

TALK ABOUT IT TODAY IN ORDER TO CHANGE TOMORROW

REVOLUTION PUBLICATION



REVOLUTION PUBLICATION ISSUE NO. 4

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@REVOLUTIONPUBLICATION*

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TO KEEP PUBLISHING, WE NEED
YOUR HELP!*

*TELL EVERYONE YOU KNOW ABOUT
US! WE WANT TO MAKE SURE WE
ARE EXPANDING OUR AUDIENCE!*

OUR MISSION

*WHAT WE, AS A STUDENT-RUN
PUBLICATION, HOPE TO
ACCOMPLISH*

Founded by two New York City high school students, Revolution Publication is a literary and educational magazine committed to expanding creativity, information, and innovation. We intend to re-evaluate social justice, environmental, and political issues through the power of student voices. With the help of art submissions, informative feature pieces, op-eds, and creative writing essays, students in the community will contribute to the spread of knowledge of societal reform. We are dedicated to informing and reforming the New York City community and beyond.

With the help of our team and contributors, we will be able to incite sustainable development to achieve an inclusive, equitable, creative, and safe future! Make sure to check out our instagram @revolutionpublication. We are looking for students to help lead Revolution Magazine; visit our Link tree for more details!

Talk about it today in order to change tomorrow!





C O N T E N T S

SHORT STORIES

STORIES FROM OUR WRITERS

Explore the fictional, poetic, and narrative pieces from several submissions by students, editors, and contributors

ART COMPETITION

THE ART OF EXPRESSION

Art comes in all forms and mediums. Take a look at our art submissions which cover an array of artistic styles, such as painting, drawing, collages, and photography.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE WORLD AROUND US

Take a deeper look at current events from close communities and countries around the world. This section covers issues from Medicare to Immigration to the Capitol insurrection.

THE NECKLACE

BY SUBHADRA DAS

My little 6-year old legs tiptoed carefully from one room to another, and my eyes darted from left to right in pursuit of finding the ideal object to play with. That was only until I spotted an ornate yet unusual box that casually rested amidst my parents master bedroom. I gradually began to open the box anticipating to be greeted by pirate treasure of a foreign object that could quickly become my source of entertainment. In it, however, I found an enclosed layer of wrinkly parchment paper in the color of ruby red nail polish, meticulously stacked layer upon layer. Underneath of all these layers, I saw a gleaming necklace engraved with the initials of my grandmother's maiden name. Tightly grappling onto the emerald jewels with my once teeny palms even after all these years, I notice how the glimmer and shine of my grandma's necklace have faded away in time, although the essence of my grandmother has remained intact.

My fondest childhood memory of my grandma was whenever I would go to her house. I would always see her relaxing in the same position, sitting in the same rocky chair adorned with the same beautiful emerald jewel necklace delicately wrapped around her neck-collar. Her eyes would be halfway closed, and she would smile in content. My grandmother was passionate about nature. She enjoyed the outdoors, the sound of birds chirping in a spring morning, and the feeling of a slightly cool outdoor breeze prior to the summer months.

Nevertheless, my grandmother lived a troubled past. When she was living in Nepal, at a young age, her parents died. As the oldest sibling, she took the mature responsibility of feeding her younger siblings and making sure they had prioritized education. She eventually met my grandpa, and they had five children, including my father. When my grandpa died, however, she became alone again.

She still figured out ways to feed her children. She would do three jobs because one job wasn't sufficient to feed a family of 6. Being a widow made it even harder to find a job.

Soon enough, one of her daughters passed away from an illness. I would watch her cry everyday in confusion.

Seeing my grandmother's necklace and it's journey throughout the difficult times in her life now makes me feel proud, because the object symbolizes her resolute strength and resilience. As a kid, I was always engaged and wanted to ask my grandma about why she always decided to wear the necklace all the time. My grandmother replied how the necklace accompanies her, because it personifies her strength, and perseverance through unprecedented whirlwinds of life. She wanted to eventually pass it over to my mother and I, to remind us to follow her successful example in the face of any challenge, and keep fighting in any extraordinary circumstance.



KIRN VINTAGE STOCK / GETTY / ARSH RAZIUDDIN / THE ATLANTIC

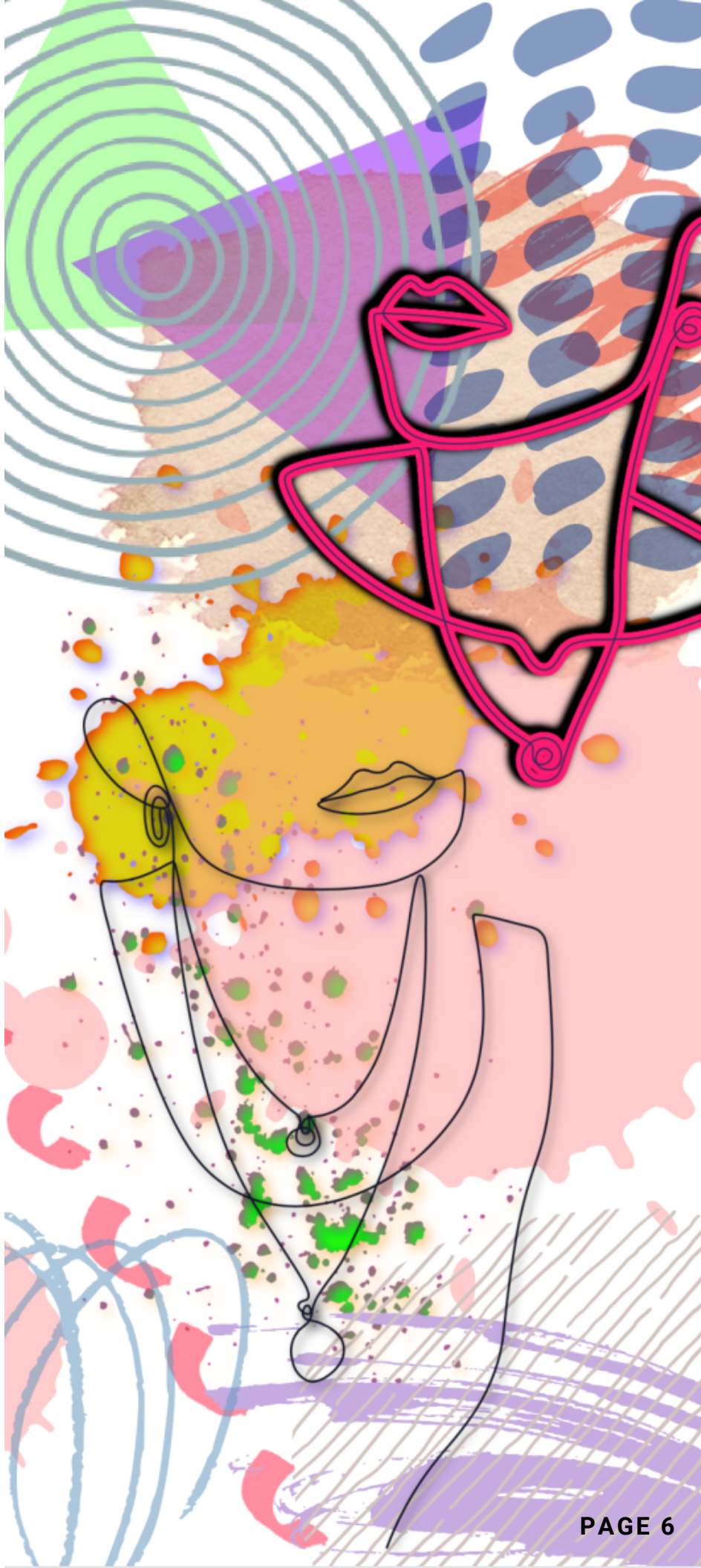
Part 2: My Grandma's Special Gift

It was one day where it happened to be my birthday. Pictures of Dora were haphazardly plastered on the wall by my little cousin, who played their role as party decorators. I had invited a couple of my classmates as well. Everyone was giving me presents. Some were books, clothes, and others dolls piled up at the corner of my bedroom wall. I was ecstatic with the amount of presents I had, but I observed my grandma approaching me.

"About one and a half years ago, I told you something. Do you remember that? I told you to wait for your time. Well lucky for you, young lady, it had been time. You know, I've always wanted to give you something. But, I never got the chance. Until, you told me about your love for necklaces. I realized it was time to pass on my gifts."

She slipped her hand in her pocket and pulled out a familiar yet peculiar box. "This is for you. Me and your mother had talked about it for the past couple of months. And we think it's time."

I gave her a tight hug and said thank you. That year, my grandma had also passed away. That necklace has still been in my neck for the past ten years. It's an emblem of her journey, and now my journey. It's her share of qualities that she cultivated that helped her to become successful. I've never taken it off. I never will. And never plan to either. It's a vision, a blessing, and a part of my life.





BY SAIRA RODRIGUEZ

RIDING THE M TRAIN


The sky was dark, as I walked through the gum-filled streets, and the twilight
was silent, even when the strangers walked past me.
The navy sky, unaware and unaccommodating of the chirping birds waiting at the heels of
the rising sun.
The sky was oblivious to the tumbling napkins, just as the people were.

The people weren't keen of the copious garbage that plagued the streets; the litter that polluted
the earth, though
They were too busy with their commute, with their schedule, with their lives to pay the
litter any mind.
The strangers understood the detrimental impacts of the trash on the animals of the earth, on the
state of the earth, but their lives demanded full attention,
attention without superfluous distraction.

Busy with juggling their to-go cup of coffee, some
Busy cleaning their foggy glasses in the mist of the morning, others
Busy with tying their shoe, the only time they'll go to the ground, close to the litter, and most
Busy walking, rather running, to catch their next train.

I rushed up the stairs of the M train station, stomping on the gum,
and the strangers rushed right beside me, everyone with places to be, and goals to meet.
I swiped my metro card, ran up the next set of stairs, slid through the train's closing doors, and
I took a seat on the cold gray-blue plastic bench.
It wasn't until then that
I looked at those around me.
I saw the woman that always accompanied me on the 6:37 M train,
dressed in her lavish, and plush,
cheetah-print coat, fidgeting in her seat,
trying to find the most comfortable way to put her hood
on, her head down and sleep, as,
I noticed, she always did.
I looked at the other end of the cart and found a man standing, swaying and
I stared at his bright, fluorescent, fuchsia shirt draped unfittingly on his slender upper body, as
I found my eyes drifting to his wrist, around it wrapped a hospital band and yellow flowers in his
other hand.

He walked toward the end of my cart, with each step came a sway, to the left and to the right,
letting his beanie flop as
He walked, and as he walked he paused frequently, with every pause
He dropped his flowers.
And he would pick them up, and people would stare at him as he walked, but never long enough
for him to see their prying eyes,
And the woman with the cheetah print coat,
the woman who always slept, she was now wide awake,
And she too stole quick glances at the man, with his beaten down sweater, who constantly
dropped his flowers and picked them right back up, longing for someone to notice him,
for someone to look at him and his implied struggles in the context of the social
ladder, and with his state of mind.



He kept walking, swaying, through the train, back and forth, while
He continued to drop his drooping flowers at each person's foot,
He never said a word, until he reached into his pocket and took out a purple lighter,
He stopped, with his hand dangling over the upper metal bar as
He planted his feet onto the floor of the train while swaying back and forth over the people
sitting, and then,
He raised the lighter.

