

*Rise*

*AUDEAMUS*  
*XIII*

Published by  
**University Honors**  
**University of California, Riverside**

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*Audeamus National*  
*Multidisciplinary Journal*  
381 Skye Hall  
University of California, Riverside  
Riverside, CA 92521

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ISSN 1941-7810

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Dear Reader,

It is my pleasure to share with you the thirteenth volume of *Audeamus*. This year, the journal has focused on publishing pieces that challenge expectations and dare to rise. As we received submissions from all over the nation, the editorial board envisioned a journal that would showcase diversity, resilience, and courage.

I like to think that the collection of works presented in this volume represent the visceral experience of human life. The themes and topics in this volume dance around the rhetoric of identity, acts of resistance, self discovery, and put us face to face with the darkest, most intimate parts of ourselves and our society. With each poem, short story, visual, and study of research, we are reminded of the importance of resistance, empathy, and growth.

As Editor-in-Chief, I am honored to have worked with my staff in knitting together this remarkable collection and providing a platform for the voices of our generation. I would like to say thank you to my editorial board and lead editors for all the hard work. I would like to give a special thank you to our faculty advisor, Dr. Richard Rodriguez, and the staff at UCR Honors for all of their support. This journal would not have come together without the help of everyone involved.

I hope that the works in this volume speak to you as much as they did to me.

Carolina Cabral  
Editor-in-Chief *Audeamus XIII*

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
Carolina Cabral





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Art



# *Don't Separate Families*

**Ellen Kaufman**

*Don't Separate Families* was created in response to Donald Trump's decision to separate immigrant families at the border as part of a zero-tolerance policy. This piece is meant to depict the experiences of the families affected by these policies, as well as the general immigrant experience. Families who are separated, no matter the circumstances, are constantly reaching out to one another. As a daughter of immigrant parents, I struggle to find myself in the space between reaching hands. Until these families are reunited again, they are caught in a liminal space indefinitely.

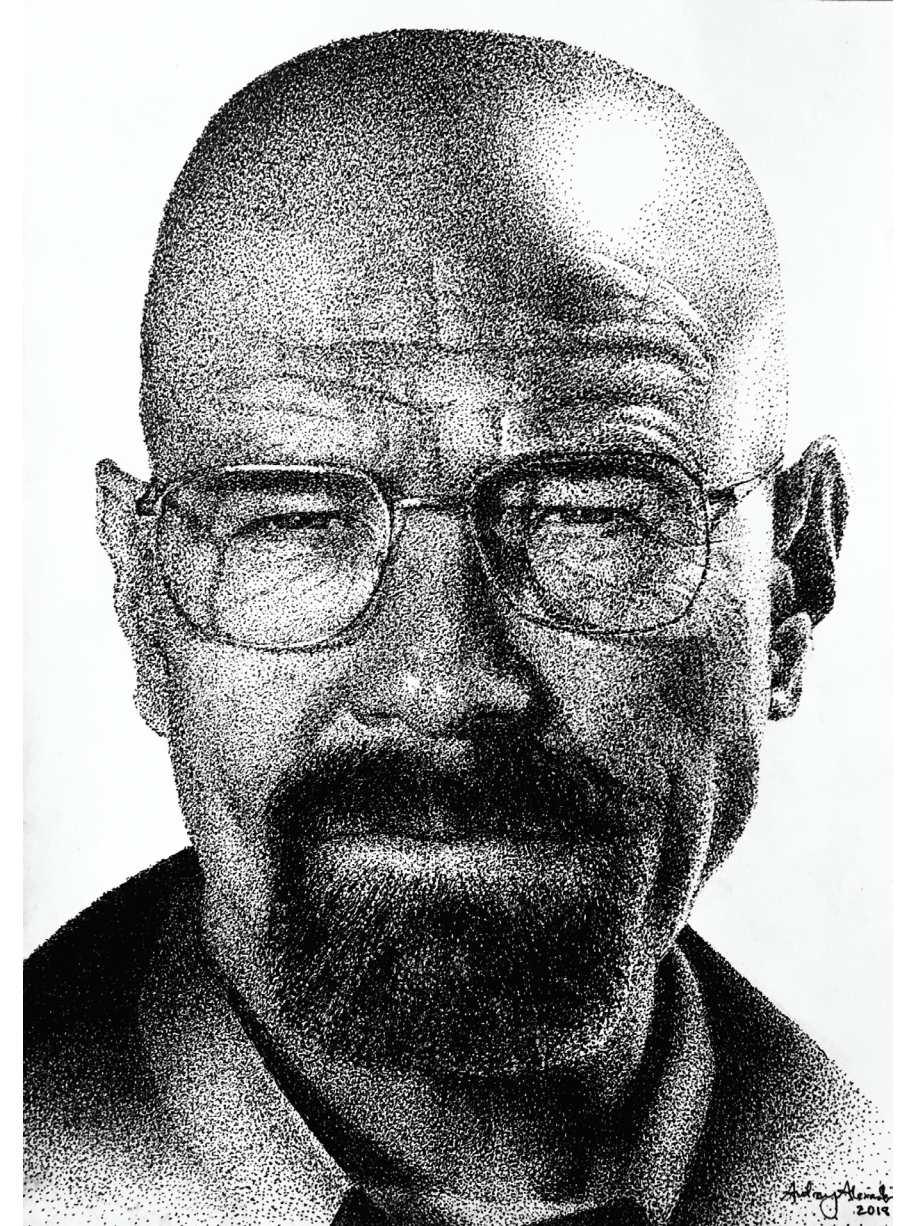




Heisenberg

## Audrey Alexander

This drawing depicts the main character of *Breaking Bad*, Walter White, also known as Heisenberg. It is done on a 5"x7" index card using a Micron 0.005 marker pen. The technique used to draw it is pointillism, which can be very time consuming. This piece took about ten hours to complete.

