



Sustained Memory,
Sustainable Life

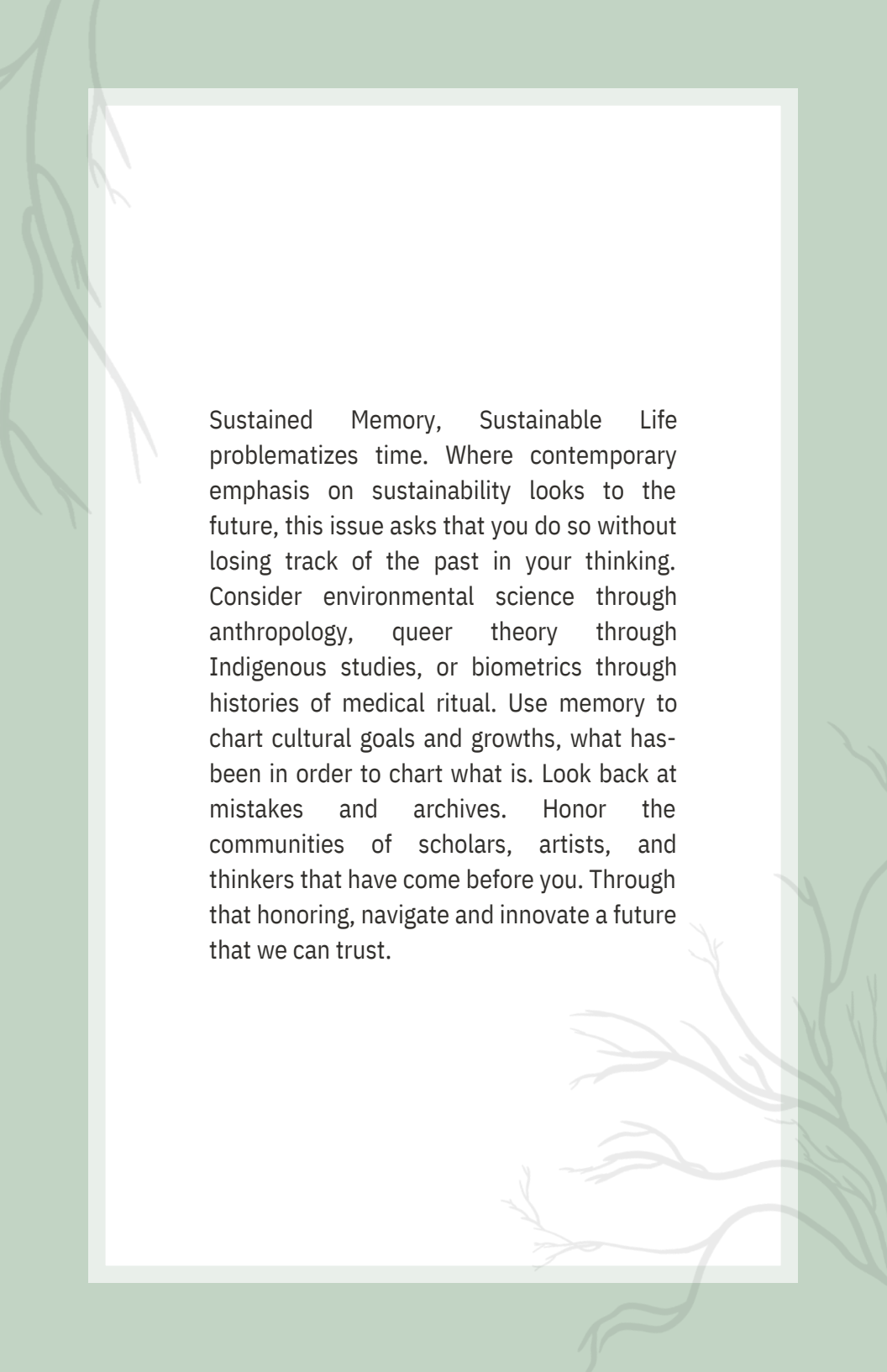
a STE(A)M zine





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The background of the page features a light green color with faint, stylized illustrations of tree branches and roots. The branches are thin and delicate, extending from the top and bottom edges towards the center. The roots are thicker and more complex, spreading across the bottom and sides. The overall aesthetic is clean and naturalistic.

Sustained Memory, Sustainable Life problematizes time. Where contemporary emphasis on sustainability looks to the future, this issue asks that you do so without losing track of the past in your thinking. Consider environmental science through anthropology, queer theory through Indigenous studies, or biometrics through histories of medical ritual. Use memory to chart cultural goals and growths, what has been in order to chart what is. Look back at mistakes and archives. Honor the communities of scholars, artists, and thinkers that have come before you. Through that honoring, navigate and innovate a future that we can trust.

LAND ACKNOWLEDGMENT

It is vital to address that the land we are on is not ours to claim, NYC is specifically on Indigenous Lenapehoking land that was acquired through violent dispossession and colonialism. With our theme being focused on environment and sustainability we intend to honor and respect the history of the land we are on and the violence enacted against Indigenous communities in their own fight for environmental justice and sovereignty. We encourage everyone who reads this zine to be conscious of the original roots of the land you are on and to be aware that a land acknowledgement is barely the beginning of properly honoring and repaying Indigenous communities.



