



the spyglass



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table of contents

FEMININOMENON	1
SAME GAME, DIFFERENT RULES	3
YES IT'S NORMAL	5
THE ART OF THE SMEAR	6
CHANGE OF COURSE	7
THE APOCALYPSE OF OUR GENERATION	9
PEN AND PAPER	11
BETWEEN GLORY AND LIFE	13
NINE LIVES	15
CAREER SPOTLIGHT	16



feMIniNgmenon

I'm no film connoisseur—far from it.

A kid raised on Transformers and Marvel is a dime a dozen, and a comedy enthusiast even more so. But an appetite for notoriously ridiculous comedies, particularly those involving profane contemporary humour, is an acquired taste.

Over the top Gen Z humour written by screenwriters who so obviously have not stepped foot in a calculus class for several decades; tacky comedy that teeters on the edge of resembling a sixth grader's first Byronic hero; Horatian satire and its unique idiolect —hand it to me and I will eat it up like a man starved.

Over the past three months, I've found myself entranced with one particular film under this genre featuring three major hallmarks: a pair of loser best friends, a sapphic situationship, and (relatively) unintentional homicide.

Despite boasting generally positive reviews from critics, it was met with half five-star reviews and half one-star reviews by the public, with maybe three people in between.

All in all—regardless of polarizing opinions—a ubiquitously successful film that grossed \$14 million at the box office and won my heart the first time around.

The satirical comedy *Bottoms* (2023) starring Ayo Edebiri and Rachel Sennott begins with a pair of outcast best friends, Josie and PJ, who strive to make their senior year of high school the year they finally proposition to girls. It ends with the formation of a fight club and a less-than-alive football team.

It pokes fun at all the stereotypical high school tropes: dumb jocks, loser nerds, top-of-the-class cheerleaders, and the odd girl in the corner who simply won't stop screaming about her undying abhor for her movie-night enthusiast father. What's not to like?

A lot, apparently. “The plot doesn't make sense; the film was a cash grab to capitalize off sapphic youth; it's too tongue-in-cheek for the masses”—I've heard it all.

"I love absurd humour where the plot doesn't make sense. I think, particularly for queer audiences, we deserve to watch something dumb where we don't have to think too hard and can also see ourselves on screen."

And to all of that, director Emma Seligman says: "I love absurd humour where the plot doesn't make sense. I think, particularly for queer audiences, we deserve to watch something dumb where we don't have to think too hard and can also see ourselves on screen.

Where being queer is not hidden in the subtext, and high schoolers are allowed to do dumb things for the sake of just being dumb. Having a crush to the point of humiliation is not a new concept in teen film. It just so happens that Josie and PJ are sapphic and a little more entertaining to watch.

It's not news that sapphic media doesn't exactly dominate the film industry. From the sparse collection of queer-oriented casts in cinema, the majority of them face the challenge of self-acceptance and tend to feature heavier topics. It's not to say that acceptance and coming-of-age are overused points of focus within this genre—far, far from it—but more so reinstate the credence that queer identity does not have to revolve around tragedy.

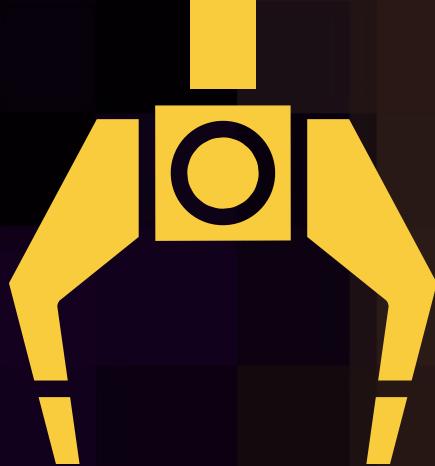
Bottoms is borderline delirious comedy at best and absolutely nonsensical at worst. The most tragedy we see is the five minutes of fall out between Josie and PJ before they band back together to go save the football field from blowing up. It's nice. It's refreshing. It's a change of pace before I finally tick *Portrait of a Lady on Fire* off of my movies-I-need-to-watch-and-will-never-recover-from list.

A contentious movie targeted towards queer girls who are fans of cult classics like *Scott Pilgrim vs. the World*, *Heathers*, and *Mean Girls* cannot exist without backlash; it's definitely not a film for everybody. Whether they hated it or loved it, however, the point remains: *Bottoms* is an absolute mess. It's camp, predictable, raunchy, a hit-or-miss film in a genre where pretty much everybody's opinions are all over the place. It's a masterpiece to me and that's all that really matters.

I love when Gen Z clichés are done well in film, I love when the teenage disposition is exaggerated to fit the movie-esque American high school experience, I love seeing queer representation both inside and outside the theme of acceptance, and most of all, I love seeing these moments on the big screen.

Shoutout to Bottoms for the truly authentic sapphic high school experience, and honourable mention to every side character named Jeff or James or Jared or J-whatever; kudos to you for fulfilling the comedic background guy role, without which the show would be just slightly less whimsical.

SAME
GAME,
DIFFERENT
RULES



As I leave the First Markham plaza with an orange soda in one hand and a brown paper shopping bag in the other (contents: pen organizer, sticker sheet, assorted washi tape), my mom suggests we go check out the claw machine arcade nearby.

Objectively, I'm pretty good at crane games. I've snagged plush bears, cats, hamsters and ducks from one-dollar machines outside Chinese grocery stores, carefully tipping awkwardly placed prizes into the designated slot. My mom is even better than I am.

So it's settled, then. It's time to take on the leviathan of a building as we sweep through the place with our acquired skills. Besides, there are children inside with armfuls of toys. It can't be that hard, right?