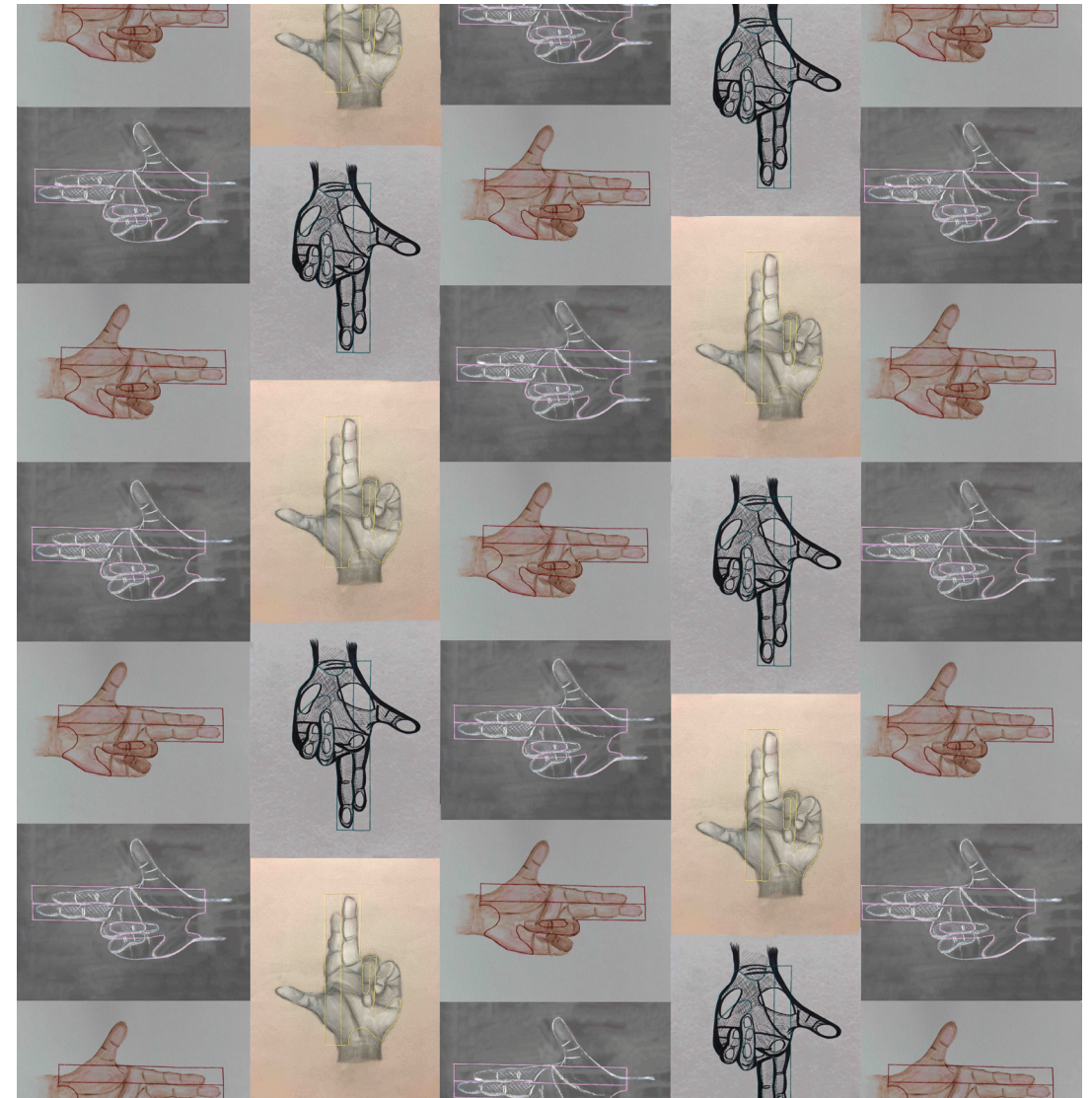




# Ending Cycle

Rhea Amatya

Ignited by the countless instances of gun violence that have occurred in recent years, I created a piece that depicts what I see as our country's current political reality. It is as if the cycle of gun related tragedies and political inaction never seems to end. However, my piece has a loophole that will put an end to this cycle. If one hand rises to the occasion and stops pointing, the other hands will soon follow, and the cycle will come to an end. It only takes one hand to rise against others to end the violence.



1

Photography

Photography



## *Elder Sprout*

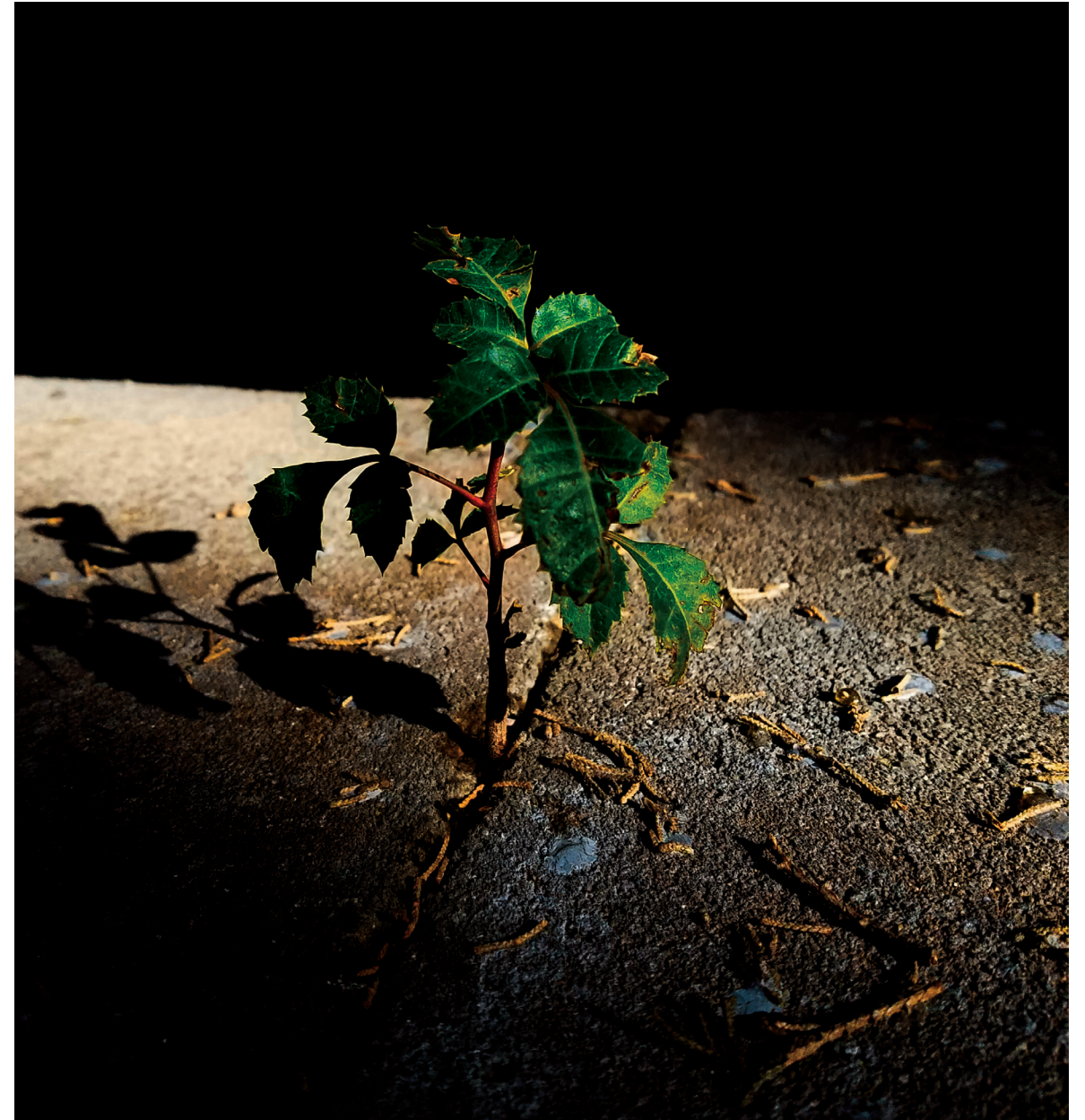
Isuru S. Karunatillaka

As crazy as it may seem, I can relate much of my life with this little sprouting plant. As an only child with busy parents, I had to root myself in the concrete values of independence and determination. I am my own critic, my own coach, constantly pushing myself to be someone my parents could be proud of.

This little sprouting plant, although young, was thrown into a situation where it had to be independent and self-reliant. The plant is visibly scarred and has experienced lots of hardships, yet it still continues to thrive. Just like all of us, the plant had to grow-up, become an elder, and set an example.

Growing up is no walk in the park for anyone. We all encounter obstacles; socially, academically, and financially, but we must learn from our battles and utilize them to make us stronger and more resilient.

This is why I love photography: it allows me to connect with the subjects of my pictures and embed my essence within each picture I take.



P

poetry

Poetry



# Bells

Marvin Contreras

we see and  
un-see him—

he nods onto a campus fair  
pulsating with pop music, blue folding tables,  
& ideals—

a whisper of the word *Homeless*  
travels across nervous, downward glances  
avoiding confrontation.

he shakes two thin bells that clang while he mumbles, sways—  
eyes searching across the moving mass of young students.  
he is blurred  
while waves of future leaders pass—  
students unsure of how to interact  
with strange men whispering  
to the surrounding  
air.

we see them often here—  
walk & tired humans dispossessed  
of the dream  
endure—

they trade shoes,  
give each other stuffed handshakes—  
    & drip,  
        melt,  
            bob their heads into escape—

the man stepped to his chimes  
against the backdrop of a purple sky—  
he smiled,  
closed his eyes.

his statement:  
the sound of shrill bells  
cutting through space—

the ringing caught  
by the ears of another sad human  
trying to be a poet  
and missing  
    the point.



# Chopsticks

Vivian Lin

I learned how to love  
the same way I learned how to use chopsticks.  
Mom and Dad placed them  
in my chubby toddler hands  
And I've been using them ever since.  
I watched as Mom balances veggies and pork chops  
onto dad's perfect dome of steamed brown rice.  
I struggled to imitate her grip,  
the weight of the chopsticks foreign in my hands.  
Fingers fumbling, I gave up  
and skewered the pork chop instead.

Some people learned to love like breathing,  
but I,  
I learned how to love the same way I learned how to  
use chopsticks.  
That is to say,  
I made do.  
I never learned how to use chopsticks correctly  
I still manage to cross them.  
I wonder how people make it look so easy.  
I pull my hands close to my chest  
and hope no one notices.

Now, years later,  
I sit at my dining table.  
I watch as Dad makes polite comments on the  
weather  
and Mom sits stiff and quiet.  
Her hand shakes now  
as she fills my dad's bowl with the day's veggies.  
Maybe the weight of the chopsticks  
was just too much over the years.  
I realize  
No one taught them how to use chopsticks either.



# 13 Girls\*

Marta M. Tesfai

someone has taken them,  
13 girls on a secret boat.  
tricked by  
smelly men  
of false promise.  
guns, cutting air  
burning young girls throats.  
the sand they left at shore  
a spinning regret.  
heavy weight, still smeared,  
pushed  
through expired cotton.  
buried  
tucked, in ship attics.  
free  
is now  
fear.  
home an impossible sanctuary.  
13 girls board ship  
to have their bodies taken.  
a 'refugee' was supposed to be a  
*better place*  
now refugee is replaced with nightmare  
&  
cracked faces.

