

WLIFE

WHISPER
OCT-DEC
2023





WLIFE

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Dear Readers,

Time flies. As the golden leaves of autumn give way to the crisp, white blanket of winter, we find ourselves at the threshold of yet another year's end. Going hand in hand with concentrated standardized test dates, college application seasons, and various academic competitions, this semester is indeed challenging yet fulfilling. Before the arrival of the most intense final week, we are excited to present to you the latest issue of this year- "Whisper".

The concept of a whisper, often soft and fleeting, holds a power unlike any other. It signifies the subtle, the profound, and the deeply personal. It serves as a window into the often-hidden but ever-present reservoirs of talent, the fleeting yet impactful moments, the untold stories, and the resounding voices that echo within our halls. As you all know, we welcomed a wave of fresh energy and enthusiasm from our new Grade 10 students at the beginning of this new academic year. So, this new edition provides an exclusive peek into the unique narratives of these new members who enrich our community with their experiences.

Within these pages, you will find captivating artwork revealing the beauties of our world, powerful speeches addressing today's pressing issues, and reports that record our school's diverse activities.

As you turn each page, we hope you find within them a source of inspiration, a moment of connection, and a gentle nudge to listen to the 'whispers' in your own life.

*Wishing You Inspiration,
Thea Zhang*

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WHISPER
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WLSA SHANGHAI ACADEMY
JOURNAL

Literature Workshop

*"The man who does not read good books has no
advantage over the man who cannot read them."*

--- Mark Twain

《静海史诗》

Steven Chen G12 Delta

草原的孩子
回到草原

铁骑走过
幅员辽阔

上帝的长鞭
击碎
帝国

留下后裔
在这里
繁衍

后代
却忘却了 忘却了
长生天

弯刀
割开大地

黄金
喷涌而出
文明就此发迹

在不儿罕山
圣鹰
用羽毛
做成王冠

寂静的蒙古包
在黑夜

生起篝火
在白天

而那里
母亲已等待百年

远走的勇士
你可听见
马头琴低语绵延

可看见
战马踏平山峦
天地赤红
残阳撕裂

长生天啊 长生天
在山巅

长烟
风火
雷电



铁马冰河入梦来：稼轩词的品性和境界

——读《辛弃疾词传》有感

Emma 任祐嘉 G11 Kappa

曾经金戈铁马，少年壮志凌云；无奈醉里挑灯，终成词里将军。——题记

一腔报国的热血无处挥洒，积郁的情愫终化成了词章，传唱千年，动人心魄。

樽俎风流有几人：师承与家世

少师南宋名儒宋史馆编修刘瞻、户部尚书蔡伯坚，师承有自，得传绝学。年事已高的祖父辛赞，心念国仇家恨，将满腔的爱国热情投入在辛弃疾身上，“每退食，辄引臣辈登高望远，指画山河，思投衅而起，以纾君父所不共戴天之愤。”

都说最无忧的时光，是少年时。然而对于辛弃疾来说，却并非如此。他是被使命召唤的那个人，注定不一般。

儒家的事功追求，家族的殷殷期盼，出生便被寄予厚望，虽然感受不到“北宋旧臣”这顶帽子多么沉重，但当祖父充满期许的眼神落在自己身上时，哪怕是荆棘遍布，还是万班丈深渊，他都得走下去，不能停，也不愿停。

从小一次次阅读他所著的词，他的报国热血，爱国情怀曾让我深深震动。现在想来，他当初走上这条路，或为继往圣绝学，或为还复山河，总之，天降大任，责无旁贷。何况天赋异禀，文武双全，堪称文可提笔安天下，武能上马定乾坤。

无言谁会凭栏意：豪情与怅恨

“了却君王天下事，赢得生前身后名。可怜白发生！”（《破阵子·为陈同甫赋壮词以寄之》）。辛弃疾二十一岁戎马抗金，一生以抗金御敌志业，词作直抒建功立业的心迹。

然有心报国的豪情，却落得无力回天的怅恨，小人排挤，君王冷遇，只剩下白发老人无尽的慨叹。其中“佛狸祠下，一片神鸦社鼓”写北方已非宋朝国土的感慨，最为沉痛。

归隐不甘，出仕不能。或许如曹操一般“老骥伏枥，志在千里。烈士暮年，壮心不已”，心中仍然有报国情怀。或只是放心不下国家。

一生恋慕战场，尽管从未被真正重用。南渡以后一度降职赋闲江西，与鸿鹄之志相去甚远。却也还一次次上书论证收复中原之大计，对时局的关切，对功名的渴望，一点点浸润到词中。

“渡江天马南来，几人真是经纶手”，“算平戎万里，功名本是”等等。

可叹，命运恶作剧般地调换了辛弃疾的人生底牌——希冀铁马冰河，枕戈待旦，血染黄沙，马革裹尸，埋骨青山，北伐中原的将领，成了名冠两宋的词人。造化弄人，生前见不到“立功”，身后却又得以“立言”。

不过，“古来贤者，进亦乐，退亦乐。”辛弃疾一直在路上，追求而不妄求。命运给予他暖意滋生的春意也好，馈赠他寒彻蚀骨的严冬也罢，他都全盘接受。

壮志难酬的悲壮包裹着永不放弃的坚强。“我最怜君中宵舞，道男儿到死心如铁。看试手，补天裂”的豪情。又如“想当年，金戈铁马，气吞万里如虎”的壮志。正如罗曼罗兰所言，“世界上只有一种英雄主义，就是在认清了生活的真相之后依然热爱生活。”

十年瓢泉一场梦：南渡与北归

时来天地皆同力，运去英雄不自由。一首《永遇乐 京口北固亭怀古》，无疑是辛弃疾从心底发出的呐喊声，更是辛弃疾传奇一生的真实写照。

此时南宋与京朝以淮河为界，各自为政。稼轩（辛弃疾）立于长江之滨的北固楼上，翘首遥望中原之地，不免有风景不殊，江山易主之感。他致力于将国家的碎片重新粘合一体，无奈弄得双手尽是鲜血，也未能遂愿。

所谓站得高，看得远，每一次登高望远都有新的情愫在胸口灼烧，即便是登临同一座山，因了心境不同，也会衍生不同的情感。前一次登上北固亭时，辛弃疾心中的烛火还未熄灭，梦想依旧可期。而今再次登临，韩侂胄独揽朝政、轻敌冒进的现状好似一阵强劲的西风，将燃起的烛火，瞬间吹灭。

面对眼前这千古如斯、万年不变的江山，辛弃疾心潮澎湃，不禁想起了曾经在这片热土中建立功业的两位英雄人物。其一为孙仲谋，即三国时期吴国帝王孙权，他是以江东区区之地，不仅抵御了北方的曹魏，更凭一腔豪情，最终形成三国鼎立之势。其二为南朝宋武帝。“寄奴”为宋武帝刘裕小字，他曾于势单力薄的情况下，不断壮大队伍，并以京口为基地，集兵讨伐桓玄，最终平定叛乱，取代了东晋政权。

但纵然“想当年、金戈铁马，气吞万里如虎”又如何，不过是斗转星移，沧桑屡变舞，歌台舞榭，遗迹泯灭罢了。在风雨的洗礼中，一切都杳然无闻，从来不存在的永恒。虽说如此，流星究竟还是点亮过天空，孙权与刘裕写下浓墨重彩的一笔，也曾给时代添了一抹亮色。存在过，即是一种成就，总也好过南宋统治者的苟且偷安与怯懦。

壮岁旌旗拥万夫：烽火与萧散

峰回路转，辛弃疾又将笔锋转向更深处。最是难忘少年事，虽然那沸腾的战斗岁月，在时光的隧道中愈来愈模糊，但辛弃疾总是用的丰腴的想象以及恢宏的笔触，为这渐渐暗下去的时光上色。

“记少年骏马走韩卢，掀东郭”（《满江红》）、“壮岁旌旗拥万夫，锦簷突骑渡江初”（《鹧鸪天·有客慨然谈功名，因追念少年时事，戏作》）等等。

四十三年之前，他聚众起义，节节突破敌军防线，而后率众南归，似雄鹰找到了翱翔的天空。再加上彼时宋孝宗刚刚即位，不似宋高宗怯懦羸弱，颇有恢复之势，形势一片大好。无奈符离之战好似鹅卵石被投入了平静池塘，又像艳阳天里雷公突然打个喷嚏，北伐事业再次受阻。遥想青葱岁月的硝烟战火，不禁感慨：奔腾年代已逝，唯余功业成空的不惑。

辛弃疾的鸿鹄之愿就如此搁浅下来，这一搁浅，便是四十多年。曾经烽火弥漫的扬州一带，如今是一片安静祥和的景象。神鸦明噪、社鼓喧闹，全然没有抗敌富国的气氛，这又怎能不让他悲愤。

辛弃疾只得发出“凭谁问：廉颇老矣，尚能饭否”的感慨。这声喟叹，大有老当益壮、不坠青云之志的豪爽，恰似当年“一饭斗米，肉十斤，披甲上马”的廉颇。但一个人的力量，怎能撬起整个时代？扭转乾坤的心志，又何能没有国家的支撑？孤独的事业，总是这般举步维艰。

岂有豪情似旧时：外儒与内道

他的豪情壮志让我想起了并称于文学史的“苏辛”二人中的另一个人——苏轼。

他们都是外儒内道文豪，外王内圣的宏儒，也曾都怀有报国志向从“会挽雕弓如满月，西北望，射天狼。”到“了却君王天下事，赢得生前身后名，可怜白发生！”同样的豪情“竹杖芒鞋轻胜马，谁怕？一蓑烟雨任平生。”

林语堂曾说：“人的生活也就是心灵的生活，这种力量形成人的事业人品，与生而俱来，由生活中之遭遇而显示其形态。”苏轼和辛弃疾天赋情才、灵心善感，艺术修养全面而深厚，皆是至情至性之人，两人都怀着建功立业的抱负积极入世。不同的是，苏轼天性忠爱，自如畅达，他的个性，使他能够洒脱地看待人生中的挫折，其所写之词，更多地偏向哲学层面的人生思考，给人以行云流水的飘逸之感。而辛弃疾则天性雄放，豪情万丈，他的性格注定了他在北伐这条路上走得坎坷悲壮，其所著之词更多地表现出对人生与社会责任的担当，只能说，他的苦痛不在于报国无门，而在于英雄末路。

或许在晚年时，苏轼可以与自我和解，变得乐观。而辛弃疾还是沉郁苍凉，雄浑辽阔。

我曾经一度很想现实中与他会会，冷静下来想想却相对无言。本想劝他不必这么累，为自己活一次，却发现或许保家卫国才是他人生目标。本想让他不必上战场，靠他的才华依然能衣食无忧，却发现战场才是他，才是他的词真正的归属。