My expression is incredulous as we leave with two keychains and a stuffed dinosaur with an overbite. We hadn't even really earned over half of the spoils we left with: two of the plushies were pity prizes, won with extra tokens given to us by one of the employees.

"You have to press the button twice," he instructs, demonstrating it to me in the simplest way possible. The claw moves deftly, and its grip is much stronger than what I'm used to. "And go for the larger ones. The little keychains are much harder to grab. It's physics, right?"

I know physics, I want to scream. I know about perpetual motion and momentum. I can tell you about the scientific contributions of Newton, Schrodinger, and Feynman. I'm actually really good at this. Your machines are too easy for me.

I manage to convince myself that the entire arcade is rigged before a little blonde British girl walks past with three giraffes. *Three.* My

life is over as I know it. I should leave. My drink is waiting in the car and it'll get warm and flat.

Now that I've recovered from the utter and complete humiliation of my continuous ineptitude, the rational side of me (the one that understands the basic principles of physics, thank you) draws a conclusion.

Psychology tells us that we form schemata, or concepts of how certain things should function or behave. A ball bounces. A cat meows. The way you play a claw machine is by tipping the heavier side of the toy to leverage it into the prize slot. The claw will give out, but you want it to.

It's for these reasons that seasoned essay writers who can easily churn out a thousand words will struggle with a 600 word response, or that someone who can ride a bicycle backwards falls trying to go the right way.

When we practice certain ways of performing tasks, they become a habit when we get good. Relearning the rules to the same game is hard.

Flexibility between styles or strategies comes with time and practice. In the end, I will get that English assignment to fit under the word count, and I will return to that store when my ego recovers.

// JOY KIM
PHOTOGRAPHY // EMMA FODOR
DESIGN // ERIN CHEN



I'm trying to speak, but the words are stuck in my throat.

Come on, I urge myself. You can do it.

I'm stumbling, tripping over myself, over fear. I just need to explain myself. Explain why. Make another excuse. Anything. Anything that'll stop the burning in my throat and the tension in my heart.

I know I didn't do anything wrong. The paper trembles in my hands, my chin quivers for a second. Then all is still.

I breathe. In. Out.

Then, I remember. *We are sorry to inform you that you did not get the role*, it says, and memories flash through my head.

Years and years of not being enough, of not being the best, of telling myself that next time I'll get the role. Next time, I'll win the award.

She looks at me, anger in her face, but in her eyes is heartbreak. Why am I not enough for her? Around me, people are achieving amazing things, but I have stuttered and stopped. I am a car that still runs on gas, coughing and sputtering as I work to race, while other vehicles have advanced and now speed past me.

Why me?

"Well?" she asks impatiently, as if she's done with me. As if this was my last chance.

The anger bubbles up in me, frothing and alive with a burning flame. I'm not enough, sure, but nobody gets to put me down like that. Nobody is in control of me. I am in control of my emotions.

Spitting and leaping is the fire inside of me, and I open my mouth to let it out, but I burst into tears instead.

It's okay, I tell myself repeatedly. It's normal. You're a teenager. You're allowed to feel.

That night, tears leak onto my pillowcase and I feel disgusting. And alone. So, so alone.

We, as teenagers, all know it's normal to feel this way. Every adult says that it's okay to feel like this and that we're enough,

but in those moments, it feels so isolating. So distinctive in what we're experiencing that our brains can't fully process that.

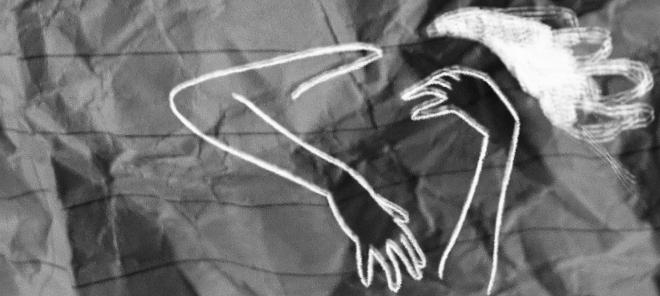
Yes, we are in a period of our lives where we're finding ourselves.

We're going through a time where we don't know how to deal with our emotions. And we understand that.

But that does not make these complex feelings easier to feel or these experiences easier to get over.

We are all incredible people, brimming with possibility, and sometimes, after a fall, all we can do is get back up again and let our bruises mend. But from one healing heart to another, we are all worth every single tear we shed. Beautiful as they are, our feelings don't define us. It's the growth in our hearts that matter the most.

So, next time you need to let something out, let it out. This only means that we are one step closer to being our best selves again.



THE ART OF THE SMEAR

Throughout history, people have generally not liked other people. Bold and earth-shattering statement, I know. I could even say that people have *really* not liked other people.

This sort of interpersonal hatred can manifest in many ways, depending on the positions of the belligerents and how much they dislike each other. Sometimes, these conflicts are petty, like a student waging a one-sided war of passive-aggressiveness with that one classmate that they *really* don't like. On a considerably larger scale, wars are waged, people are killed, and... well, I'm sure you have your own ideas on how to fill in those blanks. But I'm not going to talk about any of those extremes. I'll be looking at an insidious and fascinating form of (metaphorical) warfare; the smear campaign.

A smear campaign (or, more generally and much-cooler sounding, a character assassination) is a deliberate attempt to damage someone's reputation and/or credibility. Despite the term sounding political, it doesn't have anything to do with politics, at least not inherently. Spreading negative rumours about someone to ruin their reputation easily qualifies as a smear tactic and is typically the simplest

because that sort of tactic *absolutely* works; voters are typically set on who they'd vote for in any case (especially in modern political climates where people view their chosen parties as comparable to their favourite sports teams), so a candidate's best option is to keep reminding their voters why they shouldn't vote for the opposition. Unifying an extremely diverse group of people is monumentally difficult if you're trying to speak to their worldview and perspectives on policy, but there's a cheat code; it's extremely easy so long as you have a simple opposition for them to rally against (a tactic you've probably heard referred to as *scapegoating*).

form of the concept. People will often believe what they hear first about anything unless it's something *truly* outrageous; even if those rumours are disproven, those first impressions will always linger in the minds of people who were told.

