

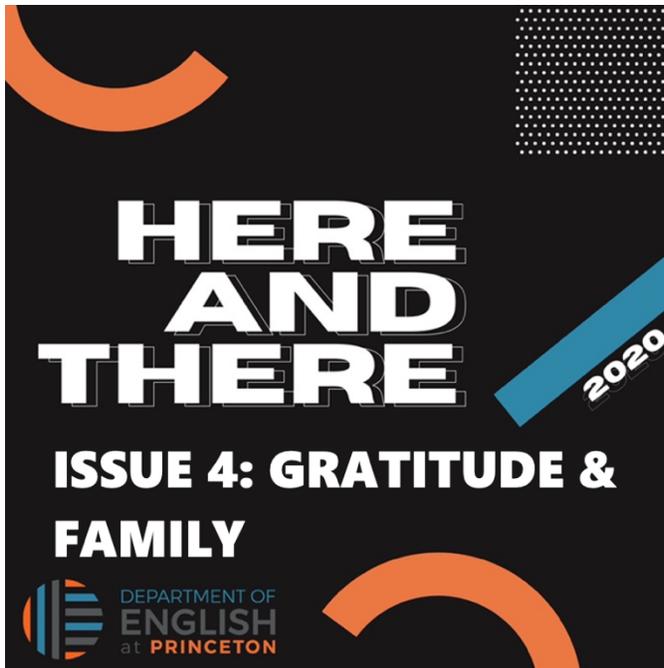
HERE AND THERE

2020

ISSUE 4: GRATITUDE & FAMILY

DEPARTMENT OF
ENGLISH
at PRINCETON





Logo by Mckenna Haire
 Cover art by Tife Aladesuru

CONTENTS

Wish Poem, Anna Alport.....1
Five Micro-Essays as I “Declutter” my Childhood Home, Eliana Cohen-Orth....3
Wish, Lillian Chen.....5
Mom Through the Decades, Isabelle Nimick.....6
I Just Wanted to Be Betty (Excerpts), Aleeza Schoenberg.....10
Monarch, Cole Vandenberg.....17
Peaceful Hum of a Tiger Cub, Alice Xue.....18

Wish Poem
Anna Allport

Written in the style of Marcus Wicker's "Prayer on Aladdin's Lamp"

Grant me pea plants and their curlicue tendrils,
spiderwebs glowing in dawn light,
smooth waters and treasure hunts and views from above the clouds.

Grant me the taste of olive oil, baguettes, and peaches with juice dripping down our
chins,
a supply of confident pens,
dragonflies of shining silver and gossamer green.

Grant me French Provincial cottages, mint-gold ballrooms, roses and pearls,
the joy of watermelons cracked on rocks and eaten with our hands,
and laughter that leaves us gasping for air.

Grant me little notebooks with big ideas,
the thing (the play), and music too,
crossed *ts*, sturdy *os*, sweetly looped *gs*, gliding *es*, and a *p* or two.

Grant me the spirit of a sunflower, always turning towards the sun,
a baby goat chewing on my boots,
vanilla-coconut cupcakes,
flared jeans, *chignons*, and being *en vogue*.

Grant me the determination of sailing ships, and the courage of their passengers.
Grant me wisdom and wonder,
puzzles and the verve to solve them,
and pine nuts and water chestnuts, the perfect pair.

Grant me thumbprint cookies, language-learning, and soul-filling art,
piano-playing and meadows,
and honeybees, unafraid to be photographed up close.

Grant me four-leaf clovers and grace,
the purity of math, without the frustration.

Grant me that I see the volcano before it erupts.
Grant us letters written and received,
and that mourning turns into morning, when we speak of doves.

Grant me gardens of milkweed and mulberries, guinea fowl and salamanders.
Grant me coins from every state, bike trips, bake sales, and watching the sun rise.

Grant me the sound of the ocean and of 50's music, when I am afraid.

Grant me a strong, leafy tree of my own.

Grant me smiling cherubs, children's faces, underneath the cherry blossoms.

Grant me listening and learning.

And as I grow up, grant me a meadow, lake, forest, running horses,
and skies filled with stars.