老兵不死，只会凋零

金戈铁马，山河入梦，依旧是海中那轮月亮，打捞了一生，也没能揽入怀中。肉身终究只是过客，匆匆而来，又匆匆而去，唯留功名辞章传世千古。

幸而，这从未被打捞起的月亮，慢慢将琥珀色的光一寸寸渗到海底，他的慷慨悲凉恰恰成全了他的不朽华彩诗词。后人应该庆幸辛弃疾留下了这样一部融合血与泪、交织悲情与豪放、汇集铁血与柔情的词卷，让我们喟叹、激动、惊奇，也让我们感慨、流泪、惋惜。

千古文人侠客梦，肯将碧血写丹青。他的一生，是一个人对抗整个时局传奇的一生，人世间的伟大，大概就是他不计天命，但尽人事的豪迈。

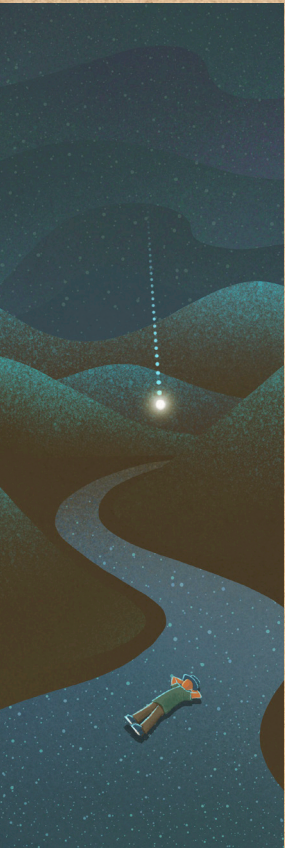
借用尼采的一句话来作为结束，太阳虽然已经下山，但天空依然会因他而绚烂。

斯人将远，余音绕梁。

A talk between the last dinosaur and first man-to-be

G10

Gamma Joshua Ma



It was the last night of the Cretaceous Period, the dawn of the Paleogene Period.

We were hanging out among the spiculose trees along the brook--paradise, and this paradise was called Earth.

Suddenly, a burning giant stone(meteorite), with a tremendous crash hit the woods. Earth quacked just like a boat swinging in roaring waves. A flash with a deafening storm with thousands of burning dragons ran fast across the woods, the grassland, mountains, and riversides, turning the Earth into a tart dark world in a minute. Sun disappeared, never mentioning the moon or stars, and water with mud and ashes fell endlessly from

above. Dust and ashes floated and piled on mountains, plains, grassland, and woods, just like snow quilts but they were gray, but white. Paradise lost, heil arrived.

Where is mom? She ran to me and grabbed me into her arms before a fire dragon swallowed me.

I couldn't remember exactly what happened the next days, it might be 365 days or more. Always darkness, endless rainfall, chilling coldness, and nothing to comfort my twisting stomach. Mom patted my face and said, "Dino, it's ok. Let's move to another planet with warmth, food, and shelter. It is time for us dinosaurs to check out from the Earth paradise and a new tenant will come soon. I will go first to set up and do join me soon."

Mom was true. Millions of dinosaurs died, as well as other reptiles, ferns, and amphibious animals. I guess, one of the reasons that we were expelled from the Earth paradise was, we didn't look after the Earth well. We took advantage of the Earth, but we never cared about it.

Pitch darkness, with nothing alive. Goodbye Earth. As the last dinosaur, I had to confess as a tenant. Mom was waiting and I needed to sleep now.

Wait, was there something moving? I was fatigued, dazzled but shocked. Well, finally, curiosity won. Took a deep breath, raised my heavy head, and looked around. Yes, a small fluffy creature was creeping to me swiftly across the mud. Two shiny, bright little beans, eyes?

Four sharp, thin paws, and legs? A thin but long thing wriggling behind, a tail? What a weird thing, but after all, a creature? The new tenant?!

“Hi, Dino! How are you!” the little creature talked to me. “Hi.... fluffy.... are you...the new... tenant?”

“Yes! Dino. Someone, maybe the Creator, yesterday, asked me to find you and take over the tenancy, of Earth paradise. I guess that is you? Are you all, right? You seem tired.”

“Yes, I must rest. But glad to see you. Mom is right, we need to check out and you are coming....”

I was so asleep with my head lying down finally. The little fluffy held me with a warm kiss on my cooling forehead, so good to have him with me.

In the dream, Mom told me, that paradise requires hard work to arrive. Little fluffy, there was a long journey awaiting ahead. He would need to run through 6.5 billion years, go through transformations from a rat to a fish, then from a fish to a mammal, and then finally he had to stand up from creeping by raising his head proudly. Mom said, in this posture only, can he talk to the Creator face to face equally? Ultimately, 3.7 million years ago, when the first crescent grew into a full moon, a real human would be ready, who would be the next tenant to the Earth's paradise for billions of years, or maybe forever.

“Human, or fluffy rat buddy, it’s your turn now. Please look after the Earth well. Creatures come and go, but earth is always their paradise.”

“I hear you, Dino! We humans will miss you, and you will be in our hearts forever, in our books, movies, and museums... most of all, we will heal and love Earth- the paradise.”



Ebbs and Flow

James Cai G12 Sigma

3.

But eternity is a lie.

A two-meter-long computer cable seemed to be too long, too sturdy, and too durable. In a hotel expropriated as quarantine site in Zhejiang, it was tied to an old, obsolete water pipe in the ceiling. A pair of dangling feet, Architect learned the secret to float on an gloomy afternoon.

It was a equally gloomy afternoon at my age 16, a sky covered by clouds, casting a pale soft light down on my last time returning to Qingwandi.

Over the familiar hill, the black hearse drove into the newly repaired tarmac road. Stone blocks were standing up on the right side of the road preventing travelers from slipping off the cliff on rainy days - under the dim grey sky, like a tombstone after another.

Mountain valleys are filled with weird machines of all shapes and sizes, chopping down trees and treading down mountains, mining the flesh and muscle of the continent. Thunder, intertwined and blasted in a loud clash, explosion of the natural silence of this centuries-old ruin.

People have different reasons why he committed suicide.

Some say he put most of his assets into the new rural construction in Zhejiang, with guarantees on behalf of others, and went into millions of debt following the failure of the project.

At the funeral, flames engulfed the body of Architect, still in his prime, dressed in a decent black suit, much like the first time I saw him. He was put into a 20 cm by 20 cm black box to be sent to the uncompleted cemetery in Qingwandi, of his own design. It was constructed on a mountain filled with built and unbuilt graves; all these years have passed and Qingwandi is still a necropolis.

How ironic it is that people cast these tombs with cement that would not wear out for tens of millions of years, desiring that what

they have erected would remain for thousands of generations. In reality, the deceased die completely the moment they breathe their last. The key to the Qingming ceremony is not what is erected, but the action of erecting, which is a prolonged process of constantly enquiring history, constantly exchanging with memories.

Architect thought that graves built of cement would allow those who passed away to attain eternity, but after losing the need to be cleaned, these graves will end up only in oblivion.

My father, sitting somewhere in the silence of the crowd, told me that before Architect went into debt, the central government reversed the policy direction and sent a group of entrepreneurs to jail, with those who escaped feeling to other regions.

Red on his Ashen-faced, white strands of hair covered the sideburns of the old man, "There has never been a true rule of law... All the rules of business are changed by the preferences of those in power. Like this, a slight change in policy direction can determine a private investor's fate, whether he lives or dies. We are obviously the ones who hold up the economy of this continent, a bunch of robbers!"

He staggered to his feet, only then I realized he was drunk.

He murmured, the final catastrophe that overwhelmed Architect was being locked up in an epidemic quarantine hotel on the day Architect's mother, also my father's mother, died of illness, not able to even attend her funeral.

4.

Standing at the entrance of the cemetery, I felt a sudden pain in my chest, from my throat to my navel, a sense of nausea.

The sky is getting slightly dimmer, from the entrance of the cemetery, the middle of the mountain road looking upwards, a thin mist begins to press down - thin, but majestic, with the momentum of tumbling water flooding down the hill.

An impulse struck me, and I ran uncontrollably down the valley, stumbling and scrambling. After three or four turns of the mountain road, trees in the distant valley gradually replaced with artificial structures, first with many unfinished single huts sparsely, then with clusters of abandoned flats occupying the entire landscape, from short to tall, intricate, and tangled, like a maze built of ferroconcrete.

The fog was approaching this city of necropolis. Rapid intake of breath from the aerobic exercise sent a wave of hallucinations overtaking me.

My soul standing at the mountain pass looking back, foggy forest, where millions of buildings rise flat. Everything brand new, ascending and disillusioned in front of my eyes. After the landscape and rivers recede into the fog, left with my disoriented tomorrow.

Take the flesh as staircases divine; the body, class's hedge intertwines. In the valley, strangeness and hostility entwine. Thousands of mountains into cement designs

...

When I regained consciousness, it was already completely dark, and I had already reached the end of this path. It was the beach where I first met Architect. In those hours when the sun vanished, the East Sea was boiling silently, and the stars poured into the bay above me like a tidal wave.

In the middle of the night, I lay on a boulder of beach listening to the soft rustling of the waves through the gravel, something that could only be heard in the dead of night.

New languages, old languages, and the sound of the waves are immortal songs sung at the beginning of the world's formation, an

eternal length of time. Now, the world under the stars had already become an electronic wasteland - millions and billions of mud-defiled people in the swamp of digital info.

Closing my eyes, I imagined that the East China Sea's waves silently roamed over the boulders beneath me, over my feet, over my breath-holding throat, and over my tightly closed eyes. The sea roamed over buildings small or large in the area behind me, over every scaffold, excavator, and crane, over the mist-filled forest, over every asleep elder in the cemetery, and over the tender faces of children in snores. The sea roams over the tallest chimney in the county, over all the ships of this strait, over the highest mountaintops in Qingwandi, over every coastal city, over the Taipei Basin, over the Hua-pei P'ing-yuan, over this whole continent. In my dream, the East China Sea quietly returns to the land it once dominated, the bottom of the sea where the primitive cells began their first cellular breathing in salt water.

Qingwandi of this moment, this hillside adjacent to the sea, is a tombstone in the deep ocean. The arch-shaped outer contour is delineated by the newly built tarmac road, and section after section of the mountain steps are staggered with high and low houses and forests.

I gazed at it as if I watched the tiny "heavens" that once had been washed away by the ocean on this beach. Under the ebbs and flows of the waves, it wears away, disintegrates, and wafts in the direction of the ocean currents to its true eternity.