For a fresh and very apt example, let's take the recent presidential debates. By now, you've probably seen that they often devolve into memeable mud-slinging contests rather than debates about policy or justifiable views. That, too, counts as a smear campaign (and it's where the political association of the term really sets in). It's often seen

If there's any lesson to take away from this, it's that you should always keep an open yet critical mind. Anyone could harp on about how you shouldn't take things at face value and do your own research, but sometimes doing that research — fact-checking every single claim you see or hear — is difficult or outright impossible. Just make sure to base your perceptions and impressions on things you know for a fact are true.

change

of

course

change

Three minutes, thirty-nine seconds. I queued up NIKI's High School in Jakarta and nodded along as I brushed my teeth one Tuesday morning. Three minutes and one second in, the unthinkable happened.

The words were all wrong, and the notes out of tune too. Strange. I listened to it again, realising two minutes and thirty-seven seconds later that not one, but two lines had changed. I put my phone down. I didn't understand: why fix what isn't broken? This catalyst of unfamiliar lyrics was all it took for me to realise that I have always been scared of change.

You're stuck in the past. You're too stubborn. You're a hoarder. Echoes of familiar voices told me over and over: as if I was unaware of my inability to accept change, whether for better or for worse. I thought about it too, sometimes. Why did I always look back, refusing to see the approaching horizon? Why did I scrawl upon the walls of my house "I want to live here forever," or "I don't want to be 10 years old"? It was simple. I'd always found comfort in the constants, so I confined myself to them. I dreaded novelty, for I didn't want to leave old memories, sentiments, and loved ones behind. I still have collections of clothes I've grown out of, yet I vehemently refuse to get rid of them; for what if I mourn the folds of forgotten fabric?

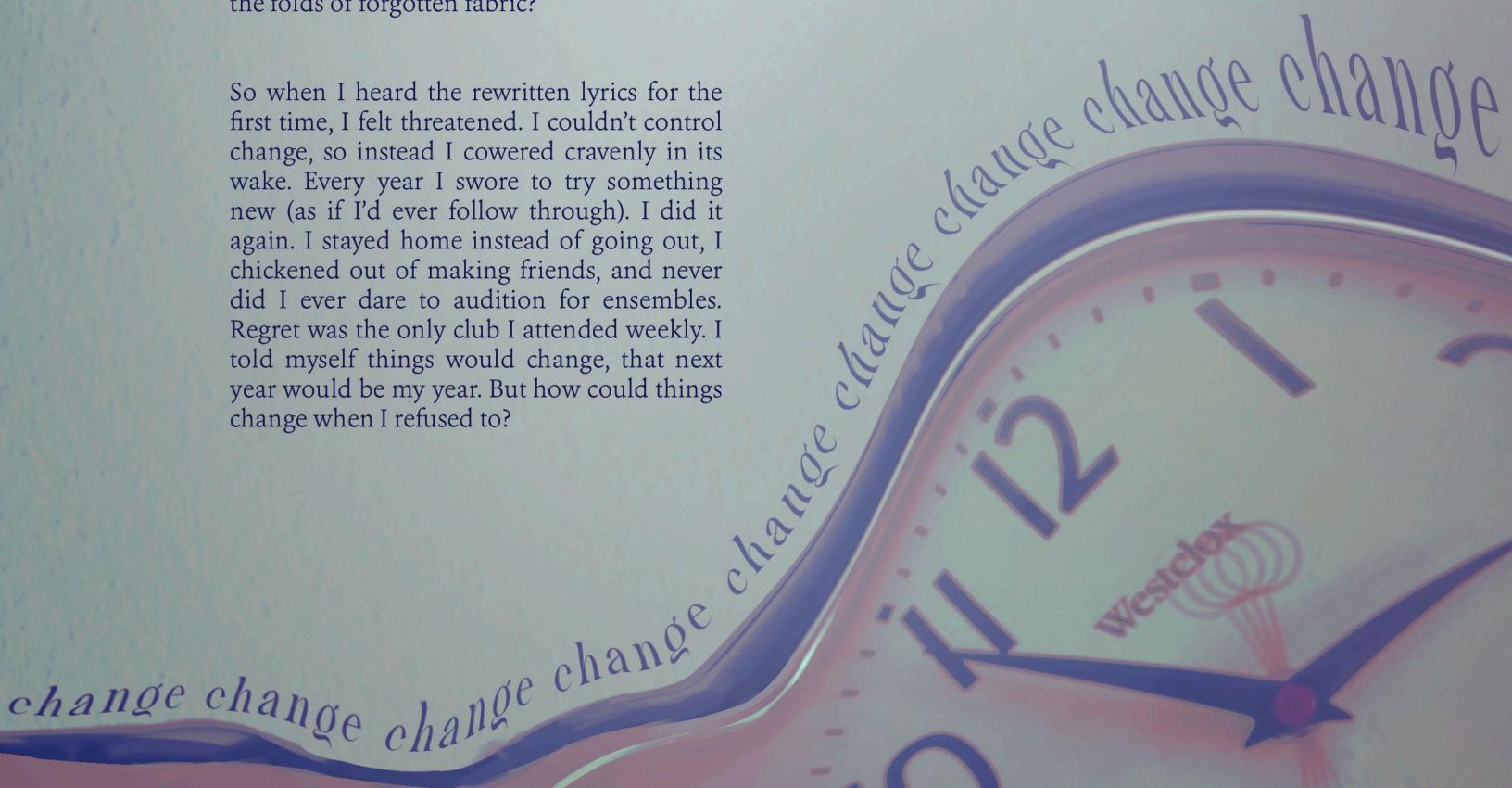
So when I heard the rewritten lyrics for the first time, I felt threatened. I couldn't control change, so instead I cowered cravenly in its wake. Every year I swore to try something new (as if I'd ever follow through). I did it again. I stayed home instead of going out, I chickened out of making friends, and never did I ever dare to audition for ensembles. Regret was the only club I attended weekly. I told myself things would change, that next year would be my year. But how could things change when I refused to?