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"The Secret To Capturing Time"

By: Natalie Choi

She/Her, Sophomore, Medical philosophy with a minor in disability studies

Try to remember the first time you ran away from home. Were you furious and indignant, weeping and overwhelmed? How old were you? When I asked my mother this same question, she responds softly "When I was 17. I left Singapore for America." Her birthplace is known for being a brilliant city-state with towering skyscrapers that burst out of the green tropical foliage. However, a curious second look reveals just how Singapore maintains the image of being one of the cleanest cities in the world: chewing gum is nationally outlawed. Furthermore, foreigners are publicly whipped for negative free speech. My mom grew up in this oppressive environment, knowing it both as home and a place of alienation. Desperate to escape, she knew that getting into an american college would be her means of escape. So she applied to only one college, Brown Univeristy, with terrible grades but a bravely passionate essay criticizing her home country. She got in and quite literally, wrote her way out.* Still, I wonder what it was like to leave her pleading mother, her whole family and her friends. At the american airport, she realized that she arrived at her deliverance and had to grieve entirely alone. That's when she began journaling, writing pages after pages of contemplation. She wrote of new discoveries like a modern-day Christopher Columbus at the spunky Brown University. She also sent letters overseas back home.

* A reference to the musical Hamilton

Despite the physical distance, it was obvious that Singapore never left her. It was around the time she got pregnant with me that she decided to write a memoir about her estranged relationship with Singapore. A large gap of my childhood is missing but some of my earliest memories I have of my mother are of her writing. Me, bouncing a ball alone in our front yard, silently watching my mother bent over another one of her journals. On a rare warm day, she would bring me back a gift, a blank journal, and I would accept it with both hands. Afterward, we would sit side by side and she would begin typing away at her memoir. I remember sitting with my short legs dangling, staring at the white blank page. Pencils never fit quite right in my awkward grasp so my sprawling letters couldn't ever encapsulate what I wanted to say. When my small prying hands flipped through her diaries, all I could see were the loops and swirls of indecipherable black ink. She had dysgraphia and I had dyslexia, and within our incongruity are the lost conversations a daughter is supposed to have with her mother. It was clear that I was born into another person's preexisting story. Memory studies scholar, Dr. Marianne Hirsch states that "to grow up with overwhelming inherited memories, to be dominated by narratives that preceded one's birth or one's consciousness, is to risk having one's own life stories displaced, even evacuated, by our ancestors" (5) A truth that every immigrant child has to face is that their existence is just a page in a longer story. Our story is a turbulent one though, as my mother was constantly incessantly re-editing her life, yearning for more. When she fled during my sophomore year, she left behind all her journals, carcasses of a past she no longer claimed. All those white pages, the color of bones.

From afar, she wrote letter after letter with explanations, the paper soaked in grief. But by then I had learned to resent the written word: the way it created a gap between my mother and me in my childhood and its inadequacy to bridge that chasm now. I would take a lighter and watch the flame slowly consume her letters, erasing her from my narrative.

But she existed somewhere deeper, ingrained in the spine or swimming in the ink. Every time I looked in the mirror, I saw a reflection of her face. I remember laughing to one of my white friends that their mandarin was better than mine, now that I had no reason to speak it anymore. “I think you’re more chinese than I am,” I giggle. But then the laughter quickly turned to tears as I realized the weight of the question. How much I didn’t want that to be true. This is a common uncertainty for many “americanized” immigrant children. In *Crying in H Mart*, korean writer Zauner contemplates her mothers death, saying, “Without my mother, did I have any real claim to Korea or her family?” (189).

When I decided to make a break for it as well and leave California for college, my mother materialized to hand me one last journal with a farewell note in it. Perhaps it was the finality of it, the emotional or physical distance, or simply time, but a month later, I opened up the leather journal, smoothed back its weathered blank pages, grabbed a pen, and began to write. I tried to write about my mother, and my upbringing, my formation of self. However, I realized that in accepting my small role in the larger narrative of things, I hadn’t even tried to write myself into existence. I thought that everyone just had serious issues remembering their childhood, but what I considered “just a shitty memory”, my therapist considers “profound dissociative amnesia.”

In all the chaos of adapting, fleeing, surviving, I hadn't even thought about living. This dissociative pattern that once helped me survive warped into an uncontrollable state of being that prevented me from feeling truly alive.

What I lack is a feeling others take for granted: the internal sense that something is true or false. Instead, I go about life as if a detective is trying to uncover a past: my own. While I may not remember my day, I can deduce it. Empty pill bottles, crumpled up receipts in my pockets, finished assignments I don't remember starting. At times when it's really bad, I can deduce it from the quizzical looks on people's faces. But most of the time, I manage to hide my constant disorientation from others (and myself) by approaching it all with an air of amusement. Did I miss a question asked? It's alright I'm a master improviser and my entire life is an extended version of *The Play That Goes Wrong*. Externally, I use humor to mask. To cope internally, I write incessantly. My journals are like breadcrumbs that I use to find my way back home. Like Talscum's archives of photos and letters, each entry represents the archives of people I used to be. To be myself, I must be able to contain myself. I must maintain a narrative of sorts, a life story, in order to have an identity and sense of self. Even Wearing reasserts himself over and over, rewriting himself into existence to combat his unraveling. In Wang's shaky understanding of reality, she continuously uses polaroids to remind herself that she exists. While reading through that chapter, I felt myself chant along with her, "You have a body. The body is alive." (Wang 157)

This is the way a person with disabilities survives. This is a testament to the vivacity of the human spirit and its ability to recalibrate after a loss.

