

Adventure Edition
Spring 2023

NO RULES



Spring 2023

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Letter from the Editors

Dear Reader,

Welcome to our Adventure Edition, the second print release of Cornell’s premier feminist publication. Although relatively new, our club has admittedly become a friend group that meets every Thursday at 5:30PM in Goldwin Smith Hall (room number still undetermined and subject to last minute change). Like clockwork, this group shows up to debate societal issues, share lived experiences, and exchange our latest antics. Together, we imagine, and we write about stories and worlds we could not have created alone.

In this anthology, we iterate our intellectual work through life’s big and little ups and downs – the highly anticipated ending of a pandemic, girls’ rights to education, the celebration of the first Asian actor to win Best Actress... Conversely, making new friends, switching your major, breaking up with an ex...

Whatever and wherever your journey may be, I hope this collection stands as inspiration for your adventures.

Warmly,

Ashley Chou, Editor-in-Chief

Aditi Hukerikar, Editor-in-Chief

wanderlust

by Katherine Ureña

when I was a little girl
I dreamt of getting out
I dreamt of something new
I dreamt of more for myself

to explore the world beyond the four walls of my bedroom, and
to feel like I was not trapped

some days the only way to get out was to imagine and dream, so
I let myself run wild.

I dreamt of big cities and quiet towns. Wondering which place
would satisfy my anxious heart
I imagined myself sitting on porches drinking tea and reading
books
or traveling the world taking in different cities as often as i
chose.

most days, while kids ran outside to play, i sat in my room and
fed my dreams

reading stories and placing myself in them as the main character
watching movies and collecting mannerisms to make me feel like
their story was mine
or listening to songs to feel like someone was actually noticing to
me



I planned every moment of my life hoping one day, hoping it would lead me to a life I had dreamt

replacing stuffed animals and dolls for lovers and friends
trading my training wheels for wings to fly
and giving up fantasy worlds for a reality that was out of reach

by the time i turned 19, i had found myself in a new place

surrounded by new people, different stories
I had built my whole life around this moment
I had finally gotten out and it was unlike anything i could've imagined

19 years later, I found myself in a new place
Surrounded by new people and different stories
It was nothing I could've imagined

I didn't feel the euphoria I felt while dreaming and planning for times like this.

The people still didn't notice me no matter how loud i spoke or close i was
I was still on the sidelines of the story despite my efforts to shine
The lovers and friends i yearned for once before brought pain and loss

I realized that the anticipation was more rewarding than the arrival.
My fantasies were just that, mirages, ideas, exaggerations of the happiness i thought i wanted

I thought to myself well then what could it be.
Could it be that what I dreamt of does not exist

Could it be that what I hoped for is not for me
Could it be that days are meant to drag on

I felt the four walls of my bedroom closing in on me
I was 10 years old again, alone in my bedroom
I had lost the game and failed myself

Yet again...
I dreamt of getting out.



How I Found Small Bits of Adventure

by Aditi Hukerikar

Though I crave adventure and would love to be able to travel, these last few years haven't given me much time to be able to do so. So while it felt like everyone I knew was heading off on exciting adventures, I was spending my days studying, working, or just spending time alone in my room.

I was, of course, disheartened at first. But then I realized that I was the one who had convinced myself that I couldn't have fun without traveling. After reminding myself to set healthy limits with social media and reflect, I found little bits of joy in my daily life that could still satisfy my desire for adventure. Here's just a few that I've had the most fun with.

1. Visit a new café: I personally feel that locally-owned cafés always have the best coffee, and one of my favorite things to do is look for any that I haven't tried before.
2. Go for a walk or hike nearby: There's bound to be a park or hiking trail near you. If the weather permits, you might enjoy the fresh air and sunshine as you stroll.
3. Go somewhere that you haven't been before: Have you visited your local farmers' market yet? Or maybe there's a record store you always pass by but never get the chance to go into. Now's your chance!
4. Head to a library or bookstore near you: Immersing yourself in a new book is the perfect way to escape the boredom of your day-to-day life for a little bit. And it's high time that libraries get the recognition they deserve.