Year after year has passed me by, and now, I'm in eleventh grade. I've made it halfway through high school without committing to a single club, but I can't say it was worth it to save \$50 on activity fee when I lost out on priceless memories. It's too late to refund all the time I've wasted, but I won't let my thoughts of "what if?" dictate my life anymore: for that, I owe everything to the short-lived lyric revamp of NIKI's High School in Jakarta.

For once in my life, I greet change like an old friend and embrace the opportunities it brings. I applied to Spyglass on a whim because I've loved writing since fourth grade (Mrs. Paonessa can tell you all about my stories starring Kyko the dragon). I took up cartooning because I wanted to shake up my art style, which has been stagnant since I was 6. I auditioned for sax ensemble, and though it was a close call, you bet I'll be back to try again next year. (Gold fever, you too).

Three minutes and thirty-nine seconds later, came my realisation that some changes—like new lyrics to our favourite songs—are out of anyone's control.

// ALEX YANG
PHOTOGRAPHY // ETHAN OH
DESIGN // ANGIE XU



THE APOCALYPSE OF OUR GENERATION



Zombies—a classification for soulless, come-back-to-life corpses with insatiable appetites for human flesh. These creatures survive in the absence of humanity, and their sole obligation is to condemn the rest of the living.

Yeah, I wouldn't stand a chance.

Recently, I've been watching the well-known horror show, *Fear the Walking Dead*, which is told through the perspective of a single mother (Madison Clark) as she quickly adapts to the changing world of the apocalypse. In the blink of an eye, Madison goes from working as an everyday highschool guidance counsellor to becoming a deity among her people; battling her colleagues with fire extinguishers, hiding under vans to evade the military, and making quick getaways on stolen yachts.

As unrealistic as it is, the more I submerge myself into the catastrophic, fear-ridden world of the TV show, the more I've started to reflect back (and feel a little humbled) about the way I've been living my own life. Especially when I wake up swaddled in blankets with lofi music playing in the background, it's then that the realization hits me hardest: while there are some who might imagine themselves as valiant survivors who'd go out fighting tooth and nail, I'm more likely to wave white flags to the zombies before the sun has even set. Truth be told, I don't think I have it in me to last longer than a couple of hours.

See, in the world of the undead, survival demands much more than the life that I live now. Forget grocery stores or DoorDash; I'd need to be able to find food where there is none. No more Google Maps or even GPS; I'd have to self learn how to navigate with the sun as my only friend. I'm certainly not going to find public transit up and running anytime soon—I'd have to travel everywhere by foot.

I often hear adults say that we're the lucky generation, as we've grown up with everything we need already developed for our use. Transportation, technology, and information access are just some of the things that have evolved to make our world a much more accessible place to live in. Now, virtually everything is just a Google search away—our social lives, entertainment, media, online shopping—even the answers to our most difficult problems (thanks Reddit) can be found with a few taps of a finger. And don't get me wrong; this certainly isn't a bad thing.

At the same time, however, it's also made our society heavily reliant on things that we should be fine living without. Do we really need to