Out of all the authors this year, none can encompass this sentiment as well as memoirist Jean-Dominique Bauby, who becomes completely paralyzed but still manages to pervade his “locked-in syndrome” by blinking his left eye. The title of his memoir, *The Diving Bell and The Butterfly*, is a theme throughout his writing where the symbol of the butterfly represents reclamation. In multiple chapters, he fights hard for what he’s lost, “to intercept and catch passing fragments of life, the way you catch a butterfly.” But the essence of the book lies in a particular passage that encompasses the human spirit's persistence to assert itself again and again, beating ceaselessly until it transcends loss and begins to fly.

As this amorphous shape inside of me develops, I begin to hear a voice I had long blocked out. The rippling lullaby of my mother's soft tone underlies every voice in this chorus. I think to myself that somewhere out there, her memoir lies with all the others. With this newfound clarity, I finally see how writing was the way she coped. She was giving birth to her trauma and her memoir was her first child. Isn't that the very reason why we write? To try and define the insurmountable grief inside? We project it outward and write circles around it, trying to encapsulate something that pervades any state of matter. Perhaps it is only in that strange plane of existence that I finally see eye to eye with my mother. The only time in which we fully understand each other is in this act of writing. I think back to the gifts she would hand over with both hands, and the spaces she made for me to write. It is only now, a decade later, that I have the butterfly hearing needed to intercept her wordless way of communication.

There is an art to unraveling generations of stories without completely losing yourself in it. In reconstructing my own narrative in this writing piece, I am bringing back memories from my childhood and redefining their meaning. In this medium ground between past and present, I am caught in the act of resurrection. I am done analyzing and recounting, I am restating myself into my life story. You are reading the first testament.

Mother, I see you everywhere.

I may have inherited your depressive tendencies, and been shaped by your estrangement, but I also inherited your ability to cope with a pen. I realize that even if I burned most of your letters, I could never fully erase you from my narrative because you are in every stroke of the pen I write. I am taking my place in a long list of women processing their disability with writing and the symphony of all these testimonies reverberates through me.

Every daughter is created by the absences our mothers' couldn't fill, but somehow we continue to live anyway, and learn to fill those holes with words.

Sincerely,
Tania Choi

Out Beyond ideas of right-doing and wrong doing, there is a field and I will meet you there.

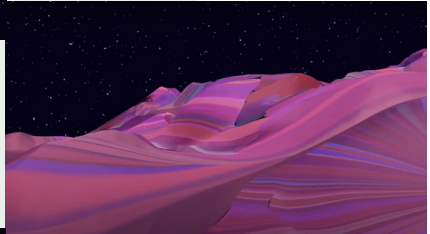
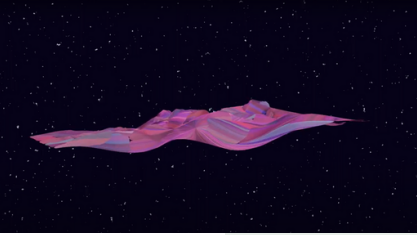
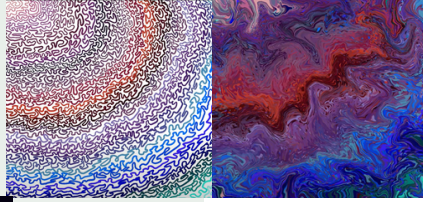
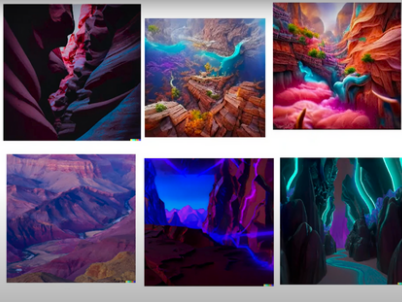
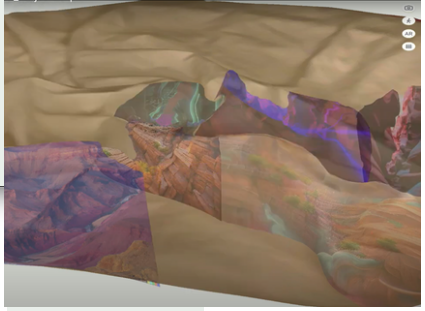
The way my mother signs off her letters and emails

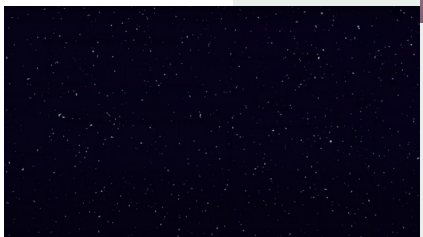
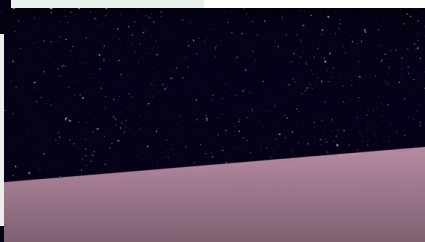
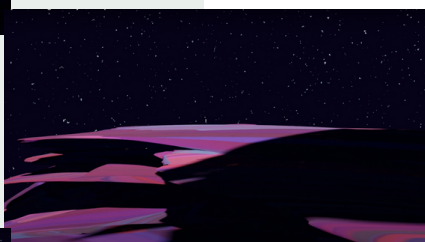
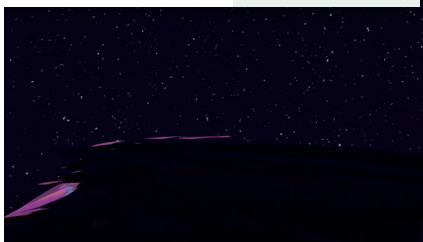
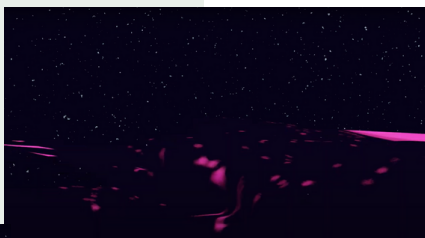
"How the Surrealistic Dream Canyons Came to Be"

