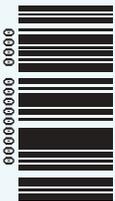


home.

Harvard Graduate School of Education

no. 1 | 23 march 2020





Editor's Note

Navigating Loss |

Here in the US, people often ask me what I miss most about home. It's easy - the pub. In fact, when I went home for Christmas, I spent at least 3 hours a day in a pub and I was trying to work out why. It's not because I'm a raging alcoholic, for me, a pub feels like a communal living room and a home.

My local is the Six Bells. I grew up in a small village in the middle of the countryside, a couple of hours south of London. The Six Bells is at the heart of village life and its walls could teach you a thousand lessons about love, life and knowing your limits.

The building itself feels magic. The low ceilings are held aloft by wooden beams that are decorated with dried hops and walls are littered with old photos of the village cricket team and local farmers. Stone floors are warmed by the log fires and there'll usually be a dog curled up somewhere on the hearth. Of course, at the bar you will find a regular named Dave.

As a child, I remember running across the front lawn while watching the Morris Men dancing and frantically waving their handkerchiefs in the pub garden (google them!). Occasionally, us kids would scream away from wasps attracted to the sweetness of the beer, quickly running back to the legs of our parents.

My teenage years were defined by drinking pints of diet coke, spinning the floating lemon with my straw and crunching the ice-cubes until they disappeared. We spent hours playing on the quiz machine, celebrating the sporadic wins, and our coins fuelled the juke box that gave us Oasis, the Verve or Red Hot Chilli Peppers. We threw darts unskilfully at the board and potted pool balls until close.

We thought we were cool.

When I turned 18, I took a job behind the bar and revelled in the village gossip that used to stream through. I took pride in pouring pints and we held regular lock-ins by pulling the curtains closed when the bar had shut and allowing villagers to stay long into the early hours.

Now, my best friends and I return home each Christmas, and every year we pack into the pub with the rest of the village on Christmas Eve. We indulge in gin, sing carols and exchange stories from the year passed. The pub is deeply engrained in Britain's sense of community and is such an intrinsic part of the culture; no two pubs are ever the same and they have scarcely changed in centuries.

Today, I watch pubs close across the UK, and I'm left wondering how communities will navigate the loss of a shared home.

The stories in this first issue, however, demonstrate that home is far more than a physical space. As we begin to navigate home beyond Appian Way, I hope these stories provide you with hope that home is far more than bricks and mortar (and also more than Gutman's concrete!)

With love, Flic.



My local pub | The Six Bells

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If you want to react to any of the pieces featured, please email:

FELICITY_BURGESS@GSE.HARVARD.EDU

Letters will be added to next weeks edition.



“ These fleeting moments of beauty and joy have the power to transport us.

City of Angels

written by Jeannette Garcia Coppersmith |

Photos have the power to cut a unique and irreplicable cross-section of time and space. A snapshot, a glimmer. When I think of home, I think of Los Angeles or the City of Angels, and this photo captures an essential spirit of the place. Parking lots and gangly palm trees, my small dog, Louie, running free and proud with a stick in his mouth. In a sea of concrete and multi-lane freeways (yes, freeways) under an unforgiving sun, life in this city resiliently finds its way. It is difficult to explain what this picture causes me to feel — an unspeakable longing for something that no longer exists in this way outside of my memory. A wistful twang. Deep nostalgia for a time and place I only visit once a year or so now.

When my mother, Clara Angélica, passed away, my world was shaken. Yet I still feel her with me, as a warmth or presence, often brought by a flitting memory or scene of Los Angeles and my childhood: blooming and brilliant bougainvillea creeping up a cracked wall, a container of Folgers coffee on the kitchen counter with a plastic spoon stored inside, the seeds and spices for pan con pollo toasting on New Year's, the feeling of my mother's dry hands, heavy and wise like camote (sweet potato). These fleeting moments of beauty and joy have the power to transport us. Oddly, these connections seem to stay with us forever, imprinted in curious ways that keep us connected in spite of the vast distances between us. In this way, luckily, home is something you can keep.



“

...life in this city
resiliently finds its way

Being in Somewhere Else

written by Paul Moch | IEP '19 / TF A-132 & A-801

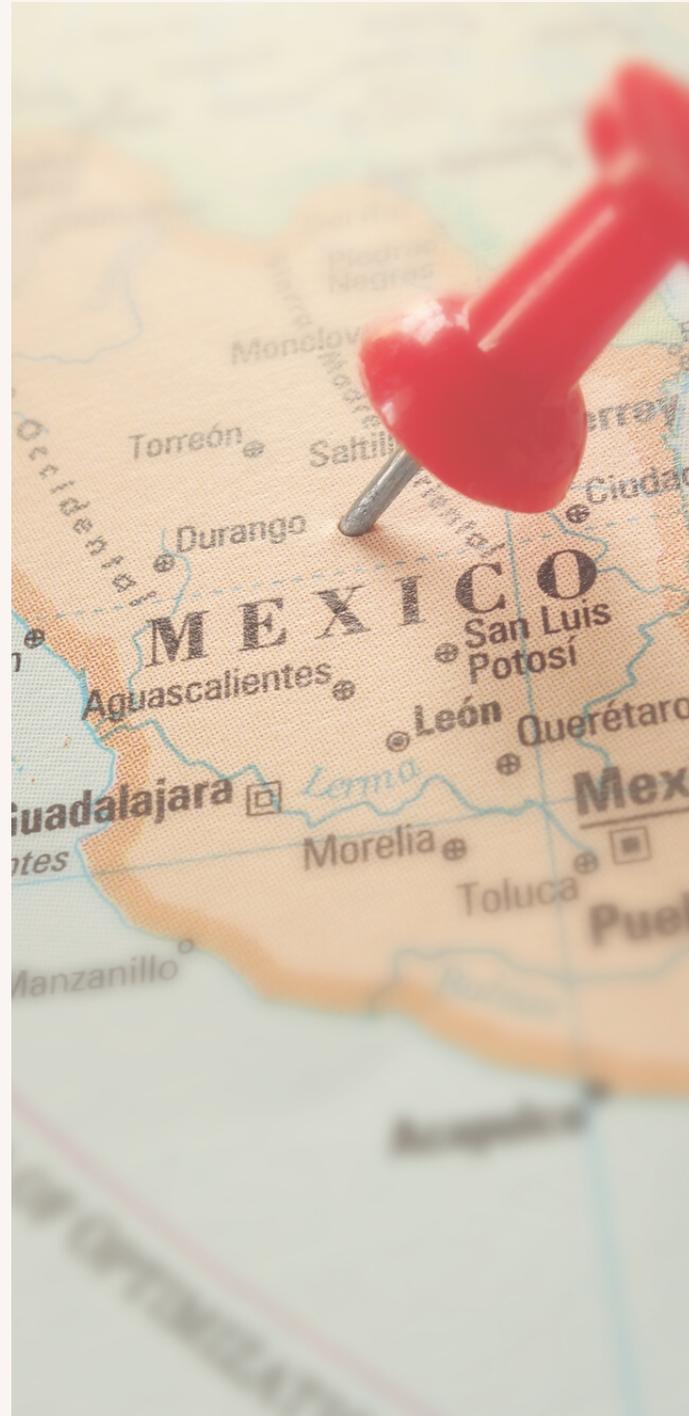
Here, my birthplace is placed as Below,
Under a Nation, and grouped as a race.
Though not from the U.S., I am American,
Proud to be from a Continent so diverse.

Deemed as inferior, our culture has shifted,
Both my own Nation, and this new host Nation
 Where a fifth of my kin live,
Brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, and friends
Yet somehow invisible to most in each place.

I am Mexican, something I would never doubt,
But to others it is questioned, when they see into my eyes.
 Yet I strive to understand,
How much of both sides, have turned my identity
 a mix intertwined.

Either we understand Us bi-nationally,
 bi-culturally,
Or we will end up tearing apart.

Let the pride at the border,
Because borders only exist,
When we think about Nations,
As stopped by a sea.





Intoxications of caffeine and love

'Should we get you a thermometer?', a friend asked as I pondered if the lack of energy, body ache and the mild temperature that I felt was a COVID-19 infection, just another bout of flu or caffeine withdrawal born out of precautionary self-quarantining. Thankfully, I wondered it out loud while texting people (technology the great savior!). As a result, another beautiful human asked me which coffee they should get for me, and yet another pinged me from outside my dorm, walking gleefully with two large Starbucks cups of drip coffee, black, as I like it.