The man spun around with the lighter in his hand, yearning to make eye contact with
The others on the train as they struggled to find the right time to look at the man without him
seeing their fear-stricken eyes. The man asked,
The members of the train if they would look at him now,
If they would pay him any mind now,
If they would take a break from their own interests to acknowledge his presence now, or
If they would care about him now, now that their own presumed safety was at risk.
With their eyes glued on the floor, on their phones, on their books, on their homework, their eyes
With the attention on anyone or anything other than the man with the flowers, who was seeking
compassion, seeking recognition, the strangers were much too associated
With their illusion of necessary safety around the man, who had left the hospital
With a medical bracelet on one hand and flowers and a flame in the other.

I reached my stop and left the train, when
I saw someone running to catch the M train I had just exited, and
I saw another person juggling luggage and bookbags down the stairs as
I walked up them, skipping every other step, and when I walked out of the station I saw,

Two pigeons walking on the gum-stricken New York City street, one of them speeding up and
walking ahead of the other, the second of the
Two, struggling
To pick up the scraps of food on the floor, and as a result, falling behind the other, all due
To what looked
like a limp, it seemed as though the pigeon had injured itself, while the first who had the
agility and strength and the overall means
To pick up the most crumbs had neglected the needs of the second of the
Two pigeons, who could not provide for itself,
who needed help and cognizance from the other.

Other birds, passing by, witnessed the second pigeon's predicament, but they couldn't break
away from their busy crumb collecting regimens to help the struggling bird.
No one helped the pigeon, just as
No one had helped the man with the flowers.
Both were ignored by the society of
Their own worlds,
Their needs were neglected by those around them,
those who were much too invested in
Their own preservation,
Their own advancement,
Their own lives.

SUMMER SOLITUDE: A SHORT STORY

BY OSKAR LEONARD

Friendly conversation flittered around the corridor. Summer plans and holiday destinations and everything else you'd expect from the last week of high school before summer. I really wanted to join in, you know. More than anything. But, instead, I found myself standing silently by the other students gathered around the door to Room 0010, awaiting the last session of our school's LGBT+ group before we were all sent home for the holidays.

Miss Linn would arrive soon. Then we'd all file in, still chatting and joking. Introductions, then discussions. Everything ran smoothly, just like an assembly led by the horrifyingly-punctual headteacher Mr Flynn. A few minutes for reflection or meditation, whatever you wanted to call it--that was an addition suggested by one of the PSHE teachers. Then, we'd leave. Still chatting. Still joking. Off to the last lessons of the day, then home.

Home. The one place I didn't want to be.

"Yeah, we're going on holiday this year. My dad swore we're going somewhere nice, but he said that last year."

"Where'd you go last year?"

"The park down the road. Hey, is that Miss?"

My ears caught onto that last little snatch of conversation. Was she here? Looking up, I only saw the passing crowd of black-blazered kids drifting down the corridor in little friendship clumps. None of them looked at us. Their eyes stayed down, or on each other, their mouths constantly curved into half-smiles which anticipated corny jokes and cornier insults. Was it because they knew it was an LGBT+ group? Or was it just teenagers being teenagers?

It was so hard to tell. Straining my eyes, I glanced further down the corridor. Kids, kids, kids... wait. That long, straight blonde hair. Those chunky, cherry-red glasses. Could it be?

Did... did I want it to be Miss Linn?

There was nothing I enjoyed more than the LGBT+ group's weekly meetings. Friday lunchtimes were blissful because of them. But this one was different. This one meant that everything was over. The weekly meetings, the warm classroom, the friendly faces... they'd all be gone for six long, excruciating weeks of loneliness. Six weeks trapped at home with parents who didn't really know who I was. Six weeks to sit, and think, and wish I could be back at school.

Everyone would call me crazy if I told them that. Even among people like me, I still didn't really belong. I didn't talk. I didn't chat. I'd tried, but getting a word in edgeways was more difficult than some exams were. They were a chatty bunch, between ten and fifteen on any given day. I could tell you all of their names, but I don't think they could tell you mine. I only whispered it during the introductions. Nobody paid attention anyway.

"Hi guys! Everyone looking forward to summer?" Even Miss Linn was full of the holiday spirit, which seemed to have completely bypassed me. "Let's all go inside and get started! Is the door locked?"



"It always is, miss," someone replied.

"Just checking!" Cheery as ever, she grabbed a key which dangled from her lanyard and rattled it around in the door. It opened with the usual click.

Not unlike a herd of cattle, we were ushered into the room by the smiling teacher. Before she could say anything, the three Year Sevens of the group surged forwards and threw around some chairs--their version of 'getting the room set up'. I stood by the door as everyone put their bags down and slouched into plastic seats. I needed to quickly find somewhere to sit before I drew attention to myself. Somewhere between friendship groups, but not too close to anyone... I was putting way too much thought into this.

I always did. Sighing quietly, I navigated around the minefield of chairs and tables, which had been haphazardly shunted pretty much everywhere. The blinds were down, to give us some sort of 'privacy' or 'security' or something of the sort, despite the obvious posters plastered all over school saying 'LGBT+ Group - Join Now! - Room 0010 - Friday Lunchtimes!'. They were trying, I guess, but they could have done with putting a bit more thought into it.

"Alright everyone, can we all get sat down now, please?" Miss Linn perched on the teacher's desk, left untouched by the Year Sevens' antics, facing us all. We sat in a wobbly circle around her. Everything seemed like it should've been normal, but I knew it was different this time. "Are we ready for introductions?"

A general murmur of assent ran around the room. She nodded, looking around expectantly. We all knew what came next. Worry pierced through my throat, sending blood thumping around my neck and head.

Please don't call on me. Please don't call on me. Please don't call on me.

"Nova! Do you have a question for us?" Not me. Relief flooded through my mind. It made sense, of course; Nova was always Miss Linn's go-to. She taught them English, and, like a lot of English teachers, she had this ability to connect with any student and bring out the best in them. Nova was no exception. Besides, it was the

safest option--if Nova decided to change their name, Miss Linn would be the first to know, effectively avoiding any embarrassment on either side.

"Can I do the coffee one?" Their smile was a little crooked, already knowing the teacher's answer: a firm shaking of the teacher's head. 'The coffee one' referred to 'What's your favourite hot drink?', a well-worn question which was Nova's go-to. "Okay, okay. Uh--what about favourite fruit?"

For a moment, it looked like Miss Linn was going to shut down that idea as well. But a quick look at the clock, and a longer look at the severely-tired teenager with bags the shade of thunderclouds under their eyes, seemed to change her mind. She nodded.

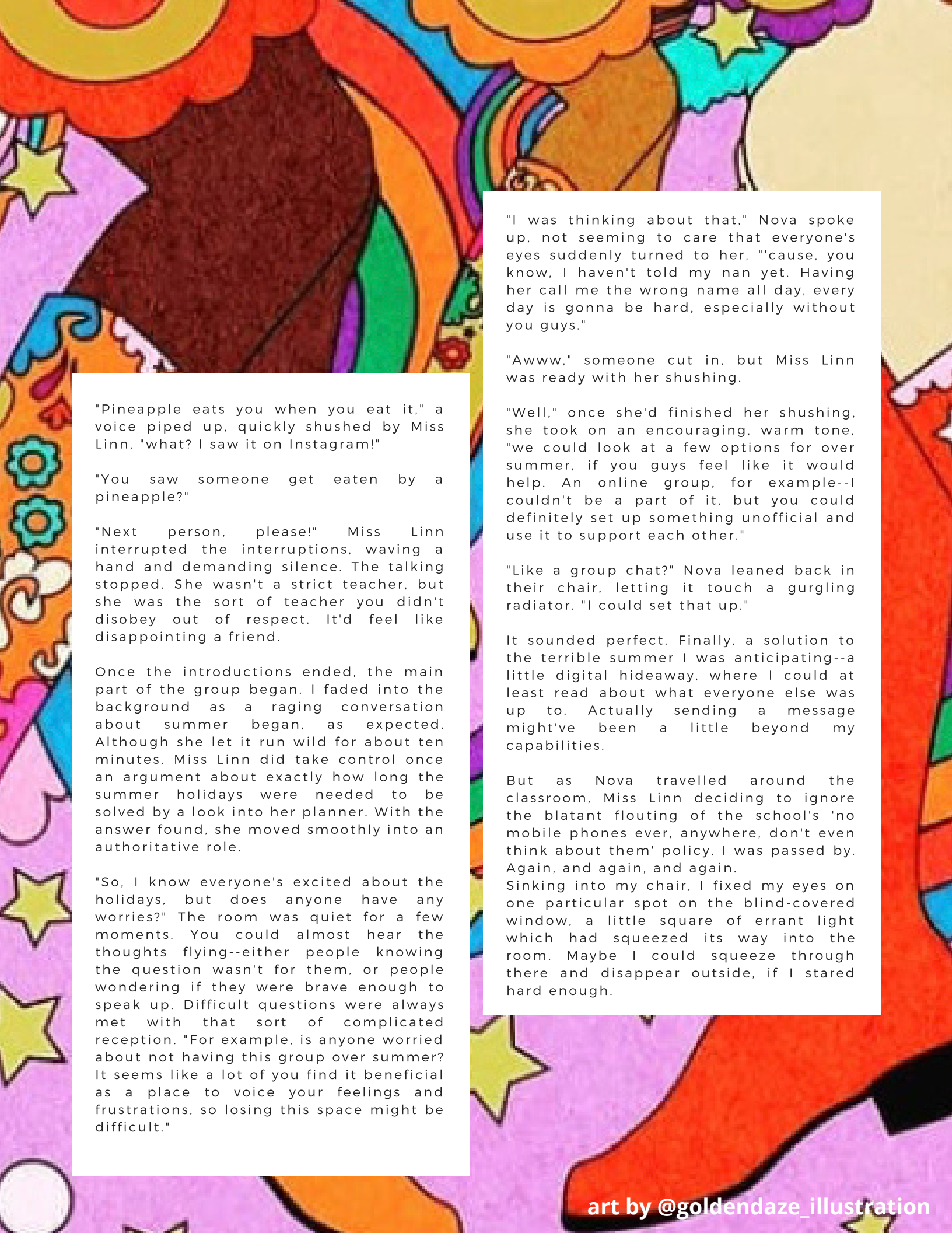
"Okay, the question is 'what's your favourite fruit?', and we'll start with--well, we can start with Nova, since they thought of it."

"Thanks miss," well-meant sarcasm dripped from Nova's words, but they cleared their throat and began anyway, the classroom quieting for them. "my name is Nova, I'm in Year Eleven and I use they/them pronouns. My favourite fruit is apples. Passing it that way," they gestured to their left, thankfully meaning the introductions would take a little while to get to me.

The question snaked around the gathered chairs, everyone bleating out their answers: names, years and pronouns. An old ritual. But I still found anxiety forming knots in my throat as it came closer and closer to being my turn. I'd have to talk. I knew it wasn't that bad--I'd done it so many times before--but my brain wouldn't listen to me and logic. Instead, it became emotional, as it always did.

For literally no reason, my eyes began to well up with tears.

"I-I'm Charlie," I stuttered through the introduction, blinking fiercely to try and subdue the threatening tears which made my vision blurry. "I'm in Year Ten, I use neutral--uh, they/them pronouns, and my favourite fruit..." naturally, my mind blanked, leaving me with a few seconds of awkward silence, "my favourite fruit is pineapple."



