

The background of the image is a solid black field. Overlaid on this are numerous thin, curved lines of light in shades of orange and yellow. These lines are most concentrated in the middle of the frame, where they form a dense, horizontal band of light. From this band, several thinner lines extend upwards and downwards, curving gently. The overall effect is one of dynamic movement and energy, reminiscent of light trails from a long-exposure photograph or a stylized representation of a nebula or galaxy.

AUDEAMUS

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Audeamus National Multidisciplinary Journal
381 Surge Building
University of California, Riverside
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ISSN 1941-7810

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XII

BOLD

Dear Reader,

Every year, *Audeamus* seeks to put forth the most excellent and daring undergraduate work we can find. In the process of forming what has now become our twelfth volume, our editorial board sorted through 161 submissions from undergraduates across the nation. Ultimately, we selected fourteen submissions—one essay, four pieces of art, and nine poems—which succeed at representing the aims of *Audeamus*, and which reflect our theme for volume twelve: **bold**.

We pride ourselves on crafting a journal that has the capacity to reimagine itself with each new edition, and which remains open to the vast number of forms that writers, artists, scholars, and performers can use to express themselves. This year, our accepted submissions reflect an emphasis on the poetic—not just through poems themselves, but in pieces which display a careful, potent joining of disparate elements into an affecting whole—and on the political, both in rhetorically broad and intimately personal senses, including activism, heritage, and identity. These works offer a diverse range of styles and topics, and show the immense talent of students, creators and scholars across our country.

Unfortunately, the publication of issue twelve arrives in the midst of pervasive rhetoric which seeks to portray students as weak-minded, entitled, and out-of-touch. It also arrives, however, on the heels of an immense rise in student activism and political engagement. Student-led movements—against gun violence, institutionalized racism, transphobia, and sexual assault, among others—powerfully represent what it means to be bold. Today’s students understand the value of resistance, of empathy, and the absolute necessity of demanding change from institutions whose policies do not equally serve the

needs of all. Through the publication of this volume, we seek to amplify the voices of such students.

As Editor-in-Chief of *Audeamus XII*, my utmost hope is that the collection of work in this year’s journal may serve as a reminder to all of us how essential boldness and daring, in their many forms, are today. I have been immensely lucky to have been supported in the curation of this volume—and in making our journal a space of respectful and insightful discourse—by an incredibly intelligent group of editors, along with our Marketing & Outreach Coordinator, our Design & Production Coordinator, and our Faculty Advisor, whose work made our twelfth volume possible. It has been a challenging, impacting experience for us, and I am thrilled to finally share the result of that labor with you.

Thank you for reading our journal and for supporting the creative and scholarly work of students nationwide.

Best regards,

Riley Leight
Editor-in-Chief of *Audeamus XII*

Shelby Salerno - Sonoma State University

Hannah Richardson - Sonoma State University

Delany Lemke - Central Michigan University

Connor Kubota - University of California, Riverside

Shannon Koga - University of California, Riverside

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ECUATORIANA

ANASOFIA TRELLES - THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY

I know what you want to see

When your pale hands run the knife across my skin

You expect streams of red, white, and blue

Chunks of charcoal-grilled burgers

Residue from Fourth of July fireworks

To come pouring out of my veins

You expect me to claim America

But my skin tone screams Latina

Cut me open and marvel

At strands of multicolored wool

Covered in gold shavings

Rescued from Inca temples

Watch me as cups of misty water

Procured from the Rio Guayas

Spill out of me and onto your floor

Pieces of clay shingles from the houses

That rest on El Cerro Santa

Cut me open and I promise

Ecuador will gush out of my veins

HEADLINES

CONNOR KUBOTA - UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, RIVERSIDE

It was scrawled on a yellowing newspaper that lined the wall
“There’s something about the way you look underwater”
I don’t think I’ll ever really understand
“Who did it and why”

“There’s something about the way you look underwater”
“TERROR AT VIRGINIA TECH”
“Who did it and why”
The dark complexities and faults of the human mind

“TERROR AT VIRGINIA TECH”
Too many dead and others wounded due to
The dark complexities and faults of the human mind
Sending thoughts and prayers

Too many dead and others wounded due to
Legislators under the thumb of gun lobbyists
Sending thoughts and prayers
Now is not the time

Legislators under the thumb of gun lobbyists
Refusing to even consider gun control
Now is not the time
Now is especially the time

Refusing to even consider gun control
Scared Americans clutch their precious guns ever closer
Now is especially the time
In the face of tragedy, of terror

Scared Americans clutch their precious guns ever closer
It was scrawled on a yellowing newspaper that lined the wall
In the face of tragedy, of terror
I don’t think I’ll ever really understand

MOMENTS OF TIME (1)

SAMANTHA CARLOS - UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, RIVERSIDE

I have attachment issues, a quality some people consider hoarding, but that's all relative. The thing is, I don't keep material possessions; instead, I feel the need to document even the most insignificant parts of life. I have taken a special interest in watching others and seeing how they fit into their environment, a habit known as street photography. It's an interaction, often without verbal recognition, but nonetheless acknowledgment on my part.