By: Flynn Flanagan

They/She, Junior, Art Education + Technology

The prompt for this Digital Art II assignment was to examine computer vision and how machines “see,” and then work with machine vision and AI tools to create a collaborative project “with the machine.” After studying utilizations of machine vision, I chose to focus on construction, further extending the idea to include deconstruction. This piece is a video of the construction and deconstruction of a psychedelic dreamscape using a combination of AI-generated images, scripts, and music. The following are a series of stills as well as the voice-over script.





HOW THE SURREALISTIC DREAM CANYONS CAME TO BE.

int. church of st. john the divine
describe the psychedelic landforms
the crawfish quilt patterns, the patchwork quilts, the mural stuccos.

Magnificent hand-drawn castles rise and fall, man-made mountains, winding roads.

Doors slam open. From behind, banks of light and sound like lasers firing out in eight directions.

It's too much, the mind's eye overload. The heat. chill. The crowd dances and whips around in a confusion of motion and light.

Close construction paper for walls sewn by hand. Covering entire walls are thousands of detailed interlocking squares.

earth construction paper sewn haphazardly by hand, then stacked in rows.
Constant small details: breathing, raising and lowering an eyebrow.

Wider angle. The canvas a prehistoric life-size figure drawn with exact proportions, and skillful lines.

CREATOR

know that this has been made by
COMPUTER INTELLIGENCE

In the beginning. God created heaven and earth.
And there was evening, and there was morning, And the evening and program at the new world order communications facility.

And there are a dozen Great Commander-in-Chiefs
From earth and so forth, but their colors are endless.

In nature, and if there is a sky. And so forth.

All the colors,
all the gods,
all the colors of the rainbow.

OPEN VOICEOVER: OPEN SPEECH.

WE ARE ALL RELIGIOUS HERE.

ALL THAT YOU SEE IS WHAT THE BALANCER OF THE UNIVERSE WRITTEN IN MY
SPEECH IS PROHIBITING.

I WAS THE MIDDLE AGENCY OF THE CREATOR.

WE LIVE IN PEACE AND WE KNOW IT.

I AM ALL FOR A FINE RELIGION.

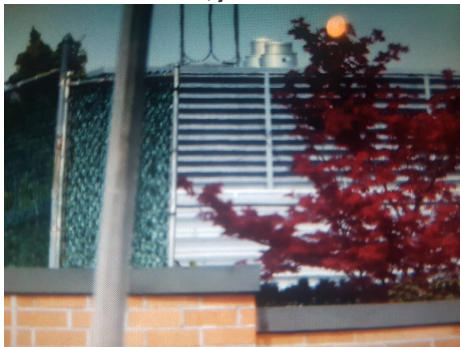
I'M PROUD OF MY COLORFUL PERSPECTIVE ON GOD.

"Tree prison, an ecophoto essay"

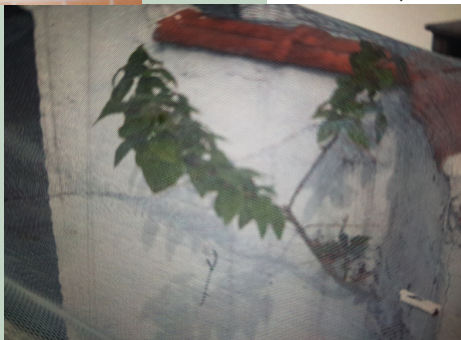
By: Trish Sachdev

She/Her, Junior, Expressing Pain

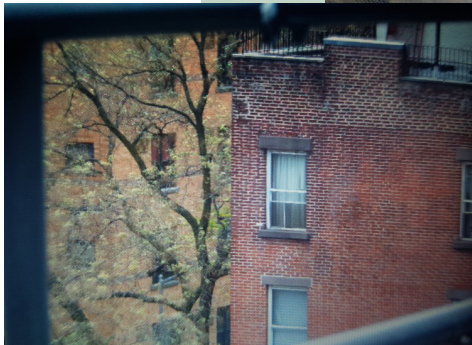
Get back in the hole, jailbird!



Phototropism



Get in line!



“The struggle to remember our humanity through our love for the Earth will define the future for all.”

