WLIFE

POTPOURRI JAN-MAR 2025



Fragments of Spring
Cover by Doris Tao



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Dear Readers,

"Be like the rose that you'd hold in your hand, that grows bold in a barren and an uneasy land."

—— *Be,* Hozier

Spring is arguably not my favorite season, but I willingly concede that it has the greatest merit among all four: it comes every year when we need it most. When the skies seem to be getting a bit too gray and the air a bit too dull, flowers always eventually read the room.

I liked playing with mud when I was younger. Not that I enjoyed making my mother's life a living nightmare everytime I came home covered in dirt, but I just couldn't help but feel attracted to the ground. So much life from land, so many possibilities, colors. So much.

Your word of the season is hope, because what is there to be in this lifetime if not hopeful?

This issue, like potpourri, is a collection of beauty and hope illustrated by students across campus. No matter if through a softly written poem, a fine-tuned short story, an observatory journal, or a vibrant painting, my wish is that you will be able to gain more hope in appreciation of these works.

So I remind you that even if this year had started out rough, the gears of the seasons are turning within all of us, carrying neverending ideas and bloomings of hope.

Look around — spring is everywhere.

Somewhere under the sun,
Emmie Zhang
Editor In Chief

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POTPOURRI
JAN-MAR 2025
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01 Literature

unframed

light seeps
    through the window
weaving quilts and tapestries

        cherry—tangerine—honey—
    lime—sky—lavender—
                murmurous, mellow, molten gold—

and traces the rims of my glasses
sitting atop the nightstand
a mantis at rest

        erase its sides and spikes too
        let the canary breathe
            free to be anything

        just the way it's supposed to be—
alive, giggling, sizzling
before my blurred naked eyes



Author: G10 Gamma Angela Li
Editor: G12 Sigma Nancy Xu

FLOWERS WITH SPRING

Author: G10 Phi Richard Li
Designer: G11 Gamma Alice Qin

In the afterglow of winter,
I hear the soft whispers of flowers,
Curled beneath the frozen soil,
Yearning to unfurl branches, expecting the spring.

Those seeds buried deep,
Are sleeping elves,
Waiting for the spring breeze to rouse them,
To attend the grand feast of life.

Snowflakes fall,
Like a white downy quilt covering the earth,
Unaware that
The dreams of flowers are quietly weaving beneath the snow.

Gradually,
The first wisp of spring breeze passes by,
Like a gentle messenger,
Bringing the news of spring.

The frozen soil hasn't yet fully melted,
But the roots of the flowers are already stirring,
Breaking through the constraints,
Their tender green heads peeking towards the sunlight.

One by one, two by two, patch by patch.
The flowers bloom in a rush,
Red like fire, blue like the sky, pink like the dawn.
Under the colorful flowers, are the branches of hope.

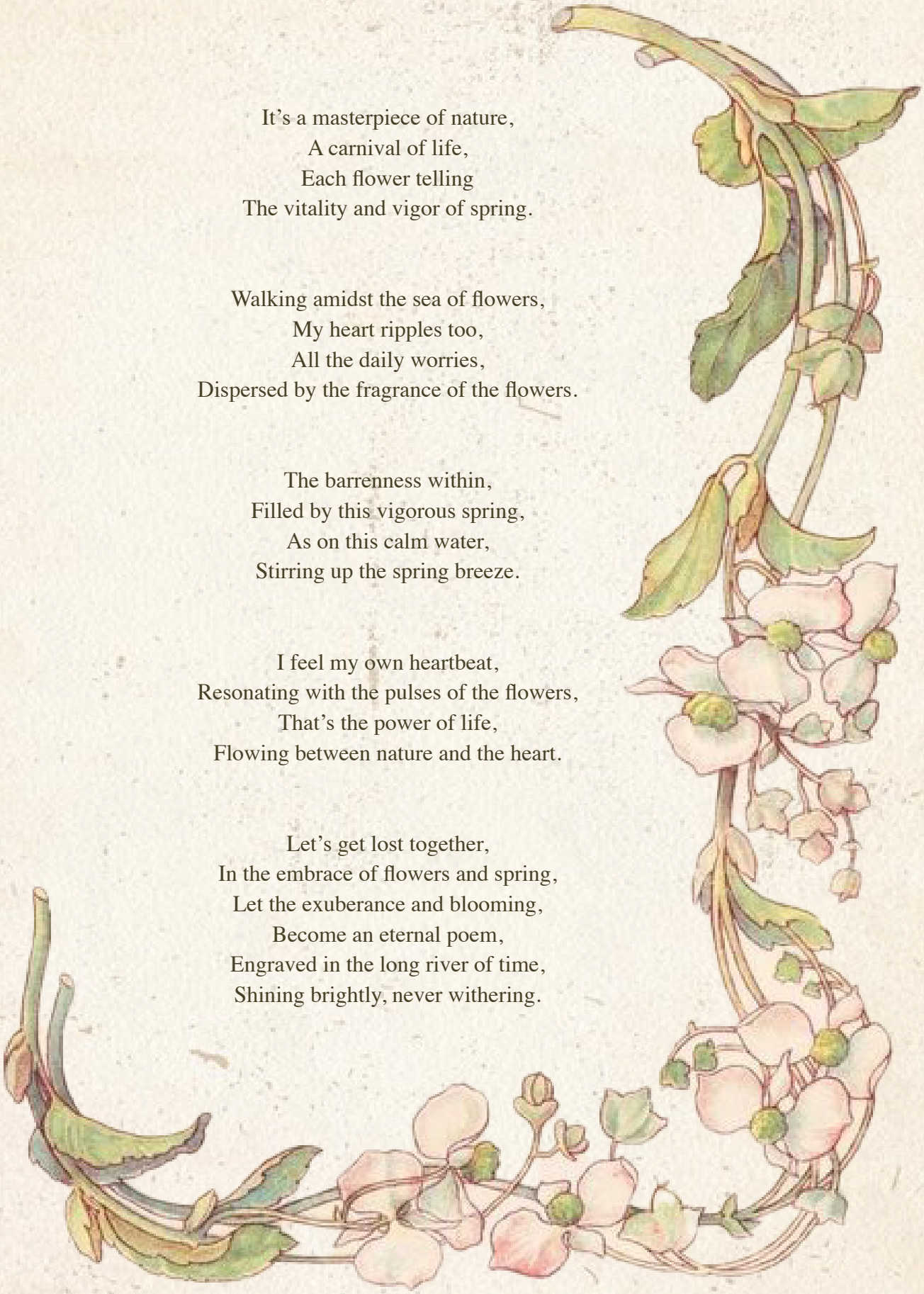
It's a masterpiece of nature,
A carnival of life,
Each flower telling
The vitality and vigor of spring.

Walking amidst the sea of flowers,
My heart ripples too,
All the daily worries,
Dispersed by the fragrance of the flowers.

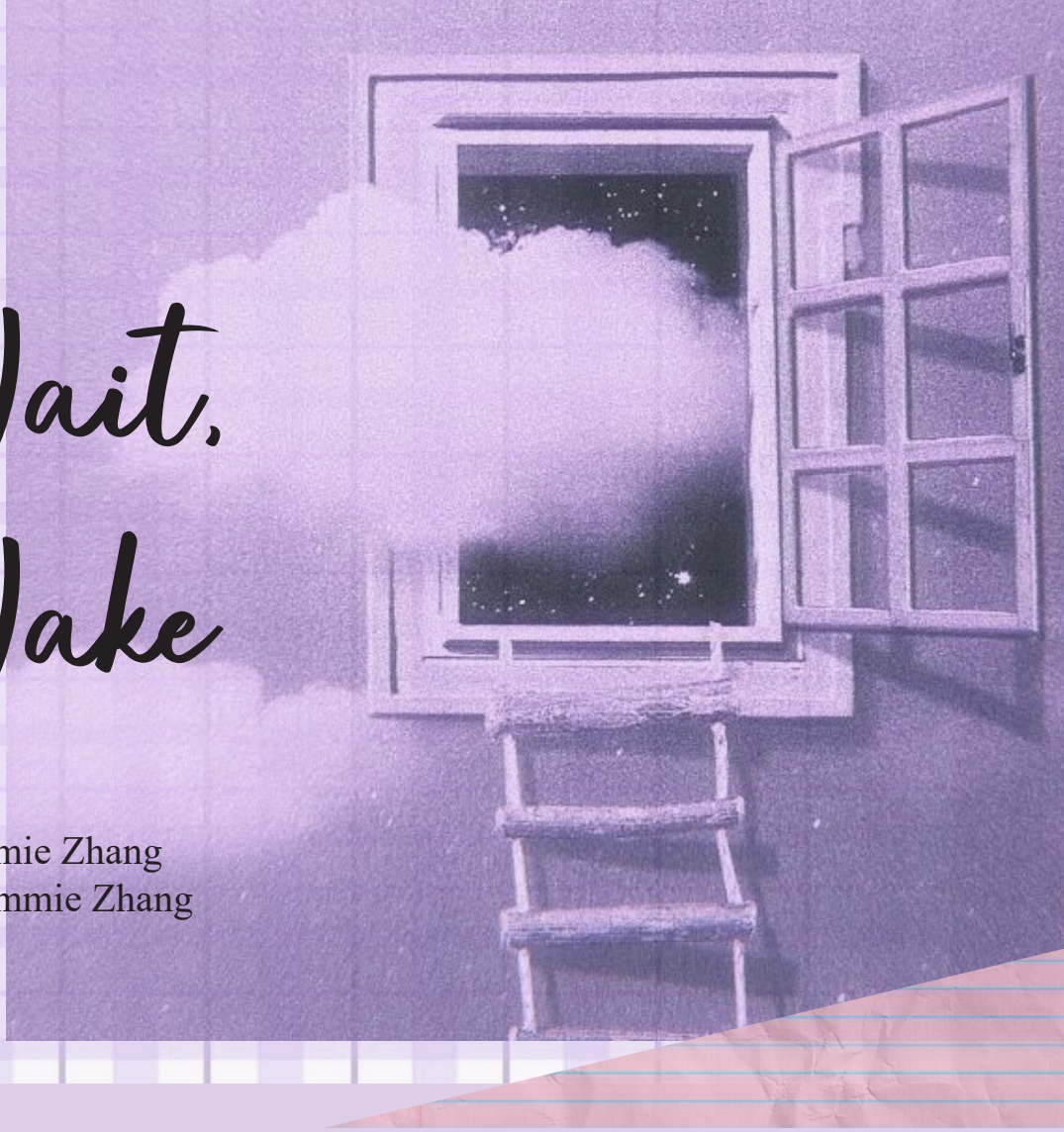
The barrenness within,
Filled by this vigorous spring,
As on this calm water,
Stirring up the spring breeze.