My passion is photographing people, which fuels my desire to travel and explore unfamiliar parts of a city. My personal focus aims to incorporate the immediate surroundings into a candid portrait of an unaware subject. It's fascinating to go back and see what people portray when they don't know you're there. There's a certain level of distance that I must keep if I want to maintain a sense of disengagement, which allows me to compose the frame more carefully.

I love it when my work emanates some emotion, and I love it more when that emotion varies from person to person. Each photo is a recorded moment of life, and life, by definition, is spirited.

TAKEN IN SIEM REAP, CAMBODIA
BLACK AND WHITE DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



AN INTERPRETATION OF THE TEXT

SHANNON KOGA - UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, RIVERSIDE

my thesis statement argues
that this is all meaningless
I direct my summary to the
made-up face of this article
explaining each line as though
it is gospel, leaving names
like love letters to my
analysis. What is analysis,
when each piece of my body
paragraph ties itself together
in red and white bows, says
this is all meaningless—

don't you see my evidence,
isn't it well-thought-out¹
don't you see the mascara
on my sleeves and my
knuckles, initialed locks
around chain-link fence,
me + you = metaphor.
to conclude, there is a lot
to conclude, and there are
no right answers², so isn't
this all meaningless?

¹I was only thinking of escape.

²I haven't figured us out yet.

TO MY THIGHS

DOMINIQUE KENT - UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, RENO
HOWARD H. HAYS JR. AWARD WINNER*
POETRY

* See page 63 for award information

You and I know,
these legs don't go all the way up,
but all the way back
to Southern cotton,
Jamaica sugar.

You, my thighs, are the granddaughters of palm trees,
coconut groves and sugar cane,
moving west, inheriting live oak and California redwood—
rings of silver, gold and steel,
strong as the hurricane's wind and rain.

Your hulls,
painted brown

and tarred to keep out the sea—
these two solid mounds
of foundation and brick,
are structures built to support,
not disappear.
You have been starved,
beaten,
cut,
and cried over
without once failing to hold me up.

To my thighs:
Thank you for bearing me
all these years.



WALKING ON A DREAM

BRIAN DAO - UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, RIVERSIDE

One of my main goals in life is to inspire others to be the best and most creative version of themselves, as I have been inspired by my role models. I didn't think I would ever be interested in photography and editing, as I was always leaning toward videography. However, my creative role models like Jordan Taylor Wright and Ben Brown have inspired me to push creative boundaries with a camera. Cameras are made for two things: pictures and video. If you have a camera, why not take advantage of both features, rather than just one? The people I look up to are good at both video and photography, and they have inspired me to try something I never thought I would do. After weeks and months of practice, I discovered a new love and passion, which is now photography and digital art. This piece reflects upon how creativity is not limited, and new dreams/passions are created by every step you choose to take. This picture was also my first time working with neon lights, which was very fun and I highly recommend doing so to any photographers/ videographers out there.

HE IS NO ONE

ISABELLA BARRICKLOW - CENTRAL MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY

i've ever met.

sometimes he is the one

dragging the knife across
my collarbone,
wedging it into
the flesh of my stomach.

sometimes we make love
on train tracks,
before i am alone in a field,
a forest.

when the night ends
i will hang from that clocktower.

sometimes there is
a pink zebra,
doors on the walls of every building,
behind one, a young girl.

once she reached into a hotel
fountain
to pick up a yellow
toy submarine,
but it turned into
a witch and pulled her in by the
forearm.

this time,
he was the maid,
cleaning in the corner without
ever looking up.

in my dreams i am
a farmer. i reach into
the chest
of the ground,
black and rich, and rip
up beets.
they drip down
my wrists
red and pink juice

staining my skin
while the earth sobs.
in my hand it becomes a heart—
his.
from my own wrists, blood is
flowing.
when i look down again
i am cupping
speckled castor seeds and
rocks.

no one has the time.
sometimes,
i watch him die first
in that same forest,
behind me,
a stag.