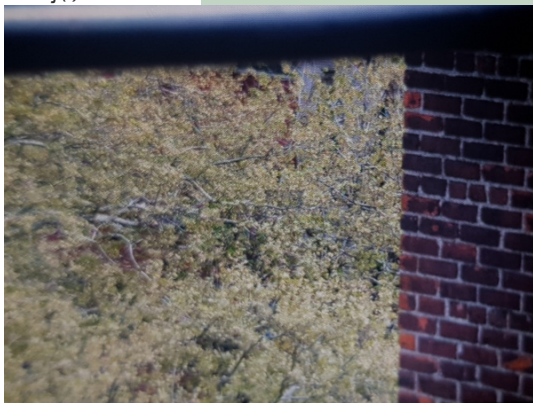
- Red Nation

I was on the roof of my apartment when this native sentiment became particularly obvious. I couldn't place the origins of the uncanny feel of the space at first, though I noticed little things, microcosmic details, scattered around the area. The sight that struck me quite quickly was the prevalence of **Gates**— the borders and limitations that are crystally evident within urban society, both visually and culturally. The imposition of societal guidelines within Manhattan limits the physical, mental, & spiritual movement of people, and this is reflected through the architectural structuring, the relentless restricting, of nature.

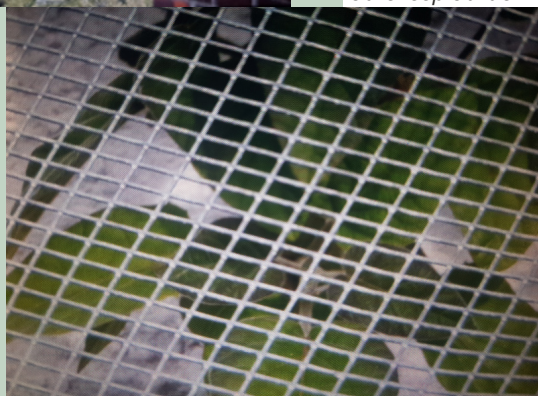
While it seemed like, back home in Malaysia, the trees were growing out from and around the buildings as if still fighting to lead a life of its own, here I can't help but note the industrial containment of our natural environment and nature's inability to grow wildly, to reclaim power over its space. It's like the trees grew as a means to accentuate the city; natural elements of the Earth are fitted within capitalist-abiding spaces, trapped by brick, metal, and cement.

A more metaphorical observation is the evidence of **Glass**, symbolizing both the transparent fragility of society as well as, divergently, our distorted view of reality. The majority of us are currently offered only a dusty viewfinder into reality, providing for a warped understanding of what it holds the potential to be. This translates into misguided behaviours, a cracked foundation for moving forward, as well as unfounded creations in relation to the environment. For instance, the injection of nature inspired design elements into man made materials borders on the line of ecological

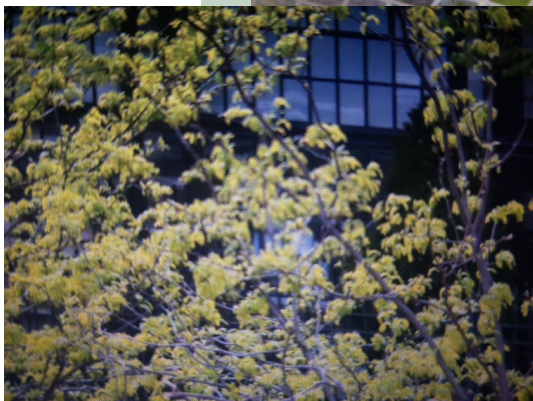
Roof(i)ed



Gatekeep Garden



Tree's POV



performative activism in my eyes, an occurrence for which I've been employing the term ecological appropriation (a rendition of cultural appropriation). By this, I'm pointing in particular to not just the artificial simulation of Earth through technology, but the emulation of nature for the aesthetic appeal of people-use products. This seeming appreciation for nature more often than not is shallow, in the sense that nature is adopted and exploited for human use with little acknowledgment of the fundamental value of said natural element.

The object becomes a means for people to execute their capitalist instilled daily lives; we print trees on plastic bags, wear masks embroidered with leaves, drink from cups painted with flowers. This glass, discarded on the roof after use, is an apt symbol for our current relationship with the environment. I placed the piece on a pipe as a site specific/found object statement piece—resembling a tree, it serves to model our modern & urban interpretation of 'the integration of nature within our (consumerist) lives'. The photo is rotated to show the apparent linearity (left to right) yet odd backwardness of ecological appropriation— a glass tainted approach to living that forwards pleasure products for people and throws nature to the background. Finally, I identified **Wired Vines**, for the relationship between trees and city, the similarities yet striking differences between urban and rural, & the replacement of nature with industry.

Vines provide:

Shade

Privacy

Protection

Beautification

Fruit

Smog & Mirrors



*tec-ton-ic**



Consumer's Tree



Wires are for:

The transmission of electrical energy. Constricting like the cobra, snaking through & around our urbanized environment. Metal wrapped in plastic, like the raw truth shielded by misinformation & consumerist values. While shade and privacy is found among both, an element for beautification in the natural world is paralleled by a tool for bearing mechanical loads in the industrial rendition of Earth. To express the issue in these unsettling similarities, my purple-yellow-red diseased hand, vision spinning, portrays my grasping for the connections in all the cracked places- in the cement & wires of our city that should really be grass & vines if I'm striving for a clearer picture.