I feel my own heartbeat,
Resonating with the pulses of the flowers,
That's the power of life,
Flowing between nature and the heart.

Let's get lost together,
In the embrace of flowers and spring,
Let the exuberance and blooming,
Become an eternal poem,
Engraved in the long river of time,
Shining brightly, never withering.



In Wait, In Wake



Author: G11 Eta Emmie Zhang
Designer: G11 Eta Emmie Zhang

I cleaned out a lot,

if not most of my room,

in wait of spring.

I figured it was smart — saved me a day's time in March when everyone else would be doing spring cleaning. But an hour or so into the sport and a mess made, the mismatched pacing between the snow falling outside my window and the dust falling onto the pile of dresses on my floor started to set something off in my brain. It felt crippling trying to accomplish anything in a season meant for dust to collect, and I began to think maybe spring cleaning was left for the spring for a reason.

Snow didn't come to our neighborhood every year, but when it did, it fell hard. I used to sit in front of the telly every December night at 8, waiting for the weather forecast to show its white snowflake. In the years where it had came before, my father had left for a year-long business trip when I was 5, my mother had sent me to boarding school at 11, and I was finally allowed to cut my hair short at an official barbershop last year. I had concluded that snow was a special bringer of good news around here. Unfortunately, since I wasn't around as much after boarding school, the tradition and festivities of watching the forecast died down. I stopped running around home banging the pots and pans in joyous declarations of snowfall, and instead I just started putting on

thicker layers of clothes. This year was the fourth snowfall I've seen so far in my life, though the good thing to follow its omen was yet to come.

Faint in the distance I could hear the sound of the neighbor's twins chasing each other, their laughter looming through the sound of dishes being broken out my door. The boys were out all day with their frisbee, the only bright color for miles on end with all the white stacked up. The boy upstairs and I used to join them when we were younger, but as time drawled on he started leaning uncomfortably close in to me, and the twins started coming to me for a cure for their booboo, or even a bed-time story when their mother started picking up more shifts. So after a while, I started coming up with more and more excuses until I didn't have to, and the boy upstairs left for college soon after.

Surprisingly, the frisbee was offered to me from the twins as a birthday gift a year later I stopped showing up, but I politely rejected and told them they should have the most fun with it while they still could. Twenty minutes later, they showed up at my door again offering a bottle of wine they stole from their pantry. I accepted, though I hadn't even had my first sip of alcohol yet at the time. I went back home and handed it to my mother. She told me I could have a sip if I wanted to, but I rejected.



Still, the cork of the bottle sat on my shelf as I kept clearing out my items, more than half of the collection now sitting in the trash. Most of the items thrown were insignificant and already faded through time — postcards from closed-down shops and action figures from cancelled shows. But under my old textbooks, I noticed the birthday card from my father the year I turned 15, the neon pink sparkles on it still bright after so long. At the time, it was gifted to me alongside a puffy lilac lace dress, which I was then asked to put on and give a runway in for all my relatives who had come over. While trying it on in the bathroom in preparation, I grabbed a pair of scissors and cut my hair to ear length in front of the mirror. My hair left jagged and uneven, my grandmother nearly fainted when I came out. The grief in the air that night was stronger than I had ever seen. All my relatives referred to it afterwards as a rebellious outlash, but it wasn't to spite anybody. The only thought running through my mind when I saw myself in that dress was that I needed shorter hair, so that was what I did. Of course, My father was outraged, having one of his fits the moment our relatives stepped out of the door and marking the night the dish-throwing started.

Back then, my mother didn't react much. She came to my bedroom that night and told me I should let my hair grow out for another year. Then when it was long enough, she could take me to our neighborhood barbershop to get it properly cut. There was still the sound of dishes being thrown outside my room, shouts of frustration accompanying it sometimes as well. The lilac dress was hung on my door as a reminder of my "sins", and I could feel her tears in her voice. But when she pressed her forehead against mine and told me she thought I looked beautiful, I had never felt closer to her.

To this day, my grandmother still mentioned my silky and jet black long hair whenever she saw me, saying I had ruined my best feature. I always ran my hair through her gray hair in return, saying that she still had hers.

The lilac dress was on my floor right now, a part of the previous fiasco I made when taking out all my old clothes. Without knowing why, I found myself reaching down for it and putting it on again, the first time in two years. Met with the view in my mirror, dizziness came first, then followed dissonance. Hair now somewhat qualified as long again with the street barbershop closing down, the painfully familiar heavy draping of the lilac handcuffing my feet to the ground, I felt, like a needle being dwelled into me, distant from the person staring back at me.

A twirl or two in front of the mirror, I then quickly shook off the dress, slid back into my sweatpants and baggy jumper, and crashed down into my pile of dresses, breathing in every last bit of the decrepit dust and crusty fabric. Idly going through the hill of unwanteds and overuseds on my floor, nostalgia began to creep up to me further and further inwards. As my hand reached for the trash can once again with the lilac dress in my hand, I couldn't help but still and retreat.

Things had changed. Snow was falling.

I could still hear the neighbor's boys, though the laughter was now fainter and further. I got up, coughing once or twice from the dust, and reached for the pair of scissors. The pair was far older than I was according to my mother, and didn't work nearly as well as it was supposed to, but it could still cut through as long as enough force was used. Sliding my fingers through the loops, I snipped off a piece of my hair without hesitation, then went right back down to the lilac fabric.

Though the dress had only been worn twice, it had still aged on its own through just sitting in my shelf and witnessing the years passing. Its age felt more obvious now under my fingers far more than when it was on my body, its fabric instantly stiff and brittle when put to the test. It smelled as if worn-off cologne and leftover oven smoke, and stains of dust and sweat were scattered all over its purple draping.



Cut by cut, the dress was quickly torn into two pieces, left and right side divided. The scissor blades grew quicker with each cut, and every piece cut smaller and less recognizable from its host joined its own pile on the side, away from the rest of the dresses on my floor. I kept count until the pieces could in no way be told it was from a dress anymore, and I was drowned in a sea of lacy petals and oats.

When I had turned around again, I was met with a lilac pile, pieces almost thin and tiny enough to be mistaken as powder. The edges of my fingers had small blisters from the rough scissor shell, and the sweat from the labor had melded into my other dresses already, but it didn't matter to me.

Now with nothing to do though, I became increasingly aware of the silence in my room. I opened my bedroom window in hopes of hearing the twins' familiar tittering, but they must've ran too far, because I was only met with wind's call.

The cold air was fresh in my face and instantly broke into my room, snow following its trail. And though I attempted to shut the window, a singular snowflake landed on the arm of my jumper.

A perfectly symmetrical and pure white snowflake, the symbol of the telly from all those years ago resurfaced again. As I sat down and admired the beauty of the snowflake through its melting, I kept the window open and welcomed the snow into my room. It was the least I could do, owing it a few years in debt of pots-and-pans greetings already.

The snowflake took quite long to melt, but I didn't notice until it had completely faded into the small gaps between the polyester fiber of my sleeve and I was already fully surrounded by snow. The floor of my room was no longer a colorful and jumbled mess of miscellaneous dresses and books, but instead was now a coat of fresh white. Turning my head back, the pile of cut up lilac from before was now also mixed into the snow, pile still visible but somewhat compromised.

The clock on my wall read that dinner wouldn't be far from now, so it made sense that I could hear the neighbor's boys' voice growing a bit louder now. They were still largely masked by the wind, but since I tried hard enough to listen for it, I knew they were out there somewhere.

I got up, dusting off snow, and went back down to the lilac pile, now half infiltrated by snow. I leaned down, expecting the smell of fresh water, but instead I was met with the smell of lilac. Unmistakable, there hidden in the high walls of my bedroom floor, the aromatic and citrusy scent beeming from the knit together bundle of cloth and snow.

Joy. I was hit by a sudden dose of none other than joy, and instinctively leaned down further, nearly burying my entire face into it. The scent only grew heavier as snow continued to fall down, now far covering all the dust that I had let fall.

I grabbed a handful of the snow and rubbed it into my hair, lacing it into each strand as if braiding actual flowers into it. My hair was wet, awkardly long, and icy from the application, but looking into the mirror now, I had finally felt one again, in myself instead of watching.

I grabbed an armful of the snow and threw it upwards, letting it fall gracefully over my room as if in its own climate. As it sprinkled down gradually, the lilac filled every little corner of everything in my room, down to every last thrown away empty frame and torn up birthday card. Time slipped away for a brief moment, and all that was in front of me was the scent of its milky refreshingness and faint perfumy recollections.

My mother came in a while later, though I was unaware when. I had only noticed her when she laid down next to me in the snow, and even then all she said was:

"The dress?"

And I said yes.

Fabric became snow and snow became petals, and as everything everywhere kept falling down, we laid down together in peace and slept.

Let the Petals Dry

Author: G11 Sigma Athena Zhang
Designer: G11 Gamma Alice Qin

When winter came, I climbed up the ladder and sneaked into the attic and built a safe, warm shelter for my own, to push all the noises and emotions aside. Like an unwilling child, the wind scratched the windows, especially at night when I read and relaxed. Then, the wind faded away, but I still heard the screaming. Then I realized it was that sound crying. Heartbeat, pulses, everywhere inside my body, they never stopped. Just like the wind blowing outside the window, the sounds inside my heart couldn't touch my outer skin. But on some days, when I opened the windows, feeling it would be windless, or when I let my guard down and listened carefully to what my heart said, they came to me in all of a sudden. Both of them brought me to tears, which I hated so much. So, I hid up in the attic in winter and try my best to avoid the heart-breaking sounds.

The attic isn't small at all. It has a large window that opens wide, a bookshelf stretching across one wall, and an old air conditioner that keeps the place warm. It's perfect for me, but my mother's artifacts make it less comfortable. Dried flowers and countless pages of diaries—this is what she

does every day. I remember when I was younger, she would collect flower petals, carefully dry them, and press them into her diaries. “Each petal,” she tells me, “represents a day that’s passed. Every time I look at them, I’m reminded of the beautiful memories and valuable lessons I’ve learned.”