Five Micro-Essays as I “Declutter” my Childhood Home

Eliana Cohen-Orth

1. Trap Doors

Throughout my childhood, I scoured my home for trap doors. A trap door, I fervently believed, was the ideal entrance to An Adventure, and I was keen on having An Adventure. Perhaps the trap door would lead to a cellar full of indecipherable runes or magical objects, or even better, transport me directly to another time or place. It was a great injustice of the world that I, unlike my favorite book characters, had been deprived of the essential rite of passage of An Adventure. I was perturbed, but sure that if I looked hard enough, I would find secrets buried within my home. It took years for me to accept the crucial fact: I was unlikely to find a trap door in my 4 room New York City Apartment, and if I did, it would only lead to the Westside Market, located directly under our floor.

2. Naming

I was quite logical about the naming of my toys. My favorite stuffed animals when I was very young were Snowman the Snowman and Meow-cat the Cat. I started to change it up, just a bit:

“The toucan is colorful! So I will name her color-a!”

“Maybe... don’t name your toy ‘Cholera,’” my parents warned.

The names became more complicated. I put tremendous thought into them: If I had a polar bear, who lived in the arctic, and had white fur, and a big smile, and dressed like a doctor, his name would be something like “Polarctiwhismiltor”. The names I thought the hardest about always left my memory the soonest. “Polarctiwhismiltor” is somehow less memorable than “Snowman the Snowman.”

3. *That* Movie

I, like everyone else, had *that* movie. I’ve forgotten the name of mine (it was something handed down from my older sister, obscure, probably in an educational series), but I vividly remember the feeling it provoked. There was a specific, warm, unfettered joy of watching it over and over again. It probably wasn’t a good movie, but that was entirely irrelevant. I find it difficult, now, to watch a movie or a play without reviewing it as I watch. If I like something, I must develop a defense for why I like it. If I don’t have at least one critique, I didn’t watch closely enough. Of course, there are “guilty pleasures,” but naming them as such flagellates the feeling of joy when there is not a rational explanation for why it is “good.” I’m occasionally able to let myself sit back and fully enjoy a piece of media, without judging it as I watch, and those rare moments are glorious.

4. The Tooth Fairy

“So, the Tooth Fairy,” I asked my mother, at age 7, sitting at our white kitchen table, “Is she real? I want to know the TRUTH.”

“Do you really want to know?” My mother responded, hesitantly.

“Yes! I’m a big girl, now. Tell me if the Tooth Fairy is real or if it’s just you putting money under my pillow.

“Okay, if you insist: The Tooth Fairy isn’t real. It’s just me.”

“Okay. Thank you.”

I walked away from the kitchen table, into my room, to process what I’d learned. As I sat down on my bed, holding Snowman the Snowman, I realized two things.

1. I’d known the answer before I asked my mother.
2. This conversation was an enormous mistake.

At my core, I had known it was my mother – it logically made sense – but the mystery was the fun of it. I wrote notes to the tooth fairy asking for information – what did she do with the teeth? Where did she live? The responses were returned to me, along with a silver dollar, for each lost tooth. But now I’d ended the game, before realizing it was one. There was an inevitable end to the Tooth Fairy mythology – after the last baby tooth fell out, and the adult teeth began to grow in. Why did I end it before I had to?

The next day, I went up to my mother again, sitting at the kitchen table.

“Mommy?”

“Yes?”

“You know that conversation we had yesterday, about the tooth fairy?”

“Yes, honey?”

“Can we pretend we didn’t have that conversation.”

“Of course.”

5. Clutter

I’m horrendous at throwing things away. My childhood bedroom is still full of old Barbies and stuffed animals (their names long forgotten) and lots and lots of old essays, report cards, childhood drawings, letters – some I take pleasure in reading, but most mean nothing. Every couple of years, I tell myself I’m going to go through these papers and throw everything but the essentials away. I spend a lot more time reading than cleaning, usually ending with an even messier room with papers strewn about, and no desire to throw anything away. The cleaning is ineffective, but the discovery is magnificent. There’s a deep excitement of sifting through old files and finding a memory, hidden under the physical and mental clutter. As inertia stops me from completing the organization process, the memories get reburied, until the next time I convince myself I’m going to deep clean my room. I think part of me wants to gift myself another journey of rediscovery, another mystery to solve.