ANDES

ANASOFIA TRELLES - THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY

I will not apologize

For the thickness of my hair

The fullness of my mestizo lips

The boldness of my Guayas words

I will not hide from the sun

My brown skin was never meant to match

Your “flesh” colored Band-Aids

I was born with the Andes sketched along my spine

I am the product of Inca sweat

Drops of blood from the rivers

Of conquistador massacres

I am not the repetition of history

I am the reincarnation of fury

Your wall does not scare me

My ancestors taught me how to trek mountains

WHAT YOU CAN'T

Prose

WASH OFF

SANDRA FAVELA - THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS
HOWARD H. HAYS JR. AWARD WINNER*
OTHER: PROSE

* See page 62 for award information

Prose

Dear Father,

You have never been interested in the studies of minority groups. When I told you I would be taking a Chicano studies class, you looked at me with disapproval. For years, I have heard you make comments about how you don't believe yourself to be Mexican at all. You are American, and, as a result, superior to those born across the border. You look down on them with hints of disdain in your brown eyes, despite the fact that you are really one of them. Throughout this time, I've wondered where this hatred came from. Assimilation is a painful process and somewhere along the way, you fell into the belief of a "white ideal." I am reminded now of Kevin Johnson, who wrote about his mother's issues with assimilation. It is an issue of contradiction. He writes, "Caught between two worlds, the Mexican-American one she was born into and the white one she strived to join, my mother could not cope with the internal strife and endless contradiction that resulted" (Johnson 61). Your desire to be white has led to a feeling of inferiority that I know you feel, because I felt it too. It is not something we speak of. We barely speak at all. Your ideas impacted me when I was impressionable and young. Your remarks took a toll on me. Slowly, I've been working to rid myself of the inferiority you made me believe was in our blood and skin color.

When you ordered whitening masks and I saw them, I did not think much of it. They were simply another type of mask, like apple exfoliation or soothing aloe vera. I used them for some time, as did my mother. There is still a stack under my bathroom sink. I began to realize the heaviness in those masks. They were an effort to erase our identity. My skin color is already light brown and you felt the need to make it even whiter. I cannot

say I don't understand you, because I do. I have watched the way the media portrays whiteness as beautiful. I know because I have felt myself ugly and ashamed of who I am. By buying those whitening masks, you reinforced those feelings for me. Yet, I understand. Alice Walker wrote, "for some of our parents it is as if freedom and whiteness were the same destination" (291). As a darker black mother, she saw her own lighter-skinned daughter and thought it would be easier. You struggle the same as those black parents Walker describes. You were seeking a way to help me escape. You just wanted me to be freer, but the rejection of ourselves can only cause more pain. We cannot seek to be accepted through total assimilation. It is important to cherish who we are. I am now thankful for the ethnicity and skin color you and my mother gave me.

If you remember, when we lived in Mexico, I attended a private elementary school, Colegio Santa Fe. In my grade of maybe twenty students, I had a friend named Blanca. She was, as her name defined, white with blonde hair and blue eyes. She was the only girl like this in our whole class. Everybody worshipped her. Every boy had a crush on her. She was the most popular girl. Even at that young age, she felt herself superior because of her complexion. Why wouldn't she? Everyone treated her as if she was. I was jealous. There was nothing particularly special about that girl besides her whiteness. I thought maybe I could wash off my darkness so people would like me too. I was not very dark to begin with, but I was not white enough.

Upon reading *Hunger for Memory* by Richard Rodriguez, I noticed he had a similar experience. Rodriguez actually tried shaving off his

darkness, but was disappointed to find he couldn't. It "remained. Trapped. Deep in the cells of [his] skin" (Rodriguez 125). Did you experience something like this too when you were younger? Rodriguez deprived himself of a sensational life, because he was ashamed of his brown body. He wanted to hide it, conceal it away. He wrote, "I wanted to forget that I had a body because I had a brown body" (126). The association that we make with darkness is that of inferiority, but why? Why do we still perpetuate this idea that white is good and black is bad? We are only continuing a cycle of racism and colorism. I hope you can open your eyes as I have. Lighter or darker, we should not let people divide us. We should "think instead with pity of their ignorance and sure end in self-eradication. For no one can hate their source and survive" (Walker 294). We need to survive. I want you to survive.

I know you will not really listen to anything that I am trying to say, but rather try to find a way to counter me and call me a stupid girl. I ask you to try to stop your condescending mindset. As you tell me, listen. I am trying to help us. Frantz Fanon wrote, "Imperialism leaves behind germs of rot which we must clinically detect and remove from our land and from our minds as well" (qtd. in Giron). I am not asking you to wave around a Mexican flag or get a tattoo of Benito Juárez across your back. I

"I want to decolonize
your mind, as I am."

want you to decolonize your mind, as I am. Your denial of your ethnicity, hatred of your skin color, and going against your community's interest is perpetuating the subjugation and enslavement that our ancestors suffered. They are lingering effects that continue to oppress us. Decolonization is not romanticizing our indigenous past or hating our colonizers, but rather "a process of changing the way we view the world...Rejecting labels, selfishness, egotism, a black and white binary, discrimination and judgments are, instead, traits of the decolonized" (Giron). It is crucial that you analyze yourself truly and ask if your mind remains colonized without getting defensive.