"Pineapple eats you when you eat it," a voice piped up, quickly shushed by Miss Linn, "what? I saw it on Instagram!"

"You saw someone get eaten by a pineapple?"

"Next person, please!" Miss Linn interrupted the interruptions, waving a hand and demanding silence. The talking stopped. She wasn't a strict teacher, but she was the sort of teacher you didn't disobey out of respect. It'd feel like disappointing a friend.

Once the introductions ended, the main part of the group began. I faded into the background as a raging conversation about summer began, as expected. Although she let it run wild for about ten minutes, Miss Linn did take control once an argument about exactly how long the summer holidays were needed to be solved by a look into her planner. With the answer found, she moved smoothly into an authoritative role.

"So, I know everyone's excited about the holidays, but does anyone have any worries?" The room was quiet for a few moments. You could almost hear the thoughts flying--either people knowing the question wasn't for them, or people wondering if they were brave enough to speak up. Difficult questions were always met with that sort of complicated reception. "For example, is anyone worried about not having this group over summer? It seems like a lot of you find it beneficial as a place to voice your feelings and frustrations, so losing this space might be difficult."

"I was thinking about that," Nova spoke up, not seeming to care that everyone's eyes suddenly turned to her, "'cause, you know, I haven't told my nan yet. Having her call me the wrong name all day, every day is gonna be hard, especially without you guys."

"Awww," someone cut in, but Miss Linn was ready with her shushing.

"Well," once she'd finished her shushing, she took on an encouraging, warm tone, "we could look at a few options for over summer, if you guys feel like it would help. An online group, for example--I couldn't be a part of it, but you could definitely set up something unofficial and use it to support each other."

"Like a group chat?" Nova leaned back in their chair, letting it touch a gurgling radiator. "I could set that up."

It sounded perfect. Finally, a solution to the terrible summer I was anticipating--a little digital hideaway, where I could at least read about what everyone else was up to. Actually sending a message might've been a little beyond my capabilities.

But as Nova travelled around the classroom, Miss Linn deciding to ignore the blatant flouting of the school's 'no mobile phones ever, anywhere, don't even think about them' policy, I was passed by. Again, and again, and again. Sinking into my chair, I fixed my eyes on one particular spot on the blind-covered window, a little square of errant light which had squeezed its way into the room. Maybe I could squeeze through there and disappear outside, if I stared hard enough.

It didn't happen. Predictably.

Time ticked by, counted by a cheap plastic clock on the wall which I refused to look at. It wouldn't move if I looked at it. That was just how the clocks seemed to work at school. If you did some work and looked at it, you had a chance of getting lucky and seeing that half an hour had passed. But if you just kept looking, it'd decide to pretend to be a snail. Clocks were weird like that.

"Okay, five minutes of lunch left! Let's get this room back to how it was when we came in--I'm looking at you three, don't just disappear!"

The three Year Sevens protested a little, but still dragged the furniture back to its proper positions. I got up as my chair was eyed up for moving by one of them, barely grabbing my bag off it before it was snatched away. They could be strangely enthusiastic about anything. Miss Linn probably helped--if she tried, she could probably make exams fun.

But summer still loomed over me like the darkest cloud I'd ever seen, ready to burst into a downpour of dirty grey rain at any moment. I couldn't do anything. Nova's phone was away, firmly tucked into a blazer pocket. Everyone was gravitating towards the door, waiting for Miss Linn to say the room was fine and they could leave. This was my only outlet (which I never used), my only safe space (which I was too scared to participate in) and the only place where I ever felt like I could be myself.

It was crumbling away before my eyes, but I could do nothing to stop it.

Giving up, I trudged towards the door, waiting to leave with everyone else. No one noticed me. No one looked up as I approached. Just like a ghost, I drifted through the group without a word. Sometimes, it was almost like people looked through me. I might've been acting a little melodramatic, but I truly felt miserable.

"Hey, Charlie," shocked to the core, I spun around to see Nova peering down at me, brushing a floppy fringe out of their face, "did I get your Insta? Or do I already follow you?"

"I-um-it's-" words became mush in my mouth, sticking to my tongue.

"I am following you! Never mind, never mind, I'll add you now--sorry about that, can't believe I forgot. See you next year!"

Sweeping past me, they left through the door which Miss Linn was holding open, disappearing before I could form a proper sentence. I gulped down a lump which had made its home in my throat. Almost numb with a mix of surprise and nervousness, I wandered out into the corridor and tried to remember what my next lesson was.

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Half-way through my last lesson, my pocket buzzed with an invitation to 'Gay Group 2, The Online One'. My vision blurred with the happiest tears to ever grace my eyes.



art by Hanna
Ricke

be who you a r e ,

and say what you f e e l

BRIDGE FROM CLOVELLY TO BRONTE

POEM BY HELENA BARUCH

Here, it's warmer than the land of buildings,
Sweat clings sweetly to my pores and comfortably
sprinkles away with the ocean breeze.
Here, there's an inferno sun, yet it gently hovers
over my arms and nose,
My skin feels scorched, but the air is balmy, and a
smile sits effortlessly upon my face.

A kookaburra merrily sits on an old gum tree, or so
the story goes,
Here, early in the morning we hear the bushman's
alarm clock heedlessly laughing,
From dawn to dusk,
The chuckles echo beneath the sea's undertow.

They say it's a short walk, yet the pocket-sized
beach seems like miles away,
Before I know it, I will come upon the hand-crafted
cement steps that steeply pave a path to the sand,
It's like walking on pebbles, one wrong move and
you fall,
Yet, we walk anyway, day after day, a habitual and
quotidian custom, never to be broken.

Our flip flops slap the smooth wood as we run
across the boardwalk, the last milestone before we
descend down the cement steps,
People passively stroll past us, towel around neck
and bathing suits on,
Holding up their phones, they snap shots of the
expansive ocean to the right of us,
One step too far, and you'll plunge into the
crashing waves.

Many are tourists, they don't know the workings of
the bridge between Clovelly and Bronte,
It's just another site, a place to snap a picture and
leave,
But for us, it's an all too familiar walkway,
Leading us from one home to another.

Droplets of sweat build up around my sunscreen-
covered face,
But the sun doesn't feel as hot when you're
running, The sun doesn't feel as hot when an
incessant
wind surges at you,
The sun doesn't feel as hot when your feet are
faster than your body and your joy is more fervent
than your discomfort.



The boardwalk is a confounding place,
On the right, an intense ocean rolls, gradually
transforming into a static blue,
And on the left, carefully crafted stones watch
over the sea,
Names of forgotten figures lay happily before
the cold water, never to be drowned but never
to be unearthed.

In the land of buildings, no ground filled with
dead is as beautiful as this,
In the land of buildings, cemeteries are sad
places,
They're traps for grief and mourning,
But here, the ocean celebrates lives with
clapping waves and impassioned gestures.

The headstones lay snugly between lush grass,
And verdant bushes facilely balance on the
edge of the cliff,
Gradually fading until stone envelops us and
barricades the sun,
We're here: the precipitous steps

We're sheltered in shade, the steps are
submerged in trees, and we hesitantly take our
first step,
Through the crown of the trees we see the
ocean,
We see the beach, overflowing with sand, and
fortified by withered grass,
But the unenviable task looms before us.

We pull the thongs off our feet, and grip the
gravel with our toes,
"Last one down guards the clothes and towels,"
says my friend,
We effortlessly run down the pebbled stairs,
We're masters of this journey, we have
traversed it far too many times.

Ah, a reprieve,
We pant at the bottom of the steps,
undefended, once again, from the flaring sun,
Ah, what site: dozens of small box jelly-fish
bobble above the ocean pools, but no one
cares,
Young men and women jump into the water,
disconcerted.

My friend pulls off the towel around her neck
and throws it on me,
"You were last," she says,
They pile their clothes and towels into my arms
and run off into the dense sand,
I waddle after them, sinking deeper and
deeper into the seaside as I run.

I drop the towels next to the lifeguard tower and rip off my shirt and skirt.
The roaring waves crash as I hear my friends giggle and shout,
We're fearless as we dive through waves, body surf the water, and get thrown around with vigor,
My body becomes numb to the chill water, and all is good, all is warm.

The land of buildings doesn't speak like the ocean does,
The land of buildings is a laconic and stoic fright,
The land of buildings is a looming cesspool of disinterested people, disinterested places, and disinterested characters,
The land of buildings is no place like the scene between Clovelly and Bronte.

In the land of buildings I never want to venture outside,
And if I do, I am met with clouds, with walls, and with barriers,
No! In the land of cities, I step on the city's sidewalk mundanely,
Without question and without thought.

The land of cities is mechanical,
But the bridge between two oceans is
malleable and every changing,
Water is never formed in the same spot, and
waves never crash the same way,
The journey between Clovelly and Bronte is
unmeasured and limitless.

The sun settles beneath the cove of space and
nestles between the shore.
Yes, a day here feels like a moment over there,
And the kookaburra still sings on the old gum
tree,
And, as the story goes, we were merry king's of
the bush.

The sun has lost its lust, and my body is still
numb,
We gather our things, ready to leave,
Sand is dusted over our towels and clothes,
and we shake the ancient grain away,
"Last one up carries our clothes and shirts
home."

As I ascend up the cement steps back home,
I am thankful,
Oh! There's no place I'd rather be,
Than here with family,
Sitting atop an old gum tree.