I don’t understand her, no matter how hard I try. Maybe I’m too sentimental, or perhaps too pessimistic. Each time I hear her words, I’m reminded of how she clings to the past, preserving everything that’s already gone. She carefully preserved flowers like reminders of things slipping away, while I stare at the clock, watching the pointers spin to mark the end of a second, another second, a minute, and then an hour, a day, then a year.

The noises still came to me. Sometimes, when I lay in my warm, cozy bed and was ready to sleep, the thoughts crept into my mind and stung my heart with tik-tok sounds. My eyes became sour, and the salty water streamed down my cheeks, dropping off my chin and wetting my pillow. I did my best to wipe them out before they burned my face. When my eyes got swollen and red from weeping, I stopped and listened to the racing of my heart. I count my heart beat to sleep.

But they just wouldn’t go away, and they kept haunting me no matter how I pretended not to care. Like infested wounds, they only grew louder and stronger if not confronted by a stronger enemy. I was never their enemy, and I’m sure I will never be. It had never stopped moving, and it would take all I have some day. I try my best to escape from it.

This was the tenth winter I spent in the attic, and I had nothing to say. The wind was yelling, rushing towards every house and tree in front of it. I listened carefully, feeling myself actually seeing the figure of the wind—wild and free, with a strength that stops at nothing. Wrestling with my outer skin, the inner thoughts struggled to make their sound. I immediately stopped watching.

The afternoon was warm and windless. Like opening a gift, I opened the window widely, letting in the fresh air. I always enjoyed this kind of sunny weather, especially in the midst of the pale and gloomy days of winter. The warmth of the sun, soft and gentle, felt like a welcome reprieve from the biting cold that always seemed to linger at the edges of my world.

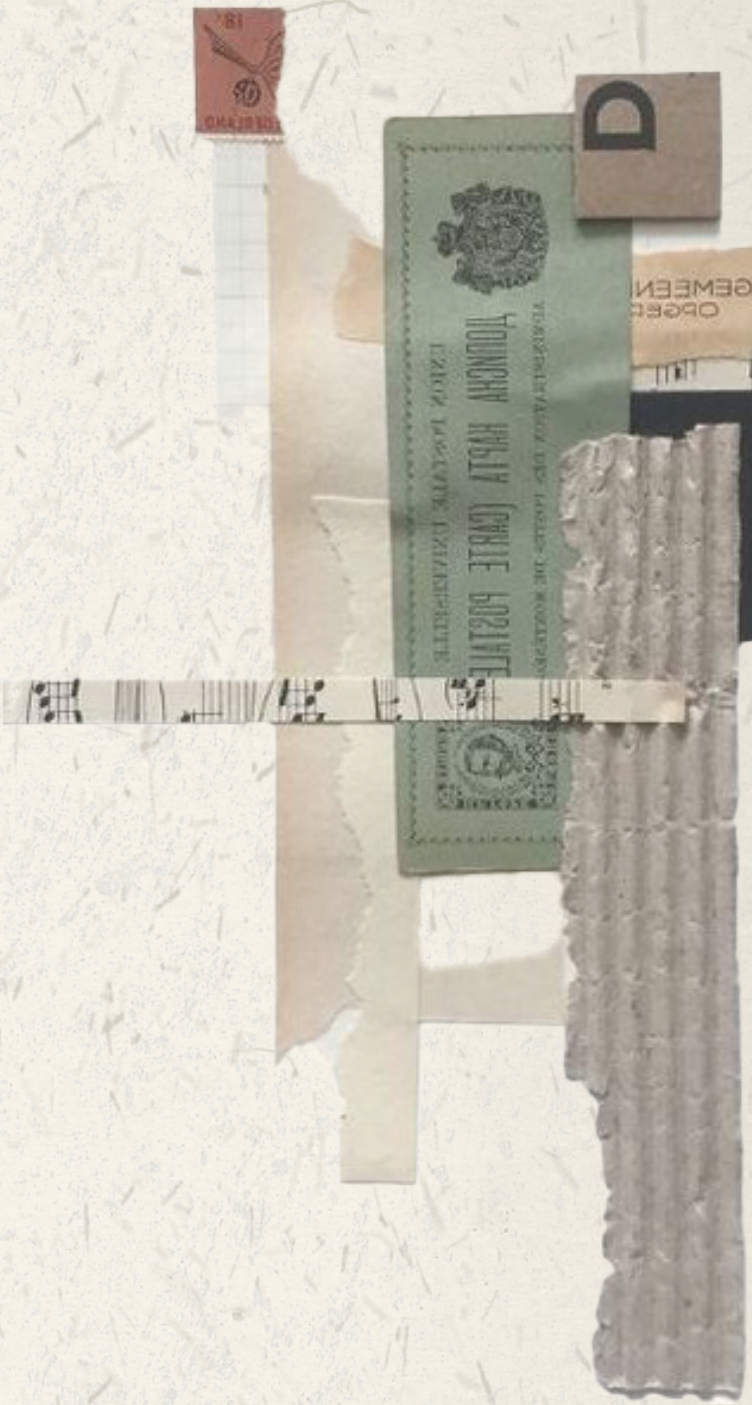
For what feels like hours, I sat by the window, letting the sunlight bathe my back. My eyes grew heavy, the peaceful quiet of the day wrapping around me likstoppede a blanket. I showered in the warmth and let myself drift into a light nap, knowing that the weather will be fine for hours.
At first, I thought it was nothing more than a trick of the light, but when I looked again, I saw it clearly—a petal. It was small, delicate, and dried by the relentless forces of nature, its edges curled and its color faded to a deep, dusty yellow. Though the petal had lost much of its original form, its essence remained. There was something about it—something that made me recognize it immediately. A faint fragrance lingered in the air, a trace of sweetness that hadn’t completely faded with time, reminding me of the flowers that once filled our house, of simpler days when beauty didn’t feel so fleeting.

I stared at it for a long moment, the petal sitting so still on the floor, as if it had been waiting for me to notice. Through the harshness of time and nature, it had lost its original shape, but there was a quiet, enduring beauty in its survival. It reminded me of the flowers my mother used to press in her diary—flowers she thought were worth saving,

worth keeping as tokens of a life lived fully. But this petal was different. It had not been preserved with care, it had simply lived through time, shaped by the elements.

Though these petals were different, I still saw something familiar beneath their colors and scents. The ones in her diary were pressed carefully, stored safely, like memories to be treasured. But this one on the floor, faded and torn. I start to feel its soft texture and its smell—fresh, with the special scent of wind and sunshine. Then I think of something of my own—unpreserved, shaped by forces beyond my control. My life, my years that have passed. Pushed by the non-stopping time, it was never as sweet or seemed valuable as my mom's memories. However, no matter how I used to resent it, it lies right here, in front of me. Time was always something I wanted to avoid, to escape from. But life is not just this petal in front of me. There will be more moments, more days, more seasons of flowers that has dried petals sent to the attic floor. For a moment, I think of putting it in my diary. But the sun starts to fall, and I see the sky in its blue hour which I feared to see back then. When I take a closer look at the electric blue, the wind starts to blow. There was this strange feeling inside my chest in all of a sudden that stops me from shutting the window. I stepped forward, feeling how it rushes past me. To my surprise, it isn't as biting cold or as loud as I imagined before. It is indeed powerful, but it doesn't feel like a crying child pounding at my window. It feels like an embrace, like an old friend finally gets to see me. I closed my eyes for a moment, and then opened my palm. The petal is immediately taken by the wind, and as it flies away, I see its yellowish hue fades in the darkening sky. At that moment, I find the wind to be my perfect diary. The petal, like my past life, struggles in the torturesome thoughts, like the wind.

I stand for a few more minutes and see little pieces of color dancing in the wind. I squinted into the darkness and realized they are nothing but flower petals. And I realized what is happening around. Spring.



The Quest for Growth

Author: G10 Sigma Marvin Cao
Designer: G10 Pi Isabel Wan

We abandon the pursuit of childishness,
and yearn to grow in a natural way.
This journey has been filled with so much
innocence and confusion.

At some point,
without even realizing it,
there was only one voice in my mind:
Move forward, move forward,
Keep moving forward!



见闻

我在南方呆习惯了
习惯了泛红烂糟的酸土
习惯了水汽的厚重
渗透细胞的雾
人的骨骼似乎天生少了二两
若是拿去捣烂了
还能淌出一片鄱阳

我很少见到郊外的重工厂
一整座城都镀了一层锈色
一堆堆黄土倚靠在铁皮墙上
和另一侧靠墙吸烟的工人一样
他们不属于都市
他们有一种北方的强劲

我说他们就是黄土做成的
他们手里抓着的
全是自己的灵魂



作者：GIO Pi 孙小懿 Olivia
排版：GII Delta 匡桂瑭 Rebecca



薄云蔽日，

雲雲雪止。

魂消梦里见轻烟，

隐隐见旧识。

恍然数载光阴过，

身染浊泥志若空。

今朝笑看春风，

悠魂浩荡见南山，

请君温上一壶酒，

看我归去来。

—— Author: G10 Pi Yoyo Wang

Designer: G10 Pi Isabel Wan

02 Journal



Bloom?

Author: G11 Theta Seven Xu
Designer: G11 Eta Carol Dong



To be honest, I had never heard of the word "potpourri" before. I have always been captivated by blooming flowers—wild, vibrant, and full of life. Dried flowers, however, seemed to me like remnants of a bygone season, lacking the vitality and promise of growth that I cherished. I had never considered decorating my home with them, for they did not resonate with my vision of beauty and renewal. Never had I thought about potpourri, never bought any, and perhaps never felt anything for them.

But that is not entirely true.

My journey with potpourri began on a cold winter day in January 2025, in the city of Shenyang, Liaoning. I was visiting a special school, bringing daily supplies to children with mental disabilities. It was a warm, sunny day, and as I walked through the halls, I saw them—those little angels, unaware of how to communicate, how to act like "normal" children, or how to fully grasp the blessings bestowed upon them.