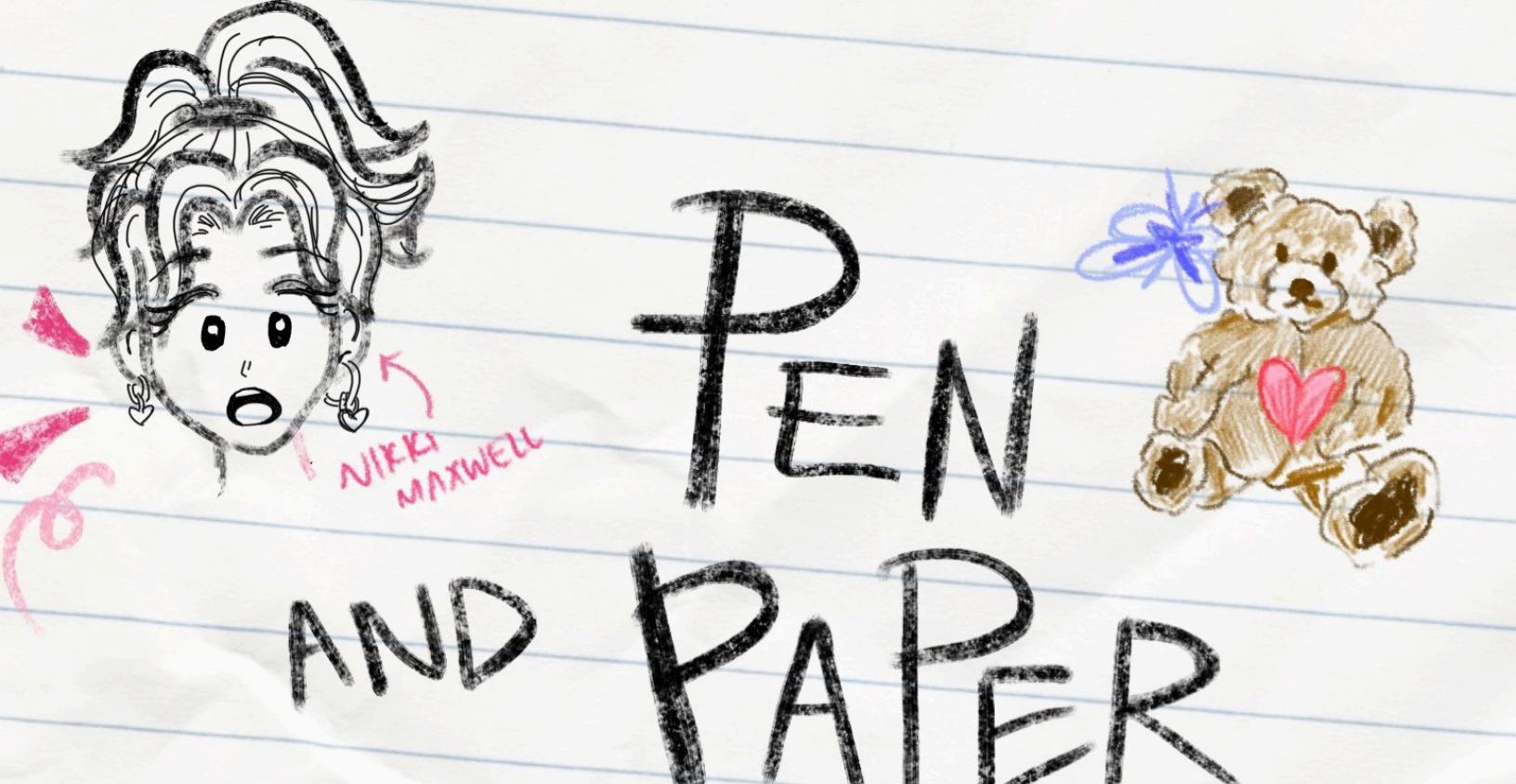
watch two hours of Subway Surfers gameplay before we can 'lock in'? Do we really need phones just to communicate adequately with other human beings? Our ancestors didn't need stores or restaurants because they hunted and self-prepared all their food. They didn't need cars or buses since they travelled by foot and by man-made canoes. Our ancestors certainly didn't need all the things many of us (myself included) now deem indispensable in our lives, and yet they survived just fine.

Now, I'm not saying I'd want to experience living back before the common era, or even worse, in a world like the one in Fear the Walking Dead. I'm also not saying that it would be good to go back to the way things were before. I do think, however, that it would be beneficial for many of us to reflect back on the world we live in now. To reconnect with nature, to reunite with others, and to recognize the humanity within ourselves. To redefine our pre-existing priorities and make a decision about what's really important in our day-to-day existence.

Most importantly, we should learn to enjoy our lives to the fullest before we're swept away amid the chaos of our own, man-made apocalypse.

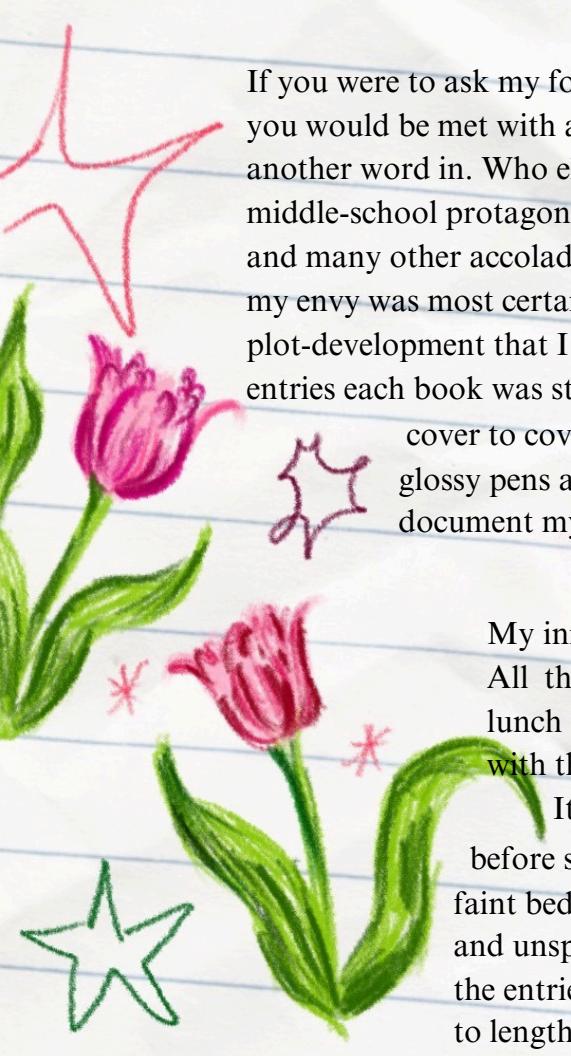
// JILLIAN OUYANG
PHOTOGRAPHY // EMILY MENG
DESIGN // KATRINA LAM
GRAPHICS // CANVA





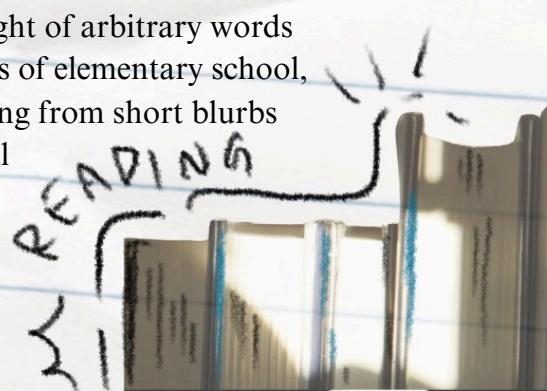
PEN AND PAPER

If you were to ask my fourth-grade self what the epitome of fictional literature was, you would be met with a decisive answer of “Dork Diaries” before you could get another word in. Who else, after all, could compare to Nikki Maxwell, the series’ middle-school protagonist, who landed a record deal, a personalized reality TV show, and many other accolades, all by the age of fourteen? Though the series is fictional, my envy was most certainly not. Yet, it was not the characterization nor the addictive plot-development that I recall the most from the series, but rather the episodic diary-entries each book was structured upon. I fell in love with the idea of filling a journal cover to cover, immortalizing the mundane details of my life with glossy pens and intricate doodles just as the protagonist had. To document my life in full had become an overarching goal ever since.