13 girls  
whose souls  
never make it  
past  
African water.  
move, they say, and i will kill you  
breathe, they say, and i will make you  
remember the marks i left on your dirty skin.  
13 girls  
Tell mama  
'i will come back  
you will see, *'amlak*  
has me in good hands."  
13 girls arrive in Libya.  
meeting God before freedom.

\*This poem was written in remembrance of the many victims affected by the sex trafficking crisis in Africa



*remember why*

## Jessica Raeli Ison

if you are selfless enough to think  
that your dreams did not start with you, you're  
right.

it started with your ancestors, with an  
immigrant boat bobbing through the water  
with rough hands  
with no college degree, only brains.

it didn't start here  
it started in your home country—  
no, i mean your home country.  
thousands of miles away, a dream was born:  
to escape the third world  
to create a better life  
to have their dreams cross borders  
into a place unknown  
unwanted  
yet necessary

it started with sacrifice  
it is painted with blood and lost hours  
it is survived between teeth and tongue.

you'll find the reason you started in  
the meat of your favorite foods and  
the wrinkles of your hands—  
the roughness creates grip, it's your ancestors saying  
we built you to hold on,  
please hold on.

so when you feel like things are tough  
and you are not tougher  
and the world seems to be saying screw you  
and every day seems like a bad day  
and it seems like all you can spit out are good poems about  
bad things

remember

you are built to last,

after all

you are the compilation of the best parts  
of your ancestors.

after all

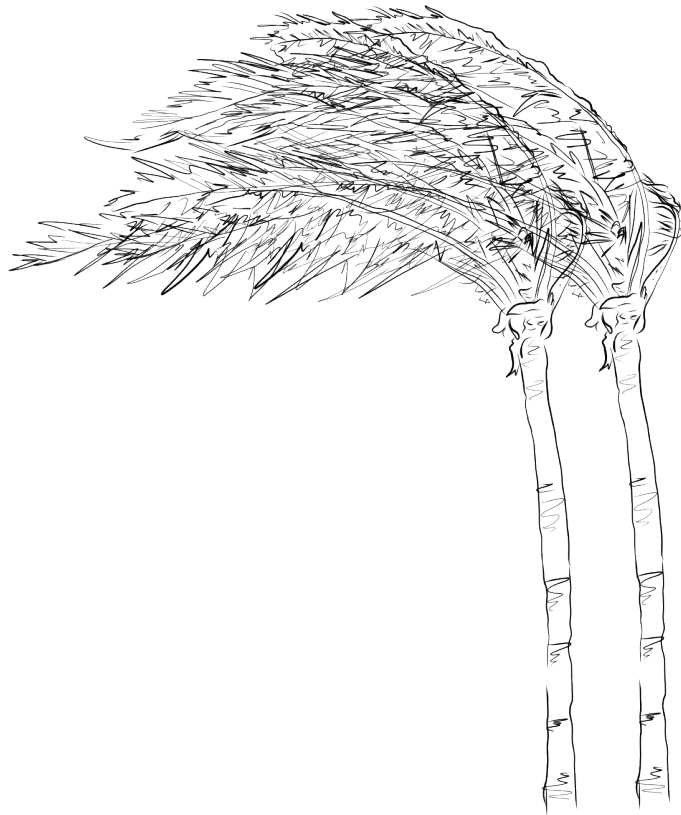
you are their dream.  
and you will last.

—*remember why (you started and why you must finish)*  
*aka: me answering the application prompt "how have you  
prepared for this position"*



# Construction

Shanelle Huynh



6:30 pm // april 8, 2018

I've built dams to hold the hurricanes within me just so I don't drown anyone else

but all I'm left with is tsunamis that wash away everything except the splinters buried in my hands from trying to hold the wood together

you pried your hands through the carefully placed panels and somehow loosened one until it reluctantly released

all of the water came running out, flooding out. it finally felt so good to not be drowning in myself, to not be constantly gasping for air

you promised you'd be able to handle the hurricanes, that you wouldn't swim away every time a wave struck

once I trusted you, you took away more of my wooden parts, helping me slowly release

what I didn't pay attention to was that you used those panels to build a boat and once the biggest wave came, you sailed away, taking those carefully placed pieces of me with you

now my release feels only like a leak, a fault, a defect, something I must now work to repair

I have to rebuild the dam, rebuild the walls, to keep the hurricanes in and maybe this time I'll use concrete.

Who I Am

Alicia Flores Fierro



I am from a flower of defense  
of damp moisture and fresh air  
I am from the endless blisters  
suppuration, exploding like a bolus of sharp spikes  
I am of sharp stems  
the lethality, so thick  
toxic leaves waiting to thrive in the winter  
  
I am from Dulce de Leche and Tequila  
of Flowers and Fierro  
I am from “never stop fighting”  
and “God sees everything”,  
of “Yes you can!” and “Stop doubting yourself”  
I am from the Catholic Church,  
back and forth to sin and confession for God’s forgiveness  
(because those are the rules and we will obey and believe, or we will be  
punished)  
  
I am of Mexican origin,  
sweet bread and tamales  
I am of discrimination that provoked hatred and fear in my mother’s daily environment,  
my family’s unlimited fear of deportation, a forever disappearance  
  
In the background awaits broken and gloomy drawers,  
old photos of relatives,  
a glimpse of unfortunate faces,  
Faces that my mind gates daily  
I am from individually built houses,  
of self-taught people who work hard to their strength,  
making a living without excuse,  
because their lives depend on it.



# My Own Natural Disaster

Shanelle Huynh

8:55 pm // March 4, 2018

The world grows dark as the clouds roll in

~~I can hear the thunder~~

I can hear the thunder

It warns me of the lightning that I  
Refuse to look up at

For it is much too **harsh** for my soft eyes  
It is too **quick** for me to understand  
It comes and goes in a matter of **seconds**  
But somehow I always feel its presence  
Crack Crack Crack

The loud rumble **breaks** through the sky  
The sky I spent so long building  
I placed each individual cloud in such a way

To *stop* these sounds  
But they continue

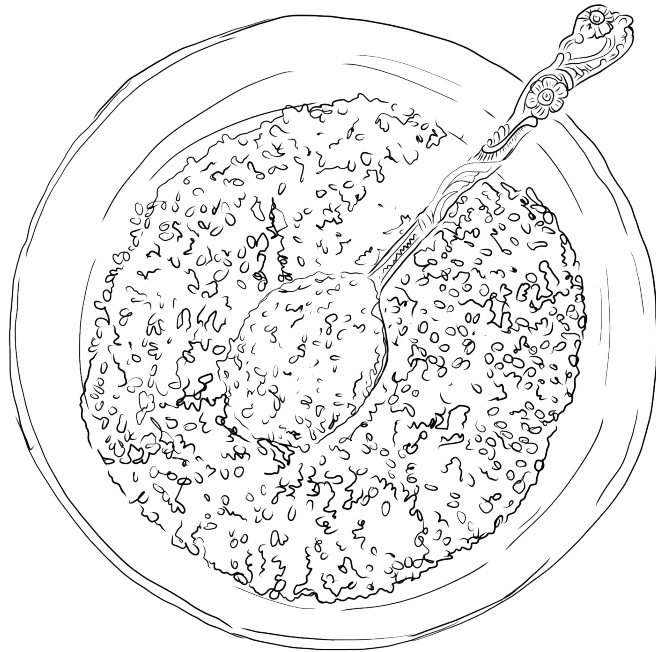
Only growing louder and louder and louder and-

*Why* won't it stop?  
No one can hear my **screams** for help when  
The thunder is this **loud**  
The clouds **shake** and fall from my mind  
Tumbling, all the way *down*  
Until they *cloud* my eyes  
Where did the sun go?

I could have sworn it was there  
But then again, I won't look up  
For fear of facing the lightning.

# A Language that is Mine

Laila Shikaki



when they say dinner  
a dish decorated with  
when I think of *'asha*  
a small dish of oil  
tomatoes cut from the middle  
tea with mint  
when they say love  
husbands or  
I think of Neruda  
when I think of *houb*  
animal eyes describe lovers  
Bedouins who couldn't touch  
couldn't write about love  
I think of a language that's mine  
a language I barely think of  
a language that is mine

I think of a pasta or salad  
meat pieces and dill  
I think of lighter food  
an even smaller dish of *za'atar*  
pickles on a yellow decorated plate  
jasmine on a dark night  
I think of boyfriends  
partners  
and Rumi's poems  
I think of unattainable things  
who lived once in a desert  
each toher  
if they wanted to attain it  
but away from me  
yet is in me  
but I can barely hear it anymore



Fiction

*Fiction*

# *To Be Pulled to Sea*

Sabrina Vásquez

We truly felt the pull of the sea as we swam closer to shore. Contoured by the sun's shaded sunset, the ocean glowed a beckoning blue. Every peak of her waves pushed against the light and I couldn't resist touching her.