5. Find local events that pique your interest: Maybe there's something interesting happening right where you live. I've heard about events near me from seeing posters or subscribing to different newsletters.

6. Try out a new recipe: Scroll through some recipes on Pinterest and choose one to test out. Or maybe you want to make an entire meal in a new cuisine? The possibilities (like scrolling through Pinterest) are endless.

7. Find a museum or art exhibition to check out: this one might be a little harder to find, but keep an eye out for any art venues that might host different exhibitions throughout the year.

8. Start a new craft or DIY project: Grab some supplies (or find something you already have) and turn it into something new. You could make gifts for your friends, new decor for your walls, or anything your heart desires.

9. Take some photos: Have a laid-back photo shoot with your friends, take a few shots of the sunset outside, or even get a few new pictures of yourself.

10. Spend time with your friends: Yes, this one's pretty cliché, but you know you'll have a good time as long as you're in good company.

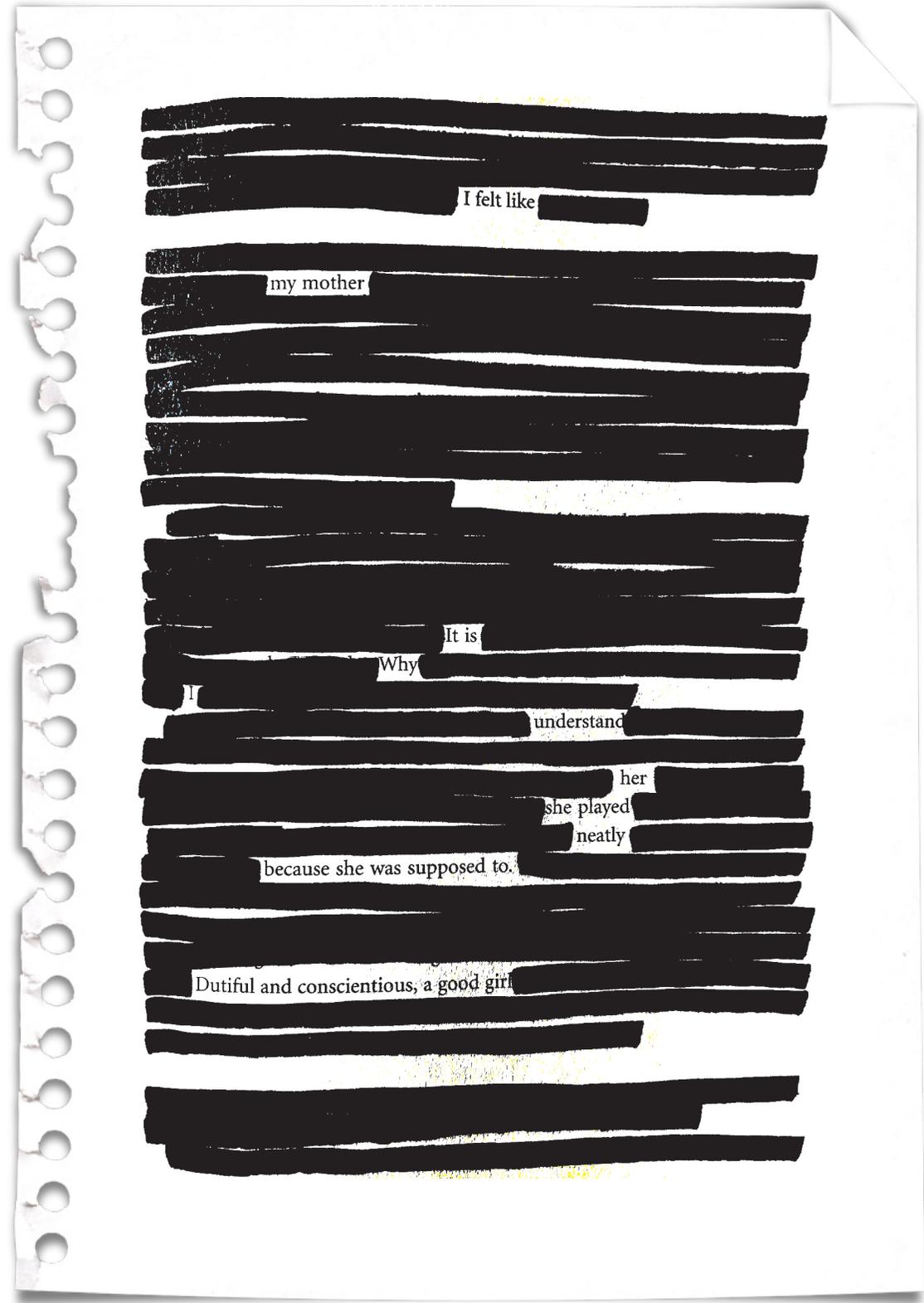
So, is taking a walk through your local park as thrilling as hiking along the Appalachian trail? Maybe not. But that doesn't mean you can't find ways to enjoy yourself wherever you are.

