

Why I'm writing this chapter

The PhD finish line is full of triumphs: a published paper that will be used to inform the world of your research, a final defense for you to showcase and explain that research, and the recognition as an expert in your field. These accomplishments are the fruits of intense labor and rigorous mental fortitude, but often research is presented without mentioning this mental toll and the strain on life that it took to succeed. I've been pretty fortunate on my graduate school journey. My family is relatively healthy, I have friends willing to catch up with me when I am able to make the time, and my professors and lab mates have been exactly the type of support I've needed. But even being fortunate, I've still had to miss out on holidays with family and friends, weddings and other important moments in the lives of those around me. I've willingly put myself through this experience because of how big this opportunity feels to me: I'll be the first person in my family to receive a PhD, in a field as prestigious as science, an opportunity to become another minority in a field that is still growing in diversity.

I write this chapter to identify with anyone who has ever felt inadequate, who has suffered from imposter syndrome, and who throughout failure nearly gave up. This chapter highlights my journey into a world of knowledge that I never thought I would have the opportunity to take, and I hope it gives you some perspective on the process of becoming an expert in something.

The rest of the thesis is research and work, but when I saw the opportunity to write a chapter about "the parts of the story of science that don't get told in scientific publication", I felt compelled. My PhD journey wasn't straight forward. Like many other students before me, I've struggled mightily with my mental and physical health, and it felt like a necessary addition to my PhD thesis to share a transparent view of my graduate school experience.

10 years from now, I'm not sure how I'll feel about graduate school. 7 years. $1/4^{\text{th}}$ of my life. A project that brought me deeper into the niches of science than I ever thought I could go. What is van der Waals packing anyways? This miniscule attractive force that relies on the periphery of atoms in space. Investigating subatomic interactions within both theoretical and physical experimentation, and making sense of the results. And here, finally at the end, realizing that my thesis is a translation of my findings that this superficially nanoscopic (it's actually smaller) force has on membrane protein folding and association. Discovery and novelty are extremely difficult to quantify. So what does it mean to become an arbiter of this seemingly immeasurable and imponderable academic knowledge?

I don't have the answer right now, but I do have the lessons I've learned along the way. And by preserving my experiences in writing, I'll have the opportunity to reflect on these thoughts while considering the answer to that question in the future.

Thanks again for reading, and best of luck on whatever journey you are currently facing. Sending love and good vibes your way :D.

Glossary

Van der Waals packing

Membrane protein

Membrane protein association

Atom

Code

Script

Caramel cheese

Computational model

Protein Design

Simulation

QR for Spotify playlist:



[Spotify Link](#)

A letter always seemed to me like immortality because it is the mind alone without corporeal friend.

— Emily Dickinson

Dear Reader,

April 2017

What do you want to be when you grow up?

I've answered different versions of this question over the years: What major are you going into? What's next after college? Do you want to go to medical school?

I'm a first-generation Haitian-Filipino American, and no one in my immediate family is a scientist. Yet the security of becoming a medical doctor to make money and have a reliable job was preached as the ideal route in the immigrant community I grew up in. I chose to major in biology to assuage my curiosity for how life works. But I took most of the same classes and learned many of the concepts necessary for medical school. Deep down, I knew that the route I was taking could result in me becoming a doctor. It felt like I was too afraid to run away from the expectations that the adults I grew up around had for me.

So when my undergrad mentor told me that a PhD might be a good fit for me, I was both bewildered and ecstatic. I'd been rejected from several research labs throughout my college career and I didn't even know that PhD programs existed until junior year of college. But I think he saw my passionate curiosity to learn: this deep seeded interest in diving into subjects and a willingness to bang my head against a wall to understand. I applied, and I've recently been accepted to a program at the University of Wisconsin-Madison!

I'm not particularly gifted, I end up being pretty average at anything I try, and although I wanted to help people from a young age, I couldn't see myself going to medical school at this stage in my life. But my fascination with how to learn and to apply knowledge between different areas of learning might actually fit well in a PhD. This potential route to become a doctor, despite it not being a medical doctor, feels semi-validating, and for now soothes those immigrant expectations inside of me. My time in college didn't prepare me for the real world, but I've acquired a passion for learning, and it seems that this PhD doctor is going to be an exciting journey for me!

Gilbert

P.S. Have you ever experienced frisson?

I do

Flipside-postlude by Kid Quill

Frisson: The aesthetic chills from the layering of instruments, the tingling up your spine from hypnotic harmony, engulfing you in tantalizing bliss. When I close my eyes and just listen to music, I feel those sounds pouring into my being, as if my physical body is literally resonating with sound. I'm constantly impressed by the sounds people create to convey subtle emotions that are difficult to explain with words.

Flipside-postlude follows an argument between two people, where one person doesn't seem to understand the importance of musical records to another. It culminates in this passionate exchange:

"Who cares about what's on the flip side of a record?"

"I do!"