Maybe I still want that trap door.

Wish
Lillian Chen

Last night I had a dream.

In it, I was pushing my mother in a wheelchair on a quiet road. I was older too, wearing glasses and looking more like my mother in her old photos. The road turned into a bridge and as I pushed her across the river, we watched the sun set on the water. The golden hue danced on top of a dark blue reflection. Yet the mesmerizing beauty could not remove the feelings of sadness and guilt. The river stretched its arm out into the ocean, and everything looked so small in the distance.

In my dream, I could feel myself holding back tears. My heart ached. Somehow I knew that my father was dead. It was just the two of us. Had I gotten to say goodbye? I was not sure how he left, but it must have been a serious sickness. Had he been fighting until his last breath? I wanted to believe that. I wanted to remember him as the hero I once thought he was, when I was still young and hadn't yet been hit by him.

I did not want to think about their bodies weakening, and that, one day, she would leave me. Returning to the same ground from which I sprung. My mother had gotten old. She asked me to pick out her white hairs, since she can't see them.

Aging had made her smile peacefully. But, even in the short moments of bliss, I felt so afraid she would float away. Like fragile cherry blossoms blown away by a foreboding wind. I couldn't let go of the wheelchair handle. My grip tightened and my eyes followed her eyes everywhere it looked. I was afraid of it all ending. I was afraid of letting go.

Suddenly, my alarm went off. Waking up, I felt the urge to scream. To look around for my mother. The twenty-one-year-old me recalled the little girl who used to have nightmares, who ran into her parents' bedroom when it thundered outside. A part of her will always be a part of me. A part of me will always wish I had spent more time with the people I loved. Had looked at them longer instead of my computer screen. Had cherished our conversations more rather than complain to them about every fault they had. Had not taken their bodies for granted and tired them out with my constant demands.

These days, I no longer wish for dreams.

Mom Through the Decades
Isabelle Nimick



1960's



1970's



1980's



1990's

I Just Wanted to Be Betty (Excerpts) Aleeza Schoenberg

All submissions are excerpts from chapters in my book I Just Wanted to Be Betty. The book is a rendering of my interviews with my grandmother, Betty. I used her words and language, but I edited the language, as well as the stories, which I rearranged into vignettes.

Excerpt from: Introduction

I have had one brother, Larry, and no sisters. My brother was born two years and two months after I was. From the time he was very little, I could always understand anything he wanted and whatever he was saying. My parents would say to me, "Betty, what's he doing?" or "What's he saying?" or "What does he need?" and I would tell them. I don't know how I knew. If there were a study of what little children did to understand other little children, then maybe that would help adults to interface with little kids, and children could be brought up better. We could learn a lot about how babies are thinking and feeling and how they react to their environment as they're growing up. Because certainly I wasn't questioned well enough from my parents to find out, but it helped him growing up.

My mother hated having the apartment painted, and at that time in New York City, every two years you were required to have the apartment painted. When I was little, before he was born even, my mom decided that we were going to move every two years. And so we did. As soon as it was painting time, my mother would look for another apartment, we'd pack up, and off we'd go.

I don't remember much about moving around. I just remember that I was told we did it, and I remember two of the apartments. So I guess I do remember some of it. The first apartment I remember was on a rather nice street. It was in Manhattan on Montgomery Avenue. I remember that I was very little and my mom used to let me walk to the library. I would take a book off the shelf, sit in the corner, and read. The interesting part about that in looking back on it now is that I have no clue as to how I learned to read. None whatsoever. I knew all my letters. I don't know how. I knew how to read. I don't know how. I know that my dad used to read the newspaper every day, and I would sit on his lap or stand next to him on the chair. I would point to things and ask what that was, and he would read it to me. He always started with Alley Oop in the comic strip. So maybe that's how I learned to read. This must have been when I was three or four, before I started going to school.

My first day of school I was asked what a letter was that was on the blackboard, and I said, "I don't see a letter." I was sitting towards the back of the room and my teacher said, "You don't know any of your letters yet?" This teacher was the one who I told I didn't have a Christian name, so I figured she had it in for me.

"I can read."