to shoulder this work. When a husband brings home guests for dinner unannounced, she is expected to provide them with hospitality. Every family activity, event, essentially every moment of everyday family life, is carefully scaffolded by the meticulous labor of the mother.

Given this structure, is spontaneity inherently gendered, with women aware of their responsibility to do all the behind-the-scenes work? Because they are the sole orchestrators of family events, if they are not the ones to do this work, familial stability collapses. Is the idea of 'adventure' and spontaneity unattainable for women? Is it merely an illusion for outsiders carefully built by women, who are raised to shoulder the burden of effortlessness?

When women express stress, they are perceived as irrational or neurotic. This stress is derived from their responsibility to maintain familial stability, which is only recognized by themselves. The mother and the outsiders exist in two separate worlds, much like in a play; when the audience, or outsiders, watch the actors perform, their actions look spontaneous, or at least effortless.

However, there are countless behind the scenes actors who do the bulk of the work to make the show look as 'natural' as possible, yet receive none of the credit. Nothing is spontaneous for the kin keeper; instead they emulate, or rather create, spontaneity themselves. Adventure is not adventurous for the kin keeper, it is a carefully concerted sequence of events.



I felt like

my mother

It is

Why

I

understand

her

she played

neatly

because she was supposed to.

Dutiful and conscientious, a good girl



[REDACTED] the tears [REDACTED] reflected
 around me. [REDACTED]
 I had [REDACTED] felt [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] true devotion, [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] I had poured out my heart to
 every [REDACTED]
 rejection. [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] I saw no
 love [REDACTED]
 I realized [REDACTED]
 my innermost [REDACTED]
 ugly [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] consciousness, [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] her [REDACTED] love [REDACTED]
 to suffer [REDACTED]
 unrequited [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]

Risk

by Nara Cowing

“Life will break you. Nobody can protect you from that, and being alone won’t either, for solitude will also break you with its yearning. You have to love. You have to feel. It is the reason you are here on Earth. You have to risk your heart. You are here to be swallowed up. And when it happens that you are broken, or betrayed, or left, or hurt, or death brushes too near, let yourself sit by an apple tree and listen to the apples falling all around you in heaps, wasting their sweetness. Tell yourself that you tasted as many as you could.”

Louise Erdrich, *The Painted Drum*

As a child, I always played it safe. The words “be careful, Nara, you might get hurt!” were never uttered because I already knew. Whether it stemmed from anxiety, being intensely introverted, or simply logic outweighing desire, “risk” was never a part of my vocabulary.

However, this low-risk lifestyle became lonely. It was too risky to try a new sport because I might get hurt. It was too risky to try a new after-school activity because I might be terrible at it. It was too risky to go to a friend’s house because they lived 45 minutes away, and there was no way I could get home before dark. It was too risky to try new things to live.

The first step towards risk was switching schools. After going to the same school with the same fifty kids from kindergarten to eighth grade, I transferred for the beginning of ninth grade. Although it was a relatively small public high school, the population was easily double what I was familiar with. I did not know anybody, but it seemed like they all knew each other. I was seriously out of my depth.