After having begged Viktor to take me here, I had to use my time wisely. I had to swim.

I would spend every hour swimming if only to make up for the time I spent walking.

I was meant to come here alone, to appreciate her cold curves alone, but Viktor came along. Mother requested it, he had said. Fool. Didn't he know that our mother loved the ocean just as much as I did?

"That's how people go missing," he claimed.  
So when I swam, he followed.

But he couldn't understand her like I could. He couldn't understand her voice, the one that called out to me the more I became comfortable with walking on land.

The harder I pushed forward, the harder the waves surged. She seemed crazy with a desperation that only a femme fatale could know — one that I found myself easily reciprocating.

I needed to know what she was trying to get me to understand.

But Viktor's voice, calling out for me to stop swimming so far, was far too grating on my ears, akin to the sound of a knife cutting into the body of a fish.

I dove into the ocean, my skinny arms no longer reaching towards the setting sun and instead stretching into the chilled water.

And then his voice was gone.

I didn't mind. I knew, with him gone, it was only a matter of time I would be able to hear her voice again, as clear as it always was before I left her.

I dove further. No light reached me now. I was a body amid a hole of blackness, a true sunken place. I could not, and would not, ever leave again.





## Jiggle Fruits

Kristina Heman-Ackah

I am guilty. If my skin wasn't as brown as coffee powder, my cheeks would be flushed and everyone would see. If my lips weren't already chapped, you'd be able to see the little indents from my teeth digging in. And if I wasn't hiding out in one of the smelly stalls in the girls' bathroom, where someone left a drizzle of pee on the seat, you'd definitely notice something was wrong.

But I can also hear my P.E. teacher rounding up the rest of the 10th grade girls for a game of capture the flag. Though, I am practically useless in that game. Yes, I can "guard" the flag (a questionably scented, old P.E. t-shirt from some past student that already managed to get the hell out of high school). But I can only do so much, and if someone gets to that nasty shirt, I can promise you that I won't be running after it.

But what would happen after P.E.? When everyone comes back exhausted and starts to peel their shirts off their sweaty skin, and everyone is then shirtless except for their bras—some lacy and

uncomfortable, others padded, others meant for pushing up somethings that aren't quite there yet. But what would happen if there's no bra on, no support, no shield for what our Health teacher calls "one of our most sacred possessions given to us by God himself"? What happens when one of my fellow 10th grade female peers decides to come to the bathroom and take her shirt off, then her bra, and stare at what's left? And what happens when another innocent girl walks in to see this and accidentally looks a second too long? And maybe she doesn't get an accusing glare from the other girl, but a surprised mouth formed in the shape of a small 'o'. And because this girl, who just wanted to go number one before playing another stupid game of capture the flag, is embarrassed and sort of turned on, she decides to run into the bathroom stall and hide there until she feels she's safe. What happens then?

I think her name is CiCi—the girl with the big, jiggly boobs. I want to call them jiggle fruits because they remind me of the guavas that used to grow in my backyard a few years ago, the ones I could spend an entire afternoon munching away on. I think she has one of those hard, but beautiful names, the ones that always wind up being boxed into a cute nickname like CiCi.

She's pretty, not in a way I'd ever given attention to before because there were lots of pretty girls in school, and I never allowed myself to like them because they were unavailable to me. Not because of their too-cool-for-life boyfriends, but because the kind of liking I could have for them, the kind of love and obsession I would give to them is not acceptable at a

school where we've been taught that any desire outside Jesus and boys is not allowed.

So, I pushed back the most natural part of me and I refused to get hooked on girls like CiCi. Until today, when something snapped in me, something I wasn't meant to feel caused by something I wasn't meant to see. A terrible, blissful release.

~

The next morning they visit me. Those jiggle fruits. They hang down low from her chest as two orange-pinkish grapefruits this time, their skin so smooth and roundly perfect, moving against each other, dangling, just waiting to be devoured—and the green circles in the center, where the vines were cut, poke out, soft and focused outwards, ready. So, I bite into one and she gasps. That gasp goes through me as I wake up.

~

Several hours later, I sit in chapel as one of the band teachers delivers a sermon about holiness. His voice is shrill and happy, an effort he probably hoped would wake us up and inspire us, but I want to tune him out. I look at Cici who is staring down at her lap in concentration, with her lips fighting off a smile. A boy with his eyes closed has his hand on her knee, gentle and possessive, and I try to imagine them forty years from now in the same position—at another boring sermon at a church they don't really want to go to. Probably with kids fidgeting next to them, or maybe in another room. And she's fighting off wrinkles with a new smoothing cream that smells like feet, while over the years, he's traded in

his lanky, hot, skater boy figure for a dad bod. She hates this. They both hate each other.

But for now, they're sixteen, and she's pretty, with so much life ahead of her.

I remember a party of hers I went to about a year ago. I had never thought of her in any romantic or sexual way then, but I remember simply staring at her for a long time as she sat by her pool—with her long, freckled legs exposed in the sun, crossed over one another and her hair frolicking down her back, and the mundane shine in her laugh as she giggled at an unfunny joke one of her friends had told, or maybe one she'd told herself.

I imagined what it meant to be her—to live in a near-mansion and have friends over and gossip about everything under the sun, including boys. To talk about boys and boyfriends, how tall they were, and how much she liked them shirtless and muscular, how much she liked them with deep voices and maybe a beard—or just some stubble because she wouldn't want to date a hobo. And she and her friends would talk about their first times kissing these boys in closets when they were 8 or even just recently under the bleachers. They'd imagine their first times fucking these boys and how sexy their moans would be and how painful and hot it would all be. She'd eventually sneak those boys in and do whatever they told her to do with her body and not care what her parents thought or if they even found out, because there was a thrill to forbidden love, and she wouldn't get punished. Her parents would just be very disappointed.



She'd also go to the beach every weekend and lay under the sun to get browner, even though there was that one time when she called another girl two shades darker 'burnt toast'. But that doesn't matter. Because she can eat pizza and never get fat and be beautiful and unaware.

And, she especially doesn't think about me—the girl she doesn't quite know either, sitting in the across-pew or on a lawn chair at that pool party. She doesn't consider how she's awakened something unrelenting in me and how this whole situation has possessed me. How none of it is her fault. How I loathe and want her. I know she doesn't think about any of it as her thumbs tap away on her phone screen and I eventually try to pay more attention to God condemning me while she carries on. And I want to carry on. I want a life in the sun.

~

A few weeks later, I see CiCi again in the locker room, not alone but with her friends. And this time she sees me. And she winks. Maybe smirks a little. Or even nods. Whatever she gives is fast and knowing, something only I can catch. I know she acknowledges me, and it confuses me. It makes me want to hide again.

She disappears out into the gym while I continue to change, and I consider her look again. I consider it has to mean something. I consider she knows everything. That this entire time she has known, she has listened to every agonizing thought, every stare I ever targeted her way, every history I ever marked her with. I consider I was extremely wrong. A new picture, a new meaning of her gathers in my mind in a matter of

seconds. It silences everything around me as I re-imagine her.

I see her hating her big house for being too big and hating her parents even more for not seeing her. I imagine her talking about boys and shoving out of her mouth all the sexy attributes she thinks will stick most with her friends, while she kisses those boys under the bleachers and then runs to the bathroom to wipe the stench off almost immediately. I imagine her some weekends inviting over only one of these girl friends of hers and caressing them in the privacy of her too-big room. Maybe after taking some of her parents' wine—she won't be punished still, because they already know, and they don't care. She'll kiss this friend all night with her hands in her hair, then her hand on her jiggle fruits, both their hands, and they'll want to move their hands to more intimate places but she's too afraid. And I imagine I want to tell her it's okay, but she doesn't believe me. She just digs her fingers deeper into my hair, her head pushed into my neck, and her mouth against my shirt—the only thing separating her lips from the fruit of my chest. And she finds comfort for the night in them.

# My Grandmother's Request

Tani Loo

My grandmother tells me never to cremate her. She doesn't want her body to be "set on fire," as her sister so kindly worded it when they were sitting in a Church pew mourning the loss of another distant relative. Her sister, Lisa, is the first to refuse to be cremated; my grandmother is second. The notion of setting any one on fire scares my grandmother, and though she doesn't say, I wonder if it has something to do with an imbalance between the elements—wood, fire, earth, metal, and water.

She calls me Shui. It's the name she gave me, and it's the name I give to her Chinese friends when they inquire after my well-being. She explains that my mother dreamt of the ocean: waves so tall that they could and did swallow islands whole. It was a premonition, a sign, that I would not only emerge from the water when my mother's broke but later in life too.