This song is about wanting to be heard. About having bold ideas and indelible passions to share. I'm hoping that a PhD will allow me to cultivate ideas, determine my strengths in learning, and allow me to confidently share something that I'm passionate about with the world. I'm sure some of these letters will be more convoluted than others, so I hope that if you close your eyes and listen, you'll be able to understand the feelings that I'm trying to share!

Dear Reader,

October 2017

Graduate school classes have a conversation like feel. Instead of lectures where professors talk about a subject for an hour, classes are focused on maximizing time to discuss what we as students are most curious about.

Recently, one professor posed a more personal question: What are your goals with your graduate education?

"Gilbert, what about you?"

"I'm not sure." I've never been good with public speaking, I never raise my hand in class, and being called on is *extremely* uncomfortable.

"That's okay, just say anything that feels right"

With that little bit of encouragement, I used my avoidant gaze, stared at the ceiling, and thought. *What could I do?*

"I want to find a way to replace PowerPoint."

"Okay! Why is that?"

"I feel like there are some weaknesses in how it communicates concepts and I think there would be some benefits to having something better."

In biochemistry, there's a technique called polymerase chain reaction, or PCR. Using our knowledge of how DNA replicates in cells, we're able to effectively replicate DNA with PCR! But how did we come up with something that is now so fundamental in scientific research and important in forensics to identify people by any trace left behind? Kary Mullis, the inventor of PCR said it best: "I was looking for something else...PCR was the possible outcome of a solution to a hypothetical problem that didn't really exist." Things aren't straightforward in research. The best science comes from harnessing creativity, trying to see things that haven't been imagined, and discovering questions that haven't yet been answered.

To what extent is membrane protein association influenced by van der Waals packing?

Research doesn't look for a specific answer, instead focusing on why things are as they are. My mind is racing, questioning what I know about my project, striving to delve deeper into membrane protein research. I know that I'll likely never revolutionize the way that presentations are done, but what sticks with me is that my professor gave me the opportunity to share an idea of an idea. I was encouraged, allowing my mind to drift towards something creative and fantastical. Asking "why" helped me to feel comfortable in a situation that I otherwise wouldn't enjoy. It helped me grow. And although it currently feels impossible, this journey into the unknown reaches of science is beginning to feel a little more comfortable.

Gilbert

P.S. How often do you go outside of your comfort zone?

***I don't give a fuck about the weekend
Cause I don't work a 9-5 anyway***

Uncomfortable by Mansa

Grad school is showing me that personal growth is enhanced when outside of your comfort zone. Whether it's getting called out in a class and answering with something that sounds outlandish, or moving to a state where sometimes the temperatures reach an unimaginable -40 degrees (which is the same in both Fahrenheit and Celsius!), there are a variety of ways to get outside of your comfort zone to grow! Why does caramel cheese exist, and why does it taste so delicious? By harnessing creativity and learning when to ask why, I'm hoping to find my stride on this journey for discovering knowledge.



Dear Reader,

September 2018

I was chatting with someone recently about TV shows. They were surprised that I had never watched *How I Met Your Mother* and *Arrested Development*.

“Why not?”

“Honestly, there are too many white people in them.”

A couple of days later, they recounted the conversation: “I looked up the demographics in those shows, and they don’t skew too far from the US population.” They didn’t understand that those shows aren’t likely to portray experiences I can relate to. Why didn’t they just ask me to clarify?

As a person of mixed descent, I’ve found it difficult to figure out how I belong, how to fit in, when I can be myself. In spite of this, I love listening to others with little judgment, sharing culture and perspectives. So why do I feel like an outsider?

In science I’ve often felt the same. Entering a biochemistry program with a biology background, my transition has been a bit more arduous than I expected. I’m finding it difficult to communicate how I understand science with the wording and depth that people need to understand it. *What am I missing in my knowledge? Do I have the ability to navigate the field of biochemistry? Do I even belong here?*

Impostor syndrome: a persistent, unjustified feeling that one’s success is fraudulent. Because I know how the world perceives me by the color of my skin, I can quickly spiral into a mix of other negatives: *I’m a token minority for my program to look good, people don’t understand me because I’m just not smart enough to be understood, if I wasn’t a minority I wouldn’t have been accepted, I don’t deserve to be here.*



In both my personal and professional life, I feel like an outsider. Does that feeling ever go away?

Gilbert

P.S. When was the last time you felt insecure because of your identity or personality? Because of who you are?

***The world sayin' what you are
Because you're young and black, don't believe 'em***

Outside by Childish Gambino

I thought coming here I would feel more comfortable because I’d find more people who questioned things, who want to learn by asking questions and developing insights into other people’s unique experiences. So why does it often feel like I have to conform to what other people expect of me rather than being given the chance to share my own identity?

Dear Reader,

In my previous letter, I mentioned my feelings of imposter syndrome and reflecting on feeling like an outsider due to a poor interaction about TV shows. But I didn't get to share some of the TV and media that I do enjoy! We deserve to share your thoughts and feelings, likes and dislikes. So before getting too much deeper into some of the mental challenges and anguishes of grad school, below in no particular order are some of the media that made me think and reflect on my journey throughout grad school.