I tried to engage them with questions, asking their age, what they were doing, and about their experiences at school. I introduced myself with meaningless chatter, hoping to bridge the gap between us. Time flew by, and their energy exhausted, yet I still knew little about their childhoods. We could not fully understand each other, but we connected in our own ways. We sang a song, and they clapped. We gave them sweets, and they smiled. We visited their homes, asking if they needed help, and their parents responded.

I had told them to smile whenever they felt happy, for a smile is the purest way to convey gratitude and joy. It is the only way to let the people around them know that their efforts in nurturing them, sending them to school, and standing firmly by their side—despite the knowledge that healing may never come—are not in vain. Like the form of those children before they were made into potpourris, their smiles exemplify the fact that they are still young and invincible as wildflowers, serve as vivid proof that they still bloom even as dry flowers, bloom

for everyone, and bloom as usual. The smile is the strength that keeps parents by their children's side, a reminder that their faith and love are eternal, and that even the faintest smile can warm their hearts.

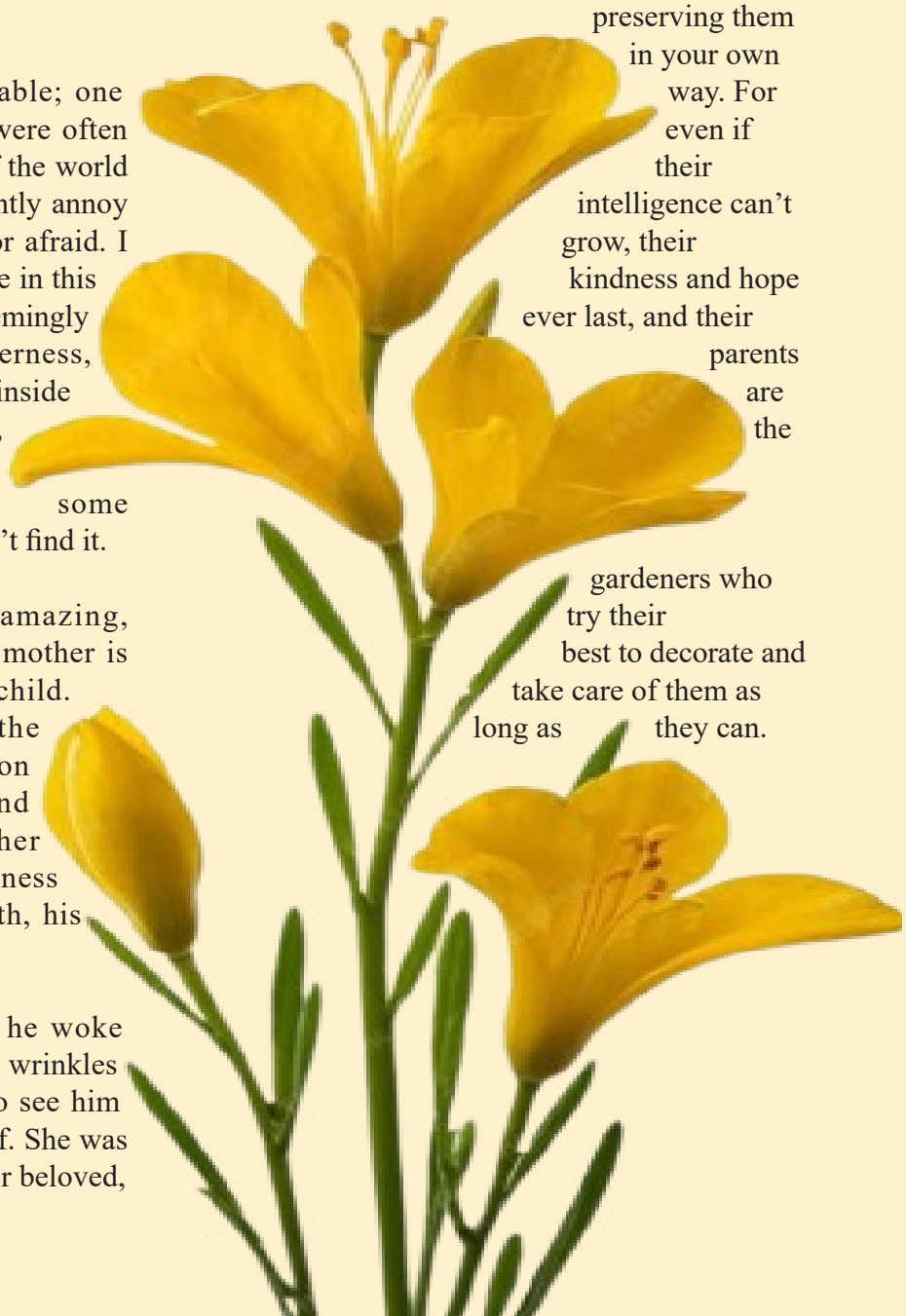
Mental support? Yes, those few minutes or hours by their side were never enough, but they were enough to warm a cold heart on a windy day. Physical support? Healing them, giving them jobs, promising them a future? No, I could not offer them half of my future. I wanted to love them with all my heart, to nurture them with all my strength, for they were fragile and unique, born into this world with disease and pain. Yet, I simply stood by them, pitying, crying, judging, feeling useless and helpless. It was not their fault, not at all. I knew it, but they did not understand it; they simply lived with it.

A fragment of memory is unforgettable; one of the potpourris is unique. His lips were often pressed together in a jocular grin, as if the world were his to laugh at. He would constantly annoy his mother whenever he felt excited or afraid. I will always remember his mother's face in this moment, the potency of her, and the seemingly happy smile but instead full of bitterness, not sweetness; I saw the desperation inside her. She leans forward, jaw set, eyes narrow, searching his face for some sign of agreement and calm, some crease of shared convention. She doesn't find it.

I admired her. She was the most amazing, wonderful, greatest mother of all. A mother is the one who truly understands her child. My mother once told me that at the age of three, she was the only person in the family who could understand my babbling and needs. This mother saw her child; she saw his stubbornness and helplessness. She saw his growth, his strength, and his kindness.

Her dark circles deepened because he woke her up in the middle of the night; her wrinkles grew clearer as she aged, desperate to see him grow up, find a job, and sustain himself. She was nervous, guilty, and fearful of losing her beloved, beautiful boy. I tried not to cry as she rewound the good memories with him, even as he hit her fiercely. I saw the toughness of her life, and I cried. She cried too, holding my hand, sharing her love and gratitude for our visit and donation. But how many times in life can one freely express emotion without bounds? She was bound to her boy from the moment he was born, locked with him, and had no life of her own. Don't save your tears for another day. Cry, cry out loud and hard. I am here.

Potpourri are those children—pitiful, different, yet kind-hearted, their spirits locked and sealed. Their blooming youth has been preserved forever, stuck in childhood for their entire lives. Once they become potpourri, there is no turning back. Still, I ask you, try watering them with love; try preserving them in your own way. For even if their intelligence can't grow, their kindness and hope ever last, and their parents are the gardeners who try their best to decorate and take care of them as long as they can.





Just remember, love will keep them alive.



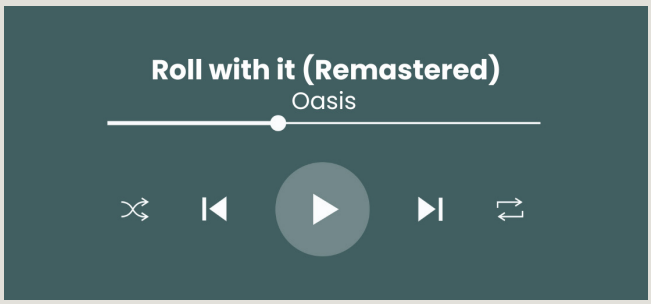
POTPOURRI: THE IMPORTANCE OF NOT LOOKNG BACK IN ANGER

AUTHOR: G11 KAPPA TONY LIU
DESIGNER: G11 ETA LUCAS ZHANG

"Potpourri is a mixture of dried, naturally fragrant plant materials used to provide a gentle natural scent, commonly in residential settings." (So according to Wikipedia, potpourri is pleasant-smelling plant carcasses that we mash up, enjoy consuming through our breathing organs, and usually do so in our homes – my bad but I thought this was referring to another exotic-sounding plant product).

Frankly, I have hardly ever noticed potpourri; these pieces of foregone flower pedals, seemingly so frail and lifeless, sit quietly inside dress pockets and on table tops, and simply are. However, I have never once failed to take note of their delightful aroma, filling the nostrils, soothing the mind, and defending the family from air seeping under the door of an occupied bathroom (usually by either my father or me). The potpourri no longer resembles its multitude of former selves growing radiantly on the earth; deprived of its staggering visual beauty, but in turn bestowed with captivating olfactory appeal, the potpourri proudly takes on its new duties and does its best to radiate positivity to the world in a way very much different from yet no less potent than before. The potpourri, when faced with drastic change and an unfamiliar environment, takes what it has and does what it can, no complaints, desperation, or hesitation. The potpourri, like an artist, turns challenges into inspirations so as to produce wonders that motivate itself and the audience alike. In this sense, the potpourri is very much alike to a phoenix in nirvana, burning itself at the end of its lifetime to become another magnificent high-flying bird; Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds, in the case of my experience. [Roll With It]

Figuratively speaking, as the potpourri of a former rock band Oasis (whose lead musician Noel Gallagher went solo after experiencing serious sibling rivalry inside the band with his younger brother Liam), Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds ("High Flying Birds" from here on out) represents Noel's evolution as an artist, and an inspiring message of resilience and adaptability that us as students, constantly trying to adapt to changing environments and heightening standards semester after semester, can draw from.



Just as the flowers lose their outstanding visual appeal on becoming potpourri, Noel lost his charismatic frontman of a brother in his band on starting the High Flying Birds; just as the potpourri gains a lasting and breathtaking scent (not sure how that "breathtaking scent" works literally but you get the idea), Noel gains freedom from expectations of producing rock n' roll anthems, to experiment with his music and create innovative art that pushes his boundaries as a musician. The High Flying Birds allows Noel to reinvent himself artistically. His songwriting and musical arrangements matured, incorporating a wider array of influences including psychedelia, electronic music, and orchestration, which would not have been possible within the confines of Oasis, known for bombastic rock n' roll music. Instead of being bound by the comfort zone of previous musical achievements, Noel establishes himself as more than just a part of the giant Oasis; he is a musical giant in his own right, masterful at manipulating musical genres, instruments, and the mood of the audience.