"Well read that letter for me."

When I couldn't do it, she marched me up to the front of the room, right in front of the letter, and when I got really close I could see it was an A. She took me by the

hand, took me out of the classroom, and brought me down to the nurse. I cried my eyes off, having no idea what I had done that was so bad. Turned out, I needed glasses. So there I was, five years old, in glasses. I hated wearing glasses. I thought they were terrible. But I wore them all my life. I got into contact lenses when I started college, not before. We were very poor, so I couldn't get glasses very often, and I had to go with my mother to a special place to get glasses. My choice of frames was limited to "this one."

"No, but I like that one."

"Nnn, this one."

So maybe that had something to do with why I didn't like glasses. But it was also because I was upset that I couldn't see, so they were a necessity, and because I didn't know that I couldn't see. All the time I was reading those books in the library, I didn't know that I shouldn't hold a book six inches from one's eyes, that one should hold it out and sit up straight to read. I always thought you just leaned over and read close to the book. But it was because I had trouble seeing.

When I got the glasses, I could see trees for the first time. If you've never had really poor eyesight, you cannot appreciate what getting sight back means. I was looking at shapes. I couldn't see anything beyond that and I couldn't see details on anything. Even though I didn't know I wasn't seeing things, finding out that they were different from what I was looking at, that was amazing to me. My mom felt bad because she felt she should have recognized when I was really little that I was having trouble seeing. But I, who didn't feel anything different between what I could or couldn't see, could never tell her that there was a problem, because I didn't understand it as a problem. If I was careful walking or seeing something big that was coming toward me, I knew that I had to slow down and walk around it. So I didn't get into trouble. I didn't have any trouble not seeing, and I didn't know. I couldn't. It's like the letters on the blackboard: I didn't know that I should have walked closer to the blackboard. It didn't occur to me to squint to see things. But after I got my glasses it occurred to me that if I wasn't wearing glasses and squinted, I could see other things that weren't visible.

I thought glasses made me look funny, though. Don't know if anyone else did. I was born on April 1, so took a lot of kidding as a child. Most of it being, "April Fool! April Fool! I could tell, you're a fool!" I was a little taunted and a little chubby. Although, when I look at pictures of myself, I really wasn't very chubby. Everyone told me I was, and that was disturbing. That was up until high school. Maybe I'd lost some weight by then. Or maybe I was just a little bit more confident by then because I had gotten into a good high school, so I thought, "Well, must be something good."

Skip forward to having three little children sitting around the table in the kitchen kind of kidding mom, holding up the Special K box and saying, "Mom! What letter is this? Take off your glasses. What letter is this?" And I would say, "You know I know it's a K. And you know I can't see it."

It didn't bother me; it was a family joke that mom without her glasses can't see. Occasionally there were times when, "Is mom wearing her glasses? Oh, no? Okay, we can do something."

The only pair of glasses I ever had until I was a teenager was a round pair in plastic. Right now plastic frames are in vogue. Back then nobody wore plastic frames

except the very poor. I never actually realized we were poor until much later. My parents did an excellent job of, well, not keeping it from us, but just giving us enough so that we never lacked for anything. That meant we had enough underwear for the week; two or three skirts, max; and five tops. And that was it. My brother and I shared a tiny closet, more than enough room for what we owned and what we had.

Moving around lasted until World War II started, and then it wasn't so easy to find apartments. From that time on, starting around 1942, we lived in the same house, at 2334 Tiebout Avenue in the Bronx, three blocks east of the Grand Concourse.

Excerpt from: Brother

Trigger warning: police brutality.

There was one summer in high school where Hank (my boyfriend at the time and now my husband) and I managed a toy store together in Loch Sheldrake, New York, in the Catskill Mountains. My parents had such "trust" in me that they came up for the summer and rented a place in Lock Sheldrake, New York, so they could make sure of where I was going home each evening.

The toy store was on the corner, and across the street there was a hairdresser and next to the store there was a gas station. Hank, with my help, made the displays and sold all kinds of toys at all different prices. People would come in, look at the way he had set things up, and say, "Oh, this is so pretty. I'll have one of those and one of those."