TV	Movies	Animation	Video Games
Euphoria House MD Atlanta Dave Devs Ted Lasso The 100 Pen15 Heartstopper Sex Education	Waves The Fallout Interstellar Soul The Farewell Portrait of a Woman on Fire Lady Vengeance Sorry to Bother You BlackKkKlansman Nimona	Bojack Horseman Sousou no Frieren Plastic Memories The Dragon Prince Inside Job Scavengers Reign Girls Last Tour Cyberpunk Edgerunners	NBA 2K Nier: Automata Persona 5 Zelda Tears of the Kingdom Fire Emblem 3 Houses Animal Crossing Journey

I didn't get to read many books (tsundoku), but I'll get through those later! Also, I would happily take any book/media recommendations if you have any.

Hope you're well and taking time to take care of yourself!

Gilbert

Reader,

May 2019

A couple of days ago I had my preliminary exam, or prelim for short. It's the most unique exam I've taken: After a year of conducting independent research and reading a copious number of academic papers to learn as much information as I can about my project, I prepared a presentation detailing how I'm going to successfully complete my research.

The day of the prelim, I'm put into a room with my mentors, 5 professors who I've asked to supervise my progress during my PhD. I explained a carefully thought-out research proposal to these professors who have *many* scientific publications to each of their names. I stood in front of them talking about the beginnings of my project, sharing my ideas to bring this research to completion. And then for an hour after that, they asked me detailed questions, expecting me to think on my feet and to come up with reasonable answers:

"What's the definition of van der Waals?"

"What will you do if your experiments don't work as you expect?"

"If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?"

I left the room to allow my mentors to discuss how I did. Deflated, exasperated, mind afloat, I finally remembered to breathe.

"Did you just finish your prelim?"

I nod to the student passing by in the hall.

"Congrats, the worst part is over."

27 minutes of sitting on the floor later, I'm called back into the room.

"Gilbert we'd like to thank you for the presentation. We think your progress has promise, but we can't give you a pass at this time. There are some weaknesses..."

But I tuned the rest out. They didn't say the word, but I knew what it meant. *I failed.*

"...However, we do think that you're making progress and look forward to seeing you have another opportunity next year."

I cried for an hour and a half in that windowless, dimly lit room. I couldn't look at anyone the rest of the day. I didn't want to talk, I didn't want to listen to music, I didn't want to exist.

I went back home, laid in my bed, and continued to cry past the point of my eyes no longer having tears left to give.

Gilbert

Dear Reader,

May 2019

I'm anxious. I started this journey to learn science, but I think to pass this exam, I'm going to have to learn deeply about myself. Why does it hurt so much that I didn't pass my prelim? Why do I want to pass so badly?

Some facts:

- For many prelim failures, there is no second chance. You're given a master's degree, and asked to leave
- I have a year to move on from this heartbreaking moment to do it over again, hoping for a different result
- I'm one of the few black people in my research program

Maybe I feel like this reflects poorly on my ability as a scientist. Or because I was hoping to become a professor, to mentor students, to lead my own research lab. Because my future feels less secure now? How can I plan for anything in my life if I'm not sure where I'll even be after next year?

I'm not a particularly proud person. I'm insecure about my abilities, my wording, and my identity. But I want to leave Wisconsin on my terms, and to do that I'm going to have to grind, grit my teeth, and learn. I have to figure out what I was missing, why I wasn't able to learn enough for my first prelim, and what I can do to pass next year.

This burden feels heavy, like a large weight resting on my shoulders. If I don't pass, what does that say about me? And why does it feel like my failure would say something about other minorities in science?

Gilbert

P.S. When was the last time you felt you didn't belong?

***I don't belong here, let me start over
I wanna sleep so wake me up when I'm older***

atlas by Keshi

I think this song fits how I'm feeling: wanting to cry all the time, strained by feeling constantly overwhelmed, with a small hint of just wanting to be better. Keshi alludes to these feelings by using the titan Atlas, known in Greek mythology for being condemned to hold up the sky. Having an immense and what feels like impossible weight on your shoulders, having to live with it forever. These lyrics play in the second verse, and I feel them constantly pulsing through my head. *These thoughts are heavy, burdensome, painful. I don't want to fail. I don't want to feel like I just have a second chance because I'm a minority. I don't want to feel like a token student in this very white state. I just want to do science and learn. How long will I have to live with these feelings of failure? I have to live with this failure forever. Will these feelings ever go away?*

And the spiral continues on a never-ending loop. This might be the most learning intense year of my life. I recognize that I'm being pushed both emotionally and intellectually more than I've ever been pushed before. I just wish I could confidently say that's a good thing.



My Dear Reader,

October 2019

I sincerely hope that this letter finds you in a good space, and that no burden in your life is too heavy to bear. Please take care of yourself.

A few months ago, I had a dark notion. As I was waiting for the bus, my head felt heavy and everything went black. My eyes were open, yet things looked motionless, greyscale. Intrusive thoughts flitted in and out of my head.