My third-grade teacher asked me for my full name once, and when I gave it to her, she told me my family was fated to immigrate to O'ahu. I didn't tell her that my birth came much later after my great-grandparents' immigrated. Or that even if I had been born earlier, my mother couldn't have predicted where our family would end up living. It was unrealistic to think otherwise.

When Jenny, the girl who sat next to me in sixth grade, told me that her

family only spoke Cantonese at home, I felt a twinge of jealousy. After school, her mother picked her up, she jumped in the car, and before she closed the door, I could hear them greeting each other in a foreign tongue. They both had smiles on their faces, so wide that I pictured the mouth of a river flowing from one to the next.

I went home and asked my parents if we could speak Chinese too. My dad started spouting random Chinese words that I already knew—grapefruit, chair, five, one hundred... I got upset, told him that he knew that's not what I meant. He continued, and though I looked to my mother for help, she shook her head.

My grandmother explained to me that we couldn't hold a conversation even if we wanted to. She couldn't even gossip in Chinese with the vendors when she went to Chinatown. At least, not fluently. There was nothing wrong with English. People spoke English here because it was their language.

Belatedly, she amended, *Our language*.

It's not what I wanted to hear, but I didn't dare argue with her. The day that Jenny announced her Chinese name to me proudly, a boy who sat on the left of her overheard. He began to tease her—dragging out the vowels, butchering the tone of her name. I didn't know what her name meant and I still don't, but I know he altered it somehow because Jenny went home crying.

I held my name close after that, refusing to tell anyone unless I thought the person would appreciate the Chinese part of me. And my name was no longer a membership card to an exclusive club with carefully assembled, covert meanings. Instead, it was just another thing that the kid who sat on the other side of the room didn't know about me.

In ninth grade, I wrote a paper about my heritage. My grandmother gave me a faded, sepia photograph, which I copied on the scanner and added to my project for extra credit. The image was of my grandmother, at age four, on the shoulders of her father on the West side with the vast ocean behind them. He held onto her chubby legs with both hands, while she turned her head towards the sound of the waves. Her mother stood by her father's side, holding Lisa's hand and her eldest brother, Alex's too. Alex didn't hold Min, who was the youngest of the siblings, but he threw a lanky arm over Min's shoulders in a brotherly gesture.

I wrote about the way my family insisted the house needed *feng shui*, so hallways weren't too crowded to stop the flow of energy. I wrote about old Chinese New Year calendars burned in buckets filled with newspaper headlines turned to ash, shoes removed before entering the door, and bringing homemade apple crumble or pie whenever we went to someone else's house. And I wrote about the way my family lost their home language: my grandmother voiced her words in a mix of stunted Chinese, Pidgin, and English.

When my teacher returned my project, I read her flamingo pink comments, telling me that I misunderstood the assignment. These things were not my heritage, she wrote. But I thought of my grandmother and how she was all of these things—Chinese, local, superstitious—and I slid the copy of the photograph behind another of my grandmother, father, mother, and myself. I watched it fade until the sepia hue was spotted with white circles and squares.

Between the sound of nail clippings pinging against a trash bin in the living room and tea slopping against the side of a delicate cup during dinner,

my grandmother continued to give me snapshots of herself long after I stopped asking for them. She told me of her childhood in the fields, fights with her siblings, and sacrifices she made for them all. Her voice was normally soft and knowing, but when she spoke of her past, her tone became hard, bitter.

*I worked in the fields, she told me. And I took care of my siblings when they couldn't care for themselves.*

I nodded my head, as if I understood what she was telling me. As if I knew the burden of hard manual labor and I had siblings who needed providing for.

*You don't know about that life, she continued. But I tell you so that you will.*

*Grandma, what am I supposed to do with all this?* I asked. *What use is it?* She closed her eyes and mumbled, *This girl...*

Vaguely, I recalled her signaling that I'd crossed invisible lines like that. She rose from her rocking chair in the living room, using the arms to aid her, and gave me a pointed look as the clock struck nine. I was younger then, but I didn't need anyone to tell me what it meant.

Sometimes, on the weekends, my grandmother took me to her favorite restaurant in Chinatown. The restaurant was situated between bright, red pillars with golden dragons wrapped around the structure. And it had a smell to it—that pungent, almost rottenness of the street combined with plum sauce and fresh duck inside.

*Do you know what you want to order?* she asked.

The answer was no, but I never knew what I wanted.

The carts filled with shumai, manapua, and egg tarts assaulted my senses. There was too much anticipation, too much steam when the waitress pushing



the cart lifted the lids one by one to show us what had already been made. The names of the dishes were rattled off quickly, and it felt like I was playing a game—the one where the magician hides a ball beneath a cup, and you have to keep your eyes trained to find it again once the magician starts moving them.

My grandmother was an expert at this game, and she did not hesitate to point out the dishes she wanted. She must've known what was underneath them all. She used the Chinese words of food to order dishes that were not on the dim sum cart, and the waitress jotted it down on a notepad using characters that I couldn't begin to decipher. Then, my grandmother thanked her: *Shie shie*.

As my grandmother picked up her chopsticks, I wondered if I would've known what I wanted to order if I knew the Chinese words. I watched her capture a shumai like a frog captures a fly, darting out her tongue to bring the morsel to her lips. I thought I could hear the crunch of the shrimp inside of it, but my grandmother told me that this was not the restaurant that puts shrimp inside. I confused it with another.

Disappointed, I reached for a manapua. The bread was still warm and when I broke it in half, the heat from the char siu fanned my face. I ate it piece by piece, like a bird, while my grandmother watched me. In the back of my mind, I wanted to ask her if I was doing it wrong. Was there such a thing as a correct Chinese girl?

Instead, I said, *I'll know better next time*.

Now that I'm older, my promises to my grandmother have become extravagant. I tell her that I'll build her a bigger house, find that green statue of the Buddha lounging on a settee that's been lost for a decade, and take care

of her forever.

I do this because my grandmother, whose heritage is my own, is dying.

We both know that it is so. Her legs have become swollen with gout, and her hands frequently shake. My parents and I bought a wheelchair for her, though she doesn't like the lack of independence. She's very clear about that, and she'll tell anyone who is willing to listen why.

*I worked in the fields*, she said. *Do you know what that's like? Hard work. I don't need a wheelchair. I'm strong.*

I'll be like my grandmother one day. I'll have crinkles near my eyes. My knees will no longer support the weight of my body easily. My joints will creak when I move. But maybe I'll have as many laugh lines, which make their home around the corners of my mouth. Maybe I'll know the map of Chinatown better than her. Maybe I'll use Chinese words to describe the things that she knew, that I taught myself, so I can teach it to my granddaughter.

Once, we went to the beach for a funeral—me, pushing my grandmother in her wheelchair; her, upset that I was pushing her in her wheelchair. The wheelchair couldn't stand the copious amount of sand, so I helped her out of it and let her lean on my arm. We trudged through the sand laboriously in order to join the long line of people draped in black, waiting to console the family members.

I noted the absence of a casket immediately. In its place was a small table with a plain, mahogany box; he had been set on fire. Two picture frames stood on either side of the box: the first depicted the deceased in what looked like a school headshot picture, and the second depicted a blip of a surfer riding out a medium-sized wave.

My grandmother shook.

We knew where the ashes would be scattered. The family would form a large circle with their surfboards, drape lei over them to say their final goodbyes. They would release the ashes in the ocean and wait for the current to take them away.

We were so near the front of the line that my grandmother was wary of being overheard. She grabbed me by the hand, and the coldness emanating from her bony fingers shocked me. Her lips were at my ear when she spoke.

*Shui, you will wear white to my funeral, she commanded me. White is the color of death.*

I look at my grandmother and see fire. Flames lick her arms when she speaks. The light in her eyes is hazy when she squints, her face harsh and unforgiving. And I wonder if she named me Shui to complement her.

When my grandmother dies, I bury her in the earth. Her body returns to the soil and her soul ascends to the heavens. I know that her request has to do with both balance and purity because she told me so. If she was cremated, I would not be able to honor her long after she's gone.

I pay my respects to my grandmother with *jabong*, candied lotus root, and dried peanuts. I clean her grave and burn incense. And I think of the day she told me that she didn't want to be set on fire, and I hope that I'm half the woman she was.





## Our Ballerina

### Alexandria Frank

Jude is stretching in the floor, legs spread like a split. Reaching forward and backward.

JUDE

I've been dancing for as long as I could walk. People say that kinda thing like an exaggeration, but I'm not exaggerating. This has been my life since I was in diapers for Baby Ballet. That was how I got my start: ballet. It was just ballet until 5th grade and then I added contemporary jazz, tap, and hip-hop.

(Beat)

Now don't get me wrong, but I had to drop hip-hop almost immediately. I'll listen to it but dancing to it is a different beast and I've had my eyes on a different prize for a long time. Kudos to those bodies but that's just not my body. My body was made for this.