Stocked on coffee and care for the next 2 days, I recovered almost instantly from my seeming COVID symptoms which were partly my body's response to loss of life as I knew and envisioned, some anxiety about living in a foreign country amidst a pandemic, probably a result of ovulation hormones, but mostly just the lack of caffeine in my bloodstream.

I share this story because in these two days I went from feeling alone, anxious and scared, to feeling safe, secure, loved, in short, I felt at home. I decided I wasn't ready to leave HGSE as yet, which feels home to me.

Home. Ghar. This word has always made me anxious. As a single adopted child, I have struggled with abandonment issues and with finding a sense of belonging. When I broke up with my ex-partner with whom I created my first home, I thought I had lost this feeling forever. I designed home tattoos for myself as a tribute to the relationship, a keepsake of the only home I knew. Thankfully, friends came to rescue again as they ensured I did not get myself inked with the past and instead carried me to my next home.

“ A home of three
kickass women, of
different ages,
different ethnicities

When I met my roommate H for the first time, we did not recognize each other even though we had been chatting for a while. Then we went to a street side shop, sat by the kerbside (literally! something I deeply miss in Cambridge), sipping our sweet tea, smoking our minty menthol cigarettes and discussing psychology and anthropology. It is a story we loved to tell visitors in our home, my second, new, unexpected home. A home of three kickass women, of different ages, different ethnicities, professions and education who met through social media and decided to live together on a whim.

As I was surprised when I found this feeling again. It wasn't supposed to happen so soon. Definitely not without a boy in the picture. Wasn't home a rare precious commodity that one needs to long and strive for? Doesn't it take ages to build and immense hard work to sustain? How was it happening organically? But there was too much chai and cigarettes, and a smell of security and love in the air for me wonder what made us home. Looking back, maybe it was the spirit to thrive against all odds that we each embodied. Maybe the unconditional support for each other.

I remember the day when the HGSE results came out. One of my home mates was asleep and we sent her a million messages that there was news. When she finally got up I told her I was pregnant. She responded by simply asking if I was happy. I played along for a while and then broke the actual news. She again responded asking was I happy?

Are you happy?
What do you need?
Can I do something for you?
Maybe these simple phrases created home.

Full of gratitude and nostalgia, I left this newfound ephemeral home in Bengaluru for Cambridge, and never did I imagine the warmth and humanity that awaited me at HGSE. During orientation sessions, faculty and alumni would repeatedly

mention about H'u'GSE community and how we were going to meet the best people here and forge life-long friendships. Like everything else, I took this with a pinch of salt and smirked internally wishing them to stop selling me sugar coated ideas of the HGSE life now that I had already paid my tuition. I wasn't expecting anyone here to care if I was happy and the initial few months felt like a frenzy of self-obsession all around and within me. But suddenly, it happened. The place grew on me. I met the people who made me more human. I found friendships that strengthened my faith in humanity. I learned the meaning and importance of solidarity. It felt like finding my group of swans after having wandered as an ugly duckling most of my life. HGSE turned out to be a home like no other where I have been heard and seen not just for who I am, but who I could be.

“

HGSE turned out to be a home like no other where I have been heard and seen not for who I am, but who I could be.

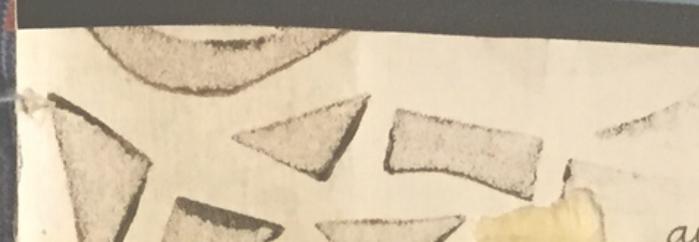
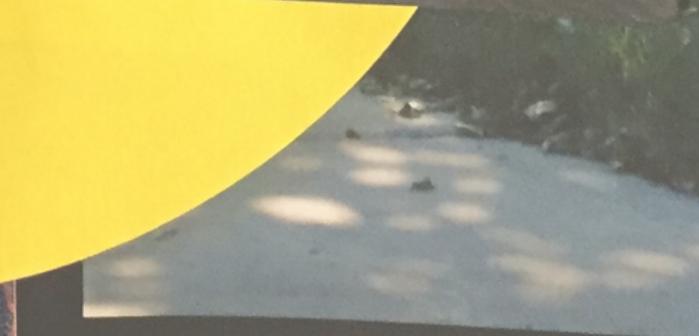
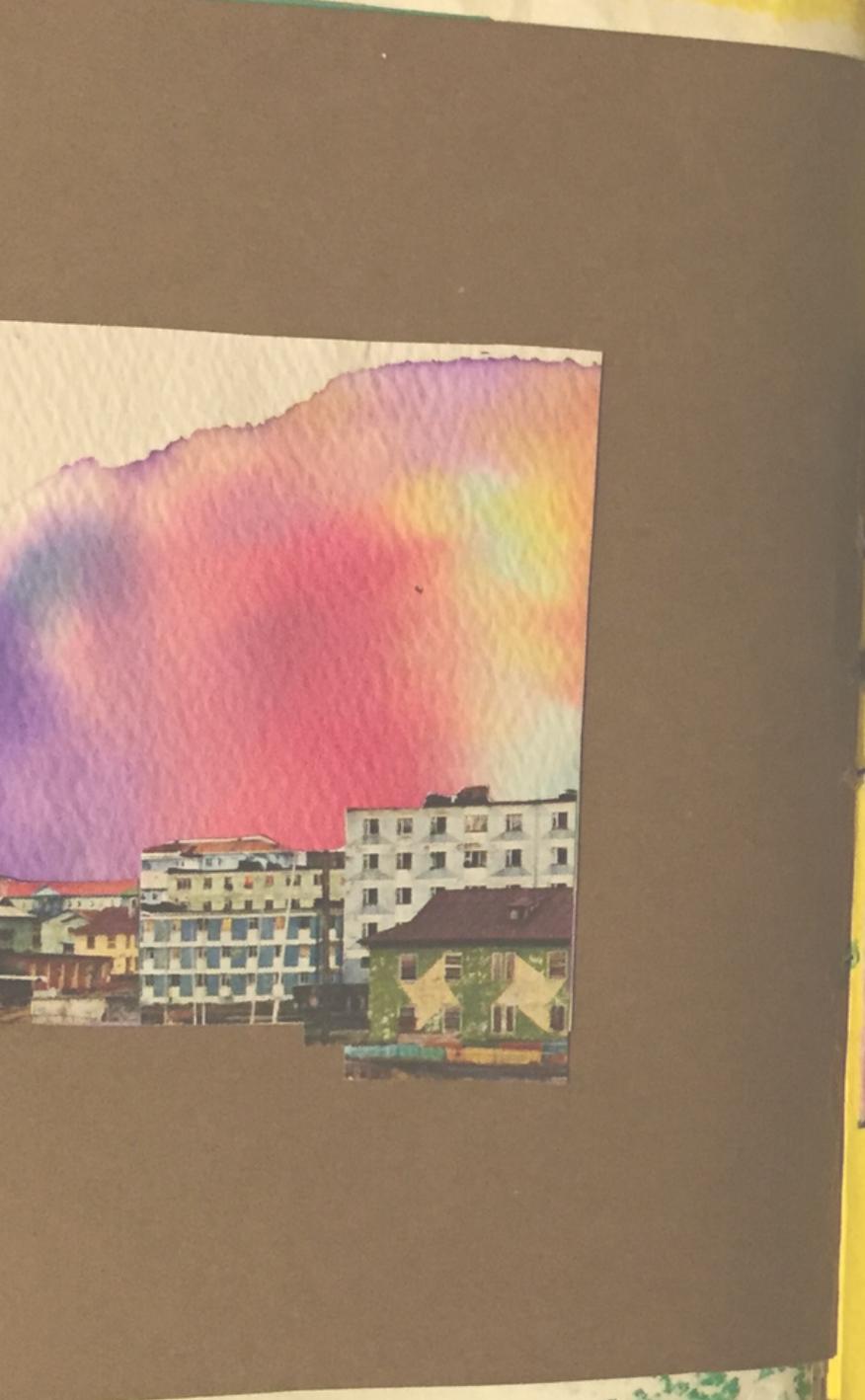
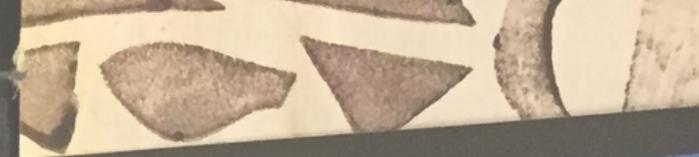
I had started spring semester with anxiety about the impending loss of this home and the current happenings threw everything up in the air. I felt my home was being taken away from me, again, before its due. A home where I was I

was learning how to think and act beyond myself by experiencing unconditional love, and how to hold courage and hope in the face of complex perplexities of human reality and social justice work. Home, to me now, is the feeling of safety and love that I experience when I open my heart to connect with people, to trust them and to love them, when I co-create relationships rooted in respect and empathy. And it is the people at HGSE who teach me every day how to be home, for myself and for others. I will treasure this learning that can change the world and hope amidst this crisis, we will together keep our home intact, ask each other what we need, offer what we have to continue our collective journeys.