You're tired. Things in life aren't great. Is trying this hard worth it? What if you just stopped trying?

But wouldn't my family and friends be disappointed in me?

Nah, no one would care. You could stop now, give up, what's the point.

I want to end this on my own terms.

You still can. You don't have to leave. Just walk forward. Don't think. Move.

Walk into the middle of the street?

It won't take longer than a second.

Thankfully before I could act on these thoughts, the bus arrived. I've had bouts with depression in the past, but this time was different. Life felt hollow, empty. I've wanted to disappear before, but never to the extent that my inner suicidal ideations were so evidently clear.

Until one day as I was preparing to start my day with a walk through the farmers market, I found myself unable to move. My mind was awake, my eyes were open, and my inner voice telling me to move. But my body wouldn't listen. Literally petrifying: to be able to think "Move", "get up", "go over there" while my body lay unresponsive.

I lost enjoyment in spending time with friends, stopped eating, and my mental health continued to fade as I was losing motivation to live. My therapist couldn't fix my issues, but she helped me recover from being a shell of myself. I was able to state my feelings, rationalize and reflect on my thoughts, and start putting myself back together. My journey back to myself began with her advice: "Take risks".

To think that risking my mental health is the motivation to keep me here to pass my prelim because that feels riskier than just leaving. I find it ironically comical that this is what's motivating me to keep going. But I'm alive. And it's time to put in the work to learn some science.

Gilbert

P.S. What's the riskiest thing that you did in the past year?

***You build it to a high to say goodbye
Because you're not the same as them***

I Always Wanna Die (Sometimes) by The 1975

My body stopped listening to my inner voice. Although deep within me I felt these feelings of wanting to die and to disappear, something within me felt that it wasn't right and resulted in outright rejections of simple thoughts of movement.

My limits are being tested here, mentally, physically, emotionally. But I'm still here. I've fortunately never acted on my intrusive thoughts, and I hope that it continues this way. But the risk is there. Outside of the obviousness of the song title and the lyrics alluding to suicide, the sounds of this song are what really resonate with me. The strings fill me with hopeful melancholy, accentuated by the strain in the singer's voice. As if things will get better with time, even though it doesn't feel that way right now.

My Dear Reader,

June 2020

Did you ever think of how you could impact humanity as a child?

With the world currently entrenched in a global pandemic, with minorities being abused and killed in a time of global strife, why is understanding how proteins interact important?

If we could understand how these viruses interact with proteins at the membrane, could we engineer proteins that prevent this from happening?

As a student of the sciences, it's bizarre to know that I'm living through this piece of history. For anyone studying virology in this time they can see the applicability of their research in real time. But for someone generally trying to understand the forces that impact membrane protein folding, could my research ever help anyone?

But how do you engineer proteins to prevent this? Well, you'd have to have a really good understanding of the forces causing proteins to interact. By simulating the knowledge we have of these forces in a computational model, we can get closer to understanding how to influence these interactions in reality.

Maybe those thoughts are what I needed to really be zoned in to take my prelim. I've learned to question what I don't know about a subject, reading papers critically by marking any paragraph, sentence, word that I can't fully comprehend in my brain. I find that information, usually with more things I don't know, and continue to go deeper, peeling away layer after layer until I reach the core bit of knowledge I need to understand.

We can then test these computational models with an experiment to see how well our current understanding is (the predicted simulation) to what we want to understand (the experimental results)!

Know what you don't know. With this credo in the back of my mind, I joined my mentors on a zoom call, pitched my research to them, and after 40 minutes of defending my research my prelim exam was over.

No one has explored the extent of the effect of van der Waals packing, this force that occurs between atoms in close contact, in membrane protein structures. Is it a strong force in membrane protein interactions? My research is focused on understanding how impactful it is.

I passed...*But did I really do that much better? Was I that much more prepared?* Yes and yes. But unfortunately, all this deep learning has taught me to search for more questions: *What don't I know?* With the police brutality and empowerment of the Black Lives Matter movement happening right now, *did I pass because it would look bad if one of the few black people in the program gets kicked out for failure?*

Gilbert

P.S. What are 5 things you're excited to do in the next 5 years?

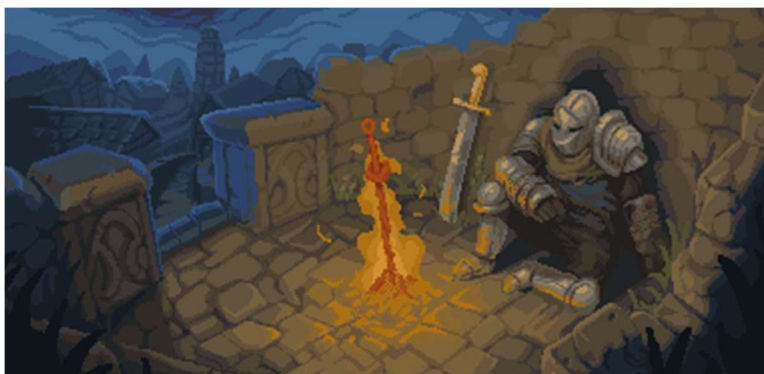
Time has come, take it all in

5 Year Plan by Chance the Rapper

A PhD is usually 5 years, but who can plan for failing a prelim OR for a global pandemic. The chords in this song remind me of a sunshower: a sprinkle of refracted sunlight, dancing on your skin. It's like a prescription of hope for the future. And when Randy Newman sings these lyrics, it resonates nostalgia. Even if a plan doesn't work out completely, even if you can't exactly predict how things will go, you can still appreciate what happened because you're alive. It makes me feel an optimism for a future in which I'll feel nostalgic about the present.

