

stem

2011-2012



End of the Day | Digital Photography | Ying-Ying Tran

*Broken heart v2:
Incorrect Rejections
in a Love Search Algorithm*

Erin Zampaglione

I only reject
the null hypothesis of
[He loves me not]
at the $p < 0.001$ level,
Because a false positive would
be devastating,
And I'm willing to
Tolerate the Type II errors.

Cover Art: Untitled | Traditional Print | Stephanie Reyes



Iron Pergola | Digital Photography | Tony Wu

Passing Moment

Travis Schotten

I passed you on the street today.
You looked well, but beneath your skin
There lurked a hint of sadness.

I had seen you coming about fifty feet ahead of me.
Your ratty jacket collar was turned up to avoid the cold,
And the umbrella you carried with you had definitely seen its
better days.
Not that I was doing much better – the holes in my shoes
Easily admitted the drizzle into my socks.

It seemed you had something on your mind,
By the fact your face was taut and your brow furrowed.
It must have been important because you seemed
Quite absorbed in it.
A look of pain was seared into your eyes,
Or perhaps that was just the rain...

I wanted to say hi, wanted to make myself known to you,
But that look you had seemed to say you had enough
On your mind without me impressing on it.

You never saw me, never even noticed me passing by,
Not even when we were a handshake's distance apart.
As I continued on, a single tear fell from my eye,
And I whispered, "I love you."

From the opposite way, a different story emerges:

I had seen you from a block away. It was not hard to notice-
Even with the atrocious outfit you had on, the way
You carriage yourself distinguished you from the throngs
Crowded in around you.

You looked somber, almost depressed,
But from behind the cloudy veil in your eyes,
I saw the fire that burned within you.
Your countenance betrayed the sleepless nights,
The feral fights you had to wage
To do your work.

Even with your soiled shirt and pants,
You carried yourself like a king;
And I remembered the first time I had seen you.

As you walked toward me, I could tell you had seen me.
From one instant to the next, I could see the gears
Racing in your mind, piecing together your next move.

I wanted to scream "Here I am!", wanted to run to you
And have you hold me in your arms.
But I was scared. I was afraid you would still hold a grudge
For the past, would reject me.

As you passed so innocently close,
Such a sweet distance,
There was a single pause in your step;
But then you kept on walking.

As I continued on, a single tear fell from my eye,
And I whispered, "I love you."

A passing moment in time - never to be regained,
Except in our memories.

Fire

Anne Lariaia

There is a fire that burns in me forever
It tears me apart and keeps me together
It's unpredictable like the weather
This fire is love
This fire is hate
This fire exists
Just to annihilate.

When I dream the fire burns deep in my soul
When I'm mad it gets crazy and out of control
It tears me to pieces when I need to be whole
It's the fire in my heart, my blood, my veins
It's the fire in my mouth when I scream awful names
It's the fire in my eyes when I'm raging mad
It's the fire in my face when I've done something bad
It's the fire in my stomach when I make myself sick
It's the fire in my feet when I have to be quick
This fire reminds me that I'm still alive
It makes me question whether I will survive
It burns even when I'm cold and unforgiving
But as long as it's burning, at least I am living.



Colours | Digital Photography | Monorina Mukhopadhyay



Land Iguana | Digital Photography | Grayson Chadwick



Land Iguana | Digital Photography | Grayson Chadwick

Oceans

Matt Dughi

As I lose you
As you slowly drift away
On the gentle waves,
Get pulled from me
By the light undertow
And I notice,
Truly how small you look
From so far away
As the fishes
And the seabirds
Get closer to you than I
And the dolphins
And the whales
Play more with you than I
And the sharks
Threaten more
Than I can guard against,
I realize
How much I wish
To be by your side
And wish for
You to be by mine.

