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INTD 255 - Whittier College

Spring 2025

Journal Compilation

“Survival Situations.” Write about a time you or someone you know was in a survival situation and explain what they did to respond.

Back when I was in high school, there was one day in the winter that got a little interesting. The forecast was for snow in the afternoon. When that happened, it happened fast. They decided to close school early and send everybody home. My mom came from work to pick me up. By the time she got there, a nice layer of snow had developed, sticking to the ground and accumulating further. It kept getting worse the closer we got to home. I was trying to navigate via the flattest path, but that's not easy in the West Hills of Portland. We got pretty close, but about a mile away from home, the car wouldn't go any further. We were stuck, again only about a mile from home, but it was a light blizzard out and thoroughly uphill so we sort of prepared to ditch the car and make the rest of the journey on foot. We suited up best we could: I had a leather jacket, but no gloves or a hat. We got out, said goodbye to the car - making a little note of where it was in case it got fully snowed in or something - and set off. When this happened, it was the afternoon and light, but all the snow and everything made visibility much worse, and even though I drove past there every day, I still found it difficult to know where I was. Not to mention, it felt miserable. If worst had come to worst, we probably could have spent the night in there car, but we were lucky to be somewhat close to home.

“Different.” Write about a time you encountered a place, or space that was

wholly different than your home. Record what you learned from this experience.

Well, this one time I went to China, and this is about that experience. My school group gathered at PDX at some ungodly morning hour, likely about 5am. After a quick hop up to Vancouver BC - and the requisite A&W stop for poutine - we prepared for the long flight. I was with friends, but I was still seated in the middle of the middle for 14 1/2 hours and I only got up once. Flying isn't as glamorous as it once was. The first place they took us was TianAnMen. Needless to say, this was a rather surprising experience for us. The people there were joyous, they were celebratory, they were enjoying each other, and they were relishing in BeiJing culture (at least, what was left after the second five-year-plan). There was no indication of anything out of the ordinary, or anything that had perhaps happened in the past. Of course, we knew the truth, and I was rather shocked to be taken there (or even allowed there). We saw the forbidden city, the government headquarters, the communist party headquarters, Mao ZeDong's mausoleum, and of course a mobile execution van parked near the middle. The locals were happy to grab the white people to include in the photos with their children and family members. Of course, plenty of my friends were not white or otherwise lightskinned, and they were absolutely excluded and ignored, despite the fact they were American - and nothing else. That evening we visited the BaDaLing section of the ChangCheng (Great Wall), and finally retired to our hotel with a family style dinner. That was our only full day in BeiJing, but it was perhaps the most eye-opening day of the entire journey. The next day we rode the high-speed train to SuZhou for our immersion program, and it was a shocking embarrassment to think no such thing even remotely similar existed in the US. In the mornings, we attended classes at SuZhou DaXue. Then after lunch (family-style obviously, complete with lousy-susans), we engaged in a select cultural experience. One day, we

visited the historic LanSu gardens, another we made XiaoLongBao, and we also visited plenty of museums. After almost two weeks of learning (and unsupervised teenaged debauchery), we went to ShangHai. Most people flew home, but my dad joined me for the second half of my trip. This was not quite as culturally relevant, since our one and only goal was to visit the four Asian Disney parks, but we learned lots and I will never forget that incredible experience. On the flight to HongKong we traveled through a typhoon (and I think we went through the eye, as it became gradually more violent, then suddenly quiet, then again violent but weakened over time). Once we finally arrived in one piece, we turned on the television (since it was nothing but propaganda on the mainland) and I learned that people use body wash which contains bleach, so as to lighten their skin. The phrase “now with more whitening” will never mean anything else to me. Tokyo was also great, but I was rather disappointed by a few things. They don’t believe in equality, particularly with regard to gender; every business-dressed woman had the highest of heels and the most pencilist of skirts. Everything looks as if it’s from the ‘80s, which is quite the aesthetic, but it makes you question their ability to keep up in such an ever-changing world. Of course, Japan has been playing catch-up with the western world for 175 years (at their own decision) and they do, indeed, have some further catching-up to do.

“Diet.” Record exactly what you eat, each day, for one week. How many calories do you estimate you consume each day?