My feelings of my identity driving my success still weigh heavy on me. There are a lot of things that I still don't understand about my project, but I'm now trusted to take it to completion, and that's what I'm going to focus on despite my internal doubts. My research likely isn't going to be used for anything impactful. But just the fact that it'll be a small bubble on the expansion of human knowledge is enough for me for now.

Rest here traveler,



I appreciate you taking the time to share these bits of my journey with me and thought this would be a nice place for a break. Graduate school has been quite a pensive and emotional journey: I've been broken down, survived mental anguish, and learned to think critically while finding comfort in the unknown.

Into the Woods by Mree

Through it all, I've found myself closing my eyes and finding respite in listening to this song on repeat. To me it channels both the fear of traversing the unknown as well as the excitement of the discovery waiting ahead. Whether you've read through and identify with me in some way, are just curious and wanted to understand one person's graduate school experience, or if you're a random person reading this for entertainment, thanks for being here now. I hope that wherever you are on your own journey that you're able to find solace and happiness.

You've made it to the middle stages of my journey. The next few years of graduate school blurred together. It's like the pandemic slowed time for me while I was in grad school. And then as if no time passed, stores began to open up, mask mandates ended, and people started to gather again. 3 years of anguish, struggle, and stress passed by and I finally reached a stage where I discovered enough about membrane protein folding to graduate. I'm not that great of a student, it takes me longer to feel confident that I know enough about a subject to talk about it, and I've never been good with languages so learning multiple coding languages took quite a bit to get to a place of comfort. But despite all of my shortcomings, I've continued this journey and reached the height of learning. The triumph is coming! But there are still a few more lessons to learn along the way.

Thanks for reading, sending much love and support your way! I hope you enjoy the rest of these letters.

Gilbert

Dear Friend,

September 2023

It's been six years now, and my time here is finally coming to an end.

At my most recent committee meeting, I was given the acknowledgement of my mentors that I'm close to finishing up: "We can see the story forming, and we think you'll be able to graduate next spring or summer."

Do you remember the last time you had a mental spiral? One of those times where your thoughts begin in one place, start looping into another, and then another, and another, until it feels like an infinite abyss of issues, problems, conundrums that you need to work out in your head?

I've been really bogged down by this experiment, my computation doesn't seem to match the experiment well, I really need to take a look and make sure that everything is working properly, but if I take that time when am I going to be able to organize my data for my thesis, fine I'll just do that this weekend, but when do I get to reset, relax myself and do something fun, I still need to go grocery shopping, is eating even worth it this week, do I even have money to spend on eating, why did I choose such an expensive place to live, what am I going to do after I graduate, how will I make money to live, I have no marketable skills.

What is even the point of this PhD?

Pensive, contemplative, unrelenting, I my stream of consciousness spirals further into some uncharted territory: *what is my relationship with my PhD?*

I've built this intense relationship, where my research can do no wrong and I'm always at fault. Experiment after experiment, failure after failure, I attribute to myself. I do whatever I can to reach the needs of the science, give it all the time that I have at the detriment to myself, I don't allow personal needs like hunger or sleeplessness to prevent myself from focusing on the research. For the last 6 years, my project has been my life. But now that I'm getting close to the end, is it wrong that I can't even feel good about the fact that I'm finishing up?

Why does it feel like I'm being pushed away?

Gilbert

P.S. When was the last time you had your heart broken?

**'Cause is it really love if it don't tear you apart?
Now somethin' is different
You're sayin' you're all in
But I think I like you better when you're breakin' my heart**

When You're Breaking My Heart by Gatlin

In this song, Gatlin realizes that she loved the chase of a relationship more than the person. For awhile now, I've stopped thinking about my future. I don't know if I want to teach, to support and mentor students, or even remain in science. I've been focused on chasing this PhD. All the work on this chase has led me to question my passion for anything at all. I can't remember my excitement at the joy of discovery, the passion for finding knowledge in the unknown. Those questions from years ago start ringing back and forth in my head: *Do I belong here?*

I knew I had my best data, that my research felt like it was concluding something novel and at least marginally interesting. Yet all I could think about was leaving. I just kept thinking *should I quit now?* The work, the learning, and the chase of it all is what kept me here. With the chase reaching its climax, *why am I still here?*



Dear Friend,

October 2023

I didn't realize that the end of this journey would lead to such an intense and paralyzing period of everlasting burnout.