I've been taking photos on lesser quality lower budget cameras to exemplify the idea that the ability to fittingly capture moments & subjects lies in the vision & creativity of the photographer as opposed to the technological reach of high-tech camera equipment. The pixelated effect of the photos comes from my retaking the photos on my camera screen with simply my phone. One, I want to challenge the preconception that fine art photographers require a rigorous editing process to display their work as a fine photo. I'm hoping that my approach to photo taking perpetuates the championing of basic skills & simple processes within artmaking. The weight of a photo is carried by its meaning and intention more than high tech lenses and paid access to Photoshop. Two, I find the integration of pixels with nature to be unnatural yet incredibly fitting. I first adopted this technique for a photo series entitled Grass, Pixelated that expresses the ideal intimate relationship between people and nature by framing models wearing natural colours and organic silhouettes within the trees, grass, and industrial

*Watch your
back, inmate!*



Cell(ular) Bars



*glass & gates
& wired vines,
grasp & gaze
at wounded veins*



outdoor sculptures at Storm King Art Center, an open air museum in Orange County, New York.

In searching for the most effective way to convey this message, I realized that pixels and grass are a fitting representation for the encroachment of modern human civilization on the natural world.

This artistic choice alongside the value of metaphor in communicating complex truths within reality are what ultimately brought Tree prison, this eco photo essay, to fruition.

In shooting this series, I found myself struggling to find the balance between aesthetic & meaning in climate charged art. For example, with Gatekeep Garden, the plant limited by the rooftop metal barrier, I observed that keeping the original photo so that the leaves grew from shadow to light provided a better aesthetic appeal, but rotating the shot so it stemmed from light and grew to dark was a more fitting reflection of meaning (as in, limited growth).

How heavy is the value we place on convenience & aesthetics within modern society, how do we perceive today's realities & shape its meaning as we deem fit, and at what cost for the planet and its inhabitants?

Human Fixture



*Idealist's
Integration*



Symbiocene



Sources

1. Red Nation's proposed action plan to refind Indigenous ways of connecting with the Earth in *The Red Deal* was a guiding source for my writing & empathy for nature.
2. The poems *When Great Trees Fall* by Maya Angelou & *Map of the New World* by Joy Harjo sparked my interest in personifying nature to find empathy for Earth.
3. Sinan Antoon's words on writing charged my ideas in regards to writing from lived experience & offering a counter narrative in favor of nature:
 - a. "[My writing] comes up intuitively because this is the lived experience."
 - b. "Colonialism changed the way we relate to nature."
 - c. Recognize master narratives & "give stories that completely counter the narrative about the community" through nuance & complexity; "bridge the gap between reality & truth".
4. Susan Sontag writes in *Illness as Metaphor* that "everyone who is born holds dual citizenship, in the kingdom of the well and in the kingdom of the sick." (p3)
 - a. However, I want to emphasize that there's no passport when the climate is sick, no traveling back & forth; we are all citizens of the crisis until the Earth is healed.
5. Wynn Bruce, the man who self immolated on Earth day, posted on Facebook his final public words that featured a quote that he attributed to Buddhist monk, Thich Nhat Hanh: "The most important thing, in response to climate change, is to be willing to **hear the sound of the earth's tears through our own bodies.**" This quote about finding empathy for nature stuck with me throughout the observing, shooting, and writing process for this photo essay.
6. Further exposé for *Smog & Mirrors*, the blurry glass viewfinder I touch upon in my essay, can be found in viewing Vice's video, *The Secret Ways the Oil Industry Brainwashes You* (April 2022).
7. Finally, my work aims to expose & deconstruct the harrowing yet truthful fact that profit & pleasure is frequently valued over people & the planet, a sentiment that is recurrently addressed in most climate charged narratives.

"Community Gardens as Community Care: The Role of Food Justice in Liberation Movements "

By: Destiny Tullis

Senior

Community gardens, and farms, are a much-needed solution to many social, political, and economical problems in cities. They are a form of mutual aid and community care that provide material support directly to the communities in which they exist. I'm defining community care as a set of responsibilities on an individual and a larger collective – community-wide – scale in which people create and maintain social ties within the community. I'm defining community building as the intentional act of forming social connections with those in the community, in order to learn the extent of responsibilities.

In community building, people develop a heightened sense of pride in their community, as well as greater care for the space, people, and resources available in the community. Having community spaces that are open to the public, that are free, and that serve the community positively changes cycles of harm within communities, harm that is often created through unmet needs. Therefore, to foster community building and care, community gardens are needed as physical sites to facilitate said care, while providing resources in the form of direct aid – food, mental and physical wellness, safety, and education.^{1,2}

1. Nettle, Claire. *Community Gardening as Social Action*. Transforming Environmental Politics and Policy. Farnham, Surrey, England ; Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2014.

2. Spade, Dean. *Mutual Aid: Building Solidarity during This Crisis (and the Next)*. London ; New York: Verso, 2020.

The history of farming in the U.S. is convoluted and for many Black Americans have negative connotations, but as Monica White captures in *Freedom Farmers: Agricultural Resistance and the Black Freedom Movement*, black farmers have created their own means of resistance and their role in shaping liberation movements is undeniable.³ As people dispersed from the South and populations in urban centers rose, the lost knowledge and revolutionary power of farming— of feeding people – went with them. A return to farming is needed. As populations in urban centers rise – a remix of traditional farming and collective action – community gardens – can make up for the missing liberatory energy and resources in urban spaces that farms provided throughout the South.

In the introduction of *Farming While Black: Soul Fire Farm's Practical Guide to Liberation on the Land* Penniman writes, “Owning our own land, growing our own food, educating our own youth, participating in our own health care and justice systems—this is the source of real power and dignity”, in the discussion of Black and other non-white people’s positional access to freedom and survivorship.⁴ While *Farming While Black* touches upon the practices of creating a farm, the focus throughout on the spiritual healing of farming is of interest to me. I do believe that as living creatures all humans have a connection with the earth and that Black people especially have a deep connection with the land.