Home

created by Jesa Rae Richards | Arts in Education





“ Home is an extension of my being.

What makes a home?

written by Prerna Munoth | Learning and Teaching

I have shifted over 10 homes in my life spanning 26 years, and every time I shift to a different place I then call my 'home', I feel like a part of me is left behind in the home we built together.

I often wonder what is home- is it the people or the place or both? What makes a house, in fact home? I've lived for many months in a house, before I truly accepted it to be my home- even though I lived with the same people in different homes.

In 2019, I moved away from 'home' to build a 'home' in a totally different country. I was scared, nervous and excited, all at once, and I didn't know if I ever will be able to feel at home. It was a big shift- and something one can never be prepared for. Living by myself for the first time was a unique experience to say the least, I no longer had the comfort of my family, or of my country, but yet I called this place home.

After a long and tiring day, all I wanted was to go 'home' and relax, a question then arose, is home a state of mental being? Probably, yes. Because despite being in a strange country and being surrounded by strangers, I was somewhat at peace, and in my comfort zone.

It was the little things that made my little room my home, a coffee sign board, a soft-board of pictures (people I love), a dressing table, and my tiny little bed which I put together. For me, home is when there are pieces of me being represented in some small artifact or the other- it could be a small sign board or something or a portrait of my family. Over time, I have increasingly come to believe a home can be built anywhere, as long as you can see/build a part of yourself along with it. It is always a nice memory to have about the person you were when you entered, and how you've evolved in the time you're here. Home for me, is an extension of my being.



Senses

written by Clare Murray | Arts in Education

Home is the smell of a roast chicken just out of the oven.
The taste of freshly brewed coffee.
The noise of dog nails scratching against wooden floors.
The feel of a ticonderoga pencil in hand.
And the sight of an onslaught of crossword clues to be answered.



That Morning

written by Marie-Emmanuelle Thomas Hartness | Fictional Piece

When she woke up that morning, something had changed. Golden daylight cut through her sheer curtains, drawing the shape of her body on the wall. Her alarm clock had not rung. She had not slept that late for years. Lucie had always been an early riser, ever since she was little, when her father woke her up at sunrise with tickles and an open window for her to feel the fresh new day. Waking up early meant having breakfast with her dad. She remembered the crunch of her toast, the clink of the spoon in his coffee, the squeak of the orange halves he pressed on the juicer. She cherished their time together and kept this morning habit ever since she left for the city.

As she looked down, the street was empty. She suddenly mourned her missed breakfast and stared at the ghost city. A car drove by. At this time of day, she would usually hear many of them, bumper-to-bumper, and drivers yelling, “What are you waiting for? Go! Go!”—usually in more colorful language. It made her laugh every time. What were people so hurried about? She had been working from home since her move; she was attuned to the noises—not part of it, except for her own typing on the keyboard and the occasional phone call.

Her own voice, she didn’t hear often, and most of the time only in ink form.

She had lived in her inner universe, the outer world pulsing as a background rhythm, and today she missed the music of it. The sounds that inspired her writing, the waves and resonances that built up in the morning and then wound down again until noon, when everyone rushed to cafes and bakeries for lunch, smoked cigarettes, chatted, yelled, and laughed before getting back to their assigned tasks. The sound died in the afternoon as people confined themselves to their offices, only to roar again as workers struggled to go home to sip wine and kiss their families. Some, more solitary like she was, would hustle home, yearning for their moment of quiet in front of the television or behind a novel, only to penetrate a new world designed by a poet for their enjoyment.

“ ...we own worlds to
which we can voyage.

The need to escape the loud external world had always been well-balanced according to Lucie's observations. She could draw lines to represent the sound waves, inflated and deflated, as people merged and withdrew throughout the day and sometimes at night. It was quite different over the weekend as the majority of morning passersby were families.

“Don't cross the street, stop right here!” she would often hear as a mother ran after a twoyear-old on wheels, dangerously storming toward the road.

Lucie had been fascinated by mothers worry and how it sounded from her fourth floor. She wondered if her own mother had worried the same way when she was little. There was something in a mother's voice that sounded different from a father's. Was it the command? The intonation that contained a desire to let the child free yet protect her? Today she didn't hear their voices. Today everyone settled at home.

Lucie had not felt trapped. Trapped doesn't exist, she thought, we have a mind — we own worlds to which we can voyage. Frontiers are open. The man watching television travels to the movie's set. The reader leisurely visits another country. Lucie thought about this concept again as she bent further to look at the closed shops. She wondered where the food would come from in the next few days. The worried mother, the lonely mailman, the jobless waiter. They were not allowed to talk to each other, shake hands, or buy anything without gloves. How would they access the serenity of their own minds and create space to let the physical world heal for a while?

As compassion submerged her, she sat down at her desk. Fountain pen in hand, she started to write again.

An aerial photograph showing a straight, two-lane asphalt road running vertically through a dense, lush green forest. The road is flanked by thick vegetation on both sides, with a slight clearing or shoulder visible along its length. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

“ ...borders
only exist,
When we
think about
Nations,
As stopped
by a sea.



“ ...getting used to new surprises of things that are moved or changed while I’m away

Home Transformed

written by Shafira Indah Dini | International Education Policy

I used to feel really upset and disappointed with my parents whenever I went back home only to find out that my room has turned into something else. I went to a boarding school in Indonesia when I was in high school and I only get a chance to go back home twice a year during school vacations.

When I went back home for the very first time, I found that I have new cupboard, new drawer filled with my mom’s bag, and a pile of random stuffs. In a nutshell, while I’m gone my room has slowly transformed into a storage room.

The second time I went back home for the second term of school year, I found that my room looks peculiar. The wall are full with posters of European football players, my bed sheet change to a shocking red color with a shield logo and a weird bird standing in the middle, god knows what the heck is that, and the word saying “this is anfield”. My brother has invaded my room while I was gone and self-claimed the land to be his territory.

Now, I’ve been away from home for almost a decade. Unlike most western countries, my situation is very unusual especially for Indonesian who’ll never leave their parents house unless they get married or find a job outside the island. Those memories of going back home and getting used to the new surprises of things that are moved or changed while I’m away, make me think that actually “home” for me is not a place. Being physically in that place and sleep in my parent’s or my sister’s room for a week was not the reason why I’m always looking forward to go “home”. Seeing my family is actually what I always have been waiting for. Laying down next to my Mom at night talking about life until we both slept and wake up in the morning with mosquitoes bites because we forgot to apply the bug repellent spray is what I’m missing the most. It is the people/person not the place that makes me feel home. When they visited me in Japan, being with them make me feels home. When I couldn’t make it to my hometown and we only can meet in Jakarta, their presence at the airport make me feels home. For me it is my family that make a place “home”.



Roots

written by Jiezhen Wu | Specialised Studies Program

Home is an expansive concept for me. It's where my heart is, where my mind is, where my body is, where my family is, where my partner is, where my partner is, where Harvard is. In that sense, I feel at home everywhere and sometimes nowhere. But home is where I plant those seeds and water them, so I can be at home anywhere in the world.



“ What if home was an activity or a person? That which brings a sense of belonging.

Close Your Eyes

written by Ragini Lall | Technology, Innovation, Education

A corner house, in Delhi's Defence Colony-1993 to 2008. I lived there for a considerable period, fifteen of my twenty-nine. Tucked behind a tree that was growing a bit lopsided. The façade is made of fire bricks - the colors of a peculiarly dark cappuccino- burnt brown and a milky cream. As soon as you enter inside, on the right is a spiral staircase and the height of the house hits you.