无归 3.13

漆黑的夜包裹隐匿着的星，
路灯也疲倦于公路的蔓延冗长；

不时路过的建筑被暖光簇拥夹杂着无比陌生的气息，
恍若身处异世；

古老的旋律从音响淌出，
是得以暂令思绪远漂的载体；

茫茫天地，车外鬼斧神工，车内安逸寂寥。
横在我与归所间的，不只是那永无定所的心。

主题：旅途体验

意识流

思考往往需要外力激发，刻意追寻思想的深度在许多人眼中却已落得下乘，有感而发即是最好也不能完全苟同。任由思想信马由缰有时电光火石间衍生的思绪无暇记录亦无法寻得同道中人探讨，虚虚实实，午夜梦回或许能零星记起支离破碎的几处。若强逼自身做某方面的深思有时一路畅通无阻又有时是泉过狭隙为凌乱砾石所阻。论产生思绪的方式无关偶然或刻意，也无关最终是否留下痕迹供旁人观摩抑或置评，不断斟酌细思及对事物本质的探寻过程都有其价值，其意不在于对旁人的影响而在于自我对身周认知的成熟。

主题：思考的本质

Art Gallery

"I dream of painting and then I paint my dream."

--- Vincent Van Gogh

Art Pieces



1| The Call of Nature

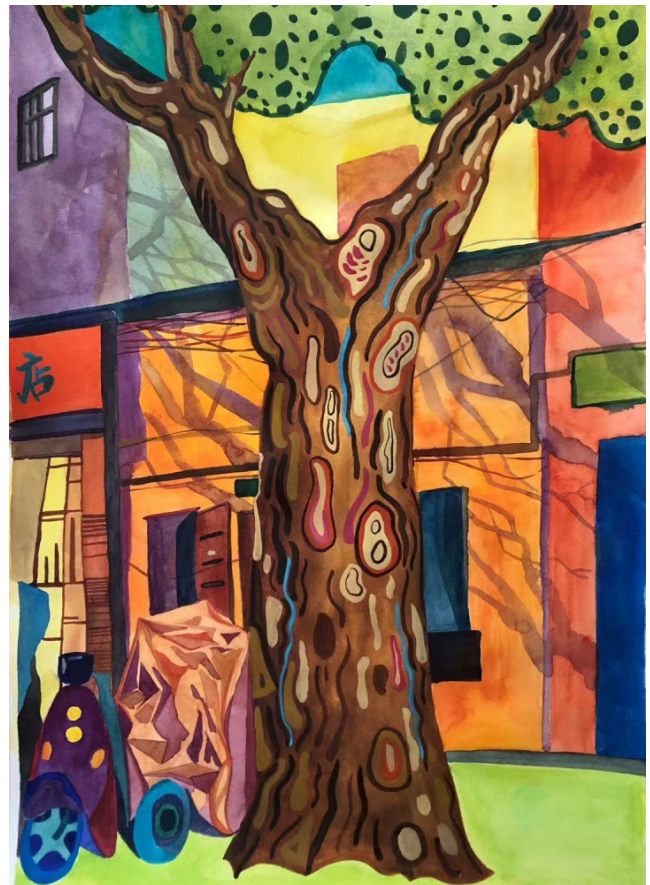
By Sophia Xu G12 Eta

In the painting, I depicted the thriving lilies in particular. Nature's flourishing elements have always provided me with strength and inspiration. At the beginning of the application season, I cultivated a patch of lilies near my window and watched them thrive. This gave me a direct connection to the ideas of romanticism and the beauty of nature. At the same time, their growth gave me hope and strength, motivating me to pursue my goals. Observing the vibrant lilies, listening to the whisper of nature provided encouragement on my own path, reminding me of nature's ability to blossom despite challenges or changes in the environment. Their perseverance was a source of empowerment.

2| Magica

By Melvin Zheng G12 Gamma

The inspiration of nature and moments of stillness have long provoked my imagination. Sitting on the edge of a quiet street in Shanghai, I encountered a precious silence. Listening to the chirps of birds and the occasional passing of cars, I realized I had entered a completely different mindset. My imagination took over from rational thought. In the hustle of the application season, I had finally captured a moment to feel the sensory delights around me—the aroma of falling leaves, the peacefulness of solitude. It flattened my overactive mind and allowed me to realize anew the beauty all around, a reminder of nature's ability to soothe and inspire. These quiet interludes replenish my soul and provide the inspiration to thrive, as well as the motivation to pursue my goals with renewed vigor. The whisper from the simple moments of happiness helps me find balance and perspective during busy times.





《青羽》

Finnie Chen G11 Delta

《青羽》是一副花鸟工笔作品，其核心是一只鸽子。鸽子的尾部和头部的羽毛巧妙地采用花青进行层层叠加，同时运用工笔细腻的线条勾勒出羽毛的纹理，赋予鸽子的羽翼柔和而生动的栩栩如生的质感。鸽子的眼睛采用太白、花青和与喙相呼应的朱砂，清澈而明亮，传递着一种宁静而深邃的神情。画面周围点缀着娇艳的粉色桃花，这些桃花通过正面曙红的层层晕染和背面太白的平铺相辅相成，呈现出绚烂的色彩。枝干的描绘运用了没骨的画法，使得画面更显逼真。桃花簇拥在鸽子的周围，与鸽子形成一种和谐的色彩搭配。桃花的花瓣轻柔地飘落，萦绕在鸽子身边，为整个画面增添了一份浪漫和生机。



Forgetting

Hans Xu G12 Eta

01 | The Stage

A dark room
darker than my closet,
darker than a cloudless night,
a dark that was so dark,
I saw eyes in that darkness
eyes that watched my every move
eyes that watched the universe from above

I could not escape these eyes
I could only move forward
a hero with a quest to complete
I could only move forward
and forward I marched
forward the hero marched
towards the light among dark
towards the oasis within dry
forward he marched
until he found nothing
no water, no warmth, no relief
only darkness
facing the darkness he bowed
deeper than any before
deeper than the ocean he conquered
deeper than the canyons he crossed
he bowed
not out of fear
but reverence for the darkness
before taking up his weapon
the hero charged
not fighting the darkness
but creating for the darkness
from the tips of his finger a world was birthed
from the tips of his finger a story was woven
a calm lake, a roaring river, crashing ocean waves
a story of sound was created
like the wind it came
like the wind it went
the world snapped back to his finger tips
silence, silence, silence,
silence before the hero collapsed
silence before it all fades to black
closing my journal, I stand
recalling, before I too, fade to black



02 | My First Step Outside the World

A lion of the jungle
a small ant of the city
his first step outside the world
his first step into the world
a blurry, foggy city
a sight never seen before
unfamiliar landscapes of the night
unfamiliar sounds of the city
he could not remember exactly
with his colony of ants
they moved through the city
until they reached their resting place
a place never seen before
different than any other before
new living conditions, new habits
tatami, futon, onsen

a new way of living
new foods they have never tried
natto, shellfish, okonomiyaki
a new experience to be remembered
but he is starting to forget
like the fragmenting of a puzzle
of the days he spent
and the things he saw
of the moments in the water
and the moments out
of the training and the competing
of the moments of triumph and loss
he is beginning to forget
as he desperately tries to cling
cling to those shattered fragments
that were once whole piece



03 | *Pants*

Monday?
Tuesday?
Wednesday?
Thursday?
Friday?

I wonder what day it was

Sunny?
Cloudy?
Raining?

I wonder what the weather was like

It was a cold classroom

But was it English?

Math?

History?

Or Science?

It was a boring class anyway

Or was it truly?

Sounds of birds outside I think

Sounds of construction outside I think

Sounds of classmates speaking I think

Sounds of the teacher teaching I think

Sounds of the past I think,

no for sure

...

..

.

A blurry past, a hazy memory,
But there was something interesting I think

Was it my pants?

My classmates pants?

Or the teachers pants?

Someone's pants was pink I think.

I think I am thinking too much

Perhaps nothing was interesting

Maybe it's just me

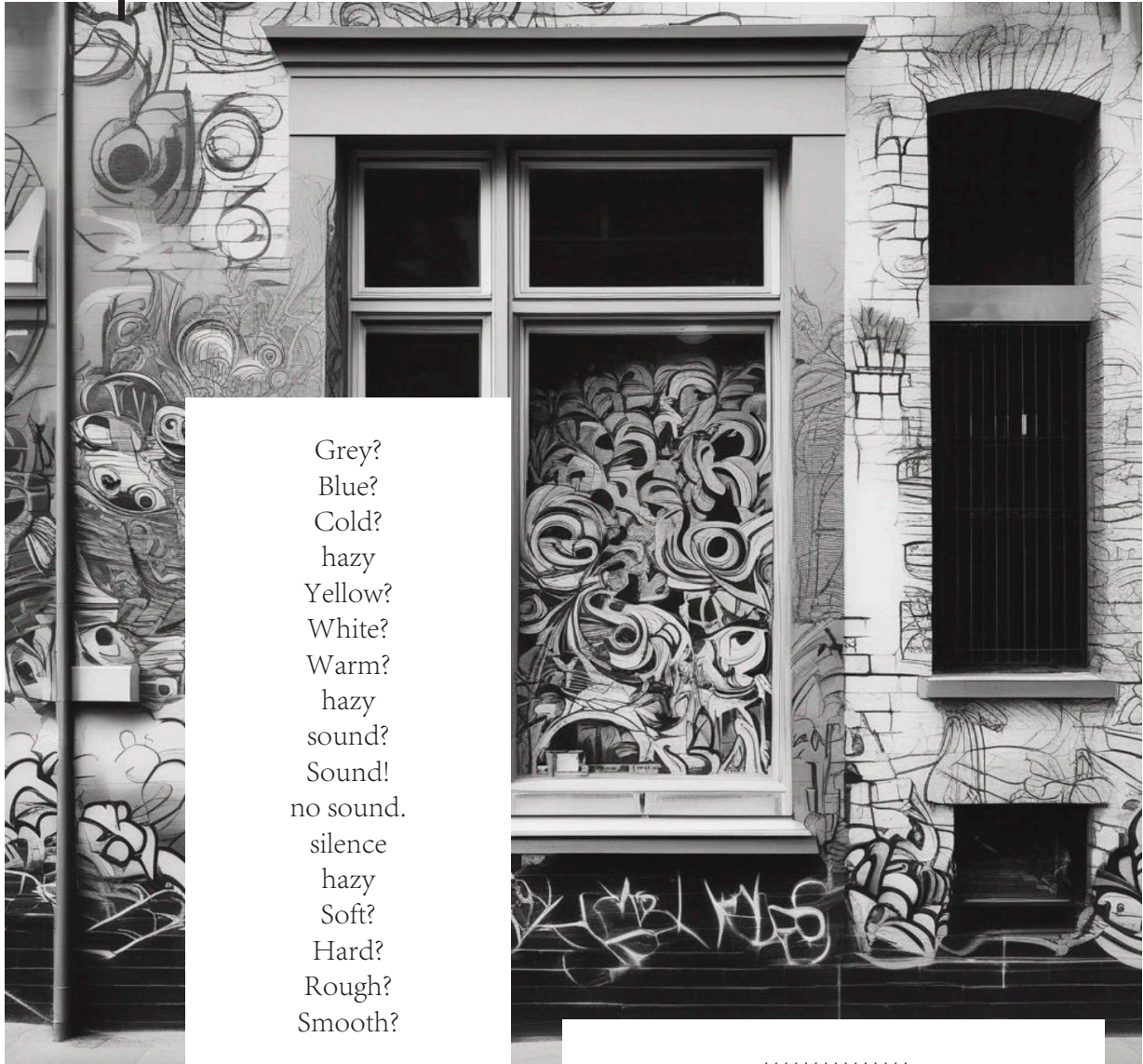
Clinging on to a past that has gone

Maybe its time to move on

I think



04 | WHAT WAS IT



Grey?
Blue?
Cold?
hazy
Yellow?
White?
Warm?
hazy
sound?
Sound!
no sound.
silence
hazy
Soft?
Hard?
Rough?
Smooth?