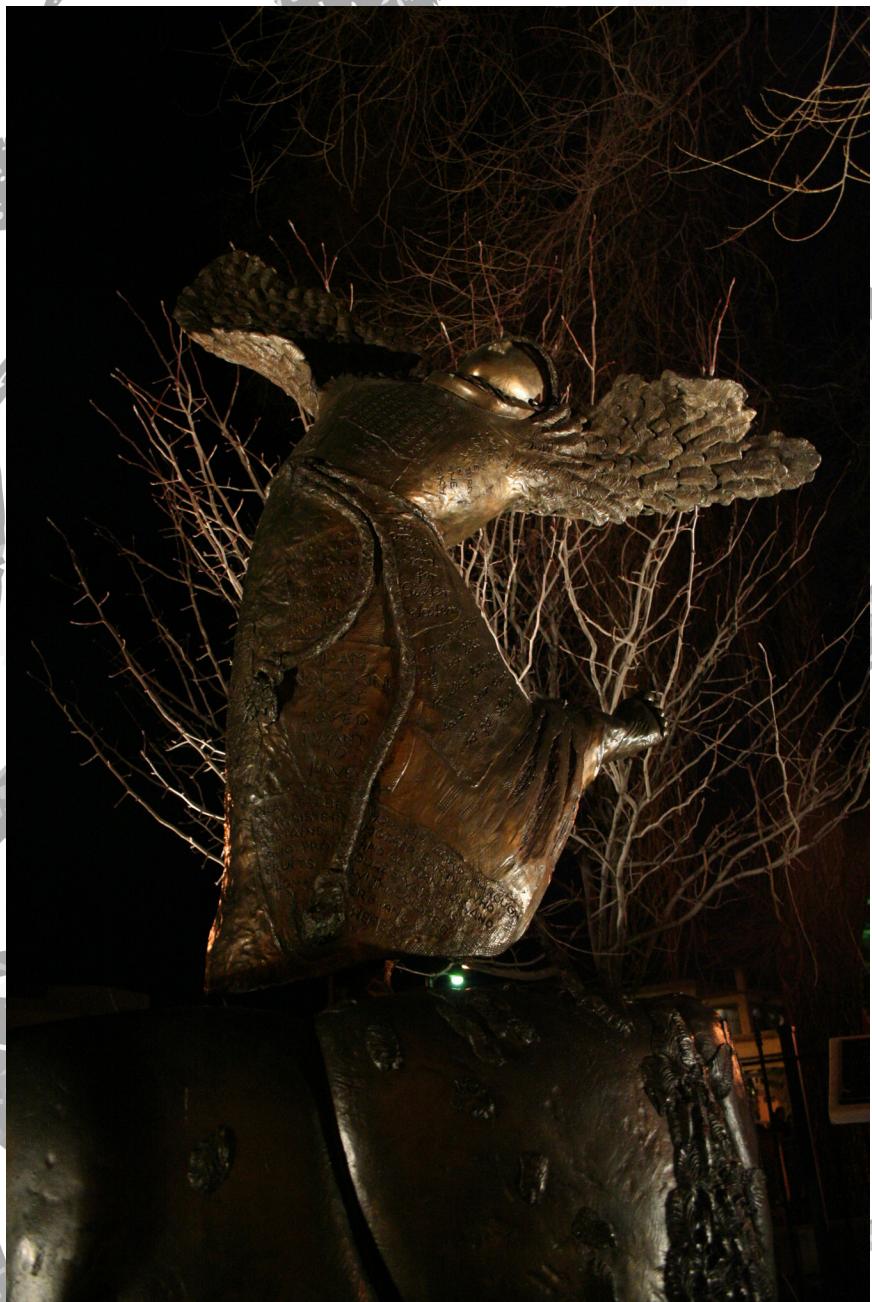
Aftershock

Gemma Mason

A single text from Dad. The aftershock
was shallow. People are dead. The family's fine.
I wasn't there. The buried people knock,
and pictures of the city that was mine
disseminate. There's nothing I can send
but thoughts, and not enough of them. I should
have emailed. I should care more. They should mend
the smashed cathedral spire. I wish I could.
The seven-point-one was "chimney genocide"
