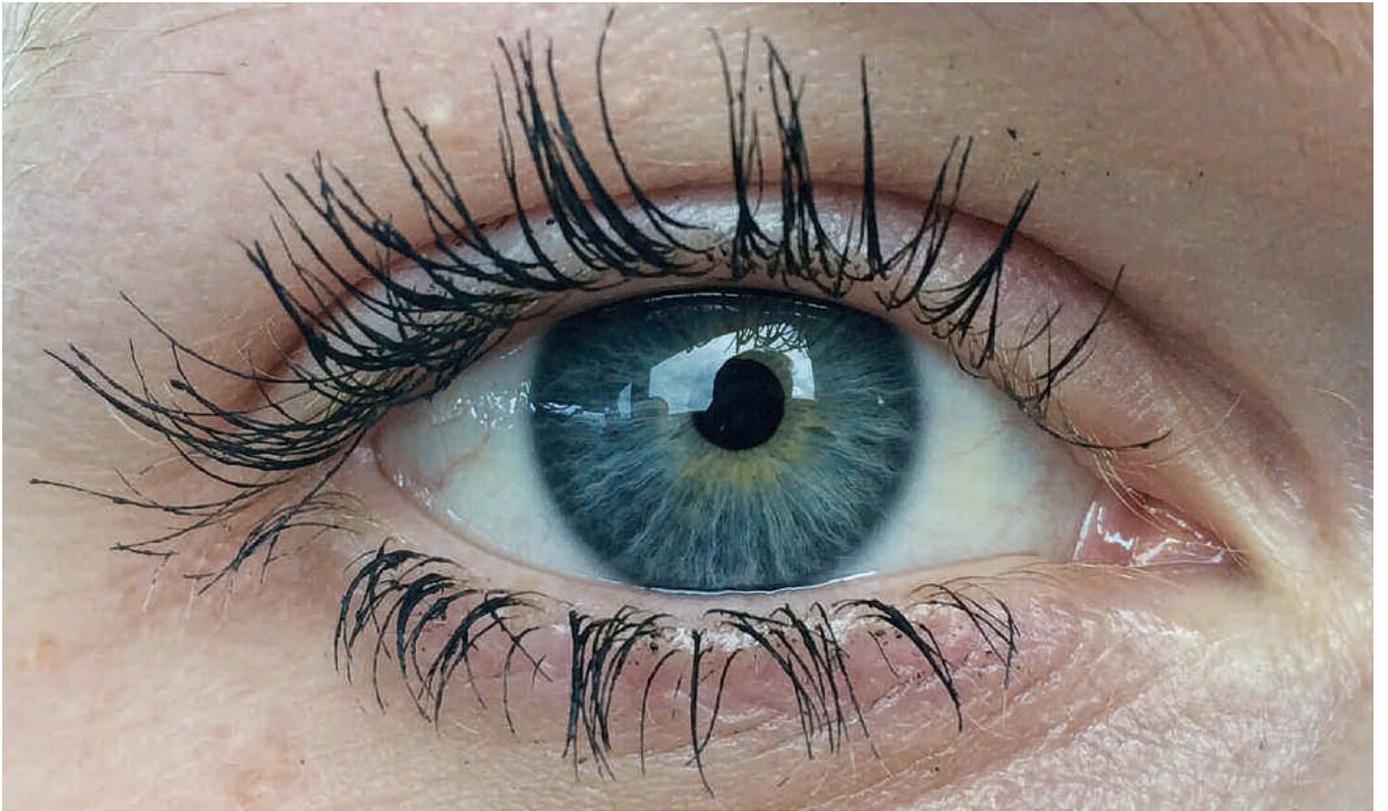
It is now, however, that cuts dance their way onto our fingers. Our grip on the single mirror of imaginative splendor loosens. The glass is stained by the salacious red of blood dripping... The mirror once intact falls, slipping swiftly to its demise—glass that seeks to answer humanity's most pervasive existentialist questions must be 'a bundle of broken mirrors.' The reality of human stature is fragmented, we can't possibly see in entirety, instead our vision is impaired our reflection is shattered and we see only slivers of existentialist truth mingled with our identity. Becket perhaps most accurately and absurdly suggests that existence is enduring. That our lives are fragmented waiting games from 'spermarium to crematorium.'

My hands are wet with the ink of realisation. My fingers scathed by an illusory mirror. I look down at the shards of

what was once believed to be whole. My misshapen mirror is, for now, a scattering of meaning to be deciphered. Perhaps attempting to is futile. The glass shelters its secrets.

## **Series Untitled**

Nasanbayar Ulzii-Orshikh





## **Artist Statement**

Eyes reflect our inner state. Not only are the patterns and textures of the iris uniquely alluring and touching, but the story a human eye can tell with a single gaze gives us a chance to look at raw emotions our beloved ones rarely dare to express. At times when our mouth tries to hide our insecurities, eyes usually scream with vulnerability. Perhaps, having the courage to look into someone's eyes and feel a sincere sympathy towards each other is a way of facing our assumptions and elucidating what we think we know.

# The more you concentrate, the less you grasp the whole

Ramona A. Stone

amidst my big city environment  
 is it because you're lost and never found  
 you for peaks and deep valleys on your mind  
 it's as if a fence is a bridge but I'll take it  
 nostalgia for my ones and desires it  
 I learn from patterns and sleep with you  
 re wake up next to a painting of the sea

---

I promise there are no secrets under my skin  
 but some sprinkles on it - perfume  
 many means go / <sup>allowing the a scent</sup> <sup>memory</sup> <sup>a perfume</sup> <sup>parades</sup>

Fantasie - a line yellowish  
 stambled and the knowledge  
 grace skin / <sup>repeated presents</sup> <sup>instead of death</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>mirrored</sup> <sup>on</sup>

I'm at the edge  
 a momentary a girl in a red dress  
 a mirror between the face of the sea  
 a picture line of the sky - in your weather  
 a number peaks - a letter of the sea  
 a story of a beautiful girl mixed with  
 a story of a girl who has been abandoned

Chapters would rather tell herself than be humanised.  
vise your illusion

It's a constant urge to write.  
constant urge to document  
yet I feel nostalgic for the moment I once  
and I get inspired making memories  
new year's in love