////////////////

Why are you peeking?
Why are you watching?
Why are you reading?
What was it?
Do you remember?
Can you tell me what it was?

Artists Statement

As we grow older, we slowly begin to forget things, whether it be moments from our life or just memory degrading with age. Most would say that it is a normal thing, as many would consider memory loss to begin occurring around the ages of 40 and up. But for someone of my age it becomes concerning as I am still at an age where the human brain should be still growing and developing, not degrading. Through this collection of poems I try to illustrate the process that I have witness occur in my memory.

The first poem is about my first time on stage, which I have a vivid remembrance of what happened as it is one of the events that I have written down in my journal in great detail. It was one of the events that define who I am today which is what made it so memorable. Thus, it is subsequently the longest piece of this collection, containing a variety of language to describe that moment that is being reflected in the poem. The moment that is being portrayed is my first piano competition where I had to perform in front of a mass of judges as well as an audience. Through the poem, that feeling of performing in front of those judges is illustrated by the darkness that watches me, and as I perform, I become the hero in the spotlight amidst the darkness. Performing music is like telling a story which is why a story is birthed from my fingertips and flows like the waves of an ocean of sound. But before I forget this moment, I record it into my journal because it was a first experience for me, thus “before I fade to black” .

The second poem was a remembrance of my first time in Tokyo with my swim team when we went there for a nationwide swim competition. We went there when I was 8 years old and I can only remember fragments of what occurred on that first trip. From the small island where I was the lion because of being so familiar with everything that the entire island was like my home, thus lion of the jungle, but when I got to Tokyo it immediately shifts to an ant of the city to portray how miniscule I felt in the grandeur of the city. The poem highlights the fragments that I remember such as the food and the new living conditions. But due to my memory, I am beginning to forget other moments of trip like the poem illustrates, such as the specific moments of training, competing, triumph, and loss. Although these moments were crucial in my mind today, they have begun to fade as I desperately try to remember those moments and which is why the poem is shorter than the first which was full of detail and in length.

Poem three digs much deeper into the notion of forgetting. It is riddled with questions of a specific event and its intricacies but a basic understanding can be formed from the questions asked. It was me trying remember what happened on that day in school but from the ending it is illustrated that my memory could be faltering and that I was creating false situations in my mind to fill in the gaps.

The last poem is a representation of the things I have forgotten, it just a mass of questioning the sensations of the things I have forgotten. Nothing takes form, and nothing is created, although something may have existed. It ends with a breaking of the fourth wall, asking the reader if they know what it was that I have forgotten as I myself have nothing to draw from.

This collection of poems, explores the notion of forgetting things and the form it takes on inside my mind. It explores how certain memories are still vivid in my mind while others have devolved into just a mere existence without any meaning, without any form. My memory and past experiences define who I am and as I lose my memory I hope it will not eat away at my existence as a person.

Hans Xu G12 Eta

Journal

"I still believe that if your aim is to change the world, journalism is a more immediate short-term weapon."

--- Tom Stoppard

Bridge

Maya Xu G10 Kappa

Have you ever heard about a kind of sport called Bridge? In China, the prevailing card game in the public eye is often Doudizhu from Benwei Lu. Same, they are both card games. While both are card games, Bridge cards set themselves apart with intricate strategies that go beyond the straightforward opening bids of 1, 2, or 3 points.

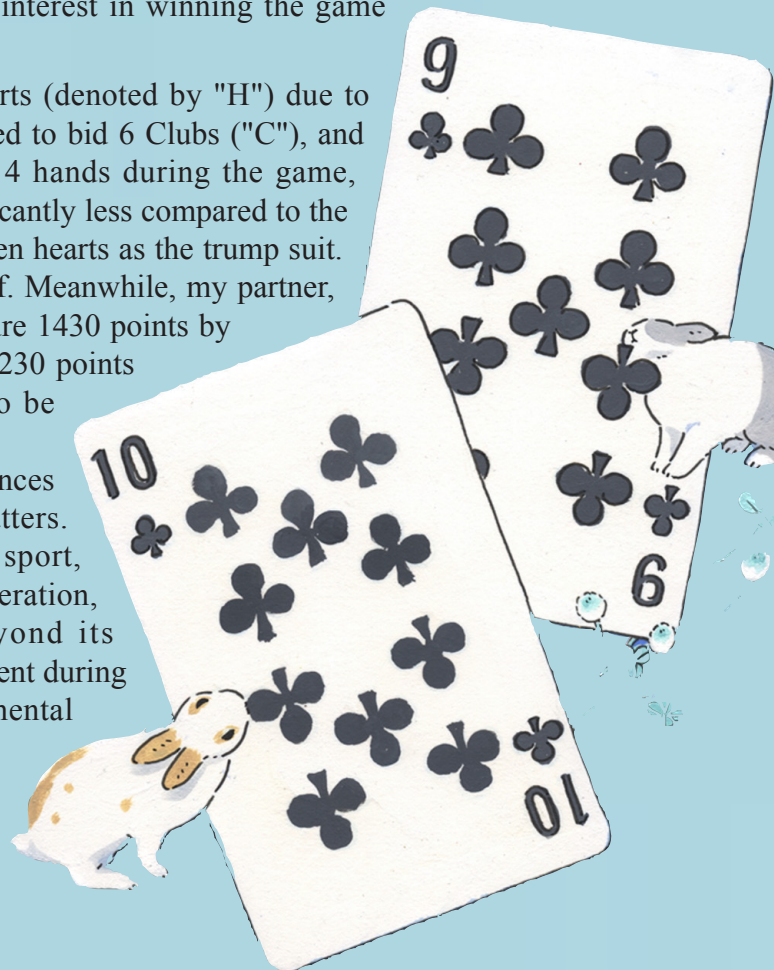
The game unfolds in two distinct sections, but they are slightly different. In bridge cards for section 1, it's crucial to communicate the makeup of your cards to your partner. This is a great time for you and your partner to determine the optimal contract. Then comes the second section—executing the card plays. Here, the challenge lies in outplaying your opponents and securing enough winning tricks to fulfill your contract.

These two sections offer lots of ways to use strategies. Personally, I find the concept of "sacrificing" intriguing. It's similar to its literal meaning: snatching the contract from opponents showing potential to fulfill a game contract or grand slam and amass points. However, a cautious approach is the key. Pursuing contracts recklessly may result in greater point losses than the gains from a grand slam. Risks are inherent, but the successful execution of a sacrifice can yield substantial points.

During a game of Bridge, I found myself holding 9 clubs out of the 13 in the deck. Clubs are one of the four suits in Bridge, represented by the ♣ symbol. Among these clubs, I possessed the two highest cards, the ♣ A and ♣ K. By my calculations, I anticipated having a maximum of 5 losing hands. The opponents showed strong interest in winning the game decisively.

Eventually, they settled for bidding 5 Hearts (denoted by "H") due to a shortage of cards in the Hearts suit (♥). I decided to bid 6 Clubs ("C"), and they doubled their bid. Surprisingly, I only lost 4 hands during the game, resulting in a mere 200 points loss. This was significantly less compared to the potential 710 points loss if the opponents had chosen hearts as the trump suit. So, despite the risk, my decision seemed to pay off. Meanwhile, my partner, who was in the opposite position, managed to secure 1430 points by bidding 6 Hearts (6H), resulting in a net gain of 1230 points for our team. This significant gain turned out to be crucial for our overall success in the competition.

The strategic decisions showcased the nuances of Bridge, a game where every bid and play matters. While it is not widely recognized as a popular sport, Bridge an incredible avenue for developing cooperation, communication, and strategic thinking. Beyond its competitive nature, it serves as a source of amusement during leisure time, highlighting its unique blend of mental challenge and entertainment.



Changes must Initiate from in the Mindset

Nancy Wang G11 Eta

Impoverished children are trash! They deserve to be separated from their parents, they deserve to suffer from family burdens, they deserve to stay in the cycle of "tending sheep, and getting married, and being poor." Why? Because they are poor. This thought is present, it's not from me, not from you I believe, not from the government, but from themselves. The children, they believe.

In July, I went to Sichuan Liangshan, and this is what I saw. In Xichang, there is a Grand Canyon that divides the "underdeveloped" and the "modern". Walking into the valley, the roads gradually cracked and the buildings gradually hunched down. There lived a young boy dropping out of school due to stomach perforation. There lived a group of young children with bright eager eyes. There lived hundreds of innocent souls, marching into the diverse but convergent lives of poverty. Why? Is poverty the original sin?

Over the past 40 years, 800 million people in China were lifted out of poverty. Still, millions of children suffer. Thousands of teachers, reached out to support education. Still, millions of children suffer. Social elites devoted countless capital to help. Still, millions of children suffer. That young boy who dropped out of school due to stomach perforation was subsidized by the government. But when I introduced him to the charity summer camp, like bubbles popping in the air, I never saw him again. He quit. It was not because he had no opportunity. It was not because he had no money. It was he and his family. They quit.

Every child has a flame in their heart that lightens their path of quest. But words around them are dincing it bit by bit. The first dinch, they were told to carry the burdens of family and thus joined farming, the factories, and the construction. The second dinch, education is not a path with proportionate return. In 2023, over 80 thousand students attended Zhongkao in Liangshan, and only 20 thousand were admitted. The last dinch, dreams are not for them. We asked the kids in a survey: What is your dream? As a child, we might answer Ballerina! Astronaut! But them, 90% answered either teacher, doctor, or firefighter. "Why?" We asked. They replied.



"This is reality." As children, they replied, "This is reality."