In summers the cool air rushes to greet you as you marvel about the wonders of natural ventilation. Is home where we spend our teens, that critical time in all our lives? Or is it a lot more default and mundane- that where one just ends up spending the most number of their years?

I remember the day I left my parent's home. I was seventeen and brimming with excitement. Standing at the gates of the airport, two hours to catch my flight to Bangalore. But as I hug my elder sister goodbye, I am attacked by a sudden surge of tears. Drop after drop streaming down my embarrassed, surprised and very red face. I had only then realized.

Everything's changing.

What if home was an activity or a person? That which brings a sense of belonging. Perhaps it's the seemingly nonsensical routines that we create mindlessly filling time and space- living life one day after the other. Then, I welcome you home, to the act of drinking chai. Drinking ginger zing tea bag-tea with milk powder and Alisha-my Indian dorm-mate whom I share most meals with on my weekends.

Perhaps it's nothing material and all about the people. The old friends, family and mentors who know you just a tad bit too well, equipped with all the right ways to support you or hurt you, just as they please. So run away. Home could very well be the ability to share a familiar reference with a new friend who inhabited similar roads and walked the same corridors in their past life? Or is home a lot more serious. It's that which we fight to build and keep, moving mountains in search for the right place to sleep. Roaming street after street under a sunny sky, looking for TO-LET signs, as drops of sweat drip by.

Let's try an activity. Close your eyes, say 'home' and see what comes in your mind.



“ ...home is in
the cherished
memories

Home Within Me

written by Wura | International Education Policy

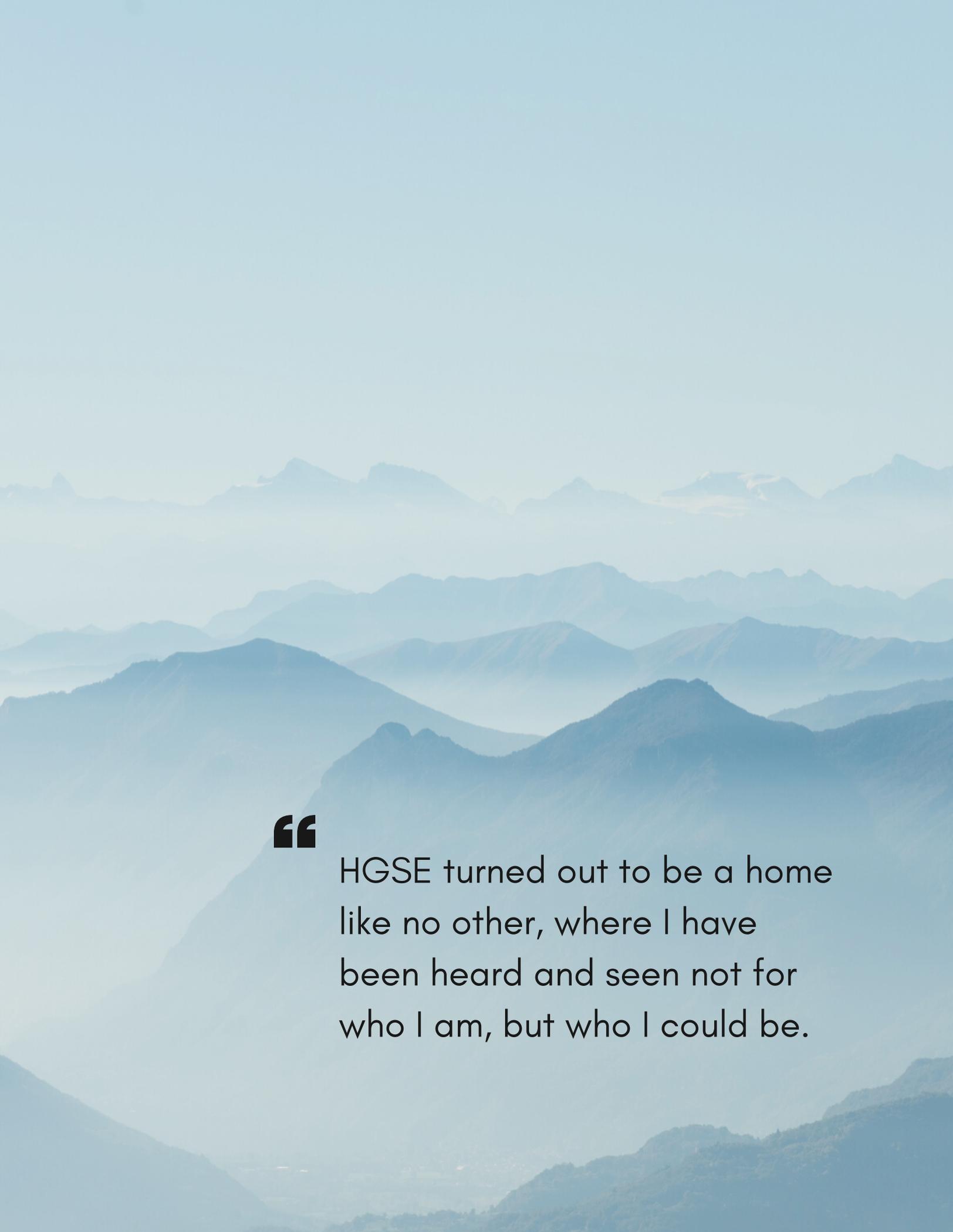
Home.. I've moved around quite a bit in the last 10 years and I'm realising, albeit late, that home is everywhere and anywhere.

Home is where I grew up in Lagos, Nigeria and where my parents currently live. Home is in Houston, TX where I spent the last 5 years with my brothers and college and work friends. Home is also here in Cambridge where I am currently and where I have found a community of close friends and colleagues.

What these places have in common though is me. I don't mean this in a narcissistic way, but I'm learning that home is where I am and home is within me.

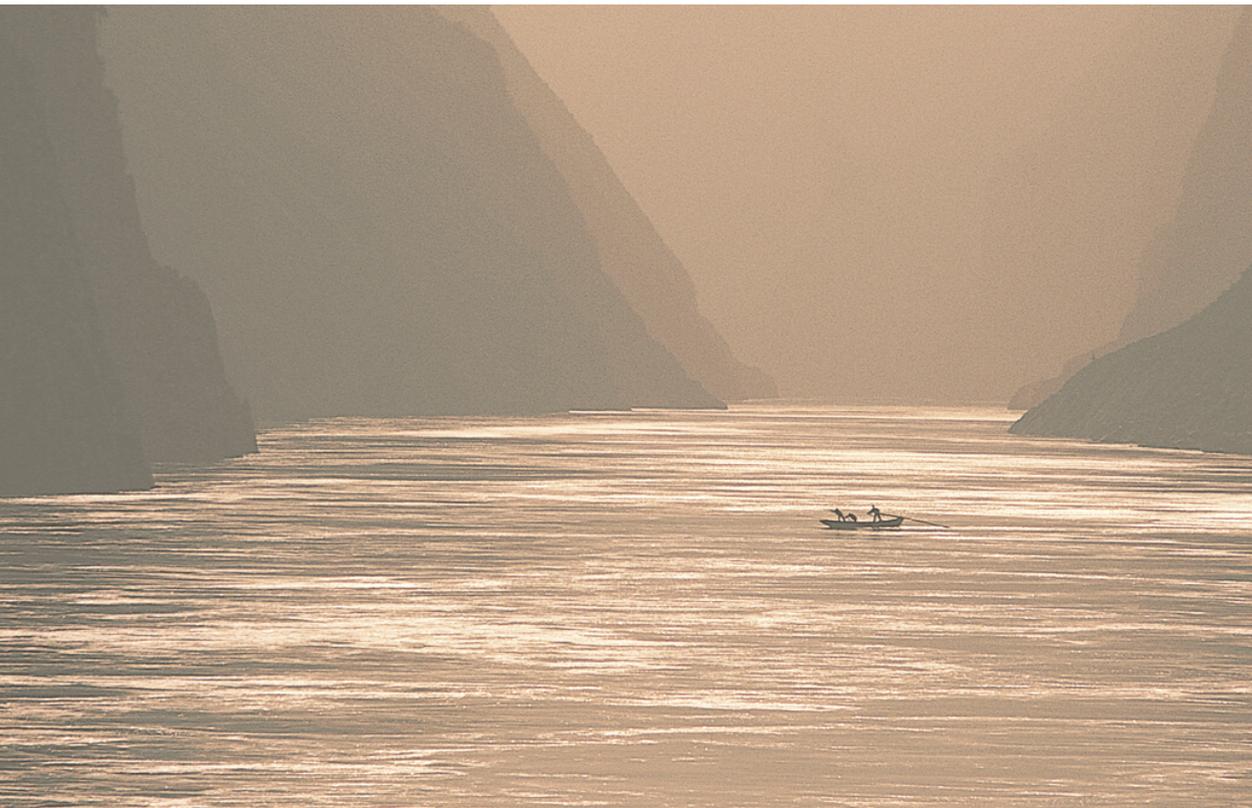
Particularly in these times of isolation and distancing, home is in the cherished memories in my heart of the places I have lived with the people that I love. I have carried, and will continue to carry, these fond memories in my heart, while recognising that I can continue create new memories with these people in these places through technology.