(Jude grabs a paper from behind them and holds it up. It's a poster/flyer for the American Ballet Theatre.)

The American Ballet Theatre Apprenticeship. Misty Copeland paved the way for a lot of black dancers but that doesn't mean she gets to be the only one. I mean, black people can't just happily sleep since we had one mixed man in the White House. I want my name to up there with Misty and Barack and... Serena and Malcolm f'in X. I don't care. I'm trying to push my people forward and into the spotlight where I belong.

(JUDE realizes their slip of the tongue).

We. Where we belong...

(Jude stands up and moves to the bar, stretching their legs and doing plies. Their anger slowly builds.)

And I don't see what the issue is with trying to be the best. Athletes will do it for any other sport, but because I'm a dancer it's not the same. I'm pushing myself for nothing, my old teachers would say. But I don't care. I built my life around getting into the ABT. I dropped tap in middle school and contemporary at around the same time because, like I said, eyes on the prize. I left Chicago and went to Interlochen Center for the Arts. I've done all the summer intensives - Juilliard, UCLA, Colorado, everything - and I have my edge. I've been winning awards and touring in companies since I was in 8th grade, but I haven't gotten my goddamn invitation yet.

(Their anger culminates with them slapping their hand on the bar. It doesn't take long to compose themselves.)

So, I figured out ways to be a better ballerina, period. Everyone at



Interlochen had their thing, their quirk. My best friend Raul would do 100 sit-ups before and after every meal, snack, drink, whatever. And he ate a lot, he was a big burly dude. Hell of an actor. He'd scare the crap outta you if he wanted to, but he's a teddy bear so...

Anyway, I just watched what I ate. And I mean that very literally. I could look at a meal and count the calories so fast you'd think I was Alan Turing. The first week I dropped a few pounds and I was gonna give it up, but my instructor told me during one session that I was making improvements she didn't think I could make and nothing else had changed. So I just kept cutting out more and more from my diet - sugar, meat, starch, processed food - and drinking only water and lemon juice.

By my senior year I was at about 200 calories a day and at the peak of my performance when my instructor told me a rep from ABT would be coming to see my solo performance in two weeks. This was all I'd wanted since I was three. I was going to be one of the greats. Move over Misty and Kobe and Aretha and Luther, introducing...me.

(They transition slowly to standing.)

I was doing Medora from Le Corsaire. The audience was small. Like, my-instructors-and-the-representatives small. All the lights were pounding on my neck and I could literally feel their eyes on me. Heavy and it was cold. Ice cold, even though the lights were on me and I was sweating. Since Professor Frank had told me about the audition I wasn't eating except romaine lettuce and water. And I was starving or anything, I was just... lighter. And I felt really light leading up to that audition, I knew Medora

like the back of my hand. I'd been rehearsing 6 hours not counting my normal ballet courses. But when they looked at me... it was out of my head and it was like I'd regained those 50 pounds I'd lost since the beginning of senior year.

(Beat)

The music started and I started my routine, but I knew something was wrong. I was doing well but then about 45 seconds in I started dragging and my pointe was buckling.

(They are pantomiming minor sections of the dance.)

All I could think was how did it get so cold in this f'in room. I couldn't see them clearly and then I could only hear the warbles of the violin. I was shivering in my leotard so I couldn't even hold a position. I could barely even see my hands in front of me.

(beat)

I remember hearing the piano cut out and I screamed something... something. And then I woke up in a hospital with tubes and IVs. My parents had flown in from Chicago and pulled me out of Interlochen. My mom said she cried the second she saw me because she couldn't recognize me. And I get it. I failed my audition of course and now I was mounted in this hospital with no future and no... They say I shouldn't go back to dance...I rather not go back to breathing. Feels like I'm barely breathing anyway.

Research

Research

# Metropolitan Psychology: Atrophy of

Olivia Binkowska

This essay represents a cumulative observation of a month's stay in London, England over August 2018 focused on the psychology of the metropolitan lifestyle and its population. Through the comparison of George Simmel's essay, "The Metropolis and Mental Life," with Virginia Woolf's novel, *Mrs. Dalloway*, the differential conduct of the city as opposed to the suburbs is examined through the subconscious of metropolitan accustomed individuals as well as their outward displays of interaction. Cross-examination between a work of fiction based on a stream of consciousness of a single day in London and an academic piece of research explaining the psychology behind city dwellers brings light to a personally visceral experience of the city, explaining why individuals conduct themselves in such a blasé manner on a daily basis.

# Individual Culture

Walking through London central for the first time hit me with immense culture shock. There was something drastically different not only in my surroundings, but in the way people around me carried themselves. I could tell immediately that I did not fit in due to my misunderstanding of the conduct and inner workings of the city compared to the suburban style of life. After reading George Simmel's essay, "The Metropolis and Mental Life," the psychology of urban life became much clearer to me and suddenly everything made sense as to why my suburban life differed tremendously from the lifestyle of the metropolis. The immense structures and buildings, commuter traffic, exaggerated advertisements, and the multiplied number of people surrounding the individual are just a portion of the overload in the city's sensory stimuli, leading to a personal indifference in the way an individual must conduct oneself in order to survive in such a strenuous environment. Due to this environment, a coping mechanism is formed. The personality of the individual must be suppressed in order to match the intellectual, fast-paced environment which embodies and operates the city. Virginia Woolf's novel, *Mrs. Dalloway*, can be used as a comparative text alongside Simmel's essay in order to confirm the tendencies of individuals within a commercial city like London.

As the city of London has become a global center of commerce, the monetary economy has overtaken the city's entire style of life, inevitably conquering individual mentality. The exchange of money and goods is strictly intellectual and precise. The stream of business-like consciousness concerned with the exchange of money and information heavily influences the day to day life of individuals. As a result, the emotional level of humanity is sacrificed to the subconscious. As in



business, emotional interactions are severely frowned upon due to the suggestion that the intellectual and emotional cannot reside together successfully. Since the focus of the monetary economy in London is focused on the concrete and tangible exchange of profitable goods, a heavy sense of objectivism dominates the city's culture. Simmel simply labels the city's psychology as "The atrophy of individual culture through the hypertrophy of objective culture" (Simmel, 338). The pressure to conform to a society which places more value on the objective, rather than individual personality, leads a person to become lost within the business-like stream of daily city life. Being surrounded by large, successful businesses, as well as the smaller "Mom and Pop" shops leave the minute individual feeling insignificant. The metropolitan individual is constricted in the ability to process the pressures of the monetary economy and experiences a common psychological indifference towards the towering structures and the commercial chaos resonating from within. This indifference can be thought of as a "protective organ [...] against the profound disruption with which the fluctuations and discontinuities of the external milieu threaten it" (Simmel, 325). Without this layer of protecting indifference, the mind would not be able to successfully process all environmental externalities due to an overload of sensory stimuli, eventually losing the subconsciously preserved individual culture.

In terms of *Mrs. Dalloway*, Lucrezia Warren Smith battles with the pressure of continuing the stream of humanity through contemplating whether her time after being married for so long has come to bear children: "One cannot bring children into a world like this. One cannot perpetuate suffering, or increase the breed of these lustful animals, who have no lasting emotions, but only whims and vanities, eddying them this way, now that" (Woolf, 89). Losing herself in the city of London along with the stress of mentally losing her husband to PTSD, Lucrezia is a character necessary to analyze the conduct of individuals within the stream of the money economy dominated by pure objectivity. The intellectual attitude involved

with the exchange of money and suppression of emotions is even more dominant in Lucrezia's middle-upper class than it would be for an individual who does not have direct access to the inner stream of the city's monetary economy. Lucrezia is highly aware of the inner-workings of the city's mechanisms and recognizes that individual culture is not personally exchanged in the same way that money and goods are, since emotional perspectives do not contribute to London's commerce. Struggling with the reality of conducting herself in the way which is suitable in order to survive mentally within such a concrete environment, she wrestles with the idea of bringing children of her own into a world dominated by intellectualism. The system of goal-driven whims and lustful attitudes focuses on financial prosperity and individual success, failing to provide an environment capable of nurturing the emotional individual. Lucrezia visualizes the city's psychology as a vicious cycle of goal-orientated exchanges, often changing directions but ultimately landing in the same arena of objectivism. Suffering the blows from such a mentally draining environment towards her "protective organ" of indifference, she doesn't understand how a person could incorporate a child into the city's consistent cycle of the lack of nurture for individual culture.