THE GATEWAY

A PLAY

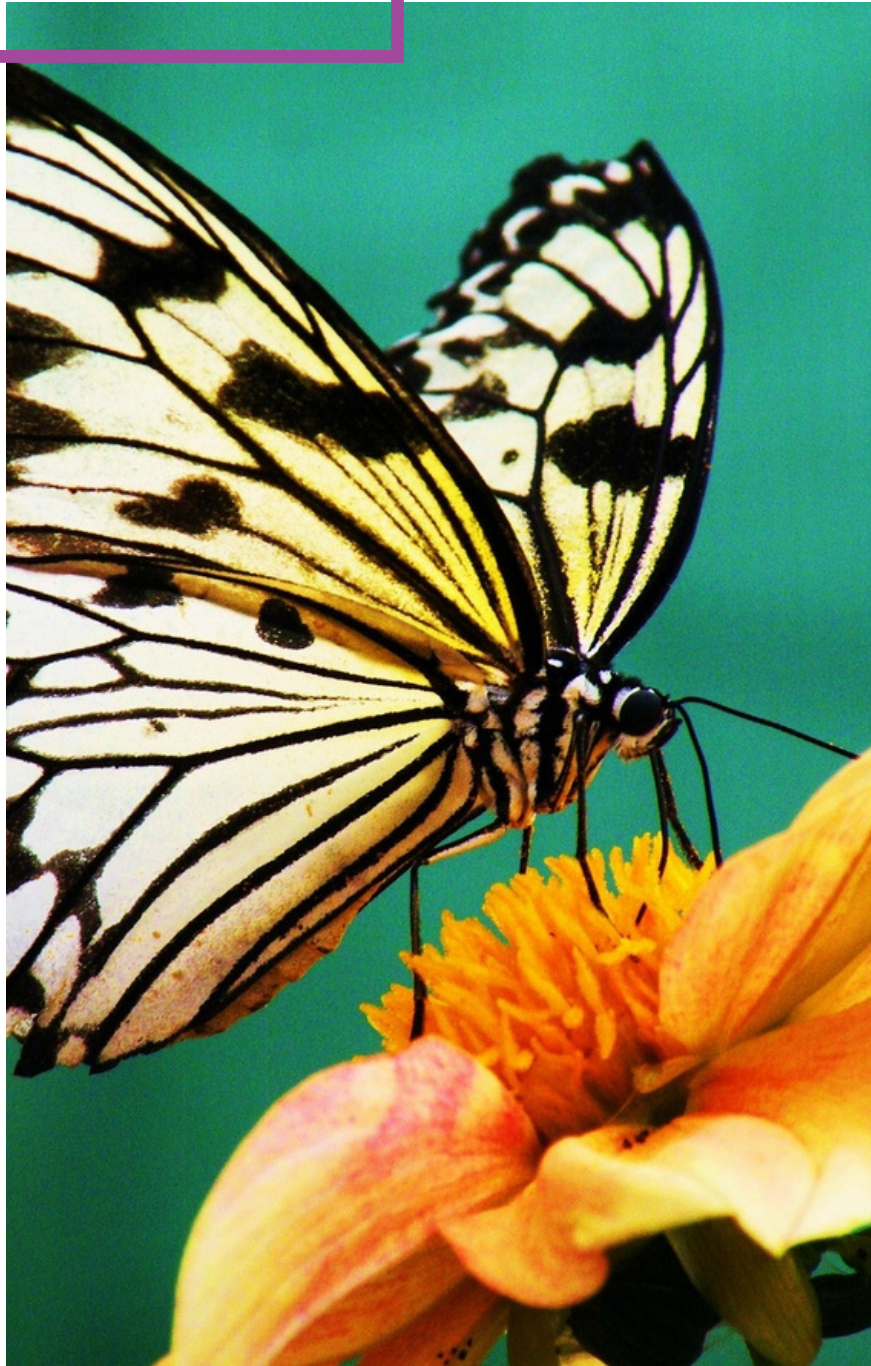
BY SAIRA RODRIGUEZ

We see the vivid sun shining into the closed window of the Thyme house. Other small brick houses surround their humble abode, each one with their own distinctive faces. On the railing of the steps up to the Thyme house, we become aware of an orange butterfly intensely watching a caterpillar slide down the metal railing. As the house comes more into light, we see the grand window of the Thyme house being pushed out via the forces of a small girl named Janus. Janus is a resilient and stoic little one. However, her bottled up emotions often overflow. Following the girl through the window, we enter the abode. We watch her take a seat in the rocking chair, plush with cushioning, that stands in the corner of the living room. Accompanied by the clash of a church bell, we see another small girl, by the name of Camellia, running through the front door towards Janus.

Camellia excitedly: Janus, Janus, Janus! I just saw the most magnificent butterfly perched on your stoop. Come watch it with me, you'll love it.

Janus, in admiration, runs out of the house at Camellia's heels.

Camellia, plopping on the stoop with Janus: Isn't that just one of the most wonderful things you've ever seen? Look at the colors of orange and black and white all mixing to make one pretty pattern.



Janus, *in awe*: And to think, it started as a plain old caterpillar. Thanks for showing me this Camellia, seriously. You always find the best things to make the air happy.

Camellia: I know I'm just that cool. *Janus rolls her eyes, jokingly*. I wish we could stay out here all day, everyday.

Janus: Yeah, me too. Ya' know, I've always wanted a treehouse in the middle of the woods or even in a comfy backyard. We could climb up there after school and just read, listen to music, draw and watch nature through its huge open window.

Camellia, *with a fervor of enthusiasm*: Oh my god yes! You took the words right out of my mouth. A treehouse would make the world so much better. And we could have a bench right in front of the window with a secret compartment. We could hide stuff for us to find when we grow up, like a time capsule!

Janus, *with wide doe-like eyes*: That would be so cool! What's one thing you would put in the time capsule?

Camellia, *decidedly*: My yellow ribbon. *Pointing to her hair*. It makes every outfit I have so much better and just looking at it makes me so happy. But i'm willing to sacrifice it for grownup me, and grownup me only, because it would probably make her even happier. What would you put in our time capsule?

Janus, *with a furrowed brow, deep in thought*: I'm not sure... *slight pause*. maybe my handy dandy pen. I bring it everywhere just to doodle on napkins. It would remind grownup me of how much I loved to write too, although she would probably be a famous awesome writer herself then.

Camellia: That's so awesome! *Longing and hopeful*. I can't wait 'til we're older. When we've grown up and we can do whatever we want. *Camellia drapes her arm around Janus, and leans her head on Janus' head*.

The butterfly floats away.

Janus, *squirming and evidently uncomfortable*: Erm, yeah me too. *Janus inches away from Camellia's embrace*. Being older just sounds like a ton of fun. We'll have so much more freedom. *Suddenly getting up*. Come on, let's go inside and get some candy. In a lowered tone. I have a secret stash.

Young Janus runs up the steps. As the door is opened, we see Janus in her teenage years, alone.

The fire alarm inside the Thyme house beeps.

Janus: Mom, I'm home! *She sets her bookbag down on the rocking chair and walks toward the kitchen to get a snack.*

Leon, Janus' mother, emerges from her study and walks down the stairs to meet Janus. Leon is a very hardworking woman who has a career in medicine. She is a world renowned neurologist with a vast empire. She persevered through her challenging childhood, impoverished, and achieved two ivy-league degrees. Leon raised Janus by herself, persisting through each and every obstacle. She is a very stern and stoic woman when she is concerned with her small family's success and futures. She has a heart of gold and cares for Janus deeply, she shows her love in her own way -- by pushing people to be better.



Janus: Why is the fire alarm beeping?

Leon: It needs new batteries, but I haven't had time to fix it, do you mind changing them when you get the chance? *She continues without waiting for a response.* How was your day? I have had such a busy day, it's as though when I'm not in the office, I have to work ten times as much. I have insurance companies on my ass, and impatient clients wanting to schedule appointments. Not to mention I have to work on my clinical trial, day in and day out.

The fire alarm beeps. Leon sighs.

Janus: My day was fine.

Leon: That's good hun, are you hungry?

Janus: Not really, I was just hoping to find some skittles, but I guess they're all gone.

Leon: Oh yeah sorry, I ate the packs that were left.

Janus: It's fine.

Janus goes to sit at the dining room table. As she sits, she stares at herself in the reflection of the glass sheet that covers the table.

Leon, *pulling up a seat across from Janus*: Is everything alright? You seem a little down. Are you feeling sick?

Janus, *still staring at her reflection*: No Mom, I'm fine. I just had a memory of Camellia. I miss her.

Leon, *with empathy*: Oh babe I get it. You two were very close, you had a great bond. A very special friendship the two of you had, and a rare one. It's sad that she had to go so soon, and she was so young. *Pause, Leon is lost in melancholy thought.* I can't imagine what her parents must have gone through and continue to endure. I mean, even though it was -- what 9 years ago -- that pain never leaves you. But you just have to remember that she's in a better place now. You will be okay.

Janus, *trying to end the conversation*: Yeah, I know. Thanks Mom, I'll be fine. I'm gonna go do some homework now.

Leon: Oh good hun, that's good. You know, you're a junior now, this year is a very important year.



The fire alarm beeps.

Janus, *suddenly feeling more open to conversation*: Ya Know sometimes I just wanna go... *Pause, Janus is deep in thought* ... hey, maybe we should watch Spy Kids tonight. I used to love those movies when I was younger... It would just be nice to watch them again.

Leon, *hesitantly*: Sure hun. *Now picking up her pace*. But, are you sure you don't have a lot of homework or studying to do? Because, it really is very important that you do great in your studies this year, you know that right? Why don't you complete all of your homework for the week tonight, so that for the rest of the week you can focus on studying for the SATs. It's vital to do well on those tests to get into Princeton. I know I tell you all the time, but Princeton is an excellent school with a superb Engineering program and well known for their Biomedical sciences. And of course you understand how important it is to have female representation in STEM, but you love science already it will fit like a glove.

The fire alarm beeps.

Janus, *now desperate to end their conversation*: 'Kay Ma, I'm gonna head upstairs now.

Leon: You're a gem Janus, a gem. Do you want a cup of coffee?

Janus, *pensive*: No actually, I'm just gonna grab a bottle of chocolate milk, thanks.

Leon: Hun, you know, I think coffee would be better for you. It will keep you awake while you work, and it will help you focus. You need focus while completing your work or else it will be sloppy and you will be less likely to excel on your next exam. And coffee...

The fire alarm beeps.

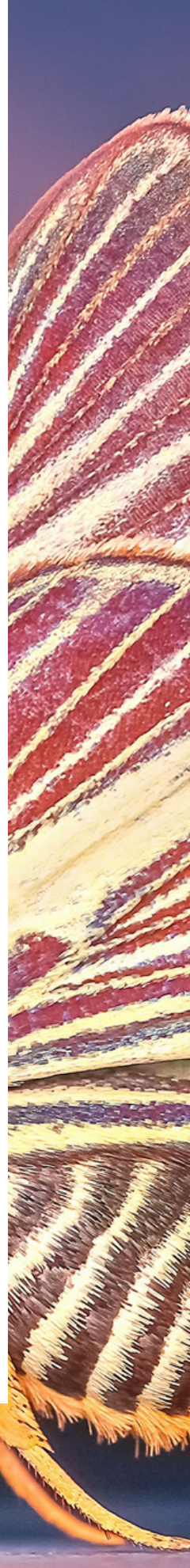
Janus, *getting angry and cutting her off*: I'll just have chocolate milk. Janus rushes over to the refrigerator and get's her bottle of chocolate milk. *All the meanwhile, Leon stares at her with wary eyes. Janus grabs her book bag and starts up the stairs, she pauses.* Oh, and Mom, I'm getting a B- or below in all of my classes. Janus continues up the stairs.

The fire alarm beeps.

Leon, *surprised and confused*: Wait, Janus, what?!

Janus continues walking up the stairs.

Leon, *infuriated*: Janus Thyme, come back here this instant! How did this happen, and how long have your grades been like this? Why would you let this happen?!



Janus walks back, half-way down the stairs.

Janus: I don't know mom, I don't know. It's going to be fine!

Leon: It's not going to be fine! Not if you keep on like this. I mean honestly, what is happening with you?

Janus: I don't want to be here. I hate being here. I hate it, I don't want to be here.

Leon: What the hell are you talking about? What do you mean here? What the hell are you talking about?

Janus: I'm so stressed here. Fighting back tears, *a small gargle builds in Janus' throat*. Mommy, I can't handle it, everything is so hard. It's like I'm a caterpillar trapped inside my cocoon forced to turn into a butterfly, when all I ever really wanted to do was be a caterpillar. *Slight pause*. I don't even know if that makes any sense, but that's how I'm feeling. I don't wanna be an actor forever waiting for my time on the stage. I don't wanna live in the present and worry about my future day in and day out. I don't even wanna be in the present at all. I just wanna be a kid again. *Janus releases her energy and sits on the steps. She looks at Leon through the vertical bars of the railing*. I wanna be with Camellia again, because I miss her. But it's not just her that I miss. I miss going to the Children's Museum of Manhattan on 83rd. I miss eating skittles on the couch while watching 'Hannah Montana'. I miss writing. *Her voice starts to break*. I never have time to write anymore, and I miss it. *She starts crying*. It's just been affecting my school work. I can't focus. Every time I have a test I try to study, I try, but I start breaking down. All I do is cry until all the water is drained out of me and with it goes my emotion. It's so bad Mommy that I'm so thankful when I feel numb. I just wanna go back, I wanna live free.