and cuts and bruises, little more. Today
it's six-point-three, and Facebook quips have tried
for little more than "Tell us you're ok."
I'm selfish. I just look at photographs,
adjusting. Last time, it was all for laughs.



Convergence | Digital Photography | Joe Donovan



Dreams of Dancing Flight | Digital Photography | Christina Lee

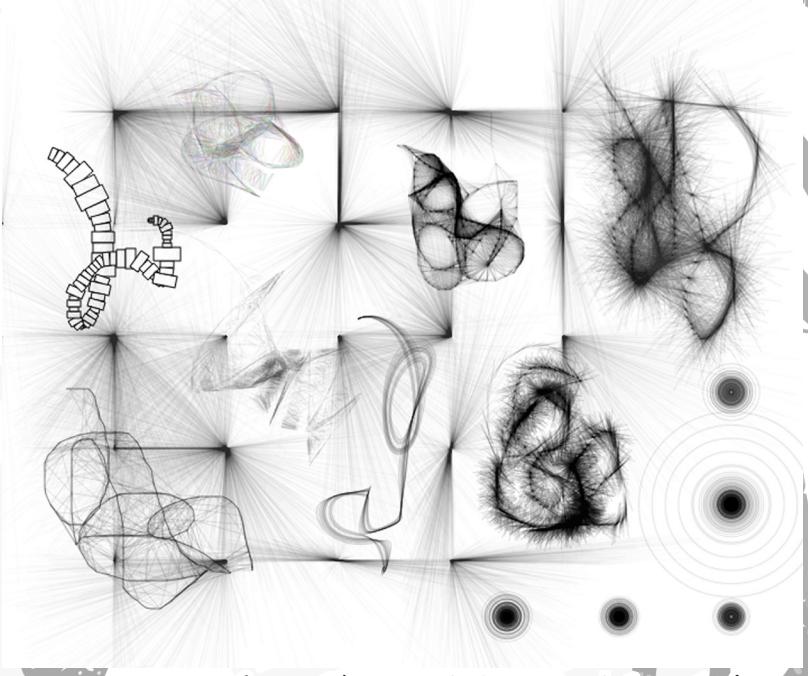
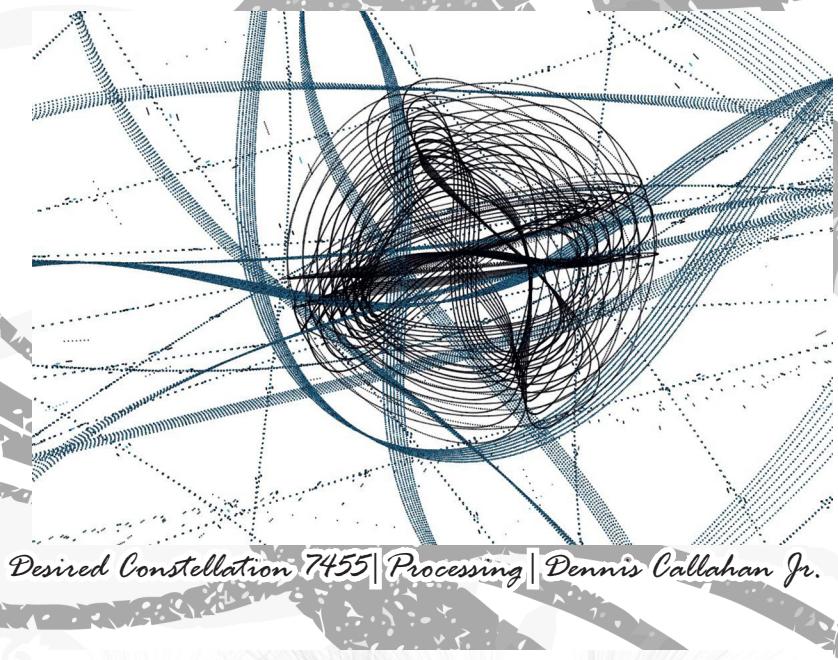