So, I can say that home is literally where my heart is... and in the internet!
Stay safe and healthy friends!



“

HGSE turned out to be a home like no other, where I have been heard and seen not for who I am, but who I could be.



Memories of Nanyuan

written by Huajun Wu | Learning and Teaching

Nanyuan was my home for the first twelve years of my life, a small village of Chongqing in the southwest of China by the Yangtze river.

It was a small neighborhood built on a sloped land, half hidden in the canopy of green trees. It was probably the same size of a soccer field. About a dozen families lived here in three rows of bungalows. To imagine what it looked like, think of narrow terraces cut into a series of three successively receding flat platforms, which resembled steps.

These bungalows were built in the 1930s. Some clay tiles on the roof had cracked or broken. When a thunderstorm struck in summer, occasionally rain water would leak from several places from the roof. Luckily my mother had a quick fix to the problem. She would put buckets, basins or huge bowls on the wooden floor to hold the water dripping from the ceiling. These containers of water are of different material and size. When the raindrops hit the bottoms, you would hear different tones of sound. At night, I slept on bed, listening to the best lullaby from nature played by a band of household

containers. After we fell asleep, the music became more exciting because we remixed it with our snoring: a whistle, a rumble and a Darth Vader wheezing.

There was only one narrow concrete walkway connecting this isolated community with the outside world, about 300 meters long and not even wide enough for a car. To go out of this village, you had to first go down a steep slope of about 50 meters. Then you would find two ponds on both sides of the path. The ponds were first huge holes created by bombs dropped by the Japanese planes during the Second World War.

In 1937, after the Japanese Imperial Army took the then capital of China, Nanjing. Chongqing, a mountain city in China's southwest interior, became the country's wartime capital. Between 1939 and 1942, More than 11,500 bombs were dropped on the city, in a total of 268 air raids. Some bombs fell on Nan Yuan and left a row of huge shell craters. The locals decided to dig four ponds and used them for fish farming.

“ ...turn the scars into your assets.

Maybe that was the best way to honor a wartime past full of suffering and terror - to move on and turn the scars into your assets.

Walking on the path felt like walking on a natural bridge without rails. It was very reminiscent of one of the most memorable scenes from the Japanese animation Spirited Away in which Chihiro, the main character, wades into the water (and alongside the train tracks) toward a train station. I remember how once the boy next door, in an attempt to impress us with his new tricycle, dived down the steep slope, swerved suddenly and fell off the edge of the road into the pond. Luckily he was unhurt.

“ ...we would lie together in the hut and tell stories while watching clouds

After you walked past the ponds, there was another slope, slower but longer, surrounded by woods on two sides. Looking at the walkway from the distance, you would notice that it resembled the Dipper Stars in your science books.

The woods were the Garden of Eden for me and my friends. We played hide-and-peek in the tall grass, built huts with fallen branches, palm leaves and dry reeds. Then we would lie together in the hut and tell stories while watching clouds drifting through the patches of the trees. On summer days, we cut a nameless tree to gather its creamy and sticky juice and



carefully put it on the thin tip of a long bamboo stick. Then we would run to the pond to catch dragonflies resting on water plants by touching the sticky tip on their wings. We also sneaked thick ropes from our houses and made a tree swing and pushed each other like crazy. The whole green woods rang with our wild laughter.

However, the friendly woods seemed an alien place after the sunset. One of my childhood fears was to walk on the path alone after dark. Maybe it was the strange way things looked and sounded on the familiar walkway at night that scared me so much. There was never total darkness, but a distant lamp or moon lights made the harmless trees along the path take on the shape of the fiercest creatures. Out of the corner of my eyes,

I saw the twigs tremble when there was not a breath of wind. A tiny sound in the grass would seem a hundred times louder than in the daylight.

The slightest movement in the woods would trigger enduring ripples of imagination of a haunted forest cursed by the most wicked witch. The rustling of the leaves after a gust of wind would send my heart into my throat. But I dared not to look into the woods for fear that I would stare right into the eyes of evil. But still, with my hair standing on end, I heard its creepy voice from the depth of the woods: "You can not hide. I see you."

Frightened as I was, I wouldn't throw in the towel and knee down before my imaginary enemy. I would grab my wooden sword, a bamboo stick or a dry

branch. While I was walking, I would hit the road or wave my weapons in the air in the hope that it would scare the evil spirits away. I hit the branches of nearby trees as if they were the tentacles covered with suction cups trying to grab and throw me into the mouth of a giant octopus. While delivering my strikes, I also improvised screams, something like "WHAAAAAAA" or "WALAAAA". I had no idea why I yelled like that. Perhaps the evil in the woods had woken the beast inside me, because it was definitely a sound you wouldn't hear from a human. Or perhaps I tried to cause disharmony and seeds of doubt in my opponents by pretending to be one of its own kind.

Besides, people had spotted snakes along the road. I also believed that the noise would send a strong message to them so I wouldn't step on one by accident in the dark and get bitten or get cold goosebumps. Sometimes I did hear something going quickly in the grass beside the road. But I was not sure whether it was a snake, a frog or a mole. When I was without a weapon, I would run for my life. If I could go back and time this younger version of myself with a stopwatch, I wonder if I would volunteer for 100 meters in the Olympics or the Chinese National Football Team.

“...neighbors would bring their bamboo chairs and sit

Another way I tried to conquer my fear in the dark was singing. I would sing aloud the songs I picked up from watching dramas on TV. It was the 1980s when some families in China started to own televisions.

“...That was one of the very few moments when I admired my father

One of my uncles bought a television with two antennas to receive over-the-air broadcast television signals. Every night except for rainy days, he would put the TV in the yard in front of our houses and neighbors would bring their bamboo chairs and sit around the television, waiting for their favorite programs, exchanging gossip, and using a fan to drive away mosquitoes.

At that time, TV stations had limited transmitter power, and receivers to the televisions had poor sensitivity, so an indoor antenna was simply not good enough. I remember that one day my father came home with a giant outdoor antenna which he made in his spare time using leftover materials from his factory. He climbed up a ladder and tied it to the roof of my uncle's house, and that had significantly improved the reception.

That was one of the very few moments when I admired my father who worked as a manual worker, repairing heavy machines on the dock. He was a man of few words, and in my mother's nagging "a man without ambition". He was satisfied with the poor salary, smoking the cheapest cigarettes and an occasional beer. I seldom felt close to him and he never verbally or nonverbally exhibited any affection for me, let alone a father's guidance on critical life moments.

“ ...it took me years to understand cooking done with great care in his exhibition of love.

When I had the first nocturnal emission at the age of 16 and was a little bit confused, the only thing he said to me in a combination of mysterious and ominous tone was "Don't do it too often".

"Do what?" "How often is too often?" Was this a piece of advice or an order? Did he try to comfort or criticize? I didn't do anything. It was not my fault!

I didn't know a man's urine cannon could also be his pleasure stick until the first year in college. Now, I'm seriously thinking about sex education for my own boy. One thing is for sure: I'm not going to leave him in bewilderment with a confusing prophecy "Don't do it too often."

But my father was good with hands. He took all the housework, repaired all kinds of appliances, made me a wooden desk for study, and a net to catch fish. His cooking was simply the best. Even now in his seventies, he would visit several supermarkets to find the best raw materials, make chicken soups or stewed beef, carefully put them in an insulated bucket. He would visit my house and put the bucket on the table and leave in just three minutes. When I returned home after work and opened the bucket, the heat trapped inside the container had fogged up the clear lid, and the condensation had gathered into droplets like pearls. It took me years to understand cooking done with great care is his exhibition of love.