For some, switching schools may be a frequent occurrence nothing more than a typical September activity. For me, switching schools was the riskiest thing imaginable. After living and learning in the same 5-block radius for over half my life, I

was outside my comfort zone. I met at least one new person daily for the first few weeks of school.

For the first time, I did not have to be the same person I always was.

The change did not happen overnight, but by senior year I was eager to make plans with my friends, go out to eat, and try new things. Instead of hiding in my room self-quarantining before quarantine was ever something that crossed our minds I wanted to go out and see the world.



The Evolution of COVID – and Its Lingering Effects

by Natalie Brennan

I had COVID in March of 2022. It was only a matter of time: my guard was down, and I was attending social functions maskless, completely accepting that I would one day get COVID and be 100% fine.

When my friends around me started testing positive, I tested and laughed out loud at my positive result, taking a picture with the test cassette. I was fully vaccinated and my symptoms would be very mild. I coughed a bit and was a little delirious, but I made the best of my secluded room at the Cayuga Blu for those five days. I fielded calls from my mom, monitored my heart rate, upped my sleep hours, and drank a lot of water.

When I was cleared to leave following my infectious period, I grabbed my crap and booked it to my car, ready to catch up on that tiny sliver of life I had missed: but when I walked out to my car, it felt like my brain was Jello. When I was driving, I would turn the wheel and recognize I made that turn seconds later. I chalked it up to isolation. I took a nap first thing back at my dorm. When I woke up from my nap feeling the same disconnected way, I was concerned.

The following weeks and months were a struggle. My heart would race climbing one flight of stairs, and my legs would grow heavy. The three flights leading up to Baker 200 were my kryptonite. I would get home from classes and be crushed by fatigue, either taking a nap or going right to sleep. Working in my lab, I would have to sit down as too much movement would

trigger a headrush that would send me to the bathroom, unsure if I was going to throw up or pass out. I noticed that my allergies were worse, and the bug bites I had gotten over spring break were staying inflamed for longer than usual. Things I typically did with energy and vigor would make my body tired and my brain scrambled. Conversations with friends were peppered with stutters and mispronounced words. I struggled to study for exams: it became almost impossible to focus on a subject for more than 10 minutes. I would remember scraps of what I had studied.

I sort of figured I had long COVID. After a couple of months of post-infectious turmoil, I just assumed this was the case. I honed in on taking care of myself: lightheadedness in the morning was likely attributed to some neurological deficit making my blood pressure lower. I would drink a lot of water throughout the day. My brain scrambly-ness would be significantly minimized if I got 8+ hours of sleep a night, bordering closer to 9. I hopped right into having a sleep schedule, something I never had during my college career. Caffeine and high-energy activities would rocket my heart rate: I began to take each day more slowly. (And why was it that it took me developing a post-viral illness to finally start taking care of myself?)

What the hell had happened? I was on the hunt for some excuse as to why this had happened to me. I am young. I am healthy. I barely get sick. Unfortunately, most long COVID cases are being attributed to every kind of person that could catch the virus. Young, healthy folks as well as older, immuno-compromised folks were coming down with long COVID. Repeated infections are now being said to increase your risk for long COVID. Your next infection is a COVID roulette. *You can not be complacent with your current health if you do not want long COVID. Everyone is at risk.*

So where are folks now? And where am I now with my health and my mindset? People take to Sidechat to rip on the people who are still wearing masks. I find it almost amusing when I still see professors here wearing masks with students sitting in these lectures maskless.

Long COVID is recognized by many medical institutions, including the CDC. Cornell even has churned-out articles about the different types of long COVID. Other larger medical research institutions are proving yet again the health service



disparities for marginalized groups. Some articles say that vaccines provide limited coverage against symptomatic disease. Some articles are saying that COVID has faded into a flu-like illness. Articles are coming out saying that masking has had little to no effect on rates of transmission of COVID between people. I'm sure this stokes the fire of anyone who violently supports one of these views.

So where is the medium? Should you wear a mask if you're sick? Don't come to classes maybe, so instead rally for Zoom accommodations for classes? Go to classes masked? Is anyone even testing anymore?