My initial journal entries were scored with Crayola and colored pens. All the crucially significant details of my days, whether the day’s lunch contents or the weather outside, were pressed into the book with the intense fervor of an elementary-grade author.

It became a daily practice, eventually. The waning hours of night before school the next day were spent hastily scribbling under the faint bedlight, the paper sinking under the weight of arbitrary words and unspoken thoughts. As I climbed the ranks of elementary school, the entries thickened and diversified, lengthening from short blurbs to lengthy monologues penned with the natural absurdity of a twelve-year old’s mind.



Reminder!

Guidance API at 10:30

DON'T MISS!

TO-DO LIST

- math quiz + mr. c
- english essay
- read 30 pgs of book
- ~~math test~~

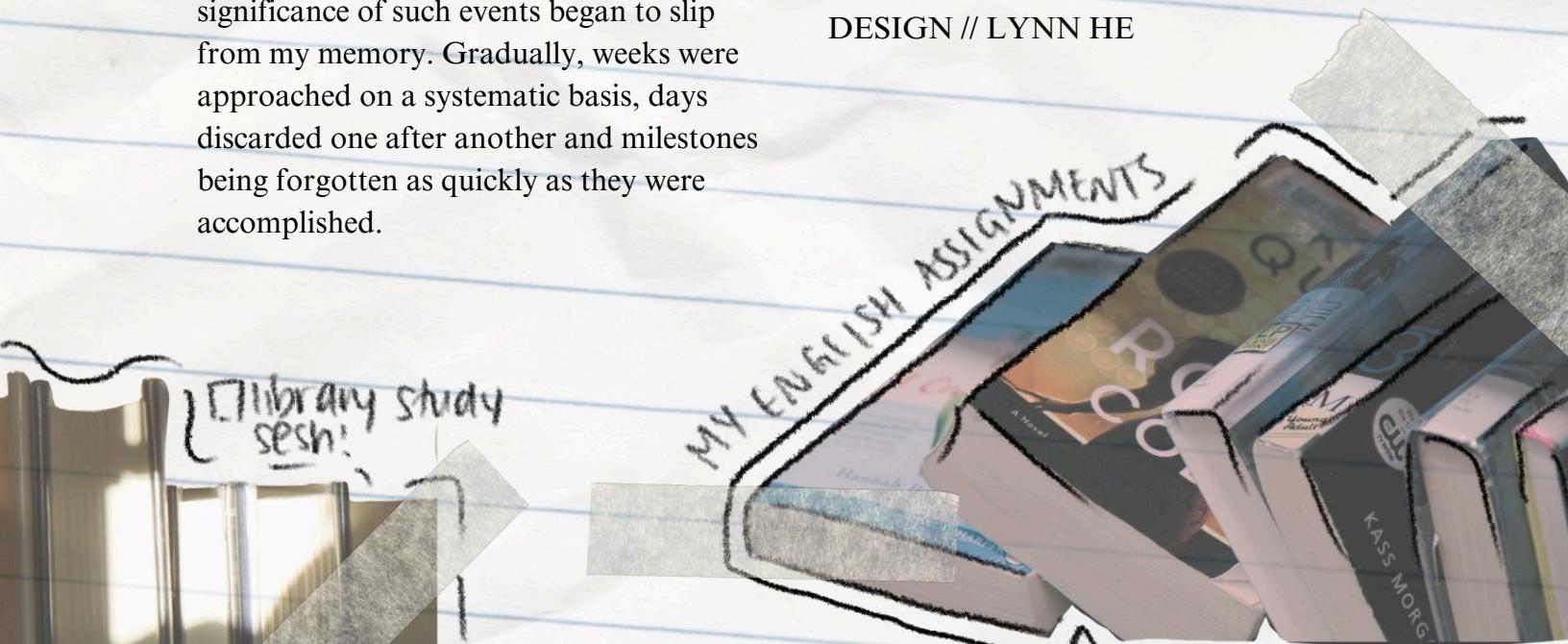
AORTIO ART!

Years passed, and with the arrival of high school came the desire to, quite literally, start a fresh chapter. Pages that once contained doodles and tasteful scribbles began to bear the weight of daily schedules, hasty to-do lists, and brief anecdotes about current assignments and classes. Yet over time, as my schedule began to fill with exams and events, journaling became an increasingly passive thought. Books that once bore the proud signs of cracked spines and worn pages soon began to rest half-empty on shelves. Keystone events and significant dates gradually slipped unacknowledged as journaling slowly turned from a routine hobby to a sporadic pastime occurring solely to jot down last-minute reminders or appointment notices.

Over time, the absence of journaling began to have a minute influence on how I perceived the world around me. Birthdays, achievements, and grueling tests came and went, time flowing like sand as the significance of such events began to slip from my memory. Gradually, weeks were approached on a systematic basis, days discarded one after another and milestones being forgotten as quickly as they were accomplished.