I probably consume between a thousand and fifteen-hundred calories per day. Some people may be alarmed by that, and while scientists would likely agree, I’m still here (barely). This includes: either a Trader Joe’s Mac&Cheese (720kcal) OR a Trader Joe’s Seasonal Mac&Cheese (varies), and usually two slices of sourdough toast (240kcal) with the most

unbelievably decadent and lusciously satisfying Walter & Cordelia Knott's Berry Farm's Seedless Boysenberry Jam (75kcal) with good butter (100kcal), and I usually end with some kind of pizza, whether that's Brickhouse (no idea), Costco (710kcal per each), or the Trader Joe's Mushroom/Truffle (720kcal). So that's 1,500 on a good day, 1,200 on a mediocre day, and just a couple hundred on a bad day. You may, in good conscience, blame the Wicked Witch of the Southwest for her abuse and my suffering (explained in the third entry below).

"Pushing yourself." Write about a time that you pushed yourself near your physical limitations.

I really don't do that. You see, I have good reason to believe I am allergic to manual labor. What twenty-three year old has back, knee, foot, and hair troubles? My chonky ass, that's who! My dad is a builder, designer, engineer, contractor, electrician, framer, roofer, sidinger, finisher, hole-diggerer, salesmanner, and everythinger in between. On occasion, he has lassoed me into performing these excruciating tasks (for excessively good money, I must admit). Never have I considered it worth it. Call it white privilege, call it whatever the hell you want; I am not capable of performing meaningful manual labor. I mean, I do it more than I would like to admit, but again, I consider it agonizing and debilitating. Thank you for asking.

"Over the Seas." Choose a place on the map to which you would like to travel via the sea. Chart a course, and calculate with as much detail possible the distances, headings, and time required to make the journey. Who would come with you?

Easy. Probably not for most people, but an absolute piece of cake for me. I would sail from the pacific coast, whether LA (probably) or Portland, to Hawai'i. I've never been to Kauai

so maybe I would aim for there, but I'd be happy as long as we saw any kind of land at that point. It would be in a catamaran powered by a combination of solar panels and wind sails, with only the slightest of backup engines for any such filthy & ashamed gasoline putting-around. I wouldn't *bring* anybody but my dog, since he's the only one who would probably follow me onboard, but I would *drag* my dear friend Julia with me. Years ago I ranted to her about this, and while she expressed curiosity, she kept asking stupid questions like "isn't that far," "would you actually know what to do," and "what if we encounter trouble?" (such a buzzkill). Well, alas: it's only 2,200 nautical miles! Heading about 260° (S80°W) and would take, depending upon weather, between ten and fourteen days. What's the big deal? Pack lots of boxed macaroni, some spaghetti's, probably some condiments, and a handful of granola bars, and tough it out! If I had my choice, it'd be a SilentYacht (maybe a nice Silent 60) with a sail. Just meander wherever, anchor as desired, pay exorbitant docking fees (wait hold on) and unimaginable taxes (ummm) to enjoy oneself! If worst comes to worst, catch some fish. But thankfully I am neither a barbarian nor a caveperson, so I eat real food and I needn't worry about killing my fellow, lovely mammals.

"Small." Describe a time when you felt small. Not necessarily a bad thing, feeling small can occur when you encounter a place more vast than your normal experience.

Again, easy. When I and seven others were emotionally abused by a so-called professor at Whittier College. I sent the evidence to Sal, and he responded by saying: I can assure you: nothing has happened, nothing is wrong, and she has never made any mistakes ever. Allow me to explain further. One may need remind themselves of what "assurance" means. Upon returning in person for classes (finally), we were faced (not graced) with the presence of the Wicked Witch of