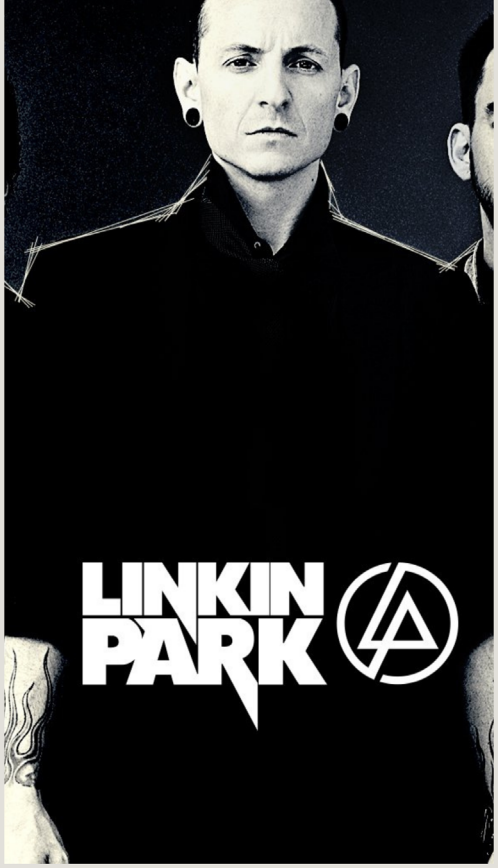


Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds' self-titled debut album, released on October 17, 2011, solidified Noel's capability as a solo artist. The record opens with "Everybody's on the Run", a track that features some of the highest notes Noel's vocals has ever reached, in juxtaposition with faint echoes of lyrics in the background. His experiments in blend rock with elements of jazz and psychedelia, combined with the overall musical appeal of the entire album and his determination to be more than Oasis, earned the album critical and commercial success in its media debut at number one on the UK Albums Chart. As the potpourri of Oasis, the High Flying Birds' first scent declared its pride to be different from the bombastic flower, its pride to be capable of radiating ingenuity by itself.

The following album, "Chasing Yesterday", as the name suggests, is both a tribute to Oasis and a testament to Noel's ability to draw power from the past, produce outstanding work in the present, and transcend himself moving onto the future. Elements unfamiliar to standardized rock tracks, like surrealist lyrics in "The Girl with X-Ray Eyes" and dreamy harmony vocals in "The Right Stuff", as well as familiar, uplifting anthems like "Lock All the Doors", take the audience through a journey of Chasing Yesterday. The ensuing album "Who Built the Moon?" took the innovation to a different level, incorporating a wild (definitely not typo; the merits of this album have surpassed "wide" to become a delightful "wild") range of styles and inspirations from disco to techno music, from David Bowie's glam-rock and to church-style choir harmonies. Eventually, to the most recent album "Council Skies" of 2023, Noel reflects on the isolation plaguing everyone during the COVID lockdown, and thinking back to his miserable childhood growing up on a council estate (hence the name "Council Skies") in Manchester, he is reflective throughout the 11 new songs. Many of these are bittersweetly motivating such as the slow-starting "Easy Now" and the brass-and-strings "We Are Gonna Get There in the End".

With the four masterful albums created over a decade, Noel has truly become mature as a solo artist. Despite challenges he faced when missing his brother by his side, experimenting with unfamiliar genres of music, and leaving everything that he knew as a pedal of Oasis in the past, the potpourri of Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds never fails to impress in its own way. Noel decided to follow his own advice to "not look back in anger", and just like the potpourri, he made the best of a fresh start. [The Importance of Not Looking Back in Anger]







At the end of the day, Noel Gallagher's High Flying birds and Oasis just happen to be the artistic nirvana, the musical potpourri that resonate the most with me, because of their versatility and smooth rhythm. I am pretty sure other examples of musical potpourri are abundant: how Linkin Park revived itself with its new singer, how ROSE's solo career having quit Blackpink turned out to be a massive success, how each of the Beatles continued producing wonderful art after their break-up, I could go on all day. But their common attribute? Being able to deal with earth-shattering changes and still coming out on top, and not only that, reinventing themselves to continue pursuing their passion.

"To the potpourri, change and challenges are simply a necessary step for it to transcend its original existence,and how are we any different? "

It surprises even myself at the end of this article how much can be interpreted and learned from a pile of dried pedals. We are grateful for their fragrance, and if you should ever find yourself in their shoes, remember its shrunken form, its captivating smell, and the importance of not looking back in anger. Birds never fails to impress in its own way. Noel decided to follow his own advice to not look back in anger.

THE END



History of Olfaction

The Vanguard Historiograph

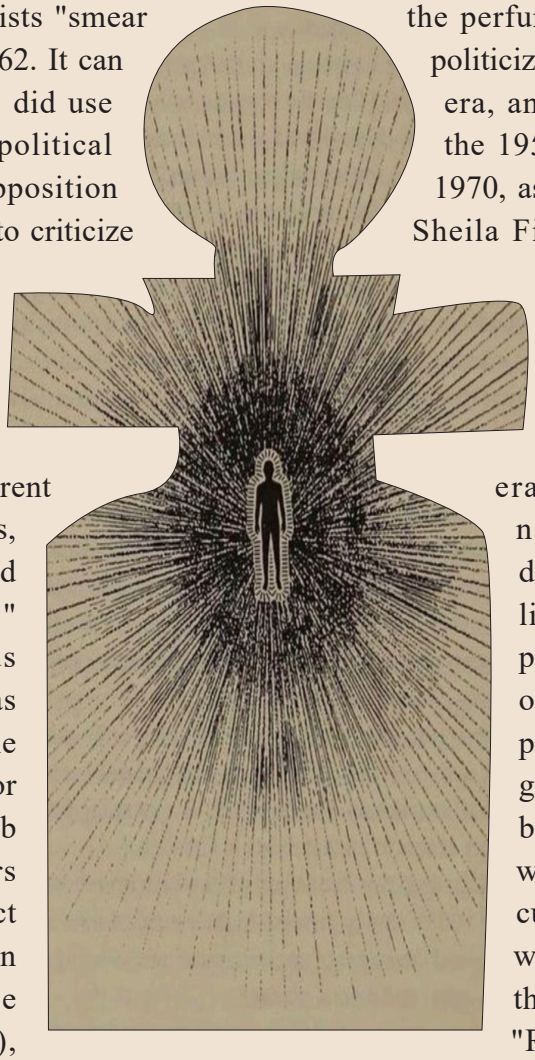
Author: G11 Gamma Joshua Ma
Designer: G11 Eta Amanda Jin

The western historiography experienced explosive developments in the late 20th century with the rise of new philosophical or hermeneutical theories, such as Foucault's clairvoyance that social power was not wielded by certain social groups, but by every social individual "power is everywhere and comes from everywhere"(Comparatively, Marxian theory attributed power to certain repressive social classes such as bourgeoisie) ; historians in late 20th century began to cast off the traditional western historiography led by the Ranke School that emphasizes the positive studies of political events, international relations and the prestigious' personalities through discovering much more micro angels and begetting new theories. One of these theories was the History of Olfaction began in 1980s, which was still an meager field until today especially in Chinese context. Combining Foucault's idea of social power above and American physician Oliver Holmes' study of olfaction, olfaction can be understood as a kind of discourse power to form the memory, experience or detailed emotions. Through reviewing Karl Schlögel's Der Duft Der Imperien: "Chanel No 5" und "Rotes Moskau" , this essay shall introduce the study of history of olfaction, and the potential advantages it can provide for history studies.

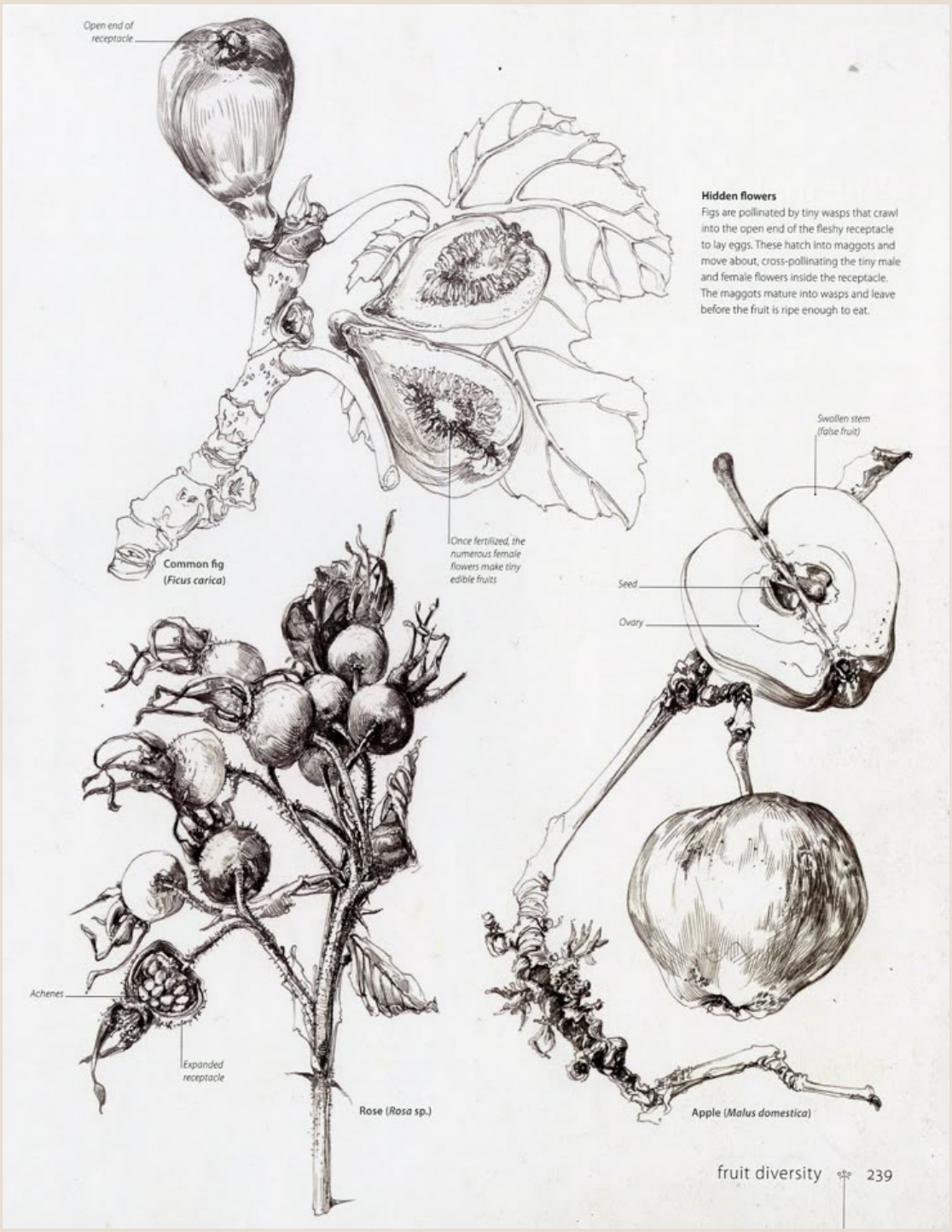
In 2020, Karl Schlögel, a German scholar specializing in Soviet and Eastern European history, published his famous book on the history of olfaction, Der Duft Der Imperien: "Chanel No 5" und "Rotes Moskau". Compared with The Foul and Fragrance, this book mainly explores how the specific carriers of olfaction and its related industries - perfume and perfume industry - helped historians in the "extreme era" of the 20th century to peek into how the ideological revolution of the 20th century shaped the lives of ordinary people. In his book, the author pioneered the study of olfactory political discourse, or how "proletarian" revolutionaries rebelled against the old culture and fashion of the "bourgeoisie". As the author vividly said, "A drop of perfume expresses an era with its smell; perfume is a container that seals the fragrance of the era." Schlögel first believes that, unlike the French Revolution, which was dominated by social elites and freelancers, the Russian Revolution, which nominally represented the lower classes of society, sought to construct a new revolutionary discourse through the "world of smell". After the victory of the Bolshevik Revolution, perfume in Tsarist Russia was considered a symbol of bourgeois elements. Even senior party cadres could only obtain perfume through smuggling channels. At the same time, the Bolsheviks used olfactory and sensory vocabulary to create a series of new political terms, such as "the Great Purge", "sour bourgeois intellectuals" and "the pure party".