James Baldwin wrote a letter to his nephew in 1963, trying to advise him on living as an African American. I doubt you have ever read of Baldwin since he was even darker than us, so I will tell you about it. Baldwin tries to explain to his nephew, James, that while there is no reason he should try to "become like white people," he "must accept them and accept them with love" (Baldwin 8). It is something I wish you would have explained to me, but you didn't. Instead, I am here trying to explain it to you. There is this socially constructed struggle between whites and blacks, but Baldwin claims the only way is acceptance. He continues to tell his nephew, "the black man has functioned in the white man's world as a fixed star...and as he moves out of his place, heaven and earth are shaken to their foundations" (Baldwin 9). Like the black community, we were also meant to shake their foundations, not become a pillar to it. Baldwin understands that these innocents have been believing in their superiority for centuries' worth of generations. They have also been believing in the inferiority of the blacks for that long. Baldwin continues to explain to his nephew, "those innocents who believed that your imprisonment

made them safe are losing their grasp of reality” (Baldwin 9). He even compares these white people to “lost, younger brothers” whose reality is falling apart (Baldwin 9). He is trying to convey to his nephew that he must be patient and accepting of these people who have been so deeply conditioned in their beliefs. It is only in this way, Baldwin believes, that change will happen. I agree with him, and I wish you would too. Instead, you have fallen into that same deep conditioning. When Baldwin spoke of his grandfather, it reminded me of you. At the bottom of his heart, his grandfather believed what white people said about him, which led him to defeat (Baldwin 4). I am trying to stop you from falling into that defeat, that illusion. We cannot be defeated and we cannot be blind.

I should not blame you, yet sometimes I do. Your words and actions cut deep into me. You are trying to rob me of the Mexican-American culture that we could share. However, I am not writing this to make you feel guilty. That is not my intention. In reality, I am trying to be kind because I love you. I know you may not believe many of the things that I have tried to explain, but I hope that you at least consider them. Dwell on them. I know you have been hurt due to being Mexican-American, but pretending you are white is not the best solution.

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I LIKE CURLY HAIR

JAMES ALCALA - UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, RIVERSIDE

this hair, it curls
against me like a riot
and i pull you in, becoming
the 2000 Demo(licious)
cratic National Convention;
rage against the machine
that is my body.

this curl, it hairs
the way i word words
when my i want you's
stumble over c(urls)
rumbled er's; you're cute,

you blush and smile-
that is my lust.

shit, hurl the cares
that tie your hair
into the recycling,
together we can lo(ve)
osen these locks from
our heads – this hair,
that is freedom.

THE

DREAMER

BRIAN DAO - UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, RIVERSIDE
HOWARD H. HAYS JR. AWARD WINNER*
ARTWORK/PHOTOGRAPHY

* See page 62 for award information



PHOTO TAKEN WITH SONY A6500, 18-108MM LENS
EDITED IN ADOBE PHOTOSHOP AND ADOBE LIGHTROOM

This photo / edit was my very first attempt at combining multiple images that I took and turning them into something that no one has ever seen before. This piece has a deep meaning in my college life. I was a business major for almost three years, and I switched my major to filmmaking at the end of my third year. I've always wanted to pursue a career in the arts, but I was too scared, because having a career in art is not a set path. So I played it safe and went with the business route. However, I've always been distracted by art and avoided my business classes, and slowly, over time, I finally reached the point of choosing something that makes me happy rather than something I would regret for the rest of my life. Similarly, in my picture there is a person reaching for something that may seem impossible, with a different setting on the other side; there are endless amounts of opportunities waiting for you to take them. There is also a person in a boat, which symbolizes my friends and family who are there for me whether I fail or succeed. This piece is important to me because it shows my decision of choosing a dream and wanting it badly, even though there are risks involved. However, the risk of failing is less stressful because I know there are people who will give me endless support. With that being said, I hope this piece inspires others to reach for their dreams and pursue a path that ultimately makes them happy. Even if the path is unconventional, there is no better feeling than succeeding on a path you made for yourself.

FREE

HANNAH RICHARDSON - SONOMA STATE UNIVERSITY

Bubbly laughter
Erupts from
Toothy smiles.
I can hear
Echoes of pure
Ecstasy,
Taste their
Salty tears from
Windswept faces,
Feel their
Silk locks
Reflecting sunlight
And freedom
As daddy's

Strong arms
Embrace and
Twirl them
In spring air -
Joyous spirits
Unfettered by
The worried world
Naturally seize
Bounteous, unbroken
Love.
I gaze through
The panes -
Watching from
The outside.