Leon, *sternly*: You're looking at the glass half empty. All you have to do is focus on the present baby and you will be fine. This is all in your head.

The fire alarm beeps.

Janus: Mommy you're not listening to me! *Now sobbing*. Leon stares at her with extreme concern, but does not know how to react. I'm not fine, I can't get out of my head! I can't... I can't... *slight pause* I don't know I just can't. Janus looks down at the bottle of chocolate milk and fiddles with the wrapper.

A few moments pass and Janus calms down as Leon tries to find her words.

Leon, *taken aback*: I don't know what you want me to say. What do you want me to say? What do you want me to do? You have to communicate with me, Janus.

The fire alarm beeps.

Janus, *giving up but remaining contained*: I am communicating, but you're not listening, Mom. *Slight pause*. Janus starts again, *resolved*. You know what you're right. I'll just try harder. I'll just focus on the present. *She thinks for a moment*. Yeah, I'll just focus on the present.

Leon, *wary but feeling helpful*: Okay hun, good luck studying, and remember you can always talk to me. I'm always here for you if you need an ear to listen, or a shoulder to cry on. *She gets up from her seat*. I'm going to start preparing the pasta for dinner tonight.

Janus: 'Kay, thanks mom, appreciate it. *Janus continues up the stairs.*

The fire alarm beeps.



EXPLORING STUDENT ART

TAKE A LOOK AT OUR LATEST ART SUBMISSIONS

WINNER OF REV PUB ART COMPETITION

REVOLUTION PUBLICATION HOSTED AN ART COMPETITION. PEOPLE FROM AROUND THE WORLD SUBMITTED ART FOR A CHANCE TO BE FEATURED ON THE COVER, WIN A GIFT CARD, AND BE INTERVIEWED. TAKE A LOOK AT OUR LATEST WINNER AND WINNING PIECE!



WINNER

DAISY BEASON @DAISY.BEASON

INDIGENOUS
LIVES
MATTER

*THIS PIECE CONFRONTS THE
OVERLOOKED PROBLEM THAT THE
INDIGENOUS TRIBES (ESPECIALLY IN
AUSTRALIA AND BRAZIL) ARE FACING
WITH THE RIGHTS TO THEIR LAND*



BAUXITE

*THIS IS A PIECE OF A YOUNG GIRL IN
THE DONGRIA KONDH TRIBE IN
RAYAGADA. THEIR EXISTENCE IN THEIR
NATURAL HABITAT IN THE NIYAMGIRI
HILLS IS THREATENED BY MINING
COMPANIES.*



LISTEN

*THIS ILLUSTRATION HAS A QUOTE FROM
RAONI METUKTIRE, AN ENVIRONMENTALIST
AND CHIEF OF THE INDIGENOUS BRAZILIAN
KAYAPÓ PEOPLE.*

INTERVIEW WITH DAISY BEASON, WINNER OF THE REV PUB ART COMPETITION

Q What inspired you to draw this specific piece? And what is the message of this piece? Was there a political, social, or environmental issue that drove you to create this artwork? How do you resonate with this piece?

I created this painting during the Black Lives Matter protests back in the summer. I had just found out that I wasn't getting graded on any of the work I was currently making for my my last year of college. Therefore, I felt a sudden freedom to create a painting that responded to the current unrest that could be seen by an audience. The emotion and passion in the BLM protests was what drove me to react. The Indigenous Rights movement has been an ongoing battle all over the world. We saw briefly during the documentation of the wildfires in the Amazon Rainforest, the grief of the tribes, but very little is said mainstream about the humanitarian crisis that they face. I wanted to bring the minority group forward, give them power and resonance along side BLM. The painting shows an Australian aborigine child with a child from the Yanomami tribe in Brazil. Creatively, I'm drawn to the extraordinary beauty of these tribes, the diversity in humanity. The dove, a symbol of peace is portrayed ironically. A burning olive branch not only implies the fragility in the wildfires across Australia and Brazil, but also the pace in which we are losing forests and our relationship with the environment.

Q What has your journey been like as an artist? When did you first take up art, how has it impacted your life and your story, and what does art mean to you?

I am 18 and so far art has been my backbone in life. I grew up in an artistic household and have never doubted it's significance. It's a way of expression, processing life. Art is a practice that you need a great deal of sensitivity for. To truly understand the purpose of it on a personal level, I think you'd need to have been on a long journey with it. I don't think I've got there yet.



What is your favorite aspect of art, painting, and/or drawing?

So far, painting is my favourite medium. It has so much to give. I am still exploring.

For anyone out there who is interested in art but hesitant to pursue it, what would you say to them?

I would say, don't be hesitant. It's nearly impossible to pursue anything true if you are hesitant. Just go for it with no expectations and an open mind. You'll find what you're looking for when you lose yourself in it.

Was it a difficult or easy process in creating this piece - emotionally and practically or logistically - and how so? How did you feel during the process of creating this piece?

It was a difficult process. Especially making a piece that you want to portray emotion. I started the painting with two separate photos as reference. Therefore, the process of getting the painting to work as a whole was a challenge. I am comfortable making realistic representations of subjects, so I can get very involved in the process of refining. But it is a distraction when you also want emphasis on a strong message in the painting. Therefore, I had to stop myself before I took the energy out of the painting. The feeling is very intense when you're making a piece of art that you are passionate about and that you yearn to communicate with others. I couldn't help feeling emotional during the process.



THIS IS A MONOTYPE PRINT OF A MASK. IT SUGGESTS THE FEELING OF LOSS IN OUR GENERATION. I AM 18 AND I FEEL MORE LOST THAN EVER AT THE MOMENT, OPPORTUNITIES FOR PROGRESSION IN OUR FUTURES HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM US BECAUSE OF COVID 19. THE WORLD AROUND US FEELS LIKE IT IS DISSOLVING, LIKE WE ARE IN A NIGHTMARE THAT WE CAN'T WAKEUP FROM.

What do you hope others take away from this piece? How do you hope this piece impacts others?

I hope that it evokes compassion and respect. It's a painting that is about unity at the end of the day. We are all on this planet together and we should share our love for one another. I hope that people take something away from this image that isn't just personal, but feels universal. I wish for it to impact the indigenous rights movement. If creating awareness is the least it can do, I would be incredibly happy. I am so grateful to be able to share my artwork.

ART COMPETITION SUBMISSIONS



PAGE 26



PHOTOS BY ELI DIKER @ELIDIKERR

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS WERE SHOT ON 35MM BLACK
AND WHITE FILM AROUND NEW YORK CITY AND
DEVELOPED AND SCANNED BY THE ARTIST.

HANNAH RICKE
@MENTAL.PAINT



"I CREATE ONE OF A KIND PAPER COLLAGES FROM RECYCLED BOOKS. I TYPE THE QUOTES ON A TYPEWRITER THAT MY GRANDMA USED WHEN SHE WAS LITTLE. MY WORK HIGHLIGHTS TO BEAUTY AND CHALLENGE OF LIFE AND THE UNENDING RIGOR OF THE FEMALE HEART."