All them New York birds  
what are you by to?  
Fair it belongs no longer to  
the L train  
and you watch me pass by  
stuck into an alcoholic  
and fill my lungs with  
the air of New  
this could be the night when  
too much power

It's hard to accept the idea  
that you have to make up  
memories when you get  
acquainted with the future before

your happiness  
everyone determining their  
own happiness  
some will do too much  
some will do too less

Some are in Consumerism (like in a grocery store)  
The most wanted men

Here fishermen name their boats  
after their lovers

I see something of myself in everyone  
we're only particles of charge, I know

A deflector from the petty wars  
watch the light  
colours of charge, mid-skin, being  
each other in foreign tongues  
now's strange it is to go to bed  
with yourself every night, when you're  
making means up, there were flowers  
in your hands, and the morning was  
the less good of the world



## Translation of a translation

### Bilge Yilmaz

Şubat 14, 2018  
Neredeyse 3 saat

(kayıtta) 27:26

B: Yani şeyi fark ettim-  
İ: Hı?  
B: İöö..  
İ: Al.  
B: Al lütfen.

[...]

B: Yani saati düşünmeden – saati düşünmüyoruz da, şeyi fark ettim zaten, hep böyle şey oluyo... ben orda bişey diyodum. O zaman da şu olmuştu da, sonra da, ona – yani... Sanki bir sürü o zaman var ve yani sadece bi tane, şimdi var. Hani hangisi hangisiydi falan. Anladın mı?

A: Aynen. Yani zaman düşünmek böyle değişik yani.

İ: Çok rahatsız edici.

B: Yani...

A: Ya rahatsız edici de değil hani böyle sanki farklı–

B: Rahatsız edici değil de...

A: Farklı bi platformda her şey–

B: Aynen.

A: Consecutive olmuyo yani.

B: Aynen hani–

İ: \*duyulmaz\*

32

February 14, 2018  
Almost 3 hours

(timestamp) 27:26

B: So I realized-  
İ: Hm?  
B: İöö..  
İ: Take it.  
B: Take it please.

[...]

B: I mean without thinking about the clock – so we're not thinking about the clock, but, I already realized, there's always this thing... I was saying something there. That time that happened, and then, then – I mean... Like there's so many of that time and I mean there's only one, one now. Which was which? Do you follow?

A: Right. I mean it's strange to think time.

İ: Quite disturbing.

B: I mean...

A: Like it's not really disturbing but like it's different–

B: Not disturbing, but...

A: Everything is on another platform–

B: Right.

A: Like it's not consecutive.

B: Right like–

İ: \*unintelligible\*

A: Hava birden böyle bi aydınlık oldu çok değişik geldi.  
\*güler\* \*güler\*  
İ: Aydınlığı ben görüyorum dimi? Yani, hayal etmiyorum?  
A: Yok yok.  
İ: Okey.  
A: Bulutların arkasından çıktı.  
İ: Tamam.  
\* güler\*\*duyulmaz\*  
İ: Tam çıktım gibi hissediyorum, çıkmamışım. That's life I guess.  
\*güler\*

[...]

B: Şimdi biraz poetik konuşmak gerekirse, böyle her şey doğup ölüyor ve böyle yeniden doğuyor gibi ya. Deri atıyor sürekli gibi. Yani böyle işte sanki mevsimlerin geçişini izliyorsun gibi sanki hemen. Ağacın odununda.

[...]

B: İ yine mi işemeye gitti?  
İ: Hayır hayır.. Aşağıda ne olduğunu merak ettim sadece, sonra merak etmekten korktum.

Cheshire cat gülmesi geliyor.  
Hepsi kitapta söylüyor işte.

A: The air is suddenly bright now, felt so strange.  
\*laughs\*\*laughs\*  
İ: I'm seeing the brightness right? I mean, I'm not imagining?  
A: No no.  
İ: Okay.  
A: It came from behind the clouds.  
İ: Alright.  
\*laughs\*\*unintelligible\*  
İ: Right when I feel like I'm out, I'm not out. That's life I guess.  
\*laughs\*

[...]

B: If I may talk a little poetically now, like, everything is born and everything dies and is reborn. Constantly shedding skin. I mean, it's like you're watching seasons pass now. On the wood of the tree.

[...]

B: Did İ went to pee again?  
İ: No, no... I was just curious of what's down there, then I was afraid of being curious.

The Cheshire cat grin comes.  
There it is, all is said in the book.

## Artist Statement

This is a piece, a frame from a memory, trying to capture what's lost in translation—be it time, or foreign tongues. A linear or numeric transcription of time is thought necessary to a clear mind. The heroes of this frozen bit of past suggest the opposite. Speech becomes a useless device of a clock, and language complicates. T. S. Eliot puts it as:

“Time present and time past  
Are both perhaps present in time future,  
And time future contained in time past.  
If all time is eternally present  
All time is unredeemable.”



## **In a nutshell, 2016**

Sarah Jesup

Mixed media, "Do what you love, the rest will follow"



**RESUME**

Other activities  
 Mentorship (10<sup>th</sup> & 11<sup>th</sup> grades)  
 Writing Committee (10<sup>th</sup>, 11<sup>th</sup>, 12<sup>th</sup>)  
 Art Honor Society (President)  
 Spanish Honor Society (10<sup>th</sup>, 11<sup>th</sup>, 12<sup>th</sup>)  
 Spanish Honor Society (only 11<sup>th</sup>, 12<sup>th</sup>)

**DO YOU LOVE**

Tennis Team (Exhibition → Varsity)  
 Varsity team co-captain  
 Tennis summer camp (6 years)

**THE**

Summer  
 Dum... (The Psychology of Gender)  
 Glob... (Scientific Association (Costa Rica))  
 → 20... of Com...  
 July  
 Church...  
 Youth...  
 Min...  
 Hum...  
 Muzeta...  
 Quinma...  
 Volunte...

**RESEARCH WILL YOU FOLLOW**

Community  
 Hope (10<sup>th</sup>, 11<sup>th</sup>, 12<sup>th</sup>)  
 Christian Victorian Church  
 Hispanic Spiritual Growth  
 Youth & Arts Entrepreneurship  
 ... on the ... of the Academy)  
 ... for ...  
 ... the ...