In addition to the few words mentioned in the book, other Bolsheviks' speech records and writings also used olfactory vocabulary or smell itself as political terms. For example, former Bolshevik Roy Medvedev once satirized Yezhov's ability to help Stalin's political purge as "the most sensitive nose of the proletariat", vividly depicting the relationship between the two as monarch and minister. In 1939, Leon

Trotsky said of Lenin's wife's dilemma after Lenin's death: "Her revolutionary sense and the spirit of organizational discipline are entangled." For example, Trotsky once denounced the Mensheviks in 1917: "You are poor, isolated people! You are bankrupt. You are finished. From now on, go to where you belong - the garbage dump of history!"Even Khrushchev, who was called an enlightened person, called the paintings of avant-garde artists "smear (мазня)" on December 1, 1962. It can be seen that the Bolsheviks did use olfactory vocabulary as a political language to criticize the opposition and bourgeois art, and even to criticize their own comrades.



Second, by excavating original materials about Chanel and Soviet perfume, Schlögel compares the different fates of two sister perfumes, "Chanel No. 5" and "Red Moscow". "Chanel No. 5" is one of the most famous perfumes today. Its fame has lasted almost throughout the 20th century. It is difficult for people to imagine the superb skills of Russian perfumers behind it. It was the product of the cooperation between Ernest Beau (formerly the Tsar's exclusive perfumer), a famous perfumer who fled from Russia after the October Revolution, and Ms. Chanel in the 1920s. In the 1920s, the Soviet Union, which was gradually recovering from the revolutionary era, revived the perfume industry and made it a state-owned industry. It hoped that the newly produced perfumes could serve the public. With the help of Ernest's classmate August Michels, the Soviet state-owned enterprise developed the famous perfume "Red Moscow" that could represent Soviet society and culture. The formula that August inherited was also learned by Ernest. It can be seen that the two have such a deep connection. From the Stalin era to the 1970s, "Red Moscow" was the top brand of Soviet perfume. The popularity of the perfume reached its peak between 1950 and 1960, and it was even exported to Western Europe and Canada in 1966. During this period, Khrushchev called for "thaw" and "peaceful coexistence", so the name of the perfume was no longer as highly politicized as it was during the Stalin era, and it received high praise at the 1957 World Expo.However, by 1970, as the famous Soviet historian Sheila Fitzpatrick discovered, more than half of the working population in Moscow listened to Western radio broadcasts in the 1970s: although the 1970s was the era when the Soviet Union's national strength, economic development level and people's living standards reached their peak, and it was also the era of "developed socialism" promoted by the Soviet government, the fragility and banality of the Soviet culture was obvious, and Western culture gradually occupied the world of young people. Under the impact of Western culture, "Red Moscow" has become a perfume that represents "old women" in the eyes of young people, while young people are more attracted to "Maroussis" and "Ara" perfumes made with Western methods. The book does not directly explain why "Red Moscow" has declined so much. However, the book mentions that the formula and production of "Red Moscow" were only adjusted in 1954; and under the planned economic system of the Soviet Union, the motivation for innovation can be ruthlessly wiped out. Therefore, "Red Moscow" is likely to


Open end of receptacle
Common fig (Ficus carica)
Once fertilized, the numerous female flowers make tiny edible fruits
Hidden flowers
Figs are pollinated by tiny wasps that crawl into the open end of the fleshy receptacle to lay eggs. These hatch into maggots and move about, cross-pollinating the tiny male and female flowers inside the receptacle. The maggots mature into wasps and leave before the fruit is ripe enough to eat.
Swollen stem (false fruit)
Seed
Ovary
Achenes
Expanded receptacle
Rose (Rosa sp.)
Apple (Malus domestica)
fruit diversity 239

gradually fall behind the aesthetics of young people due to lack of innovation. After the disintegration of the Soviet Union, "Red Moscow" once again became popular, but its main mission was to help the Russian people, who were facing a national crisis, recall the great empire of the 20th century, and evoke their nostalgia and anxiety about the current crisis of their motherland.

The period of history from 1789 to the present is an era of rapid development of human history; an era of intertwined and competing political ideologies; and an era of bloodshed due to mechanical warfare and state violence. As Foucault put it, people used to focus too much on attributing the use of power to elites or a certain social class. Taken together, the history of olfaction provides a perspective that allows us to discover the overlooked side behind the grand wars, revolutions and social transformation projects - the political discourses, revolution memories and the impact of revolution on the common.

DURBAN DIARIES

Author: G10 Eta James Ge
Editor: G12 Sigma Nancy Xu

January 27, 2025
Durban, KwaZulu-Natal, South Africa.

I am sitting in the Griffins Cafe, right in front of WBHS's swimming pool, on a cozy Monday afternoon waiting for my homestay buddy, Liam, to finish rugby training. Today my earphones are blaring Loslappie, one of South Africa's most iconic Afrikaans anthems. And I think it's a good time to write a few words of gratitude.



The first impression I received upon landing in Durban came from my host family, and my buddy Liam. An athletic and open guy, he's one of the heads of student leadership. Over the course of the last 8 days I resided in their house, ate their food and enjoyed being introduced into the local atmosphere. From after-dinner pool games to my successful dumpling attempt, everything inside that house are memorable. Hospitality was amazing, and I haven't had a single thought of complaint.

From there we went to Westville Boys'. One stark contrast with all the other schools I've been to, including WLSA, is how friendly people are. Robert came to find me on the second break in the first day, telling me he had shaken hands with a hundred people. Everywhere I go, I see people greeting each other, and I do the very same. That helped everything run smoothly starting from Day 1, and I made lots of friends, from David who explained the historical implications of Apartheid, to Joe, the head student, who is also a huge football fan and also a strong leader. I've also had great relations with many teachers, whose experiences with Durban itself taught me more about cultural awareness and integration than anything in the classroom.

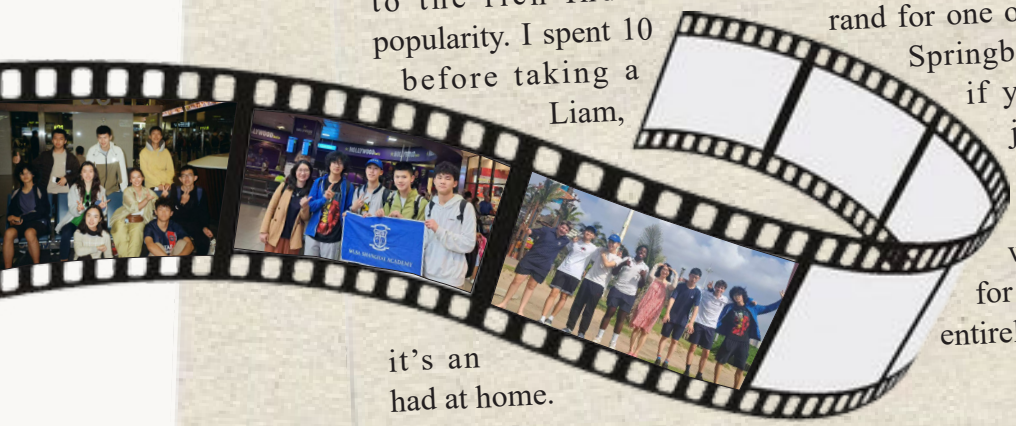




For other members of the faculty it was no different. Shabs, who runs our school bus route every morning, always smiled to me as we climb onto his van at 6:38 am sharp. All of them made me feel welcomed and I need to constantly remind myself that I'm an exchange student, since I've barely felt any difference between me and all the other guys.

Then the war cries. Westville's rich sporting tradition as South Africa's #1 sporting school has made its war cries famous as well. Every match played at Bowden's or Common's Field, or even just a swimming gala, would see the whole student community coming out in support of Griffin athletes (the Griffin is Westville's symbol). I've heard about the massive atmosphere during rugby season when thousands would rise together for Westville, and for us, the two experiences we had with Griffin sporting events only left us wondering what that would look like. When the cry has reached its height, the whole stand would tremble. I left both events thinking about ultras in football matches. The noise they generated are not much different.