Burnout: a state of emotional, mental, and physical exhaustion brought on by prolonged/repeated stress. My fierce zeal for science, to understand the beautiful, complex systems that naturally form life, my interest in discovery within an academic space, feels like it's nearing an end. I picture burnout as that once unwavering fire, that indelible passion inside me gradually fading away. The once seemingly infinite amount of kindling I had of patience, time, and willpower, is finally running low.



It feels like I've already given a lifetime worth of energy to this endeavor called PhD. My body is perpetually tired, mind incessantly ailing with doubt, anguish, distress. Another sleepless night. Hours pass and I continue to be useless, thinking of all of the things that I have to accomplish to graduate, yet being unable to do any of it. Everyday feels like I'm searching for something: *what's the one thing that will pull me out of bed?*

Too many goals, temporary objectives, efforts to maintain content and find solace in the chase.

Today I'm going to analyze this set of data, I'm going to write this part of my thesis.

An insurmountable frustration begins to set in. The goals shrink as the hours in pass, but so does my willingness to do anything.

I'll prepare for my presentation next week, maybe take out the trash, go grocery shopping, do laundry for the first time this month, clean the kitchen, wash dishes from the fried rice I made 2 weeks ago, feed my cat, eat SOMETHING, shower, brush my teeth.

This overwhelming feeling of powerlessness forces me to abandon that teeny glimmer of hope that I would make it to work today. Only one goal is left.

I just want to get up and leave the comfort of my bed.

It's 3 pm and I'm ready to start my day. I'm alive...*but am I well?*

Gilbert

P.S. How were you able to deal with your last mental break/burnout?

***And we keep doing these things, not because they're guaranteed to make us feel good
But because failing to do them?
Guaranteed to make us feel bad***

GOOD MORNING SUNSHINE by The Narcissist Cookbook

At a time when I just needed something, ANYTHING, to feel good about, I discovered this song that immediately resonated with me. Most days it's hard to get out of bed, difficult to motivate myself to do even the most inconsequential things. But I'm not alone. Many people succumb to declining mental health, and we find ways to work through it as best as we can. Even with all these anxieties bogging down my mind, I find a way to tell myself that I've done enough each day. It gets me through, has kept me productive, and is bringing me closer to the end of grad school.

Dear Friend,

Do you remember the first time you fell in love with something?

I fell in love with biology through a love of words. In my first biology class, the teacher broke down the word into two parts.

Bio = life

Ology = to study

A simple, yet impactful moment for me. That fascination of words never stopped, and I've searched for and found a variety more over the years that have resonated with me. Some of them are for mundane, everyday objects while others have no translatable English meaning and are for specific situations. I love them all the same.

I want to remember the day that I discovered Wikipedia, playing those [Wiki games](#) that started your interest in deep dives. I want to remember the days that I found these words and used them in bananagrams or in real life situations. So this letter is simply a reminder to keep falling in love.

Mundane	Random	Other languages
Occlupanid Zarf Aglet	Sonder Bafflegab Ephemeral Guffaw Spaghetification Taradiddle Tchotchke	Ikigai Tsunodoku Umay Sobremesa Ndo

<https://parade.com/1241196/marynliles/unique-words/>

Geez Bud,

February 2024

What does it even mean to be organized? Knowing where you put something so you can find it in the future? Or being able to give something to someone else and them being able to fully follow what you've done?

One of the most important characteristics of science is reproducibility. After spending years testing, refining, and now explaining my data, it's necessary for me to put it into a format that allows it to be repeated. My paper is being submitted for publication, and with it I need to put effort into making sure my computation and experiments are reproducible.

But wow is there a lot to parse through. ESPECIALLY CODE. From designing protein structures to analysis to finalize my data, I've written thousands of lines of code. So. Many. Programs. I've been in the thick of it for years, writing code, making these programs, but it's time to craft some detailed organization.

Will it be perfect? No. What would perfect even be for organizing code, files, and data? If there is a universal, perfect, pristine way to do it, it surely would have been nice to learn that early on.

But I think as individuals we all have different ways to organize. There is no perfect. Improving over time, discovering the best ways to share, appreciate the minute improvement.

Besides, it's not like anyone actually goes back to look at old notebooks and theses and old bits of data anyways....right?

Gilbert

P.S. When was the last time that you felt so unorganized that you felt like tearing your hair out?

Where's my soul going?

WELCOME TO SOUL, PRESENT by Q

Organizing code is a vibe. Fixing seemingly nondescript identifiers, adding in # COMMENT TO ELUCIDATE THE BELOW LINES, while making scripts simple to run and self-explanatory. The electronic dance-like vibe felt like it allowed me to lose my soul in organization. For a couple weekends I just threw this song on and move files, made folders, wrote README files, and organized everything I could of my most important code so that hopefully someone can use it in the future.

My Dear Friend,

March 2024

Oftentimes I've found myself wondering what it means to live.