A Drop of Color | Digital Photography | Tony Wu

White Canvas

Genesis Lung

Oh, white canvas,
You lie serenely on the chiseled easel,
So immaculate, so angelic and pure,
That I can't imagine
A hidden mark that would mar your perfection.
Were I given just one word, you'd be perfect,
But is it true?
Can I embrace the sheer whiteness?
Can I embrace a beauty with no edges?
Along comes the artist with his palette,
Splashing color all along the depths of your ivory sea.
I'm horrified by this sacrilege,
Unwilling to believe that heaven would allow this act.
But I look again, and realize that these tiny flaws,
Each ugly alone, make a masterpiece as one.
The unnamed and unsung quality that makes something
feel right





Lady Luck is Smiling | GIMP and Pencil | Omar Mezennar

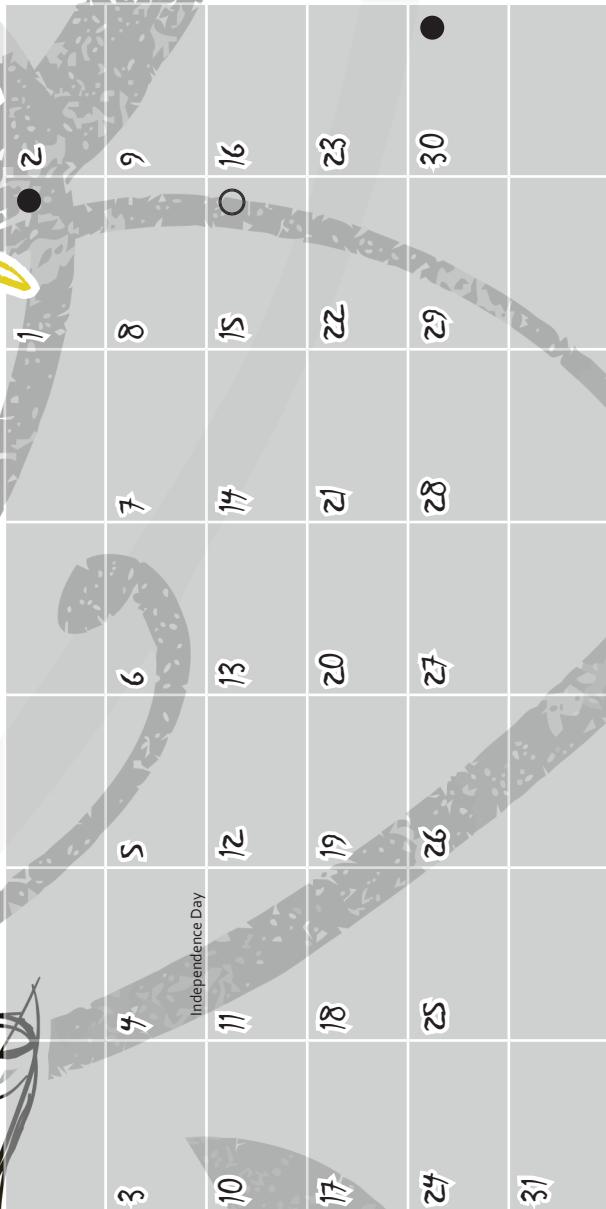
The Self-Referential Haiku

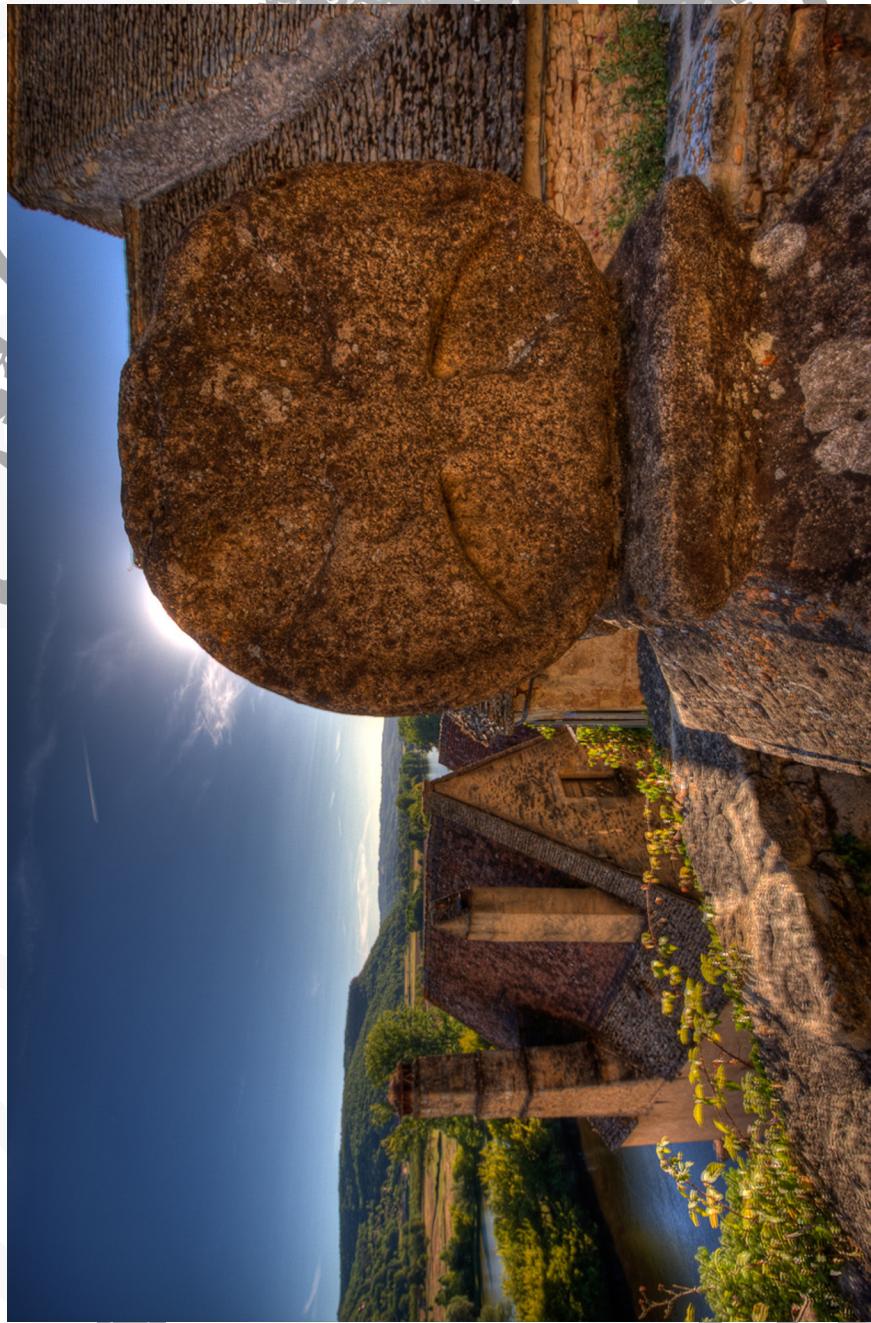
Abhiram Chirukula

My Power's stolen.
Now what else have I to do,
But right this high coup?



San Cristobal Mockingbird | Digital Photography | Grappon Chadwick





Scenic Cross | Digital Photography || Joe Donovan

		6	13	20	27	
		5	12	19	26	
		4	11	18	25	
		3	10	17	24	
		2	9	16	23	
	Ramadan	1	8	15	22	29
		7	14	21	28	30
						31



A Damp Fall | Digital Photography || Christina Lee

		3	10	17	24	
		2	9	16	23	30
	1	8	15			
4	5	6	14			
	12	13	20	22		
	11		19	21	28	29
	18				27	
	25				26	

New Student Orientation Begins

New Student Orientation Ends

Rosh Hashanah (sundown)

Fall Term Begins

Labor Day

International Students Pre-Orientation Begins

Mr. Garlic in Action! | Digital Photography | Laoorun Chaipornkaew



1	8	15		
2	9	16	23	30
3	10	17	24	31
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31				