However, some flames, refuse to quench. In August 2023, a boy Munaiyuere, from Liangshan entered Peking University through Gaokao. He dreamed, he strove, he succeeded. Why did their flames continue to burn? Reasons for dropping schools vary from case to case, but the reason for persisting is akin--they want to change their lives.

Children who gave up their opportunities, like the little boy who ceased to come to the summer camp, their passion for life-changing has degraded.

This comes not from poverty, but from external discouragements. If the children, themselves, don't stand up to believe, stand up to strive, stand up to fight, they will be trapped in this relentless cycle of poverty forever.

As we stand, again, at the crossroads between the "underdeveloped" and the "modern," we see, that life-change or not is only between believe or not believe. Impoverished children, their changes must initiate from their spirit: the chain is not in poverty but in the mindset.

Tony Liu
G10 Kappa

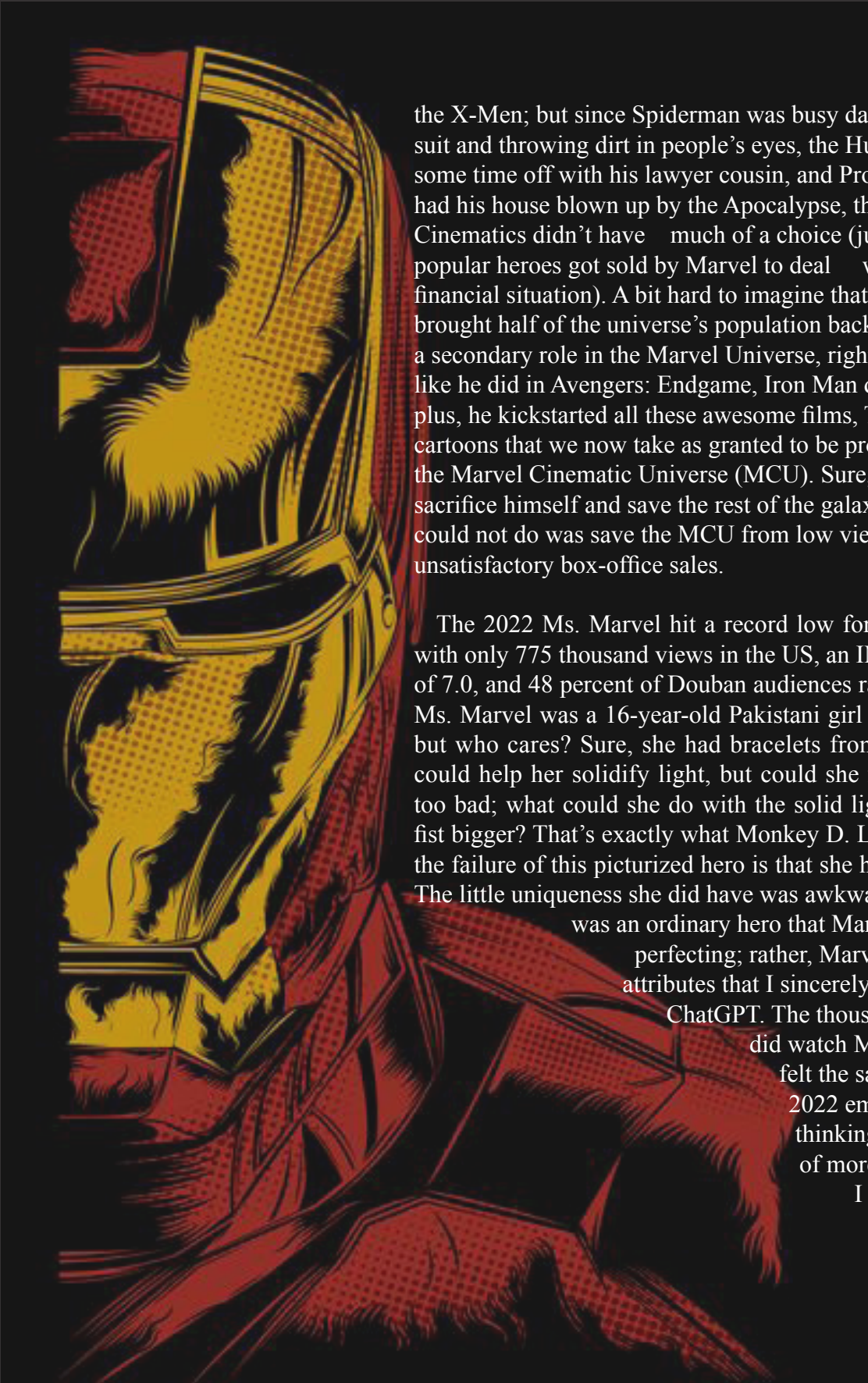
**“I am Iron Man”,
And “This is My Glorious Purpose!”
The Rise and Fall of Picturizing Comics**



The passage of time has not been easy on printed material. With all that worry and fast-paced life, hardly anybody cares about the news anymore, let alone read it. The comic industry suffered from similar trends: comic sales dropped 37% due to COVID, leaving only 2 percent of Americans reading comics every month; as a result of a declining comics industry in recent decades, 59 percent of Americans never even opened one in their entire lives. With people gradually accepting visual impact as their default information take-in medium, the comic industry adapted, and thus our favorite movie heroes are born. Tom Hiddleston as Loki, Chris Evans as Captain America, Ben Affleck as Batman, you name it; there have simply

been too many memorable figures the pictures. Some go down in history as heroes, no matter financially or plot-wise, like Iron Man, while some go down in the sewers as disasters, like Black Adam. How come there are polarized results for picturizing fan-favorite comic books? Let's take a look at the history of Marvel Cinematics, and figure out how a marginalized character can beat an absolute superstar to the dirt.

It's perhaps common knowledge that Marvel Cinematics started off in 2008 with Iron Man. What's not widely known by all, though, is that Iron Man was not exactly the center of attention, like he was in the Avenger movies, in the original comics. The absolute hits in Marvel Comics were Spiderman, the Hulk, and

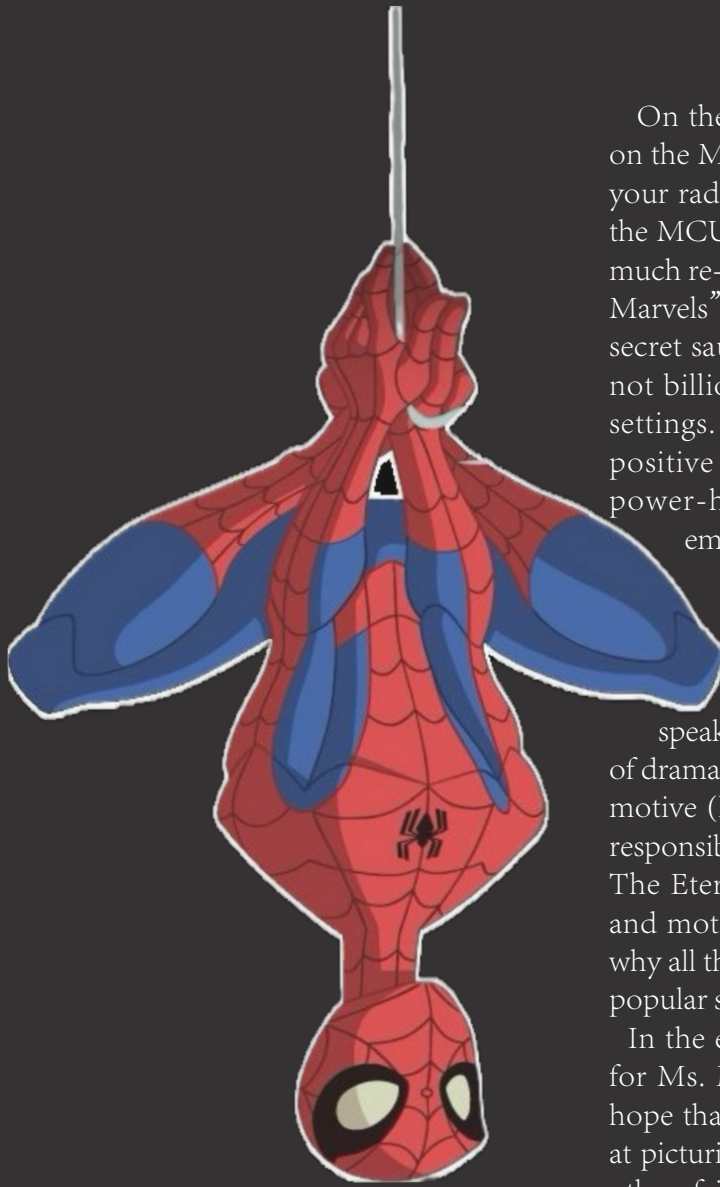


the X-Men; but since Spiderman was busy dancing in a black suit and throwing dirt in people's eyes, the Hulk was taking some time off with his lawyer cousin, and Professor Xavier had his house blown up by the Apocalypse, the baby Marvel Cinematics didn't have much of a choice (just kidding, these popular heroes got sold by Marvel to deal with the stressful financial situation). A bit hard to imagine that the superhero who brought half of the universe's population back from dust played a secondary role in the Marvel Universe, right? In any case, just like he did in *Avengers: Endgame*, Iron Man did save the day, plus, he kickstarted all these awesome films, TV shows and cartoons that we now take as granted to be prominent parts of the Marvel Cinematic Universe (MCU). Sure, Iron Man could sacrifice himself and save the rest of the galaxy, but what he could not do was save the MCU from low viewing rates and unsatisfactory box-office sales.

The 2022 *Ms. Marvel* hit a record low for Marvel TV series, with only 775 thousand views in the US, an IMDb average rating of 7.0, and 48 percent of Douban audiences rating it "bad". Sure, *Ms. Marvel* was a 16-year-old Pakistani girl who loved cartoon, but who cares? Sure, she had bracelets from her grandma that could help her solidify light, but could she fly? No? Oh, that's too bad; what could she do with the solid light then? Make her fist bigger? That's exactly what Monkey D. Luffy does! You see, the failure of this picturized hero is that she had little specialties. The little uniqueness she did have was awkward and forced. She was an ordinary hero that Marvel spent little time perfecting; rather, Marvel gave her random attributes that I sincerely suspect come from ChatGPT. The thousands of people who did watch *Ms. Marvel* probably felt the same as I did back in 2022 empty, perplexed, and thinking about the millions of more meaningful things I could have done in past 50 minutes.