As I write this, I should be sleeping, resting, prepping my body and mind for the next day. But this incessant gnawing deep within the recesses of my brain continues to keep me awake. I close my eyes, but thoughts keep ringing around, drowning out my tinnitus. 12:19. I readjust, pull the sheets a little closer. I don't enjoy sleeping tight. It feels restrictive and reminds me of being unable to force my body to move. 3:13. I stare at my eyelids, no rest or reprieve. I firmly understand what it means to have a restless night.

During my 2nd prelim year, I found myself dreaming of the science. My subconscious was hard at work while I slept, envisioning how atoms move, how proteins fold and associate, picturing how I could design my code to replicate these interactions *in silico*, imagining all of the possible experimental results and coming up with reasonable explanations. I thought it was a superpower.

But with fewer experiments to do and a deeper understanding of the science, all that's left is to relay my findings. I'm no longer anxious about having to redo experiments, or constantly thinking of new ways to interpret data. All that's left is to do, to write, to put my thoughts into coherent words on paper. The easy answer that my brain finds is *to work*. Thinking about what to write, how to write, when to write. My mind prioritizes work, preventing me from reaching rest. And if I can't sleep, I can't work efficiently...which means I can't sleep. An enjoyable feedback loop to finish my PhD. A waking nightmare.

But on the 2AM drives into lab when the traffic lights are blinking yellow, I'm able to recognize myself as one of the few living beings filling the halcyon silence. In the midst of the insomnia and the existential crisis that I'll never finish, I'm finding a deeper appreciation of the stillness, cherishing the freedom and fluidity of time in graduate school. From deciding to take advantage of my sleeplessness by working during unorthodox hours to remembering to breathe in the early glow of the sun as the brisk air fills with birdsong, I find a way to appreciate life.

Gilbert

P.S. When was the last moment you closed your eyes and just took time to breathe and take in life?

You don't cross my mind, you live in it

Off Day by Lyn Lapid

A few letters ago, I mentioned that I would miss the chase, miss the ways that I've been forced to push myself past my limits just to learn. But I'm beginning to realize that the enjoyment has been a bit more than just the chase. This environment has pushed me towards discovery: time to allow my brain to acclimate to the idea of working at the boundary of human knowledge, allowing me to excise biases in pursuit of truth. It reminds me of the days when I was a child and I would stare at the sky, allowing thoughts about everything to freely flow in and out of my mind. I feel like graduate school harnesses this latent ability, allowing for deeper exploration within our understanding of anything you find interesting.

This song feels like it bundles you up in a freshly washed blanket on a snowy day. A blend of tranquil and reassuring warmth amidst the frigid winter. I've questioned myself and my capabilities for the past 7 years, but I've finally made it to a place of what feels like mutual respect. Pushed to grow by finding comfort outside of my comfort zone. Pulled out of the ebbs of 36-hour water diets, to the flows of buying Babcock ice cream as a reward for accomplishing tiny goals I set for myself. Birther of my restless mind, bringer of these peaceful moments appreciating the subtleties of the day. My PhD has been that warm blanket for me, and I never expected it to be so comfortable. Which means it's probably about time for me to move on.

My Dear Friend,

2024

University of Wisconsin-Madison finds itself on an isthmus: a strip of land between the two lakes Monona and Mendota (image). Comprised of about 50000 students and 25000 staff, 3 out of every 10 people you see in and around the city are affiliated with the school. I had never visited Wisconsin before I first arrived here to interview for my PhD program. I quickly learned to love cheese curds, spicy cheese bread,

When I first arrived here to interview for grad school, my hosts took us out for a night walk around the city. It was cold and quiet, and they brought us to lake Monona. It get's so cold here that the lakes freeze (how many inches?) making it safe for activities like ice fishing, turkey bowling, and ... But on this night, we simply walked on the frozen lake. I stared into the darkness and closed my eyes, the only difference being the chill against my eyeballs and the phosphenes on the backs of my eyelids.

A lot has changed in 7 years. This year, the lake is frozen, but due to global warming the temperatures haven't reached the same chilling, biting cold, and it's not safe enough for many of the winter activities of the past. I won't get the opportunity to relive that moment on the lake before I leave, but that memory sticks out to me. I couldn't have imagined the path that a PhD would take me: from failing my prelim, to developing an algorithm that creates membrane protein structures, from feeling like I knew and understood myself, to wanting to have more time to really learn about my needs and desires. From knowing basic biochemistry to becoming what many would consider an expert in my field.

***Beware of people that say that they know everything about a subject
Because, people that think that they know everything
Are the ones that know nothing***

Even If It's Lonely by Hazlett

But if graduate school has taught me anything, it's that I don't know much at all. I've learned to live life in this kind of neutral zone, experiencing new things like discoveries, looking with a non-judgmental eye, and interpreting what I can with the information given. I've poured so much mental energy to learn the intricacies of how membrane proteins fold and the biochemistry behind it, that I know how little I actually know about it. My PhD doesn't mean that I'm an expert in a scientific field, but rather that I've become an expert in how to learn and discover things that I didn't know before. As I'm writing this, I haven't yet defended, the thesis isn't submitted, and I'm not even sure if my committee will award me my PhD. But I know that I've learned ... on this journey, and I'm ready to move on. Ever since I became a biology major, I wondered if I actually loved science. And I think when I came to graduate school, I knew that I did. I wanted to become a professor that minorities could look up to and relate to, to be able to teach others how to learn, to inspire the curiosities of the next generation. But years later, I can feel that desire fading away.