Yom Kippur (sundown)
Add Day
Columbus Day
Midterm Exams Begin
Halloween



Abandoned Cart | Digital Photography | Tony Wu

		S	12	19	26
1	2	3	10	11	
6	7	8	15	17	
13	14	16	23	24	
20	21	22	28	29	30
27					

All Saints' Day
Midterm Exams End

Election Day

Drop Day

Registration for Winter Term Begins

Veterans Day

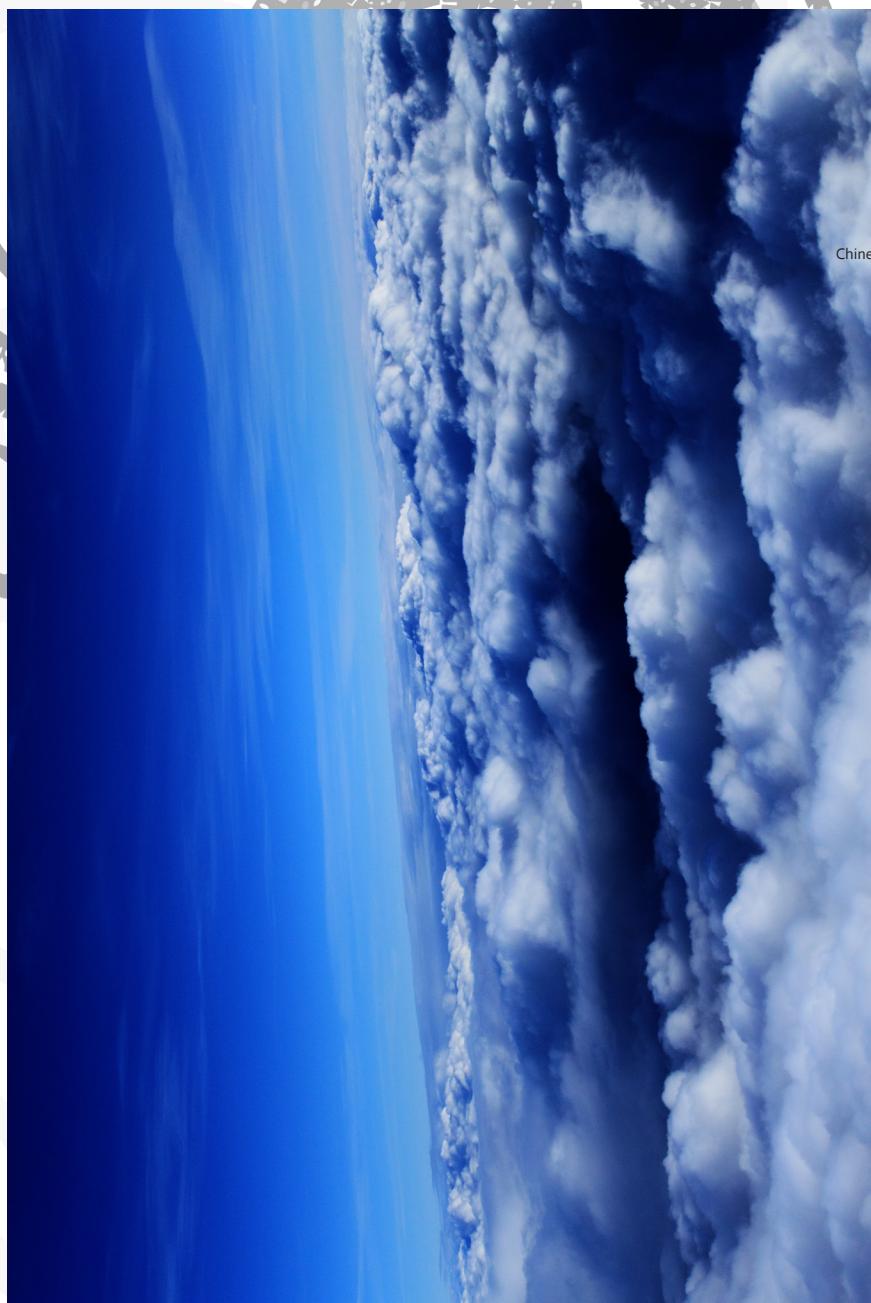
Daylight Saving Time Ends

Al-Hijira (Islamic New Year)

Thanksgiving Day



Domestic Symmetry | Digital Photography | Ying-Ying Tsou



Clouds | Digital Photography | Larissa Yee

Chinese New Year

			7	14	21	28
		6				
	5			13		
	4		Winter Term Begins	12		
1	New Year's Day Kwanzaa Ends	10	11	19		
2			17	25		
8		16				
15		23	Martin Luther King Jr. Day	24		
22						
29						
30	Chinese New Year					
31			Add Day			



Nazca Boobies | Digital Photography | Grapton Chadwick

		4						
		11						
	18							
	25							
1	2	3	10	17	24	31		
8	9	16						
15	17	23						
22	21	28						
29								
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12	13	14	21	28				
19	20	21	28					
26								