I had my bout with long COVID, but there are still folks out there battling long COVID from 2020. There are folks who had more severe symptoms than me, post-viral symptoms having evolved into chronic illnesses. Do we trust larger studies? Do we trust the anecdotal evidence we are getting? Are you reading this and immediately wanting to push back against me?

Women have been historically ignored in medical circumstances, often undergoing something now colloquially known as "medical gaslighting". The diseases that the greatest portion of women and non-men represent differ from those with the greatest proportion of men. Women's and non-men's symptoms also differ from men's symptoms for many diseases. Heart attacks, one of the top causes of death across the globe, go misdiagnosed in women due to the drastic difference in symptoms (Season 14, Episode 11 of Grey's Anatomy anyone?) So, it comes as no surprise that there is a wider range of symptoms reported in women with long COVID than in men.

my happy place

by Katherine Ureña

my happy place
 the place i go when all is not well
 the place no one knows about
 the place i am in at the moment
 slightly smaller than you think
 not really much to it you see
 just quiet and empty
 very very
 empty.
 the place where i have no one
 to push me around
 the place where only i can tell
 myself how i should sit or what
 i can and cannot say
 the place where i can think and
 it all comes out just perfect
 the place needs no company
 the place needs no noise
 the place needs no violence
 all of that will be destroyed
 quiet still and undisturbed

but only. it isn't a place.
 it's a thing one thing this thing
 it takes me on journeys but
 only i understand because
 the paper is my destination
 and the pen is my one way
 ticket to paradise to life
 to silence to my feelings
 and of course to
 my happy place

I sleep so I can be
 in my dreams with
 eternal happiness

TICKET TO
 HAPPINESS

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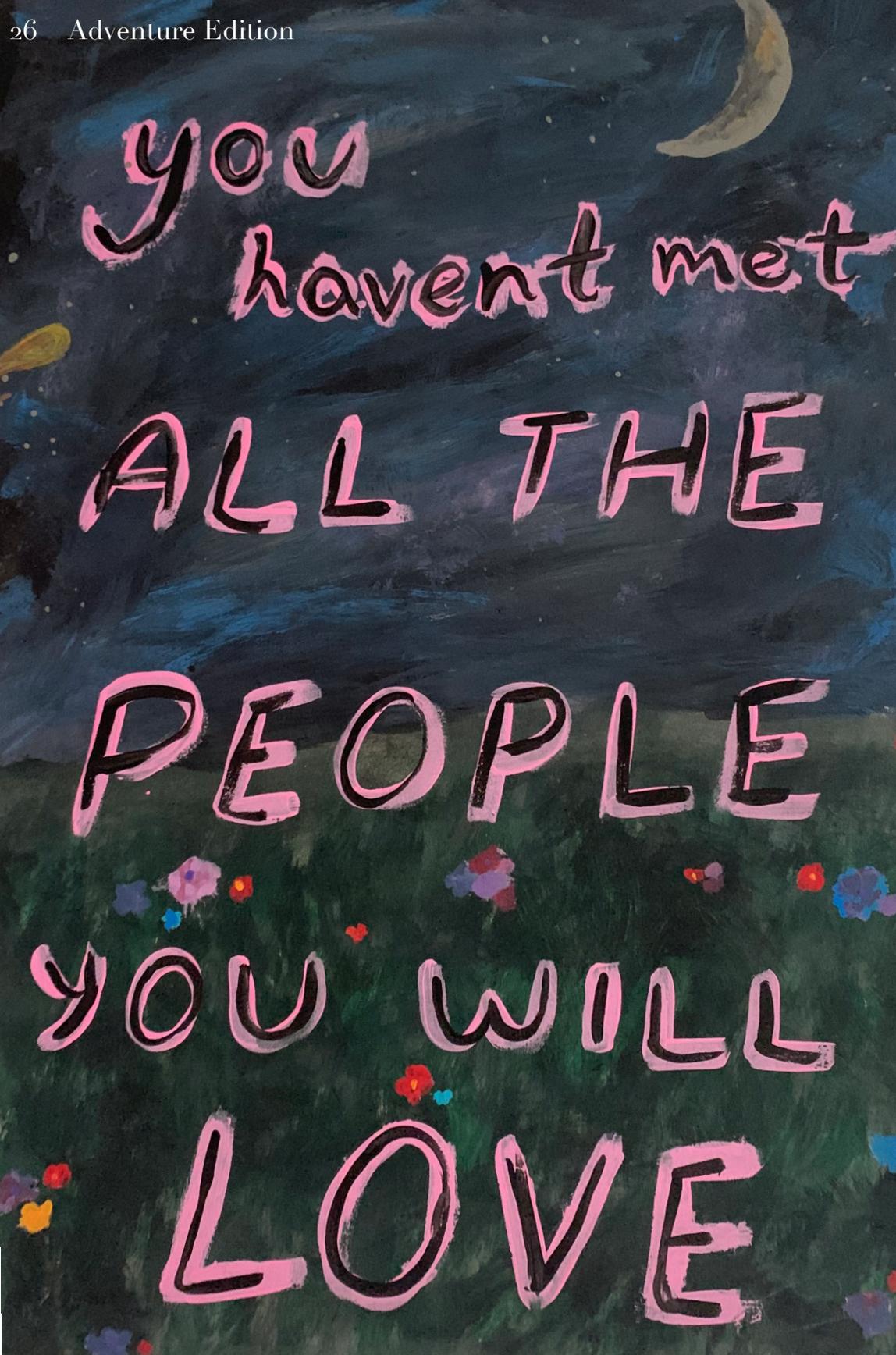