PITTED

JACKIE DELANEY - THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY

While holding an avocado in
the left hand, the knife slips,

slick off the pit. Four stitches
later and a muscle has grown

where the heart has never
tightened. The thing about

the skin is its vulnerability:
how it slices so cleanly,

how it almost takes a
second for it to realize

it has opened, the blood
slowly pooling like

honey until it is landsliding
down the palm. You mourn

the avocado. I apply pressure.
Later that night, I think about

how I will have to shampoo
my hair one-handed, and

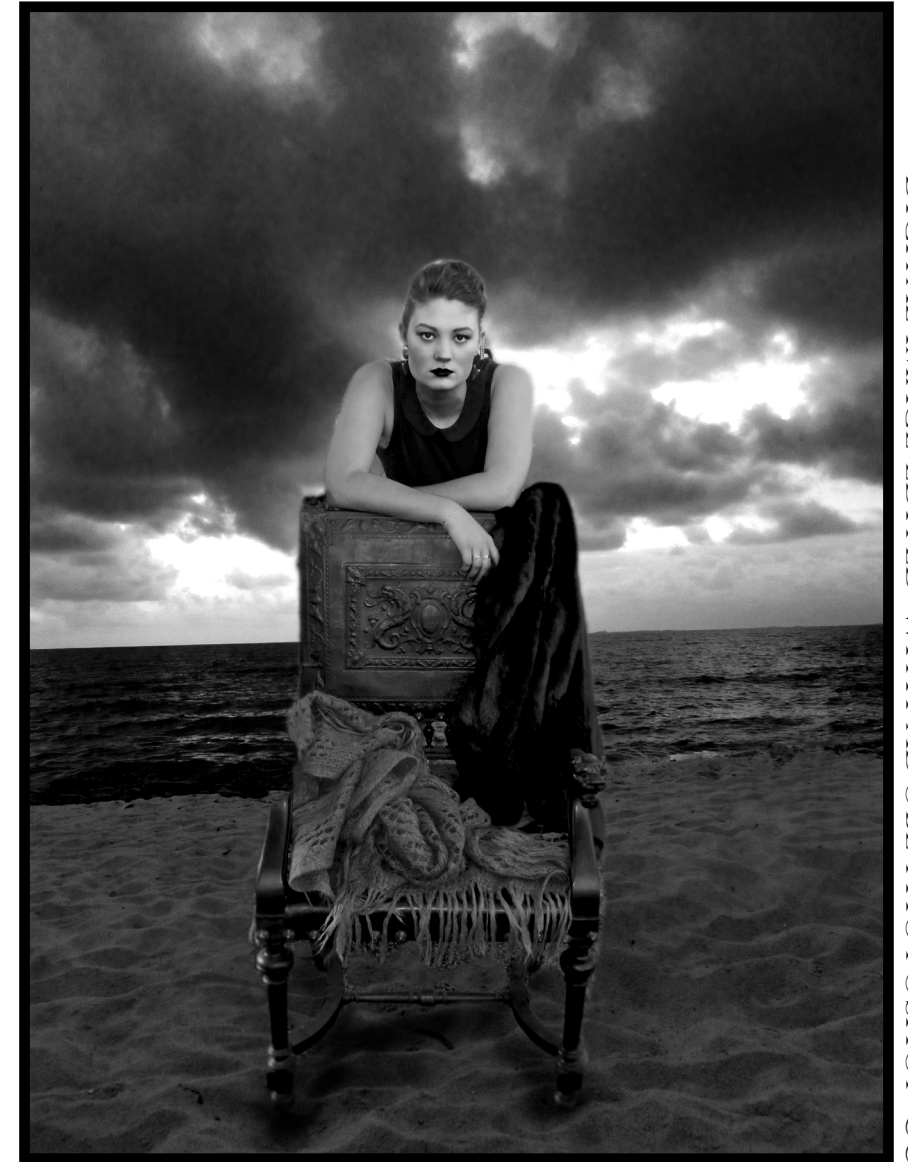
your hand, and the touch.
The slick, slick touch.

IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY

REBECCA BOWLES - EMORY UNIVERSITY

Family has always been one of the primary influences in my life. While it is often not the most positive force in my life, it is still the basis on which I have formed my own identity. As a millennial and an artist, I take great pride in identifying as a feminist and portraying mostly women in my art. *It Runs in the Family* is a self-portrait that highlights certain qualities that the women (especially myself, my mother, and my grandmothers) in my family all share, despite our vast differences. The contrast of each element--between the figure, the landscape, and the props--is representative of our distinct personalities. However, the focus on the figure draws on our commonalities. The stance is one of power, as there is a distinct sense of feminine dominance in my family. The props are all from the different matriarchs in my family, going back generations. This work represents the intrinsic influence that my female predecessors have had on me and my sisters. Their influence is immediately recognizable in our common fierceness of opinion; and, despite my best efforts to break the mold, I find myself becoming more and more like my mother.