Groundhog Day

Midterm Exams Begin

Midterm Exams End

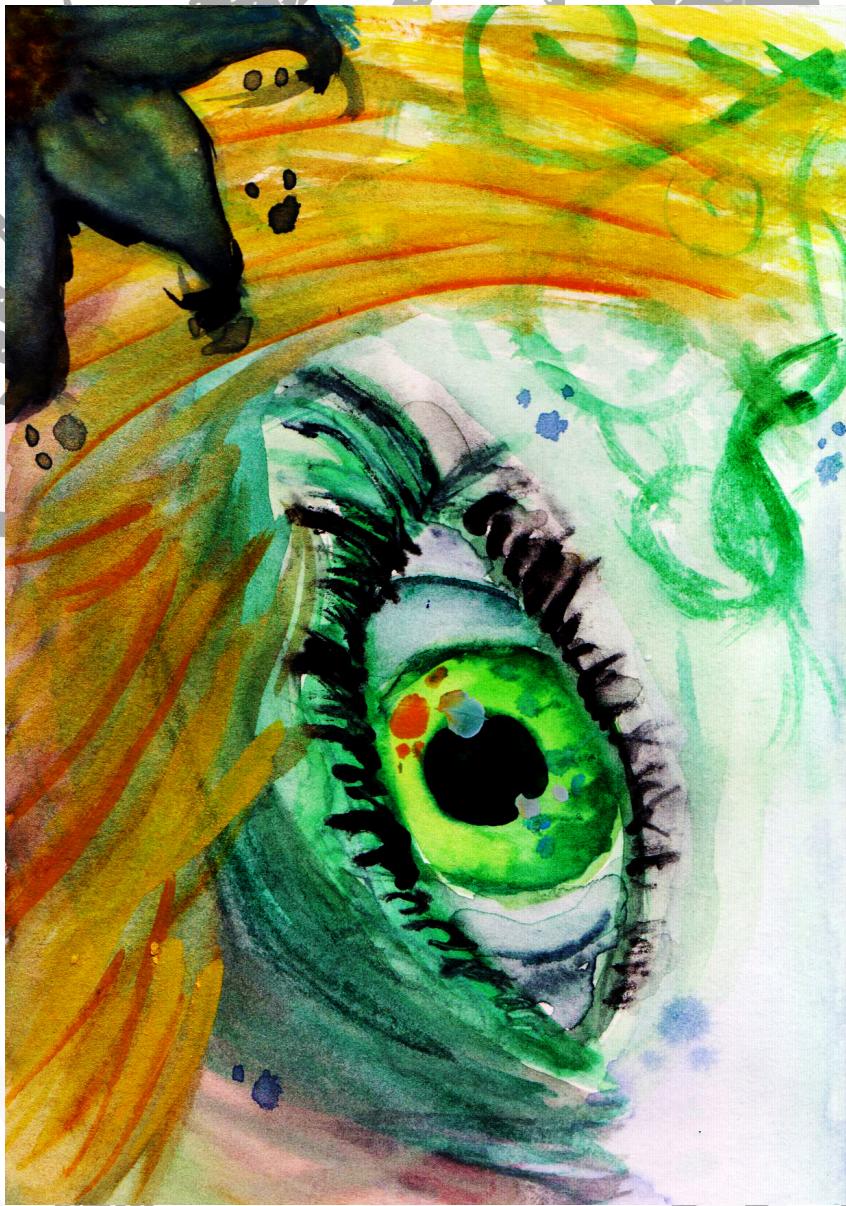
Valentine's Day

Ash Wednesday Drop Day

Mardi Gras

President's Day

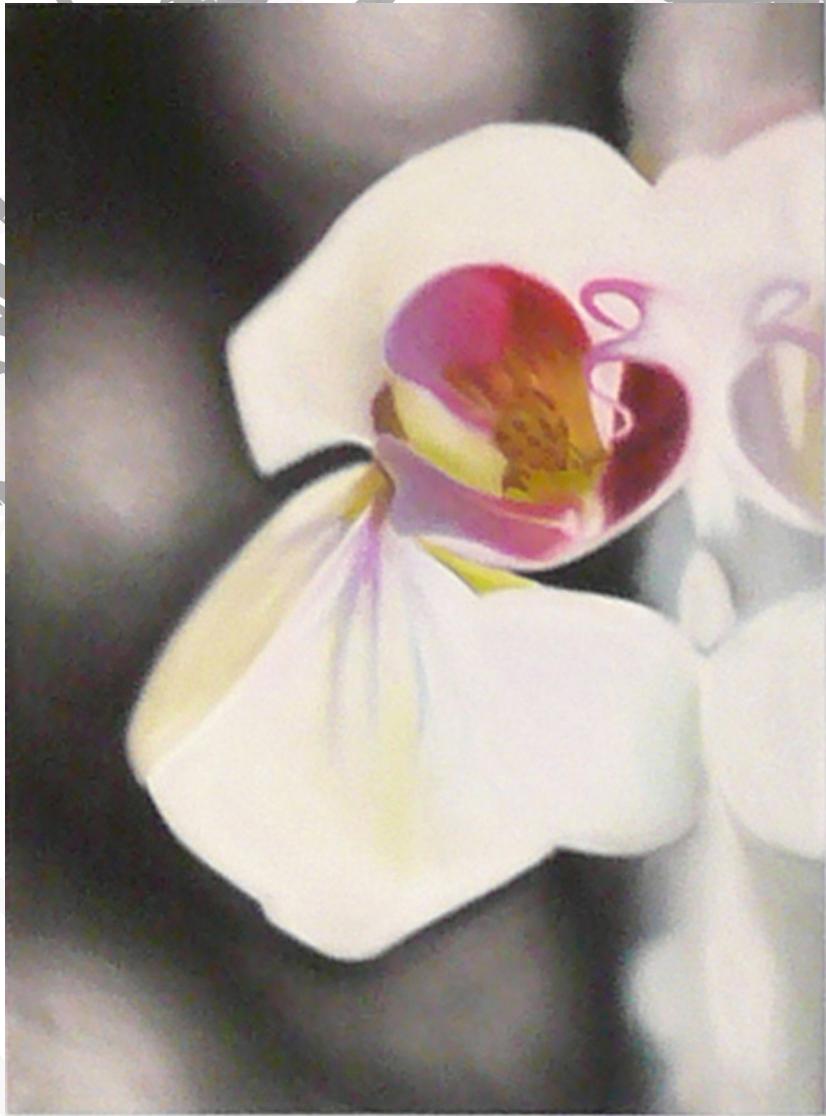
Registration for Spring Term Begins



I envy you. | Watercolor || Stephanie Lai

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

Purim (sundown)
 Last Day of Classes for
 Winter Term
 Winter Term Ends
 St. Patrick's Day
 Daylight Saving Time
 Begins



Orchid | Chalk Pastel | Justine Chia





Aerodynamics | Digital Photography | Thirumaran Ramathasan



		O	S					
				Cinco de Mayo				
				12				
			4					
			3					
			2					
			1					
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
				Midterm Exams Begin				
				16	17	18	19	20
				15	16	17	18	19
				23	24	25	26	27
				22	23	24	25	26
				21	22	23	24	25
				Mother's Day				
				Drop Day				
				30	31			
				Memorial Day				



Merging into Severity | Digital Photography | Theravanan Ramothasan

		1	Last Day of Classes for Spring Term (SENIORS/GRADUATE STUDENTS ONLY)	8	9	16	23	30
3	4	5	Final Exams Begin (SENIORS)	13	14	15	22	
10	11	12	Final Exams Begin (UNDERCLASSMEN)	19	20	21	28	
17	18	19	●	20		22	29	
24	25	26		27	28	29	30	

Lazy Cold Days

Perrin Considerine

Where do the squirrels go on summer days like these--
brisk, cold, and sharp: unlike the winter days these ones
have hibernating den with some fat squirrel in it-- no, I don't think.