The city forces its inhabitants to suppress their human totality through indifference for the overwhelming sensory stimuli in order to be able to reside in an emotionally overlooked area. This transitions into the reactivity of individuals in their daily life, where "Instead of reacting emotionally, the metropolitan type reacts primarily in a rational manner, thus creating a mental predominance through the intensification of consciousness" (Simmel, 326). As the character of the metropolitan type is already restricted to the intellectual level where reason dominates emotion on a daily basis, interactions between people tend to be quick and concise—unless they are completely avoided. Human interaction lacks essential depth as is the case of maneuvering between two points in the city without further delays. From personal experience of navigating the streets of London by foot as

well as by the underground tube system, the dense amount of bodies surrounding the individual is one of the largest obstacles in the way of transport. There are many body collisions as the maze-like composition of the pedestrian walkways demands full attention and does not permit so much as a glance to acknowledge another's existence. When it rains in the city of London, and that is quite often, umbrellas add to the pedestrian traffic where one already tries to avoid humane and other surroundings due to the pressures of time and space. Rainy walks in the London streets consist of not only the avoidance of bodily collisions and grazes, but also the obstacle of maneuvering through a sea of umbrellas, where each passer-by would rather walk through the rain, drenched, than risk even the idea of having to sacrifice their space on the pavement. Although this conduct may seem irrational to those who haven't viscerally experienced the city's stream, the "mental predominance" which Simmel refers to has to do with this indifference which dominates individual culture within the metropolis. Creating more obstacles in order to purely avoid personal interaction in the city could come off as rather excessive, but in the position of the metropolitan type, these extremities make it easier to cope with and live life. By shutting off the personal and emotional sectors of the mind, every case of daily life becomes equivalent to a mathematical equation: clear and concise with only one possible solution or end.

Steering in the direction of Woolf's novel, Mrs. Clarissa Dalloway herself is a perfect demonstration of the purely rational state's reactivity, where emotions are suppressed for the greater good. In the seemingly heated interaction between Mrs. Dalloway and Ms. Kilman, Clarissa hides her emotions from the situation in hopes of preventing delays from her party later that day: "With a sudden impulse, with a violent anguish, for this woman was taking her daughter from her, Clarissa leant over the bannisters and cried out, 'Remember the party! Remember our party to-night!'" (Woolf, 126). Clarissa being unable to express her emotions for Ms. Kilman taking her daughter out to town on the same day as the party symbolizes

much more than what is verbalized. Clarissa feels much more deeply about the situation, as evident in the heavy emotion written into the subconscious narration prior to her passive-aggressive lines. In the moment, she wrestles with sharing her emotions and anger for why she feels so opposed to Ms. Kilman taking her daughter out but suffers with having to verbalize something so purely rational and distant. An embodiment of the money economy's influence on the individual residing in the city, Clarissa shows apparent indifference to her opposition and boils her emotions down to an event, otherwise her particular goal for that day. Simmel evaluates these types of interactions between individuals as being a product of the pressures of time within the commercial metropolis: "the lack of the most exact punctuality in promises and performances would cause the whole to break down into an inextricable chaos" where all personal relationships even, must be "organized and coordinated in the most punctual way into a firmly fixed framework of time which transcends all subjective elements" (Simmel, 328). The superficiality which characterizes the city's objectivist lifestyle even translates itself into the personal scale of relationships. Just as objectivism is used as a lifestyle marker in the interactions on the London tube and within commerce, it applies to personal interactions, as wasted time or words can have apparently serious repercussions. By translating objectivism into personal matters, it "comes immediately into contact with the depths of the soul" where even "the most banal externalities are, in the last analysis, bound up with the final decisions concerning the meaning and the style of life" (Simmel, 328). Something so insignificant as Clarissa being opposed to her daughter being taken out is heavily internalized in order to match the city's intellectual character concerning a timely goal. Woolf's novel expresses and lengthens the internal streams of consciousness for each main character in order to evaluate the meaning of each character's spoken words and dispositions. George Simmel's intellectual or blasé positioning of the metropolitan type suppresses the emotional scope of the mind in order to process the overwhelming externalities

of the city. Suppressing the emotional sector of humanity aims in filtering the stimuli from the individual's protective organ, with an inevitable side effect of overwhelming internalization. Clarissa's subconscious narrative unleashes a hefty history on why she feels so opposed to Ms. Kilman's presence translating vulgarity and hypocritical religious demeanor onto her daughter. Clarissa's response in the midst of emotional passion hidden from her environment was only an excuse to conform to societal expectations. The system of commerce influences personal life in its superior value of time, organization, and coordination rather than inferior human emotion. The banal situation held more meaning and justification behind Clarissa's passive-aggressive response to discomfort, however just as with other forgotten suppressions, this moment ended up falling "Down, down, into the midst of ordinary things [...] making the moment solemn" (Woolf, 127).

Within the city's pressures to conform to the objective rather than to nurture and confront the subjective comes a feeling of being lost among the crowd, as population is physically increased within the city but is lost from the depths of well-rounded humanity. The city's "bodily closeness and lack of space make intellectual distance really perceivable" and lead to the minute individual becoming more "lonely and as deserted as in this metropolitan crush of persons" (Simmel, 334). Due to the increase in preferential objectivism, the individual also becomes a mere object among the city when stripped of the dimensions of human emotion. Although one is never actually alone within the city, the bodies which one passes every day become mere objects due to the limited interactions and dominance of intellectualism within those rare occurrences. While roaming the streets, goal-oriented for that hour or day, it becomes rather lonely in the midst of the individual's avoidance of emotions and people in general; something which has been normalized within the metropolis. Lucrezia Warren Smith's character in *Mrs. Dalloway* ends up at Regent's Park with her husband during the single day which the novel focuses on. She leaves her husband for a moment of brevity in order to

escape the populated square and the business-like attitude of the city of London: "I am alone; I am alone!", she cried, by the fountain in Regent's Park (staring at the Indian and his cross), as perhaps at midnight when all boundaries are lost, as the Romans saw it, lying cloudy, when they landed, and the hills had no names and rivers wound they knew not where—such was her darkness" (Woolf, 24). Regent Park's spacious yet densely populated layout is one of the places where an individual could almost never feel physically isolated. Lucrezia, on the other hand, feels alone despite the populated surroundings. Illustrated by the image of a deserted Ancient Rome, it is evident that Lucrezia expresses the feelings of isolation which are present in other metropolitan individuals. Although she is never truly alone, she perceives her moment of mental isolation for the true distance between humanity on the same emotional spectrum. "Her darkness" is an image for being mentally isolated, as if her mind is going blank due to the strenuous tendency of living a strictly intellectual life. The metropole fails to provide room for inter-personal exchanges of personalities due to the heavily apparent opposition to subjectivity.

George Simmel's essay sheds light on the psychology of urban living and its nurture for the objective with the simultaneous opposition for the subjective, or individual culture. The city's dominating system of commerce translates preferences of value for time and precision into the personal relationships of individuals. This societal system becomes extremely mentally draining when tied together with the overwhelming quantity of sensory stimuli within the bustling city. A disposition of indifference appears on the individual's mental level, where human totality is suppressed in order to process the external environment. Although a work of fiction, Virginia Woolf's, *Mrs. Dalloway*, parallels the blasé tendencies illustrated by Simmel in his essay "The Metropolis and Mental Life" through the contrast between concise human interactions and in-depth streams of consciousness woven into the narration.



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## Rosalva Mejia

### Abstract

Recent studies have shown that the number of college students suffering from depression, anxiety, stress, and sleep deprivation being reported by college counselors have increased over the past few years. In 2018, UCLA's Office of the Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs began a Resilience Task Force whose focus was investigating the importance of applying resilience into campus life. Resilience has been defined as the ability to bounce-back from hardships. This study attempts to understand how students conceptualize the term "resilience" and how their perception of resilience affects their mental health. It was predicted that students with prior exposure to someone they perceive as resilient, or have resilient qualities, even without acknowledgement of them, tended to manage their mental health and hardships better than those who did not have any prior exposure. Seven undergraduate students attending this university (Male = 3, Female = 4, Mean age = 20.7) were recruited via a wide-spread email and through snowball sampling. The study consisted of a pre-survey questionnaire and an in-person interview. The data was analyzed through a qualitative approach; the five themes that had the highest frequencies resonated with having strong social connections, being persistent, and having a sense of control in their life. This study will help guide further research of resilience in college students and facilitate the Resilience Task Force's approach in teaching students how to cope with their mental health using resilience.

Resilience has been defined as having a set of traits that assist in overcoming hardships; such as having high levels of self-esteem, good health, and life satisfaction (Matusska, 2014). Student resilience is conceptualized in the research study as an interaction between interpersonal and intrapersonal factors. Interpersonal factors are characteristics and qualities within an individual, such as tenacity, persistence, stress-toleration, emotional intelligence, acceptance to change, self-control, and a sense of spirituality. Intrapersonal factors are external but are influential towards the individual's being such as their environment or any social support they may be receiving (Hartley, 2011).