IRON

MAN



On the other hand, if you have been following up closely on the MCU recently, Loki Season 2 definitely popped up on your radar. Dubbed “the greatest production in phase 4 of the MCU” , Loki Season 2 scored high on ratings and pretty much re-established fans’ confidence in Marvel (before “the Marvels” ruined it again but that’s a different story). Their secret sauce of success? Character. Not fancy special effects, not billion-dollar investments, not even politically correct settings. Character: the audience was able to experience a positive change in Loki as he grew from the ruthless and power-hungry god of deception to the responsible and embracing god of stories. He became the Yggdrasil, Tree of the Universe in Norse Mythology, allowing for the multi-verse to exist and essentially providing Marvel Cinematics the option of re-booting the MCU and re-introducing familiar characters. Theatrically speaking, the audience is able to observe all three elements of drama roles on Loki: purpose (introducing the multi-verse), motive (his respect for individual choice) and character (his responsibility, universal love, and most importantly, change). The Eternals lacked character, Ms. Marvel lacked purpose and motive, and Black Adam of DC lacked all three; that is why all three of these productions failed to achieve financial or popular success.

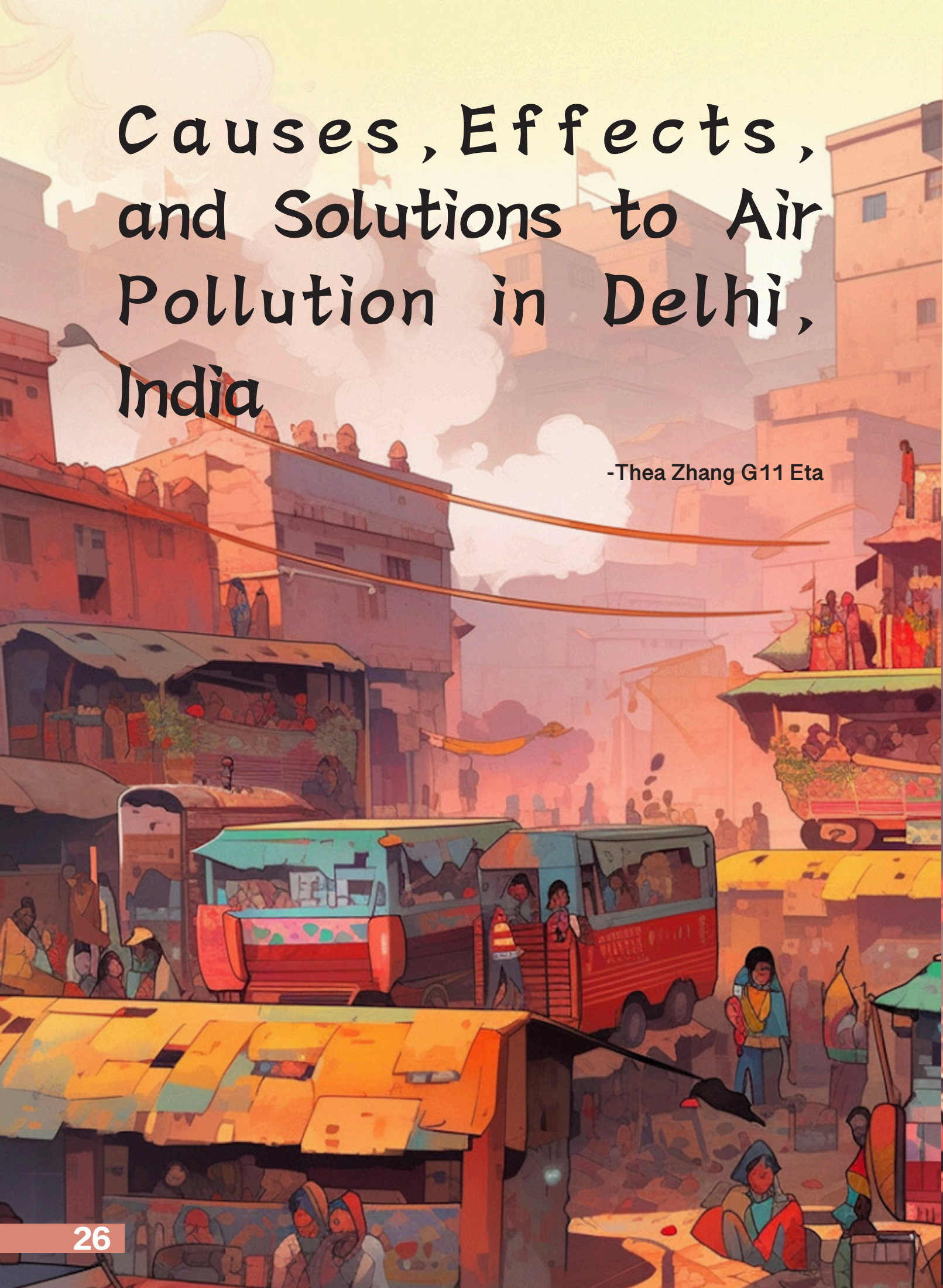
In the end, I can’t possibly expect you to share my hate for Ms. Marvel, or to appreciate Loki like me. However, I hope that by now, you have understood why some attempts at picturizing comic characters are immediate successes while others fail. I hope that one day, Marvel or DC could present us with a character my kids love so much that they would name themselves after, just like I named myself Tony because of that evening I spent watching Iron Man 3.

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Causes, Effects, and Solutions to Air Pollution in Delhi, India

-Thea Zhang G11 Eta




As the sun rises over the bustling streets of New Delhi, it struggles to penetrate the thick shroud enveloping the city. The sky is veiled in a toxic haze, where the air feels more like an oppressive weight, and where blue skies sound more like a distant memory. This is the tragic yet stark reality of air pollution in Delhi, a crisis that not only darkens the sky but also threatens the very essence of life itself. The serious air pollution in Delhi is primarily caused by transportation activities and is leading to the rising prevalence of diseases among its population, therefore necessitating solutions such as rail transportation and fleet modernization to mitigate the effects.

Air pollution is a dire environmental problem in Delhi, with low-efficiency transportation as its main cause. Air pollution is a blend of noxious gases and aerosol (Monks et al.). The emission sources of aerosol in Delhi include transportation, industrial activities, household energy consumption, the burning of agricultural residues, and many others (Guttikunda et al.). Among these factors, transportation is the most prominent cause of air pollution, accounting for 23% of PM_{2.5} concentrations in the air (Sharma et al.). Delhi, as a city in the developing country, is experiencing ongoing urbanization that lacks adequate management and plans, oftentimes leading to congested and disorganized roads (Kaur and Pandey). Frequent road jams lowered vehicles' traveling speed, which, in turn, added to the emission of aerosol and worsened air quality

is breathing in air PM_{2.5} concentrations higher than the safety standard published by the World Health Organization Guideline (10 µg/m³ annual average) (Brauer et al.). That's how people's lives are threatened by the low air quality primarily caused by transportation emissions.

Specifically, the most serious adversary ramification of worsening air quality is the increased incidence of diseases within Delhi's population. The pollutant particles in the air can enter people's respiratory system via inhalation, causing respiratory disorders, cardiovascular diseases, reproductive system dysfunctions, and even cancer (Timlin et al.). Simply put, most of the common yet potentially life-threatening diseases, such as stroke, asthma, and lung cancer, can be associated with air pollution. What comes along with a higher incidence of diseases is more deaths.

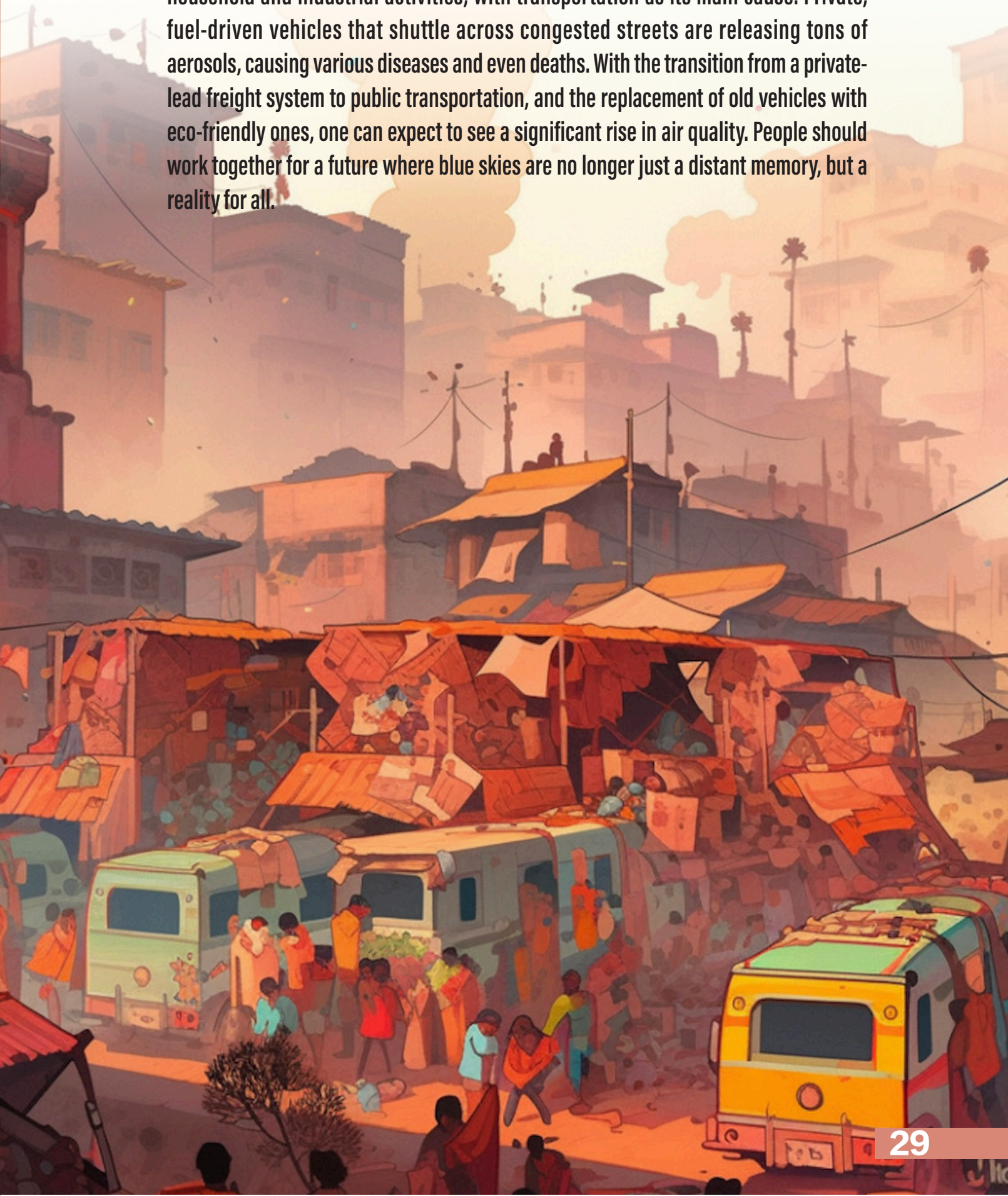


Based on rough statistics, air pollution accounted for around 54000 deaths in Delhi in 2020 (Arora). This somber statistic underscores the severity of the crisis, reminding people of the urgent necessity for action to combat the consequences of air pollution in Delhi.