My father didn't have any fancy hobbies like watches, politics, fashion, art, or travel. His greatest pastime is watching TV. I was also a big fan of TV then. The 1980s was a time when China started its reform and opening up, which meant that we got to watch some dramas from Hongkong and Taiwan. These TV series were mind-blowing, as most of us hadn't watched TV before and we were addicted to it right away. The names of those classical dramas were still fresh in my head: The Bond(上海滩) starred by Chow Yun-fat, Love and Passion(萬水千山總是情), The Legend of the Condor Heroes(射鵰英雄傳之鐵血丹心), The Flying Fox of the Snowy Mountain(雪山飛狐). Many of them are Hong Kong wuxia television series with beautiful theme songs.

There was no Internet and it was hard to find the lyrics, so I would memorize them by heart and copy the lyrics in my best penmanship on a notebook decorated with the pictures of the stars in these TV dramas or movies.

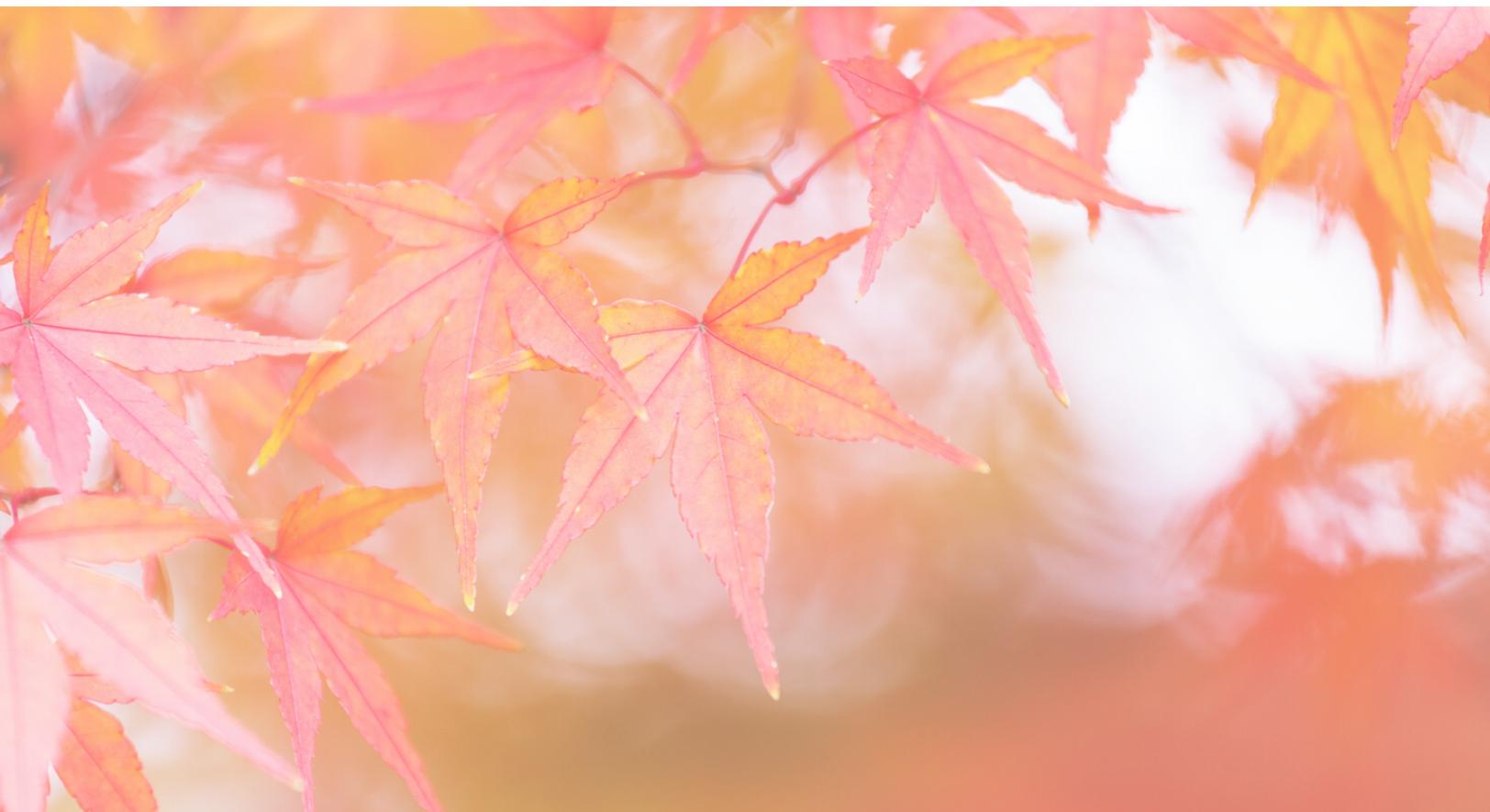
Scary though the walkway was during night times, it turned out to be a perfect place for me to practice my singing. I used to be an introverted person and I sometimes blushed talking to girls or strangers. But on the walkway I felt safe because there were few people and I wouldn't worry about being heard by others. Even if they heard the singing, they wouldn't know it was me, as the night had covered my identity.

Honestly, I didn't have a voice of a singer, or an experienced vocal coach. All I had was an empty stage, a walkway in the

dark. My audiences were maple trees, nameless wild flowers, birds nesting in the woods, moles sleeping beneath my feet and possibly snakes stalking its prey. Anyhow I set my voice free, struggled to find the right pitch and rhythm and indulged myself in my own emotions and thoughts. Nobody knew I was the Phantom of the Walkway and I was singing pop songs instead of opera.

“ ...my audiences were
maple trees

I loved the songs from these TV series. Singing those songs allowed me to dream big. I sang and imagined myself to be the martial heroes in these wuxia stories who could cover tremendous distances in a single stride, run across surfaces of water



and jump over high walls, using my internal strength to turn everyday objects like chopsticks and sewing needles into killer weapons to right the wrongs, fight for justice, avenge the evil, and save the beauty. Those songs are a boy's ultimate fantasy of going out on a quest to save the world as a superhero.

Another reason why I fell in love with these songs was the lyrics. I was taught some songs at school, but many of them were moral songs or revolutionary songs which advocated socialism. I liked those songs but the songs from Hongkong and Taiwan were written in a different style. The lyrics sounded more romantic and poetic, more sophisticated and personal. The following were the lyrics from Flowers Drifting in Water by Alan Tan, one of the most popular male artists in Asia during the 1980s.

*These flowers are falling one after another.
Love in the past has long faded away.
The water rushes over in a haste.
Who can retain it for just a moment?*

*I pity those drifting flowers.
Forgotten by the earthly world.
Enduring the rain and wind in silence,
Just like me.*

There's no doubt that at age of 10, I couldn't fully understand the words lamenting the loss of past love in these words. But I was curious about the topic, the world of grown-ups which was beyond my simple mind.

I also wondered what the future would have in store for me as I drift along the currents of destiny. Would I be caught in a whirlpool and sucked into the bottom and buried under the mud? Or would I meet another drafter and together, we would see the world and chase the rainbow's end? I wanted to know what my future would be.

“ ...I couldn't fully understand the words lamenting the loss of past love

When I was 12 years old, I moved out of Nanyuan with my parents. During the 30 years after that, Nan Yan has witnessed dramatic changes. In the 1990s, in a trend to industrialize education in China to make up for the lack of funds for schools, Nanyuan which was part of Chongqing Nankai Secondary School was turned into a pedestrian business street of European style.

The ponds were filled and leveled up, the woods were cleared and replaced by an indoor stadium and swimming pool. At the entrance of the street where we used to build huts, stood an enormous building, a combination of the Great Wall and Sleeping Beauty Castle, the iconic symbol of Disneyland. Wasn't the dream of every child to build a Disneyland at their school? But this fairy-tale-like street is not for children. There were shops, restaurants, dancing halls, karaoke bars and

nightclubs. When I walked past this place during nights, my eyes were stabbed by the flashing neon lights and my ears were pierced by horrible shrieks of some drunk singers. I felt my sanity was being tortured and the beast inside was provoked again by a greater evil. I wanted to transform back into the Phantom of the Walkway to strangle those noises to death, or I could add a potion to the drinks of those horrible singers, the kind Ursula, the sea witch offers to Ariel in the Little Mermaid.