It was a great experience. The most disturbing part of the job was when someone would steal something. We knew what to look for. We knew how they would set us up, and we tried to avoid it. We'd know if one of us got distracted, the other would have to watch, pay more attention to customers coming – wherever one wasn't the other one tried to be. But every so often, we lost. They would send someone in to grab our attention on something that was at a different part of the store, and someone else would come in and pull something out of the window that was at the front of the store, and walk off with it. We would be so upset about it. Usually we had good things in the window, like gorgeous dolls or a pretty train set, something that was worth money, and fortunately the owner did not charge us for that.

We also sold worms. My brother was staying with my mother, and there was a lot of fishing going on around there, so he would dig up night crawlers and put them in a bucket. We sold worms because he wanted us to sell.

I'd go, "But I have to touch them."

"That's okay. You just have to take them out."

I actually did it, and we did get customers for his worms. That was his summer job, digging up fresh worms every night. He got all the profits. He was fifteen at that time.



Betty (age 11) with her brother, Larry, on July 11, 1943

My brother's first seizure was when he was sixteen, in high school. That's why we shared a room after I got married, when I moved back in for a little while when my husband was in the army. By that time, he had gotten sick, so he lived with my parents all his life. He never really got out on his own. He developed epilepsy, and at the time the drugs that they gave you to control your epileptic seizures hurt your brain. They destroyed brain cells, so for many years his brain got worse and worse. After around twenty or thirty years, he wasn't that good anymore. With all that, he could recite every baseball player, his average, what time he played for, how long he'd been there, and everything about him. That was his savant type. He couldn't assimilate knowledge, he couldn't remember some things, he wasn't that good in school. But when it came to baseball players, I'd call him an expert.

I don't know if we treated him differently as much as we watched him more carefully and tried to prevent him from hurting himself. My parents tried to keep him from doing activities, which turned out not to be a good thing. It made him feel different and not as comfortable with himself. If he wanted to go out and play baseball or shoot hoops, they would worry about him and try to keep him at home or stop him. That didn't work out very well for him because he needed to get out and to be with people. Even if people made fun of him, it still was better for him to act more normal than to just try to do nothing. So he did. He went out and tried to do whatever he could. Unfortunately, he never understood when he was about to have a seizure, so he couldn't help himself. That was very sad.

He fell sometimes going up or downstairs, if he had a seizure at that time. He'd break his arm or his leg or he'd get a huge bump on his head during a seizure, especially if he was out of the house. In the house, one of us would hear a bang and know to go after him and set him down so he wouldn't be hitting himself against something. He did okay for himself, though.

But when he would try for a job, if he ever had an epileptic attack or an epileptic fit, he would get fired immediately. He found out if he told them he was an epileptic, he wouldn't get the job. If he didn't tell them he was an epileptic, that meant lying on his application, and as soon as anything would happen, he would lose the job.

He decided that he would not tell them the truth. He would not tell them that he had epilepsy. It wasn't on all applications. There was always a line on an application, however, that said "other." So even if it didn't ask you about epilepsy, you were required by law, at least every employer said that, to indicate that you had epilepsy. Times were different in the 1950s and 1960s. People were not as open, and they didn't quite understand what was going on. You had to be very careful about what you said and what you did.

He ran a little concession store for a while that was inside a hotel, sold cards and cigarettes and candy and little things like that. He enjoyed doing that. Later he worked as a security guard down in Florida at Century Village. He tried working as a clerk; he tried taking some training courses, and he did pretty well at them but found it really difficult to get and hold a job. In my opinion, one of his major problems was that he didn't believe that he had epilepsy and anything was wrong with him. He refused to accept the fact that there were things that he couldn't or shouldn't do, like drive a car. The fact that he didn't accept it meant that he would rent a car – he did get a driver's license – and then he would get into an accident.

His worst experience was in Miami, Florida, where the police stopped him. They found what they called "drugs" on him. The "drugs" were his drugs for his epilepsy, but they didn't know that, and they wouldn't listen to him. They really beat him up quite severely. It's a horrible story. The police said that he fell, and he didn't. They did it. I wanted to do something about it and my parents were alive at the time. But we didn't do anything about that. My dad drove down to Miami and got him out of jail. My brother was a mess. After that, I think he began to believe there were things he couldn't do.