Research in resilience has been growing due to the increase of the number of college students feeling depressed, anxious, and stressed. By the year 2015, there was a 30% increase of students seeking help from college counselors (Time, 2018). By the spring of 2017, about 40% of college students reported feeling depressed during the academic year; 60% of them reported feeling overwhelming anxiety (Reilly, 2018). According to M.T Hartley (2018), there is evidence suggesting that stress may cause anxiety, depression, sleep deprivation, physical ailments, and may affect academic performance. He explains that this increase usually occurs at large universities due to numerous factors such as: highly demanding and competitive environment, the inadequate amount of academic support students are receiving, possible social isolation during their first-year of transition into college, and the stress accumulating from long-term financial debt (Hartley, 2011). Studying the interactive role that resilience plays in students' academic lives is important to

develop the best approach in helping students develop the necessary intrapersonal and interpersonal qualities needed to thrive. Previous studies have shown a positive correlation between social connections and student GPA (Arastaman & Balci, 2013).

This suggests that students who receive support tend to perform academically better than their student counterparts. In another study conducted, it was noted that many well-functioning and thriving adults seemed to have similar characteristics that resonate with the components of resilience such as stress hardiness, self-discipline, networking skills, and problem solving skills (Prince & Saklofske, 2013). Therefore, resilience in college students may be a predicting factor for academic success, positive psychological functioning, strong social connections and other domains.

The Connor-Davidson Resilience Scale (CD-RISC) has been one of the most prominent forms of measuring resilience so far. Studies have concluded that the CD-RISC is well formulated and multidimensional in terms of taking into consideration factors such as age, context, gender, cultural origin, and subjective experiences of the participant (Connor & Davidson, 2003). The scale has shown to be flexible enough to be modified with potential utility for clinical or research use. It had been proven to be sensitive enough to capture mental health improvement in patients who had been given some kind of treatment, usually measuring higher levels of resilience within these patients (Connor & Davidson, 2003). This self-report scale is used as a way to measure resilience because “there is a complex, multidimensional interaction between risk factors, biological functioning, environmental issues and protective factors that combine to predict outcome” (Prince & Saklofske, 2013, p. 75). Therefore, self-reports allow researchers to capture the subjective perception of these factors or other contributing factors from the point-of-view of the subject.

## Results

The responses with the highest number of frequencies were used to determine how UCLA college students theoretically would conceptualize resilience. The overall themes used to for the data analysis were the same 25 items from the Connor-Davidson Resilience Scale (Appendix C). This scale was originally developed to measure resilience in adults. An altered scale was then created with only ten items to assess for hardiness and persistence; qualities that were considered to resonate more with resilience. However, the responses with the highest frequencies from this study did not coincide with this altered ten item assessment. This may be because college students face different challenges than the average adult would and therefore, the qualities they need in order to be resilient differ.

Overall, the five items with the highest frequencies were: “Close and secure relationships” (Item two), “Can deal with whatever comes” (Item four), “When things look hopeless, I don’t give up” (Item twelve), “Know where to turn for help” (Item thirteen), and “In control of your life” (Item twenty-two). Everyday, college students face a variety of adversities; such as challenges in the classroom, at work, in their relationships, with finances or with their family. Each of the students interviewed depended heavily on having social connections and support, resonating with “Close and secure relationships” and “Knowing where to turn for helps.” They explained that their friends or parents would provide them social and emotional support whenever they needed it. A few students also managed their struggles by being persistent; seen in “Can deal with whatever comes” and “When things look hopeless, I don’t give up.” Unfortunately, many of the students felt that they never had the adequate amount of time needed in order to reflect on their problems or emotions, so instead they simply kept trying to push through. However, whenever this approach failed, they would depend on their friends or family for advice, which would help them want to persist against their challenges. This shows that persistence may also be correlated with the amount of emotional and social support



students received from loved ones. Finally, most of the students saw themselves as having some kind of power over their problems and with the ability to influence the overall outcome of their issues, resonating with “In control of your life.” Meaning that they felt that it was their responsibility to fix their problems, and find a solution.

A few of the challenges that participants reported on the pre-survey were: not finding a place where they felt accepted, not being able to find the right resources they needed to be successful in college or to continue into graduate school, learning how to adapt to a fast-paced quarter system within a competitive environment, suffering from imposter syndrome, feeling a lack of support, and not knowing how to handle mental/physical challenges. The pre-survey also proved that the group of students interviewed were very diverse. Therefore, the responses with the highest frequencies may be considered applicable to potentially understand how other students attending UCLA conceptualize resilience, but ultimately are not completely representative of the whole population, since a very small sample was interviewed. They may be interpreted as a base in understanding how students try to thrive in a high education system.

### **Discussion**

Only 71.4% of the students interviewed considered themselves to be resilient; 28.6% of them had considered themselves to be resilient at some point in the past but not during the time of their interview. This 28.6% claimed that being resilient was a situational matter, meaning that being resilient depended on if it was required or not and therefore, they could not always be resilient. This interpretation proves that even the conceptualization of resilience is variable from person to person, and molded through one’s own perception. Each student’s definition of resilience was considered to be “correct,” justified by the subjectivity behind their perception of resilience, dependent on how others around them have defined it or how their experiences have shaped the way they interpret their world.

Limitations of this study include that a very small sample of a large student body was interviewed, who were all upperclassmen. Only 14.3% of the participants were incoming seniors, the other 85.7% were incoming juniors. Despite the ethnic diversity of the participants overall, the most concentrated ethnicity seen within this study was identifying as Hispanic/Latino. Since this was a qualitative study administered through an interview, the data was also limited to what the participants were comfortable in sharing with the interviewer. None of the students were assessed to see if they had any mental health conditions nor was their level of resilience measured before hand. The study was mostly focused on how the students being interviewed conceptualized resilience and identifying the factors that influenced their conceptualization.

This study will help guide further research of resilience within college students, since there has been very limited amount of research about this topic. This research also shows how resilience is complex and multilayered; many attributes fall into play for a student to be resilient and sometimes these attributes may even be interactive with one another. The literature has shown that even though effective methods have been developed to measure resilience, there is always some discrepancy about the factors not being accounted for. Therefore, a qualitative study, such as this one, allows for more of these factors to be included.

The limited amount of research that has been conducted on resilience has mostly concentrated on trying to measure resilience in adults. However, the literature explains that there is a challenge behind accounting for all of the external and internal factors that play a role in developing resilience. This study however, takes a step back and focuses less on the measurement of resilience and instead, it tries to understand the perspective that each individual has towards resilience and how resilience plays a role in their lives depending how they perceive it. It accounts for both internal and external factors by allowing the students to share about their experience associated with resilience and hardship while being a college student.

## Conclusion

This study was initially conducted to guide the Student Chancellor's Affairs Office in finding an appropriate way to promote resilience on campus. Overall, it can be taken from this study that college students are resilient, and are frequently practicing resiliency as they face new challenges. Therefore, the focus should not be in teaching students on how to be resilient, but instead helping them improve the coping strategies they are already using. One approach will be using a social media platform to reach out to students to promote resilience campus-wide. The results from this study will be used to help develop ideas for posts and displays that will be shared through this social media page.

Further research would include studying if resilience can be used as a method of prevention for mental health problems or help manage symptoms. This could be studied through interventions or programs specifically for college students and seeing how effective they are for them. Studies like this one will create the notion to college students that they have more control of their lives and mental health than initially considered. It will hopefully create a shift in the way mental health is seen in large universities and the way it is approached by staff and faculty.

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The 13th edition of *Audeamus* was printed by Crown Connect. 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# Topknote Gloss Cover. The interior is printed on 80# Topknote Gloss Text. Seven total versions were created before coming to the final journal design.

The journal was created using Adobe inDesign CC, Adobe Photoshop CC, Adobe Lightroom CC, and Adobe Illustrator. The typefaces used were Minion Pro, Pistilli, and August Script Bold. The body copy is set in Minion Pro from 13 to 16 point font.

*Audeamus* is published annually in the Spring.

The artwork on the cover is an original piece done by the Design and Production Coordinator, Janet Doan. The piece was created on Adobe Illustrator to represent a sunrise, alluding to the journal's theme, rise. The different colors are woven and blended together seamlessly using a watercolor based paintbrush on Adobe Illustrator. The piece from the cover can be seen throughout every page within the title of every piece, showcasing the artist's rise against the norm using their 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 rise against the rest.

We thank you for reading volume 13 of the *Audeamus* journal.

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

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

Our faculty Advisor, Dr. Richard T. Rodriguez, for his insight and guidance.

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

Neema Masoudipour, for his immense amount of knowledge and insight on inDesign and on the Design and Production of the journal.