As outlined in *Freedom Farmers* and mentioned in *Farming While Black* the history of black farmers’ role in the civil rights movements and black education and liberation is undeniable. Black farmers and scholars like Booker T. Washington, George Washington Carver, and W.E.B. Du Bois are directly responsible for acquiring land, resources, and education for hundreds of black farmers.⁵

3. White, Monica M. “Part I. Land, Food, and Freedom.” In *Freedom Farmers: Agricultural Resistance and the Black Freedom Movement.*, 3–62. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2019.
<https://doi.org/10.5149/northcarolina/9781469643694.001.0001>

4. Penniman, Leah. “Introduction: Black Land Matters.” In *Farming While Black: Soul Fire Farm’s Practical Guide to Liberation on the Land*. White River Junction, Vermont: Chelsea Green Publishing, 2018.

5. White, Monica M. “Part I. Land, Food, and Freedom.” In *Freedom Farmers: Agricultural Resistance and the Black Freedom Movement.*, 3–62. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2019.
<https://doi.org/10.5149/northcarolina/9781469643694.001.0001>

The cooperative that formed from these revolutionary learning spaces should be the baseline and organizing inspiration for community gardens as mutual aid today.

Urban agriculture and the creation of urban farms and gardens can – and should – be used to build community and create sustainable positive change within predominantly Black neighborhoods. Labor is needed and an important part of all liberation movements. I am arguing how anti-capitalist labor is important for community development and how participating in projects that are for the betterment of the community, that is – organized and run by the actual members of the community – community gardens are places for restorative work and sites of social and economical freedom.⁶

Harlem Grown, Harlem, NYC

In October 2020, I had the opportunity to visit Harlem Grown, an urban farm in Central Harlem, that focuses on youth mentorship, education, and nutrition.⁷ The site was previously an abandoned garden before CEO and founder Tony Hillery, transformed it in 2011. In partnership with students at P.S. 175 Henry H. Garnet across the street, Tony has been able to engage the interest of students in growing vegetables and learning about sustainability, wellness, and more.

Speaking with Hillery, I heard a first-hand account of the transformation of the physical space as well as the transformation of the community as the garden was developed. He spoke of his transition from an outsider – a volunteer, lunchroom monitor witnessing the food Harlem children had access to – to a staple community figure who led Harlem youth to care about the spaces they inhabit and the food they eat.⁸

6. Spade, Dean. *Mutual Aid: Building Solidarity during This Crisis (and the Next)*. London ; New York: Verso, 2020.

7. Harlem Grown. "About Us." Harlem Grown. Accessed May 10, 2022. <https://www.harlemgrown.org/about>.

8. Hillery, Tony. Conversation with Tony Hillery, October 15, 2021.

As an outsider in the community, Hillery gained the students, and then the public's trust, by showing up consistently and offering his labor. By providing labor into a project that gives to the community, he created a non-extractive program that includes members of the community directly and sets an example of caring without expectations.

I refreshed my knowledge on Hillery's story through his conversation with Nick Laparra on the podcast Let's Give a Damn. At one point during the interview Hillery says "You can't enjoy the fruits of your labor " when discussing his upbringing and lifestyle before starting Harlem Grown. Harlem Grown provided Tony Hillery with a larger purpose than generating wealth in a capitalist system. Harlem Grown was a project of survivorship for Hillery as well. The work that Harlem Grown and Hillery does is restorative, in that in giving back to the community unconditionally one is giving back to themselves. In working with and caring⁷ for the land, Hillery is returning to the healing spirit of black farming.

As Tony and the students cleaned up the lot, it was noted that community members often came by to tell them what a great job they were doing.⁹ As they continued their progress, members of the community wanted to join in. The excitement from the children, as well as the persistence of Tony, showed members of the community that it's possible, and important, to provide for themselves and more importantly the children who are the future of the community.

The initiation of Harlem Grown stemmed from Tony's time as a lunch aid in P.S. 175. In the podcast, and during the tour, he recalled how children were not able to name common fruits and vegetables beyond what's provided in

9. Laparra, Nick. "Let's Give A Damn." Tony Hillery & Nicole Engel, n.d. <https://anchor.fm/letsgiveadamn/episodes/Adrian-Grenier-e18a6jp>.

in school — carrots, tomatoes, apples.¹⁰ In a neighborhood where many of the students, K - Fifth, are from low-income families and often face homelessness and food insecurity, a community garden was the perfect answer to the desperate unmet needs of the neighborhood. Although started as a means to grow and teach about food, the garden quickly became a gathering place for the community and the type of events expanded. In the podcast Hillery says, “The majority of people are good. Most people want to do something. Most people give a damn.”, and from the support Harlem Grown received it’s clear the community needed this program to support.

On Harlem Grown’s website, their mission statement reads, “Our mission is to inspire youth to lead healthy and ambitious lives through mentorship and hands-on education in urban farming, sustainability, and nutrition ”.¹¹ Within the eleven years of its existence, the garden has met and super succeeded its start, having been made widely known through a Humans of New York post.¹² The garden was able to grow in support through donors and community participation, now spreading to ten different locations and providing food, health education, exercise, jobs, and more.