He lived with my parents while they were alive, and then I took care of him after that. He did not live with me. I couldn't do that. He lived in different assisted living places in Florida. I would visit.

To put a nice end to this story, in one of his facilities he met a lovely woman whose name was Beverly. She lived there too. They became really close friends, loved each other, lived together. And they were very happy as a couple, and they were cute. They would hold hands. When he died, she died six weeks later. It was almost touching, that that would happen. They were absolutely great for each other. So that's a nice ending to a not very nice story.

Excerpt from: Discoveries (Religion and Pets and Such)

I used to go downstairs to get milk and eggs or whatever we needed. We had stores right next to our apartment house; one was this little grocery store, right next to that was a bakery, and next to that was a fruit and vegetable store on the corner. This story concerns the grocery store, which was right next to our house. I went in for milk one day on Passover, and I went over to the milk, and there were no kosher for Passover labels on the milk. I didn't want to buy the milk without the label because I was used to seeing this little label that was wrapped around the neck of the bottle of milk. The little labels were white with blue writing on them, two inches wide and the circumference of the milk bottle with two tabs that locked one to the other, one going in one direction, one another, on either side, and they fit right around the milk bottles. I went over and asked the grocer if he had any kosher milk for Passover because that's what my mother sent me down to get.

He said, "Oh, just a minute. I have some labels back here."

He reached under the counter, took out some labels, put one on the milk bottle, and said, "Here y'go."

I turned around, walked out of the store, ran upstairs to my mother, and said, "They don't have any milk that's kosher for Passover! They just have labels, and they put the labels on the regular milk!"

My mother said, "Well. I guess that's how they do it. So, that makes it kosher for Passover."

"I don't think so!"

I didn't want to buy the milk for Passover, because I didn't think it was right that they did something like that. Maybe it's like when children find out that there really is no Santa Claus. We did not keep kosher. We bought kosher meat—because we thought it was the best meat and the kosher butcher was close by—and we didn't mix meat and milk, but we didn't keep kosher. There's a difference. We had one set of dishes, for example, and one set of pots.

Instead of kosher, Hank (my husband) and I and our kids—Bill and Jeff and Susan—kept pets. We had fish. And guinea pigs. We got two guinea pigs. Then we found out that there was a mama guinea pig and a papa guinea pig. "Uh-oh" happened, and then we had lots of baby guinea pigs. We sometimes kept one or two because they're so cute when they're little. But then we figured well if we keep them any longer, they'll get pregnant and we'll have a third generation of incest, so we made a deal with the food store that we would bring over the guinea pig babies and they would give us guinea pig food. Everybody liked feeding the guinea pigs. Susan always made sure we kept the outer leaves of lettuce so we could feed the guinea pigs lettuce. Peel a carrot. Had to go to the guinea pigs. So for the most part we fed our guinea pigs with scrap lettuce and carrots. Nothing went wasted. Our garbage bags got lower and lower the more guinea pigs we had sitting around the house.

Hank built a beautiful cage out of wood and wire for the guinea pigs and he sat in what we affectionately called the chemistry room. The chemistry room was the

entrance way from the garage into our downstairs house, and it was very small. It was big enough for a guinea pig cage on one side, a table on the other, and a person to stand between the two. On the wall between them was a chalkboard, where you could write a message, and then the person would get it and answer you or erase it, or someone else would erase it. The guinea pigs lived on a bunch of shredded newspapers, which had to be changed a lot, especially when they had babies and both the babies and the parents pooped all over the place.

Monarch Cole Vandenberg

Monarch butterflies used to travel in clouds thick enough to bring down branches. A tiny body multiplied millions of times over until their entire, flowery weight could strip a tree of its limbs. Today, Corina holds one in her palm and asks Dad how it might have died. "I heard those guys are starving."

Their wings are dusty up close. They are the color of the sun and the color of space. It's as if, to earn the power of flight, they had to wrap themselves in sky. Of course the other insects would submit to this celestial ruler. There could be no other monarch.

Dad's hand is thick and callused, but this should not distract you. It's a hand of delicacy. When the butterfly passes into it, an antenna waves. A leg stirs. We all see it. Silently, slowly, he gives the wounded fairy back to his daughter.