Artwork/Photography



DIGITAL IMAGE EDITED WITH ADOBE PHOTOSHOP CC

Artwork/Photography

FOOD

OUTREACH

DELANY LEMKE -
CENTRAL MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY
JANE E. KIM POETRY AWARD WINNER*
POETRY

* See page 63 for award information

During the AIDS crisis, an organization called Food Outreach was born in St. Louis, serving food to seven clients with HIV/AIDS.

My friend has seven mouths
that open and close—
seven fish on a dock—
to gasp for air
and his mother's casserole,
his eight hollow cheeks
blotted with
wide sores.

My friend sleeps
in church basements,
lips void of prayer,
uncertain
what to ask forgiveness for.

My friend paints his nails
carefully
but doesn't go out.
Dying might
kill the mood.

My friend carries a knife
because two mouths
are toothless,
kicked in.

Every night I spoon feed him
home cooking
mouth by mouth.
Not mother's he says
but close enough.

I mourn as each mouth
stops breathing
one by one.
I hold his frail hands.

When he dies I realize
I am the only family
who knows,
but isn't ready
to bury him.

SIRI, WHO AM I?

SHELBY SALERNO - SONOMA STATE UNIVERSITY

We work finest in symbolic sorrows,
Branded boldness, blinding 1s and 0s:
We are the Millennial, the Gen Z-ers, “Tired and Good”
Until our McDonald’s \$1 menu glazed minds find
The solace of the world in the sweet embrace
Of an updating rectangle each night--
Bzzz, bzzz, bzzz, white noise playing dress-up--
Heavy eyelids spread wide,
Starbucks Daydreams alight with
Nightmare Remembrances, past distancing angsts
From dramatized memories (Panic!), venti
Stereotypes feature envy as the leading
Motion picture of this week’s trembling reality,
And yet none of us can afford the entry fee--
Who are we but the generation of digital
Contemporaries with breakdowns as
Regularities, summing up our instances
In 6 seconds in order to feel worth something
Yet we complain that we want to be deeper
Than a figure printed onto standardized testing
So why aren’t we?

We worship nostalgia as a time we hardly
Know, of future desires, tempted by the word,
“No,” and when no comes along with a reality check
We are too victimized to empty our pockets--
For we work finest with whine vomiting out of our
Throats in sweet purples and reds, now our clothes
Drip drop trails wherever we tread--
We are visionaries directing each other’s defiance
With our own, dissecting the others’ perspectives
In order to justify our filmy opinions and lack of
Security because they owe--
Because we were forced into Big Brother’s
Jawbone from the slippery nude
The only key to survival: Be Loud, or Be Bruised
And remember kids: $2 + 2$ (does not) = 5--
The first word we truly spoke as a team was “like,”
And the first reaction we remembered to recall was “poke,”
And yet, as much as we bag on our problems in
Paper grocery store sacks, Facebook continues to
Be the checklist of our fulfillment of expectations--
Save the whales! Oh, and buy your ticket to SeaWorld,

Wait a second, instead of attempting to promote kindness
 Through self-established judgments,
 Big Business tyrants,
 Because we are the best--
 The Lost Generation
 Wandering because that is what we were taught to breathe
 Now that we have eyes to peek
 We continue to wander, though--
 Why not teach basic human civility?
 We are too busy tackling problems from football field
 Lengths, leaving room for Jesus when God is beneficial-
 Passive aggression deserves a pedestal--
 Sipping plastic bottle vodka out of Big Gulps
 Because the thrill of the shock as it slips down the tongue
 Keeps the senses alive before they can breathe,
 Turning up not just the volume but also the stupidity
 In order to feel something in this contradictory
 Existence we have been swimming in since before we
 Knew resistance--
 In all the wrong places,
 Kissing ass in order to take steps forward on the board,
 Even though our roommates need a bail for once
 We have a tendency to hoard the "Get Out of Jail
 Free" cards--

Did someone say free?
 We flock fierce enough to surge tsunamis
 And then demand individuality--
 Kim Kardashian's leather butt lasts longer in
 Our discussions than that ten-minute video advocating
 For the classicality of radical equality--
 Seriously, Society? Rather than picking fights
 Let us pick our life--
 We wait for ten-second info-tainment
 Because we cannot sit long enough in our
 Seats for the daily news--
 Congratulations, we have made it this far--
 But we cannot sit long enough in our seats,
 No longer than ten seconds before we need
 To walk it off--
 "Just do it," they say--
 But only when the "it" refers to "me"
 Unless of course we take our pills
 And remember what "it" actually means--
 When did profanities transform into the
 New courtesy, best friends walk down the
 Street shouting, giggling, "omg ho", "bitch please"--
 No wonder we are built upon insecurity--
 We rely so heavily on negativity