## **Contrast, 2016**

Sarah Jesup

Mixed media, "If we had no winter, the spring would not be so pleasant"



If we had no  
Winter  
THE  
SPRING  
would not be so  
pleasant

## Josephine & Retreat to Camp Tenderness

Katya Konradova

*. Admitted Child*

Josephine is a girl with effeminate baritone, flat feet and robust orthodontics experience. With her first baby tooth extracted at the age of eleven, each subsequent operation marked one slip-up in her otherwise undisturbed flight through life, characterized indeed by sinking rapidly into oblivion of the early stages (like photographs that require the perfection of a series of careful movements, only to fade quickly with the slightest exposition of dust and sunlight) and later slowing down into the choppy tempo of an avid marathoner who approaches the finishing line with a sprained ankle and a good couple yards of margin. Today happens to be Joséphine's birthday. She will not celebrate as the day came by surprise.

\*\*\*\*\*

Josephine evokes fear and disgust. She calculates every step she takes carefully yet walks over the soft parts of the population and immediately sends them crumbling under her feet like sand castles. A few years from now, nursery rhymes will catch on in working-class neighborhoods, exalting her unfortunate clumsiness, her rickety props, her desire for becoming larger, wider, more profound and more consuming. If Joséphine is a paper plane, gliding through life and copying the whimsical rippling of the air, then the world is a bear whose hungry muzzle she must avoid by letting out a menacing growl, unfolding herself carefully, and tripling the size of her shadow while her weight remains as negligible as a handful of snow.

If tonight someone happens to cross Joséphine's path, which takes her and her friend from the first peripheral roundabout on the left side of the river all the way across the shiny boulevard teeming with Asian restaurants and out into the plain sight of local youth riding trams that crisscross the hot roads like chickens with severed heads, and if, above all, this insolent, voyeuristic youth dare to sing her a "happy birthday," mockingly and out of tune, she'll have to defend herself by pulling back and muttering something like, "the party store closes at six," to clarify her lack of interest in festivities. And they

don't give up that easily, as usual, they come pecking at her, half chanting and half crooning a melody that's a bizarre meddle of the birthday tune and the song about a crazy terrestrial child that decapitates a fly, and it goes:

*"Lift the  
skirt*

*wet your  
thumbs*

*and oil her rusty  
handle.*

*Then  
Joséphine*

*one by  
one*

*blows another  
candle."*

"Stop, you morons," Joséphine spits onto the sidewalk to clear her mouth. They burst out laughing, jumping over each other's backs and slapping their thighs. She waits a few moments until the peak of the merrymaking has passed, relishing each word that pieces together into a bizarre statement: of course, you jackasses, you would think that a man must be the culprit behind every girl's ailment, hein ? well hold onto your straps because no, not a gang of black sweatshirts nor the most pristine of pictures of Bulgarian patriarchs could break my legs so easily as the sister I found by the fringe of the road, who bathed me, fed me and gave me a shelter, so congratulations, my love, my sweetheart, my candle on the birthday cake, the jackknife in my spine.

Then, they shut up, puzzled.

## *II. Reformed Child*

### INT. CAMP TENDERNESS - ASSEMBLY ROOM

VICTIM is seated on a large, fat waterbed. They are twiddling their thumbs in a concerted motion as if missing a piece of interactive equipment in their hands. Ceiling lights are missing. There are only flashlight-like lights dispersed around the room, hidden in furniture and floor cracks. They are pink and soft, and they are pointed directly at VICTIM. All furnishings are padded, and the walls are crowded with confused images of the same two people.

J: "So you've barely moved at all."

V: (their eyes dodging the spotlights) "How did you get in?"

J: "What sort of invitation is that?"

VICTIM remains silent, so she continues: "If I hadn't come this way a million times before, I would've never thought of coming back again. But time's up, so I've come uninvited."

VICTIM starts whistling a joyous tune to themselves, looking up at the ceiling.

J: "Mind if I... sit down?"

V: "How many chairs can you see here?"

JOSEPHINE takes a look around, which answers her question.

V: "Well."

J: "Have the people been talking?"

V: "On the contrary. They stopped."

J: "There's no perseverance in this world. Only proves our point."

VICTIM resumes whistling. JOSEPHINE seats herself awkwardly on the floor while staring longingly at the waterbed.

J: "You know. I could use a chair... Or two..."

VICTIM stops whistling, their eyes darting back and forth.

J: "It's the floor. It's always so hard. But what can one do—"

V: (quickly) "One can forget with a good tune. You know this one?"  
(resumes whistling)

J: "The 16:00 crime show theme?"

V: "No. Try harder."

J: "It's been too long. I give up."

VICTIM starts sinking deeper into the waterbed. The sound of the whistle slowly transforms into a thin wailing. JOSÉPHINE appears to be cognizant of this yet remains unaffected.

J: "Let's talk about something else."

V: "Something else?"

J: "When's the last time we played cards?"

V: "Actually—"

J: "Or lay around talking about people who don't exist."

V: "Oh... would you like to?"

J: "I don't know that I can on request."

V: "Then just lay down on the floor. I will talk to you about them. You will like that, I'm sure."

J: (laughing) "Not if I get a splinter."

They both fall silent. JOSÉPHINE contemplates the waterbed swelling up around VICTIM's body. It's beginning to cover them completely, and a low, hissing sound is coming out of somewhere deep inside. The spotlights make a monstrous light show as the swelled-up folds of the waterbed cast shadows on the walls.

J: (pointing at the walls) "You know, those pictures? Those are also people who don't exist."

V: "That's us."

J: "Are you absolutely positive?"

V: "Are you not?"

JOSEPHINE contemplates the images while VICTIM struggles to breathe through the swelled-up waterbed.

J: "That one, perhaps." (after a moment) We looked strangely menacing in 2014.

V: "That's 2013."

J: "Oh. That explains it. These on the left I don't remember at all."

V: "Masquerade ball of 2011."

J: "No wonder."

V: "What do I look like to you?"

J: "An effeminate Moscow businessman, who probably has access to Metro-2."

V: "No, I mean — right now."

J: "Right now?"

V: (groans) "I need to know."

J: "You know that's not important."

VICTIM produces a small Kizlyar fishing knife while JOSEPHINE is still looking at the pictures.

J: "I'm still wondering about one thing."

V: "Yes?"

J: "I could hardly find my way here. I don't remember the woods being so thick."

V: "Maybe you forgot. It's been long."