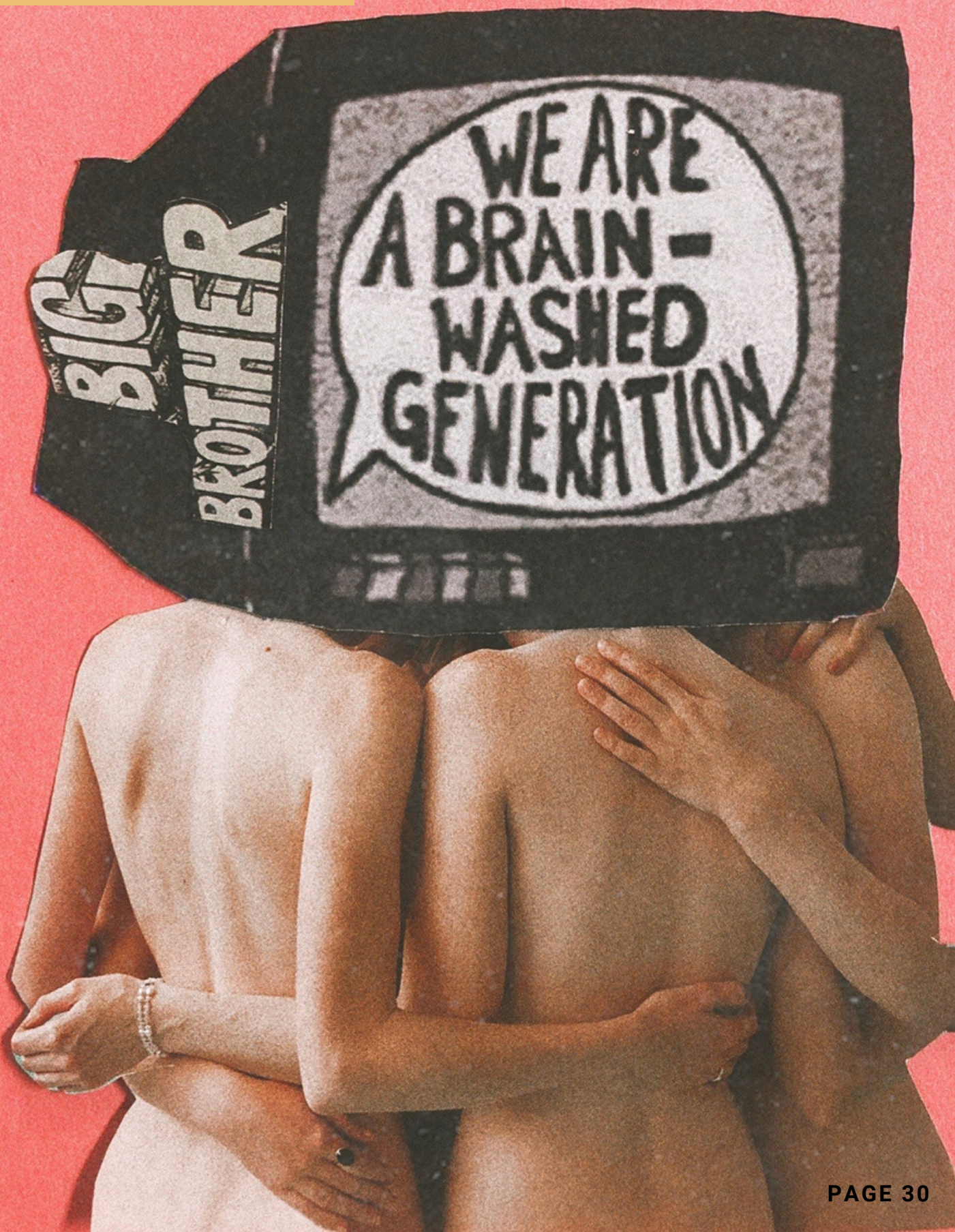
MICHELLE GREEN
@MOZZAFIATOART

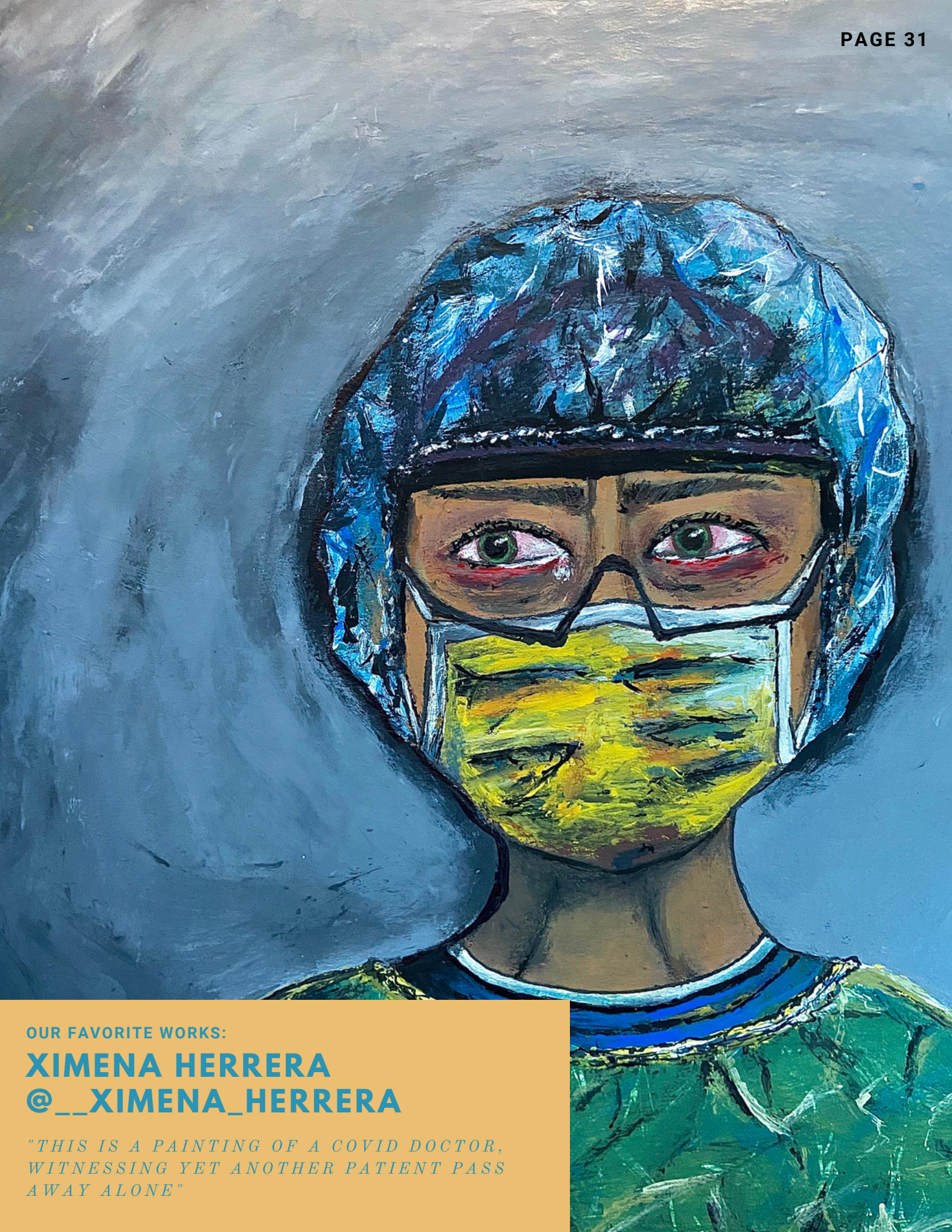




OUR FAVORITE WORKS:

SARAH FERREIRA
@COLLAGECANDI



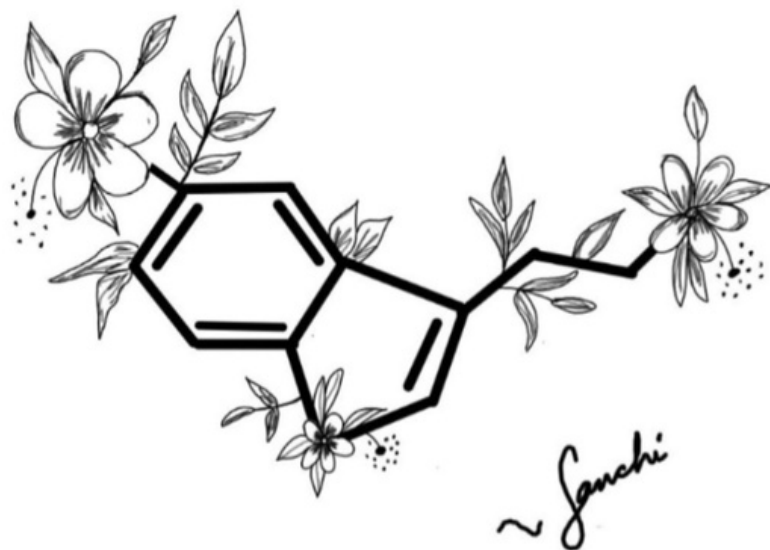
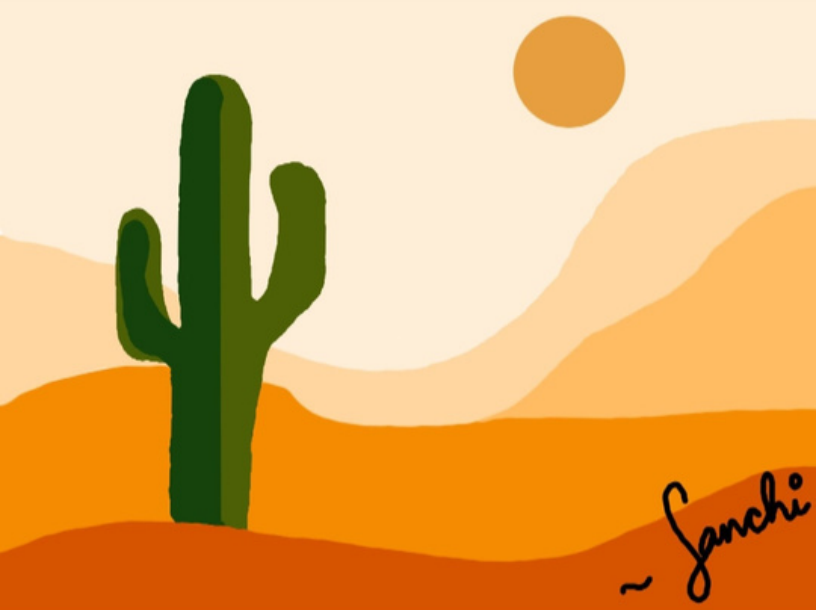


OUR FAVORITE WORKS:

XIMENA HERRERA
@__XIMENA_HERRERA

*"THIS IS A PAINTING OF A COVID DOCTOR,
WITNESSING YET ANOTHER PATIENT PASS
AWAY ALONE"*

ART SUBMISSIONS



TOP LEFT AND RIGHT BY SANCHI @**SANCHI021**



BOTTOM LEFT BY
SAMEERA PARVEEN
@**SAMEERA_ART_4**

Christmas happened. The pandemic has restricted us. But that does not mean we can't have fun without violating any rules. Wear a mask or else you will be on Santa's naughty list.



THE WORLD AROUND US

*READ ARTICLES ABOUT CURRENT
EVENTS, SOCIAL ISSUES, AND MORE IN
THIS SECTION*



ARTWORK BY

@goldendaze_illustration

Capitol Insurrection Was Not Un-American

BY HELENA BARUCH, OP-ED

Recently, I have been having various conversations with students, teachers, and friends concerning the insurrection in the US Capitol. Discussions about the event have been overwhelmed with dismal and indignant rhetoric pointed towards the violence and breach of American law that was practiced on January 6th. There is no question that this patent subversion of a legitimate election was destructive, however - hear me out - it was not un-American.

House Minority Leader Kevin McCarthy (R-Calif.) was among many to dub this riot “un-American” and condemn the violence that took place. Now, don’t get me wrong, no one should condone this violence, but the argument of declaring this an “un-American” act of violence is steeped in contradictions. It is pervaded with insinuating implications of American hypocrisy, and, most importantly, it diverts the critical gaze from the true issue at hand: white supremacy.



AP PHOTO/JOHN MINCHILLO, FILE

AP PHOTO/JOHN MINCHILLO



Let's be clear: aggressive riots that jeopardize the lives of human beings are brutal, yet not inherently un-American or unwarranted. Augmenting and upholding such a misguided argument would mean denouncing and undermining efforts made in social justice efforts such as the Black Lives Matter movements.

Riots are quintessentially American and have, for centuries, incited progressive and needed change. Martin Luther King Jr., a celebrated civil rights leader who stressed nonviolent protests, even said that condemning riots would be "morally irresponsible without, at the same time, condemning the contingent, intolerable conditions that exist in our society."

Think back to civil rights movements: most seeded from violent desperation in response to government inactivity. Most Black Lives Matters rioters weren't just opportunists hoping to hop on the looting bandwagon; but many rioters were angry citizens, frustrated at government neglect, who hoped to encourage reform after years of American oversight.

Condemning and tapering in on the specific violent acts in Charlotte, North Carolina in response to the shooting of Keith Lamont Scott, for example, is missing the point, people. "People participate in this type of event for a real reason," said Darnell Hunt, a UCLA professor. "It's not just people taking advantage. It's not just anger and frustration at the immediate or proximate cause. It's always some underlying issues."

Civil victories have rarely been won solely by means of government action. Riots are destructive, but they have often led to much needed change, recognition, and galvanization.

So, to put it simply, condemning the violence present during the Capitol insurrection sparks a convoluting and historical debate about protesting in America. Posing an argument that consequently contradicts the efforts of spontaneous violent gay-rights upheavals in the sixties or BLM riots in the past year is fruitless. So, if not violence, what was evidently wrong with this specific riot? Well, a couple things. Foremost, attacking the Capitol while championing symbols of racism, hate, and

white supremacy is intolerable and beyond the pale; a crowd of white people wearing antisemitic paraphernalia and holding confederate flags while storming a government building and receiving minimal backlash from police truly highlights the double standard in American society. During the BLM protests, police “tear-gassed us to the point of suffocation,” said Cori Bush, U.S. Representative for Missouri’s 1st congressional district. The Capitol insurrection was an act of white supremacy, and to deny that, or even brush over it in a discussion about this attack, is overlooking the real issue at hand.

Secondly, a pre-planned raid of the Capitol intended to jeopardize the lives of government officials and police officers because of a supposedly unfair election, is not a “real reason,” as Hunt said. Rioting with a predetermined mandate to inflict harm upon others because of a potentially undemocratic election is unjustified. Many recent riots have been fueled and catalyzed by decades of mistreatment and subjugation.

Calling this transgression un-American is not only a disregard of American history and civil rights efforts, but it is a transparent dismissal of Black people’s experience in the United States.

“This is the America that Black people know. To declare that this is not America is to deny the reality that Republican members of the U.S. House and Senate incited this coup by treasonously working to overturn the results of the presidential election,” said Representative Bush. “It’s to deny the fact that one of my senators, Josh Hawley [a Republican from Missouri], went out of his way to salute the white supremacists before their attempted coup... It’s to deny that what my Republican colleagues call “fraud” actually refers to the valid votes of Black, brown and Indigenous voters across this country.”

This is America. Riots, themselves, are not inherently bad or un-American, but a preemptive white supremacist attack (which, by the way, shouldn’t even be considered a riot but rather a seditious insurgence) is unwarranted. Classifying a white supremacist onslaught as un-American similarly shows a privileged dismissal of the naked American truth.