I've been caught within the greyscale of science for so long. Crafting my contribution to the scientific community, wording my research with a nuanced glance on membrane protein interactions. Failed experiment after failed experiment, constantly banging my head against a seemingly unbreakable wall. But with all of my hard headed might, with ... and ..., I've put a crack in it. I've gotten a glimpse into what it means, what it feels like to discover something.

Do you remember the first time you held a kaleidoscope? Not knowing what it is, you're encouraged to put one eye up to the tiny sliver of clear plastic. For those first few seconds of looking inside, you see a glistening, prismatic repeat of color and shapes that's so vast that it seems unable to fit into the toy in your hand. It's infinite. That fleeting moment of first revelation is something I've probably been chasing my whole life.

From finding new joys, becoming so enthused with that feeling of learning something new that it becomes more than a subject but a passion, a love. That childlike, innocent nonjudgemental curiosity on the search for deeper understanding. When I look back at my time in graduate school, there are a lot of bad moments. A variety of mental health struggles and ... as a result of a poor imbalance between my work and my life. And I didn't mean for it to be

that way, actively trying to fight it, but I guess you could say my love for this subject won out. But despite all of it, I've loved my time in graduate school. I'm comfortable, steady, and could imagine myself doing the same thing forever. Research, teaching, mentoring, and searching for that same kaleidoscopic spark. But my head is throbbing from constant banging against this wall. It's not healthy for me right now, but I loved it all the same.

Wallflower by mxmtoon

Gilbert

P.S.

Can you imagine knowing that you loved something, and then wondering years later where the love went? Time is a fickle thing. Like any relationship, you need reminders about why you fell in love in the first place. Graduate school for me was a grueling experience. As I'm sure many former graduate students understand, the constant failure, trying an experiment again, failing, and learning to finally find an answer is extremely demoralizing. It takes a special kind of person to continue that journey. And right now, I don't know if I'm it.

For now, I've used up all of my passion and determination.

I'd rather be free

Escapism from Steven Universe

My relationship with my PhD has me thinking about how to regain that kind of love: when will I be inspired again, not by some external force like graduation, but by an intense drive and passion to learn? I'm not yet sure what I'll be doing next, or if I'll even want to be in science. But I recall something my dad told me when I was a little boy: "If you put your mind to it, you can learn anything." Thank you PhD for teaching me how to learn at the highest level. I'm not the smartest or most brilliant person, and this journey wasn't anywhere near a perfect PhD. But it was perfect for me because it made me grow into the person that I am: a tryhard, a thinker, and someone who now knows I can make a difference somewhere, someway if I just put my mind to it to learn enough.

P.P.S. To all of my professors, friends, roommates, labmates, communities (shoutout SciMed, ..., and ...), and all those who took the time to chat with me along the way, thank you for every little bit of support you gave me along the way. Whether it was chatting deeply and thoughtfully about science to discover my weaknesses, determining ways to develop a more supportive environment for students, or just discussing life and food and the mundane things, I truly appreciate every conversation, every moment of time that you've all given me. This PhD wouldn't be complete without it!

P.P.P.S. And to you reader, whether a friend old or new, thank you for reading and sharing this journey with me! Academics isn't always the most vulnerable, and I wanted to create a transparent view of some of the highlights of my grad school experience. I hope that I succeeded! Best of luck on whatever journey you're currently facing, I'm supporting you from afar, and would happily support you if you reach out :D. From someone who's been there: Even in the darkest of times, when it seems like there's no light at the end of the tunnel, I promise you there's light.

People who get their own shoutouts in the thesis: Alessandro, Gladys, family, roommates, SciMed (Michelle, Beth, Abbey, ...), professors that I will chat with? Mom for all the bread.

I'm wondering how, I'm everything, and then nothing. How are you so detached?

Detached – lyn lapid

Stupid piece of shit

Try to explain your crisis with identity. But if you can't, refer the clip from Atlanta. To feel other, to feel alone. To feel like you have a trusting connection, but in reality, when you need someone the most, they vanish. Sometimes that how people make me feel. Like I'm the problem, like I'm the issue. But for the people who haven't (my close friends, my confidants, my professors, SciMed), the one's who've given me time, listened to my qualms, chatted with me through issues, and just spent time with me, this one's for them. Thank you for making me feel real and like I deserve to exist.

Citations (in progress)

For better or for worse: <https://7esl.com/for-better-or-for-worse/>

Kary Mullis quote: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xd4De47ldYs&ab_channel=NobelPrize