J: (grits her teeth) "No. I think you planted some new trees in the way."

VICTIM sinks their Kiziyar knife into the waterbed. There is a loud, popping sound. Water gushes out of the opening in overwhelming volumes. It engulfs JOSÉPHINE and washes her out of the tent.

### *III. Relapse*

Good morning. Sit down, or shall we all remain standing and enjoy our verticality for a moment? Yes, let's be sensible. Pull those extra chairs away.

Perfect. Let's pick up where we left off last time. Any questions so far?

No, I didn't think so. Not to underrate in any way the staggering levels of intelligence that emanate from these hungry eyes. Languishing eyes? Let me stop probing for now. Should we rely on our imperfect recollection of the still, or should we— certainly, whatever you say. Let's proceed systematically, then, and hope to move from C to D without getting stuck on the reverse link between K and B.

Can we backtrack a little bit—yes, there we go. Thank you. Anyone recognize this scene? That's Joséphine right before she enters the Camp. The tent, excuse me. Some of you may say that the two are essentially interchangeable. The Camp begins with entering the tent and ends with the expulsion. It's as simple as packing your suitcase, looking over your shoulder and sitting down in the passenger seat next to your grandmother. Hello, Granny, what's for lunch, etcetera. But before that, Joséphine needs to go through the drills, the breakfasts, the afternoon breaks and the late-night chatters

Is she making no effort whatsoever to return to the primordial state of intimacy, to cut through the thick vegetation and let the old, moldy trunks rot away? It is truly curious that such natural occurrences should be viewed differently by two eyes of the same physiological makeup. Surely the play of light and slight deviations in coloring can be accounted for, but to see a slender, tall, healthy birch pulsating with life instead of a putrefied trunk that may still show In any case, if there are no questions and, most importantly,

no answers—oh, pardon, I thought I saw a hand. What can be done? Very well, I will then leave you with my answer, that is to say, an answer, yes, I want to be very particular about it—what is it? Oh. Oh I see. This is a public urban institution. I completely forgot about the hatred for the pawns. But not everyone can be the queen, and, as a general rule, there is much distaste for becoming the king... I understand. I will then leave you with nothing but questions. We will do this the most authentic way possible, if anything of that sort has ever been described concisely before. I am very keen on seeing your puzzled faces next week. I only have a single, and very just, disclaimer to make. Do not lose hope when you realize, in those sweet five minutes before falling asleep, that the following night, Joséphine sneaked back into the woods to set fire to the Camp Tenderness. She searched for the matches in her pockets while squeezing the flashlight to her ribs with her elbow. She sniffed the sulfur in ecstasy as she lit the match, having always yearned for the sense of control that only destruction can give. She had no remorse for the melting beaded curtains, and quite frankly, she could no longer quite remember attending the 2011 masquerade ball.

But perhaps I have disclosed too much and transgressed the natural boundary of what we call a proper disclaimer. Alas, I have just disrupted the unobstructed flow of investment. The gates of Disneyland will empty out. What can be done? Now scurry off before you make me angry. Any concluding remarks? No? I didn't think so.

### **Writer's Statement**

Without much overstatement, it's possible to say that Joséphine was born at the height of a crisis. I began writing the piece in July 2018, some weeks after a sudden rupture between me and my best friend that was fatal to our friendship. An alter ego, Joséphine roams around pondering the roughness that so characterizes her and that seems to have muted, plundered, hurt her friend's tenderness. Coming to terms is difficult: there is guilt, love, misunderstanding, and finally relapse and anger, as Joséphine does indeed come back to set fire to the camp that is the nesting place for the memory of her friend. The final section mocks the process of analyzing our feelings and motivations as an erudite and impersonal voice addresses a disinterested audience, unable to inspire engagement or elicit answers.

The published piece is an excerpt from a longer work, finished in December on the day I came back to Prague after leaving the place and the memories behind. But larger quantity doesn't necessarily translate into better legibility. The lack of

comprehension is in fact an integral part of this very personal piece, so not all allusions will make sense to the reader. Though I typically write quite freely without a precise structure, this time I barely even had a concept to start with—I just knew something needed to be written, and that something had to be everything and nothing at the same time, a quest for answers that writing could nurture but not resolve.

## Perfect Imperfection Series

Yijia Yang

2018

Glazed Porcelain

### Artist Statement

I craft a narrative between my personal experience and the properties of ceramics in my recent ceramic works. Ceramics is a material that consists of fragility and solidness, while the clay itself is soft and malleable. The process of making ceramics is similar to the process of me getting along with the inner self. Both my thinking process and art-making process become more provocative and clearer as I incessantly faced challenges and failures. My ceramic works originally failed, because they were neither centered nor shaped well during the making process. However, I attempted to reshape the clay into the unusual and weird forms and explored the aesthetics of the perfection in the imperfection.







One  
by Sierra Zareck

One she says

Doe like dark eyes stare numbly out of brown skin and open wide as he consciously leans his pale head full of ambivalence forward and body, light and airy with the white blanket of privilege tenderly caressing his unbothered face, to the side to go through the black body and straight to the white.

One says she

As he casually explains the splintered driftwood reason his voice never dares to bloom pearly from his frosty mouth in her brown presence; You are a black female, he says while his ivory eyes whisper that is all we choose to see and so that is all you are.

One cries her soul

Her wearied heart stops and stomach drops away to nothing as blue falls to red and her country is bathed even more in the black blood of her brothers and sisters, slowly staining the alabaster finish of the US of A.

One screams her mind

As she teaches her 6 foot brown brother to crookedly hunch and brave the biting cold without a hood, icy whiteness all around, just so he can see the bloody dawn rise.

One she yells to the heavens and the hell

Bold black words buzz and crackle under the photo of a strong brown body, eyes glistening with dark fire, face ripe with action; their milky murmurs call her anger while she is pure passion.

One whispers her face

As black and brown lifeblood seeps away time and time again, existence lustfully crushed under the hoary heads of law and order gleaming in their white white houses.

All are one for one hurts all  
all who have felt this pain before

All are one for all destroy  
There is no quantifying gashes to the strength of a soul

All are one because all come from one  
Every one adds up to all.

One, she sighs,  
One is so much more than enough.

**Time**  
**June. 2018**  
Nanyi Jiang

**Artist Statement**

Conflict Inside Built-in Environment: Who's been forgotten?