HALF
 EMPTY



HALF
 FULL

When I wake is
 when the true nightmares
 come out to hunt me



Girl Activism: Empowering, Educating and Fighting Discomfort

by Katherine Ureña

If an individual were to tell you that they are professional at a sport, you would automatically assume that they are strong, skilled, and well versed in the rules, purpose and aim of their sport. You would assume that it took months, or maybe even years, for them to be considered a pro.

Now, what do you think of when someone tells you they are an activist? Do you visualize people in the street holding signs and fists up high? Are they strong? Are they skilled? Do they know the rules, purpose and aim of their activism?

Most are aware of what an activist does, but very few can understand how individuals become an activist. How do they push back against society's norms and expectations for the better? The training for this title, or specifically girl activists, is created through education and discomfort within social, economic or political situations.

A girl's activist identity is shaped by their education and discomfort. Once girls are comfortable with the ideas of empowerment, they are able to move forward and seek education, acknowledge their discomforts, and actively make strides against injustices.

Girl empowerment, although beneficial and necessary for young girls, is not the only or last step in creating change in a social setting. To understand empowerment as its own concept, Urvashi Sahni describes it as the "process of developing a

feminist consciousness” (Sahni 2017, p.10). Jessica Taft emphasizes the idea of empowerment as being a more personal endeavor, whereas girl activism focuses on social change in a communal sense in order to benefit all girls (Taft 2011, p.28).

It may not be enough. However, it is important for girls to understand how they can use their newfound empowerment in order to organize themselves in powerful and meaningful ways. Taft points out that although they are ‘empowered,’ “they are critical of the narrow versions of empowerment usually offered to them” (Taft 2011, p.24). Rather than just claim to be empowered, they make the choice to create programs for better education, as well as protest and organize for their cause.

As Sicaru says, “activism is the interest in trying to change things, not just staying like this” (Taft 2011, p.26), by not staying complacent with the many regulations and systems that are against girls, they are fighting for something more. They progress from simply recognizing the problem to creating programs as they spend, “time trying to make the world a better place” (Taft 2011, p.24). Once they have acquired this foundation it is important for girls to develop the necessary skills for activism through education

Providing young girls with a quality education allows them to have the agency to make the choice to improve the world for girls and women. Sahni supports that education is a catalyst for change claiming that “high-quality secondary education” is considered to be essential not only for the young girls quality of life, but overall national development (Sahni, 2017, p.8).