the Southwest (also known as She-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named). Things began alright, but once students fell behind, she began shaming them and making comments about how they could never recover and that they and their grades would suffer because of it. For example, one weekend, she assigned seventy-eight pages of reading from a book none of us owned with not the slightest forward notice. Upon returning, she asked who had read it. ZERO of the thirty people raised their hands. While anyone with a brain would think, “wow, maybe that was too much,” or “maybe give them more time,” she responded: “That’s definitely gonna be on the exam. Yeah.” So she was punishing us for not doing exactly as she said, without the slightest regard for how she was impacting us (forget our other classes, and mind you, this was a 100-level). After that, many and sometimes most students avoided class. In response to this, she decided to release private student records so as to escalate the shame and abuse. What she thought she was accomplishing is unclear (again, to anyone with a brain), but what she was actually doing was violating the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974. I’ve mentioned how the school didn’t do anything, but I didn’t accept that (sorry to sound like a broken record, but it’s because I actually have a brain). I kept pushing for all eight of us, and Sal & Raymond (“Fritz”) kept resisting and pushing back. Once I released my exposé video (www.youtube.com/watch?v=UvSA02YFAr4) there was no further ignorance to be had, or so I thought. The College hired TNG consulting from King of Prussia, Pennsylvania (the land of mediocre but extant rail transit) for an investigation. I’m not sure how many tens of thousands of dollars it cost the school since they won’t tell me (or anyone), but it’s beyond an affront to the so-called accreditation maintained (for now) by this institution. Long story short, this is why I’m a super-senior after a gap year-and-a-half desperately trying to graduate.

“Ice maze.” Solve the problem of laying depots and achieving transport to navigate from one wilderness location to the other. This activity will draw on both physics and nutrition.

This question is better suited to my mother. She goes out and climbs all around, up and down, for the purpose of... bragging rights I guess. Sure, she’s summited Rainier, Saint Helens, and Hood, but why? Today in the twenty-first century, we have means by which to assist us. She must have hiked past plenty of chairlifts and gondolas on her way. They had to pack these freeze-dried powders (in plastic), and the one leftover she brought home I tried (to my shock and disgust). I know some people are incapable of making pasta, but I had thought it was impossible to *ruin* it, until that day. Crunch.

“The Goal of My Life.” What is the goal of your life? Write about the one, over-arching goal of your life’s work and how you chose it and have decided to accomplish it.

Also, easy. Advocating for the under-represented and those who are otherwise less fortunate. I have no structure for my career other than a few realms I believe I would enjoy. But of course, there’s nothing more satisfying than making up for one’s prejudiced ancestors’ harms. Need it be reminded that, from 1844 through 1922, the Oregon Constitution banished Black people from remaining in the State after 6pm. This effectively eliminated any chances for land ownership or possibilities of settlement. I’ve spoken about people with physical disabilities and how there is still no way of them accessing upper campus (since that god damn gate is closed). It’s really embarrassing to be one of the only voices, particularly as someone without physical disabilities, beyond a bad back and hobbled knee. Another time, in 2019, Madame was having trouble with the technology in Hoover 100, so she suggested we go to a classroom upstairs. Ricky, in a powered chair, was unable to change floors due to the lack of accessibility (despite

the following: Richard Nixon's 1973 act to increase accessibility, the 1990 ADA which mandated accessibility, and the mural painted on the second floor of elevator doors, so as to draw attention to these embarrassing and criminal exclusions). She asked, "can we carry you?" Some people apologized to him on her behalf, but I must note, everywhere outside the US, that's how they do it. I was recently in the Yucatan, and we flew out of Tulum airport which just opened within the last couple years. I witnessed them carry a person in a wheelchair up the airstairs because they had neither jetbridges nor ramps. I didn't watch, per se, because it was so difficult to witness. The most glaringly obvious thought would be, "what the hell were they thinking?" Or rather, what *weren't* they thinking? It is not difficult to imagine such a scenario, so why they ignored it in the name of exclusion is embarrassing for them.

"Lost." Write about a time you were lost. Where were you when you started?

What information convinced you that you were lost, and how did you find your way back? For extra credit, find a building or facility (on campus), and get lost in it.