MEDICARE FOR ALL


BY RYAN AHMED



America's healthcare system is failing. From tripping down a staircase, Kirsten O'Brien was given a \$112,000 medical bill for getting two surgeries and physical therapy for her broken ankle. Her insurance plan only covered less than half of the expenses, which left her in medical debt. Similar issues burden entire families too, as Joe Kassabian's family almost went homeless after his sister was diagnosed with kidney disease. It would be rather optimistic to hope that these very few people are the only ones in America that are struggling due to America's healthcare system, but they are not the only ones. Believe it or not, 79 million Americans are struggling right now to pay their medical expenses in the United States due to the corporate greed of healthcare insurance companies. Medical billing has gotten out of hand, as stories of unexpected and outrageous charges have become way too commonplace. American families are going bankrupt, being put out of their homes, and losing their jobs because they cannot pay their medical bills for issues that they have not intentionally caused. People in the United States do not deserve to be economically punished for being diagnosed with a life-threatening condition or for receiving healthcare. The United States medical insurance system is not reliable and needs massive systemic change before even more Americans are affected.

While America ranks so poorly in healthcare because of how many people lack access to it, other major countries provide quality healthcare for a fraction of the spending. As of 2017, the United States spends \$3.3 trillion on healthcare, which is 17% of its GDP. While, at the same time, Canada, Germany, France, Japan, Australia, United Kingdom, Spain, and Italy spends only about 9% of their GDP on healthcare spending. And even with lowered spending, the United States ranks lower than these countries based on mortality rate (which tracks medically preventable deaths). The United States must act fast, not incrementally, but rapidly, to save the healthcare of its residents. The United States system is failing more and more each year, as costs are constantly rising.

The Medicare for All bill is the solution the United States needs. Writers of this bill see healthcare as a human right, as this is a system that works for all people, not just a select few. No one will be underinsured, as everyone will be guaranteed healthcare. The bill includes a systemic change to how insurance works, as it will be a single-payer system. A single-payer health-insurance system can finance good-quality coverage for all United States residents, while reducing overall health-care spending by 10%, according to a study on economics led by Robert Pollin and James Heinz.



All Americans would be able to get the care they deserve from their chosen providers, without having to pay premiums, deductibles, or copayments. This all together brings down the spending of Americans, making social insurance reasonable for all. Medicare for All could likewise dispose of 19% of all our healthcare spending. The biggest part of this, about 9% of all-out administrative costs, would come from much lowered regulatory expenses in contracting, claims preparing, credentialing suppliers, and installment approval - which would all be bound together under one federal agency. Private healthcare insurance providers spend about 12% of their total spending plan on organization, while Medicare works significantly more proficiently, with authoritative expenses at around 2%. Sensational managerial cuts would mean far less administrative work for specialists and medical caretakers.


Furthermore, the way that the current healthcare system is built to serve the best interest of a wealthy minority of people who drive-up the prices of healthcare. The insurance industry has made over \$100 billion in profits by taking the money of the working class. Such a system causes an unnecessary struggle among working-class American citizens, as many of them are underinsured, which leads to medical debt. And even if some people can argue the lowering of a medical bill to a more reasonable level, it takes unnecessary time and stress. Americans should be worried about trying to be and stay healthy, not the price of receiving treatment to be healthy. Moreover, worrying about the possibility of receiving a medical

bill can drastically affect people's decision making and career choices, as only certain jobs provide unionized healthcare to workers. With Medicare for All, citizens would not be afraid of going to the doctor or the emergency room, as their healthcare would be publicly funded. All Americans would have equal access to healthcare, as it would lead to a healthier population overall. Along with that, people will be able to be more ambitious with their career goals, without worrying about receiving "benefits" from certain positions.

Healthcare is a human right and should be treated as a right in the United States. The current healthcare system is a market failure that needs fixing, to save lives and create a more robust economy. Medicare for All offers the most effective and feasible systemic change that the United States needs. People will no longer need to fear going to the hospital or receiving treatment because they will have access to it without worrying about being in debt for getting sick. This allows for a healthier and stronger America.

ANTI-IMMIGRATION: HOW EUGENICS STILL AFFECTS IMMIGRANTS IN AMERICA

BY MARELISSE NAVARRO-SANABRIA



America has many nicknames: the land of opportunity, the land of the free, and the melting pot to name a few. These nicknames speak to the value America holds for many immigrants. According to the 2017 Yearbook of Immigration Statistics, "1.2 million individuals became lawful permanent residents [in the year 2017]." For many, coming to America is worth starting over. From learning a new language to assimilating to a different culture the benefits of obtaining American citizenship outweigh the costs.

Yet, it is not unreasonable for immigrants to feel that America is not on their side. The U.S Citizenship and Immigration website states that, "throughout our history, the United States has welcomed newcomers from all over the world." However, America retains a history of demonizing immigrants with laws rooted in eugenics and white supremacy.

Anti-Immigrant laws

As the presidential campaigns went into full force in 2016 there was one slogan in Trump's arsenal no rally could escape. To crowds of several thousand supporters, he would exclaim that now was the time to, "Build the wall!" Trump's rationale for the mantra, which came to define his position on immigration, was that a border wall would eradicate illegal immigration from Mexico. Nonetheless, as the year progressed it became clear that Trump did not only have an issue with illegal immigration, rather immigrantation as a whole. At a particular rally Trump said, "When Mexico sends its people, they're not sending their best.. they're bringing drugs. They're bringing crime. They're rapists." This is more than racist rhetoric, this ideology breeds policies that negatively impact the lives of immigrants.

For many Latinos in America, undocumented or otherwise, the fear of the United State's Immigration and Customs Enforcement agency also known as "ICE", is a real one. The Department of Homeland Security's website states the mission of ICE is to, "Protect America from the cross-border crime and illegal immigration that threaten national security and public safety." Since its founding in 2003, the mass exploitation and abuse from this government-funded organization have been unveiled. ICE has a history of detaining immigrants through false pretenses (impersonating police officers), deporting individuals without a hearing, grimy holding conditions, separation of families, sexual assaults committed by officers, among many more injustices. The question becomes, why does a corrupt organization like ICE still have support? The answer lies in America's long history of white history and in turn, eugenics.

The eugenics movement gained traction during the 20th century. The Greek term, coined by Francis Galton in 1833, directly

translates to “good birth”. Eugenics calls for the selective breeding of humans to maximize the likelihood of inheriting desirable characteristics. The Eugenics Archive says Alfred Ploetz, a German biologist, coined “a special strand of eugenics” called “racial hygiene”. In Ploetz’s book, “Foundations of a Eugenics, Part I, The Efficiency of Our Race and the Protection of the Defectives”, he outlines his description of racial hygiene, connecting certain races to genetically inferior genes. In 1920 Alfred Hoche and Karl Binding published a piece entitled “Permission to Destroy Life Unworthy of Living”. It attempted to justify euthanizing groups of individuals ranging from the mentally ill, homosexuals, interracial couples, Jewish individuals, as well as other ethnic groups. Both of these pieces would inspire the implementation of the “Law for the Prevention of Genetically Diseased Offspring” in Germany. The law in question allowed for the mass sterilization of those with “hereditary diseases”. Likewise in the following years, the Nazis would create Aktion T-4, a euthanasia program similar to Hoche and Binding’s vision, and subsequently committed the genocide known as the Holocaust. Eugenic ideas were not constrained to Germany in fact, the U.S had eugenicists in congress.

The Eugenicist who made a lasting effect on America was Harry H. Laughlin. Laughlin was one of the founders and President of the Pioneer Fund, a non-profit organization dedicated to finding a hereditary link between race, intelligence, and personality traits. He was also a member of the American Eugenics Society, now known as the Society for biodemography and social biology, and acted as the Superintendent and later, assistant director of the Eugenics Records Office. According to the U.S. Government’s National Archive’s website, “After the Civil War... the need for a uniform immigration and naturalization system had become more apparent... By 1893... the Standing Committee on Immigration and Naturalization was created in the House.” The chairman of the committee, in 1919, Albert Johnson, had a clear distaste for immigrants. So, when Laughlin testified before the committee there was no surprise when Johnson appointed Laughlin as the Expert Eugenics Agent.

They would then go on to pass the most restrictive immigration act of the time, the Immigration Act of 1924 also known as the Johnson-Reed Act. The Office of the Historian website states that the act “limited the number of immigrants allowed entry into the United States through a national origins quota. The quota provided immigration visas to two percent of the total number of people of each nationality in the United States as of the 1890 national census. It completely excluded immigrants from Asia.” As time passed new legislation came and immigration laws became more inclusive. Still, the remnants of eugenic ideals affect immigrants to this day and as voters, the American people should be cognizant of the racist foundation anti-immigration laws draw upon.



WHY IS GEN



BY MARELISSE
NAVARRO-SANABRIA

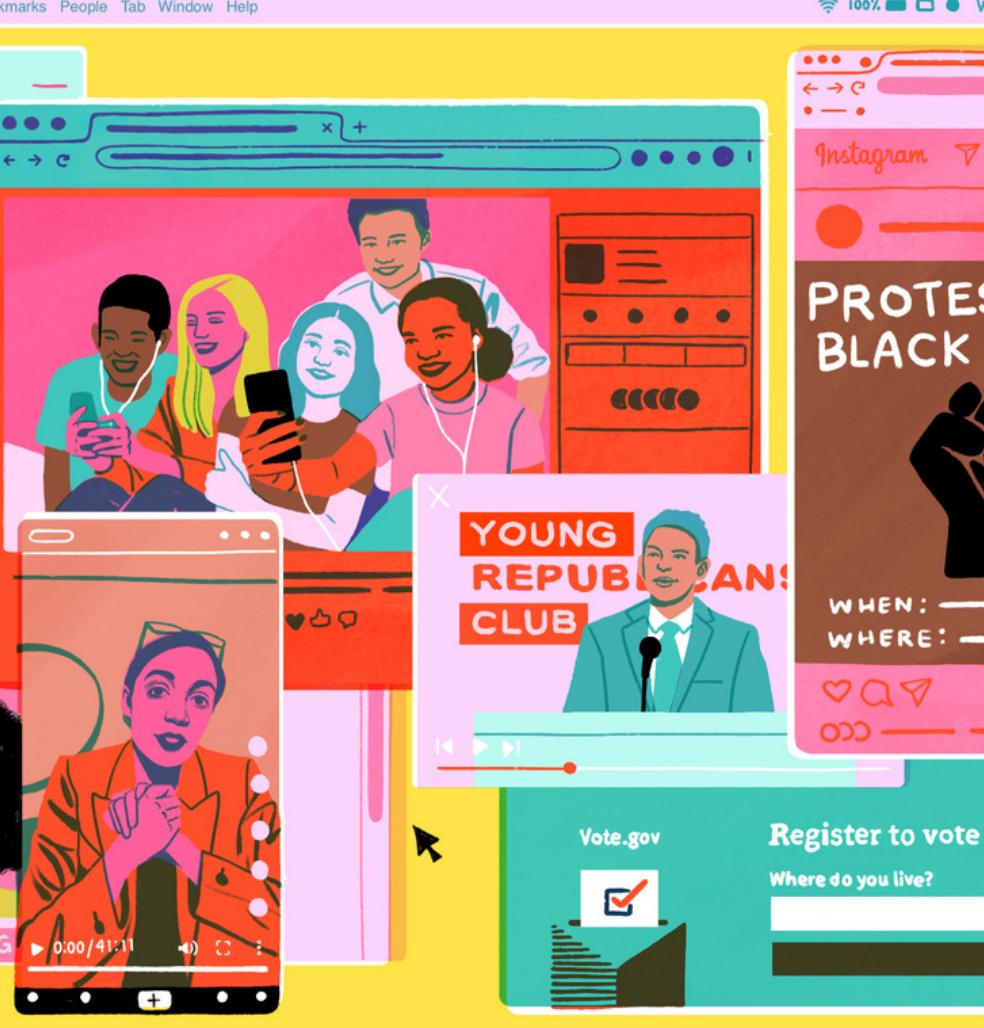
SO POLITICAL?