“We don’t get real education in our schools...” says one girl, Chela, speaking on the fact that the skills they learn in school are irrelevant to the real world and their lives (Taft 2011, p.100). It is the education they receive that allows them to improve the quality of their nation. As a result, much of what activists choose to focus on is rebuilding school systems (Taft 2011, p.27). Education allows them to acknowledge the problem and use the necessary problem solving skills to find solutions that improve the wellbeing of young girls.

Taft also writes about being open minded and ‘still learning’ (Taft 2011, p.8) as activists have a strong commitment to learning and the ‘ongoing process of political education.’ Political and social environments and expectations are constantly changing so activists must be willing and able to educate themselves and

others. With this knowledge, however, comes the discomfort of knowing.

The idea of discomfort as a catalyst for girls’ activism is a crucial point of view for understanding how and why these young girls choose to fight actively for their cause. Girl activism is not genetically predisposed to only a few who are worthy; it comes after experiencing the discomfort brought about by existing social, political or economic situations.

Malala and her family are a good example of how individuals challenge the imposed cultural and social norms in order to fight actively. These cultural norms are what Bateson regards as “continuities.” When Malala was born, many of her older male family members were reluctant to celebrate, yet her father continued to give Malala similar treatment to her brothers when they were born (Yousafzai, 2015, p.13). Her father instilled in her the idea of girls being worthy enough to receive an education and to have their own opinions as he advocated for girls education in their tribe and spoke with his wife on matters men would usually not consult their wives with.

Their tribe shows how continuity is alive by upholding women to certain expectations. Malala and her family were not comfortable with these standards and expectations so they diverged and created their own realities. These expectations and continuities continued as Mullahs claimed that natural disasters were the fault of women for having freedom and their obscenity (Yousafzai, 2015, p.107) and if they did not change their ways then worse would come.

To think of women in this way was not novel for the village, as they already dealt with pre-existing social differences for men and women. However, the introduction of the Taliban caused the oppression of women to worsen, creating a new level of discomfort. Leaders preached how women should act and what they should do for their partners and families. They even went as far as to use religious text against women. Once you are aware and gain that feminist consciousness, most people gain the passion, or rage, to erase what is going on in the world (Taft 2011, p.103).

The access to a quality education and ability to acknowledge discomfort often comes out in anger towards the systems that have failed young girls for so long. Maria Stewart talked of how rage has been a ‘constant’ companion for women of color

and Cooper uses this idea to establish the idea that rage and anger are valuable resources for women when fighting against injustices (Cooper 2019, p.35).

Malala explains that after hearing of the prime minister's death, "my heart said to me, " Why don't you go there and fight for women's rights?" (Yousafzai, 2015, p.133). She understood the discomfort she was feeling was not normal. Women being killed in politics is not normal. Instead of just questioning her surroundings, she thought that she should take action against such injustices, this is activism.

This discomfort and anger for the state of her tribe parallels Lisette's situation as she says she was "motivated by anger" to plan and implement educational events about health problems her community was facing (Taft 2011, p.2). In each of these instances, witnessing injustice is what prompts the young girls to shift their thinking and turn their empowerment into activism through meaningful actions and planning.

Women have been long deprived of quality education and have been ridiculed for voicing their discomfort through anger. Young girl activists have been advocates for better education and provide each other with supportive and informative communities that their nations may refuse to provide for them. Their experiences with discomfort are turned in to meaningful projects that change the social and political world for young girls and women.

The activist identity is one that takes strength and commitment; young girls are dedicated to their political education and developing the feminist consciousness throughout their communities. Girl activists build their identity through said education and by dealing with the uncomfortable situations with rage and anger.



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Our members have devoted hours of hard work, passion, and love into keeping the spirit of *No Rules* alive, including the founding members and board of our original iteration, *The REVIVAL Zine*.

Thank you to our amazing faculty advisor Professor McCullough who has been rooting for us since our inception in August, 2020.

And lastly, thank you to all of our readers who make publishing these stories, art, and secrets worth it.



Join us next fall! Find recruitment updates on our Instagram @norules.cornell or on our website norulescornell.com (QR code below)



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“To live is the rarest thing
in the world. Most people
exist, that is all.”

Oscar Wilde