Now, in my twelfth and final year of high school, time seems to have tilted on an apex. Each milestone comes parceled with the nagging reminder that they may likely be our last; our last test, last trip, last event, and last rehearsal before turning over a new leaf onto the fresh page that is postsecondary life. As the sands begin to shift beneath my feet, I look back to the old paperback notebooks lying sleepily on the shelf. Thumbing through the glitter-glued pages, old memories flicker as my fingers, as if by instinct, itch for a pen. Though this coming year may be plundered with mountainous assignments and a whirlwind of "lasts," I know now that it's still a year I want never to forget.

// AMRITA DUDAKA
PHOTOGRAPHY // DANIEL SHAMOV
DESIGN // LYNN HE



BETWEEN GLORY AND *Life*

*L*ET ME TELL YOU A STORY.

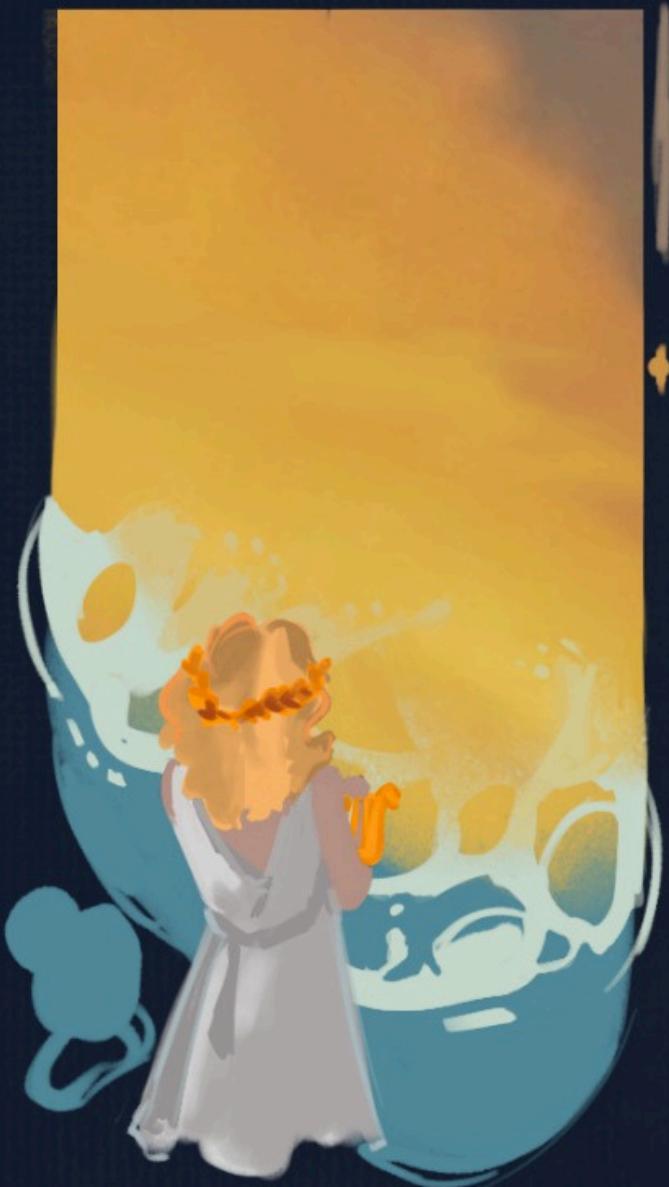
It is one you might already know well: the tale of Aristos Achaion—the best of the Achaeans; the Greek hero Achilles. There are many elements to the mythos surrounding this demigod son of Thetis, this prince of Pithia who went to war with Ilium and died there too. But it was never his wrath that sealed his fate, nor was it the subsequent death of his lover—no, Achilles was destined to lose his life at Troy the moment he stepped foot on its shores. He knew his fate.

In fact, he chose his fate.

He was long told what would happen, long told that he had to choose between a lengthy life of mediocrity or a short one that blazes like a burning star. And he decided in the folly of his youth that glory is worth the early grave, worth the life he will miss.

I have long judged him for his foolishness, but I am ultimately a hypocrite; when all comes down to it, could I honestly say that I would not do the same? That I am wise enough to choose a peaceful life of obscurity over the possibility of glory? A mortal's life is such a small price to pay, after all.

When I peel back the layers of Aristos Achaion, it is myself I find.





What hubris! You might now say. The gods should strike you down for daring to compare yourself to the great Achilles himself, and to that I say you are right. I am nothing like Achilles, nothing like him but for one thing; we could both, at some point, claim to have been gifted. Him in sword and spear and song, and I in English and math and science—precious skills for our respective times, and ones that the world tells us will make us great. Ones that given the choice, I would die to preserve. I would not be able to withstand the taste of failure, of a life nothing like the glorious one I was promised. I would choose the adoration, because I could not love myself the same otherwise.

I cling desperately to the illusory brightness of my youth, living out the myth of Achilles like so many others; and we all know how his story ends.

That burst of glory is not really worth his life; even he realizes in the end.

Achilles dies, Paris's arrow plunged through his heel. I envy the simplicity of his fate, the straightforward cause and effect behind his tale, for I cannot simply choose to go to Troy. My life for the everlasting love of those that taught me anything but greatness is a wasted life; everlasting love that might, for once, feel enough.

But perhaps it is better that way. Perhaps it is better that I have the option to try again and again and again, slowly figuring out the art of making peace with myself however I am, for it is exhausting to burn like so much kindling to fuel a pointless, decorative fire. Day by day, I learn slowly to love myself the same.