This photo is from my photo series of *Conflicts: Chinese Workers*. While China is facing dramatic economic development, there is still a large working-class population. Many of them work inside factories, away from sunlight and life. The fleeting light casting on machines is the only lively addition to the workers' working environment.



## **Painting By Dyson**

### Conflict Between Technology and Humanity

Nanyi Jiang

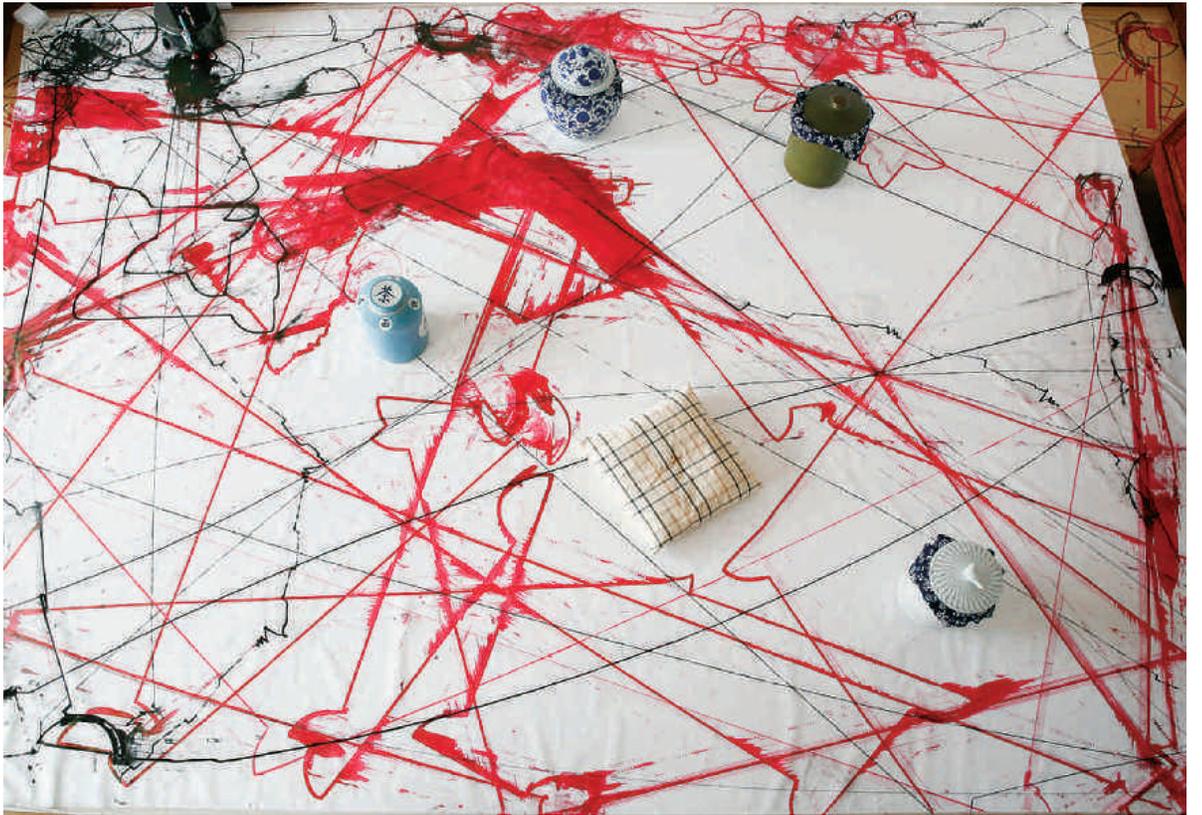
#### **Type**

Performance Art,  
Installation

#### **Time**

Dec. 2018

There has been constant critique of the future of more and more developed artificial intelligence (AI) and its over-intelligence and probable destruction of humanity. Painting by Dyson is an art installation that physically represents the conflict between and humanity.





Front Look of the Robot



Side Look of the Robot



Dyson in Action

### **Materials**

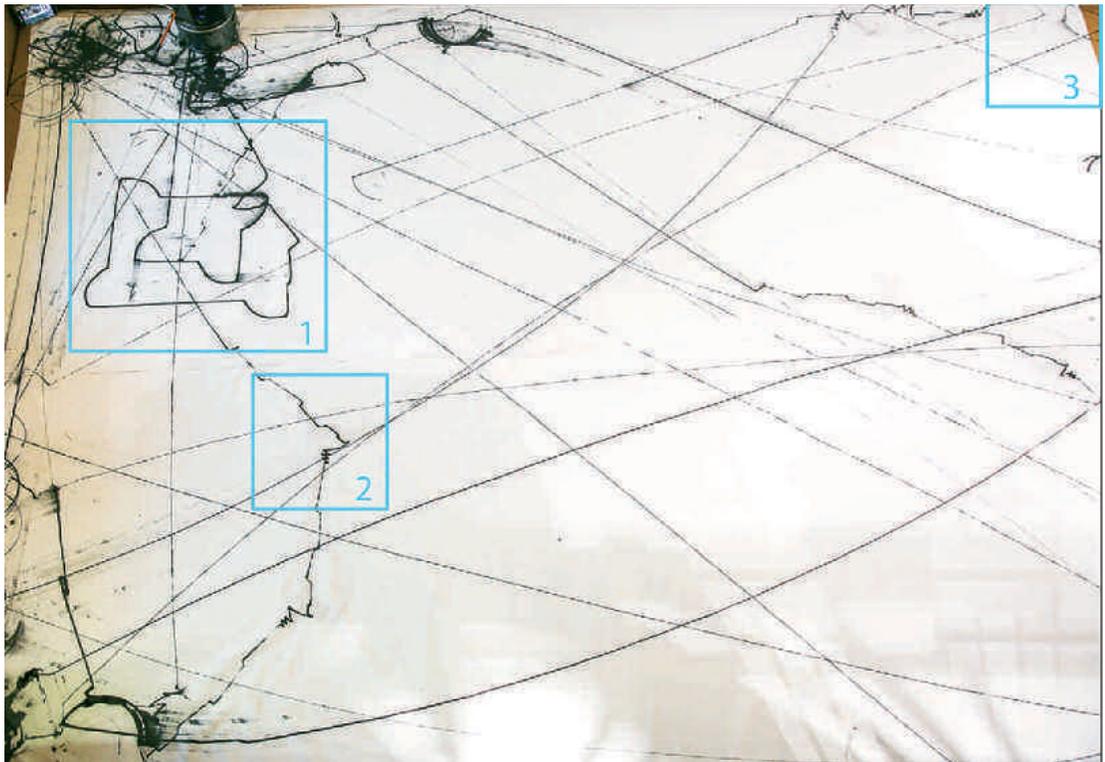
Canvas, Dyson Robot Cleaner (Dyson), Ink, Tube, Chinese Calligraphy Brush Pen, Tea Caddies, Pillow, Paper Box (to increase the height for better liquid flow). Ink was chosen because it could flow smoothly through the tube without clogging. In the test run, I used acrylic (as shown in yellow). However, the paint stopped flowing after a short time. Canvas was chosen because ink is very watery and causes paper to wrinkle.