I absolutely dread Valentine's day. It is not because of the flowers that litter the grocery stores or the annual sugar crash I experience after eating a package of sweets. In fact, I used to look forward to those things. That was until February 14, 2018. It was a normal sunny day, and I just came back home from a long day at school. Once I arrived at home, I pushed my books aside and immediately allowed sleep to engulf me. When I awoke, I noticed several missed calls on my phone from my aunt who lives in Chicago. This was nothing new for me, so I simply called her back. As soon as the call connected, I could hear her give a sigh of relief as she said, "I heard there was a school shooting in Florida. I'm so glad to hear from you..." I stopped listening at that point, I just went numb.

There had been a deadly shooting at Stoneman Douglas High School that left seventeen dead. Suddenly, Valentine's day was no longer a holiday I could celebrate. With time, brave survivors came together and curated the March for Our Lives rally. Those that were once ordinary high schoolers had become political activists. This shift in Gen Z's attitude towards political matters became increasingly evident in the 2020 presidential election. Older generations have asked, "Why is Gen Z so political?" Throughout this piece, I'll aim to answer this question.

To understand the political atmosphere of 2020, we must look back at 2016. In 2016, the landscape of social media was vastly different. Youtube's platform was overrun with Anti-SJW, social justice warriors, and "cringe" content. America was experiencing the rise of right-wing think-tank speakers. Thus allowing two popular conservatives to rise to fame: Ben Shapiro and Milo Yiannopoulos. Why these two specifically, though? It all centers around relatability.

I classify this into three categories: policy, representation, and language. The now-former Breitbart editors, Shapiro and Yiannopoulos, leaned heavily into social media. With campily titled Youtube videos such as, "Ben Shapiro DESTROYS Feminist", "Milo Yiannopolus Humiliates a College Snowflake," among many more. They managed to speak colloquially and eloquently on topics young people were invested in which garnered the adoration of, primarily, 16-25 year olds. During this time, Gen Z treated politics as a meme rather than a pressing matter. Some popular jokes included Donald Trump's dog whistles, the conspiracy theory that those in charge were lizard people, and some going as far as to vote for Harambe, a deceased gorilla, in the 2016 election. As the presidential election results came in, America would begin to experience a paradigm shift like none other.



The Trump administration changed all sense of normalcy. In an instance, discussions about politics were inescapable; even celebrities who maintained an air of ambivalence towards politics were suddenly throwing their hand in the gauntlet. In evaluating the effects that Trump's term in office has had on this generation, we must look to the evolution of social media. Since his inauguration, Trump has used his Twitter to relay messages to the public about his policies and moral gripes. On multiple occasions, Twitter has had to flag the President's tweets due to severe misinformation.

Social media has also acted as an educational sphere. As the world succumbed to a global pandemic, social media has allowed the free flow of information. The clearest example was the slaying of George Floyd. As millions watched and shared the haunting footage, there had reached a turning point. In 2016,

Colin Kapernick was condemned for kneeling to the anthem and saying Black Lives Matter. In 2020, the BLM movement went across the globe. Social media applications like TikTok, Twitter, and Instagram were pivotal in sharing information about police brutality, locations of protests, and tips to staying safe. This was the year to speak up and Gen Z was listening.

Why is Gen Z so Political? I believe it is that we are tired. Many of us grew up in a post- 9/11 world. We heard the scandals of Nixon and Clinton, but now we are living through similar major historic events. In recognizing that ignorance leads to complacency we have forced ourselves to be informed. We are tired of hearing, "There's nothing you can do.", "That's just politics.", "Every President has their faults." Generation Z is ready to fight the system at any cost. As Jean Paul-Satre said, "You don't fight fascism because you think you're going to win. You fight fascism because it is fascist."

Read more about how anti-immigration regulations and eugenics have made their mark on immigration in America.

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Arctic

15

95%

LESS FROZEN

Conservation
is not just
a luxury

it is our purpose

bale?

Harming

Nature

Naturally
STRONG

13

REAL

Let's Not Waste

Let's Protect

ATTACKS

"CLIMATE CHANGE IS REAL"
COLLAGE BY EMMA STARR
@TUNAGRAM197

climate change is real



THE NOT-SO- RUDIMENTARY UNDERSTANDING OF CIVIL DISCOURSE

*RYAN AHMED'S PERSPECTIVE &
NARRATIVE SURROUNDING DISCOURSE*

Underneath the calm silence of once-crowded American town centers and bustling cities, lies a sense that society unraveled, leaving people in fear, confusion, and in some instances, distraught. The United States was struck by the likes of the COVID-19 pandemic in early 2020, which led to the shut down of many aspects of the national economy and productivity. During times of crisis, the importance of the fundamentals in society becomes ever so important, as everyone must collaborate towards a certain goal. Living in the epicenter of such a crisis, as a student in New York City, I am not only provided with a new approach to gratitude but also a better understanding of the society I have lived in my entire life.

The world is constantly changing and evolving along with those who inhabit it.

Whether that be politically or socially, the opinionated and diverse people are what allows for such evolution and progression. Before any changes can be made, though, there is always some type of discussion to ensure the decisions are made are the best ones for that situation. One of these types of discussions is civil discourse, which lies in the foundations of all liberated societies, as it is a very important tool that can make the world a better place. Civil discourse is the ability to unravel the thoughts in your mind and present them to others that want to listen. The environment that civil discourse creates is a respectable one where people push each other's opinions and thoughts to the next level. Of course, civil discourse is sometimes able to work and at other times it is hard for something good to come out of it.



Before what is actually discussed in civil discourse, what makes the discussion what it is, is the people. Adding on to that, society has created individuals that are able to highlight their differences in a world that is sometimes accepting of who they are. Due to the fact that individuals are so diverse, you often run into the problem of people butting heads on various issues. In this case, it is hard for civil discourse to do its work, and you are left with people who haven't gained any type of understanding for those around them. However, the result of civil discourse that makes it so unique is how people who are ready to listen and be heard learn what it means to be accepting.

Even if one rude person does not endanger civilian society, excessive incivility is cause for concern because the pillars of our new, democratic, and tolerant culture are threatened or at least appear to be threatened. If speech is volatile as an outlet for verbal tirades, people break down their ability to address important issues. The interplay of public argument and discussion turns into the tribal combat between mutually hostile groups, each trying to benefit from its own advantage and questioning individual and equal rights. The discourse is weaker, with fewer options, fewer solutions, and less creativity, which is especially needed in times of crisis.

As social beings, people have to manage a world of people filled with their own desires, preferences, and temperamental peculiarities. Those people aren't all our neighbors, even though they do not know it. We are our workers in the great work of our society. The goods, services, and information that others produce (and which we contribute in effect to) is a delicate dance of various human experiences and conversations that support one another. Public discourse requirements are traffic rules, which seek to ensure that as many unnecessary social stacks as possible are avoided. Civilization is the oil machine that keeps society's gears steady.

CIVIL DISCOURSE

"Engagement in discourse (conversation) intended to enhance understanding." ^W

NOTICE: THIS DEFINITION HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH "WINNING," CHANGING SOMEONE'S MIND, OR PROVING A POINT. THE GOAL IS TO UNDERSTAND ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

Civil Discourse can be Difficult!
Difficulties in having a civil conversation tend to arise when you're talking to someone with whom you disagree. It can sometimes feel impossible to have a constructive discussion when you feel defensive and emotional. It becomes even more challenging to understand varying points of view when the participants have drawn conclusions based on different sets of facts.

VS

"But, it's so much easier to talk to people who agree with me!" -Literally Everyone

Disagreement is needed for the competition of ideas. When disagreement and civil discourse combine forces, the potential for creativity, innovation, and progress are born. Where there is a disagreement, both parties typically care deeply about the underlying issues but disagree on how to address the issues best. Disagreement is also the key to a great democracy. Just like nobody wants one team to win the super bowl every year, nobody wants America to be a one-party state. Our country is as great as it is today because of disagreements on how to handle the tough issues; they tackled them together and found common ground.

SOCIAL MEDIA

Social media can be a blessing and a curse. You have access to millions of people with different perspectives and viewpoints. It also, however, tends to contribute to filter bubbles and a feeling of tribalism. Not to mention, it is full of anonymous trolls (sometimes unhappy humans and other times, really unhappy robots) that want nothing to do with civility and instead are trying to get a rise out of you. Don't waste your time. You won't get anywhere, and you won't feel any better after trying.

TIPS FOR A SUCCESSFUL CONVERSATION

Starting Off:

- > In an ideal situation, both parties will enter the discussion with an open mind.
- > Let the other party know this is not a debate, and you're genuinely curious to see their point of view.
- > Try to define the issue at hand, and stick to it.
- > Start with some facts you can agree on.

Continuing the Conversation:

- > Accept that disagreement is not a personal attack.
- > Control emotional reactions.
- > Ask questions! Especially open-ended ones like, "What makes you think that way?" as opposed to, "You don't really believe that, do you?"
- > LISTEN. Do not interrupt.
- > Be okay with not having all the answers. It doesn't invalidate your beliefs.
- > Acknowledge when the other party makes a good point.
- > Take a beat before responding. Choose your words carefully.
- > Remember it is **OKAY TO DISAGREE**.

Know When to Walk Away:

- > Either party gets overly emotional, aggressive, or hurls personal attacks.
- > You start to feel like the other party isn't giving you the same level of consideration and respect.

At the End:

- > Be gracious and thank them for their time.
- > If you feel like it, agree to continue the conversation another time. The best kinds of discussions are ongoing!

Afterward:

- > Take a beat and truly digest what the other person said.
- > Find some time to do follow-up research on things you may not have had the answer to or questions you may have in light of new information.

CIVIL DISCOURSE GOALS:

When you walk away, hopefully, you will have:

- > An increased awareness of differing perspectives.
- > An understanding that some issues are incredibly complex.
- > A willingness to research further.
- > Confidence to continue having discussions, and exploring ideas, with people who have different beliefs than you.

@heynotsfast @notsofastcampaign



Revolution Publication

THANK YOU TO EVERYONE WHO SUBMITTED!

WE ARE COMMITTED TO REPRESENTING EVERY YOUNG PERSON'S VOICE. DURING THIS TIME OF COVID-19, POLITICAL POLARIZATION, AND MORE, IT CAN SEEM AS THOUGH OUR VOICES GET LOST IN THE CROWD. AS A PUBLICATION, AND AS STUDENTS RUNNING THIS PUBLICATION, WE STRIVE FOR REPRESENTATION FOR OUR FUTURE GENERATIONS!

MAKE SURE TO KEEP SUBMITTING ANY OLD OR NEW WORK YOU HAVE. WE WELCOME EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING! IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN BECOMING A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR, WRITER, OR TEAM MEMBER AT REVOLUTION PUBLICATION, FILL OUT THE FORM ON OUR WEBSITE (LINK IN OUR INSTAGRAM BIO).

AGAIN, THANK YOU FOR READING!

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