Soon, the butterfly is in my hand as Corina is stirring water and sugar together in a shallow dish. It is a dim hope. Nonetheless, when I touch the insect's head to the surface of Corina's drink, the tiny coil of tongue unfurls, flitting and feeling and tasting. She drinks, and she pauses. Perhaps she is savoring the relief of quenched thirst or gathering her bearings after her brush with death. In a moment her proboscis is back in the sugar water, taking another butterfly sip.

In the garden, we place her on a milkweed plant. It is where the caterpillars come and feast each year. The next day, our butterfly is gone. Milkweed (and the butterflies that live off it) are poisonous to creatures less divine, so I have trouble believing that a bird would have taken her...

We might have saved the insect sovereign. She is the ruler of tiny things, of shining beetles and roaches and of the fat spider floating in the corner of our bedroom. As uneasy as we might feel watching him, we use our napkin to carry him to an open window rather than to wipe him from existence. We remember the careful network of life that we witnessed as children, when we watched drops of dew hovering along the silk stretched between flowers and followed the ants to the little hill in the backyard, wide-eyed to learn that they have cities, too. We owe something to these beings. They were our first encounter with compassion for the things that bite, with respect for those at our feet.

Peaceful Hum of a Tiger Cub
By Alice Xue

People speak of bloodied brothers,
But sing to me, friend, if your father:

Jumped the tracks and golden spikes,
Starving son to Cape Cod bikes,

Once read these poems to find your name:
"It rains no more." But you're ashamed,

So ugly in their sheepish brays,
That silent God must strike away.

People speak for crying daughters,
But sing to me, friend, if your father:

Flips through those Costco magazines,
And with those hands he holds your dreams.

His eyes alit with mirth and pride,
"Only this big!" you were, bedside.

And now you think that Christmas Eve
What he wished, you'd been naive,

Three feared words so sweet and tender,
That you don't say and don't remember.

Sing to yours, and I shall sing,
That peaceful song that love may bring.

Meet the Contributors

Tife Aladesuru '21 is a Psychology major and photographer.

Anna Allport '23 is a playwright, journalist, and poet with a prospective independent concentration in Interdisciplinary Theater and Performance Studies. She has loved studying classical literature with English department faculty. When she isn't directing Shakespeare plays, she is horseback riding, practicing nature photography, and reading in Ancient Greek.

Eliana Cohen-Orth '21 is a senior from New York City, majoring in English and pursuing a certificate in Theater. For her academic thesis, she is writing a play inspired by the life of nineteenth-century actress Charlotte Cushman. She had a great time working with the English Department's outreach team this summer!

Lillian Chen '21 is an Economics major with East Asian Studies and Creative Writing certificates. She is currently living at home in Houston with her parents and black cat, Zoe, who looks like Toothless from *How to Train Your Dragon*. She loves traveling, hiking at sunrise, dancing to RnB music, reading children's novels, listening to podcasts on HP/being human/spirituality, and writing everything from poetry to memoir reflections to fictional film scripts.

Isabelle Nimick '22 is a Sociology major pursuing a certificate in History and the Practice of Diplomacy. She has yet to take a course in the English Department but is delighted to provide a visual component alongside the incredible literary work of her peers. Her passion for photography stems from her time with National Geographic in Madagascar. A few of the photos she took on that trip were later published in the *Smithsonian Magazine*.

Aleeza Schoenberg '22 is passionate about storytelling, along with hearing people's narratives and connecting with them, so interviewing her grandmother and sharing her life story was one of her most meaningful experiences. When she's not writing, she can be found working on her latest theater pursuit, taking long walks, or exploring her Jewish identity.

Cole Vandenberg '24 hopes to study English with a certificate in Creative Writing. Social distancing has given him the chance to get back in touch with creative writing through the Writing About Family workshops. He is excited to share his work and looks forward to the rest of his time in the Princeton English community!

Alice Xue '20 majored in Computer Science with a certificate in East Asian studies. She took a creative writing class with Yiyun Li and loved it. In her free time, she enjoys jogging, watching Chinese dramas, and reading (though admittedly far less often than ideal).