The sick bastard fuels our ingenuity--
 Slow down, grab the wall, wiggle like we tryna
 Make sure we don't pee ourselves as the sudden
 Urge to protect ourselves becomes our number
 One priority, to the point that the point one tries
 To make no longer protects significance but pokes
 Apathetic ridiculousness,
 Instant innocence on us because we are the constant victim
 Without difference to set us apart from personal growth--
 The community is stunted; we hardly know what "nice"
 Consists of; we are too short to see above our own pride--
 We need to wake up with a crack to the head,
 Although even then concussions have become regular--
 Perhaps we should watch the path before us instead of
 Our cellular devices, Super-Glued to our hands, obviously
 More important than the shoulder we slam sideways--
 BAM! No reaction? Having grown up with ever climaxing
 Action the sound of a gun on the screen steepers flaccid
 Rations of empathy--
 True love, first sex, Siri, can you tell me: Everything--
 Siri, can you tell me, who are we?

We are the Millennial, "Tired and Good"
 We work finest in symbolic truths,
 Modeled boldness, thoughtful 1s and 0s:
 Predestined to rescue the world from itself,
 Mother Earth from her children,
 We are strong-headed enough to barrel down
 On these quarrels,
 We are strong-minded enough to send earthquakes
 On these
 Shelves humanity has built itself again and again
 And again--
 But will we?

AWARD INFORMATION

Howard H. Hays Jr. Award*:

The Howard H. Hays Jr. Award recognizes the highest excellence in pieces of any medium/genre accepted for publication in *Audeamus*, as selected by our editorial board. The award is named in honor of the Hays endowment, which funds the publication of *Audeamus*. Between one and four submissions are chosen for the award each year, and each receives a \$200 prize.

Jane E. Kim Poetry Award*:

The Jane E. Kim Poetry Award is given to a poem accepted for publication in *Audeamus* which exemplifies our core message of “let us dare,” is of exceptional quality, and bears cultural or political significance. Begun in 2018 with *Audeamus XII*, the award is named in honor of the first, long-time Staff Advisor of *Audeamus*, Jane Elizabeth Kim, who remains an instrumental part of our publication. The winner is selected by the *Audeamus* editorial board and select University Honors staff, and is accompanied by a \$200 prize.

**All awards are funded by the Howard H. Hays Jr. Endowment.*

WHAT YOU CAN'T WASH OFF - Sandra Favela

The power of Sandra Favela's piece is found in its joining of a creative, personal appeal to a loved one with a researched, argumentative essay. The interdisciplinary, hybridized approach of this work reflects the ongoing struggle of compassion and education—cross-generationally, in particular—which is familiar to so many young people who have sought to free themselves from oppressive or harmful beliefs passed down to them. While an honest, deeply moving work, Favela's letter also provides the reader with an admirable depiction of openness and reconciliation in a time of immense cultural and political conflict.

THE DREAMER - Brian Dao

The composition and sheer technical skill reflected in the crafting of Brian Dao's digital work of art, "The Dreamer," drew the immediate attention of our editors. What stands out perhaps even more, however, is the piece's resonance with *Audeamus XII*'s theme: bold. The central figure in the piece is striving for an immense, distant object of desire, seemingly beyond reach. But rather than communicating melancholy or despair, the piece instills a sense of hopefulness. Dao's work thereby reflects the necessity of having boldness, passion, and optimism in the face of what may seem to be an insurmountable challenge.

TO MY THIGHS - Dominique Kent

Dominique Kent's poem, "To My Thighs," is a moving ode to the poet's own body, and to the history and heritage which precluded its existence. Our editors found the piece reminiscent of the style and narrative of Lucille Clifton's seminal "homage to my hips," but that it smartly expanded its own bounds to incorporate family, unique imagery, and a strong sense of place. The piece is a testimony of strength which, while largely centered on the experiences and struggles related to the speaker's life and body, ultimately speaks in a broadly relevant way to the ongoing resilience of an oppressed people.