### **Process**

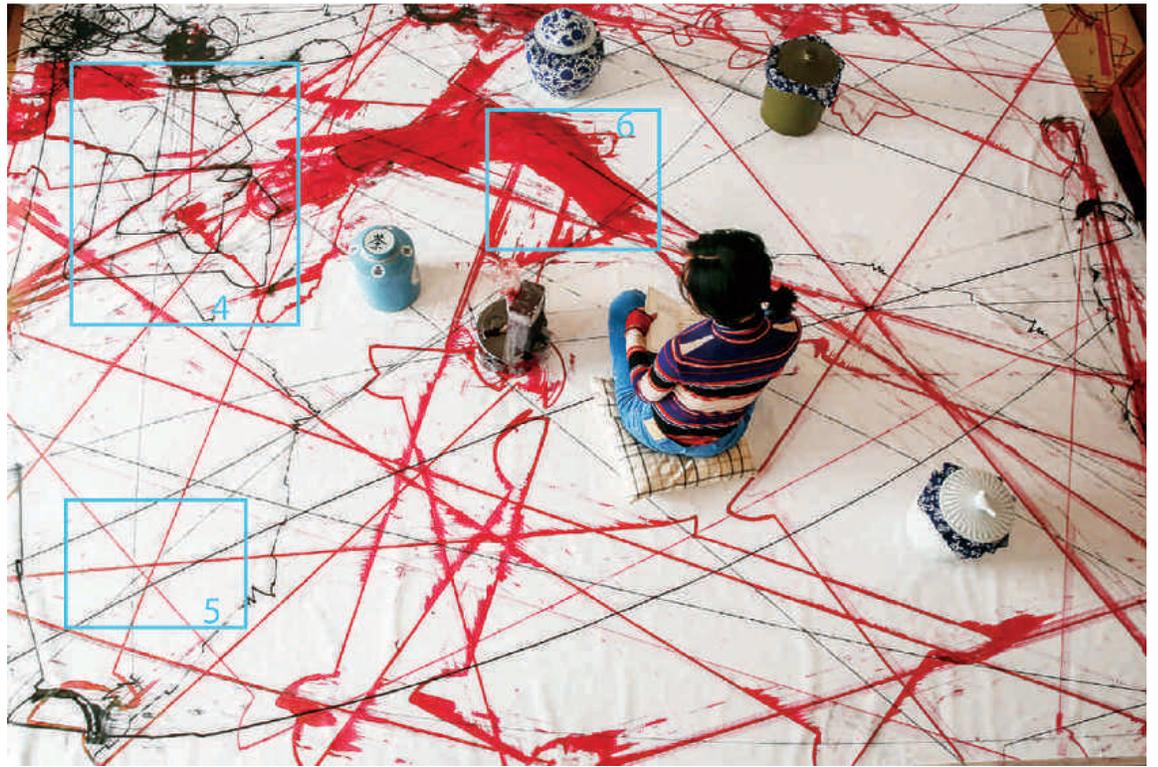
Dyson moved with the ink attachment and painted as it went. As programmed, Dyson determined routes depending on the room's shape and situation. The space was created by two walls and paper boards. If there was an obstruction, Dyson would usually hit it and then calculate a new route.

1. The first layer of drawing, represented by black ink, was made by letting Dyson move freely without any obstruction on the canvas.
2. The second layer, represented by the red ink, was made with me inside the space with a book and a Switch, the two most common items I use in my own space. Tea caddies were included to represent cultures. When Dyson came to obstructions (that is, tea caddies and me), it started spinning to find a new angle to head to. Similar behavior was observed when it reached corners.

**Result**

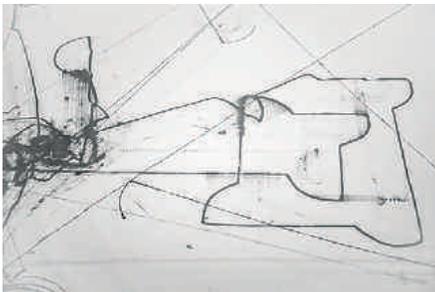


First Layer: Dyson Cleans Without Obstruction

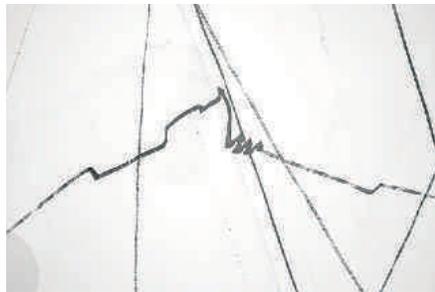


Second Layer: Human and Related Items Entered the Space

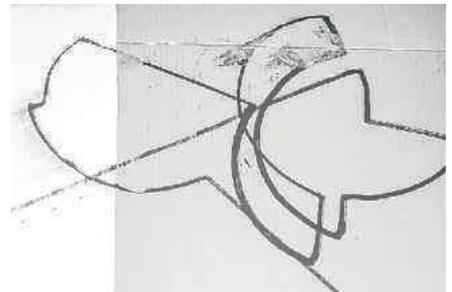
**Details**



1. Dyson's idiosyncrasy



2. Abstract painting No.1



3. Abstract Painting No.2



4. Dramatic Painting



5. Geometric



6. The Red Stroke

### **Interpretation**

The paint may seem unreasonable at first glance. However, when walking into it, I discovered more explorable details and common properties.