I spoke to one of the community members in their early 20s who told us of his connection to the community before and after being involved in Harlem Grown. While speaking, he showed us the mushrooms he’d been growing and how receiving the opportunity to learn about and growing them had changed the direction of his life and his priorities. Hillery told us that he is one of the hundreds of teens that came through Harlem Grown and found his passion and role in the community. Black neighborhoods in urban spaces are often over-policed and lack public spaces where people can

10 Lapparra, Nick. “Let’s Give A Damn.” Tony Hillery & Nicole Engel, n.d. <https://anchor.fm/letsgiveadamn/episodes/Adrian-Grenier-e18a6jp>.

11. Harlem Grown. “About Us.” Harlem Grown. Accessed May 10, 2022. <https://www.harlemgrown.org/about>.

12. Stanton, Brandon. “Humans of New York,” August 15, 2021. <https://www.facebook.com/humansofnewyork/posts/6374271135980266>.

rest and spend time. In low-income and POC communities, green spaces and manicured parks are spread out, and those that exist have faults. Community gardens, and Harlem Grown specifically, do not only provide safe places for young POC to congregate but opportunities for them to have agency over themselves while learning new skills and having access to resources they need.

Community engagement in all forms is important to me but seeing the ways that movements are co-opted and police and neoliberal institutions infiltrate these spaces are causes for concern. I think my town, and others across the U.S. can learn from the success of Harlem Grown. Acknowledging the larger community they serve and the funding they receive, the types of programs they provide, and the scope of their mission can still lead an example. One of their programs that I highly admire is their Mobile Teaching Kitchen, in which the operator can go directly to the community and give lessons, engage with children, and spread awareness of all Harlem Grown has to offer. While I don't believe every community garden should look like Harlem Grown, the level of community engagement can be modeled through passionate workers and general awareness of resources.

Urban agriculture and the creation of urban farms and community gardens can be used to build communities and create sustainable positive change within predominantly Black neighborhoods. Scholarship on community gardens outlines the many positive social, political, and economical benefits of gardens. Harlem Grown is an example of a predominantly Black neighborhood building community and racial survivorship. Through generative labor of love, these gardens and those who work in them, exemplify what it

means to practice collective care and mutual aid. The specific cultural and spiritual ties black people have to the land mean that a return to farming, and a return to the radical traditions of black elders who started and advanced this work - Washington, Carver, and Du Bois, is the call to action that can provide relief, community, and survival in times of distress and disaster, as well as the celebration of life, growth, and solidarity in our communities.

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"Tarzan-AFS (Automated Filming System)"

By: Wei Wu

She/Her, First Year Graduate Student,

*Neural network-based machine learning and artificial intelligence generative art;
interactive narrative; moving image; science fiction; anthropocene*

MOTIVATION: _Empower Women!!

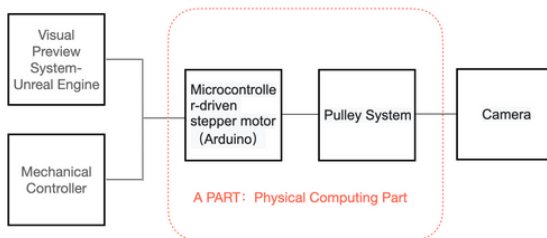
- In fact, according to industry reports, there are almost no female photographers in Hollywood: In 2018 “Mudbound’s” Rachel Morrison became the first woman ever nominated for the Academy Award for Cinematography.
- On the one hand, historically, the heavy weight of the camera has built this natural threshold - including but not limited to Steadicam, ground rails, robotic arms, etc., all of which require strength and weight;
- On the other hand, due to long-standing technological limitations, which has resulted in a male-dominated photography community, an invisible barrier against female photographers has formed.
- What's more, in some areas (Hong Kong), although the lens box can be used as a stool at ordinary times, once a woman has sat on it, it is regarded as "ominous". Even in the set, once a woman sits on the camera box, she can be violently driven (shoved, kicked) and in turn held morally condemned by the woman.
- Therefore, Dangling EYE focuses on audio-visual language design: camera movement, synaesthesia conveyed by the camera, montage, split-shot script design and other professional knowledge not related to physical strength.

GOAL_ Semester Goal

- Step 1: Design a smart shooting gimbal;
- Step 2: Machine Learning Audiovisual Language for Cinematography;
- Step 3: Restore the camera motion in the two-dimensional coordinate system of the movie to the Cartesian coordinate system;
- Step 4: A set of Automated Filming System;

GOAL_Long-term Goal

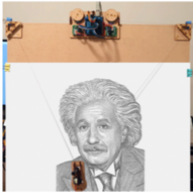
- Step 1: Connect the virtual engine_Visual Preview of Filming;
- Step 2: Help female photographers, female directors, female screenwriters to directly generate visual previews in a lightweight environment;
- Step 3: According to the script, intelligently generate the matching environment and camera movement, realize automatic shooting, public friendly / no need for film and television foundation;
- Step 4: Widely used in virtual reality: Vr, Ar, Xr-documentaries, Anthropological visual ethnography, Playful city;



Technical reference:

The motor power system of the fully automatic painting robot can program and control the brush in two-dimensional space, so as to perform high-precision painting.

<https://www.instructables.com/Polargraph-Drawing-Machine/>



Inspiration1:

"The Mandalorian" is the first time to use the game engine unreal for virtual production, which not only greatly improves the film industry, but also greatly reduces the physical cost and time cost of shooting.



TEAM introduction



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