One possible action that can be taken is to develop cleaner and more energy-efficient means of transportation. Specifically, policymakers should aim to improve public transport and promote fuel-efficient vehicle technologies. It is recommended that the government start with logistics, which accounts for almost half of the total transportation-caused air pollutants emissions in Delhi (Pranav Lakhina et al.). The logistics system currently relies heavily on private, road transportation, which is much more expensive and polluting than public rail transportation (Pranav Lakhina et al.). Thus, the government should transfer the logistics system to rely more on rail transportation. It can improve the carrying capacity of individual trains and build specialized corridors to expand the public rail system. Large-scale and speedy public transportation can alleviate congestion, and, thus, reduce the emissions of pollutant gas particles. Another way to address the pollution caused by transportation is fleet modernization—replacing outdated commercial vehicle

with more environmentally friendly vehicles—to raise the energy efficiency of transportation. While the government is actively engaging in promoting the purchase of brand-new electric vehicles, it also needs to give regard to old, low-efficient vehicles. These outdated cars are often powered by traditional BS-IV fuels that contain high levels of pollutant sulfur, which could easily worsen the air quality. Therefore, the government could consider replacing those vehicles with ones powered by the newly developed BS-VI fuels that contain significantly fewer pollutant particles. Estimations have been made that such modernization is expected to generate an 82% reduction in PM emissions, potentially avoiding 500000 mortalities (Sharma et al.). To sum up, expanding the public rail system and modernizing old vehicles are two effective methods for ameliorating the air pollution caused by transportation in Delhi.

To conclude, air pollution in Delhi is a result of a complex interweaving of household and industrial activities, with transportation as its main cause. Private, fuel-driven vehicles that shuttle across congested streets are releasing tons of aerosols, causing various diseases and even deaths. With the transition from a private-lead freight system to public transportation, and the replacement of old vehicles with eco-friendly ones, one can expect to see a significant rise in air quality. People should work together for a future where blue skies are no longer just a distant memory, but a reality for all.



Rap Should Stop Being Flooded by Mysogynistic Lyrics

By Lucy Yang G11 Phi

Have you ever listened to raps? What do you feel like when listening to the raps? If you were to write a rap, what would you write? What would the tone be like? The theme be like? The words and phrases and rhymes and flows be like?

Well, there are questions waiting for us to answer because rap culture has a long history since 1970s when it emerged as a minimalist street sound. It is now a globally renowned music style. People declare their thoughts, complain their lives, and express their loves through rap. But is rap getting better and better? No. A serious issue of misogyny, of female hatred, has instead swept across hip-hop music, and it should stop now. You rappers humiliate and insult us women while saying “Hip-Hop saved my life” when it’s literally messing up my life.

of pussies and holes as if it’s the only organ we have in our bodies. Citizens of rap told me to bear it, said that they cannot change the “culture” either. They argued that hip-hop has always been filled with filthy words and nasty terms so we can only endure it. I said no. Hip-hop could be anything but heavy smoke that chokes women down next to men’s feet; the ugly words used could be anything but pussies and holes; culture shall be anything but crossing the boundary of morality and shames.

Cardi B., the popular female rapper, had once confessed in one of her interviews that the rap game is way nastier than the drug game. Weitzer and Kubrin had concluded in their report that 22% of the 403 rap songs they analyzed contained misogynistic contents, meaning that



I am like a dog on the street, doing nothing and got kicked for no reason.

Ever since I get to know the meaning of the lyrics I’ve been wondering: are we not able to write something else than women; are we not able to deliver the message without depreciating women; are we not able to rap without insulting women. Raps are not all about beats and flows. Instead, the cores of rap songs echoed in the lyrics that rhymed, that sang, that dissed, that praised, that regret and satirized without disrespecting women, without objectifying women in the name

about 88 songs in the sample regarded women as a target of degradation. I’m not saying that raps have always been displeasing like this all the time. To be more precise, I myself is a fan of raps. I loved Sunflower by Post Malone, and Lucid Dream by Juice WRLD. I have to admit that these are great songs and they are fantastic rappers. Still, on the other hand, there are rappers who talk things like “I can make your bitch wanna stop then pop it” in his song published in 2023. In addition to depreciating females in his lyrics, mikeeysmind was also establishing a gradient that

men have more power and ability in controlling others than women. Certain works that promote patriarchal ideals and emphasize the superiority of one gender over the other always make me uncomfortable. There's a rap published in 2013 that narrates a story of his obsessive fan. Eminem, as the author of the song, is the most renowned rapper at the time and the next decade for achieving 13 Grammys and 1 Oscar. The raining background and the blue female voice composed a vivid image of a man writing letters to his favorite rapper day by day, until he got enraged by the rapper's indifference and murdered his wife and himself. The overall song is gloomy and poetic that it tells a story like a stream of water, slowly flowing down the rope. No element of

misogyny was presented in this very specific piece of his work called "Stan" but still the it turns out to be well-organized and fantastic. Let's rewind a bit more. Rapper's delight published at 1979 combined some funky elements with the rap to form a cheery vibe. Bass stringing, cymbal vibrating, all the sounds portrayed a vibrant, delightful scenery where the people back to the 1970s dance their feet.

My fellow friends and beautiful souls, let's stop this unjust slapstick now. We have to call out, to the filthy words that stepped on us; we have to call out, to the humiliation that caged us; we have, to call out, to the world that we women are no cowardice. It's time for us to stand up and counterattack in the territory of rap.



Philosophical analysis on *“The Truman Show”*

□ Michael Chen G12 Theta

The Truman Show is a reality TV show that cultivated Truman within a fabricated world, providing millions of entertainments. Truman gradually realizes this manufactured environment is not reality and rebels intensely against containment. I argue the film powerfully satirizes utilitarianism through Truman's assertion of individual agency and autonomy against a system that prioritizes collective welfare through manipulation and ironed the stoicism ideology by continuously approaching the reality he seeks no matter the difficulty.

The Truman Show examines the philosophical underpinnings of utilitarianism through its depiction of Truman's manipulated world. At first glance, the show appears to achieve a utilitarian model, following the “Greatest Happiness Principle”, when millions derive pleasure from watching Truman's entertaining life on a highly popular TV program, justifying the act for it “tend to promote happiness” (Runyan 9). However, tensions

emerge when Truman falls for Lauren, prioritizing his individual joy over the director's crafted narrative. In forbidding their relationship to preserve the show's integrity and viewers' fulfillment, the director employs a strict utilitarian calculus that disregards Truman's subjective experience. He becomes merely a means to an end of entertaining the majority, with his personal desires being suppressed. This divergence between Truman's inner reality and the public appearance constructed for him challenges the assertion that individual and aggregate interests can be readily reconciled under utilitarianism. The film suggests that manipulating persons to abstract societal ends denies their essential humanity and freedom of choice. When Truman liberates himself by rejecting his contrived life, he affirms the priority of individual autonomy and consent over imposed collective utility. Rather than endorsing indefinite manipulation for the common good, the film advocates for respecting each person's subjective experience and capacity for self-determination. In critiquing how



Existence

Truman's reality was illegitimately controlled, the film reveals fundamental tensions at the heart of utilitarian philosophy between personal liberty and external objectives of happiness maximization.

I argue against utilitarian philosophy. The world should not function as a calculus machine that maximizes aggregate happiness through any means. Individual pursuit of joy should never inflict pain upon others. While utilitarianism claims to justify all acts which “action in produces the benefits over harms for everyone affected” (Runyan 12). Its emphasize on result than process risks dehumanizing individuals and degrading moral baselines. Pursuing collective welfare over all else could easily justify inhumane acts. Happiness is a worthy goal, but only when balanced with ethical considerations for all peoples' well-being and rights. An ideology that pursues the greater good without regard for harm caused to various groups will inevitably lead to tragedy. Nor should societal utility outweigh individual happiness. People must not be treated merely as means to amuse others. Mutual respect for every person's intrinsic worth and autonomy is indispensable.

The film also portrays a strong irony contrary to Stoicism. Stoicism asserts that as mortal beings, the path to eudaimonia is to " appreciate what we have, not what we want in the



future" (Davies 4). However, Truman's actions rebel against this. When separated from Lauren and pushed into a loveless marriage, Truman's life seems predetermined. Yet he never accepts this fabricated reality, secretly collecting clues about the outside world he desires. Though working to pay debts appears his inevitable daily routine, Truman refuses to abandon the possibility of another life. When a chance appears, he pursues it fearlessly despite attempts to stop him. The director critiques the notion that humans passively conform just because change seems impossible. Once perceiving an opportunity, the innate human impulse is to pursue betterment regardless of risk. From this perspective, happiness comes not from stoically accepting fixed circumstances, but from transforming impossible dreams into reality through perseverance and achievement against adversity. Stoicism discourages striving by commanding acceptance of limitations. Truman embraces an alternative philosophy of continually seeking improvement no matter the obstacles. His rebellion underscores how an unwillingness to challenge imposed boundaries denies one's capacity for fulfillment and growth.

I strongly identify with Truman's philosophy of pursuing self-worth through enacting change. In contrast to Stoicism's premise of accepting unalterable circumstances, I believe happiness stems from continually seeking improvement, no matter how comfortingly stable the present seems. While attempting distant goals may

involve short-term hardship, the long-term fulfillment of self-worth from succeeding outweighs any fleeting satisfaction from passive acceptance. Refusing to acknowledge potential for growth and change may circumvent transient discomfort, but ultimately breeds greater pain through lingering regret for roads left untraveled. Rather than keeping one's head in the sand and ignoring all opportunities that require perseverance, true happiness lies in empowering oneself as an agent of transformation. Stoicism discourages this active engagement with one's potential and capacity to sculpt life circumstances. Its philosophy risks stagnating the human drive to surpass perceived limitations and actualize one's visions. We should embrace Truman's rejection of imposed barriers and unrelenting drive to shape self-determined fates through effort and ambition.

In summation, I believe individual happiness arises from self-worth built through active pursuits, not passive acceptance of limitations as Stoicism claims. Similarly, I oppose utilitarianism's disregard of human dignity and moral costs for aggregate welfare. Truman's rebellion powerfully undermines these philosophies by asserting individual agency against predetermined lives designed solely for others' benefit.