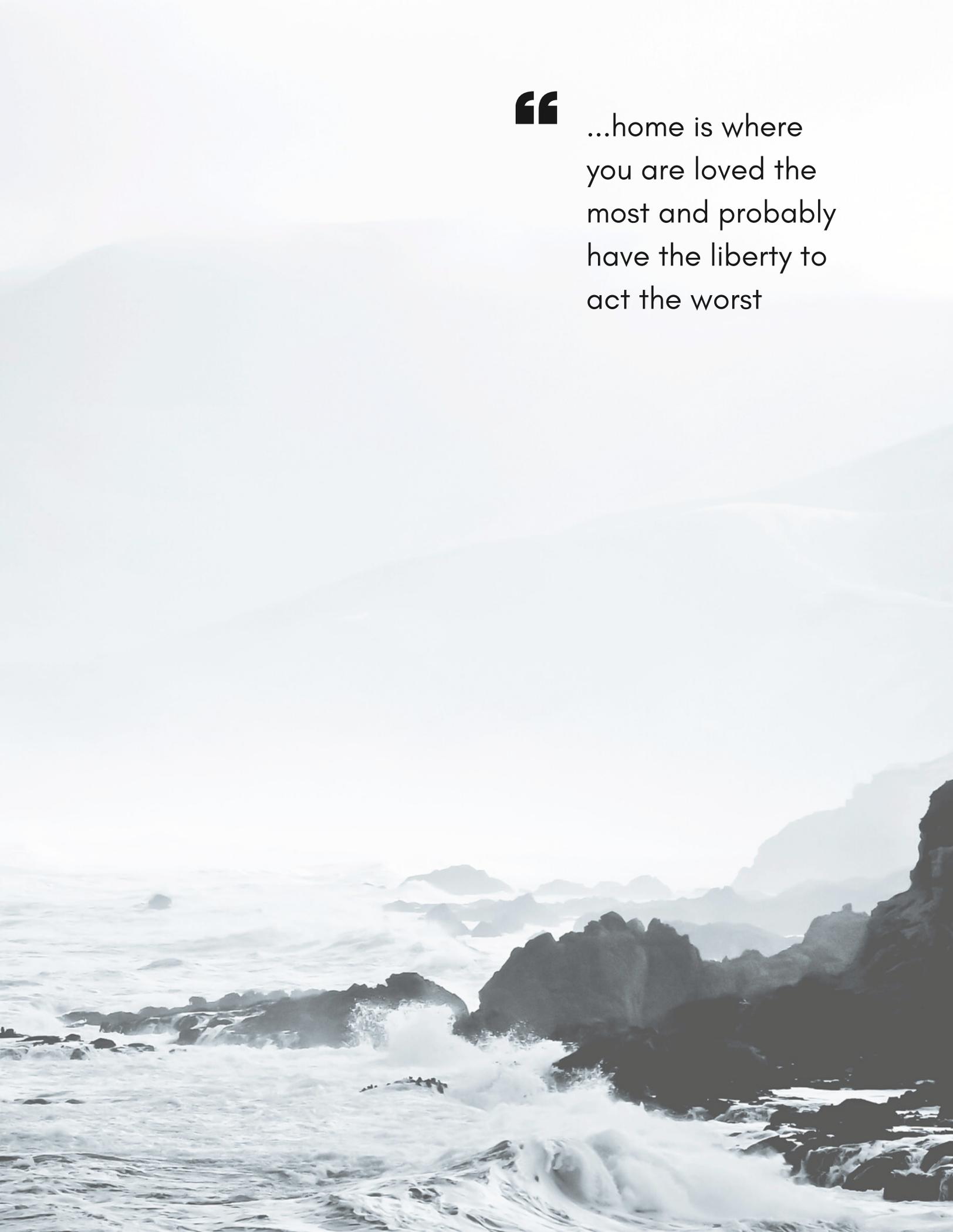
“ ...I finally found the way back to the place where I was born

The story between Nanyuan and me didn't end here. In the early 2000s, with the fast pace of urbanization, the population of downtown Chongqing has increased by

by leaps and bounds. Like many cities, congested roads had become a constant headache, especially in the area around Nanyuan. To relieve the pressure on traffic, the government decided to build an underground tunnel here. The old business street was pulled down and replaced by five 30-storey buildings as apartments for teachers in Nankai. The lower levels of these buildings are still used for business. There are bakeries, coffee shops, convenience stores, banks and tutoring centers.

I left Nanyuan at the age of 12 and after graduation, I became an English teacher at Chongqing Nankai Secondary School. In 2005 I bought an apartment with three bedrooms from the school at Nanyuan and has lived there since then. I feel blessed that I finally found the way back to the place where I was born. Many more memories are yet to come.





“

...home is where
you are loved the
most and probably
have the liberty to
act the worst



A Limerick

written by Rosina Wilton | Human Development and Psychology

This was the year to change my mode
My life needed time to reload
I transformed my everyday
Then HGSE supplied familiar ways
And I had found my humble abode



“...home is where you are loved the most and probably have the liberty to act the worst

Home Missing

written by Jayanti Bhatia | International Educational Policy

A few days short of my 28th birthday, I came to Cambridge to learn to change the world. It was going to be my first time away from home for more than 3-4 weeks. To my surprise, the first few weeks were not as hard as I had imagined being. Video chats or even group video chats with my parents and younger brother, either while walking to the class, between classes or before going to the bed became the daily norm. I was missing my family but was doing ok and occupied with life. I had beautifully decorated my house and made new friends, who were to an extent home away from home. However, home is home and family is family. And, family is what makes a house a home. No one can take their place because home is where you are loved the most and probably have the liberty to act the worst. And, so towards the end of the semester, I started having a major home missing. The J-term and start of the new

semester kept me occupied a bit but the last week has been difficult. It seems like the entire world has turned upside down and being away from home is making me miss them so much more. I have taken a tough decision to stay here and put up a brave fight in the face of these challenges. My family keeps me stronger, every day and every moment. It's ironic, however, they are also the ones who make me feel the weakest during the times when I cannot hug them, take a nap with them, eat with them, and for that matter even fight with them over little things or get scolded for things I did wrong which would then be followed by each of us making it up for those fights because more than anything we love each other. I made this digital portrait in April 2015 and it just captures a not so unusual moment at home. I am missing home and am missing my bunch of crazies. Love them!



“

Home is an extension
of my being.



Porter Creek

written by Lily Gottlieb | Arts in Education

I was allowed onto the site of Camp Newman just ten days after it had been destroyed by the Tubbs Fire. Suited up in hiking boots and an N95 particulate respirator mask, I waded through a sea of debris. Disoriented by the alien geography of a place I had once mapped for others, I found myself standing on the ashes of hundreds of burned books. I started shooting photos, even though each step I took further destroyed the pages beneath my feet. The week after I made these photographs, a rainstorm washed the pages away.

The Porter Creek series documents both the damage sustained in October 2017, a few days after the fire, and the regrowth that had occurred months later in May.

The series also includes images made when I discovered the hundreds of burned books on the grounds of what had been our camp library. Early in the process of editing the work, I presented the photographs as stacks of un-curated prints in a pop-up teaching gallery for our teen community of campers. The teens

were encouraged during the program to use these hand-held prints to create their own diptychs, series, and stories.

The teaching gallery was a therapeutic experience. One staff member recounted, "In that room, regardless of what social circle you were a part of, everyone was leaning on each other's shoulders."

However, I was also interested in addressing the uncomfortable truth that the place our campers call home will be a transitional space of both damage and hope for years to come. The news media called our community a phoenix, capable of magical regrowth, but I sought to tell a more difficult story of grief and fear that was true to my experience as a member of the community and artist-documentarian.

While the temporary loss of this space brought out the best of the Camp Newman community in terms of resilience, creative problem-solving, and collaboration, it also showed us the fragility of life and earth, and the reality that change in our climate has direct consequences in our human experience.

Though our site has not been fully re-built yet, the Newman family has not lost it's light, and especially in a time when physical gathering is limited and unsafe my social media is fluttering with the community reaching out to each other in photographs, videos and offers of support.

As this work continues to move outside of its direct community context, new possibilities for constructing knowledge erupt from it. As Porter Creek is a work that is both about a community and dependent on its interplay with the communities it interacts with, the learning, teaching and sharing become part of the artwork itself.