Jane E. Kim Poetry Award Winner:

FOOD OUTREACH - Delaney Lemky

Delany Lemke's poem, "Food Outreach," is the inaugural winner of the Jane Kim Poetry Award, which recognizes a work of exceptional quality and cultural importance. "Food Outreach" centers on the AIDS crisis, the devastation of which still reverberates throughout the LGBTQ+ community, even as knowledge of it is continuously suppressed. This piece offers us an intimate view of death, dying, and disease among a people abandoned by the institutions meant to care for them, while depicting the immense compassion of some which arose in response. Both a reflection on our history and a parallel to the ongoing struggles of today's LGBTQ+ community, Lemke's piece is a resonant work of poetry that we are honored to publish in *Audeamus XII*.

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COLOPHON

The 12th edition of *Audeamus* was printed by Crown Connect in conjunction with the Printing and Reprographics Department at UCR. A copy was given to all published authors, various individuals, departments, and organizations within the University of California system; and all published authors and schools across the nation.

The publication is 7.5” by 7.5”. The cover is printed on 111# Topkote Gloss Cover. The interior is printed on 80# Topkote Gloss Text. 15 total versions were created before coming to a final journal design.

The journal was created using Adobe InDesign CC, Adobe Photoshop CC, and Adobe Lightroom CC. The typefaces used were Aileron, Garamond, Perpetua Titling MT, and Franklin Gothic Demi. The body copy is set in Garamond Regular 12/14.

Audeamus is published annually in the Spring.

The artwork on the cover sprouts from steel wool photography. The light trails generated by burning steel wool are often vibrant and chaotic, however they demonstrate a sense of uniformity and uniqueness, as each trail produced follows its own path. Undergraduate work can be thought of as a light trail--sprouting from our minds and developing into something unique on its own. The rigid black and white lines in the interior of the journal show that although each piece is unique, they are all interconnected, reflecting the nature of multidisciplinary work. Each piece in this version of *Audeamus* is in line with the *Audeamus* vision: Let us dare. Let us dare to be brave. Let us dare to be different. Let us dare to be bold.

We thank you for reading volume 12 of the *Audeamus* Journal.

Cover Art Backstory:

The photograph on the cover was taken at Newport Beach, CA at 11:30pm in early February 2018. The sparks were created by rubbing a 8-volt battery along steel wool wrapped inside a cooking whisk and spun in a circle using a rope. No one was harmed in the process.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editors of *Audeamus XII* would like to give special thanks to:

The entirety of the University Honors staff, who have given continuous support, advice, and encouragement to the members of *Audeamus*.

Our new Faculty Advisor, Dr. Richard T. Rodríguez, for his insight and guidance.

UCR Creative Writing Instructor Rachelle Cruz, for sharing her work at our Night of Reading with *Audeamus*.

Crown Connect Account Executive, Erin Warren, for her consistent communication, flexibility, and overall personability with printing the journal.

UCR students and alumni, Anita Phan, Esther Kuan, Justin Chen, and James Choe, for assisting with the production of the cover art.

Dear Reader,

It gives me great pleasure to write in my role as Faculty Advisor for *Audeamus*. To be quite honest, I didn't know what to expect when last spring I agreed to serve in this capacity. Would I serve as mediator for heated debates on which submissions warranted publication? Was it my job to assist the Editorial Board in determining the correlation between the issue's theme and the aesthetic quality of essays, poems, stories, and visual art? Or was I merely to assume my place as the wise elder statesman who might occasionally shed light on any given topic about which the group might find itself perplexed? While I'd be lying if I said I didn't take on any of the aforementioned responsibilities for this issue, my involvement with the journal was much more an egalitarian operation. That is, I was embraced as a member of the Board whose opinions were not only respected but also critically engaged with in a refreshing, exhilarating way.

But I cannot take credit for their stellar work. I often sat in meetings and retreats startled at the Board's exacting assessments of the materials submitted for publication consideration. The appraisals offered were always rigorous and generous with an unflinching requirement that each piece under analysis matched the goal for the issue's insistence on upholding that which is "bold." Moreover, with the demand that boldness be upheld as the standard for which every poem, essay, story, and image would be ascertained, the Board always kept in mind the journal's overall ambition signaled by title alone: never fail to dare!

That this issue in large part features the work of poets is, to my mind, not surprising. In our present day and age, poetry is the medium that holds the ability to speak truth to power, a literary form whose parameters are

consistently reworked and expanded to account for the insights its authors are compelled—with urgency and necessity—to relate. As the late "black, lesbian, mother, warrior, poet" Audre Lorde once declared, "poetry is not a luxury." Indeed, for Lorde, poetry "is a vital necessity of our existence." And while the poems may very well be the centerpiece for this issue's mandate in staking bold claims, each contribution included here indelibly adds to the overall conversation of not only the issue itself, but also the relentlessly persuasive dialog generated by the Board whose tireless editorial labor has made my words, and the publication you hold in your hands, possible.

Richard T. Rodríguez
Audeamus Faculty Advisor



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