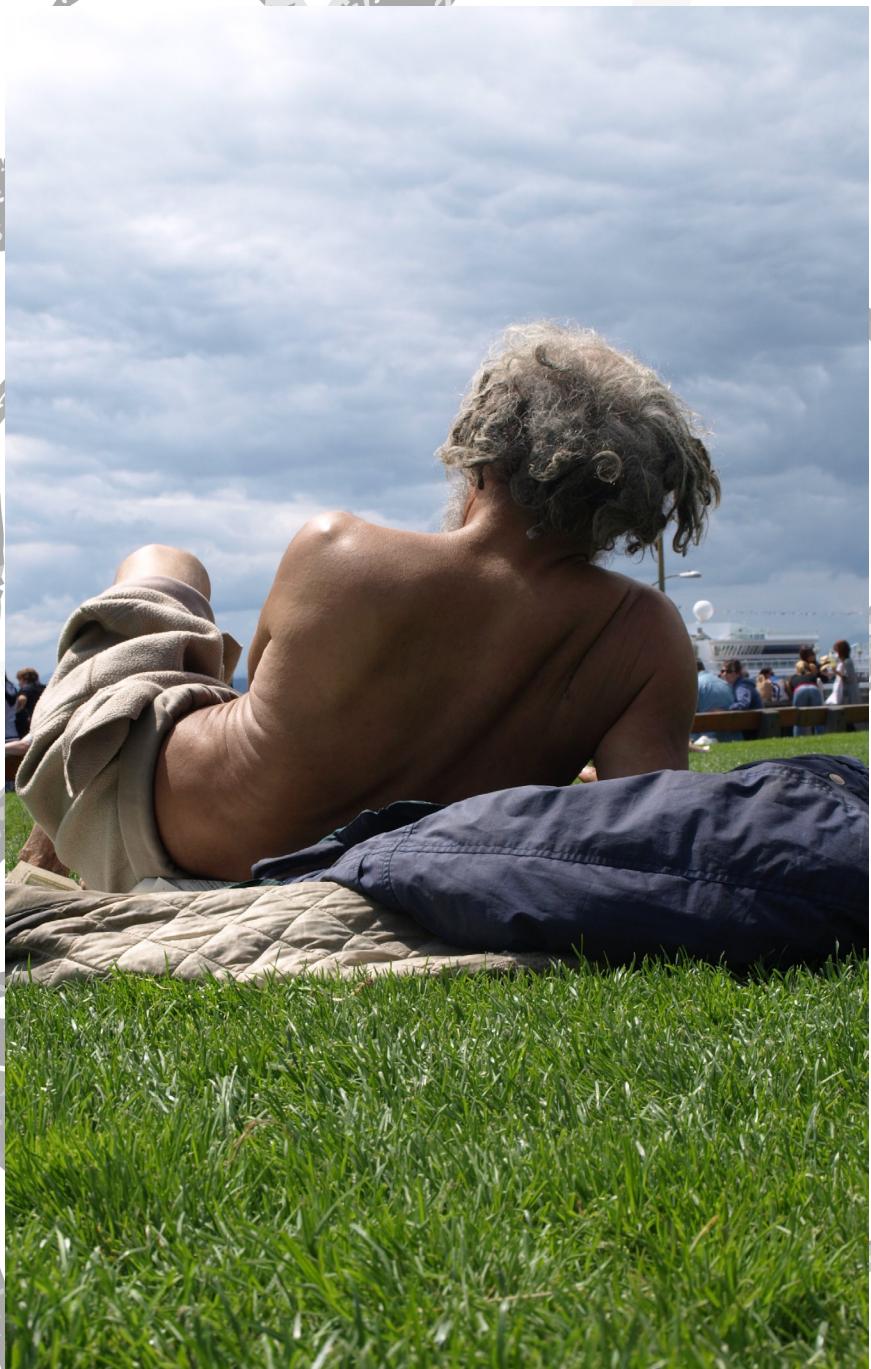
So what do the squirrels do when they're alone
with themselves and the winter-like day, not even
a mate or two to keep them warm, and not much in
the larder-- what do they eat? Or do they just search,
and search harder?

Or do they curl up in front of the fire
on the armchair's arm, with a cup of cocoa
made from an abandoned picnic marshmallow?
Is the book and the bite enough to feed the mind
and body against the body's grind?

I hope they're not like the welfare homes
of slaps and hits and screams and groans
where starvation breeds waste (and obesity)
and dreams of beauty are dreams of money

The invested realtor dreams of creation:
the homes and lives, that he will take
for granted they are not so much to take
the potential was little and little to make
means little to turn down and die, then bake
in the furnace, the oven, to meet the make... so,

What do the squirrels do when they are alone?
With the cold and the winter in an empty home?
Do they go back to sleep, though their stomachs are empty?
Or live and scream, and wish for plenty?



Feeling Free | Digital Photography | Ioana Aanei



Perilous Waters | Acrylic on Canvas | Stephany Lai

in the pale radiance of the evening
charon retires for the night
ties the ferry to the dock
with long lumpy fingers
slips his robe from his shoulders
then draws down the blinds
shutting the great eyelid
of the world
to our secret beauty

there is a considerable
handful of us
we the meek
the mournful and poor
we were promised the kingdom
of heaven but now we
cluster on elysium's mirrored banks
trail our toes in the cloying
syrupy waters of lethe
slowly surely
forgetting

some of the dead are quite alarmed
and fret in the shallows
envisioning desperately
the faces of their loved
ones in the faint light
sifting from memory like a fist
full of dark loam
or cupping their translucent
hands over their ears

and replaying the last thing
he said with his beautiful
voice rising
whirling like a moth
until even that
slips away

and last to go
triumphant and tragic
is love
belting hymns of freedom as it
flies through the roof
and into the sun's
golden maw

one morning perhaps
you will be startled to find it
curled on your doorstep
panting bleeding
alive
and waiting for my name

but by then
you too
will have forgotten

I found a teaspoon in Tayshet

Casey Handmer

“Nadezhda”

The word stuck in my mind as my eye wandered around the dim waiting room moments after waking. I had been asleep in a chair, hugging my backpack for security and a makeshift pillow.