Now, as we work as an HGSE family to grapple with the upheaval of our in-person community, I hope that sharing the Porter Creek story of re-growth amidst biological devastation can be a window into the kind of healing and re-birth that is possible when a community is displaced from its physical home.

Additional Images on view at www.LillianGottlieb.com



“ I waded
through
a sea of
debris.





“ ...disoriented
by the alien
geography



“ re-growth amidst
biological devastation

House on Fire

written by Niharika Sanyal

One night, in my dreams,
I'm sitting at the edge of my window, peering into a deep dark valley.
A fire wildly starts to flicker below,
erupting its way through the window into my cool blue room.
I slither myself off the bed and decide it's time to move,
time to pick up my things and carry my feet down the stairs.
As that fiery liquid trickles down behind me,
I decide it's time for some breakfast.
I sit on the kitchen stool, eating oranges.
And then it strikes me,
"Maybe I should leave now.

The fire must have eaten the top off our house by now."

I step into town, where the world is starkly bright and white as day.
Somebody has already called the police to take out the fire in our house.
It hadn't struck me that I wanted the fire out.
This house always felt temporary.

But this town is full of houses whose fires have been doused out.

And look how they stand still—ashen,
but in them, shapes and forms of living still in place.
And look how these houses stand along the street,
their front ends open like doll houses,
so you can see in them all the way through that whole project of living,
that exhibition of living.
And look, how the clean, bright day of this town is barely aflutter with all this business of fire.
Houses erupt in fire all the time and the police are always dousing them out.

I used to think this fire in my house meant the world's destruction and crisis.
But now I know that fire is both outside *and* inside.
It is where my fire goes in anger when it cannot find its flames a place yet in this world.
I now know, this deep broken hole of fire should burn, should burn.

Let it burn,

even if in empty lonely land where no one can see its whole project of living,
where the world can pass by on motorbikes
without seeing it break the ground from within.

Let it burn, then maybe one day it doesn't have to come erupting
as liquid fire in midnight dreams, burning houses,
or as dinosaurs ravaging cities to the ground in an uncontrollable rage
that wants nothing more than to know—*to find out*—
who abandoned them, who extinguished their fire,
who locked them up in the iron dungeon for so many years.

As you sit at home in these days of wild stillness,

Let it burn,

For yes, even in day, you will soon have ways
of catching your fire,
and carrying out that project of living
through that home
in which you find yourself
again and again.

The fire of your soul, no longer doused. But burning everything.



Multitudes

written by Keya Lamba | International Education Policy

I have been lucky to have had many homes in my life: Hong Kong, Delhi, the Bay Area, London and most recently Cambridge. Home is wherever my loved ones are. Home is my parents' flat in Hong Kong where my sister and I made domino mazes on the dining table and snuck my dog onto the sofa once my parents had gone to sleep. Home is my grandparents' house in Delhi where my cousins and I designed a pulley system to sneak chocolate from the kitchen downstairs to our playroom upstairs. Home is my Kindergarten classroom in Oakland filled with students, former students and parents after school to say hello. Home is our community garden in London where we spend a lot of time now going on walks, runs and picnics. Home is my tiny dorm room in Cronkhite with my friends and I packed in like sardines to debrief our days.

For me, home is the people, not the place.



These Eyes and These Hearts

written by Jazmín Chi | Technology, Innovation, Education

Years ago I heard the phrase “home is where the heart is”, but I believe I did not understand these words at that time.

Years forward, a professor at HGSE asks us in our first class:

- Introduce yourself and tell us where is home for you
- .- I am Jazmin Chi and home for me is where I feel comfortable...
- I replied.

Being a person that has been a nomad for the last eleven years of her life, and whose life's experiences put her on

several countries and continents for seasons, I learned to live the moment and to not attach to anything or anyone.

Home has been a “multitude of meanings” word for me, and its meaning now from my perception, is “the place where I can go back and relax from the outside world”, and given the circumstances, that can be in many different ways, shapes and forms.

Everyone has its own “ghosts”; everyone has its own joys and sorrows, memories that make a conglomerate of who we are.

That is the power of diversity, what is something meaningful for me, could not be for you because it happens that we did not grow in the same family, community, society and country. And even if we did, we all see life from a different perception, which only we can shape from the inside to the outside. This is what allows us to feel that connection with some and totally feel a disconnection with others.

“ ...that is the power of the self, you were born unique

Has this happen to you? That someone says: I am from (name of a country, state, city, neighborhood...) and you immediately feel a connection with them and start talking? This could happen quite often. But if we see one of the many other sides this thought has, many could say “I am from (name of any of the above) and you immediately feel disconnected. Although you are from the same place but you feel disconnected. Why is this? It is because of our shadows, our ghosts and that sense of not belonging. What for some is joyful for another can be sorrowful, what for some is fulfilling, for others can be draining, what for some is funny and loving, for others can be threatening, what for some is a place to go back, for others is a place to fly away from.

It will never be the same as for others, that is the power of the self, you were born unique, among seven billion of people in this planet (I do not know if there are more outside this planet... yet), there is no one like you, not at all (some theories say we all have a doppelganger, but I still haven't met my other Jazmin... yet) but, there are people similar to your beliefs, values, tastes, hobbies, ideas, dreams, wishes, and more. This is what some call their “tribe”. Have you ever heard this phrase before? “Find your tribe and love them hard?”, but I also like to rephrase and add to that “build your tribe and protect them hard?” This has a meaning.

We all come together with people whom we feel that connection and detach from those who we do not. That is the way we all form new partnerships, relationships, families and societies. Just look around you, what do you have in common with the people you call family? (And it not necessary needs to be blood ties), even in your cohort, what do you have in common with them?

“ ...build your tribe and protect them hard

And after going around and around, meeting new hearts, listening to new minds, experiencing new gazes and smiles, flying away from my ghosts and

finding myself in the way, it led to a change of perception on my mind.

I came to realize that home for me is wherever my heart feels at peace, it doesn't matter how the outside or surroundings seem to be. And due to the changes my inner self is going through, I have few more additions: Home is where my daughter, my mom, my dad and my brother are.

It doesn't matter where in the world we are, but if I see them and can receive a hug, a smile, or even a pat on my shoulder, that is what I will call home. Everything else can pass and everything material can go down to crumbs, but if I still see these eyes and feel these hearts around me... then I am at home.

“ ...if I still see these eyes and feel these hearts around me, then I am at home.

Home

“ Home is wherever
I'm with you

by Edward Sharpe & the Magnetic Zeros

submitted by Yiran Bowman | Technology, Innovation, and Education

Alabama, Arkansas
I do love my ma and pa
Not that way that I do love you

Well, holy moley, me oh my
You're the apple of my eye
Girl, I've never loved one like you

Man, oh man, you're my best friend
I scream it to the nothingness
There ain't nothing that I need

Well, hot and heavy, pumpkin pie
Chocolate candy, Jesus Christ
Ain't nothing please me more than you

Ah, home, let me come home
Home is wherever I'm with you
Ah, home, let me come home
Home is wherever I'm with you

La, la, la, la, take me home
Mommy, I'm coming home

I'll follow you into the park
Through the jungle, through the dark
Girl, I never loved one like you

Moats and boats and waterfalls
Alleyways and pay phone calls
I've been everywhere with you

That's true, laugh until we think
we'll die
Barefoot on a summer night
Never could be sweeter than with you

And in the streets you run a-free
Like it's only you and me
Geez, you're something to see

Ah, home, let me come home
Home is wherever I'm with you
Ah, home, let me come home
Home is wherever I'm with you

La, la, la, la, take me home
Daddy, I'm coming home

"Jade"

"Alexander"

"Do you remember that day you
fell out of my window?"
"I sure do, you came jumping out
after me"

"Well, you fell on the concrete,
nearly broke your ass
And you were bleedin' all over the place
And I rushed you out to the hospital, you
remember that?"

"Yes, I do"

"Well, there's something I never
told you about that night"

"What didn't you tell me?"

"While you were sitting in the
backseat smoking a cigarette
You thought was gonna be your last
I was falling deep, deeply in love with you
And I never told you 'til just now"

Ah, home, let me come home
Home is wherever I'm with you

Ah, home, let me come home
Home is where I'm alone with you

Home, let me come home
Home is wherever I'm with you
Ah, home, yes, I am home
Home is when I'm alone with you

Alabama, Arkansas
I do love my ma and pa
Moats and boats and waterfalls
Alleyways and pay phone calls

Home is when I'm alone with you
Home is when I'm alone with you