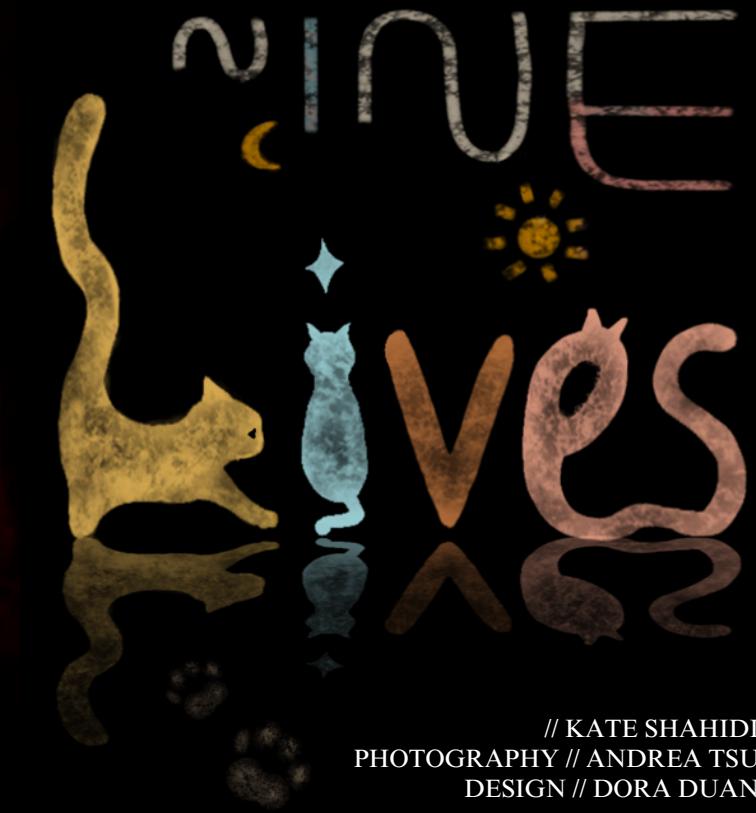
I'd like one day to choose with my whole heart to stay in Pithia, far, far away from the shores of Troy.

// OCTOBER HUA
PHOTOGRAPHY // CYNTHIA MU
DESIGN // MAGGIE LI



An Old English proverb goes, “A cat has nine lives. For three he plays, for three he strays, and for the last three he stays.” The cat is able to enjoy his childhood for the first three years, explore his identity for the next, and finally establish his livelihood during the remaining three years of his life. To me, the quote serves as a metaphor for life, representing the general stages that humans experience within only one.

During the first stage, kittens are innocent and playful, happily chasing shadows and bravely pouncing on imaginary prey. The kittens rely on their mothers to survive, depending on them for nourishment and warmth. Humans are no different. We breeze through the first couple of years of our lives with our only responsibility being to explore the world around us. From learning how to ride a bike to building pillow forts with our friends, we take our time to understand the intricacies of our surroundings and environment. The second stage when everything begins to change.



// KATE SHAHIDI
PHOTOGRAPHY // ANDREA TSUI
DESIGN // DORA DUAN

Although we yearn to reach this stage as quickly as possible, the High School Musical-type life that we often associate with this period is usually not what the second stage is actually like. Instead, our teenage and young adult years are characterized by uncertainty, social changes, and exploration of identity. It is easy to feel overwhelmed and out-of-control but all those emotions tend to dissipate as we move on.

The final stage of life encompasses ideas like stability, reflection, and wisdom. Older cats, with their graceful movements and tranquil mindsets, serve as mentors to younger cats and kittens. They are able to draw on their experiences to teach other kittens how to play, communicate, and scavenge for resources. As we develop through our lives, humans also take on this role. Contrasting the clutter and chaos that we usually associate with our teenage years, the third phase presents us with the opportunity to look back at the mosaic of moments that our lives have been built upon.

Now, the three stages all have their own merits and drawbacks. No matter what stage we are in, we often wish that we would be able to go back in time or fast forward to another. Despite all this, the most important part is living in the moment and appreciating every one.

Career Spotlight

Jerry Chen, IP Attorney



About Jerry Chen

Jerry Chen is an intellectual property lawyer and registered patent and trademark agent. He runs his own firm, where he helps startups and small businesses navigate IP protection. With a B.Sc. in Biology from Western University and a J.D. from the University of Toronto, he leverages his extensive litigation experience to protect his clients' intellectual assets.

What is IP Law?

Intellectual Property law safeguards creations of the mind, including inventions, designs, and various forms of creative work. It includes the management of patents, copyrights, and trademarks. To become an IP attorney, you must have a background in STEM – usually fulfilled through an undergraduate degree in a related field – and pass both the bar exam and patent agent exam.

Why IP Law?

Knowing that he wanted to pursue law since high school, Jerry chose to major in biology due to his strong aptitude for the sciences. Unlike traditional pre-law majors (e.g. political science, philosophy), biology – being less subjective – would give him more control over his GPA. In addition, there are no major or course specifications for law school, but the IP concentration requires a STEM degree. Therefore, majoring in biology opened up a wide range of options for him. Although his biology degree was instrumental in getting his foot through the door, Jerry doesn't use it much day-to-day, as there is not a lot of technical exchange of information. However, his STEM background remains relevant in IP law, especially for colleagues who regularly work on cases like medical patents.

Typical Day in the Life

Jerry's daily routine contrasts with the fast-paced environment often depicted in legal dramas. After dropping his son off at school, he begins work at 9:30 AM. The nature of his profession allows him to work from home most of the time. His day is divided into equal thirds: writing emails to clients, coordinating with his assistant, and working on IP submissions. He finishes by 6 PM, after which he tries not to do work while at home. Early in his career, however, he was expected to work 2200 billable hours per year, and sometimes came home at 1 AM. He feels it was important early on to get that experience, but now enjoys more manageable deadlines. Jerry feels that IP law allows more of a work-life balance than other fields of law given the less frequent court appearances and generous deadlines – typically four months for a patent and six months for a trademark.

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