Tuning out the drone of a poorly dubbed '70s horror movie on a tiny television bolted impossibly high up the wall, I rediscovered the source of those words. A man in the next row sat staring straight ahead, hands resting on his thighs, face weatherbeaten yet relaxed. His sleeves rolled up in the relatively warm evening air, and there it was, crudely tattooed on the top of his arm.

“Nadezhda”

I have spent many nights in train waiting rooms, although in many respects this one outclassed them all. In Chiasso, I welcomed early 2007 on the Italian-Swiss border by shivering through a long night with two travellers from Ghana. They had arrived too late to check into the hotel, and were cold enough to borrow my spare pull-over, despite it not having been washed in several weeks. The highlight of that waiting room was a billboard advertisement nearby featuring two curvaceous nude women engaged in fencing. The purpose – safer sex.



Space for the Icelanders | Digital Photography | Laainam Chaipornkaew

A year later I spent the night at the station in Györ on the Austria Hungary border. A town known for nothing remarkable save a battle once fought nearby, it too was unheated and bitterly cold. Like many such border town stations I arrived after dark and left before morning – seeing nothing of the town except perhaps the square in front of the station. I was loath to repeat my experience in Turin, where a four hour jaunt through the darkened city resulted in lockout and having to sleep on the considerably more exposed street outside. In Györ I read a book, put on all my clothes, and tried to sleep. The waiting room was a large concrete room paneled in fake marble, with a dead tree in the middle and a single bench on which I attempted to grab a snatch or two of sleep, in between waking periodically to shiver my toes and face from creeping numbness. Later that morning I was joined by an unemployed butcher with whom I had a long, mutually unintelligible conversation. The highlight of

Gyor station, aside from the murderous looking thieves who were thrown out at 2am (I hid from the guards), were the lighting fixtures. Fluorescent tubes locked into inverted cones dangled on thick chain from the ceiling, like some avant-garde chandelier nightmare.

Not four days later I waited at Sofia's central station for an overnight train to Istanbul that was more than six hours late. There was nothing special about that station, save for my previous escape from some hungry looking street kids high on solvent. A well thrown half-packet of biscuits allowed me to lose them in the labyrinth of tunnels and entrances out the front. Earlier still I'd taken a bus to a nearby ski field, hired some treacherous looking equipment, and managed to get into, and out of, a serious spot of trouble involving a dead-end run and the setting sun. Later that evening we stopped at the border with Turkey. I saw that the train attendant's passport chockfull of stamps, and that I was about 40 meters from Greece – the closest I've yet been.

Worth a small mention is Belgrade station, where I met two charming girls from Finland, and Budapest West station, where I bought a loaf of bread for breakfast, also my first meal in two days.

A few years later I spent four hours clearing customs and border control at Eriahot station on the border of China and Mongolia. Here I was treated to a terrific sunset, good company, good weather, and plenty of cheap food in the convenience store. My travel companions took the opportunity to buy a few bottles of liquor – the very finest to neutralize complaints from unfamiliar food. Every door in the station was unlocked, so I managed to

explore it pretty thoroughly. Like many long haul stations, it even had a small dormitory for employees or enterprising travellers. I walked through the town, bought some meat on a stick, and caught half an hour of the Fifa world cup.

Two months later I spent the night at Tynda station. The highlight was free (though impossibly slow) internet. The lowlight was getting kicked in the head by a security guard who thought I was a tramp. Probably with good reason. Tynda is a station at a major junction of railway lines, but the town, like the railway, has failed to prosper. Today, more than three quarters of its real estate, designed to the heroic standards of the BAM project in general, is abandoned. The only movement is geologists, miners, loggers, North Korean prison labourers, and a handful of followers of Jung He, a philosophical movement founded by Kim Il Sung, the dead yet eternal president and supreme leader of North Korea.

Yet if one overnight station trumps even Roma Termini, in which I stayed for a week, it is the junction at Tayshet, which splits the BAM from the Trans-Siberian Railway in the middle of Russia. Not just for the sunset and full moon which I watched from the rickety concrete bridge spanning the tracks, not for the sublime dinner I enjoyed at a nearby restaurant. Not even for the three teenage boys who tried to steal my passport on one of the back-streets between rows of crumbling soviet apartment blocks.

For “Nadezhda”. Tayshet means “cold river” in Ket, the

local aboriginal dialect. Ket, though rapidly disappearing, is the only Asian language with demonstrated links to American Indian languages. Tayshet was the center of a local forced labour camp and the beginning of the BAM railway construction, best known for a creosote factory that treated railway ties, and killed every man who worked in it within six months.

And yet, in this very room was a man whose face and arm said it all. For the hundredth time he brushed away a mosquito determined to get lucky. I fished my already ragged and worn dictionary from my pocket and skimmed through until... my eye scanned down the pages, and squinting through a blur from printing errors, found the object of my search.

"Hope"



Road to Eyjafjallajökull | Digital Photography | Laainam Chaipornhaew



Untitled | Traditional Print | Stephanie Reyes



Moon Maiden | Pen and Digital Media | Rebecca Lawler

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