Finally the whole city as a whole. We visited numerous different sights and places, and we've always had the best of welcomes. In the Umgeni Temple, I was exposed to the rich Indian heritage of the city in its amazing architecture and popularity. I spent 10 rand for one of the best grapes I've ever had, before taking a Springboks jersey home (according to Liam, if you did not get a Springboks jersey, it's equivalent to have not come to South Africa). We will celebrate the Chinese New Year with the local community, and it's an for every single one of the students, entirely different experience to what we had at home.



And looking back, the stories we would tell back at home are ones of unity and difference.

South Africa's history was a controversial and difficult one. It used to be the homeland of hundreds of different tribes, from the Xhosa to the Zulu. It was the location of colonial oppression for centuries, with the Dutch giving way to the English, who continued to rule South Africa as a royal colony until 1931. After independence the country then underwent four decades of inhumane racial segregation, aka Apartheid, that was often referred to as one of the most serious and impactful racial bias system in human history, surpassing the Nazi Holocaust. After decades of efforts led by Nelson Mandela and F.W. De Klerk, the first election open to all races commenced in 1994, when the former was elected president.

Yet despite the historical differences that set the country apart, my experiences told me the exact opposite. From the friendly people that greet each other on my way to school and all around campus, to the united war cries every time Westville plays a home match, and to the people, of all ethnicities and backgrounds who are willing to acknowledge the past and dream their future, I know of South Africa as a place where discrimination does not have a place, a country that will stand side-by-side, and a welcoming community that embraced the world's second-largest Indian diaspora and other immigrants from all around the world. That alone makes South Africa unique in our world today as a fair example of dealing with racial segregation and past problems.



And I feel that change is happening inside of me. I'm friendlier and more willing to greet other people, while my own ideas of education and segregation has changed dramatically as well. I think about my current environment, and about the importance of cross-cultural exchange and diversity. When scholars talk about media literacy and biases, one solution is easy and not hard to achieve --- keep an open mind and try new things.



All those friendly people I've met, they've come to know a different world through me --- the words I teach them, the way I view our world and its current sociopolitical problems, the dumplings and traditional Chinese food I make, and I could tell they saw something different to what they were exposed to in the media. Me too. I arrived at Durban knowing that the city has one of the highest crime rates in the entire world, yet I've never felt that ever impacting the way that people live and welcome a stranger from far away. Instead of knowing the city and KwaZulu-Natal from three minute clips on Tiktok or crime rate statistics from a database, I know it by heart, from the winding streets of Pinetown, the two bridges across the Umageni River, to where local rugby fans cheer their heart out in the Sharks Stadium every weekend. My life in Durban is a constant cycle of dropping my original biases, as well as a constant realization that I am fortunate to have the exposure and opportunities to explore our world when others cannot.

Before I arrived people told me about South Africa's economic hardships, and I see it with my own eyes. The piling slums (or 'squatter camps', in local language) on the edge of mountaintops incorperate millions of ordinary people fighting, and failing, to make ends meet. I know that South Africa is perhaps one of the few countries to drop from a 'developed' to 'developing' status, due to capital flight post-Apartheid and government incompetency, etc. But again, as we learned about the Soweto Uprising 1978 in history class, and the long struggles of the people against the Afrikaner Apartheid government, I came to agree that South Africa today is better. People are free, rarely discriminated and has freedom of doing whatever they want to. The economic prosperity of the Apartheid government is built upon inhumane treatments of the majority of people, while today the light could be seen at the end of the tunnel for all races and people of all backgrounds. No matter in Ushaka Marine World, China Mall or the Bangladesh Market, Durban is ready to smile and be proud, so is the rest of South Africa.

Yesterday evening, as I gazed up at the shimmering stars of a clear African night, a part of me wanted to stay. And that's for a reason.

Ngiyabonga, eThekwini. Dankie, Suid-Afrika. Thank you, everybody. I wish you all well, and I promise I will come back.

Yours,

Haoming 'James' Ge

03 Art



Author: G11 Kappa Dylan Wu
Designer: G10 Gamma Angela Li

Spring—flowers, clear skies, and birds.
The photographs taken are all reflections of the springtime spirit, the currents of beauty, color, and hope that deck our halls every year.
The flowers being saturated in color, the background sky being bright and shining, and the birds gregariously searching for food as if us searching for inspiration in the new season.
These symbols are carriers of joy as we enter a refreshed stage of the year that is here to help us appreciate the wonders of life and nature.
As flowers bloom all over again, so should our positivity and our creative outlook on life.

















A Thousand Blooms

Author: G10 Gamma Anya Xu
Designer: G10 Sigma Sherri Sun
G12 Eta Emmie Zhang

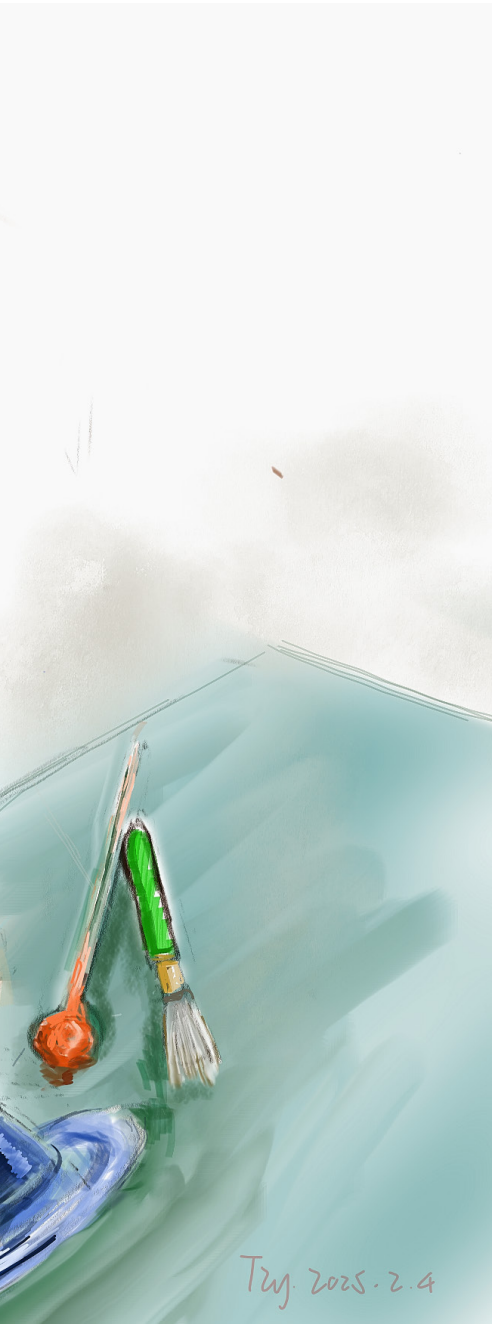
This painting captures a single bloom from a sea of flowers I encountered during my travels—a fleeting moment of beauty preserved through watercolor. Along the roadside, countless blossoms swayed in the breeze, each unique in shape and hue, forming a vibrant tapestry of life. In creating this piece, I chose colors even more vivid than reality, enhancing the flower's brilliance. The irregular yet spirited leaves embody the quiet energy of early spring, poised for growth. Each petal reaches in a different direction, as if yearning for the future, embracing the nature's ode.

> Artist: G10 Omega Doris Tao

> Designer: G12 Eta Thea Zhang



In a room that’ s filled with sunlight in spring, a man is concentratedly working on a glass candle holder. The transparent glass reflects the multiple colors of scenes outside the window and shows an aqua blue color. Patiently doing crafts such as making a delicate candle holder could make people feel that the time elapses very slowly, so that people will be able to feel the change in climate, the blooming of flowers and the relief of their inner full-mindedly.



"In the rush of life, be gentle with yourself."

Find solace in creating,
even in small ways,
and let the beauty of nature
remind
you to savor the preciousness
of each moment.

04 School Events



Exchange Experience: *Unforgettable Days at Liceo Galvani in Italy*

Author : G11 Gamma Nina Chang
Designer: G11 Delta Rebecca Kuang

Bea, my host family buddy, once said to me that we would go to the seaside once the sun came out. But after the exchange experience I realized that in Italy, any kind of weather will be a good weather.

Winters in Italy are always wrapped in a thin layer of mist, with overcast skies and frequent raindrops. This was vastly different from the Italy depicted in movies, where the sunlight is intense, and the scenery resembles oil paintings. I felt a bit unsettling because of the weather when I first arrived in Bologna, but soon I realized that this hazy atmosphere added a unique beauty to the city.

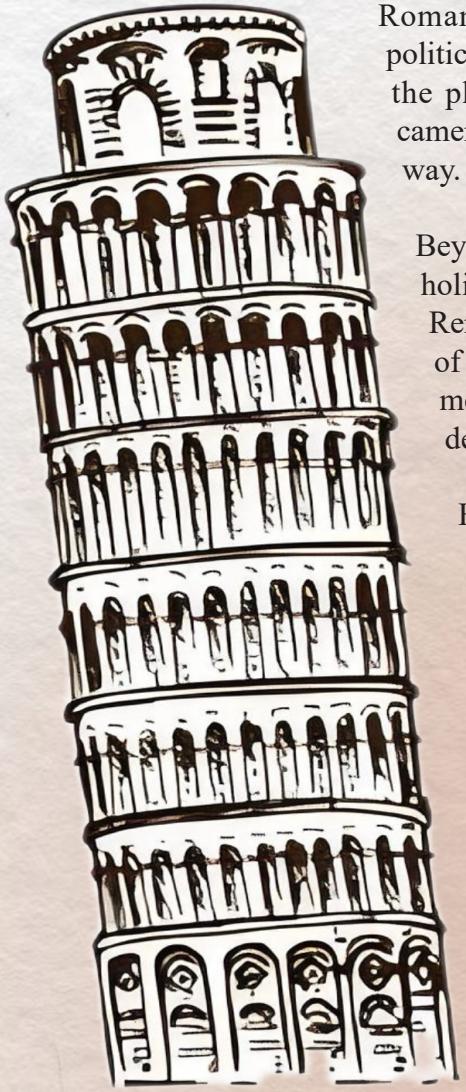
The school I attended was Liceo Galvani in Bologna, an institution with a strong focus on humanities education. The school's architecture has a classical charm, as it's based on two original churches that were built two thousand years ago, and the hallways are adorned with students' artworks and photographs, creating a rich cultural atmosphere. Liceo Galvani is renowned for its diverse curriculum, where students not only study modern languages and STEM subjects, but also take compulsory courses in Greek and Latin. Additionally, alike WLSA, the school offers subjects like European history and art history, allowing students to delve deeply into the cultural roots of Europe. This educational approach broadened my horizons and made me realize how much Italians value their traditional culture.