### **Brush Strokes**

Different types of brush strokes were created as Dyson moved. Sometimes, it moved over a newly painted line, rubbed off ink, and thus made a thicker and more dramatic stroke. The more smoothly Dyson moved, the sharper the line.

### **Rationality**

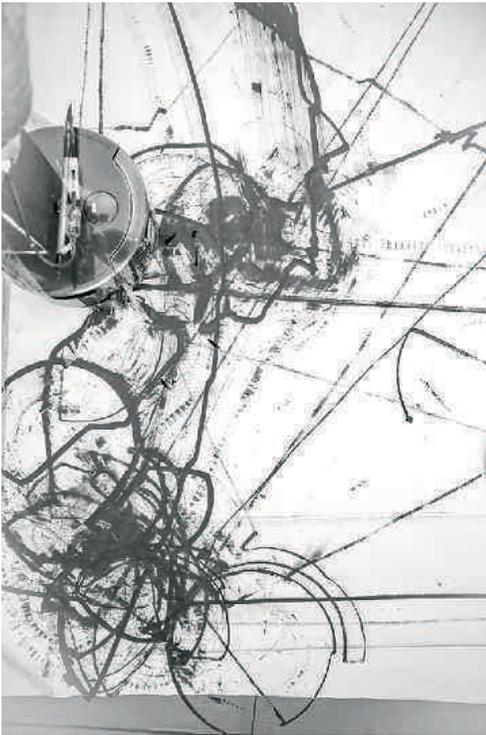
Some areas look more rational than others: There are more ordered shapes such as straight lines, triangles, and rectangles. Others are more “dramatic,” especially in the red layer. These feature large strokes and irregular shapes.

### **Pictogram**

While some areas are too messy and too simple to tell a story, some have meanings.

With the above three properties, Dyson’s painting becomes more readable. Drawing 5 (Geometric) is made of sharp and ordered lines but lacks meaning. On the other hand, Drawings 1 to 3 have more meaning to them. The first graph is a typical pattern Dyson draws when it makes two consecutive turns. The pattern has sharp lines and reminds me of square floor plans with open doors. The two abstract paintings look like fire and birds to me and thus have more pictographic meanings. These accidental but “meaningful” drawings were created by Dyson when it met corners.

More dramatic drawings were made in the more complex environment when Dyson was drawing the second layer. Even though the robots were programmed to encounter as many issues as its developers could think of, there could be many unexpected ones. Graphs 4 and 6 (Dramatic Painting and The Red Stroke) are typical representations of Dyson’s dramatic drawing. The Red Stroke was created when Dyson crossed the same spot several times and thus liquid ink was spread across a large area.



Dyson's struggle meeting corners

### Reflection

This experience reminded me of Artificial Intelligence and its learning behavior and raised questions about the unpredictable result of this learning ability. This kind of learning behavior can be creative or intimidating because it may be beyond human expectations. The encounter between Dyson and me poses an interesting question: When robots and humans affect each other's behavior, as for each party the other is in the way, is the robot or the human the obstructer? As programmed, Dyson could not tell the difference between me and the tea caddies.

Hence, the robot treats humans the same way as obstructions. In future human environments, will robots create a mess like Dyson created on the canvas? Therefore, the extent to which humans and machines interact should be carefully calculated and controlled to avoid a negative impact of Artificial Intelligence on humanity.



## **pink herbal essence shampoo**

**Dita Cavdarbasha**

in my earliest childhood memory, we are living in our first apartment in the bronx, the one by the metro-north train and the big blue bridge near the park where we sometimes light candles along when people die.

the apartment is small and was originally part of the building's basement, and the barely above ground windows make you feel like you've sunken a little bit into the ground. the bathroom smells like the pink herbal essence shampoo—the clear pink one that they still sell in cvs.

there is a tall white bookshelf across from the bathroom full of books my mom makes us read. there is a small hallway on the left of the bathroom that leads to the living room and the brown pull out couch my parents sleep on. the apartment is small but it feels big for me.

the rug on the floor of the living room is the red one we got from an albanian market, the rug that has followed us to every apartment, the big one with small birds sewn into it.

nana has the phone in her hand and she keeps standing up and sitting down and standing up and sitting down. she keeps telling me and drenka to go to bed, but we don't listen. i remember running up to babi as he walks through the doorway. i remember the way nana looks as she tells him the news—silent even though she is speaking— and the way he holds his face in his hands, and the way his shoulders move up and down and the way his body shakes on the small brown leather couch that we had in the first apartment. the memory, for the most part, is silent to me, but i remember the feeling of hearing my father cry. i remember looking at nana and drenka and nana's white knuckles that formed from squeezing the phone that was still in her hand. i don't know why i did it—perhaps because i was so confused, perhaps it was the feeling of something breaking vitalized through sound and body, but i started laughing. nana switched the phone from her right hand to her left hand and slapped me across the face. i

remember my father crying still, my mother yelling for me to leave and go to my room, and drenka silent.

there are no sounds in the memory—just colors and feeling and things that might have happened. i know that it probably did not happen the way i think it happened, but i remember the confusion of it all so well that it feels comfortable to me now. the way my mother looked—like something half of out a dream and a nightmare at the same time—the way my father's shoulders shook and shook and shook. and the way drenka, who was always the leader between the two of us, didn't say anything at all.



## wednesday morning light

Dita Cavdarbasha

my mother was crying. and it was morning. my eyes—they were shut, still getting used to the morning light, and i heard her before i saw her. there is a small hallway in the apartment—at one end, my doorframe—at the other end—a woman resembling my mother, making a face i have never seen before, phone clutched to her hand. she was saying something—sorry—i think it was. in albanian—she was saying *sorry, sorry, teuta, i'm so sorry*. and i remember the smell of specia. the whole house smelled like specia—the thick, yellow ones my aunt goes picking for. once my eyes adjusted to the light, to my mother, to the sound that was coming from her, something in my chest shifted. i don't know what. on the right side of my mother is our kitchen window. it was a wednesday morning—or, it felt like a wednesday morning—it felt like 9:15 on a wednesday morning. i felt that in my chest. and she was standing, no, crouching, a little, at the end of the hallway, the wednesday morning light hitting her in such a way that she looked like she was floating. angelic is the wrong word

and the right word at the same time. and she was crying. my mother was crying. and so i just stood. because it was 2005—so i was just seven, or maybe even six because i don't remember the season the shift happened. and i didn't know what to do, really. but watch her. she was keeping her body steady with her left hand, propping herself, kind of crouching, kind of wailing into the phone, not noticing me there. and then she did. we locked eyes. and it was weird, because she looked right out of a dream and a nightmare at the same time. some kind of mixture of the two—her face red, her body glowing, her eyes wet, a hand over her mouth as if to force herself to stop wailing. for me, i think. a part of me wanted to hold her, i think—or have her hold me. but i just kept watching her. eventually, she broke eye contact, and walked away from the end of the hallway, away from me, and into the wednesday morning light.