I don't really get lost. I know every building on campus not just like the back of my hand, but much better, since I don't really remember what either of my hands look like (other than they're pale). I could try to get myself lost up near the historic observatory (for more details, ask Mike), but that's only because the piggies elected to arbitrarily built a fence to block both trespassers (really not an issue here) and the fire safety evacuation route (a catastrophic problem here). Why are we locked in, despite residing in a Very High Fire Danger Zone and a Very High Danger Liquefaction Zone? Evidently, since said piggies care not, despite relentless and years-long efforts to reveal the truth (and the law), only to be rebutted by the very so-called "sergeant" Jose who does nothing but exacerbate the dangerous situations here on our crumbling and

embarrassing campus, which used to look most gorgeous. I should admit, I have never been in Redwoods Cottage (1910) and I very much hope it can be returned to use one day, since it's the oldest building remaining on campus which was built for the College. The oldest building of any type is "College Hall (1903)," but of course that's a house which was taken over by the school later (and, like Redwoods, also stuccoed over so as to hide much of its historical significance in the name of convenience). Thanks "campus safety," who actually do more to endanger us than anyone else, and then park in the wheelchair area between accessible parking spaces so as to render both of them useless. Yay!

"Letters Home." Think back to a time you were away from home, or imagine you were in a different country. Write a journal entry meant to preserve your observations so that your family and friends could experience that place as you did.

Sure. This would be at Drift Creek Camp in the woods, with the closest city being Lincoln City. They've all been there (maybe not my dad, he's beyond atheist) and know what it's like. But of course, with only a single satellite phone, it's cut off. Most people younger than me have never been cut off from modern communications. The only reliable way to send messages was, indeed, by writing and mailing them. Sometimes they would include treats, until I got gum stuck in my hair and they made a rule against it. It was serene. It was still exciting, all the activities they ran, but there was a surreal sense of not being able to communicate rapidly, even though we were within a hundred miles of home.

“Leadership.” Think of a time you were asked to lead. What were your responsibilities? How did you address them? Did the event go as planned? Assess your leadership performance and discuss what you might have done differently.

Yes, and no. I was elected to lead, and things certainly did not go as planned. I was elected president of the International School of Beaverton’s Queer-Straight-Alliance (more accurately described as the gay club), and while most things went fine, there was a particular moment of trouble. You see, the QSA president was traditionally tasked with creating the playlist for Night of Noise (of course, breaking the silence at the end of GLSEN’s Day of Silence). I made the first iteration, I gave some hints as to what it included, and people were not happy (I had included only queer artists, consisting of no less than seven songs by the B-52s). I made a new version (which can still be found on my Apple Music, with *only* two songs by the best group on Earth). And the slightly queer people (who like to play their card when convenient and hide it when not) attempted to force me to add songs by two people: one who I’ve forgotten, and another by Drake. I resisted to the point the principal had to get involved. She asked what my objection to the artist was, and I told her: he grabbed an underaged girl, dragged her onstage, and forcibly kissed her in front of thousands. (Jill didn’t ask any further questions). Why the people from student council (who already plan the other two dances of the year, I might add) attempted to force their agenda upon me I will never understand. That was our great falling out. I wrote a letter to said former-friend requesting we discuss our perspectives and try to come to an agreement, but apparently all she did was show my electronic-mail to her cronies and make fun of me for being desperate. Why she was elected class president is beyond comprehension (here we go again: to anyone with a brain).

“The Climate Future.” People have long studied the question of anthropogenic effects on the climate of the Earth. Reflect on how a changing climate will affect your life. What purchases, activities, and behaviors will you be forced to change?

Oh god. Well I'll tell you what I've done. My first car was some old rust-bucket Camry from the '90s, which wasn't my choice. But the first car I selected was a most lovely 2007 Volvo S80 which was brown on the outside and brown on the inside. It only averaged about 17mpg. I chose it because of crash safety. Once its AW80SC transmission disintegrated and I wore it down further in an attempt to squeeze all the life out of it, I had to find a new car. I was given my Nana's old Prius. I wasn't a big fan of driving around in something even less substantial than a tin can, but I convinced myself: the climate is more deadly than any car wreck. While that's probably not true in SoCal, I've been able to maintain that individual actions add up. Some say it's all the faulty/necessity of capitalist corporations to fix themselves. While that amounts to well over 90% of the problem, individual actions make a slight impact and get others thinking about it too. My freshman year I kept a little 16oz jar where I put any & all trash which couldn't be recycled. I maintained that until covid, when Bon Appétit shelved their serviceware in favor of single-use bullshit, which THEY STILL USE TODAY even though it is more expensive than washing the dishes they already own but refuse to utilize.