At Liceo Galvani, the classroom atmosphere is relaxed, and professors feel more like friends than authority figures. They encourage independent thinking, and lively discussions and debates are common in class. A pretty engaging one is the Roman formal debate class,allowing us to build a









Roman site and wear specific costumes while debating on Roman politics. Moreover, the school has many interesting clubs, and I joined the photography club. Together with my classmates, we used our cameras to capture the streets and daily life of Bologna in an unusual way. This helped me better integrate into the local culture.

Beyond my time at school, I also traveled to other Italian cities during holidays and weekends. The mosaic art in Ravenna amazed me, the Renaissance aura of Florence enchanted me, the canals and bridges of Venice left me mesmerized, and the ancient ruins of Rome made me feel the heavy weight of history. Each city had its unique charm, deepening my appreciation for Italy's diversity and richness.

However, what left the deepest impression on me was the rain in Milan. Standing atop the Duomo di Milano, watching the rain gently tap the cathedral's spires, the entire city that is usually busy and commercialized seemed exceptionally tranquil and charming in the misty rain. At that moment, I experienced another kind of beauty in Italy—a beauty that remains full of life even in gloom.

This exchange experience not only broadened my views but also made me more independent and confident. I learned how to adapt and grow in an unfamiliar environment and deeply appreciated the challenges and joys brought by cultural differences. Most importantly, I made many like-minded friends whose warmth and kindness made me feel at home.

Looking back on this time, I feel incredibly fortunate to have been a part of Liceo Galvani and extremely thankful for the opportunity that WLSA offered me. This experience not only enriched my high school life but also laid a solid foundation for my future studies and life. I believe that these exchange days in Italy will remain one of the most precious memories of my life.







TEDxWLSA

Embracing the PULSE of Our Era

Author: G11 Kappa Tony Liu
Designer: G11 Kappa Olivia Tang

The rhythm of our hearts, the pulse of our inner spirits, propel us as we navigate our elaborate lives, yet not often do we take a moment to appreciate their beauty. Held on December 14th 2024 at Bund 8 in Shanghai, the student-planned, independently organized, and wonderfully presented TEDxWLSA event aims to explore the essence of trends and their impact on our lives, capturing the dynamic pulse of our ever-changing world. 5 WLSA students and teachers presented their diverse perspectives and experiences to compose a dialogue that inspires the audience to Perceive minute details, Undertake social responsibility, Love each other, Seek out knowledge, and Explore boundless diversity.Together, we embraced the PULSE of our identities.

TEDx events are grassroots initiatives, created in the spirit of TED's overall mission to research and discover "ideas worth spreading". TEDxWLSA brings the spirit of TED to local communities in Shanghai, organized by passionate WLSA students who seek to uncover new ideas and to share about personal experiences that spark conversations in their communities. WLSA speakers Tony Liu, Seven Xu, Mr. Max Duroseau, Emmie Zhang, and Catherine Wang delivered creative and inspiring speeches on a variety of topics, encouraging the audience to ponder over the pulse of modern society and its defining factors.





"Slip inside the eye of your mind,
don't you know you might find, a better place to play."

The Pulse of Britpop

The first speaker Tony Liu shared his passion for British pop music (Britpop, for short) and the band Oasis (known for "Wonderwall" and "Don't Look Back in Anger") with his guitar, bringing the audience together to appreciate the musical appeal and positive pulse of Britpop. By using song excerpts played on his guitar to engage the listeners and illustrate his points, Tony explained what Britpop meant to him and to the world, a warm and dynamic musical Oasis of positivity, sincerity, and rebelliousness. Inspired by the pulse of Britpop, he conveyed its positive energy to propel the audience as we fight our way through a world of challenges.

"Taking a break can help us tap into something deeper,
a sense of purpose, a sense of peace."

Pauses for Pulses

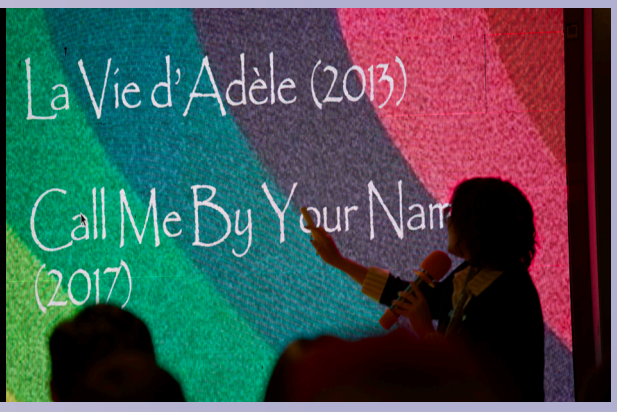
Seven Xu delivered her unique perspective, encouraging us to take a break and be mindful of the pulse of life in a hustling world. She reminded the audience of stopping to ponder over decisions, understand our identities, and explore our individual purposes and goals in life. In a world that is becoming more fast-paced and less in-depth, Seven encouraged us to step back from the suffocating pressure and chaos, take a mo moment for ourselves, whether in career, studying, relationship, or friendship; a pause so that we understand each other and ourselves, a pause so that we can appreciate our sense of purpose and peace.

"River is like purpose, and your purpose is like a river."

The Pulse of Purpose

Our colloquy teacher Mr. Max Duroseau compared our purpose and our personal journey with a river, one that we follow along mindfully to reach where we are truly meant to be. He shared with the audience his experience of discovering his love for photography while being locked-up in two COVID quarantine centers, and eventually taking that passion to pour his heart into a photography project to document the Dong minority group. Just as he paid attentions to details in a time of exasperation and discovered his purpose, he empowered us to follow our hearts and let the pulse of purpose guide us, to live in the flow of purpose and extend ripples beyond us.

"Choose love; our time on Earth is too terrifyingly limited to waste on complaints."

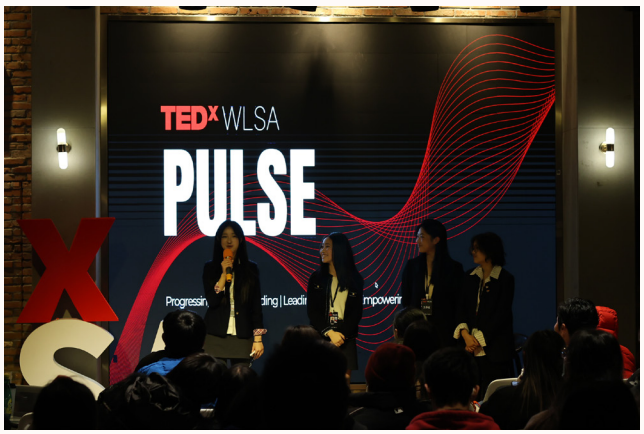


Love, Self Expression, and Identity

Emmie Zhang presented her unique insights into the concept of queerness and encouraged the audience to choose love and respect, and cherish how far diverse representation and acceptance have come. Starting with a history of queer representation, from ancient times where identities held no strict definitions to the stigmatization by mainstream zeitgeist, and eventually the emergence of labels and identities and activism in the 20th century, Emmie called the audience to embrace different identities and appreciate the diversity of each individual, to choose love and respect for everyone around us without discrimination.

"How we treat people different from ourselves defines the society we are living in."

Living with Dignity



The last speaker of the evening, Catherine Wang, presented a powerful call-to-action message for the society to respect persons with intellectual disabilities (PIDs), acknowledge their difficulties, and do what we can to start building a world where everyone, no matter their abilities, can live a life filled with dignity, opportunity, and respect. First pointing out the challenges, both physical and mental, PIDs experience as a socially outcasted community, Catherine discussed the lack of attention, or more accurately, lack of positive attention as PIDs are widely viewed by society to be invisible and less-than-human. At the end, she called for the audience to acknowledge the right of PIDs to share the same world with us, to respect, treat, and care for them as equals, and to change the injustices we can see.

With combined efforts from the organizers, speakers, volunteers, and the audience, the TEDxWLSA event flowed with ideas worth sharing, moments worth treasuring, pulses worth appreciating.



EDITOR'S PICKS

01

MOVIE: LES CHORISTES

Recommended by:
G11 Theta Alice Jiang

"Believe it or not, everyone can embrace the Spring of life. There are always some people that act like the first ray of sunlight of spring, enlightening even the greyest of hearts. The sacred choice of the youthful children and appreciating their growth in this movie is the perfect gift of hope to seek out your own spring in life."

02

BOOK: HEARTSTOPPER

Recommended by:
G11 Eta Emmie Zhang

"Heartstopper is the perfect graphic novel series if you just want to take some time to relax and seek comfort. This series is filled to the brim with youth, hope, joy, and love. It's genuinely one of the best pieces of fiction I've ever seen for lighthearted teenage queer representation. It may be a bit cheesy at times, but what else is being young for?"

03

SHOW: FRIENDS

Recommended by:
G11 Theta Seven Xu

"As much as this show is already extremely well-known, I'd still like to praise its humor and character relationships. This sitcom is an unending collection of fun and is one of the sweetest depictions of a found family. I would definitely recommend it to anybody who wants a funny but warm show to binge for the spring."

04

SONG: FIRST LOVE/LATE SPRING

Recommended by:
G10 Phi Avery Liu

"Released in 2014, First Love/Late Spring tells a story of love and delicacy. This song is best for indie and alternative listeners, but it's good for anyone who's a fan of touching, gentle songwriting and catchy guitar interludes. This is definitely a song for the spirit of the new season."

DID YOU KNOW?

05

WINTER JASMINE

Typically known as "Yingchun" in Chinese, the winter jasmine is the first flower to blossom after winter in China, and is known for its vibrant yellow color and good omens. It's a symbol for the beginning of spring and the time of rebirth. Though it looks slender and delicate, it can withstand freezing temperatures down to more than negative 20 Celsius degrees, as it can even bloom through thick layers of snow in late winter. We could all learn a thing or two from the winter jasmine and do our best to pull through the rougher patches of weather. Because as we can see, as it keeps growing and trying, eventually it peeks its head out of the ground. Spring is just around the corner with a warm welcome and a message of hope!