## Contributors

**Dita Cavdarbasha '19**, born in Kosovo, raised in the Bronx. The world moves slowly, slowly in my palm. What else is there to do but watch?

**Glorín Colón** is an artist, graphic designer and muralist. She works in a variety of mediums including acrylics, oils, ink, pencils, and collage. She obtained a Bachelor's degree in Fine Arts from Washington University in St. Louis, MO. Glorín lives and works in Puerto Rico. Her art has been showcased in Palacios and Importadora Española, both leading venues for the sale of high end furniture and artistic decor of Puerto Rico. The piece "Mirando al Sol" participated in LUX collective art show in Humacao, Puerto Rico, February 2019.

**Quinn Glabicki '19** is majoring in Political Science and is originally from Pittsburg.

**William Harris-Braun '22**—I am a first year prospective Computer Science major. I use he/him/his pronouns. I spend

much of my time in the Maker Arts Space working with the 3D printers and other tools there to make projects—from board games to art to electronic devices. Some of my other interests include languages, photography, and learning to operate as many types of vehicles as I can.

**Sarah Jesup '20** is a double major in Psychology and Fine Arts, who is also a freelancing illustrator at LinesAndLettersArt.

**Nanyi Jiang '19** is at UCLA and studies Economics with double minors in Math and Digital Humanities. She is an incoming student at ArtCenter's Media Design Practice program. She is constantly interested in the relationships between humanity and the development of technology. She hopes to find a healthy relationship between the two by finding future possibilities through design. Nanyi loves to use various materials and media to showcase her thought in forms of performing art, installation, and photography. She is still curious about her potential to explore different styles and forms.

**Katya Konradova '19** is a Comparative Literature major and Arabic minor from the Czech Republic. Her major interests include writing, foreign languages, film, and disrespecting conventions.

**Alice Lin '19** is the co-editor-in-chief of MARGIN. She is a double major in Anthropology and German. She de-stresses from thesis through building Lego and cooking.

**Andrew Lummus '21**—I am a sophomore History major and Fine Arts minor concentrating in sculpture, intending to pursue a career in law. I am a jumper on the track and field team, so you can usually find me at the gym or in the dining center.

**Valentina Moreno '22** is a first year at Haverford with a keen interest in print publication and creative writing. A pen and paper have long defined her and shaped her intellectual and professional pursuits. Poetry and fictional prose are her preferred mediums of creative expression, however, photography has increasingly become of interest. Beyond

writing, Valentina is an avid reader and an enthusiastic literary critic. Deconstructing and understanding text and all of its subtle complexities is one of her favorite pastimes.

**Eleanor Morgan '20** is an independent major in Creative Writing and History of Art at Haverford College. She works primarily in poetry, but is also interested in contemporary artwork. She is usually thinking and/or talking about her pets, Maisie & Elsie.

**Nana Nieto '19** is the other co-editor-in-chief, was born and raised in Puerto Rico, and is the youngest of three sisters. This is her fourth year being a part of MARGIN, which has been a great complement to her History of Art major and Museum Studies minor. Nana likes meeting new people, listening to music, boxing, and hanging out with friends.

**Sophie Schleifer '22**—Art has been a huge part of my life ever since I was young. Though my favorite medium is photography, I love film, drawing, painting, sculpture, and much more. Here at Haverford, I'm continuing my pursuit

of art outside of the classroom. While my academic fields of interest, Political Science and Economics, do not directly pertain to art, I create outlets and links between the subjects.

**Ramona A. Stone** is a fictional character.

**Lizy Szanton '22** is a first-year who loves writing poetry, swimming in rivers, lakes, and ponds, and making pita-and-banana sandwiches at 4pm in the DC. On campus, Lizy plays ultimate frisbee and likes to study in quiet places with a lot of sunlight. Lizy is from the Boston area and excited for a spring that starts before June. She's more excited to present this compilation of art and words and love!

**Nasanbayar Ulzii-Orshikh '22** (He/Him/His) is a freshman from Mongolia. His academic interests revolve around Physics, Computer Science, Psychology, and Education. In his sophomore year of high school, he started taking these photographs to experiment with his camera (iPhone 5S, back then) and editing programs. Soon, it became a platform for him to be completely honest with his own feelings and

push on his sense of sincerity. Aside from these, he enjoys pomegranate tea, traditional dumplings, and meaningful conversations.

**Alina Yijia Yang** (1997, Shanghai) is currently a student, double majoring in Studio Art and Business at University of Rochester. Hoping to work as a visual artist, Yang's work encompasses different mediums such as oil painting, photography, sculpture, printmaking, and video. Her work shows the exploration of the self and interpersonal relationships. She has taken various courses in art history and studio art and interned at multiple organizations such as The Kitchen and How Art Museum. She finds herself drawn to topics on how art influences and benefits people, and what the potential of art on people is. She wishes to use her language of art to sculpture the concept of art in people's mind. Even though she has not held any exhibition yet, her work is shown here: [www.yijiaayang97.com](http://www.yijiaayang97.com)

**Bilge Yilmaz '21**, Bilge, Bill Gates, Billie, Blige, Blake (?)

believes in Bowie, and has never broken a bone. Find the sophomore Political Science and Music double major at the front desk of the music library, in a piano room, on a plane transatlantic, at Union Transfer, busking on the streets of Philly, blogging, napping on various couches on campus, making music as Tendertwin, singing with the Chamber Singers or Chaverim, whining, dining, and feeling homesick about Turkish food.

**Sierra Zareck '20** is a Haverford student majoring in English and minoring in Africana Studies at Bryn Mawr. Her creative focus is poetry and some short fiction, but she loves to read just as much as she loves to write. In her free time you can find her working in the Coop or devouring yet another book in between classes.