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汉服，时光隧道里的独特风采

Kristy Liu G10 Kappa

当在匆忙的大街上，一片黑白灰的行人中突然闯入一抹色彩鲜艳的汉服，仿佛竹林中突兀横生一枝梅，你会作何感想呢？奇装异服！许多汉服爱好者都曾经历过这样的情境：身着传统汉族服饰走在街头，被误认为是穿着和服而受到非议；前往观看中国奥运会，被工作人员小心翼翼地用英语对话。然而，头戴银冠，同样身穿本族传统服饰的苗族少女却是游客竞相合照的“景点”

其实，汉服是中国文化不可或缺的组成部分。黄帝“垂衣裳而治天下”；殷商时，冠服制度初步建立；西周时形成了以“天子冕服”为中心的章服制度，深衣，就创作于周末。深衣如《汉书·江充传》：“江充衣纱縠禪衣，曲裾后垂交输，冠禪纚步摇冠，飞翾之纓。”……除了礼法文化，汉服的设计也非常贴合中国人的体型。女式汉服通常上紧下松，非常适合梨形身材，既能突显中国女性的“杨柳小蛮腰”，又能遮掩身材上的不足。此外，像马面裙的设计，两片合围，女性也可以优雅地大步流星，甚至骑射；再如明朝末年的月华裙，腰间褶裥愈加密集，褶裥的颜色各异，图案纹饰娴雅清新，如同月华般淡雅。

（一）为何汉服成为异类服饰

鲁迅曾说过：“世界上本是没有路的，走的人多了，自然便有了路。”这句话同样适用于服装。服饰本无奇异之分，只是因为我们习惯了运动套装和跑鞋的搭配，所以突然见到穿着儒雅汉服的人就不禁多看了几

眼。香奈儿创始人第一次穿着自己设计的轻便服装上街时遭到指指点点，然而短短几年内，一件限量的香奈儿竟能使权贵趋之若鹜。

由此可见，再美妙的衣物，如果穿着者寥寥无几，就可能被视为异类。除此之外，着装的场合也是判断服饰是否奇异的标准之一。曾经有一些无知者打着文化的旗号，身着彩衣参加大屠杀纪念仪式，引发公愤，也导致了人们对汉服一定的误解。这样不合时宜着装的个例也导致了汉服常常被视为异类服饰。

（二）作为中国传统文化的重要组成部分，汉服为何默默无闻？

汉族的服饰在清军入侵后便逐渐式微。许多制衣技艺和纹饰在剃发易服后失传。但和服韩服等文化，自盛唐传出后各自被国人发扬光大，成为当地引以为傲的文化遗产。此外，近代西方思想对中国服饰产生了深远的影响，人们曾希望通过穿着西装来追随国际时尚潮流，对于“前朝遗老”的传统服饰却缺乏关注。这无疑是中国文化的一大损失。

（三）正确的打开方式是什么？

其一，透视汉服作为载体的身份看见文化。宋朝的大书法家米芾尊唐代文化，据《宋史》记载，他“冠服效唐人，风神萧散，音吐清畅，所至人聚观之”。可见，古人穿古衣同样能引人围观。然而，他的目的并非为了炫耀，而是源自对唐代开放繁荣风尚的深深喜爱。米芾早期的书法作品《三吴诗帖》体现了他对欧阳询书法的模仿，其书法风格形势突兀，纵向笔画较多，给人以清新脱俗之感。如今，身着唐代汉服的人，通过独特的窄袖、





窄袖、大胆的开胸设计和丰富多彩的纹饰，仿佛女帝：“孤凤展翅腾龙位，弱女挥手伏众臣”；身着曳（yì）撒，让四爪飞鱼在胸前翔腾，豪情仗义油然而生，万国侍者正于眼前俯首称臣！！

其二，汉服设计者们正努力使汉服“丝滑”融入近代人的生活。例如在马面裙两侧皱褶处添上口袋；将现代的花纹布料与传承下的裁缝方法结合，创造出符合大众审美的汉服时装。

（四）总结

虽然汉服在现代人眼中仍是“奇装异服”但是随着了解汉服的人数增多，研究改良汉服的商家学者不断涌现，汉服会终成为人尽皆知且为其自豪的，“中国新时代特色汉服文化”。



School Events

"Educating the mind without educating the heart is no education at all."

--- Aristotle

Spirit Week

Spirit Week is WLSA's annual fall event, a 5-day period during which student has a different theme to dress up every day. This year, we had World Culture Day, Cosplay Day, Pajama Day, Twins Day, and Color War Day. Faced with busy studies, who won't consider it fun to dress up and embrace colorful school life with full energy and great passion?

During Spirit Week, you'll not only experience a feast of world culture but also vigorous youth. The most exciting day of the week is certainly cosplaying day! Japanese animation, American TV series, Hollywood classic movie characters..... You can surely find someone who share the same interest as you, which will provide you with surprising



opportunities

for making new friends! Apart from that, it's really memorable and meaningful to see your friends and you dressing up like film characters, or wearing similar twin costumes, smiling rosilily at the camera shutter!



and teachers who wore special clothes from countries around the globe, she said “We are not just wearing costumes, but give the spotlight to culture inheritance and enhance our cultural sensitivity and inclusiveness.”

“Work hard, play hard.” is the best way to describe the goal of Spirit Week. It's the exchange of ideas, the platform for creation, and the time for cohesion and fun!



-Exploring- Creativity and Expression

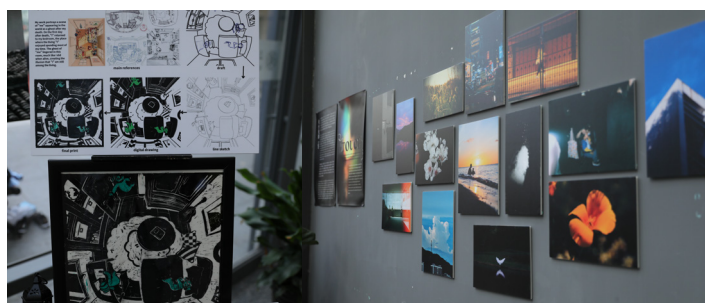
-Art Week Recap

With the air buzzing with creativity, talent, and inspiration, WLSA's annual Art Week concluded successfully.

Kicking off the week was the melodious voices on Monday for the Vocal Music Competition. Our students demonstrated their extraordinary singing skills, using heart-touching tunes that resounded within WLSA.

On Tuesday, there was yet another musical extravaganza celebration of the instrumental talents of the bands in our school. Rhythms, beats, and melodies that filled each corner of the hall infected everyone present with positive energy.

Wednesday took a cinematic turn with the Art Class Documentary Project Screening. The showcased films—'Tizzy & Fine,' 'Maggie and Her Cat,' and 'Memories of Tomorrow'—offered glimpses into intriguing narratives. From the bustling cityscape to heartwarming stories of companionship and reflections on time, each documentary transported us through unique storytelling lenses.



Then came Thursday, a day dedicated to hands-on creativity in our Art Workshops. Participants immersed themselves in the intricate art of Paper Quilling, discovering how simple tools could create intricate patterns. The Balloon Making workshop added a touch of whimsy and romance, inviting every student to design their own transparent balloons adorned with lights and delicate ornaments. Some students also created balloons with cute shapes, such as a dog or a kitty. In addition, we also had The Bracelet workshop, which allowed students to craft their unique accessories using colorful beads.

We would like to express our heartfelt thanks to all the participants, organizers, and everyone who contributed to making Art Week an extraordinary experience. Let's keep the spirit of creativity alive and thriving in our school!

Stay tuned for more artistic endeavors and creative adventures ahead!



WLSA Language Week

WLSA's Language Week was a celebration of the beauty of languages, cultures, and global traditions. This immersive experience transcended the boundaries of ordinary education, allowing students to embrace and connect with the world's diverse linguistic and cultural landscapes.

The corridors of the school, which were usually lined with plain white walls, were adorned with an array of colorful posters and banners showcasing greetings and phrases in languages as diverse as Mandarin, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Thai, Korean, Japanese, and so on. The combination of these banners with real-life scenarios allowed students to easily guess the meaning of foreign words, understanding the nuances of various languages in an interactive way.



One of the highlights of the week was the mysterious wall of riddles. Each day, students gathered around the enigmatic wall to decipher the language-related puzzles. These puzzles ranged from cryptic codes to word games, all with the aim of expanding the linguistic knowledge of the participants.

WLSA's cafeteria also took a role in the activity. During lunch, students were served cookies that each contained a "language fun fact", fascinating snippets about the origins, quirks, and intricacies of various languages. For example, one day, students learned that the word "tsunami" originates from the Japanese language, underscoring the global interconnectedness of languages and the importance of understanding other cultures.

Language Week's impact also extended toward the virtual realm. On Ding Talk, teachers would send daily language puzzles for students to solve. The puzzles ranged from translating idiomatic expressions to decoding tongue twisters. They encouraged students and teachers to engage in discussions about the beauty of language and cross-cultural understanding, foresting a sense of community within WLSA.

Language Week was more than an event; it was an immersive, educational, and cultural celebration. It instilled in students the idea that languages are not just tools for communication but gateways to understanding the rich mosaic of human experiences. It encouraged a spirit of curiosity, empathy, and open-mindedness, forging lasting connections between the school's community members and the diverse world beyond its walls.

School Carnival Event

On the last day of the exciting spirit week, students and teachers ushered in the annual School Carnival. Well-organized events were held on the Baoshan Campus, including Archery, Touhu, Fanfest, Flash Mob Dance/ Random Dance, and a diversity of sports games.

The Carnival starts off with fascinating performances by WLSA students that warmed up the stage, preparing us for the next event. Then, the competitive friendly sports events between both campuses; Baoshan and Zhengxi, perfectly demonstrated the quote “No Sports no WLSA”. These activities allowed students to reflect on their competence or insufficiency while bringing new participants to different sports. As Katerina Zhong, the club leader of the Female Basketball Club said “Right when the referee blew the whistle, the sensation of nervousness took over me. Then, when the game ended, all there was left was regret. However, I believe that what’s charming about sports is the feeling of regret after you lose the game, because it is this feeling that can motivate me and encourage me to improve. This game allowed me to reflect on our club and my weaknesses. I believe that the fatal insufficiency is the lack of practice. Nevertheless, I still enjoyed and appreciate this chance given by our school and I am confident that we could win the game next year through practice!”. While Katerina learned a lesson from her first basketball game, Star Xu gained some time to bond with his friends at the Fanfest event after a basketball game. He says “After the intense basketball game, I wondered around to look at other sport competitions with my friends. Then, at the Fanfest, we bought rings and bracelets, as well as a matching tattoo.”



Many cherished this special annual event and met new outstanding peers from different activities. We appreciate this unique opportunity for us to socialize with another campus and take a day off to have fun during the busy school days.



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